THE ATHENÆUM
A JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS

INDEX FOR
JANUARY TO JUNE
1920

Published for the Proprietors of "The Athenæum" by
BRITISH PERIODICALS, LTD.,
170, FLEET STREET,
E.C.4.
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Applications are hereby invited for the position of Professor of Law at the University of Cape Town, South Africa.

The salary is £600 p.a. with a temporary war bonus of £40 p.a. for a married professor, £18 p.a. for a professor unmarried. The professor will receive a pension according to the University Teachers' Pension Scheme.

Appointments are generally restricted to candidates under 35 years of age but in the case of a candidate who has been engaged in teaching or has been in practice in South Africa this restriction need not apply.

Candidates should state any special qualifications they possess.

It is essential that they should have a thorough knowledge of Roman Dutch Law.

Applications, together with testimonials, should be made in duplicate to the Registrar, University Buildings, Queen Victoria Street, Cape Town. Further particulars may be obtained from the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Victoria Street, London, S.W. or from the undersigned. Applications should reach the Registrar not later than January 10, 1920.

WILFRID G. R. MURRAY.
Registrar.

University Buildings, Queen Victoria Street, Cape Town.

**UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN.**

**FACULTY OF ARTS.**

Applications are invited for the chair of Dutch and Afrikaner Literature.

The salary is £800 per annum with a temporary war bonus for a married man of £54 per annum. £48 per annum for a professor unmarried.

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Appointments are generally restricted to candidates under 35 years of age but in the case of a candidate who has been engaged in teaching in South Africa this restriction need not apply.

Applications together with testimonials should be made in duplicate to the undersigned. Further particulars may be obtained from the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Victoria Street, London, S.W., or from the undersigned.

Applications should reach the undersigned not later than January 10, 1920.

WILFRID G. R. MURRAY.
Registrar.

University of Cape Town, Queen Victoria Street, Cape Town.

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.**

**DEPARTMENT OF ZOOLOGY.**

An Assistant Lecturer in Zoology is required.

Applications are invited for the above appointment. Salary, £500 to £550 with an additional bonus of £50. Initial salary governed by qualifications of successful candidates. Further particulars may be obtained from the Principal of the College.

By order.

12th December, 1919.

The Committee of Edge Hill Training College will proceed to elect a Principal in the Spring Term, 1920. The selected candidate will be expected to enter on her duties September 1, 1920.

Applications from candidates for this office should be addressed not later than February 14, 1920, to—

F. STANLEY GIBBS,
Secretary,
Edge Hill Training College,
41, North John Street.

From whom information as to the duties and emoluments of the Principal may be obtained.

**ROYAL ALBERT MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE EXETER.**

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The Governors invite applications for the following posts:

Applications must be made on a special form obtainable on sending stamped addressed envelope to the undersigned to whom they should be returned as quickly as possible.

HERBERT REED, Chief Education Officer,
Education Offices, 15 John Street, Sunderland.
December 20, 1919.

**LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.**

The Council invites applications for the appointment of 5 inspectors of district rank in the Education Officer's Department. Both men and women are eligible. The salary will be £600 a year, rising by annual increments of £25 to £800 a year. This salary is based on existing economic conditions. The persons appointed will be required to give their whole time to the duties of their office.

The persons appointed must be qualified to conduct or assist in conducting general inspections of all types of schools and institutions. Ability to inspect and advise on instruction in one special branch of knowledge will be considered. Other duties may be entrusted to them.

In the case of male candidates preference will be given to persons who have served or are serving in His Majesty's Forces. Applications must be on forms to be obtained from the Education Officer, London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2, to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on Saturday, 19th January, 1920.

All communications on the subject must be endorsed G.P. 87 and a stamped addressed foolscap envelope must be enclosed. Candidates who desire the receipt of their applications to be acknowledged should enclose a stamped addressed postcard. Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD,
Clerk of the London County Council.
Appointments Vacant

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

The Council invites applications for the appointment of two Technical Assistants to act under the supervision of the head of the technology branch of the Education Officer’s department. The work of the Technology Branch embraces Technical and Commercial Institutes, Schools of Art and Continuation Schools (day and evening). The salary will be £300 a year, rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £800 a year. This salary is based on existing economic conditions. The persons appointed will be required to give their whole time to the duties of their office.

Applications must be made on the official form to be obtained from the Education Officer, London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2, to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on Saturday, January 21st, 1920. Preference will be given to those persons who have served or attempted to serve with H.M. Forces.

All communications on the subject must be endorsed “G.P. 87,” and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed. Candidates who desire the receipt of their applications to be acknowledged should enclose a stamped addressed postcard. 

JAMES BIRD, Clerk, or the London County Council.

THE COUNTY BOROUGH OF STOKE-ON-TRENT EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

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Forms of application (which should be returned duly filled up at once) may be obtained on receipt of stamped addressed envelope, from

Dr. W. LUDFORD FREEMAN, Director of Education, Town Hall, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

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with my Best Wishes.

Signed........................................
A NEW YEAR SUGGESTION

THERE is, at the present time, a ferment of activity among the caravists of the arts, and those who have a perversely cast of mind will say that there is more froth than substance in the ferment. For ourselves we decline to sign an opinion; we merely record the fact that nowadays aesthetic societies are legion, and that they could hardly exist without supplying a need and attracting supporters. Roughly speaking, the function of these societies is to excite the attention and interest of the general public to the modern work that is being done in the various arts, and thereby to create for the artist a larger audience than he has been hitherto able to command. Eventually, it is hoped, there will be a marked increase in the intelligent demand for works of pure and applied art.

No intention could be more laudable; no expectation, it would seem, more reasonable. Yet in actual experience we quickly discover a paradox. We find these organizations, as a rule, addressing themselves not to the general public, but to a very particular audience which has little need of salvation. Go to any one of the public meetings of any one of the societies, and you will meet the old familiar faces of those whom you have known for amateurs or enthusiasts as long as you have been one yourself. Think back, under the influence of this constestation, to the time when you began to take an interest in these things, and it is unlikely that you will find its source or occasion in a society. Perhaps there were not any societies in those days, but probably there were a few, and undoubtedly you might have been saved a great deal of unnecessary pioneer work on your own account if you had had the good fortune to come into contact with one of them.

Something, surely, is wrong. As far as the general public is concerned societies too often vaticinate in vacuo; they preach to the converted, the current short-circuited before it comes into contact with the heathen. No doubt the secretary of any such soci-
already half-prepared to receive any message that modern artists may have to impart to them. In the various art and craft schools of London alone there must be some thousands of boys with a natural predilection for the things of art, and a very genuine desire to have their aesthetic horizon broadened. No doubt they imbibe a great deal of solid nutriment from their official masters; but they are taught, as they must be taught, according to a tradition which is, very often, peculiarly cramped and cramping. The authorities themselves are aware of this, and they endeavour to combat the deadening influence of stereotyped methods by calling in various venerable old gentlemen to lecture on the broader aspects of art.

We ourselves love venerable old gentlemen who have spent most of their lives in lecturing, but we have to confess that we have listened to very few of them from whom we have learned anything or by whose influence we have added a cubit to our enthusiasm; and we think that if they have generally bored us, they must bore boys more profoundly still. A boy needs to have formed in him an enthusiastic conviction that art is a sufficient and a possible way of life, that it may be a complete expression of all that is of real value in experience, that it is not some quaint activity of which the patterns are stored up for ever in the remoteness of museums, but one which a number of people not so very much older than himself are pondering, making experiment of, and wrestling with in all seriousness every day.

We fear that pious hands may be uplifted in horror at the suggestion which is dimly adumbrated in these words. Let us therefore make it more explicit. We suggest that the reformers and enthusiasts of modern art in every kind should be given an opportunity of putting their views before boys, and boys given the chance of hearing them. If there is a danger that the good, sound tradition (which has so often nothing to do with the real tradition at all) should be corrupted, we are perfectly willing to amend our suggestion so that respectable traditional young artists should be in the opportunity as freely as those who are voted "rebels." The boy can choose between and take that which suits him from each. Only occasional professors be young; let them be of force. The modern school should supplant or supplement, but must be actual as an instrument to solve problems that are inevitable to their 

But, however true it may be that the way of the artist is hard, it is the delights, the importance, the actuality of art that need to be, and are so seldom, exhibited to him. A boy who receives an inking of the rewards and satisfactions of art will confront with enthusiasm its difficulties, and even if he may never become a master, he will never be a hireling, and he will help to create that sympathetic and understanding audience which is the best guarantee of a vital art. Here then, in the boy, is the opportunity for our societies. *Hic Rhodus, hic salta.* M.

**GENII OF THE RING**

"L*ES exercices du cirque," says Jules Lemaitre, "consistent essentiellement à contrarier les lois de la nature." Does the charm of the circus lie in that paradox, or in the scope it gives to an inherited instinct, our dormant sense of kinship with the animals? Or is it, as those aver who love to sit close on the curve of the ring and swallow clots of tan, a case of genuine Lippesian *Einfühlung*, the bliss of feeling the rush and thrill of the movement? Perhaps it is hardly worth while to pursue the discussion. The charm of the circus somehow eludes analysis. Or, if we must go on probing its aesthetics, let us anyhow first take a glance at its evolution. We shall find that, like the drama and the novel, it has always reflected the fashions of the moment.

The foundation-stone of the English circus was laid in the eighteenth century, with a characteristic avoidance of fuss and emphasis. Somewhere about 1770 a cavalry trooper named Philip Astley returned from service abroad with a horse and a medal and roped in a simple pitch on a field near Lambeth, where he showed equestrian feats in the open air. His wife, his son and a pupil or two joined the troupe; success followed, and within a short time there were covered wooden seats for the spectators. Notices proclaimed that Astley could be seen daily "riding, on full speed, with his head on a common pint-pot, at the rate of twelve miles an hour." "Please to ask for a bill at the door," adds the programme with severe probity, "and see that the number of fifty feats are performed." Competition, at Sadler's Wells and elsewhere, failed to kill the enterprise, and in 1780 there rose near Westminster Bridge a building that called itself "Astley's Amphitheatre." With the usual breaks due to fires, enlargements and bankruptcies, this historic house lasted till 1893, when Lord George Sanger, its final proprietor, surrendered it to the L.C.C. for destruction.

The name of George Sanger brings to mind his memoirs, over the pages of which it is impossible not to dawdle. They are a link between the eighteenth century and the Romantic circus and also an entry into a vanished England. We commend them earnestly to the social historian. Their author began life travelling with his father, one of Nelson's old sailors who had taken to the road with a peepshow. But it is the book itself that is the most vivid of peepshows, revealing glimpse by glimpse the fierce and wrae England of the years that followed Waterloo, when Lord George Sanger, its final proprietor, surrendered it to the L.C.C. for destruction.
caravan we hear of the Devil joining the alehouse circle, of unprovoked murders perpetrated with bill-hooks, of mysterious wayfarers who ask for a lift at night, and are betrayed by the horrid contents of their sacks as "body-snatchers." Town populations cower in cellars, while Chartist mobs sweep the streets and are volleyed by soldiery; tribes of gipsies fight set battles with brigades of grim, top-hatted police and leave their dead and wounded on the field; tipsy mobs wreck the showmen’s booths at fairs for sport, and the owners take vengeance with their whips of whalebone; on the road the showmen fight each other for precedence till the maddened elephants rush from the wreck of the wagons and stampede the combatants back into their senses. Justice Shallow, with his constables and beadles, in summary raids deals out vengeance rather than law, reserving a special thick stick for the "strollers and vagabonds."

On such an anvil was forged the generation that gave the circus its place in fancy and literature.

"Now, sir, if you please, inquire for Miss Woolford, sir." Such, according to "Boz," was the formula with which Widdicombe, the famous ringmaster at Astley's in the thirties, would cut short the josting of the clown. On these magic syllables, to a charming galoppe, there arrives the Romantic circus. Miss Woolford, gauzy and roseate dream! She haunts the novels of Dickens, she is the "Donna Inez" of Welfordinez of the cockney laureate Bon Gaultier, it is she (or we like to think it is she) who appears, with her lustrous orbs a trifle exaggerated, at the foot of an illustration by Doyle to the "Newcomes." She is the Taglioni of the ring, the écouvre de panneau in her classical quintessence. It was not for her to vault on and off like a tombow, to throw somersaults from the pad, or hang inverted (Mercy on us, my dear!) with tresses dabbling in the tan as Mazeppa. She might by condescension flit across the outspread "garter" or the "banner," or even burst through the wreck of a paper "balloon," like Phœbe piercing the clouds with silvery visage. But for the rest the art of the ballerina sufficed, entrelacs, attitudes and arabesques. What man (what schoolboy) with a soul could ask more?

Was the hand that looked so ethereal on the neck of the great white horse, curved like a chess knight's, really claimed in mortal marriage by the intrepid Ducrow? History says so, and surely he deserved the prize, the tremendous fellow, who rode his three horses abreast right on to the stage of Drury Lane, where, putting to flight Macbeth and the Prince of Denmark, he regaled the age of the Eglington Tournament with the jests of "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table." We discern, also, our old friend Fitzball, a manuscript protruding from his frock. It is "The White Maiden of California," in which the spirits of twelve dead Indian chieftains are to rise through traps on statuesque cream-coloured horses. We have reached the apogee of arena Romanticism—Sylphs, paladins and ghosts—"the charm's wound up!"

It was somewhere in France that a change came over the spirit of the dream: Astley, who built circus there in 1804, handed on the torch to Franecon dynasty. Caroline Loyo, who may be in prints in her waving Grecian draperies, and P-Cuzent, who dressed as a Polish lussar, w
THE ATHENÆUM

January 2, 1920

REVIEWS

COULEUR DE ROSE

ESSAYS ON ART. By A. Clutton Brock. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

IT seemed to us a good thing that two books so unlike
in their outward aspect as Mr. Wyndham Lewis’s
“Caliph’s Design” and these essays of Mr. Clutton Brock
should have appeared with so short an interval between them. Probably, both authors would resist the collocation. Mr. Lewis would not like to be seen with Mr. Brock, and Mr. Brock would (less violently) avoid Mr. Lewis’s company.

Far be it from us to play gooseberry, or, in language more proper to the time, to lend our benevolent offices to establish a modus vivendi between them. Life is not lived in that ideal city in whose corner café we have placed them together over a heap of sauces for which Mr. Brock, as the older man, will pay; and we, alas! are not in reality, as we are sometimes in dream, the patron of that aery caravanseraï. Mr. Lewis will scowl at Mr. Brock, and Mr. Brock will disapprove of Mr. Lewis; and probably they will unite only for one frenzied moment in which our benevolent head is broken for its pains.

Yet we approve of them both. Are we then Laodicean? Do we blow hot and cold in a breath? No, for we disagree with them both. But in both we find—somewhat to our surprise, we confess—a real and impassioned concern for things about which concern must be impassioned or not felt at all. We observe the difference in tone with which they speak, but for a moment the observation is lost, in the thrill of satisfaction with which we hear the words they say: Ecrasons l’infâme. If Mr. Lewis is vitriolic, Mr. Brock is at least vehement; we have no doubt that they mean what they say when these words fall from their lips. To mean what you say is half the battle won, if you aim at conquering our sympathies.

Ecrasons l’infâme, then. Down with humbug! There is enough work for a lifetime here without pausing to break each other’s head. Let us make people like what they like, instead of pretending to like what they cannot possibly like. That is the essential preliminary to making them like what we like. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Brock are bowling at the same ninepins. We prefer Mr. Lewis’s technique. It shows a quickness about his shot which is lar the already punch of Carpentier. Mr. Brock is not so swift, keep it up longer, and he has some effective s own.

craftsman, there is nothing sacred about his work, and made to be sold; and all we expect of it is the fashion, which means that it shall be what seller thinks he can sell. There are, of course, thought of as artists, and their work at story like pictures. They, too, have like; and some people will buy their they would buy pictures—that is and not because they like it.

so guilty of the insincerity who has no conviction and ater to refrain

Besides,

Now we do not for one moment wish to jeer or sneer at Mr. Brock for pointing us to the way of salvation. If he has found it, it is his duty to say it. But to think that so easy is to invite a challenge, because we have looked for it ourselves. We know Mr. Brock’s dream. Have we not dreamed it ourselves? The Magic Flute will play, and the spirits of evil and pain will goose-step backward out of life. There will be beauty and loveliness and love in men’s souls and in the world. It is a dream that has broken many hearts, and will break many more before the race of dreamers has perished from the earth. We are on the side of those who dream these things; they are our friends. But we require more of our friends than of our enemies; we require that they should acknowledge that their dream is only a dream.

Mr. Brock will not acknowledge this, and in this we hold he is not honest. The honest man must choose between two things: either he must declare that this world in which we live is a dream, and that the Kingdom of Heaven, the land of the Magic Flute, is real; or he must say that these are a dream and that the world in which we live is real. And he may not escape a cage in which he is telling the story of the world, for the cage in which we live is the cage of the world, a statement that has echoed so much in many hearts: that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you, for that only means that the Kingdom of Heaven is a dream. Men may live by dreams, it is true, and we pity the man who has no dream of beauty or love to live by. But to project the dream on to the real is a lie—a beautiful, generous lie, no doubt, but a lie in the soul, and one with which the founder of the religion to which Mr. Brock would have us return disdained to compromise.

Unlike that great exemplar, Mr. Brock supplies the place of candour with cleverness—unconsciously, to be sure. Mr. Brock persuades himself. Listen to him:

“So long as human nature is what it is there will always be war.” The school that think of nature as something not ourselves making for unrighteousness, for unhappiness. They know that they themselves do not wish for war; but, looking at mankind in the mass and leaving themselves out of that mass, they see it governed by some force that is not really human nature, but merely nature “red in tooth and claw,” a process become a malignant goddess, who forces mankind to act contrary to their own desires, contrary even to their own interests. She has taken the place of the old original sin; and of the belief that her is far more primitive than the belief in original sin. She is, in fact, but a modern name for all the malignant idols that savages have worshiped with sacrifices of blood and tears that they did not wish to make. It is strange that, priding ourselves as we do on our modern scepticism which has taught us to disbelieve in the miracle of the Greatoreyne, we yet have not dared to affirm the plain fact that this nature, this human nature, does not exist. There is no force, no process, whether within us or outside us, that compels us to act contrary to our desires and our interests. There is nothing but fear; and fear can be conquered, as by individuals, so by the collective will of man.

There is no collective human nature, but there is a collective human will. No, no, no, Mr. Brock. You must accept both, or deny both. To juggle one out of existence and the other into it is disingenuous, as you will confess if you try to examine this process by which you rest the hope of humanity. Is it a good will or a bad one? If it is a bad one, is it not “something not ourselves making for unrighteousness”? If it is a good one, where are its works? Look for them in the abyss of 1914-18 and tell us what you see, not what you dream.

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with art? We answer: Everything. Mr. Brock is not irrelevant. He desires to change the attitude of the public towards art, and he knows that this is linked up with the attitude the public to other more immediate things. You cannot *ser l’infâme* in a single corner of men’s minds. Humbug is inseparably bound up with humbug in thought as in life, for the reason that the foundation of art attitude to life. Mr. Brock’s impulse is profoundly

ad we should like to believe that it is because of
this that he has attained to a popularity that is seldom
the lot of the writer in the periodical press. But honesty
compels us to suggest an alternative. It may be because
Mr. Brock is less disturbing than he sounds, less disturbing
by far than he ought to be; it may be because the only
way to make Erasez l'infame as popular as "Hang the
Han" is ostentatiously to put on your rose-coloured
spectacles when you go out to look for the enemy.

WORKING WOMEN IN SEVEN
REIGNS

WORKING LIFE OF WOMEN IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By
Aber Clark. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)

The elder historians thought nothing too trivial for
record which concerned kings, queens and battles; the
modern research student is of the same mind about
details of the common life of common people. Sometimes
they are both right, and sometimes their creed results in chronicles of tedious dullness. But their varied
outlook on life, and their consequent raids upon State
Papers, treaties, official correspondence, diaries, town
records, manor rolls and other documents of infinitesimal
dignity, do result at least in the complete utilization of
such records. Like the hen and the jewel merchant
watching smuggled pearls being sifted from grains of corn,
they applaud the process, disputing only as to what is
the treasure, what the residue to be rejected. A third
claimant has lately appeared, collecting first the hitherto
unnoticed relics of the division, and then demanding her
share from each of the earlier comers, so that she may
together some story of women's life in the past. However
diligent the student in collecting material, however
remarkable the talent with which she arranges, explains and exhibits her mosaic, the story of Jill will
never be so complete or so convincing as the story of
Jack and his Master. But it is worth making, not only
for its own sake, but for its value in correcting or
amplifying the histories which have concerned themselves
so exclusively with the male half of humanity.

Miss Clark has chosen for herself the life of women
in the seventeenth century; her work is in some sense a
continuation of the pioneer researches of Mary Bateson,
and in another an introductory chapter to Miss B. L.
Hutchins's "Women in Modern Industry." The period
presents unusual difficulty: to the investigator and
Miss Clark's point of view in taking as its characteristic
movement the increasing capitalization of industry leads
her to ignore other influences which had even more
importance in changing women's industrial status during
this century. She sees women under Elizabeth leading
comparatively free lives, largely concerned in directing
domestic industry, regarded as the partners of their
husbands in skilled crafts and in trading operations,
freely practising one of the most lucrative branches of
the medical profession, and after the Restoration "a
profound change in the character of women," their
increasingly rigid exclusion from trades requiring
apprenticeship, and their economic dependence resulting
from the supression of "family industry," by
industrialism and the decreasing importance of domestic
industries and manufactures.

Some of this change was, no doubt, due to capitalization
of industry, but war, pestilence, civil strife and social
changes resulting from the recent dissolution of religious
communities were not without their part in it. It may
be doubted whether capitalization made such great strides
in the seventeenth century as is here claimed. In
agriculture, at all events, the Open Field system, with its
community tillage and common land, continued in force
until well into the eighteenth century, and contemporary

critics attributed to its wastefulness and conservative
methods the high prices and short supplies of food which
caused so much distress in the bad harvest years of
1790-97. The years of enclosure had hardly begun, and
the multitudes of paupers or cottagers whose sufferings
are related seem in many cases to have been poor families
deprieved of their bread-winners by the terribly destructive
plagues of 1603, 1625 and 1685, and in others, small
yeoman farmers who had left their holdings in the hope
of doing better near large towns, or at the worst receiving
the poor relief which made idleness more profitable than
agricultural work. The early years of the century were
years of abnormally high prices, owing to the heavy
imports of silver and defective national finance; but the
latter part of the period shows a marked rise in real
wages, and it was the farmers, capitalists in a small
way, who were described as "living worse than in
Bridewell." In truth, this century, with its recurring
visitations of plague, its Civil War, its Dutch and Spanish
Wars, its Great Fire, can hardly be said to show a marked
progress in capitalization or in any other direction. It
was remarkable for much Government interference in
trade and industry, like that of our own time well-meant,
but often inept; and the population sitting among the
ruins of an old order based on family industry, and
watching the slow growth of industrialism, suffered
from the ills of both systems. In this state of chaos
women, whose interests always lie in a settled order
of society, fared badly. They lost, as Miss Clark shows,
the dignified position occupied by them when they
supervised industries carried on in their own homes by
dughters and hired women servants; they lost also
much of the recognition formerly given by Trade Guilds
to wives or widows of their members, and no new rights
of apprenticeship recompensed them for the inform
interference in trade which was available when skilled
crafts were carried on in their own homes. On the
other hand, they received in periods of good trade
higher money wages than they could have obtained under
the old conditions, a point which is made by Miss B. L.
Hutchins in the statement that, "though the growth of
capital may have seriously affected the position of the
male craftsman, it seems not impossible that the position
of women may have been improved by the opportunity
of work for wages outside the home."

Whether Miss Clark has proved her thesis or no, she
has made available to the general reader and the student
of economics a mass of material upon practically
possible, and has thrown a great deal of light on a field
of history obscure in spite of, perhaps because of, its
wealth of documentary material. She has faced the
difficult task of presenting a fair sample of her evidence,
and has come well out of that searching trial, though
reflection would no doubt cause her to admit that on
occasion she has read more into her authorities than is
quite admissible. Can we take it, for example, that a
writer of Henry VII.'s time really "includes the wife's
work among the necessary costs of making a loaf," when
he allots to the miller one-fifth of every quarter of
wheat, and for the baker, "his house, his wife, his dog,
and his cuttle seven pence." It is one of the pitfalls
of research to see one's subject hung on every bush, but
casual lapses of this kind add to the gaity of the
reader without lessening the value of the book. We
must have some plums as a reward if we are to read as
much economic history as is good for us.

E. M. G.

Nuggets of gold, rattlesnakes, adventures in a fever-stricken
valley out West, and an assault on an inn by a party of
beggars are some of the attractions provided by May Wynne
for the readers of Nipper and Co. (Stanley Paul, 218 pp.,
3/6 net).
AMERICAN CRITICISM

SCEPTICS : NOTES ON CONTEMPORARY POETRY. By Conrad Aiken. (New York, Knopf.)
PREJUDICES. First Series. By H. L. Mencken. (New York, Knopf. $2.)

I t seems absurd that in a city of seven million inhabitants, a city through which one could march a whole day and never see an end of bricks and mortar—it seems absurd that here in a metropolis one should feel as though one were living in the close, oppressive atmosphere of a cathedral town. And yet there are times when most people who have any dealings with the "literary world" must have felt thus. We live in a narrow world, peopled with private admirations, private scribes and jealousies. One person's business is everybody else's business; the sound of gossip sizzles and simmers round the cathedral close like the confused and multitudinous crying of jackdaws on a summer evening. Our metropolitan dearness is like that charming village of which we have recently been hearing in a certain much-reported case, where "you couldn't stir without having an anonymous letter." Here too you can't stir with impunity; set pen to paper, and the reviews come thick and fast. The gossip of criticism never holds its tongue: X has given birth to an epic, but it is said to have the rickets; Y's last three children are prettier than Z's; A's Muse, in her younger days, had an affair with Browning, and so on. The worst of this critical gossip is that it is not simply spoken into private ears; it is shouted abroad through the megaphones of the press. It is a nightmarish place, our dearness; if only one could get away, far away, somewhere else.

But where? One would only be exchanging one jackdaw-haunted close for another. Certainly, America possesses, safe amidst the hubbub, its own snug little cathedral town of poetry. Mr. Aiken inhabits it, and here, in the pages of "Sceptics," he retails some of the gossip of the place. Mr. Aiken's gossip is amusing enough; we like hearing about Miss Lola Ridge and Mr. Sandburg, about Amy Lowell and Alfred Kreymborg. But, as Mr. Aiken himself points out in his delightfully frank introductory essay, a critic really speaks only of himself and is only interesting in what he reveals about himself. Mr. Aiken is not quite a good enough talker; his gossip is entertaining, but he has not the knack of telling a story well, of putting an idea into a forcible and convincing form. A certain diffuseness—it is noticeable, but to a lesser degree, in his poetry—takes the edge and point off what he says; a fact that is the more regrettable, since we believe his psychological methods of criticism to be fundamentally sound and fruitful. People cannot expect to be listened to with a pleased attention if they give utterance to sentences like this: "A great variety of intellectual energies has been simultaneously catalyzed by a great variety of stimuli, and the result inevitably has been chaos." Mr. Aiken has a terrible weakness for this kind of sentence and for long, pseudo-scientific words such as "holistic," "syneutics," and "synaesthetically," which do much to take the life and meaning out of his criticism. This diffuseness of style and the cathedral-townliness of matter that makes his criticism read as though it were gossip combine to make Mr. Aiken's book less readable than, from its many merits, it should be.

In Mr. Mencken's pages we breathe a more bracing air. We are out of the close now, high up on the tower surveying mankind from China to Peru, or, to be more accurate, from New York to San Francisco.

Mr. Mencken turns a pair of very civilized eyes on the extraordinary and fantastic spectacle which is contemporary American life. It passes before him, a circus parade—vast ponderous elephants, lions, shy gazelles, apes, performing horses—and he comments upon it, laughingly, in that brilliant, masterfully vulgar style of which he knows the strange secret. All the animals interest him, graceful and ugly alike, noble and repulsive; but by preference he lingers, fascinated no doubt by the fabulous grotesque- ness of their wondrous feats. Mr. Mencken contemplates their civilization's pyramids with the solemn mummies of stupidity, mountain-bodied and mouse-brained, slow-moving, prehistoric. They exist everywhere, these monsters; but it is surely in America that they reach their greatest growth. Puritanism there swells into Comstockism; our harmless little European uplift becomes a sinister, rapacious philanthropic beast; religions pullulate, strange and improbable as the saurians of the Mesozoic age. Mr. Mencken contemplates them with a civilized man's astonishment and horror, then sets his pen in rest and charges upon them. His pen is sharp, his aim unerring, and the punctured monsters collapse with a dolorous whistling of escaping gas. It is a wonderful display. Admiring his skill, one thinks of what Dryden said of himself in his Essay on Satire: "There is still a vast difference between the slovenly butchering of a man and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly was only belonging to her husband." Mr. Mencken is a worthy apprentice of this great Jack Ketch of literature. Of all his performances, perhaps the most brilliantly conducted is his execution of Professor Doctor Thorstein Veblen, author of "The Theory of the Leisure Class" and "The Higher Learning in America." Professor Veblen is almost too good to be true. He is a Great Thinker who teaches us that we have been round our houses because we are "the descendants of a pastoral people inhabiting a region with a humid climate," and that we do not keep cows on these lawns "because a herd of cattle so pointedly suggests thrift and economy," and we, being members of the Leisured Class, have a feudal contempt for thrift. Mr. Mencken, it may be imagined, deals with Veblenism as it deserves; but when one has laughed over Veblen and the other monsters at which he goes a-tilting, one begins to wonder whether, after all, the thing is not too easy. The monsters of America are so undignifiedly monstrous that it is not hard to recognize them and with a hunter's eye to mark out their vulnerable spots. But here in Europe the monstrness of the dragons is quite another matter. They are huge, in distinguished traditional shapes, in lions' skins, or winged with the plumes of eagles. The eye must be sharp indeed that can detect at a glance the true nature of the beasts. We should like to see if Mr. Mencken's critical gift served him as well in an older, more intellectually sophisticated world, where the circus parade of life and letters, though perhaps equally grotesque, is grotesque in a different way from the transatlantic spectacle. In any case, we should welcome his appearance among us here; for we have sore need of critics who hate humbug, who are not afraid of putting out their tongues at pretentiousness however noble an aspect it may wear, who do not mind being vulgar at need, and who, finally, know not only how to make us think, but how to make us laugh as well.

A. L. H.

The Council of the British Academy has awarded the Rose Mary Crawshay Prize for English Literature (of the value of £100) to Miss Mary Paton Ramsey for her work on Donne, entitled Les Doctrines Médicales. Miss Ramsey is a graduate of the University of Aberdeen and Doctor of the University of Paris. The Rose Mary Crawshay Prize is awarded annually to a woman of any nationality who, in the judgment of the Council of the British Academy, has written or published within three years next preceding the date of the award an historical or critical work of sufficient value on any subject connected with English literature.
THE CAREER OF LAMENNAIS

AUTHORITY IN THE MODERN STATE. By Harold J. Laski. (Yale University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE portrait of the Abbé Félicité de Lamennais prefixed to Gibson’s biography shows a thin, keen face, flanked by pattes de lêvre, which might well be that of one of Napoleon’s Marshals. The resemblance was not an outward one only. Lamennais, little as he may have known it, was, like Balzac, dolorous all his days with the fever of the Empire; he was a spiritual Ney, charging battle-fronts of doctrine as his prototype charged the squares on Mont St. Jean. When his final condemnation was made public in the Encyclical “Singulari Nos,” Metternich, M. Budon tells us, “confia au nonce de Vienne, Ostini, que la nouvelle lettre apostolique lui agréât fort.” It reminded him, no doubt, of Waterloo.

It is, indeed, in the idées Napoléoniennes that we find the key to the whole career of Lamennais. He has been called the father of modern Ultramontanism and, but as Friedrich, the historian of the Vatican Council, perceived, even that this office belongs to Napoleon I. It was the Concordat of 1801, empowering Pius VII. to raze the French Church to the ground, as he might have demolished some ancient basilica in Rome, that founded the latter-day Vatican monarchy. That the Emperor should afterwards for his own ends have sought to impose upon the new Church he and the Pope had created the State fetters worn by the Church they had destroyed was bound to be looked on as an inconsequence. It was so regarded by Lamennais, who found Napoleon’s Bourbon imitators even more intolerable as spiritual directors. He learned to see in the annihilation of the Church of the ancien râgne, with its swollen revenues, its Prince Bishops, and its Gallican servitude to the Crown, the bursting of bonds and the promise of fruitful expansion. It was from the Empire he really derived his Liberal Catholicism, as Louis Napoleon his Liberal political creed. As the latter read into his uncle’s testament the plébiscite and the principle of nationalities, so Lamennais deduced from it the separation of Church and State and the liberty of conscience and discussion. But there is a saying that not one of the three seems ever to have pondered: “They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”

To Mr. Laski—whose book on “Authority in the Modern State” is at the same time a study on authority in the Church—its influence passed by the Papacy on Lamennais is the “first step on the road which led, first through the Syllabus of 1864 and the definition of papal infallibility, and later through the condemnation of Modernism in the ‘Pascendi,’” to the proclamation of war on the basis of modern society by Rome. “It would be pleasant to see in Lamennais a simple martyr to the ideal of “ordered liberty,” a prophet who taught that the Church could join hands with democracy, and that Catholics need no weapons to win their converts but a love of mankind and the right to be heard with their rivals. That, unluckily, is but one half of the gospel of Lamennais. The other half, the product of a mind incorrigibly Latin and authoritarian, is: “Sois mon frère, ou je t’excommunique!” Lamennais did not turn to the Papacy as the natural ally against Erastians only. There was a great deal more in his Ultramontanism. The Pope, in the philosophy of the “Essai sur l’Indifférence,” is the infallible mouthpiece of the redeemed human race. It is for him to speak and the individual to hear; the part has no possible rights against the whole. Individuals cannot reach certainty at all without the assistance of the collective mind, whose consent is the one criterion of truth. The issue of this is, of course, a rigorous theocracy and a frank return to Hildebrandine ideals.

A theorist who thus appealed to Gregory VII. had no retort to Gregory XVI.

In candid moments Lamennais did not deny this fact. He did not in his heart echo those of his partisans who declared the “Mirari Vos,” the first condemnation of his system, a corrupt political deal, the price exacted from Gregory by the Tsar for help in subduing the rebels of the Romagna. He would have been as just to the Pope as he was to the Jesuits when he wrote of them: “Nous croyons que la domination à laquelle aspire la Compagnie de Jésus est celle du Catholicisme; mais elle vient que cette domination soit son œuvre presque exclusive.”

The Pope was as fervid a Catholic as Lamennais, but he had his own system and meant to adhere to it. The Vatican detests adventures. It is always for small, safe gains, tenaciously clung to—for cautious investments yielding rapid returns. The “Red Cap on the Cross” was a chimera; the ancien râgne, as revived by the Congress of Vienna, offered solid benefits if it asked a high price for them. And if the Abbé de Lamennais annoyed its diplomatists, the Abbé de Lamennais must be made to recant. His doctrine was elaborately sheathed in half. The revolutionary element was discarded; the Ultramontane maxims were carefully preserved. In the honest bourgeois Veuillot, with his wit and shrewdness the genius of the common people, the Vatican found the man it required. He fought its battles to the issue demanded of him, but he did not deny his debt to Lamennais.

There appears something harsh, though the harshness was reluctant, in the steps by which Lamennais, after many real sacrifices, was driven to the wall of an unreserved submission. Simplicity, absolute, illimitée, was the Papal vocabulary. He gave up his paper L’Avenir, he disbanded his international association, the Agence Catholique; he could no longer compromise the Church by its doctrines. He might have left the Congress of Rome, but it was not that Rome was despotic, but that it did not exercise the right kind of despotism. He had always pressed to have his opponents condemned. “They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”

The English Nonjuror Law once pertinently asked a polemical bishop: “Is a limited, conditional government in the State such a wise, excellent, and glorious institution? And is the same authority in the Church such absurdity, nonsense, and nothing at all as to any actual power?” Mr. Laski, we take it, would answer “No” to this question, but Lamennais would have judged that answer absurd. Long after he had become the apostate “we find him declaring: ‘Qu’est-ce qu’un corps religieux, une puissance ecclésiastique, si elle n’est pas revêtue d’infallibilité? Rien, absolument rien.’ Simple, absolu, illimité, he also moved in that circle to the end.

He was the gentlest of apostates, who hardly knew quite how he had come to apostatize. The “hatred” with which Renan charges him he reserved for the oppressors of the people. He did not regret for the “Mirari Vos,” with the vitriolic fury of some of the victims of “Pascendi.” The “Affaires de Rome,” his apologia, is a work of noble charity and restraint. He died unrepented, and his epitaph was spoken in the cry of his brother, the Abbé Jean de Lamennais, “Fêl, Fêl, mon frère!” There was no more to say. But though he never came back to the body of the Church, he had never, we feel, gone out from the soul of it.

D. L.'M.
JAPANESE POETRY FOR BEGINNERS

JAPANESE POETRY: The Uta. By Arthur Waley. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 6s. 6d. net.)

CHANCE, a manifestation of the Divine which has engrossed both moralists and mathematicians, will throw in our way, among other exotic puzzling waifs, from time to time a poetry-book from the Far East. Profiting by such capricious opportunities, we receive, despite the blurring, discoloration and distortion of translation even the ablest, impressions the more plain that they are stamped on our ignorance of the subject as on virgin clay. And from these emerge a few conclusions which we may hold confidently. In the first place, it is clear that to so many of these Eastern poets may be severally applied the definition given by Théophile Gautier of himself: "un homme pour qui le monde extérieur existe"; and their senses respond to the world outside themselves with a delicacy and precision undreamed of by that voluptuous Romantique. Again, the lyrical form as practised by them presents an elimination of certain ponderous elements of which there are few spontaneous instances in Western verse, outside Folk-Song; a sublimation commonly found in Heine, and occurring, but always, we think, in a qualified form, in Verlaine; and characteristic of no other European poet we can name. It is most immediately apparent in the transition from one poetic moment to another, and may be conveniently illustrated by the lines of the anonymous Lover:

O western wind, when wilt thou blow That the small rain down can rain? Christ, that my love were in my arms And I in my bed again!

Folk-Song would provide abundant examples of this lyrical manner, a fact conducive to more speculation than our present leisure would contain.

We are uncertain as to the essential points of difference between Japanese and Chinese lyric poetry; but we suspect that it is to the former the above remarks chiefly apply; we conceive the latter to manifest a less exquisitely defined sensibility, to expand more indolently in the beats of sentiment, to display more violence at the crisis of emotion.

Approaching Mr. Waley’s book with a simplicity mitigated only by some such considerations as the above, we find him using his incalculable advantage with all possible leniency. He comes not halfway, but all the way to meet an intelligent ignorance. He is instructive without severity; he is learned, but affable. The transliteration and translation of the poems is preceded by an Introduction, a Bibliography, and by Grammar Notes; for Mr. Waley has designed his book with a view to facilitate study of the Japanese text; which may be appreciated in the transliterated form, he considers, after a few months’ work; though the further advance to the enjoyment of the native text will involve the effort of learning, among other things, “some (perhaps about 600) of the commoner Chinese characters” : a remark our anthologist lets fall almost carelessly. There is a vocabulary at the end of the book, and well-chosen information both in the Introduction and in notes appended to the poems. Nowhere, however, can we find — what even students so desultory as ourselves had reason to look for — instruction as to the position of stress in Japanese words, and more generally as to the rhythmic quality of Japanese poetry.

Mr. Waley is undoubtedly correct in saying that “Japanese poetry can only be rightly enjoyed in the original”; but we confess that, however wrongly, we have enjoyed his translations very much indeed. They have, we think, every indispensable quality of good literal translation — especially a kind of negative rhetorical and tone value, and distinction of vocabulary without a trace of preciousness or squamishness. The poems are chosen from the anthologies called the “Manyō Shū” (“Ten-thousand-Leaves Collection”), the “Kokin Shū” (“Ancient and Modern Collection”), and from minor collections. Their form is chiefly that of the five-line Uta, of thirty-one syllables. (In order to economize space, we print the quotations from Mr. Waley’s book with double colons to mark the line-units.)

The first poem in the book is by a woman. It is worthy of a princess of the undemocratized regions of romance, and its author is in fact the Princess Daisaku. She asks:

How will you manage: To cross alone: The autumn mountain: What was so hard to get across: Even when we went the two of us together!

At the time when this poem was written (the seventh century) our own poets were uttering their emotions in some such hoarse strains as those of the “Wife’s Complaint.” The difference leaps to the eye; but it is superficial compared with that which marks off in another respect Japanese poetry from European poetry previous to the late eighteenth century. For the sex-relations brings about emotional crises at all times all the world over; but until the romantic revival there is with us scarcely an instance of the intimate, conscious, constant and absorbing personal relation to nature implied almost everywhere in these lyric. Tsurayuki (883-946 A.D.), a poet remarkable for exquisite responsiveness to impressions even in this company, sings:

On summer nights: When I wonder “shall I go to bed”: At a single note sung: By the cuckoo: Dawn suddenly breaks!

Extreme susceptibility to sense-stimuli results for them at times in a haunted, haunting vision, focussing about a vivid shape or a splash of colour or sound, as in this poem of Tsurayuki’s contemporary, the Emperor Uda:

I thought that the white-crane standing there was a wave unable to go back, driven by the wind which blows towards the river-shore.

But it is time that reader and reviewer returned to their several reflections, to shape them as they may about this conclusion of the seventeenth-century poet Tagaya Masahiro:

As for this world: Would that I had the heart: Of the sea-gull who has learnt to sleep alone: Amid the turmoil of the waves!

F. W. S.

THE NATIONALIZATION OF KNOWLEDGE

ADULT EDUCATION COMMITTEE (MINISTRY OF RECONSTRUCTION): FINAL REPORT. (Stationary Office. Is. 9d. net.)

TOWARDS the extension of educational facilities there are only two logical attitudes. The first accompanies a “caste” philosophy of society, and it denies education to the poor on the ground that it will only unsettle those whom Providence has called to manual service. The lower ranks, in the words of Hannah More, should only receive instruction that will “show the poor how immediately dependent they are upon the rich.” This creed has at least the merit of simplicity, but it is past all hope of revival. Whether we like it or not, the idea of democracy has come to stay; and consequently we must adopt the second attitude, which involves a complete communism of ideas. Not only does democracy logically and morally imply equality of opportunity; but from the standpoint also of pure expedience a division of knowledge must accompany a division of power. To set up the political machinery of people’s power and to withhold its educational basis is worse than a blunder: it is a crime.
THE MODERN LANGUAGE REVIEW

THE October number of the Modern Language Review (Cambridge University Press, 5s. net) is perhaps a little too much overshadowed by the eternal Hamlet problem. Mr. E. L. Ferguson writes a short monograph on the play scene. Mr. Greg contributes two articles: one of them a reply to an earlier article by Mr. Dover Wilson on the subject of Hamlet and the Ghost, and the other on “Hamlet Texts and Recent Work in Shakespearean Bibliography.” The last-named article is an interesting summary of recent Shakespearean researches, in which the author shows how important a part is played in modern criticism by purely bibliographical studies. He justly insists on the fact that the publication in 1909 of Mr. A. W. Pollard’s “Shakespeare Folios and Quartos” marked “the opening of a new era in Shakespearean studies.” To the amateur bibliographical studies tend to appear somewhat dull; but it is well to realize that they are often very fruitful in results.

Emerging from Hamlet, we find an interesting article by Mr. Sarma on “Two Minor Critics of the Age of Pope”—Gildon and Welsted. Professor Zachrisson writes a philological article on the origin of certain English names. Miss Le Duc discusses “The Pastoral Theme in French Literature in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.” Miscellaneous notes and reviews complete the number.

With the January issue the Review will enter upon its fifteenth volume. In these hard times a scholarly journal finds some difficulty in even barely existing, and it is to be hoped that the M. L. R. may have the support of an increasing body of subscribers to enable it to go on fulfilling its task with increased efficiency. The literary or philological specialist has very few channels through which he can convey the results of his researches to even the very limited public interested in these studies. The M. L. R. is one of them. The articles published in its pages are all of a scholarly and specialized character; and an important feature of the paper is the publication of notes of literary and philological interest and incited documents.

Owing to the great increase in the cost of production it has been found necessary to raise the price of the Review. The annual subscription will henceforth be 25s. We sincerely hope that this will not deter new subscribers from supporting the M. L. R. in its excellent scholarly work.

THE SICK LODGER

I heard her wailing hour by hour,
Then sobbing short and quick;
And never knew if ’twas her soul
Or body that was sick.

The wall between our bedrooms seemed
A flimsy paper sheet,
So keenly could I feel her pain
And hear her restless feet.

I wondered if I’d ever lose
The joy in life I had,
And have no work to keep me sane
Or love to send me mad,

But turn one day a nerveless lump
No earthly thing could rouse,
A piece of human furniture
Within a boarding-house.

JEAN GUTHRIE-SMITH.

THE YOUNG FATHER

Your children have increased and grown,
Their youth is close upon your own;
And in your grave young days
You must be vigilant, and provide,
From your slight vantage praise and chide,
And guard them in their ways.

But secretly when your children sleep
You have another trust to keep,
Yourself a child.
Experience from your spirit flies,
And fatherhood from your young eyes,
And your young heart is wild.

VIOLA MEYNELL.
IMAGERY

IMAGES. By Richard Aldington. ("The Egoist." 3s. 6d. net.)
IMAGES OF WAR. By Richard Aldington. (Allen & Unwin 3s. 6d. net.)

JUST as "the East" may mean Omar Khayyam, or austere porcelain, or the drawings of Mr. Dulac, or, indeed, almost anything else according to individual taste, so too "Greece," with its implication of nobility, nudity and antiquity, connotes a number of very different notions, which have in common only the nude. Meredith once wrote a poem called "The Teaching of the Nude," which tells how a Satyr spied a Goddess in her bath, and was so much chastened by the sight of immortal beauty that the enticements of common flesh left him merely disgusted. A

full-blown dame

In circle by the lusty friskers gripped . . .

. . . beckoned to our Satyr, and he came.

Then twirled she mounds of ripeness, wreath of arms.

His hoof kicked up the clothing for such charms.

But in actual practice the nude does not always teach this lesson. You may think of Greece in terms of the "Chansons de Bilitis" or "Aphrodite," as a place where politely practised vices were capable of yielding those "solid joys and lasting pleasures" of which the hymn makes promise. Or again there is the Sibyl of the burning Greece, luscious, sultry, the Venusberg of a Northern imagination. Then there is the realistic mythology of Boccaccio, where galloping Centaurs are caught in attitudes that only the instantaneous photograph reveals; and after it a whole procession of different Hellases, until finally we come to the peculiar brand of Hellas which belongs to Mr. Aldington.

Transposed from the ethical to the aesthetic sphere, Mr. Aldington’s reaction to the nude is much the same as the Satyr’s. Having looked upon the marmoreal beauty of the past, he is not attracted by the mounds of poetical ripeness which such poets as Swinburne and, conspicuously, Meredith himself twirl before our astonished eyes. Greece is for him a marble nakedness, hard and precise in outline, a definite, palpable beauty standing out against the muddled ugliness of the actual world. Camden Town is a place of flith; the Cyclades are warm and flowery: London cripples have eyes like frogs, but Hermes is beautiful. His poems are mostly variations on this simple theme: "0 to be somewhere else, now that whatever season it may happen to be here!" The trouble is that the theme is almost too simple—so simple that one soon has enough of it.

Mr. Aldington is very much more readable when he ceases to talk about Hellenic gods and places and things, and writes of himself, the dweller in Camden Town or the trenches, and not the bacchic spirit inhabiting an ancient world. "Images of War" is for this reason a more interesting book than "Images." Here he writes of facts as they happened, without referring his experience for comparison with classical standards.

Mr. Aldington’s limitation of theme brings with it a limitation of stylistic resources. One has every sympathy with his desire to get away from lusciousness, prettiness and the tinkling cymbals of drawing-room verses; but the trouble is that the hard, naked technique he has evolved to express the nakedness of his ideas is an inflexible, unadaptable instrument. His poems always read a little as though they were versions of something in a dead language made by a scholar belonging to the second generation of translators after Butcher and Lang. The vocabulary is very small; the phraseology is that of the Bible tempered by the Greek Anthology. At its best this style can be simply and nobly beautiful, as in "Chorics." At its worst it is curiously flat and monotonous.
THE PLAIN AND THE ADORNED

THE OUTLAW. By Maurice Hewlett. (Constable. 6s. net.)
EVANDER. By Eden Phillpotts. (Grant Richards, 6s. net.)

"THE OUTLAW" is the fifth volume of Mr. Hewlett's "Sagas Retold." It is the story of how one Gishi, a quiet, peace-loving man, was forced for honour's sake to take part in quartets that were not his, to fight other people's battles, and to waste all the strength and resourcefulness of his manhood in escaping from his enemies. For a long time he is successful, but there is one foe—and that is a spear called Grayflanks—from whom there is no hiding, and he comes to a tragic end. This spear had been fashioned out of a sword that was taken away from its lawful owner and used against him, and so there was a curse upon it.

Perhaps, according to Norse ideas, it was not enough that a man should live snugly and peacefully as Gishi desired to do with his wife And. And yet he was by no means an idle man. Even in his very young days he was "forever at a work, building, smithing, quarrying, timber-felling," and after Norway got too hot to hold his family he made a great ship and took them to Iceland, and, once there, he it was who built a fine roomy house for them all. We should have supposed that there was place and to spare for such a man in a world of fighters, but he made the fatal mistake of asking no credit for what he did, and "as for his temper—it was perfect." It was, doubtless, this last characteristic that egged them on against him, for a perfect temper is as aggravating to witness as a fire that burns brisk and quiet, never needing the bellows or the poker, never roaring away and setting us at defiance or—reduced to a melancholy flutter—imploring our aid.

In reconstructing the ancient story Mr. Hewlett has chosen to construct a story of great simplicity. He explains in a prefatory note that his version is based on a literal translation published in 1839 and a dramatic version published some thirty years later. "I have added nothing to the substance, and have left out many of the accidents, including (without exception) all the bad verses." We cannot help wishing that he had been a great deal more lenient with himself—that he had added materially to the substance and included a number of good verses. For the tale, as it stands, is so exceedingly plain, and the fights, murders, escapes and pursuits described upon so even a breath, that it is hard to believe the great, more than life-size dolls minded whether they were hit over the head or not. It is as though every deal another a tremendous blow that sends him crashing down like a tree, and as he dies he says: "This is a bad day for me." And the murderer replies: "And for me, too," and goes off to tell his wife:

"So-and-so is dead."
"Did you kill him?"
"Yes."
"Well!" said she, and her face got red.

This is, of course, an exaggeration, but there are passages in "The Outlaw" which are very nearly as bald. There is no doubt that the very large number of words of one syllable help to keep the tone low. They have a curious effect upon the reader. He finds himself, as it were, reading aloud, spelling out the tale, and this is helped by such sentences as: "He was quiet, shy, what we call a dark horse." That "we" seems to belong to a god-like world of pastors and masters who are explaining the dark horse to us for the very first time. The story itself is full of incident, but it moves us as little as a pageant without music or colour. True, we cannot expect these huge heroes, with their peaked helmets, their heavy shields and spears, to break into a dance; but were the horns of warm wine never tossed down to a vocal accom-

This takes place upon the borders of a lake among purple mountains covered with chestnut bloom and carpeted with flowers. Little baby fauns run in and out of the story; an oread, a minor poet, wanders through, always looking for somebody to whom she can recite her verses; in the moonlight the maidens, tired of the water springs, came down to the lake to wash and sing.

But the delicate, bright atmosphere in which this enchanting book is bathed must be left for the reader to enjoy.

K. M.
POETRY FOR BABES

NURSERY LAYS OF NURSERY DAYS. By M. and C. T. Nightingale-(Oxford, Blackwell, 95 pp., 2s. net.)
The FAIRY GREEN. By Rose Fyleman. (Methuen, 63 pp., 3s. 6d. net.)

I've just finished a very satisfying and sombre exposition of mechanistic philosophy, and am wondering whether anyone ever had any preferences, or indeed whether there is any "one" to have preferences, or to wonder about them. The pity of those good, stupefying, philosophic moods is that they never survive the effort to catch a train, or the need to answer a child's questions. So far as I understand the latest mechanism, our standard in future is to be "the tube"—to the idea of the truth corresponds best with the facts of the universe. Well, one of the earliest differences between children is that which separates the prose-child from the verse-child. All very little children have to submit to rhyme: their pillows are stuffed from Mother Goose; but quite soon some children will break away and insist on having prose-stories, while others will demand verse. What are we to give these latter?

Certainly the best thing is to turn the child loose in the library. He will read things then that he will never read later; time is more leisurely, and distraction less easy. If a boy or girl has a real liking for poetry it is a pity to attempt to direct the reading. My great demand for children's verse is that it should make a good noise. But noise alone will not do. Children want a story, and want it very simple and straightforward. Here the nursery rhymes set a very high standard:

A little cock sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a boy came by with his bow and arrow;
Says he, "I'll shoot the little cock sparrow.
His body will make me a nice little stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie too."
Says the little cock sparrow, "I'll be shot if I stay,"
So he clapped his wings and flew away.

That's full of meat; and even when you only have a rhyming jingle, there's more to it than many modern poets contrive to fit into their serious verse.

Hink, minx! the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry;
There's nobody at home but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.

The early nursery-rhymes, couplets and jingles were made by people who were not consciously writing for children; the jingles for grown-ups were much the same. Since we became overawed of children, things have been very different. Compare such a poem as "Mary's Lamb," or Isaac Watts's "Let Dogs Delight," and you realize that one has passed into a different set of values altogether. Lately many poets, influenced partly by Blake (who, like the early authors, wrote in the same way for children and adults), have tried to return to a more direct, objective type of poem for children. Here, for instance, are Miss Nightingale and Miss Fyleman. Miss Nightingale is lucky in having a sister or brother who understands the woodcut: one of the illustrations in the book is not unworthy to be set beside those charming, crowded things of Calvert's, or Blake's series for Virgil. But it is with the poems I am concerned. I gave the book to a little girl, aged nine, and she read it right through to her sister, aged seven; and in the afternoon asked for it again, and read it through again. That is something of a tribute. Then I asked which poem pleased the most, and was told "The Yellow Cat." So here is "The Yellow Cat":

In summer on the sunny wall the yellow cat and I
Sit quietly by side and watch the clouds go sailing by;
I love his yellow velvet paws—I love to hear him sing,
But when it's dark and I'm in bed it's quite a different thing.

For when it's dark from every house the cats of every size
Come creeping forth with angry tails and golden, gleaming eyes,
The snarl and shriek and spit and swear—the yellow cat and they;
I love the yellow cat, but still—I love him best by day.

There is no doubt that the ordinary healthy child does like something with a little creep in it—something that has a shiver.

Miss Fyleman has forgotten her fairy stories. A fairy-lore which makes all the fairies sweet, pleasant, beautiful and kindly disposed is a heresy. No nursery will stand an immaculate company of fays. It is no use Miss Fyleman putting the blame on her mother:

And mother says, in fairy tales, those bits are never true
That tell you all the dreadful deeds the wicked fairies do.

The very name given to the fairy tribe—the good people—was given as a protection; and every child knows that there are some fairies which pinch, and tickle, and tie strings at the bottom of the stairs, and leave a nasty piece of margarine on the oil-cloth, or hide under a tumbled leaf on the rain-swept pavement. I find "The Fairy Green," then, rather too pretty, and it was not received by the children with the same joy which greeted Miss Nightingale's book; but that was partly due to the absence of pictures, while in many poems Miss Fyleman is not writing for children. Much of her best verse is not concerned with fairy things at all. This is a really jolly poem, unexpected and complete, about the dentist:

I'd like to be a dentist with a plane upon the door
And a little bubbling fountain in the middle of the floor;
With lots of tiny bottles all arranged in coloured rows
And a page-boy with a line of silver buttons down his clothes.

I'd love to polish up the things and put them every day
Inside the dainty chests of drawers all tidily away;
And every Sunday afternoon when nobody was there
I should go riding up and down upon the velvet chair.

And "Mrs. Brown" has something of the make-believe fantasy of childhood:

As soon as I'm in bed at night
And snugly settled down
The little girl I am by day
Goes very suddenly away
And then I'm Mrs. Brown.

I have a family of six,
And all of them have names:
The girls are Joyce and Nancy Maud,
The boys are Marmaduke and Claude,
And Percival and James.

We have a house with twenty rooms
A mile away from town;
I think it's good for girls and boys
To be allowed to make a noise—
And so does Mr. Brown.

Neither Miss Nightingale nor Miss Fyleman has any nonsense poems; and I'm sure they are right. Children are not great lovers of nonsense. Lear's long narrative poems are not nonsense in the way that Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark" is: Lear tells a quite intelligible story, and there is no reason in a child's philosophy to cause him to disbelieve in the Pobble rather than in the Lion or the Unicorn, while words like "runcible" are quite as possible as a word like "comical." What children really want in their poetry is not nonsense, but something with a rhythm that sings, and with a clear meaning. The great fault of most modern verse for children is the excess of epithets. In the only modern poem which can rank with the old nursery rhymes, Longfellow's "There was a little girl," there are hardly any epithets, and no obtuse ones: Miss Fyleman's poems are full of picturesque adjectives and adjectival phrases—sometimes a whole line ("all shining green and gold") will be nothing but adjectival, and at such children's interest lapses. They want statement, not decoration; in short, poetry for children should be the best poetry.

R. E. R.
NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, December 19, 1919

When Mr. Yeats's "Player Queen," which was produced by the Stage Society last May the press comments indicated bewilderment rather than amusement on the side of the critics. The play was seen in Dublin for the first time a couple of weeks ago, when it was performed at the Abbey Theatre. The first-night audience certainly exhibited no signs of that irritated impatience which, one gathered, was the prevailing impression left upon the Stage Society public. There was a crowded house, and we all appeared to be vastly amused by the fantastic humour of Mr. Yeats. Not since he gave us "Where there is Nothing," some fifteen years ago, has he written anything in the mood of comedy like "The Player Queen." The gaiety of the occasion was diminished by the fact that the Virgilian Committee had sent its "smuthounds"—as the Americans say—to report upon the proceedings. The drunken poet's chivalrous defence of the chastity of the unicorn must have reassured the virtuosi of virtue just at the point where there was a danger of ambiguous reference. It is now being argued in the circles of the intelligentsia that a profound esoteric meaning lies beneath the surface of "The Player Queen." It looks as if the gibe of the cynic is to be justified who asserted, after the first performance, that Mr. Yeats had at last become deliberately humorous where he had been previously merely unconsciously funny. If our frank enjoyment of what we have here, no matter whether the attribution to literature or the actual spirit in Mr. Yeats is misplaced, if "The Player Queen" had, in the author's intention, a serious, symbolic significance, he will doubtless prefer the puzzled solemnity of his first critics. Dublin will have again afforded him proofs of what he has called "the spite of this unmannerly town." The plaint is frequently heard from our visitors, notably Mr. Bernard Shaw, who never fails to deliver a homily upon the "derision of Dublin." Reviewing Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Irish Impressions" recently in the Irish Statesman, Mr. Shaw again complains of the over-developed derivative sense of Dubliners. It would be quite fair to suggest that he finds in Dublin just what he brings to it himself. It is usually possible for the intelligent traveller to discover in Ireland precisely what he expects. Liberals go away having satisfied themselves as to the iniquities of coercion, Conservatives are confirmed in their respect for "strong government" and their confidence in the wisdom of the Kilkare Street Club. At the same time, it might be suggested to Mr. Shaw that most of the derision which offends him is provoked by the spectacle of our friendly visitors. Like himself, they are quite unfamiliar with contemporary Ireland, but they have no hesitation in dogmatizing from obsolete, or wholly inadequate, data.

Two novels have just been published which can safely be placed in the hands of all Englishmen who desire to understand the evolution of contemporary Ireland: "The Gael," by Mr. Edward E. Lysaght (Maunsell, 6s. 6d. net), and "The Chalking of Chains," by Mr. Brinsley MacNamara (Maunsell, 6s. 6d. net). The two books are radically dissimilar, yet each is true, and the one is the complement of the other. Mr. Lysaght's semi-autobiographical novel is a simple and striking account of what is really growing up behind the political bogey called Sinn Fein. Mr. MacNamara's work is a sombre and disillusioned criticism of the evil which lives on in Ireland after the men who have sown the seeds are long since forgotten. Mr. Lysaght's story is as effective a confession of faith as Mr. MacNamara's is a remarkable example of that self-criticism of which Ireland is popularly supposed to be incapable.

Mr. Forrest Reid's "Pirates of the Spring," to which I referred a couple of months ago, has been unanimously pronounced a failure until next year, and Mr. Leon de Robinson's "Eight Short Stories," which had been simultaneously announced by the Talbot Press.

The Ulster Players have been down here from Belfast with some old and new plays from their repertoire. The new one is their production of Shaw's "Candida." A former director of St. Keverne's, Mr. W. B. Yeates, continues to meet with the success which seems inseparable in these islands from whatever has been performed ad nauseam.

THE ROYAL TOMBS OF THEBES

On December 12 last the second of a course of lectures arranged by the Egypt Exploration Fund (which on January 1 changes its name to Egypt Exploration Society) was delivered by Professor Newberry at the Royal Society's rooms. Professor Newberry chose for his subject the tombs of the Kings of Egypt at Thebes, a theme upon which he is undoubtedly the first authority since he has for over 25 years resided in their immediate vicinity and has made them the subject of a special study. He is moreover the actual discoverer or co-discoverer of several of them. Aidan by an exceptionally fine series of slides, Professor Newberry first traced the rise and growth of Thebes as the civil and religious capital of Egypt.

The complicated and complex funerary system of the ancient Egyptians naturally reaches its culminating point in the equipment of the Kings' tombs, since the Kings were the living representatives o. the gods whilst on earth and in their turn became gods themselves after death. The structure and arrangement of the tombs were described, with special reference to them. The jewellery and precious objects deposited in the tombs made them from the earliest times the object of the greatest curiosity of treasure-seekers. As we learn from a batch of contemporary documents, of which the famous Abbott Papyrus is the best known, the continued spoliation of the royal tombs led to the formation, by the Government counter a day of a special guard, the guard of the necropolises and to arrest and prosecute the wrongdoers, a course which was in the end so unsuccessful that it was eventually found necessary to remove the royal mummies from their tombs and to deposit them in a place of safety, where they rested in peace until their rediscovery in our own times.

A remarkable series of objects recovered from the tombs was shown upon the screen, the most interesting of which is a piece of woven tapestry, the oldest known by a thousand years, which was found by Professor Newberry in the tomb of Tuthmosis IV, and which presents one of the most insoluble problems known to archaeology.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

There are now on exhibition in the King's Library, British Museum, the following recent acquisitions of the Department of Printed Books, besides others already mentioned in these notes: St. Bernard, Sermons in Dutch, Pieter van Os, Zwolle, 1484-85. With a fine woodcut representing the Virgin and Child and St. Bernard.—Isidorus Etymologus, 2.ij. Wolff anf Thiellen Kavel, Leiden, 1489.—Walter Thornley, Life of J. M. W. Turner, London, 1862. Extra-illustrated by John Platt, Llandudno, 1889, and bequeathed by him to the Museum. In thirteen volumes the volume exhibited shows the signature of Turner and a number of his fellow-students at the Royal Academy.—A collection of Siamese postage stamps formed by the late R. W. Harold Row, Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Zoology at King's College, and presented to the Museum by his mother in accordance with his wish.

Besides the above exhibits, the following recent accessions may be noted: Lituanus Ambrosianus, Zurajts, Milan, 1538.—A number of Castilian and Spanish royal ordinances, etc., printed at various dates between the years 1528 and 1573.—S. de Porta, Sermones festivitatum B.V.M., J. Jofre, Valencia, 1512.—M. de Azpilcueta, Manual de confessores, J. Barrein, and J. Alvarez, Cambrai, 1553.—Ordinarii Fratrum Pro- dicatorum, A. de Mora Salamanca, 1576.—W. Gublin, Dialogue wherein is a golly regiment against the pestilence J. Kingston, London, 1578.—F. Trussell, Soldier pleading his own cause, N. Oxes for T. Wallcky, London, 1626.—R. S., The Counter Scuffle, W. Stanbye for R. Meighen, London, 1628.—E. Wingeate, Usage de la regle de proportion en l'arithmétique, Paris, 1624.

THE CLUE OF THE IVORY CLAW. By F. Hugh Dunwood. (Perrin, 3s. 6d. net)—The ivory claw of an eagle is found by a Boy Scout in the ruins of his house, which has been burned down. Later he sees his fellow in the house of his employer. The efforts of the Scouts to unravel the mystery of these symbols lead to many exciting incidents.
Science

SIR VICTOR HORSLEY

SIR VICTOR HORSLEY: A STUDY OF HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Stephen Paget. (Constable. 21s. net.)

Seldom can a biographer have had a more congenial task than that of Mr. Stephen Paget. Lady Horsley in her preface says that the author and his subject were widely separated in their mental attitudes, and that the author has softened nothing in his criticisms and has suppressed nothing. But this separation was more apparent than real, for they both had the fundamental qualities of honesty and hatred of all shams, of clear-cut logic and enthusiasm for a cause, of high moral standards, and of a great love for the profession to which they belonged. Mr. Paget’s chief ground for criticism is Horsley’s undisguised contempt for those who disagreed with him or failed to reach his own superhuman standards, and the direct manner in which he usually expressed it. Their aims were strictly parallel, but Mr. Paget’s methods have been more restrained and probably more effectual than Horsley’s were.

Mr. Paget has written in a calm, dispassionate manner without literary tricks or manerisms, though he could have made the book seem almost sensational had he so chosen, for the earlier part of Horsley’s life was nothing less than an epic of the progress of science. He rode on the crest of the advancing wave, and it was the force of his intellect and personality together with an almost unlimited capacity for passionate hard work that put him there at a time of life when most men are only laying the first foundations of their careers. Already at the age of 22 he was publishing papers in Brain on the obscure subject of localization of function in the central nervous system, and a year later, in 1886, was conducting well-conceived researches into the novel subject of bacteriology. His keenness and pugnacity, even when the question at issue was so relatively unimportant as whether it were right that people should take mustard with their food, impressed themselves on everyone with whom he came into contact, and a great future was predicted for him. In 1887, while house-surgeon at University College Hospital, he was planning an attack on the brain of the frog and devising a tiny trephine, an instrument with which to carry out minutely exact intra-cranial operations; and his restless mind even led him to make experiments on himself with various anaesthetics. He never spared anyone, and least of all himself.

In 1884 came his first great chance, when he was appointed Professor-Superintendent of the now forgotten Brown Institution, which, though nominally a veterinary institution, was in those days one of the chief centres for research in pathology, physiology, and surgery. The apostles of anti-vivisection have now made advances in these sciences relatively so difficult that the scientific centre of gravity has shifted elsewhere, but Horsley crowded into his six years of office an amount of important research which as can never have been equalled by anyone in the same space of time. He cautiously, but with unusual exhaustive researches into the functions of the thyroid gland, taking monkeys as the subjects of his experiments, since the effect of the removal of the gland from monkeys is much more gradual and more easily observed than it is if cats or dogs be used. Observations on the connection between the thyroid gland and the conditions known as cretinism, a form of idiocy, and myxedema, a disease of adults characterized by insidious changes in the skin, hair, mentality, and general functions of the body, had been accumulating for many years without much result; but Horsley’s acute mind and direct methods soon threw a flood of light on this obscure problem, though it is a matter for extreme surprise that his discoveries halted just short of finding a successful form of treatment for these diseases, such as is now commonly practised, namely, feeding the patient on an extract of the thyroid glands of sheep. At the same time he was instituting far-reaching investigations into the phenomena of antithesis, and he soon became the chief exponent in England of Pasteur’s doctrines and methods, and was more than any other man instrumental in stamping out the disease in the British Isles. He fought for Pasteurism with characteristic zest, not only in the laboratory, but also on the platform and in the press, and no doubt began to make some of those enemies whose numbers and rancour grew so greatly in later years as his passion for publicity increased. It is unfortunate that in this part of his book Mr. Paget should have allowed the undercurrent of propaganda against anti-vivisection, which can be felt throughout, to come undisguised to the surface. The whole course of Horsley’s life is a sufficient refutation of anti-vivisectional fallacies without the introduction of an unpleasant flavour of pamphleteering.

Meanwhile these researches, though of the first importance, were only the background to his work on the functions and surgery of the brain, and a series of papers published between 1886 and 1890 embodied some of the biggest advances in the knowledge of this subject that have ever been made. His researches were conducted chiefly on the brains of monkeys, parts of which were exposed and stimulated electrically, the resulting movements of the various parts of the body being recorded and analysed with minute care. He thus first mapped out the so-called "motor area," or that part of the brain which governs the various co-ordinated movements of which an animal is capable. He also investigated the “speech centre,” the frontal or “association” areas, the visual centres at the back, or occipital, part of the brain, the functions of the cerebellum, and many other highly technical problems. His hospital appointments enabled him at the same time to apply his results to the treatment of diseases of the brain, since it was now for the first time possible to deduce from the symptoms the exact position of a brain tumour and to expose it almost with certainty. His fame was now rapidly spreading all over the world, and at a Medical Congress in Berlin in 1889 he was one of the most notable figures present, though his age was but 33. His work on the surgical treatment of hemiplegia in children, especially in cases of paralysis of the arm and leg, was made before anyone else; but it was during this early period that the most sensational advances were made. Meanwhile there were growing up those other activities, less directly scientific, which were destined to undermine Horsley’s reputation with his profession, to absorb more and more of his energy, to make for him numberless enemies, and, finally, to tinge with tragedy the later years of his career. Horsley never shirked publicity; and, in fact, the degree to which he courted it amounted almost to a vice. His fighting instincts never allowed him to rest, and his whole tremendous energy was poured out for the sake of any cause which he believed to be on the side of truth and morality. But his very pugnacity and fearlessness almost defeated their own object. His language was never guarded, and the intensity of his convictions often betrayed him into exaggerations of fact which tended to discredit him even in the eyes of those who agreed with him and laid him open to effective attacks by his opponents. Temperance was the most notable cause for which he fought, but so intemperate were his tactics that the world dubbed him “crank,” and his name became almost a laughing-stock even among those who ought most to have respected him. He suffered the common fate of the man who is honest, direct, and above intrigue, and finally, in his struggles on behalf of his profession over the introduction of the
Insurance Act, only earned abuse from those whom he sought to help. He was, however, undeterred and made more than one ineffectual attempt to enter Parliament.

By the time the war came his surgical practice had seriously fallen off, since it was naturally supposed that a surgeon who spent so much of his time on public platforms could not devote much of his energy to treating private patients. Apparently he was also distracted by the War Office, and he was unable to obtain the work which he felt best qualified to do, the development of the surgical treatment of gunshot wounds of the head. At last, in May, 1915, the Territorial hospital to which he was attached was sent to Egypt, and a few months later he was appointed Consultant. He went to India in March, 1916, where he died of sunstroke, fighting with all his old intensity against the massed forces of apathy, incompetence, and neglect. His tragedy had reached its consummation.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—December 11.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.

"A Further Study of Chromosome Dimensions," by C. F. U. Meek, stated that:

1. The degree of somatic complexity of an animal cannot be correlated with the lengths of the chromosomes composing its complex.

2. The degree of somatic complexity of an animal cannot be correlated with the diameters of the chromosomes composing its complex.

3. The degree of somatic complexity of an animal cannot be correlated with the total volume of the chromosomes composing its complex.

4. The degree of somatic complexity of an animal cannot be correlated with the number of the chromosomes composing its complex.

5. There are many different chromosome diameters.

6. The chromosomes composing the spermatogonial complex of an animal are not necessarily identical in diameter with those composing its secondary spermatocyte complex.

7. All chromosomes composing an individual complex are not necessarily of the same diameter.


LINZEN.—December 11.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

Dr. G. Parker Bidder, Mr. A. R. Thompson, Mr. Stuart Hogg, and Mr. E. Colson Adkin were admitted Fellows.—Mr. Narayana Padmanabha, Professor of Chemistry, was elected a Fellow.

Professor W. A. Herdman read some "Notes on the Abundance of Marine Animals and a Quantitative Survey of their Occurrence," Professor Dendy and Sir H. H. Howorth contributed further observations.

Mr. J. Bronte Gatesby read a paper, "The Germ-Cells and Early Development of Granitia compressa;" the spermatids of Granitia being described for the first time. Professor Dendy and Dr. G. P. Bidder offered some observations, and lantern-slides were employed by the speakers to elucidate their remarks.

ROYAL STATISTICAL.—December 16.—Mr. Herbert Samuel, President, in the chair.

Mr. T. E. Allen read a paper upon "Some Changes in the Distribution of the National Income during the War."

FORFORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 2. Geographical (Eolian Hall), 3.30.—"A Visit to the Diamond Mountain in Korea," Miss Hilda Bower, (Christmas Lectures.)

Sat. 3. Royal Institution, 3.—"Sounds of the Country," Professor W. H. Bragg. (Christmas Lectures.)

Mon. 5. Geographical (Eolian Hall), 8.30.

Tues. 6. Royal Institution, 3.—"Sounds of the Town," Professor W. H. Bragg. (Christmas Lectures.)


Mathematical Association (London Day Training College, Southampton Row), 5.30.—Annual Meeting.

Thurs. 8. Mathematical Association 10 and 2.30.—Annual Meeting (continued), Royal Institution, 3.—"Sounds of the Sea," Professor W. H. Bragg. (Christmas Lectures.)

Fri. 9. Malacological, 6.

Philological, 8.—"The Perception of Sound," Dr. W. Perrett.
formalization: plastic symbols based on the human profile, contrasted angles embodying figures in motion, resulting in fantastic hybrids, intersecting rhomboids masquerading as fighting men, and semicircles playfully degenerating into human calves—strange scribbles very unlike the drawings of Sir William Orpen, but not unlike the note-books of Leonardo.

Another time he goes to Hampstead Heath and surveys his fellow-man at play. Forthwith he lets loose his abstract rhythms on the unsuspecting merry-makers, but this time they are less relentless, more whimsical, as though they realized the basic bonhomie of their master, who is in jovial mood to-day and claims Rowlandson as his brother. They support the lines that cross the page, and link and choose as they point the mental and adorn the lab of khaki caps and ladies’ hats and upturned faces watching a pole-jump in cockney cheerfulness.

This drawing “Pole-Jump” is in some ways the most successful of the series, and the most characteristic of Mr. Lewis. It is better than a Fleet Street artist’s illustration of the same subject because the humour is both seen and expressed in terms of form and line and proportion. It is better than a Continental caricature by Caran d’Ache or Gullbransson because Mr. Lewis does not start with a fixed and arbitrary formula and compress or stretch nature to fit into it. The principle which guides his formalization permits of an infinite variety in the component parts of the formula and an infinitesimal variety of formula. In the drawing “Pole-Jump” the artist has set out to express in arbitrary black-and-white shapes the specific forms which to his eye constitute the scene; in other words he has set out to draw it. The scene strikes him as funny, and, quite appropriately, he makes the forms funny also. It is just because of this elasticity in his method, because of its power to adapt itself to an emergency, that we regard it as something more than a “stunt”; and it is because Mr. Lewis convinces us of his ability to see the plastic possibilities of a scene that we regard him as a genuine creative artist. He sees the world as material for drawings, and when he draws he does not work in competition with the photographer or in competition with nature. He is merely a professional draughtsman who delights in drawing in the way which seems good to him. Why should we demand more when the vast majority of contemporary output has taught us to expect so much less? R. H. W.

TWO AMERICAN ETCHERS

The Greatorex Galleries in Grafton Street have been showing recently a collection of etchings by two American artists, Mr. D. C. Sturges and Mr. Troy Kinney. Mr. Sturges is influenced technically by Zorn, but he is more sentimental than the Swedish master and more attracted to picturesque types. The best of his plates are “The Money-Lender” and “Woman Threading Needle,” which should appeal to collectors who are attracted by “genre” art. Mr. Kinney exhibits a series of plates called “Impressions of Great Dancers.” In certain cases—notably in the impressions of Spanish dancers—characteristic movements have been happily registered; and there is also a successful reminiscence of Adolf Bolm’s wild dance in “Prince Igor.” But the drawing throughout—though it has a certain chic—is very slight, and Mr. Kinney is clearly not impelled by the relentless curiosity of a great artist. He is content to make pretty etchings of dancers as seen from the stalls by the average playgoer. There is, moreover, to our mind, a weakness in exhibiting both coloured and black-and-white versions of the same plates; one or other must necessarily be unsatisfactory if either is a genuine impression. Colour in an etching can only be tolerated if it is an integral part of the original conception, in which case the etching itself is merely a preparation for the colour; if, on the other hand, the black-and-white etching is a complete impression it cannot be improved by the addition of colour. Yet in spite of their shortcomings these plates may have historical interest to our descendants.

THE IMITATORS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY

After prolonged opposition publishers and editors of illustrated journals have finally accepted the black-and-white convention evolved by Aubrey Beardsley. It has in fact become a commonplace in popular illustration. Yet none of the numerous artists who employ it have given us drawings which compare in interest with the work of Beardsley himself, and their failure enables us to take the measure of his achievement. In this greater case and certainty than was possible when he represented an isolated phenomenon in the field of illustration.

Every artist of eminence has first his followers, who go to the same sources for their inspiration, and secondly his imitators, who copy his formulae of expression. The first, however, are as a rule the main stream of the current, while the second remain in stagnant backwaters. Yet it is from the backwaters that we can best judge the pace and direction of the stream.

The modern imitators mostly copy the readily comprehensible pen tricks of Beardsley’s technique. Some of them, such as Miss Fish, exhibit a delicacy of touch which rivals that of the master. But nowhere do we see anything of that blend of Renaissance and Rococo which made up the culture of Beardsley, and that blend of intellectual hardness and sense morbita of which made up his outlook. This culture and this outlook have a special significance because they went not only to personal but to moral perfection of English dilettanti. The most important fact about Beardsley—his most valid claim to rank as an artist of note—is that, although a typical aesthete, he had the power and the will to make himself articulate. His culture and his outlook were of a kind which was usually silent or at best found its expression in conversation over the nuts and wine. Beardsley succeeded in translating it into terms of art.

That a streak of morbidity runs through it all is undeniable, but this quality is distinct from the rest of his aesthetic constitution and was the result of his consciousness of fatal illness. It is, however, the only aspect of his psychology which has been obvious to us. It might have been possible to reproduce it, and give us nothing but an unrelieved effect of penny-dreadful perversity.

The imitations of Beardsley are indeed the sincerest flattery, for they serve to remind us of the forces which animated the black-and-white convention in his hands.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

There is a singular lack of consistency between the practice of artists and the theories which they are accustomed to defend in conversation. Most of them, for example, are agreed upon the desirability of democratic art—that is to say upon the desirability of the artist’s influence extending to the human manufacture of common things which find a place in the houses of the poor and the man with moderate means. Yet in practice the great majority of artists work exclusively for the rich amateur, and leave all the more popular forms of art to ignorant and trivial-minded journeymen. Why, for example, do artists permit the general level of Christmas greeting cards to remain so deplorably low? If we wish to suggest that a picture is characterized by nothing but insignificant prettiness and foolish sentiment and feeble technique we habitually compare it to a Christmas card. The custom of sending these cards to friends, though on the one hand, is still largely observed in all classes. Surely here is an opportunity for the spread of art into a larger class. Why should we not have Christmas cards designed by Mr. Augustus John, Mr. William Nicholson, the brothers Nash and Mr. Albert Rutherston, to take a few names at random? They might even etch their designs on copper plates, which might be subsequently steel-faced to permit of large editions which could sell at the same price as the more pretentious of the popular abominations designed by bright “flappers,” quavering spinsters, and fourth-rate magazine illustrators. The plates could be destroyed each year after the edition was printed, which would ensure a collector’s value to the prints. If this were done we might find our grandsons collecting Christmas cards just as we ourselves may have collected postage stamps.

Concerted action by the artists on such experimental lines would go far to justify their proclaimed desire to cater for the great public, and raise the standard of taste.
Music

THE REHEARSAL PROBLEM

WAGNER, describing his visit to London in 1855, when he conducted the Philharmonic Society's concerts, remarks bitterly of the fact that he had no control whatever over the number of rehearsals which he thought necessary for the concerts. "For each concert, which included two symphonies and several minor pieces as well, the Society's economical arrangements allowed me only one rehearsal." The Philharmonic programmes have become, in the last few years, a good deal shorter since those days, and their allowance of rehearsals less economical, but even now it is notoriously the case that a London orchestra has much less time than one in New York or any other city in the world to prepare a concert programme. Our conductors give more time to the musical preparation than do those of some other orchestras. Thus, the Philharmonic is the most business-like and practical. Not a moment has been wasted; everyone concerned has worked like a machine. The thing simply cannot be done. At the opera it is much the same. Every prima donna one meets tells how she was obliged to sing in some part or other for the first time in her life without any rehearsal whatever. No one particular organization is better or worse than another; wherever one turns, these embarrassments are all in the same degree.

Nor is the trouble confined to operas and orchestral concerts. During the last few years there has been a great revival of interest in chamber-music. String Quartets have become popular and works by native composers have been much to the fore. More recently too, especially since the appearance of "On Wenlock Edge," it has become the fashion for singers to give recitals with the assistance of a string quartet. Here again the same story is told of utterly inadequate rehearsal. A group of players agree to form a string quartet. They begin by practising together with great energy. They make up a certain standard repertory, and learn to play their Beethoven and Mozart, their Debussy and Ravel, with an excellent unanimity of style. All honour to them that they desire to turn their well-deserved popularity to account in the interests of the young British composer. The young British composer has indeed reason to be grateful to those quartets which have made a point of playing a new English work at almost every concert. But he may be thankful if his work gets more than one rehearsal. It is not that our performers are either lazy or careless. They are conscientiously determined to do their best, and genuinely interested in furthering the development of British music. The marvel is that they even find time to rehearse at all. Most of them are engaged in teaching, and play in orchestras as well; besides that they have their engagements as a string quartet, in London, in the suburbs and in the provinces. Playing, rehearsing, teaching from early morning to late afternoon, or evening, they yet manage to come together at the end of a hard day's work—and a day which has involved travelling considerable distances in those conditions of discomfort which we all of us know only too well—to wrestle with the intricacies of a new work, with the additional inconvenience of manuscript parts in an unfamiliar handwriting. There are other strings attached that they can barely hold their fiddles; it is only grim determination and will power that keeps them in motion. If this is the case with the preparation of a new string quartet, how much worse is the fate of the singer who is dependent upon these four players for the accompaniments to a song, where there are not merely the actual parts to read, but the singer's elasticity of interpretation to be followed! He is lucky if he can get the quartet to run the things through in the artists' room ten minutes before the concert is due to begin.

Yet our composers are far from being the only ones to suffer under conditions which are absolutely unfavourable for the bringing forth of their works. "The actuality of the work is the object," says Mr. Charles Wood. "We have few orchestral ensembles to choose from, and the conditions under which our players work are worse than those of the orchestral players for the string quartet must find their own time and labour. The cost of living has doubled, but the organizers of concerts are trying to keep professional fees at the old standards. Professional musicians accept them, because they are confronted with the alternatives of a low fee or no engagement. Organizers of concerts, especially provincial musical societies which exist for purely artistic purposes and do not attempt to make commercial profits, find that their audiences are already forced by the entertainments tax to pay more than they can afford for their music, and refuse altogether to tolerate a further rise in the scale of charges. Many of the students of composition, who are the best of modern composers for writing music that is unnecessarily difficult. The most difficult music, as far as chamber and orchestral works are concerned, is the music which is difficult intellectually; and it is precisely the music of this kind which ought to be the most carefully rehearsed and the most often played, so that audiences may have the best opportunities of understanding it. Besides, there is plenty of music of the classical epoch and earlier, the difficulty of which is entirely intellectual, so that it demands as much study as any modern work. The remedy for the trouble lies simply and solely with the public. We have got to pay more for our music, and the only question at issue is, whether we prefer to give shorter concerts at the present prices, or to pay more for our tickets. To have fewer concerts will not solve the problem, for that would merely involve the unfortunate musicians in a deeper abyss of ruin."

EDWARD J. DENT

The Friday Evening Discourses at the Royal Institution begin on the 10th inst. with a lecture by Sir James Dewar on "Low Temperature Studies," and end on March 26 with Sir J. J. Thomson's discourse on Lord Rayleigh's scientific work. Twelve courses of lectures are being delivered between the New Year and Easter, among which is a series of three lectures by Sir Frank Dyson on "The Astronomical Evidence for a Creator," and by Professor E. T. S. Walton on "Einstein's Theory of Relativity." Inquiries should be addressed to the Assistant Secretary of the Royal Institution, 21, Albemarle Street, W. 1.
BEECHAM OPERA
"BORIS GODOUNOV"

Boris Godounov" confronts the producer with an awkward problem. It is characteristic of the Russian method of composition to consider time and space that the opera should be too long to be presented in its entirety at a single sitting; it is equally characteristic of its composer that, having recognized this, and described the work in the title of the original edition as "containing scenes not intended for stage performance," he should have omitted to indicate which these scenes were. Faced by this omission, the producer is necessarily free to pick and choose, and it is not possible to pass a conclusive judgment on the rightness or wrongness of his choice. One is bound, nevertheless, to put forward certain considerations.

Most obvious, though not really most vital, is the question of the third act. The ambitions of Marina, the jostlabl schemes of Rangoni, the betrothal of Marina to the pseudo-Dmitri, are mere episodes, that have little or no bearing on the dramatic development; they were inserted by Moussorgsky, one gathers, in deference to the criticism that the opera was deficient in what we may call "feminine interest." A criticism of singular frivolity when applied to such an overwhelming revelation of the human soul as Moussorgsky has given us in this opera. The most natural method of abridgment, therefore, is to cut this act out altogether; the only objection that can be raised is that it contains some of the most beautiful music in the whole score and some of the most searching musical characterization that has ever been written. One is reluctant to condemn such pages to perpetual silence for the sake of dramatic unity. At Covent Garden they compromised; we had the scene in the garden and the love duet between Marina and the pseudo-Dmitri, but not the opening scene, nor the machinations of Rangoni, who does not appear in the cast at all. One hopes that this arrangement will not become a convention; if part of the act has to go, one would rather sacrifice the Polonaise and the love duet than the wonderful pages at the beginning or the telling musical portraits of Rangoni and Marina.

A more crucial matter is the order in which the last two scenes are to be played. Both in the 1896 and 1908 editions the scene of Pimen's narration and Boris' death is placed at the end of the opera, the crowd scene coming immediately before it: this was the arrangement followed at Covent Garden. But in the original 1875 edition (I take the statement of M. Calvocoressi on trust here, as I cannot find the 1875 edition in the British Museum Catalogue) the order of these two scenes is reversed, and there are compelling reasons why this original order should be observed. In the first place, the crowd scene is clearly an apologue to the whole, and has no particular significance if it is made to precede the death scene; in the second, it is incomparably the more powerful and suggestive of the two scenes, so much so that the death scene, fine as it is in conception and execution, is felt after the other as a decided anticlimax: finally, the transposition of the scenes falsifies the dramatic emphasis. For Boris, vast, tragic figure as he is (and he is the one operatic figure whom one places unquestioningly beside, say, Oedipus or King Lear), is not the protagonist of this drama. As M. Calvocoressi justly observes, the real protagonist is the Russian people, surging and turbulent from beginning to end, with its undeniable suggestion of misery and revolt. Boris must be seized and held throughout in his true relation to the vaster forces looming in the background: the tragedy of a race is a bigger thing than the overthrow of a dynasty. With the people the drama begins, and with them it should close. And what more pitiful characteristic symbol of this people's destiny could one find than the village idiot, grooping and fumbling in the snow for his lost halfpenny?

For the same reason, one regrets the disappearance of the first scene of the first act; one cannot but feel it absolutely vital to the true interpretation of the story, just as the prelude is musically the only possible prelude. The music before the curtain goes up on the second scene is powerful enough and appropriate to its context, but it somehow does not serve as a prelude to the drama as a whole; it does not make you feel you have begun at the beginning, as the real prelude does. If the first scene is omitted, one feels inclined to say in conclusion, let the crowd scene in the last act be omitted also. In this way there would be a saving of time sufficient to enable the third act to be played in its entirety, and the drama could be seen as a real prelude, although not in the perspective that Moussorgsky intended. It would cease to be the tragedy of Russia and become merely what its name intends, the tragedy of Boris Godounov. But even at that it would remain for some of us the biggest music drama that has yet been given to the world.

R.O.M.

CONCERTS

Mr. Ivan Phillipowsky who gave a pianoforte recital on December 15, has at any rate definite intentions with regard to the music which he plays, even if he does not always succeed in carrying them out. He evidently wishes to concentrate firmly on the melodic line, and this is in itself a merit, although his touch is rather hard and uneven. His reading of half-a-dozen familiar pieces by Domenico Scarlatti was quite devoid of the sprightliness which is usually associated with that composer, but it was interesting to hear them played in a deliberately cantabile style. Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor seemed more adapted to Mr. Phillipowsky's temperament, which inclines to ruggedness rather than to grace.

The London String Quartet reappeared on December 27, but did not give us the unfamiliar quartet by Turina which had been promised. This was a disappointment, but the Mozart D minor Quartet which took its place was given with remarkable purity of tone and finish of style. Precisely the same qualities, sad to say, were found in their playing of the accompaniments to Vaughan Williams' "Wenlock Edge" Cycle—a work where a certain roughness and savagery is essential to the true presentation of the composer's ideas. Mr. Elwes was infected to some extent by the mildness of the quartet, and the performance as a whole lacked the vitality that has made some previous interpretations of this work by the same artists quite memorable.

It is good news to learn that the L.S.Q. are going to give a Beethoven Festival in the week beginning Monday, April 26, during which the whole of the Beethoven quartets will be played in chronological order. Whatever musical events 1920 may have in store, few, if any, will be of greater interest than this. Whether it is wise to adhere to chronological order is debatable; when it comes to the last two or three nights, with one big posthumous quartet after another, the strain on the listener will be very intense, though the reward will be certain.

"Before the War" is the title of Lord Haldane's book announced for publication on the 15th inst. by Messrs. Cassell. The book is a detailed vindication of Britain's pre-war policy, based on the personal memoranda and observation of the author, together with an analysis of present conditions and a forecast of the immediate future.

Dr. J. W. Mellor has been engaged for the last twelve years on the preparation of a compendious survey of Inorganic and General Chemistry. This is intended to be the most comprehensive work on the subject which has hitherto been published in the English language, and it is hoped that it will cover the present state of our knowledge in all the different branches of inorganic chemical science and probably consist of six large volumes, and Messrs. Longmans have the first instalment in the press for publication in 1920.
MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

On December 16 the Queen of Spain attended the "répétition générale" at the Opéra of "Las Goyescas," the work of the Spanish composer Granados, who in 1916 tragically lost his life in the English Channel when the "Sussex" was torpedoed by a German submarine. The "Goyescas" are a series of "tableaux," after the main suite of Goya, and provide a musical presentation of the theme of "Los Majos Enamorados." The vast stage of the Paris Opéra, from which it is notoriously difficult for singers to establish any "contact" with the auditorium, is not really suitable for the piece, which is not, and was not meant to be, grand opera in any sense of the word. None the less, with the help of a large crowd on the stage, some picturesque effects were obtained, and a really Spanish atmosphere was created by the masterly "décor" of Señor Zuloaga. The finishing touch was supplied by the extremely striking and accomplished dancing of Señorita Amalia Molina, one of Spain's most famous dancers, and performance of the "fanfango" in the second act, during the "baile de candil" (or ball by candle-light), transported one to the real Spain, outside of which such dancing is rarely to be seen. The plot, such as it is, is concerned with the loves and jealousies of the Countess Rosario (Mlle. Marthe Chenal) and Fernando (M. Laftitte), Pepa (Mlle. Lapeyrette) and Paulino (M. Corentine). The music (which was originally composed for piano alone) is always agreeable to listen to, full of characteristic rhythms, and redolent of that romantic Spain which changes so little, and which is to-day so surprisingly like what it is traditionally supposed to be. The orchestra was brilliantly conducted by M. Marcel, and the composer's son was the "récit" directing the charming intermezzo between Acts I. and II. The house was packed well-known people, including Marshal Foch and Pétain, who received a small ovation.

Meanwhile at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, Mme. Pavlova is triumphing once more. Her art is as perfect as ever. Her rendering of "La Mort du Cygne" remains what it always was—an exquisitely tender and imaginative piece of miming and a technically perfect exhibition of the classic style. Pavlova's new male partner, Volonne, is also an remarkable dancer, and the rest of the troupe are all efficient and accomplished. The repertoire, however, is badly chosen, and from a musical point of view devoid of interest. But while Pavlova is keeping alive the purest classical tradition and excelling in her virtuosity (and this is no mean achievement), it is rather the Diaghilev Ballet that we turn for works and ideas. And on Christmas Eve Karsavina, Massine and their troupe, fresh from their London successes, were to appear at the Opéra and perform for the first time in Paris, amongst other things, "La Boutique Fantasque," after which they will alternate with the regular opera performances, appearing twice a week.

The same week also sees the revival of Boito's "Mefistophéles" at the Théâtre Lyrique, with Vanni-Marcoux in the title-role.

Debussy's "Ballet pour Enfants," "La Boîte à Joujoux," is now in the bill at this theatre, and is being delightfully interpreted by M. Quinault (Poulchime), Mlle. Sakhy (La Poupière), Mlle. Ginova (Le Soldat) and other "toys," all of whom are good; but a special word of praise is due to the grey elephant, whose round body, expressive eye and realistic wrinkly legs are unforgettable, though unfortunately, having only a "walking-on" (or rather, "walking-off") part, his presence on the stage is very brief, M. Inghilbrecht conducts.

R. H. M.

NATIVE FAIRY TALES OF SOUTH AFRICA. Retold by Ettel L. McPherson. (Harrap, 191 pp., 5/ net.)—These tales from the Zulu and the Sesuto, simply and cleverly retold by Miss McPherson, should give pleasure not only to children, but to those grown-ups who are interested in imaginative stories.

The Book of Elves and Fairies. (Harrap, 303 pp., 6s. net) contains a varied selection of fairy tales retold by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Some well-known fairy poems are included.

Drama

MR. MARTIN HARVEY IN "HAMLET"

THE conjunction of Mr. Martin Harvey and Covent Garden Theatre was full of anxiety for any playgoer who remembered the lion's part that Mr. Harvey played in that most frightful of theatrical events—the Reinhardt production of Professor Murray's "Edipus." And apart from such haunting memories, the Opera-House, even with its boxes eviscerated, is bound to provide a pretty stiff test for the aesthetic virtues of anyone who is so rash as to act a play in it. These pessimistic anticipations, it is agreeable to confess, were not entirely fulfilled by the event. Mr. Harvey's "Hamlet" was not nearly so bad as one had reasonably expected it would be or as other performers have actually been. And if, nevertheless, it was bad, it was bad in a rather unusual way.

The question of whether a production of "Hamlet" is to be actively painful or not necessarily depends chiefly upon the performance of the part of Hamlet himself. The extraordinary fact that never once throughout the whole evening did Mr. Harvey shout or yell was the outstanding feature of the play. It turned out, however, that there is an alternative to bellowing which in the long run irritates the spectator almost as much. Mr. Harvey represented Hamlet as an incredibly depressed individual, entirely bereft of vitality and initiative, and expressing himself not, as one might have hoped, in the tones of everyday conversation, but, in an affected, drawing-sing-song, which eventually degenerated into a perpetual and lachrymose miaowing. The great advantage of "Hamlet," from the actor's point of view, lies in its extreme length, which gives him every excuse for suppressing anything contradictory to his own conception of the play. If you choose to regard Hamlet as a strong silent man of action, you can cut out all the more talkative and undecided parts of the play and yet have enough left to keep you going (with incidental music and tableaux) for at least three and a half hours. If you persist in considering Hamlet a gentleman, you will leave out all his coarsenesses and jokes, and so find time for him to come tip-toeing back to kiss Ophelia's yellow pigtail. Mr. Martin Harvey, however, though his interpretation was positively inconsistent with a large part of the play, scarcely for a moment resorted to such liberties with the text. His cuts were hardly once determined by prejudice, or even by reason. He gallantly went through the "convocation of politic worms" scene, though it evidently caused him much pain; and on the other hand left out the scene with the King at his prayers—or rather allowed the King to keep his part of the scene and merely left out Hamlet's part of it. Mr. Harvey had more subtle methods for disposing of any recalcitrances on the part of the text. The gentle loom which was his Hamlet's only chatteristic naturally made it impossible for him ever to make a joke; and the jokes, which unluckyly disguise the printed version of the play, had to be severely dealt with. One or two of the more terrible were silently strangled. (How, after that touching scene with his mother, could Hamlet possibly talk of hugging the guts into the neighbour room?) A large number were snuggled through under cover of the quiet and refined craziness which he allowed himself to adopt. (What could be more evident than the half-heartedness with which he pretended to crack a joke or two at Polonius' expense?) But there remained a large number of unusual remarks which had to be met by other means—such, for instance, as the "thrift, thrift, Horatio," uttered before there could be any question of "madness." All of these difficulties were avoided by Mr. Harvey's wonderful method of elocution, which pre
vented the jokes and two-thirds of the rest of Hamlet’s observations from being heard at all. Both the intention and the technique of this method (which, amazingly satisfactory in the third row of the stalls, must have been completely successful in the remotest parts of the house) are obvious enough. The technique consists simply in leaving out the consonants. Instead of saying “The rest is silence,” you say “—i—ay,” allowing the words to glide out of your mouth like toothpaste from a tube. The intention is no less plain; it is to envelop Hamlet in the mantle of Pelleas. By the unlimited use of such soft emollients every vestige of feeling, humour and intellect may be removed. How many people in the audience had the faintest notion that that mellifluous complaining trickle of sound really represented:

“Swoonds! show me what thou’lt do; Wouldst keep it woot? woot fast? woot thyself? Wouldst drink up else? eat a crocodile? I’ll do’t. Dost thou come here to whine? To outface me with leaping in her grave? Be buried quick with her, and so will I! And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw Millions of acres on us, till our ground, Singing his pate against the burning zone, Make Ossau like a wart!”

If Mr. Harvey will look again, he will see that these lines are not by M. Maeterlinck. The same kind of objections applied to the production as a whole. It was inoffensive in its details, but the total effect, the combination of the Craigseque curtains, and the affected lighting, and the pretentious music, was grotesquely remote from the play. It is no doubt possible, by selecting an accidentally predetermined mental attitude, to impose some sort of spurious unity upon such a performance. But a really honest result must depend upon a more unprejudiced examination of Shakespeare’s words than Mr. Harvey has attempted.

J. S.

“DRAMA”

The principal feature of the December issue of Drama (Chatto & Windus, 2s. net) is a symposium on “Some Aspects of the Ballet.” Madame Karsavina writes on the importance of an elaborate technique in ballet-dancing. She confeses that to her acrobatisms “has always had a great appeal as a wonderful miraculous achievement, an art autocratic in itself.” And while allowing the importance of the emotional and expressive side of dance, she contends that technique is its “essential principal element.” M. Massine describes “Choreography and a New School of Dancing,” raising interesting questions as to the relation between movements and music in the ballet. Nijinsky and Fokin, he maintains, believed in a complete correspondence in the development of the musical and the choreographic idea. This theory of the exact analogy to be aimed at between every movement on the stage and every phrase in the orchestra was given its fullest expression in the Nijinsky-Stavinsky ballet “Le Sacre du Printemps.” M. Massine describes this ballet as “the greatest fruit of the Dalcroze theory,” and (with a dogmatism that will not convince everyone) declares that it was a redatio ad absudum of the choreography of Nijinsky and a deathbowl to his reputation. As to the alternative theory, which M. Massine himself supports, it is not easy to gather an exact notion; but the view seems to be that the movements and the music should each express the idea of the whole composition independently, and we gather that the relation of the visual to the auditory design of the work can best be described as “contrapuntal.” The meaning is obscure, but we may look for more light upon the subject from the new Stavinsky “Nightingale” ballet, in which M. Massine tells us he hopes to realize his ideas.

Among the other contents of the magazine may be mentioned an article by Piera Norman and J. V. Bryant of the admirable Pollock toy theatres, and a discursive estimate (illustrated with an alarming chart) by Mr. Huntly Carter of “Modern Influences on Public Dramatic Taste.”

THE NEW THEATRE IN BERLIN

We are able to give some particulars of the Grosses Schauspielhaus which was recently opened in Berlin under the direction of Herr Pölig. The theatre is not an entirely new building, but a reconstruction (of the very complete kind) of the old Zirkus Schumann. Its huge dimensions have given the architect (Herr Pölig) an opportunity for erecting an exterior which is a characteristic specimen of modern German work. The feature of the interior, and indeed the raison d’être of the whole building, is the outer stage, like the “orchestra” in Greek theatre, with space of the floor of the Schauspielhaus, and from which the seats radiate in a semicircle. The level of this outer stage may be fixed at any height that is desired; it is divided into three sections, which may be raised and lowered independently, and which may also be tilted to an angle with one another. Immediately behind the outer stage is the position of the orchestra in an ordinary modern theatre, is the front stage. This is a comparatively shallow platform, running in front of the proscenium-opening, and normally raised well above the level of the outer stage. The front stage is divided into six sections which (as in the case of the outer stage) are capable of being raised or lowered independently and at any height. Whereas the outer stage is intended to be used chiefly for the movements of choruses or crowds, the main dramatic action will as a rule take place upon the front stage. Finally, there is the upper stage, lying behind and above the front stage. The upper stage, in fact, corresponds in all respects to the normal upper stage in other theatres, and is separated from the auditorium (as well as from the front and outer stages) by a proscenium-opening fitted with an act-drop and safety-curtain—the latter divided into eight upright shutters sliding from the sides. The upper stage is armed with all the usual devices of modern stages—it has a turntable, a Kuppelhorizont, and an indirect-lighting installation. Instead, the whole upper stage may be raised or lowered within 4-metre limits. Some conception of the dimensions of the theatre may be formed from the fact that the outer stage (orchestra) is nearly as wide as the proscenium-opening of the Paris Opera, while the front and upper stages are more than twice as wide—the proscenium-opening measuring in fact 31.5 metres across. The auditorium will seat 3,100 spectators, and the average price of a seat is Mk. 3.50.

From this account it will be evident that scenery in the ordinary sense can only be used upon the upper stage, and even there, in any case, only with great difficulty. As for the management, it will be rigorously simple and stiltisirt. As far as the front stage and orchestra are concerned, the creation of the right atmosphere must depend on the efforts of the actor, supported by a powerful ally—the lighting-apparatus. This, which is of the most elaborate description, is operated mainly from the rear of the orchestra. It must be explained that the interior of the dome is not a smooth surface, but is composed of a series of rings suspended one above the other, the lowest being as wide as the largest circumference of the dome, and those above diminishing gradually in size until the summit is reached; from each of these rings moreover there hangs down a kind of fringe of stalactite-shaped projections. Two functions are served by this structure of the dome; for the hanging projections, by breaking up the sound-waves, ensure the excellence of the acoustic properties of the auditorium, while the spaces between the rings are used for the indirect-lighting apparatuses. A special merit is also the lighting of the domed roof, which lights in the theatre are lowered, and the auditorium seems to be in the open air roofed over by a starry night-sky. The theatre (a photograph of whose interior appeared in the Manchester Guardian of December 19) was opened on November 28 with a production of the “Orestes” of Eschylus, translated and restaged by Herr Reinhardt. It is a success.

It is difficult to feel much confidence in the hopes of their management that their efforts are creating a new form of theatrical art, which, by means of a new histrionic technique working upon a three-dimensional stage, will be able to affect the feelings of the audience more powerfully and directly than has previously been attempted. But the new theatre has, at the same time it would be wrong to forget that in spite of an insecurity of taste Herr Reinhardt has done some interesting and intelligent work in the theatre.
Correspondence

SWINBURNE, WATTS-DUNTON, AND THE NEW VOLUME OF SWINBURNE SELECTIONS

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—I read with alarm and distress Mrs. Watts-Dunton’s letter in The Athenæum of December 12 concerning the Publisher’s Note appearing in “Selections from Swinburne,” edited by Messrs. Goss and Wise. Mrs. Watts-Dunton is kind enough to suggest that the statement complained of was made through carelessness and not from any unworthy motive. I need hardly assure her that this is the case. When writing the note I had not a copy of the early selections before me, and did not realize that Swinburne himself had had any hand in that selection, which I cannot help thinking is now insufficient from the point of view of the wider popularity of Swinburne’s works and also on account of the many poems which have been published since 1887. I am withdrawing the prefatory note at once, and substituting for it a new one in strict conformity with the facts. I offer my regrets and apologies to Mrs. Watts-Dunton.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. Heinemann.

20-21, Bedford Street, W.C. 2.
December 19, 1919.

SHENSTONE’S EPIPHANY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—Has it been noticed that of the ten words—
Heu quarto minus est Cum reliquis versari O quam tu Meminisse!
the first six fall exactly into the metre of Horace’s threnody for Quintilius—
Quis desidero sit pudor aut modus . . . ?
This is no doubt, in a sense, accidental, but the perfect writer of lapidary prose is as sure of his rhythm as is the perfect poet, and like melodies may well take shape in like cadences.
The candle draws the moth, and I must hazard one more adventure:
Life with the living—Ah! to me
How much less than thy memory!
If the form of the first line is admissible, this gives a more literal substitution for Mr. Harrison’s “All that I feel,” which rather transgresses his own canon of austerity, and the equivalent of meminisse is kept in the same final position.
Mr. Harrison’s letter on translation is incontrovertible except, perhaps, in one point. He considers English monosyllables a weakness in rendering. But it appears that English literature, prose or verse, like English speech, commonly becomes monosyllabic in proportion as it touches heights or depths of feeling. These three examples are given almost at random:
1. And the king was much moved and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said: O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son.
Of these 46 words all are monosyllables except one and the thrice repeated proper name.
2. Leer. And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no life: Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, And thou no breath at all? Thou must come no more . . .
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch his bitter longer.
Fifty-four words, all monosyllables but one.
3. But O for the touch of a Vanish’d hand, And the sweet sound of a voice that is still!
In this poem there are 110 words, and all but ten are monosyllables.
It is difficult to see why the English way of expressing elementary pathos by elementary speech should not obtain also in translation.
Yours, etc.,
George Engeleheart.

THE ABBEY THEATRE

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—In your issue of December 26 “Dublin Playgoer” is kind enough to call your attention to the facts of the case of the Abbey Theatre. So far as your correspondent’s letter contains any facts distinct from any opinions of personal opinion, it is in no way invalidates the statements made by me in my “Irish Notes” of December 12. As I wrote on that occasion, the Abbey Theatre is a subject of perennial controversy in Dublin, and I have no doubt “Dublin Playgoer” is prepared to relash the stale arguments, if enough of time is to do so. So far as I am concerned, I have no intention of wasting your space and your readers’ patience—
not to mention my time—upon a question which has long since passed beyond the stage of intelligent discussion. As you will remember, my reference to it was provoked by the fact that Mr. W. B. Yeats himself has at last admitted publicly that the “success” of the Abbey Theatre is “the discouragement and a defeat.” For some years past this self-evident fact has been the contention of all those who, like myself, have contrasted the earlier aims and achievements of the Irish Theatre with those of its later popularity. I need, therefore, reply only to the three points on which I am accused of being misleading.

1. “Dublin Playgoer” over-zealously assumes that I attach great importance to the brief period of Mr. St. John Ervine’s managership of the Abbey Theatre. I stated that “the process of disintegration” took “a fatal turn” during that period. Obviously my words implied that the process had already begun, as it had, long before Mr. Ervine was ever heard of. “Dublin Playgoer” admits that a group of the Players left, but omits to explain that they do not assail Mr. Ervine’s methods. In any case, Mr. Ervine’s squabbles do not concern me. I merely noted the departure of the last remnant of the Players who were trained in the Fay tradition. That was the “fatal turn” to which I referred. Without discussing the reasons, I mentioned the undeniable fact that the Abbey Theatre gradually lost all that gave it fame and distinction. Your correspondent seems to imagine that this statement can be disproved by an irrelevant eulogy of Mr. Ervine and a repetition of my point, that “the leading Abbey actors have drifted from the theatre.” The word “drifted” is a pretty euphemism, but to discuss it would be to reopen dead controversies. The important thing is that the phrase used by “Dublin Playgoer” confirms my reference to the “process of disintegration.”

2. So far as the Drama League is concerned, “Dublin Playgoer” again fails to invalidate my reference. I did not say that the League had carried out its full programme, but only that it was yet far from the success which was ascribed to it. Your correspondent reproduces a paragraph which is not, so far as I remember, in the Report of the Committee a substantial balance is at their disposal, and a number of additional members was secured by the performances to which your correspondent refers, apparently because the actors were not English. “Dublin Playgoer” evidently mistakes some personal grievance for widespread dissatisfaction with the Dublin Drama League. It is unfortunate that increased public support should have resulted from those dreadful productions (before crowded houses, by the way) which your correspondent cites as proof of the League’s failure.

3. When I wrote of the death of the Abbey Theatre I was at pains to mention the vast improvement under Mr. Lennox Robinson’s management. With an inadequate company of players he has succeeded in raising the theatre out of the rut into which it had fallen under pressure of circumstances, due largely to the exigencies of commercial success. “Dublin Playgoer’s” list of plays produced in the last few years is as superfluous as it is intrepresative. I did not deny that plays were being reproduced still, but, like Mr. Yeats, I expressed my opinion that the Irish Theatre had abandoned its ideals and had failed to achieve its avowed purpose. In that sense, the Abbey Theatre is dead, although one does, not expect “Dublin Playgoer” to say so.

Your correspondent’s contumacy for “tradition,” and characteristic belief in the superiority of imported players, are most emphatically not the stuff of which the dreams of the Irish Theatre were made.

Yours faithfully,
B.
Foreign Literature

GARCILASO AND BOSCÁN


GARCILASO Y BOSCÁN: POESÍAS. (Madrid, Biblioteca Calpeja. 2.50 ptas.)

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA: POÉSIES. "Collectión Universal." (Madrid, Editorial Calpe. 30c.)

The first appearance of humanism in Spanish letters is marked by a great literary friendship. The names of Boscán and Garcilaso de la Vega were joined in their lifetime, and their works were published posthumously in one book. "Las Obras de Boscán y algunas de Garcilaso de la Vega" appeared after Boscán's death in 1543, and ran into twenty-one editions before the end of the century. Of the newest editions, one might be called "The Works of Garcilaso and some of Boscán," while the others leave Boscán out altogether.

Juan Boscán was the first Catalan poet to write in Castilian. He is greater for what he made possible than for what he accomplished himself; but to call him merely a mediocre poet is to misunderstand the whole situation. Boscán might be described as a cultivated amateur. He had a keen feeling for beauty and poetry, combined with a sense of scholarship; he belonged to the same tradition as those young men who, a hundred years later, gave performances of their own musical dramas in Florentine palaces, and so made opera a possibility in the hands of regular musicians, or to those amateurs who took part in the first private performances of the early dramas of Angel Guimerà. He was the sort of man who, had he lived in the "Georgian period," would have known Rupert Brooke and helped to found the Marlowe Dramatic Society at Cambridge. His acquaintance with Garcilaso de la Vega began in 1519, when the latter had come to Barcelona as one of the youngest members of the suite of the Emperor Charles V. Later on, at Granada, he met the cultivated and sympathetic Venetian ambassador, Andrea Navagero, who asked him why he did not write sonnets in Spanish, as Santillana had already done, and use some of the other forms employed by Italian poets. Boscán took him at his word.

The facts of Boscán's literary life remind us that Italy is the source of nearly all modern culture. Spaniards, and to a certain extent Englishmen, have been accustomed to hearing Paris spoken of as an Athens where all new movements are supposed to arise. But the French originally received their Latin sense of form and clearness of expression from the Italians, in a succession of waves of poetry, painting and music; and the achievement of the French intellect consists in having so clarified and purified Italian culture as to make it a basis for all others. It was owing to Italian studies that a knowledge of the classics was diffused in Spain. All Italian writers of the trecento and quattrocento, from Petrarch onwards, had felt the influence and adopted the attitude of the humanists; and from the perusal of Italian books cultivated Spaniards had caught the fever for classical research, translation and commentary, and were learning to enjoy Greek and Latin authors for their formal beauty and suggestion of unutterable promise. The "Cancioneros," in which the same ideas and the same similes were repeated over and over again, began to appear insufferably dull to the younger generation at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Their reforms, however, were directed not against Spanish national poetry, but against the artificiality of most of the stuff which was being written in the older manner. The introduction and cultivation of the Italian style did not kill the Spanish style; it enabled it to express itself more clearly. The prevalence of modern French music in England and Spain has not destroyed the sterling qualities of good English and Spanish music; on the contrary, the work of Vaughan Williams, Falla and Turina has been enriched and clarified by their study of Ravel. So Spanish poetry in the sixteenth century was not destroyed by Italian influences, but given a wider horizon and a new lease of life.

Catalan literature could not subsist without the sustaining authority of humanism, Castilian gained incalculably from the association; and the contact of the formal beauty of the classics with the remote, adventurous art which was the natural heritage of Castile produced the golden age of Spanish literature. No one with the tradition of Milton and some acquaintance with the great Italians can fail to admire the dignity, volume and sweep, as well as the lapidary quality of the best poetry of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Spain. And these beauties are due in a great measure to the artistic foresight, the sense of scholarship—and the sense of friendship—of men like Boscán, who pointed the way which Garcilaso de la Vega followed with a more profound knowledge of Italian and a deliberate choice of beautiful forms.

LITERATURE AND HISTORY

ÉTUDES ET FANTAISIES HISTORIQUES. 2e Série. Par E. Rodocanachi. (Hachette.)

The past has often been helpful to men of letters. When they do not feel quite up to the mark they can look at a chronicle or a museum, and ten to one some little creative spurt will result. Events that have happened long ago can acquire a certain air and even a certain shape; though the Muse has not digested them, she has given a preliminary chew, so that a washing bill, provided it belongs to a fifteenth-century convent, or a sucking pig, if given as a prize for the Hundred Yards in 1623, seems already matter for literature. So unexacting is the past, so irretrievably lost is the sequence of its facts, that the man of letters can either, like Mr. Belloc, invent a sequence or he can hop from one fact until he conveniently encounters another, like M. Rodocanachi. Anteas-like, each time he thus hops, he feels an agreeable access of vitality, makes a little joke, sheds a little tear, evokes a little picture, throws a little light upon something small in our daily lives, and all the while the facts that the vitality is inherent in the desired, and that if he decided not to hop he could fly. One doubts it. Intermittent inspiration is so common; almost everyone is, for half a sentence, a fine novelist or a profound poet, and if the sentence would but exist there is no knowing where one would get to. As it is, one always gets to the ground, and only when the subject is historical can one pretend the ground is as lofty as the sky. Essays like these are, in fact, not quite on the square; they are neither history nor art, yet doddle criticism by hiding alternately under the robes of either.

This is the only censure that need be passed upon them. They are done very nicely—only one can think of nothing as neat in English, though Dryden's "Tales of the Byzantines" occur as a possible bal in French. "Open me where you will," M. Rodocanachi seems to say, "you shall never find me inadequate." He spreads a newspaper over brows that the Academy has three times crowned, he leans back in his commodious chair, and one reads:

La vie semblait douce, insouciante, agrémentee de plaisirs. Une fois on édifica un château de bois que des chevaliers durent prendre d'assaut; dans une autre occasion, un groupe de gentilshommes montrent dans une barque pour aller à la conquête d'une ile; mais la barque chavira, les gentilshommes périrent tous noyés; le fils de celui qui avait organisé la fête était du nombre; le duc ne voulut pas qu'elle fût interrompue.
Here in a couple of sentences are gaiety, tragedy, irony, and an implied criticism of the period—the sixteenth century at Ferrara. What more will you? Fantasy? Very well:

Virgile débarrassa Naples d’une invasion de sangsues au moyen d’une sangue d’où qu’il jeta dans un puits. Il créa un marché où les vandales se conservaient pendant six semaines sans se corrompre. Il fit beaucoup mieux encore: il mit Naples dans une bouteille ainsi de la soustraire à ses ennemis. Naples n’en fut pas moins prise par les Impériaux . . . .

And the people who did or believed these things were once alive. This is history, not literature. And yet they raise emotions appropriate to a creative work, so it is literature, not history. Hither and thither the writer hops, from a blob of dates, via a flight of the imagination, into a financial transaction conducted in écus! The dates are right, the imagination is wrong, and only gradually does one realize that the form of his compositions is bastard and their appeal too shifting to be intense.

But the past has another possibility, a subtle and terrible quality which M. Rodocanachi’s temperament will never convey. The past once was alive and it now is dead, and if a writer succeeds in expressing these facts simultaneously, as Hardy does in “The Dynasts,” and D’Annunzio in “La Città Morta,” he has achieved a great literary effect. The expression must be synchronous, there must be a complete fusion of all tenses, or the spell falls.

Napoleon and Agamemnon are men and will not be men, were men and are not men at the same time; even in the flesh they were ghosts, leading phantom armies whose tramp can be heard, and the dust that now blows about the world, influencing Napoleon and Agamemnon. The gates between the living and the dead fly open, as in Beddoes’ strange play, yet though the passage has become easy it has lost nothing of its Mittonic horror. The tenses have not been fused in any philosophic sense; it is an aesthetic that has interwoven them, three in one and one in three, and made them a garment for poetry. And strictly speaking, it is only along lines such as these that Literature should have any commerce with history; otherwise she may suffer from the connection and have to caper more often than she bargained for.

E. M. F.

FRENCH DOMESTIC HUMOUR
LES MEMOIRES D’UN BEAU-PERE. Par Leon de Timseau. (Paris; Calmann-Lévy. 4fr. 90.)

One of the most agreeable features of the genius of the French is the affection which so many of their intelligent men have for the petit bourgeois and his foibles. Such giants as Balzac can envisage the dual nature of French bourgeois society, where le demi-monde is dovetailed into le monde. Lesser men are content to concentrate on one half of the other. “Les Memoires d’un Beau-Pere” belongs to the latter class. Casimir Lecerteux tells us how he found a husband for his daughter and a wife for his son. He describes the revolt of the younger generation as seen by an amiable parent whose son is not ashamed to confess to us, “le souvre sur les lèvres,” that he is beaten all along the line. That Fernand, his son, will decide his matrimonial affairs for himself, is a foregone conclusion to the reader from his first introduction, but there is throughout a sporting chance that M. Lecerteux may escape from the necessity of accepting Théodore as his son-in-law. Though his antipathy for this young man is based on an avowed prejudice, we hope all the time that Antoinette will choose another husband. But it is not to be. “Théodore,” sighs the poor man, “est plus fort que moi.”

The central figure is of course Lecerteux himself. He is a man whom Troilus would have loved. He gives himself away at every turn, but at each confession of weakness he only endears himself the more to us, and we lay down a subtle and humorous book with the sensation of having met a charming Frenchman in the train, who beguiled the miles between Calais and Paris by relating to us an episode of his life.

BOUCHER IN LITERATURE
LA CABANE D’AMOUR; OU, LE RETOUR DE L’ONCLE ARSENE. Par Francis de Miomandre. (Paris, Emil-Paul Frères. 3fr. 50.)

The pleasure which we derive from M. de Miomandre’s charming story is of precisely the same kind as that given us by French sanguine drawings of the eighteenth century. Both the nature of the subject and the method of treatment contribute to the resemblance; there is the same subtle combination of artificiality and fine observation, the same lightness of touch and perfection of technique. Everything in “La Cabane d’Amour” is subordinate to the gentle figure of Géromeine, the seventeen-year-old heroine. M. de Miomandre draws her in a hundred attitudes, each more delightful than the last.

First her portrait as she is introduced to us incarcerated in the sombre interior of grand-father Pierotti’s provincial villa:

Qu’elle était sage, la petite Géromeine ! là, toute seule dans la grande salle à manger obscure, assise devant le déjeuner refroidi qu’elle n’eût pas osé toucher au prix de sa vie, tant elle était docile et bien élevée! . . . Et qu’elle était jolie aussi, avec sa figure régulière, blanche et nette comme l’ivoire, ses yeux noirs et brillants, ses lourds cheveux en masse somptueuse sur sa petite tête ronde et ses mains agiles comme des fusées. Elle attendait. Un doux soufrière voltigeait sur sa bouche enfantine, et l’on eût dit, dans cette pâmoison, vraiment une petite fleur d’innocence et de clarté.

She smiles because she has love in her heart, and contrives to exchange billets doux with an adoring swain as young and innocent as herself. In the early hours of the morning a rustic entremetteuse appears beneath her window and imitates a blackbird’s call:

Alors, une fenêtre du premier étage s’ouvrit précautionneusement, on vit l’éclair d’une main blanche, puis une cordelette se déroula, au bout de laquelle tournoyait une de ces petites corbeilles en tiges de lavande que les jeunes filles du M. d’Amour avaient à dresser de leurs propres mains avec les brins qu’elles ont-mêmes cueillis sur les coteaux. La vieille femme mit dans la corbeille son billet, avec au-dessus un calis pour l’empêcher de s’envoler, et, rapidement, la cordelette remonta, remonta.

But Géromeine’s childish dream of romance is rudely shattered. She is told pointedly that she is to marry a local apothecary who is good enough to forget that her parents delayed their wedding until a few weeks before her birth. Once again we see her alone in the gloomy dining-room:

Géromeine pleurait. A longs sanglots desespérés, elle pleurait, sans même cacher sa pauvre petite figure, et ses larmes tombaient, lentes et grosses, sur le tapi. Elle n’avait jamais éprouvé pareille angoisse. Le monde pour elle avait cessé d’exister, elle ne voyait plus, elle ne comprenait plus rien à rien, elle ne savait plus . . .

She is rescued by l’Oncle Arsène, the black sheep of the family, whose unexpected return from foreign climes has sown consternation in the heart of old Pierotti. Together they fly to la Cabane d’Amour, the cottage still inhabited by Norine, who was the peasant love of Arsène’s youth. There they find Géromeine’s swain, and the quartet prepares for the final tableau. In honour of the déjeuner which is to celebrate the double fiancailles Arsène and Norine dive into an ancient trunk and array themselves in their gala clothes of thirty years ago.

Le repas fut charmant, dans la pénombre fraîche de la pièce basse aux larges portes apparentes et passées au lait de chaux, ainsi que les murs candides . . . Bernard et Géromeine perdus dans leur rêve, n’ayant de leurs yeux que l’image floue. Quand à Norine et Arsène, touchants et saugrenus, ils semblaient, avec leurs défraîches de jadis, deux vieux acteurs costumes qui souriaient à des débutants.

Are not these pictures pure Boucher?

The second story in the book, “Le Journal Interrompu,” has the same disheartening quality, but it is less completely realized, less objectively seen.

R. H. W.
they are not clad in skins, they have no dark Fridays in attendance; and so nobody recognizes them. But surely Friday and a fur jacket do not make a Crusoe! Loneliness, desertness, a boundless, shoreless sea, on which no sail has risen for decades—do not many of our contemporaries live in such circumstances? And are they not Crusoes, to whom the rest of people have become a vague reminiscence, barely distinguishable from a dream?

V.

We think with peculiar intensity during the hard moments of our life—we write only when there is nothing else left to us to do. So that a writer can only communicate something of interest or importance when he reproduces the past. When we are driven to think, we have, unfortunately, no mind to write. That is why all books, after all, are only a feeble echo of what a man has gone through.

VI.

If a man had come to Dostoevsky and said to him, “I am hopelessly unhappy,” the great artist of human misery would probably, at the bottom of his soul, have laughed at him and at his naïveté. May one confess such things of oneself? May one go to such lengths of complaint, and still expect consolation from one’s neighbour?

Hopelessness—it is the most solemn and supreme moment in our life. Hitherto we have been assisted—now we are left to ourselves. Previously we had to do with men and with human laws—now with eternity and the absence of any laws. How can one not be aware of this!

VII.

Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar. Culture is an hereditary gift, an age-long development, and the sudden grafting of it upon anyone rarely succeeds. To us, in Russia, civilization came suddenly, whilst we were still savages. At once she assumed the pose of a tamer [of animals], first working with decoys and baits, and later, when she felt her power, with threats. We quickly submitted. In a short time we have swallowed in enormous doses those poisons to which Europe had been gradually accommodating herself, gradually assimilating through centuries with a moderation that renders any poison, even the strongest, innocuous. Hence the transplanting of culture into Russia turned out to be no mild affair. A Russian had only to catch a whiff of European air, and his head began to swim. He interpreted in his own way, savage-like, whatever he happened to see or hear of the successes of Western civilization. He was being told of railways, agricultural machines, schools, municipalities, and his imagination painted miracles: universal happiness, boundless freedom, paradise, wings, etc. And the more unrealizable his dreams, the more eager he was to believe them real, actual. How disillusioned with Europe the Westerner Herzen became, after living for years abroad! Yet, with all the acuteness of his intellect, it did not occur to him that Europe was not in the least to blame for his disillusionment. Europe had abandoned miracles ages ago; she contented herself with ideals. It is the Russian who will go on confusing miracles with ideals, as if the two were identical, whereas they have nothing to do with one another. As a matter of fact, just because Europe had ceased to believe in miracles, and realized that all human problems resolve into more arrangements here on earth, ideas and ideals were invented there. But the Russian crept out of his bear-hold and looked to Europe for the living and dead water, the flying carpet, the seven-leagueed shoes and such-like things, thinking in his naïveté that railways and electricity were only the beginning of things, signs which clearly proved that the old nurse had only told a lie in her fairy tales. But all this happened just at the moment when Europe had finally made away with astrology and alchemy, and had started on positive researches resulting in chemistry and astronomy.

VIII.

Man is used to having convictions, so there we are. We can none of us do without our hangers-on, though we despise them at the bottom of our souls.

(To be continued.)
List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library
Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIA, MAGAZINES, &c.

*Studies : an Irish quarterly journal of letters, philosophy, and science. Dublin, Educational Company of Ireland, December, 1919. 9 in. 172 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 050

The Professor of Politics at University College, Dublin, Dr. Michael Cronin, takes the leading place in this issue with a methodical study of the new German Constitution, which, he considers, should afford lessons of immense value to the rest of Europe. "Even in the revolution we see that Germany has kept her head, and is proof against the insidious allurements of Socialism." Yet the "ideal of a thoroughgoing democracy is operative in every part of the Constitution." Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in an elaborate fabrication in his account of Julian the Apostate. In "The League of Nations of a Century Ago" Professor J. M. O'Sullivan writes at large of the reactionary Holy Alliance. Miss Virginia Crawford has a well-timed appreciation of André Lalou, poet and novelist; and among other contributions are "Law and Order in Ireland" (Erskine Childers), "What is the Matter with India?" (T. Gavan Duffy), and a second paper on "Spiritualism and its Dangers" (Herbert Thurston).

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Barker (Elsa). Last Letters from the Living Dead Man. Written down by Elsa Barker. With an introduction. Rider, 1919. 8 in. 240 pp., 4/6 n. 133.9

The writer of these "Letters," and of previous similar books, mentions in the introduction that before March, 1914, she had been "known as a poet and a novelist," refers to "the swampings" of her literary career by "automatic writings," and states that her present book was written between February, 1917, and February, 1918, and that then she "lost the ability... to do automatic writing."


The editor of the Quest deals in a brief and clear manner with some of the literature of the Platonic schools, of the alchemists, and of the Mithra cult, in support of the view that the human body is an exteriorization of a spiritual one.

300 SOCIOLOGY.


The thirtieth issue of this indispensable year-book. It includes statements of the position and requirements, with chapters on the management, revenue and cost of the charities, as well as much other matter of interest to all who are concerned with the welfare of philanthropic and similar public institutions.


Child welfare and the health of the school-child are well-worn subjects; Dr. Chancellor calls attention to the importance of the teacher's health, on which efficiency depends. He finds that, in the United States at any rate, "the death-rate is much higher in the teaching profession than in most other professions and trades—it has a higher death-rate from tuberculosis than any other occupation." His book is a useful and interesting contribution to the hygiene of education.


Child psychology, modern educational problems and attempts to solve them, and the successes and failures of schools, are here treated and discussed in an original way. The preface describes the book as "a criticism of the existing school system and a plea for the New Education."

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Karpinski (Louis C.), Benedic (Harry W.), and Calhoun (John W.). Unified Mathematics. Harrap [1919]. 7½ in. 530 pp. tables, index, 10/6 n. 510.2

This first-year course for American college students embraces the elements of Algebra, Trigonometry, Conic Sections, and surfaces of the second degree. The treatment is clear, and the illustrations are well chosen. It is an advantage to have the whole of this elementary mathematics included in one volume.

*Moir (J. Reid). Pre-Palaeolithic Man. Ipswich, W. E. Harrison (Simpkin & Marshall) [1919]. 10 in. 67 pp. il. diag. 571.1

The importance of Mr. Reid Moir's contribution to the vexed question of the coliths is that, by minute scientific observation of the ripple-marks and other results of flaking flakes by blows of pressure at different angles, he is able to distinguish between artefacts and those flakes which have acquired their shape through fortuitous collisions without human agency. His reasoning is clear, if highly technical, and is illustrated by numerous comparative drawings. He has examined with satisfactory results the prolific detritus-bed under the Piltdown-Red Crags near Ipswich and elsewhere in East Anglia. He points out that the implements found associated with the Piltdown man are apparently dolithic, and precursors of the rostro-carniform fossils found in the sub-Crag detritus-bed, whence it would appear that "the human remains from the Piltdown gravel must be relegated to the Pre-Palaeolithic period."

600 USEFUL ARTS.


Though there is nothing new in this short handbook, it contains some useful hints. At the beginning of the book the writer states that it pays to grow oak in England, yet later on he himself shows that it does not pay. At the prices now ruling there is bound to be a considerable loss on a crop 120 years old.


This instructive booklet covers the ground very thoroughly.


A little book of illustrations representing the ships of the British navy in black profile. More than 150 pictures, accompanied by particulars of the armaments of the vessels, are comprised in the book, which should be useful to land-men as well as to seafaring people.

800 LITERATURE.

Castle (Agnes and Egerton). Little Hours in Great Days. Constable [1919]. 8 in. 272 pp., 6/6 n. 824.9

"Garden Friendships." "The Garden of my Youth," and two other horticultural or autobiographical sketches appear to be by Mrs. Castle; the rest of the book, concerning Tommies, hospitals, and the coming of peace, by the author of "A Little House in War-time."

An English translation follows the Gaelic text of this literary study. Pearse's object in the stories he wrote for his Claintairí Éireannach was to "acclimatize in Ireland the principles of storytelling as they were understood and practised in foreign lands, and above all to interpret the modern formulae of the short story." This was a new departure in the literary revival of the Irish language, which had hitherto concentrated itself on perpetuating the native canons dating from the era of the Celtic Sianachie. Pearse's pathos and melancholy found in his stories apt and often poetic expression.


This volume is mainly composed of aphorisms; cameocut appreciations of living authors, including MM. Paul Claudel, Georg Brandes, Romain Rolland, and André Gide, Messrs. G. K. Chesterton and H. G. Wells, and Signor D'Annunzio; and thumbnail characterizations of the teachings of Virgil, Racine, Shakespeare, Ariosto, Goethe, Mistral, Dickens, Carlyle, and other literary colossi of the past.

Morrell (Albert).  THE EROTIC MOTIVE IN LITERATURE. New York, Boni & Liveright, 1919. 8 in. 250 pp., $1.75 n. 814

An interesting application of the principles of psychoanalysis to literary criticism. The human interest in the works as expressions of personality is undoubtedly increased by the exposition of the emotional springs of action. Swinburne, Charlotte Brontë, Dickens, Browning, Poe, Shelley, Byron, and Keats are all dealt with; and the critical method of Lafcadio Hearn is shown to have been of the same kind as that adopted here. There are two misprints in quotations from Swinburne on pp. 77 and 79.

Quevedo y Villegas (Francisco de).  PAGINAS ESCOGIDAS. Selección, prólogo y comentarios de Alfonso Reyes. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1917. 6¼ in. 404 pp., 2.50 pts n. 865

A selection containing part of the "Vida de Buscón" and other "Obras Festivas," satire, criticism, political and ascetic writings, letters, and some of the best known of Quevedo's verse.


The Writers and Artists' Year-Book, 1920: a directory for writers, artists and photographers. Edited by G. E. Mitchell. Black [1919]. 7 in. 228 pp., index, 6½ in. 817.2

A very useful book of reference, of which this is the thirteenth year of issue. The contents are brought well up to date; and the lists of journals and magazines (British, Overseas, and American), and of British and American publishers, are important and valuable features. To these, in a future edition, might usefully be added a list of prominent French and other Continental publishers.

POETRY.

Alken (Conrad).  SCENICISMS: notes on contemporary poetry. New York, Knopf, 1919. 8 in. 306 pp. 821.64

See review, p. 10.

Aldington (Richard).  IMAGES. "The Egoist," 1919. 7½ in. 60 pp., 3/8 n. 821.9

Aldington (Richard).  IMAGES OF WAR. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 7½ in. 64 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9


Mr. Garrod's chief poetical virtue is an elegance deliberately and elaborately achieved—so deliberately and so elaborately, indeed, that we sometimes secretly wish he might make a slip and fall. At their best his verses have great charm, are rhythmically, wittily and prettily. His favourite poetical form is the octosyllable, which he handles with skill, exploiting all the traditional devices used by the poets to give variety to that facile measure.

Machado (Antonio).  PAGINAS ESCOGIDAS. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1917. 6½ in. 326 pp., 2.50 ptas. 861.6

An interesting edition, selected by the poet himself, and containing an autobiographical note and prologue.


See review, p. 12.

FICTION.


Set in Manitoba, this story is essentially an apologia for pacifism. The arguments are presented with moderation; and though passionate as the following there is an evident endeavour to realize, and give due weight to, the mental position of those whose consciences urge them to admit the necessity of occasional recourse to the dreadful decision of war: "I believe that if they allowed the most perfect freedom the majority of the people would still choose war, for there is something in the human heart which answers 'present' to the roll call of force."


A well-to-do person discovers with the aid of a genealogist some poor relations whom in various ways he befriends. His narrow-minded wife is annoyed, and becomes jealous of one of the girl-cousins. Explanations follow, and the fortunes of several sets of lovers are more or less satisfactorily decided.


This book by the author of "Spud Tamson," and of other contributions to the lighter class of war literature, is, like its predecessors, pleasant and readable. It gives a good idea of the psychology of our war cadets, and of their camp and social life, from the time of entering the cadet school to the day of the commandant's farewell, when the lads depart to join their battalions.


Nine short stories, of a spiritist character. Perhaps the best two are "The Wreck of a World" and "When the War Went Over Me." The latter refers to the loss of the "Titanic."


The elusive submarine and the unsuspected spy offer to the story-writer tempting opportunities, of which Mr. Cook has successfully availed himself in the stirring tales in this volume. The chief characters are Donald Bruce, the representative at Malaga and elsewhere of a Scottish firm of wine-shippers, who sub rosa is actively helping the British authorities, and a brave Catalan contrabandista, fisherman, and secret agent, who is known as the Pajarillo, or "Little Bird," and has a vendetta against the German murderers of his brother. "The Shark's Cage" (a vigorous narrative of the kidnaping of a German submarine and its entire crew), "The Coast Patrol," and the title-story are among the best of the items.


Marco Fieravanti, of Forli, a great sculptor who is known as "The Maker of Saints," is the hero of this picturesque romance of Italy in the thirteenth century. One of the personages introduced as Dante. A prominent episode is the savage attack upon the castle of a proud old count, Fieravanti's chief patron, whose daughter and the sculptor are lovers. It is by no means easy to infuse much vitality into an imaginative tale of so long ago, but the author has undoubtedly achieved a measure of success in his undertaking.
910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.  
 914.267  
The sixth of Mr. Bosworth's admirable monographs relating to the topography of Walthamstow.

 913.4267  
A posthumous article by Professor Haverfield on "Centuration in Roman Essex" holds the place of honour in this issue, which contains also Professor J. H. Round's "Anchorage and Local History" and two local articles, and Mr. W. M. Minet's "Stewards' Accounts at Hadham Hall, 1628-9," together with notes on recent discoveries of deneholes, &c. The illustrations are of church chests and effigies. Altogether it is an interesting number.

 914.259  
Tastefully illustrated and admirably printed, this book is an attractive and detailed history of a building which for more than seven centuries has been the temple of worship of distinguished and saintly men and women. For three and a half centuries the house was possessed by a Benedictine sisterhood, but the nunnery was dissolved in 1496, and Jesus College was founded on its site. The nuns' buildings to a great extent survived, and the church is unique in the University, as the sole chapel which was designed for a conventual, not a collegiate house; but it is only a fragment of the great church which was dedicated to St. Radegund, founder of the Abbey of Pottiers. It is remarked by the authors that the College is a link with "the grandeur Cambridge of a dim pre-academic age, at least a century before any definite collegiate community was founded."

 914.21  
A brief recital of the vicissitudes of a region which from a monastic retreat became the seat of government of the empire, the favourite place of residence of the elect and powerful, and a great and great the centre of England itself. The conciseness of treatment incumbent upon the author has scarcely enabled him to do justice to his subject.

920 BIOGRAPHY.  
Bridges (J. A.). Victorian Recollections. Bell, 1919. 7 in. 203 pp. 7/6 n.  
 920  
Mr. Bridges, who proclaims himself a laudator temporis acti, was born in 1835, so that he may be allowed to speak with authority of the Victorian age. He has seen the last of many excellent things and persons—the stage coach, the three-bottle man, the old-fashioned Oxford don—and the first of many others. He writes of the army, the navy, and the Church of the forties and fifties. His belief in the gloriousness of those happy days leads him into occasional statements of a kind that might perhaps be questioned. Thus, speaking of the port-carrying capacity of our ancestors, he says: "There is the fact that constitutions are not so strong as they used to be." As a whole, the book makes excellent light reading.

Horsley (Sir Victor).  
 920  
See review, p. 18.

 9 in. 283 pp. 10/6 n.  
 920  
The author of "Uncensored Celebrities," which someone called "a sort of malicious Debrett," here exonerates himself from the charge of satire, or even criticism, by a series of unbiased character-sketches of President Wilson, the Bishop of London, Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Mr. Speaker, the Duke of Somerset, and others of all sorts.

To acclaim a book as "indispensable" is sometimes a mere figure of speech, and the adjective is decidedly overused. There is, however, a very limited class of annually appearing volumes—belonging to the order of "books which are no books," but nevertheless absolutely necessary to men of letters, to workers in the fields of literature, art, science, education, politics, and finance, and even to the social loungers—to which no other word is so fittingly applicable. In this aristocracy of annals, "Who's Who" is not far from holding the first place. The seventy-second issue is before us; and what can be said of this excellent year-book which has not been expressed many times already? Nearly 3,000 pages, filled with admirably concentrated biographies of distinguished and notable men and women, are comprised in the volume, which, as usual, is of a convenient size, and is handsomely produced. "Who's Who" for 1920, in spite of the years of arrest and convulsion through which we have latterly passed, more than maintains its unshakable position.

930-990 HISTORY.

Hurry (Jamieson B.), The Trial by Combat of Henry de Essex and Robert de Montr at Reading Abbey. Elliot Stock, 1919. 10 in. 31 pp. index, boards, 3/6 n. 942.031

An interesting and well-produced monograph, published in association with the exhibition to the Art Gallery at Reading of a picture, by Harry Morley, representing the trial by combat of Henry de Essex, Standard-Bearer to Henry II., and Robert de Montfort, at Reading Abbey in 1163—a famous duel & entrave recorded in the chronicle of Jocelin de Brakelond.

Josephus (Flavius), Selections from Josephus. Translated by H. St. J. Thackeray ("Translations of Early Documents; series 2, Hellenistic-Jewish Texts"). S.P.C.K. 1919. 8 in. 213 pp. app. table of dates, index, 8/6 n. 933

An acceptable Garner from the "Jewish Antiquities;" "Jewish War," "Treatise against Apion," and the "Life," preceded by an introduction dealing with the historian and his works, and with the literature on the subject.

Pollock (John), The Bolshevist Adventure. Constable, 1919. 8 in. 279 pp. index, 7/6 n. 947.08

Mr. Pollock was in Russia from 1915 to 1919, and his book pretends to be nothing more than a calm statement of facts as he saw them. In more than one place he says, "Russia is living, barely living, on the remains of the industry of the past." This year [1919], if the Bolshevist régime is allowed to last, there will be no sowing beyond the peasants' immediate needs, the need of food for that, no wood will be cut or transported to the cities, and it seems inevitable that unless Petrograd is taken this summer by Koltchak or by the slavaged allies of Russia, a large proportion of some thirty million human beings in the northern governments must perish of cold and hunger. Petrograd has not been taken. Koltchak seems to be out of the game, and Denikin on the verge of checkmate: will Mr. Pollock's forecast be verified?

*Stevens (G. W.), With Kitchener to Khartoum ("Edinburgh Library of Non-Fiction Books"). Nelson [1919]. 7 1/2 in. 384 pp., 2/6 n. 962.6

A reprint of the famous war correspondent's account of Kitchener's work on the Nile.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

*Bodley (James Edward Courtesy), The Romance of the Battle Line in France; with an additional chapter on the results of the late war as affecting our national life and imperial interests. Constable [1919]. 8 in. 269 pp. map, index, 7/6 n. 949.9

The first century and a half ago were fought much the same ground as the late struggle on the Western Front; Malplaquet was the scene of our last fight—these interesting points emerge from Mr. Bodley's topographical and strategic study. He brings out, on the economic side, that we have imitated Germany rather in what is evil than in what is good. We might have copied Germany's town-

planning. Our modern architecture is inferior, and was a bitter disillusionment to our overseas troops—who also founded the British Museum and the art galleries closed. We hung money away with one hand, and exercised a contemptible economy with the other. It will be seen that Mr. Bodley's book is very miscellaneous in its contents; but his observations are thoughtful and salutary.

Corlford (Leslie Cope), The Paravane Adventure. Hodder & Stoughton [1919]. 8 in. 294 pp. por. il. app., 7/6 n. 940.9

The whole story of Commander C. Dennis Burney's invention, the obstacles and discouragement put in his way by official apathy, and the final success achieved by a new kind of anchor devised by the use of paravanes in defeating mine and submarine attacks on our shipping, is picturesquely related by Mr. Cope Cornford.

Czernin (Count Ottokar), In the World War. Cassell, 1919. 9 1/2 in. 352 pp. index, 25/ n. 940.9

It is greatly to be regretted that this translation of an interesting and important book should have been entrusted to someone with a half knowledge of German, and a complete ignorance of the elementary facts about Austria. Whole pages are turned into sheer nonsense. For instance, the translator believes that Oktroyierung means "customs duties," with the result that an interesting letter to Tisza (p. 168) on the question of the Socialists and Stockholm becomes balderdash. Kirchenamtspolitik becomes "a petty ecclesiastical policy," which makes Czernin's enlightening analysis of Tisza. A competent German scholar may be able to grope in some cases at the original, but the ordinary reader will be simply bewildered. Such minor gems as circular virtuous (p. 187) or ad oculos are not worth mentioning. A characteristic sentence is the following:

"It was Franz Ferdinand's wish that I should be in the Herrenhaus as he was anxious for me to be one of a delegation and also to profit by my extensive training in foreign affairs.

The translator knows nothing of the Delegations, even though Czernin explains the system at length in his book. It is, in our opinion, deplorable that such a disgraceful piece of work should appear over the imprint of a famous and honoured firm.

Hanotius (Gabriel), L'Aisne pendant la Grande Guerre (Collection "La France Dévastée, série 1; Les Régions"). Paris, Alcan, 1919. 7 in. 135 pp. il. maps, paper, 3fr. 30. 940.9

No French Department has suffered more cruelly than that of the Aisne during the past five years; and M. Hanotous, whose authority, as an inhabitant of the region and as a historian, is incomparable, has brought us a poignant and vivid picture of the ravages of war which the German invasion brought to the doors of the people of St. Quentin, Rheims, and numerous other places.

Percin (Général), Lille. Paris, Grasset, 1919. 7 1/2 in. 328 pp. apps. index, paper, 4fr. 55. 940.9

The regional command at Lille in August, 1914, who was accused of abandoning this fortress, here assembles a mass of documents which he weaves into a graphic narrative, &c. to show that the case was the exact antithesis of the charge made by his enemies. He belonged to the strategic school who foresaw that the Germans would come up the left bank of the Meuse, and not make their grand attack on the German-French frontier. These views, he affirms, were entirely disregarded, and those who held them were supposed to be otherwise victimized. He paints a terrible picture of the disorder and the sacrifice of invaluable material at Lille.

Vedel (Emile), Quatre Années de Guerre Sousmarine. Paris, Plon-Nourrit [1919]. 7 1/2 in. 382 pp. index, tables, paper. 940.9

Commandant Emil Vedel furnishes a very full account of the German submarine campaign and our modes of countering it. The first hundred pages of the book are devoted to chronological developments on each side year by year, and well documented, concluding with a list of German U-boats destroyed. There are short descriptions also of the work of the flying boats, minesweepers, &c. While we offer our congratulations on the appearance of an index in a French book, our satisfaction is qualified by the amateurishness of some of the entries.
THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

With which is now incorporated
THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW

With the January issue the Contemporary Review will be considerably enlarged, and with it will be incorporated The International Review. The addition to the contents will include the outstanding feature of the latter Review, namely, "The World of Nations: Facts and Documents." It was this feature which gave the International Review its unique character, consisting as it does of unedited treaties, official documents and pronouncements, and other material not otherwise readily accessible to the public. Hitherto, no newspaper or journal in this country has ever made a point of publishing, fully and completely, all the more important data without which any real knowledge of international relations is impossible.

The increase in the size of the Contemporary Review necessitates a slight increase in the price, which in future will be 3s. 6d. monthly.

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AND

THE REV. CANON

J. H. B. MASTERMAN, M.A.

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BY

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN Ltd.

RUSKIN HOUSE, 40, MUSEUM STREET, W.C.1
The False Dawn

People are, at all times, inclined to believe what they desire; but in ordinary matters a number of correctives are provided. There is our old friend, experience, who teaches us that if we insist on believing that we can run a hundred yards in ten seconds we invariably miss our trains. That belief does not work; it comes into immediate collision with brute fact and suffers ignominious disaster. But there is another kind of beliefs which cannot be compelled to this salutary contact, beliefs which are expressed in what the philosophers call judgments of value. If we hold, for instance, that we are mighty fine fellows, our belief is not destroyed by the fact that we lose our trains, or even our jobs. As Mr. Arthur Balfour once said, to Mr. Will Crooks's bewilderment, the refutation does not lie in pari materia. You cannot prove a man is not a genius by knocking him out; indeed, as the recent annals of British pugilism show, to have been knocked out is hardly accepted as a sufficient proof that a man is not a genius at boxing.

But the correctives to such beliefs as that we are mighty fine fellows have to be subtle and subtly applied; and they are, of course, unpopular. As a nation we are said, with some justice, to have a profound distaste for irony and satire. Nevertheless, in normal times we can assimilate a large dose of these admirable restoratives. The difficulty is vastly increased when the times are abnormal, as they may fairly be said to be abnormal now. For a period of some five years it was thought essential that we should be told every day, with all the scientific emphasis of modern methods of publicity, not only that we were fine fellows, but also that we were about to create a new world. Such beliefs had their uses during a period of national danger, though it may be questioned whether the new world would not have stood a better chance of being created if people had not been taught that it was bound to be. But the general result has been that the national tendency to see things rose-coloured has become almost a national habit.

At such a time it is more than ever incumbent upon those who are able to react to exert their full strength to correct the habit. It is imperative that objectivity should somehow be rehabilitated, and the immutable standards once more set up in the market-place. The people upon whom this duty falls are the intellectuals—those who by definition have some predilection for the truth, who have learned that a judgment to be of any worth must be based upon knowledge, and that the truth has no necessary affinity with what is desired. It is indeed time that the intellectual party should have an innings, and the longer the innings the better it will be for the country and the world. For the confusion of values is becoming bewildering. By a curious but quite explicable trick of mind, the growing awareness (stimulated by collision with fact) that things political are falling quite perceptibly short of the millennium does not engender a habit of criticism with regard to things intellectual. On the contrary: all the disappointments of the world of fact are naively compensated by imaginary triumphs in the world of idea. If Europe is in a very bad way and England herself is a matter for anxiety, our professional optimists have only to turn to modern English art and literature to be more amply confirmed in their faith that God's in his heaven and all's right with the world.

The tendency is natural, as we have said. If you cannot find what you desire to believe in one sphere where facts have an obvious weight of their own, you will look for and find it in another where facts are, or seem to be, less adamantine. But the tendency, natural though it is, is unhealthy, and it fills us with dismay to find it manifested in quarters which we should have supposed the most unlikely. Thus in a recent number of the weekly Manchester Guardian we read with considerable surprise two articles, one by Professor Holmes, the Director of the National Gallery, and the other by Professor Ramsay Muir. Professor Holmes's article was, we gladly admit, much the less surprising...
of the two. He merely declared that the exhibition of the nation's war pictures at Burlington House "marked the arrival of a new artistic movement as novel and as startling as that which began some sixty years ago when the first works of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood stung a drowsy world to fury." There is a belated air about this act of recognition which strikes us as somewhat droll, much as if someone should declare that the industrial era had arrived. For all these young painters have been hard at work for years. They are interesting, even though there is not much genius among them. But this "new movement," which is in truth only the reaction to a movement which really was novel and startling when it burst upon London and Professor Holmes in 1912, is a thing of shreds and patches. What is valuable in it is manifestly experimental; and the only sense in which it can be said to have arrived is that it has managed to find a way inside the doors of Burlington House.

Professor Holmes's *ipse dixit*, however, gave Professor Muir his cue. The gentle-sounding flute was taken up by a most brazen trumpet. Professor Muir is, we believe, a professor of history, which will explain the turn of his preliminary sentence:

"It is already clear that the war is to be followed by a great intellectual renaissance in England, comparable with that which arose out of the life-and-death struggle with Spain in the Elizabethan age and with that which sprang from the ferment of the French Revolution and the wars which followed it."

"This is already clear." In the case of axioms evidence is unnecessary; but Professor Muir generously supplies it. It is threefold. There is, first, Professor Holmes's article, which through Professor Muir's megaphone roars: "We may well be on the eve of the greatest and most original period in English painting"; there is the fact that "operas have already translated itself into English," whatever that may mean; there is the revival of poetry, manifest, as we surmised, in the volumes of "*Georgian Poetry.*" Shame on those doubting hearts whose arithmetic is incapable of summing these three items into "a great intellectual renaissance!" But a professor of history will plant fresh courage in them. We wonder what Professor Muir would have discovered if he had been a professor of literature. Is it merely a slight accident of vocation which has prevented him from seeing a great revival in historical writing?

So the rolling snowball grows. A legitimate but somewhat excessive opinion of one professor who knows his subject becomes a certainty of miracle on the lips of another professor who knows nothing about the subject at all. The only thing left for any third professor who reads the second professor is to discover that Herr Einstein is an Englishman. The snowball descends with the sound of Boom, boom, boom, until it reposes in the valley, gigantic and wonderful to behold, with the legs and heads of a few enthusiastic professors sticking out of it, a complete and authenticated "great intellectual renaissance." Then a pale sun slowly rises and looks at the snowball a little while. A little while longer, and there remains, of the great renaissance only the bones of the reputation of the professors who doomed it.

That an intellectual renaissance will come we hope and believe. We conceive it our duty to do all we can to prepare the way for it. And the first essential is to apply the corrective of disinterested criticism to that capacity for self-deception which seems to have become infinite under the stress of war; for there is nothing so wearisome as a barndoor cock who ruins a necessary repose by crowing at the false dawn. Not only is he himself exasperating, but there are always so many stupid fowls to follow him.

**THE REALITY**

THERE was a country town of which we heard wonderful tales as children. But it was as far as Cathay. It had many of the qualities that once made Cathay desirable and almost unbelievable. We heard of it at the same time as we heard of the cities of Vanity Fair and Baghdad, and all from a man with a beard, who once sat by a London fire, just before bedtime, smoking a pipe and telling those who were below him on the rug about the past, and of more fortunate times, and of cities that were fair and fat. Nothing was easier for us than to believe fair reports. Good dreams must be true, for they are good. Some day, he said, he would take us to Torhaven; but he did not, for his luck was not like that.

Nothing like that; so instead we used to look westward to where Torhaven would be, whenever the sunset happened to seem the right splendour for the sky that would be over what was detectable and elsewhere. We made that do, for years. That Torhaven existed there was no doubt, for once we made a journey to Paddington Station—a long walk—and saw the very name on a railway carriage. It was a surprising and a happy thought that that carriage would go into such a town that very day. What is more confident than the innocence of youth? Where, if not with youth, could be found such willing and generous reliance in noble legend?

And how enduring is its faith! Long after, but not too long after, for fine appearances to us still meant fine prospects, we arrived one morning bodily in the haven of good report. Its genius was as bright as we expected. It had a shining face. It was the equal of the morning. Its folk could not be the same as those who lived within dark walls under a heaven that was usually but fumes. It lost nothing because we could examine its streets. We went from it with even a warmer and more comforting memory. What would happen to us if youth did not more than merely believe the pleasant tales that are told, if it did even loyally desire to believe that things are what they are said to be?

This country town is of the Southern kind which, with satisfaction, we show to strangers as something peculiarly of our country. It is ancient and luminous in an amphitheatre of hills, and schooners and barques come right among its gables. It is wealthy; but not of the common sort, for it never shows haste. It knows, of course, that wealth is cheap, until it has matured, and has attained that dignity which only leisure and the indifference of usage can confer. The region around has a long history of well-sounding
family names, as native as its hills—they arrived together, or thereabouts—and the lodge gates on its highways, with their weathered and mossy heraldic devices, have a way of acquainting you with the measure of your inconstancy as you pass them when on the tramp. Torhaven has no poverty. It tolerates some clean and obscure but very profitable manufactures. But its shipping is venerable, and is really not an industry at all, being as august as the owning of deer-parks. On market day you would think you were in a French town, so many are the agriculturists, and such the quiet and solid evidence of their well-being. They own their farms, they love good horses, their waggons are built like ships, and their cattle, as aboriginal as the county families, might be the embodiment of the sleek genius of those hills and meadows, so famous are they for cream. The people of that country live well. They know their worth, and the substance which they add to the strength of the British community. And they pride themselves on the legends, peculiarly theirs, which tell of their independence of mind, of their vehement love of freedom, of their challenging liberal opinions and the nonconformity of their religious views. They are stout folk, kind and companionable, well-to-do, and do not love masters of any sort.

It was the first summer after the war had ended, and we were back again in Torhaven. The recollection of its ancient peace, of its stillness and light, of the refuge it offered, had got us there. Its very name had been the suggestion of escape. Where should we find people more likely to be quick and responsive? They would be among the first to understand the nature of the calamity which had overtaken us. They would know, long before amorphous and alien London, what that new world should be like which we owed to the young, a world in which might spring another hope for the bruised and amazed souls of the survivors.

Its light was the same. It was not only unalloyed by such knowledge as we brought with us; it was radiant. Yet it was not without its memory of the disaster. We went into the church, whose porch had been restored; symbolical, perhaps, of our entry into a world from which, happily, the old things had passed. The church was empty, for this was market day, and current prices need close attention. Through its gloom, as through the penumbra of antiquity, faintly shone the pale forms of a few recumbent knights, and the permanent appeal of their upturned hands and faces kept the roof aware of human contrition. Above one of the figures, which was transfigured by a bright rod of sunlight, was a new Union Jack, crowned with laurels. The sun made a too vivid scarlet patch of one of its folds. We left, for that was the last suggestion of a better time expected in any sanctuary.

Just below the church was the theatre, devoted now to "the movies." It being market day the house was full. A poster outside pictured a bridge blowing up, and a motor-car falling into space. The midday sun was looking full at Torhaven's high street, which runs south and downhill steeply to the quay—a schooner filled the bottom of the street that day. Anything a not too unreasonable man could desire was offered in the shops of that thoroughfare. This being a time of change, when our thoughts are all un-fixed and we have had rumours of the New Jerusalem the side window of a fashionable jeweller's was devoted to tiny jade pigs, minute dolls, silver acorns and other propitiators of luck which time and experience have tested. Next door to the jeweller's was a studio supporting the arts, with local pottery shaped as etiolated blue cats and yellow puppies; and there one could get picture postcards of the London favourites in revue, and some water-colour paintings of the local coast which an advertisement affirmed were real.

That was not all. The place for readers of the Athenæum was opposite—the one bookshop of the town. Its famous bay front and old diamond panes frankly presented the bright day with ladies' handbags, ludo and other games, fountain pens, mounted texts from Ella Wilcox, local guide-books and apparently a complete series—as much as the length of the window would hold, at least—of Mr. Garvice's works; and in one corner a number of prayer books in a variety of bindings.

Down on the quay, sitting on a bollard, with one leg stretched stiffly before him, was a young native we had not met since one day on the Menin Road. We had known him before that strange occasion, long before the war, as an ardent student of letters. He had entered a profession in which sound learning is an essential, though the reward is slight, just when the war began. Then he believed, in high seriousness, as a young and enthusiastic student would, all he was told in that August; and his professional career is now over.

He pointed out to me, mildly and with a little reproach, that I was wrong in supposing Torhaven had not changed. I learned that the war had made a great change there. Motor-cars were now as commonly owned as bicycles used to be, though he admitted that it did not seem that the queue waiting to buy books, our sort of books, was in need of control by the police. But farmers who had been tenants, when Germany violated the independence of Belgium, were now freeholders. Men who were in essential industries, and so could not be spared for the guns, were now shipowners. We could see for ourselves how free and encouraging was the new wealth in this new world; true, the size of his pension did not fairly reflect the new and more liberal ideals of a better world, but we must admit he had no need to travel to Bond Street to spend it. What fear is there, he asked, pointing with his crutch up the busy High Street behind us, that what our young friends in France learned was wrong with that old European society out of which came the war, will not be known and registered there? Have you seen, he said, our bookshop, our cinema, and the new memorial porch of our church?

Near us was waiting a resplendent motor-car, in which reposed a young lady whose face decorates the covers of the popular magazines every month, and, as the young soldier finished speaking, it moved away with a raucous hoot.

H. M. Tomlinson.
REVIEWS

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY POETRY

A Treasury of Seventeenth-Century Verse from the Death of Shakespeare to the Restoration (1616-60). Chosen and edited by H. J. Massingham. Golden Treasury Series. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.)

ABOUT a hundred years ago, or at a time to which only the memory of hoary fossils runneth, there used to be current one of those curious catchwords which arise among schoolboys and undergraduates, exist for a time, and pass, no man knows how or why. It was "Making no error," Mr. Massingham has made either in choosing the subject of his anthology, or in executing it, one little reservation under the latter head having to be made presently. There is perhaps no century in English poetry at which it is so tempting to "cut and come again"—its extraordinary richness, in which only the nineteenth can vie with it, being accompanied by certain other qualities very convenient to the anthologist. There is the striking contrast between its earlier harvest and its after-crop; the strong and yet not monotonous characteristics of its greatest flourishing; and, last but not least, one other peculiarity. No time is quite barren of those curious objects of the Muse's captor whom she enables to do one or two charming things and then cruelly turns her back on them. But in the best period of the seventeenth century you can hardly neglect the smallest poetaster without the danger of missing, often detached passages, sometimes whole pieces of "absolute and earth-born" poetry—poetry such as you may at other times search libraries of quite respectable verse-writers without finding. And what is more, its poetry is as extraordinarily varied in kind: lyric, narrative and dramatic; sacred and profane; melancholy and playful; virtuous and naughty, with not a few other "excellent differences." It is thus a province made to the anthologist's hand; and any first lion who has tried it and "thinks the next a bore" must be not a lion at all, but a cur or at least a curmudgeon.

Mr. Massingham has marked out as his claim the most characteristic part of the century in time, and has not excluded any kind except the dramatic. Most of his selections are naturally lyrical, but by no means all; and he has thus been able to find room for at least specimen fruits from the half-wilderness gardens of "Pharomida" and "Cupid and Psyche." He has also cast his gathering net unusually wide, and his readers will make acquaintance with authors who will pretty certainly be new to them, such as Thomas Fettipace and Robert Gomersal. (By the way, he has had more mercy on Gomersal than the present writer, who had thought of including the author of "The Levite's Revenge," in "Caroline Poets," and felt constrained to turn him out.) In giving uniform modern spelling throughout Mr. Massingham may invite censure from some purists, but certainly not in this place. Whatever may be the case earlier, the printers' spelling of the mid-seventeenth century is, as he justly says, "only externally archaic." Half its differences from present use are not uniform and are evidently haphazard.

One may not perhaps approve quite so heartily his practice of excluding some beautiful things as "too well known." In the first place, the fact is very doubtful. He may fittingly leave out Milton and Herrick; but is he quite sure that Drummond is "pretty well," and the sudden blaze at the end of Crashaw's "Teresa" "unnecessarily," known among readers of poetry? Has either ever been so well known as Snodgrass's "Ballad on a Wedding," which duly appears?

However, on this point one would not be too positive: there can hardly be a sounder maxim of criticism than that the critic should attend to what is in a book, and not to what is not. An exception to even this maxim may still be found, and it is the only matter on which we feel inclined to quarrel (in the least quarrelsome fashion in the world) with Mr. Massingham. He has followed the fashion of printing his extracts with omissions always confessed in the notes, but not always indicated in the text. This is surely wrong. If it is done pudoris causa there is not much to be said for it, as it would be better to leave out the whole piece from the ultra-moral point of view, while frequently in the notes there is no need to leave out anything at all. But when passages are left out because they are thought unequal, or otiose, or too well known already, etc., etc., a rather serious aesthetic liberty is taken, a work of art being presented not as the artist wrought it. It might have been better if Crashaw had not written "Portable and compendious oceans." But as he did the fact should not be hidden from the everyday reader.

However, we may let that pass and take the goods with which Mr. Massingham has provided us. They are very good goods; and the sauce of notes which he has served with them is not, as such things too often are, unworthy of them. One may not always agree with him—it would be rather dull if one did; but one hardly ever disables his judgment, merely noting a difference of opinion when he belittles cheerful Mr. Patrick Cary and glorious Montrose, or when he allows Vaughan's admittedly magnificent exceptions to carry off, too triumphantly, his less inspiring rule, and lets Wither's early freshness compound for his dreadful dotages. One never need cavil at too generous admiration unless it is slightly expressed, which is not the case here. The authors are alphabetically arranged, and so one has the unexpected pleasure of starting with good Philip Ayres's "Beggar" and its charming second line,

She whom the Heavens at once made poor and fair;

of following it up soon with some of the pretty little things which Joseph Beaumont managed somehow to devise as a contrast to that "Psyche" of his who was certainly not the mother of Voluptas; and to rejoice once more in those remarkable verses which open "The Anatomy of Melancholy." So it goes on through the whole range to Wither and Wotton. They in their turn give place to the great "Mr. Anon," who puts his best foot forward with "Phyllida," and keeps things up for full fifty pages. Here one meets with the only surprise of the book—that Mr. Massingham includes among the "adespota" Tell me no more how fair she is." Now the present writer (from whose hand a completer edition of Bishop King's poems than has ever appeared has been long waiting for publication in the third volume of the above-named "Caroline Poets") knows absolutely no external evidence against the bishop's authorship. And while internal evidence is notoriously always more untrustworthy on the negative than on the affirmative side, it is never so much to be distrusted as in regard to the seventeenth century, when almost anybody might have written almost anything. Probably Mr. Massingham has given too much weight to the non-appearance of the piece in Hannah's volume. But that book, admirable as far as it goes, is awesomely incomplete.

To end with a still more personal note, perhaps allowable in a signed review, I have to thank Mr. Massingham for a certain correction of a misreading ("less for "life") in my edition of Godolphin—the only attempt I ever made to edit a photographed manuscript with a pair of very weak eyes and little paleographic experience—whence came deserved tribulation. He may like to know two
clearly accidental misprints in his own work: "quorum" for "quorum" in a note on Bundeswes (p. 320) and "Staffordshire" for "Shafesbury" in one on Chamberlayne at p. 326. At least I know nothing of a Staffordshire chorus for this poet, while his third page has "Shafesbury in the county of Dorset" (or), and he certainly practised, died, and was buried there. But these things will happen, and we are all guilty of them or troubled with them. My blunder was less excusable: there was no rhyme to guide me.

George Saintsbury.

**WITHOUT TEARS**


In India. By Sir Harry Johnston, With Coloured Frontispiece by E. Walker, and a few Black-and-White Illustrations. (Blackie, 3s. 6d. net.)

**HISTORIOGRAPHY** (is there not a Historiographer Royal of Scotland or some other intellectual dependency, and who are we to challenge the validity of Greco-Roman derivatives that have received the Royal Assent?)—historiography—it really takes a parenthesis or two to bring out the full value of a word like that—is looking up in these days. The male population of Europe and North America has only recently returned from making history. Mr. H. G. Wells (with him, a galaxy of scientific and scholarly talent) is busily engaged in writing history. And the only missing detail in the whole gratifying picture of historical activity is that there is not the slightest evidence that anybody is reading history.

It is unfortunate, because history is the only subject that is worth reading, and the present, if only one can sufficiently gild the pill, is the time to make them read it. But it is not the least good suspending seven volumes of "The Decline and Fall" from the cracking branch of one's Christmas tree, or hiding Buckle's "History of Civilization" among the candles and glass balls, because the Little Fingers will not stray in their direction if there is a model Zeppelin or a book by L. T. Meade to beguile them on their way there. One must go about the business with subtility. Introducing history to the young is like teaching a Foreign Secretary geography: one has to pretend that it is really something else, and convey the instruction whilst they are busy looking the other way. Mr. Marshall's method, which he has already applied with some success to the cases of England, Scotland, and the British Empire, is to advance with cat-like tread behind a smoke barrage of highly decorative illustrations and to pour in a deadly fire of information whilst his unwary young reader is enjoying the pictures. He was inspired to produce his "History of France" by the complaint of a small boy that "we can't find anything nice about France." The young man was right. There is a distressing contrast between the stream of adulation that poured from war-time platforms and the sombre insular respect that Paris taught in English schools by persons who were apparently embittered in extreme youth by the passions of the Hundred Years' War, and a plain presentation of the facts may go far to counteract both sets of misconceptions. It is a little too late in the European day for us to continue to represent the French record as an alternation between Brutal Excesses and Goings On.

Mr. Marshall's method is a combination of the pictorial with the anecdotic which is quite adequate for the purpose of his book. The French story is told with an abundance of colour and incident that should make it more interesting to the young than any page in history—even the Hundlebury Page. The break-up of the Roman Empire and the rise of the yellow-haired kingdoms is really more entertaining than "The Doom of the U 14" or "With Pershing to Coblenz." But one cannot help feeling that Mr. Marshall missed a valuable pictorial touch in his story of Attila (if, indeed, history is always becoming more engaging it?) when he omitted to tell his reader that the Huns who cantered horribly across Europe were a sort of Chinamen on horseback. The bulk of his volume contains that excellent type of medieval anecdote which generally stimulates the young boy to say, "Not so, sir king," at irrelevant moments in their more serious occupations. But he manages to retain his lucidity through the bewildering and attractive by-ways of the French Revolution, and he shows great discernment in exploiting the dramatic and pictorial value of French history in the early nineteenth century. The average summarist tends to lay down his pen after he has successfully transported the Emperor to St. Helena, and to mention in a perfunctory way that "France, after many political vicissitudes, decided to have no more kings, and became the gallant ally of the British and Russian monarchies." But Mr. Marshall has made full use of the shifting scenes across which Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. passed, with their gestures of royalty, and the donors of his book will find much in his later chapters that they scarce knew themselves. The illustrations by (Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev.) A. C. Michael are extremely, as they say, adequate. His Napoleon is a proper tribute to the master of all pictorial Bonapartists, Meissonier, and his medieval scenes squeeze the full value out of costumes coloured with pre-aniline dyes without deteriorating into that orgy of flat colour which is so depressing on the minds of monochrome.

The best of them is really the conversation between Bismarck and Napoleon III. outside that little square house beyond Sedan on the Bellevue road; but one doubts, in view of his appearance at the Congress of Berlin eight years later, whether the cares of victory had so far aged the Chancellor in 1870.

One approaches with still greater confidence Sir Harry Johnston's early history of India. Nothing is more offensive than the belief that the history of India began when the East India Company disputed with France for some trading stations in the middle eighteenth century. No man seems better qualified than Sir Harry Johnston to dispel historical illusions about the British Empire. On the imperial side they are really something else, and we shall only get into his true perspective when we are no longer there to see him; and on the side of history, is he not one of that chosen band of ciceroes, whom Mr. H. G. Wells has selected to pilot him round the solar system and across the sands of time? His early history of the East is really incredibly interesting, far too interesting to summarize, or, one may add, to issue in this unpretentious form. His scholarship in such matters is unimpeachable, and if the chapters of his book had been delivered as the (Winwood) Reade Lectures and reprinted by the Wigan University Press, they would have been received with subdued and academical cheers. As the British Empire would have taken notice of them. And nobody would have read them. But they would undoubtedly have received the solemn historical reviewing which undeservingly they deserve.

As it is, one can only express profound gratitude for the unobtrusive issue of a brilliant and original piece of history. It is indisputably fit for the purpose for which its author appears to have designed it. It tells one in simple terms all about the pre-history of the British East, and it summarizes in two closing chapters the English record itself. But above and beyond that it may be recommended to uncles as a book to be looked into before it is presented to the descendants of their collaterals. And one very much doubts whether they will ever pass it on.
The "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus, Translated by R. K. Davis. (Oxford, Blackwell. 4s. 6d. net.)

TWENTY years ago the Master of Dulwich College read the "Agamemnon" with his Sixth Form. I suppose he often did so. A Greek play read with the Master was not like a Greek play read with anybody else. For once we were less concerned with our own anxieties about the construe and the grammatical tip from Mr. Sidgwick's indispensable, inaccurate notes than with the fascination of an introduction to great literature. We sat in affectionate terror—aeleus, the Greeks would have called it, certainly not "profane"—and the Master, before a word of Aeschylus had been construed, raised his forefinger, smiled, stammered a little, and then, very quietly, very seriously—in a voice that thrilled us partly because it was so simple and sincere, partly no doubt because it came with so strange a modesty and gentleness from that tall, imposing figure in its Oxford gown and somewhat clumsily cut coat and trousers—he said: "What! Kill a King?" That is how he made us realize that the drama we were about to read was neither an exercise in syntax nor an essay in a half-Hellenic, half-Hebraic moral philosophy, but an extract from real life, tremendously exciting and worth while. He made us feel that the killing of King Agamemnon by his own wife in the moment of his triumph somehow mattered. He made us feel—or rather he let Aeschylus make us feel—that Clytemnestra was an extraordinarily beautiful and strong woman that Agisthus was contemptible, Cassandra not only pitiful, but lovely and lovable; and Agamemnon himself, in spite of his magnificence of gesture and achievement, rotten at heart. He did not teach us, for he did not profess to understand, the principles of the Aeschylean lyric, the careful ingenuity by which the details of the poem are elaborated, balanced and combined, like musical motifs, for the purpose of the grand dramatic movement of the whole. Indeed, until Walter Headlam had delivered his Cambridge "Profection," the best of the modern interpreters of Aeschylus conceived him not as a deliberate and skilful artist, but rather as a meteoric genius, now brilliant, now obscure, like some Pandaric giant, hurling from the depths of a turbulent imagination huge masses of crude rock and molten metal, magnificent but formless, creating in great moments an unparalleled sublimity of tragic thought and of dramatic diction, but as a rule exuberant, undisciplined, chaotic. Headlam revealed the true relation of the details to the whole. The rhetoric, the imagery, the moralizing, are not mere ornaments, but are essential elements of one great pattern, of an ordered composition constructed like a symphony out of many strands of music, of a drama which (because the details are precisely what they are, and are arranged precisely as they are) represents and illuminates the love and hate, the joy and suffering, the failure and achievement, the tragic littleness and greatness, not merely of an Agamemnon and a Clytemnestra, but of our own humanity.

But the treasure to which Headlam gave us the key is not to be enjoyed without some trouble. Headlam's own version, although, if you will work at it, it will explain the text of Aeschylus as no other modern commentary can, is in itself, considered as an English dramatic poem, a failure. It is a noble failure, but for schoolboys, and for many other English readers, it is too difficult. For such readers the Headmaster of Woodbridge School, who knows about the needs of schoolboys, has provided in his version a safe and unadventurous, but not unpleasant introduction to the study of the "Agamemnon." His aim is to convey first, the philosophy and the religion, and secondly, "something of the dramatic movement" of the poem. The order is significant, and, I think, unfortunate; but at any rate the modesty of the translator's design enables us to admit—as we admit with pleasure—that on the whole he has succeeded in his enterprise. The boys of Woodbridge School are fortunate in their Headmaster, and we believe that many older persons will be glad to win their first impression of the religious gravity and the dramatic power of Aeschylus from a scholar so amiable, so modest, and so tasteful as Mr. Davis. The bare formula of the Aeschylean view of life can perhaps more easily be gathered by the uninitiated from the simple lyrics into which he has transmuted the great choral odes than from the more elaborate schemes which Headlam used for illustration of the intricacies of the original. It is in the lyrics that the modern reader most needs help, and it is fortunately here that Mr. Davis has most nearly achieved success. For example:

The dear live forms of those they sped,
They knew them well: and in their stead
Unto the house of each one nought
Save ashes and the urn is brought.
For Ares, trafficker in death,
Who holds his scales mid fields of strife,
All charred from Ilion bartereth
Aches for flesh, and dust for life.
With brief and bitter freight both fill
Each slender urn, that men may tell
How this was wise in warrior skill,
How this in battle nobly fell—
"All for another's lady light!"
Though hushed the murmurs, all may hear,
And stifled wrath and hate requite
The lords that bought revenge so dear,
And some that lie in Trojan mould
About the ramparts where they fell,
Far hence, in fastless beauty hold
O'er foemen's earth their sentinel.

We quote this passage because it illustrates the merits of Mr. Davis' simple method, and also because it shows that he has made good use of Headlam's scholarship. When we turn to his blank verse we are less satisfied. It is often dull and undistinguished, and although, its author claims, it has at least the merit of lucidity, we venture to think that in a translator of Aeschylus lucidity is a poor substitute for fire, imagination, beauty and variety and life.

J. T. SHEPPARD.

OLD-FASHIONED WIDOW'S SONG

She handed me a gay bouquet
Of roses pulled in the rain,
Delicate beauties frail and cold
Could roses heal my pain?

She smiled: "Ah, c'est un triste temps!"
I laughed and answered "Yes,"
Pressing the roses in my palms.
How could the roses guess?

She sang, "Madame est seule?" Her eye
Snapped like a rain-washed berry.
How could the solemn roses tell
Which of us was more merry?

She turned to go: she stopped to chat:
"Adieu," at last she cried.
"Mille mercis pour ces jolies fleurs!"...
At that the roses died.

The petals drooped, the petals fell,
The leaves hung crisped and curled.
And I stood holding my dead bouquet
In a dead world.

ELIZABETH STANLEY.
THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS

IMMEDIATE EXPERIENCE AND MEDITATION: AN INAUGURAL LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 20 NOVEMBER, 1919, BY HAROLD H. JOACHIM, WYKES PROFESSOR OF LOGIC. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR JOACHIM, who has succeeded Cook Wilson as Professor of Logic at Oxford, is chiefly known to the philosophical public in this country through his work on Spinoza and his book on the nature of truth. His writing is characterized always by modesty and candour: if his faith is unshakeable, that arises, not from self-confidence, but from reverence for the great men who have preceded him in holding the same opinions. The truth in philosophy, he apparently believes, is known: it is adumbrated in Plato, contained with some admixture of obscurity and error in Aristotle, and finally revealed to the world in the pages of Hegel. It is, therefore, not the business of a philosopher to seek new truth; his business is, rather, to defend our heritage against the attacks of erring innovators. Accordingly he disclaims, in his inaugural lecture, any novelty of method or result. "Nor is there," he tells us, "anything original in what I have to say. It is old, and perhaps for that reason apt to be forgotten and worth reviving."

The question chosen by Professor Joachim is the question in what sense, if any, our knowledge can be divided into two parts, one consisting of premises known by their immediate evidence, the other consisting of conclusions drawn from these premises according to the rules of logical inference. He quotes Aristotle and Descartes in support of this opinion, and then proceeds to give his own grounds for rejecting it, especially in the case of mathematical axioms and the so-called "laws of thought." He accuses Aristotle of inconsistency in maintaining that immediate premises must be immediate premises in the texture of knowledge and at the same time holding the views which he advocates as to the relation of premises to conclusion:

For if, as he steadily insists, the demonstrated conclusion is the fulfilment of its premises; if it is their realization, in which alone they attain their full significance: they cannot be self-contained, self-evident truths in their isolation.

He goes on to say that the process of mediation "is the unfolding of a germ—a natural development or growth; and there is, so to say, nothing in it which comes out at the end as it went in at the beginning. This depends upon the view which he shares with all Hegelians, that relations modify their terms, so that a proposition after it has been proved by its relation to certain premises is not the same proposition as it was when we first began to seek a proof of it. Similarly if you go to see a friend you cannot hope to find him, since your seeing him will change him. This is a useless doctrine, by the help of which much can be proved.

It is curious that Professor Joachim nevertheless admits, as a matter of practice, that there are fundamental principles, both in logic and in the special sciences, in a sense which has been abandoned both by students of modern logic and by men of science: "I doubt not anything could be intelligible, and there would be no same reasoning, unless there were certain conditions sine qua non of being and of Truth to which any and every fact and conjunction of facts, and any and every reasoning, are bound to conform. The unshakable, namely, for each special science or body of knowledge, there are certain more special and concrete conditions—conditions sine qua non of the intelligible, quasi-individual, wholes of Space, of Number, of Life, of Political Society.

He proceeds to a somewhat unfortunate instance:

Nevertheless, the evidence for such an axiom as that "two straight lines cannot enclose a space" is clearly overwhelming. Deny it—even doubt it—and the whole of plane geometry comes tumbling about your ears; and who shall say where the wreckage will stop, or what department of our knowledge would survive?

It is probable that (with the exception of Lhasa) there is no other university in the world where these words could have been written by a Professor of Logic. It has been known for over 60 years that the axiom in question is in no way necessary to plane geometry, and that without it self-consistent systems can be constructed which there is no reason, either empirical or a priori, to suppose false. On this all competent authorities have long been agreed; they have only been divided on the question whether the axiom is a mere convention or an empirical generalization known to have a certain approximate truth. The former view has increasingly prevailed; and Einstein's theory of gravitation has given some ground for supposing that Euclid's is not even the most convenient convention. Of all this, however, there is no hint in Aristotle or Hegel; therefore Oxford cannot take cognizance of it.

What applies to Euclid's axioms applies with equal force to other general scientific principles. Not one of them is essential to the existence of the science to which it applies. Not one of them has as much certainty as its application. The evidence for a general scientific principle, such as it is, is always derived from the special cases in which it is found to hold. From these it is in err by induction, a process for which, so far, no logical justification has been forthcoming. As for logic and the so-called "Laws of Thought," they are concerned with symbols; they give different ways of saying the same thing. It is for this reason that the truth of logical propositions can be known without studying the things to which they apply. The proposition "If Socrates is a man, then Socrates est un homme," can be known without studying Socrates, by merely knowing the English and French languages. In logical propositions it is the syntax, not the vocabulary, that is translated, but it remains the case that only an understanding of the language is necessary in order to know a proposition of logic.

Logic has made, during the last 60 years, greater advances than in the whole previous history of mankind. These advances have all been made by men whose training was predominantly scientific or mathematical, and have been opposed or ignored by orthodox philosophers. Three different directions may be mentioned in which work of fundamental importance has been done. (1) The mathematical logicians have revolutionized the technical formulation and procedure of logic, producing an instrument as much more powerful than the syllogism as an Atlantic liner is more powerful than a rowing boat. (2) The physicist, by destroying the confines of space, time and matter, have made visible the dependence of traditional philosophy upon many indefensible common-sense prejudices. (3) The psychologists, who derive their inspiration from biology and physiology, have thrown a flood of light upon the conception of meaning, which has hitherto been treated by philosophers in connexion with irrelevant ethical and quasi-theological conceptions. An understanding of these three kinds of modern work is indispensable to the student of logic. But official academic philosophy, now as at the time of the Renaissance, is engaged in the endeavour to keep alive an antiquated technique, and to ignore the new knowledge which is rendering old problems trivial. Philosophy is associated traditionally with two studies with which it has no essential affinity, namely, theology and Greek. If it is to become vital in our universities, it must come to be associated instead with science. But it would be almost as difficult to effect such a change as to carry through the Social Revolution.

B. R.

A series of public lectures on "The Life of the Ancient Greeks and Romans," will be given at University College, Gover Street, every Friday, at 5.30 p.m. Beginning on January 16.
EARLY SEMITIC MIGRATIONS
THE EMPIRE OF THE AMORITES. By A. T. Clay. Yale Oriental Series, Researches, Vol. VI. (Yale University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

WITH every sympathy towards research in new paths, an innate conservatism on this side of the Atlantic predisposes Englishmen against iconoclastic theories until they are well attested. Professor Clay sets forth in his preface his purpose of offering additional evidence to his previous thesis "Amurru," of showing that Ur of the Chaldees was very probably the capital of the Amorite Empire," and of demonstrating "that the generally accepted theory of the Arabian origin of the Semites is utterly baseless." When, however, on p. 30 he says that it is not his purpose to discuss or attempt to decide between contending scientists concerning the ultimate origin and gradual formation of the Semitic race, its separation from the so-called Hamito-Semitic race, the millenniums required to develop the striking racial difference, the conditions under which Semitic characters developed, and all other anthropological inquiries concerning the origin of Semitic society, how is the perplexed reader to understand him? To the present writer the two purposes are at variance: you cannot demonstrate that the Arabian origin is baseless, if you are not prepared to discuss all theories of the origin of the Semites. Any consideration of the migrations of primeval and early Semites demands a wide range of reading, and unless a scholar proposes to consider the problem from all points of view, his work must necessarily be one-sided. It is like playing a tune on the piano with one finger at a concert. When Professor Clay says that "the evidence of the early existence of the Amorites, as well as the proof of the futility of the Arabian theory, depends largely upon a study of names of countries, cities, temples, deities and persons," he closes his watertight compartments, and the conservative (but inquiring) mind wants to know captiously what other sciences say. He has, it is true, discussed to a certain extent some of the books which touch on these other subjects remote from those in which his own reputation was made, but has not, as it seems to us, a sufficiently close acquaintance with the original authorities for anthropology, ethnology, archaeology, or geography to carry out his investigations to full advantage. He admits the problems, but by his narrower thesis omits for a proper and full discussion, for instance, of the evidence of pre-dynastic Egyptian connection with Arabia, such as the admirable work of Petrie, Reisner, and Elliot Smith demands; or the effect of Sorgi's theory of a Mediterranean race; or of the invention of copper implements or the history of pottery; or of the question of the so-called Armenoid grafting on the Semitic stock which resulted apparently in the luxuriant beard of the Northern Semites.

These are but a few of the essentials of the complex data which must be considered before any conclusion approximating to scientific demands can be reached; and we do not believe that a scholar can be satisfactorily equipped for an answer until he has seen something of the countries themselves.

The archeology of the earliest inhabitants of the narrow tube of the Mesopotamian delta goes far to throw a glimmering of light on their early migrations. According to our present knowledge the earliest people there of whom we know the name were of the same stock as the Elamites who had originally migrated to the western border of Persia from Anan, east of the Caspian. These must have come down to the very south of Babylonia, between the Euphrates marshes and the Persian Gulf, from the Persian highlands as far west as they could stretch towards the north Arabian deserts. De Morgan assigns the date of their existence in Susa to about the fifth millennium B.C., and the pottery discovered by the present writer in Southern Babylonia (Eridu and Ur) can hardly have been begun at a much later period. These Babylonian Elamites were ousted about the end of the fourth millennium by the Sumerians, an entirely different race, who can therefore hardly be regarded as the same line as the Elamites with whom they were constantly at war; nor do De Morgan's earlier researches in the Caucasus offer any trustworthy hope that their origin is to be found in that direction. King was of opinion, when he wrote his History of Sumer and Akkad, that they had come over from the Eastern side; but there seems to be some ground for the view that they were in occupation of Kalah Sherghat at an early date, and if so it is conceivable that they followed the Tigris down for some of its length having come in north of the Elamites. There are many possibilities.

Contemporary with these Sumerians in historic times we find a Semitic race occupying Northern Babylonia, and so effectively blocking the entrance to the south by the river routes that the Sumerians die out for lack of successive immigrants. Clearly these Semites cannot have entered the river valleys from the south, for the Elamites and the Sumerians must have been in sturdy occupation there. Also it would be expected that the southernmost remains would show Semitic traces, which is not the case. They must therefore have entered above the Sumerians by some west, north-west, or northern direction, certainly at least by the fourth millennium. If therefore we could find evidence of an original and early civilization in the district which Professor Clay labels Amurru (from the Mediterranean sea eastwards across the Empire about the latitude of Cyprus) we should be inclined to admit the possibilities of the theory that an empire of Amurru existed here even to the fifth millennium, as demanded by him. But there is no reason to believe in such an early empire or civilization in this part, in our view. Professor Clay himself admits that there is no evidence of any native Amorite script, and surely, when the Babylonians were using a writing far earlier than any other Semites, it is not too much to postulate that "the great empire of the Amorites" should display an equal civilization. To suggest, as Professor Clay does, that the Amorites had a script of their own, which has now been lost on account of its having been used on perishable materials and in that case. Similarly, when he says that excavations have not been conducted as yet in the land of the Amorites except in Palestine, and "this is the least important part of the Empire of the Amorites," we are again not inclined to trust ourselves to evidence still underground, if any exists. Least of all do we like the equivalence of Amurru (=AWR) =Ur (of the Chaldees). Amurru may have been represented in late Aramaic doockets as AWR, but to maintain that the Hebrew Ur (written AWR) of the Chaldees has anything to do with it demands a tremendous battery of proof, and we are not satisfied that the author has produced it.

Leaving aside the question of the Amurru civilization and empire and its extreme age, however, we have to reckon certainly on some occupation by the Northern Semites in some such district as that in question, as has long been known. The linguistic and physical differences between the Northern and Southern Semites are so great that it is obvious that the parent stock divided a long time ago, but whether such a cleavage took place gradually and successively, or often, or suddenly, it is impossible to decide. The history of the migrations of Shammar and Aniazah in the eighteenth century A.D. perhaps affords a parallel. That such early divisions could be considered in terms of civilization or empire is exceedingly problematical; the Semites are a receptive race and very quick.
to adopt benefits from their neighbours, and it may well be that throughout their history from the very beginning we should seek parallels to the absorbed culture of both early Babylonians and the Caliphs of Baghdad.

Professor Clay's book thus gives the Orientalist much to consider, even from its somewhat limited view of the case. It shows a great amount of work by a scholar versed in cuneiform, especially the older script, but its subject must of necessity be dealt with almost entirely from scattered evidence in very many branches of learning. As, however, any estimate of this result can be but a personal opinion, we can only reiterate the opening sentence of this review.

R. CAMPBELL THOMPSON.

THE UNDENIABLE SHIVER

Six Ghost Stories. By Sir Thomas Graham Jackson, R.A
(Murray. 6s. net.)
A Thin Ghost, and Others. By Montague Rhodes James.
(Arnold. 4s. 6d. net.)

In its higher branches, fiction—which by what we mean ultimately both its writers and its readers—has become so self-conscious, especially within the last twenty years, that it is in danger of ceasing to be an art. The one good reason for writing a novel—that you have a story to tell—is overgrown and choked by irrelevant considerations. Sociology, psychology, economics, ethics—extremely interesting subjects when treated by experts—become extremely dull when treated by novelists in the pseudo-scientific manner. Taking the case of the 'psychological' novel, one may trace its dreary proliferation largely to the fact that one or two writers of genius have been psychologically imaginative. But Meredith and Henry James did not write "psychological" novels; having an almost incredibly good story to tell, they tell it. That is the essence of their greatness, as it is the essence of the greatness of Dostoevsky, Balzac and Dickens.

All arts, perhaps, have their origin in a humbler level of production which one may term craftsmanship, as the flower appears in its necessary relation to root, stalk, branch and leaf. The stonemason prepares the way for the sculptor; Beethoven emerges from a background of singing people and existing errand-boys. The craft of story-telling is still piled, among us, and here sap that fails to reach the upper branches still flowing vigorously, in fiction which does not quite touch the level of art, but is more closely related to it than is usually acknowledged. We may call it the literature of sensation, and assign the volumes before us to this class.

It seems reasonable to ask of a ghost story that it make us shiver; the tales contained in Sir T. G. Jackson's book do not achieve this end, even in so willing and easy a victim as the present reviewer. Ghosts, people and things, all are sawn here out of the same neutral material. The author's aptitude to strike the wrong note is sufficiently illustrated by the motto on the title-page: Dulce est despere in loco. The critical wink and smile are needed to assure us that the narrator does not take his fictions very seriously; he can expect no more of his readers.

The undeniable shiver these six ghost stories fail to give us is provoked by Dr. James's book, which is quite another pair of dead men's shoes. In the five stories of "A Thin Ghost, and Others," Dr. James has used once more the kind of settings with which the "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary" familiarized us; and not less felicitously here than in the earlier collections. His sureness of touch in describing or suggesting his stage accessories has a preliminary effect upon the reader, most favourable to the production of the state of mind he wishes to bring about. The repairs in the Cathedral at Southminster, the auction-room in which Mr. Poynter's manuscript diary was sold, the ecclesiastical atmosphere of the residence at Whit-
PICTURES AND PORTRAITS

Personalities. Twenty-four drawings by Edmond X. Kapp.
(Secer. 21s. net boards, 68s. net cl.)

THERE are two buildings on the same promontory of pavement, washed by the same incessant tide—the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery. In order to enter either it is only necessary to pass through a turnstile, and, on some days of the week, to part with a sixpenny bit. But always, on the paving stone at the doorway, it seems as if the pressure of humanity glued you to its side. As easily might a pitchfork leap from the shawl and join the free spirits of dolphins as a single individual ascend those steps and enter those doors. The current of the crowd, so swift and deep, the omnibuses swimming bravely on the surface, here a little string of soldiers caught in an eddy, there a hearse, next a pantenchnicon van, then the discreet coach of royalty, followed by a black cell upon wheels with a wander at the grating,—all this, floated along in a stream of sound at once continuous and broken up into a kind of rough music, makes it vain to think of pictures. They are too still, too silent.

It would never occur to anyone with a highly developed plastic sense to think of painting as the silent art. Yet that perhaps is at the root of the ordinary English regard for portraits. There they hang as if the passage of centuries had left them indifferently. In private stress or public disaster we can wring no message from them. What they see across the room I am not sure: perhaps some gondola in Venice hundreds of years ago. But let who can and will indulge his fancy thus; the little token, the penny bunch of violets brought in from the street, is silently rejected. Our loves, our desires, the moment's eagerness, the passing problem, receive no sort of sympathy or solution. Under the solemn stare we fade and dwindle and dissolve. Yet it cannot be denied that our resurrection, should it come to pass, is singularly august. We rise, purged and purified; deprived, it is true, of a tongue, but free from the impertinences and solicitations of that too animated and active member. The silence is hollow and vast as that of a cathedralseome. After the first shock and chill those used to deal in words seek out the pictures with the least of language about them—canvases taciturn and congealed like emerald or aquamarine—landscapes hollowed from transparent stone, green hillsides, skies in which the clouds are eternally at rest. Let us wash the roofs of our eyes in colour; let us dive till the deep seas close above our heads. That these sensations are not aesthetic becomes evident soon enough, for, after a prolonged dumb gaze, the very paint on the canvas begins to distil itself into words—sluggish, slow-dropping words that would, if they could, stain the page with colour; not writers' words, but it is not our business to define what sort of words they are; we are only concerned to prove our unfitness to review the caricatures of Mr. Kapp. His critics are all agreed that he combines the gifts of the artist with those of the caricaturist. We have nothing to say of the artist, but having the National Portrait Gallery in mind, perhaps it may not be presumptuous to approach him from that point of view.

It needs an effort, but scarcely a great one, to enter the National Portrait Gallery. Sometimes indeed an urgent desire to identify one among the dead sends us post haste to its portals. The case we have in mind is that of Mrs. John Stuart Mill. Never was there such a paragon among women. Noble, magnanimous, inspired, thinker, reformer, saint, she possessed every gift and every virtue. One thing alone she lacked, and that, no doubt, the National Portrait Gallery could supply. She had no face. But the National Portrait Gallery, interrogated, wished to be satisfied that the inquirer was dependent upon a soldier; pensions they provided, not portraits; and thus set adrift in Trafalgar Square once more the student might reflect upon the paramount importance of faces. Without a face Mrs. John Stuart Mill was without a soul. Had her husband spared three lines of eulogy to describe her personal appearance we should hold her in memory. Without eyes or hair, cheeks or lips, her stupendous genius, her consummate virtue, availed her nothing. She is a mist, a wraith, a misma of anonymous merit. The face is the thing. Therefore we turn eagerly, though we have paused too long about it, to see what faces Mr. Kapp provides for the twenty-three gentlemen and the one old lady whom he calls "Persons of importance."

There is very little of the anonymous about any of the twenty-four. There is scarcely a personality, from Mr. Bernard Shaw to Mrs. Grundy, whom we have not seen in the flesh. We turn the pages, therefore, to see not what their bodies look like, but whether Mr. Kapp can add anything to our estimate of their souls. We look, in particular, at the portraits of Lord Morley and of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Years ago Lord Morley shook the hand that writes these words. Whether he was Chief Secretary for Ireland or Prime Minister of England was a matter of complete indifference to a child; a child, presumably, was less than nothing whatever to him. But his manner—cordial, genial, quick, as if stepping forward from a genuine impulse of friendliness—has never ceased to shed lustre upon every mention of his name. Where is the handshake in Mr. Kapp's portrait? The lean, smoke-dried pedant's face looks as if scored upon paper by a pen clogged and corroded, as pens are in advertisements, with old ink. It may be so; to Mr. Kapp it must be so: the handshake, perhaps, could only be rendered by a wash of sepia, which would have spoiled the picture as a work of art. Then there is Mr. Bernard Shaw. Gazing from the gallery of some dismal gas-lit hall, one has seen him, often enough, alert, slight, erect, as if combating in his solitary person the forces of inertia and stupidity massed in a sea upon the floor. On a nearer glance, he appeared much of a knight-crant, cadid, indeed innocent of aspect; a Don Quixote born in the Northern mists—shrewd, that is to say, rather than romantic. Mr. Kapp has the legendary version—the diabolic, Moustache and eyebrows are twisted into points. The fingers are contorted into stamping hooves. There is no hint of blue in the eye. But again one must remember the limitations of black and white. It is a question of design, texture, handwriting, the relation of this with that, of art in short, which we pass by with our eyes shut. When we know little or nothing about the subject, and thus have no human or literary susceptibilities to place, the effect is far more satisfactory. That "The Physician" (Mr. Masterman) has the long body cut into segments and the round face marked with alarming black bars of the Oak Eggar caterpillar, we find it easy and illuminating to believe. There is something sinister about him; he swarms rapidly across roads; he smudges when crushed; he devours leaf after leaf. "The Bishop" (the Bishop of Norwich) is equally symbolical. He is emitting something sonorous through an oblong slit of a mouth; you can almost hear the heavy particle descending through the upper stories of the elongated countenance until it pops with a hollow click out of the orifice. The Duke of Devonshire for all the world resembles a seal skulking from the sea; his mouth pursed to a button signifies a desire for mackerel. But the mackerel he is offered is not fresh, and, tossing himself wearily backwards, he flops with a yawning into the depths. By what sleight of hand Mr. Kapp has conveyed the fact that the golden thread extracted by Sir Henry Wood from the sound of the Queen's Hall Orchestra is really a hair from his soup we do not know. The truth of the suggestion, however unpleasant, is
undeniable. But words, words! How inadequate you are! How weary one gets of you! You will always be saying too much or too little! Oh to be silent! Oh to be a painter! Oh (in short) to be Mr. Kapp! — V. W.

A WORDSWORTH ANTHOLOGY

WORDSWORTH: AN ANTHOLOGY. Edited, with a Preface, by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. (R. Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. 6d. net.)

To regard Wordsworth critically, impersonally, is to some of us a rather difficult matter. With the disintegration of the solid orthodoxies Wordsworth became for many intelligent liberal-minded families the Bible of that sort of pantheism, that dim faith in the existence of a spiritual world, which filled, somewhat inadequately, the place of the older dogmas. Brought up as children in the Wordsworthian tradition, we were taught to believe that a Sunday walk among the hills was somehow equivalent to church-going; the First Lesson was to be read among the clouds, the Second in the primroses; the birds and the running waters sang hymns, and the whole blue landscape preached a sermon of moral evil and of good.' From this dim religious education we brought away a not very well-informed veneration for the name of Wordsworth, a dutiful conviction about the spirituality of Nature in general, and an extraordinary superstition about mountains in particular—a superstition that it took at least three seasons of Alpine Sports to dissipate entirely. Consequently, on reaching men's estate, when we actually came to read our Wordsworth, we found it extremely difficult to apprehend his greatness, so many veils of preconceived ideas had to be pushed aside, so many inveterate deflections of vision allowed for. However, it became possible at last to look at Wordsworth as a detached phenomenon in the world of ideas and not as part of the family tradition of childhood.

Like many philosophers, and especially philosophers of a mystical tinge of thought, Wordsworth based his philosophy on his emotions. The conversion of emotions into intellectual terms is a process that has been repeated a thousand times in the history of the human mind. We feel a powerful emotion before a work of art, therefore it partakes of the divine, is a reconstruction of the idea of which the object is a reflection. Love moves us deeply, therefore human love is a type of divine love. Nature in her various aspects inspires us with fear, joy, contentment, despair, therefore nature is a soul that expresses anger, sympathy, love and hatred. One could go on indefinitely multiplying examples of the way in which man objectifies the kingdoms of heaven and hell that are within him. The process is often a dangerous one. The mystic who feels within himself the stirrings of inenarrable emotions is not content with these emotions as they are in themselves. He feels it necessary to invent a whole cosmogony that will account for them. To him this philosophy will be true, in so far as it is an expression in intellectual terms of these emotions. But to those who do not know these emotions at first hand, it will be simply misleading. The mystical emotions have what may be termed a conduct value; they enable the man who feels them to live his life with a serenity and confidence unknown to other men. But the philosophical terms in which these emotions are expressed have not necessarily any truth value. This mystical philosophy will be valuable only in so far as it revives, in the minds of its students, those conduct-affecting emotions which originally gave it birth. Accepted at its intellectual face value, such a philosophy may not only have no worth; it may be actually harmful.

Into this beautifully printed volume Mr. Cobden-Sanderson has gathered together most of the passages in Wordsworth's poetry which possess the power of reviving the emotions that inspired them. It is astonishing to find that they fill the best part of two hundred and fifty pages, and that there are still plenty of poems—"Peter Bell!" for example—that one would like to see included. "The Prelude" yields a rich tribute of what our ancestors would have called "beauties." There is that astonishing passage in which the poet describes how, as a boy, he rowed by moonlight across the lake:

And, as I rose upon the stroke, my bote
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep still then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge.
As if with voluntary power instinc
Uperced its head, I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered rough and me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion, like a living thing,
Strode after me.

There is the history of that other fearful moment when
I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, and scene
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

And there are other passages telling of nature in less awful and menacing aspects, nature the giver of comfort and strong serenity. Reading these we are able in some measure to live for ourselves the emotions that were Wordsworth's. If we can feel his "shadowy exaltations," we have got all that Wordsworth can give us. There is no need to read the theology of his mysticism, the pantheistic explanation of his emotions. To Peter Bell a primrose by a river's brink was only a yellow primrose. Its beauty stirred in him no feeling. But one can be moved by the sight of the primrose without necessarily thinking, in the words of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's preface, of "the infinite tenderness of the infinitely great, of the infinitely great which, from out the infinite and amid its own stupendous tasks, stoops to strove in man, the infinitely little, with sunshine and with flowers." This is the theology of our primrose emotion. But it is the emotion itself which is important, not the theology. The emotion has its own powerful conduct value, whereas the philosophy derived from it, suspiciously anthropocentric, possesses, we should imagine, only the smallest value as truth.

A. L. H.

IRELAND THE OUTPOST, By Grenville A. J. Cole. (Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)—We have become much accustomed of late to hearing disputed historical and political questions decided (to the satisfaction of the decider) by an appeal to the verdict of this or that science. The Middle Ages were wont to appeal to the theological verdict interpreted in a national sense. Thus the French chronicler would write of "Gesta Dei per Francos," "the doings of God—with the assistance of the French," and in our own day we have heard something of the same kind, though with a significant shifting of the emphasis: "Gesta Germaniae per Deum," "the doings of Germany—with the assistance of God." But the modern appeal is more usually to one or other of the natural or political sciences, biology, anthropology, political economy or the like. The present writer calls in geology. And the Muse Geologia rises to the occasion and shows herself a good Unionist.

For, so far as this pamphlet is something more than an interesting and valuable statement of the geological structure of Ireland and an ingenious account of the course of Irish history, it is an attempt to suggest that the present political relation between Ireland and England is a necessary corollary of the geographical relation between Ireland and Europe. This is not a very convincing argument, since obviously it is not Ireland alone, but the British Isles that are the outpost of Europe, and, if geology is to determine political arrangements, those islands should be governed by a dominant European Power.
DRAGONFLIES

**BLINDMAN.** By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. net.)

**NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.** By Eleanor Mordaunt. (Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.)

**INTERIM.** By Dorothy Richardson. (Duckworth. 7s. net.)

ashtra can tell, watching the dragonfly, at what point in its swift angular flight it will suddenly pause and hover, quivering over this or that? The strange little jerk—the quivering moment of suspension—we might almost fancy they were the signs of a minute inward shock of recognition felt by the dragonfly. "There is something here; something here for me. What is it?" it seems to say. And then, at the same instant, it is gone. Away it darts, glancing over the deep pool until another floating water-goose but or tangle of shadowy weed attracts it, and again it is still, curious, hovering over.

But this behaviour, enchanting though it may be in the dragonfly, is scarcely adequate when adopted by the writer of fiction. Nevertheless, there are certain modern authors who do not appear to recognize its limitations. For them the whole art of writing consists in the power with which they are able to register that faint inward shock of recognition. Glancing through life they make the discovery that there are certain experiences which are, as it were, peculiarly theirs. There is a quality in the familiarity of these experiences or in their strangeness which evokes an immediate mysterious response—a desire for expression. But now, instead of going any further, instead of attempting to relate their "experiences" to life or to see them against any kind of background, these writers are, as we see them, content to remain in the air, hovering over, as if the thrilling moment were enough and more than enough. Indeed, far from desiring to explore it, it is as though they would guard the secret for themselves as well as for us, so that when they do dart away all is as untouched, as unbroken as before.

But what is the effect of this kind of writing upon the reader? How is he to judge the importance of one thing rather than another if each is to be seen in isolation? And is it not rather cold comfort to be offered a share in a secret on the express understanding that you do not ask what the secret is—more especially if you cherish the unconfessed suspicion that the author is no wiser than you, that the author is in love with the secret and would not discover it if he could?

Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne is a case in point. In these short stories which she has published under the title of "Blindman" we have the impression that what she wishes to convey is not the event itself, but what happens immediately after. That is, one might say, her moment—when the party is over and the lights are turned down, but the room is still left just as it was with the chairs in little groups, with somebody’s flowers left to wither, with a scrap of the paper on the floor that somebody has dropped. One might almost fancy that there still lingered in the air the vibration of voices and music—that the mirrors still held the style of shadows that has happened without disturbing anything, without letting in any more light and, as far as possible, adding nothing—that would seem to be the author’s desire. But she is so fearful lest the atmosphere of her story be broken by a harsh word or a loud footfall that she is ever on the point of pulling down another blind, silently locking another door, holding up a warning finger and tip-toeing away until the reader feels himself positively bewildered. His bewilderment is not decreased by the queer sensation that he shares it with the author and that she would not have it less. "There is something here—something strange..." But does she ever get any nearer to the strange thing than that? We feel that she is so content with the strangeness, with the fascination of just hinting, just suggesting, that she loses sight of all else.

Mrs. Eleanor Mordaunt’s latest book, “Old Wine in New Bottles,” is a collection of short stories likewise. But never, never could she be accused of dropping the bone to grasp the shadow. This is a book without a shadow, without—for all its obese Chinamen, foul opium dens, prostitutes, negroes, criminals, squallid cafes, murders at sea and lecherous Prussian officers—a hint of strangeness. It would be interesting to know Mrs. Eleanor Mordaunt’s opinion of these stories. Are they merely the expression of her contempt for the public taste? We cannot think so. She has catered for it too lavishly, too cunningly—she has even set new dishes before it with unfamiliar spices. But on the other hand she can hardly agree with the publishers’ announcement that these pretentious, preposterous stories are "vibrating with the common passions of humanity." Let us examine one which is typical of them all. It is called “Peepers All.” Rhoda Keyes is a girl in a jam factory. She is beautiful—with her yellow hair... the creamy pillow of her neck, the full curve of her breast in the flimsy blouse, the shapely hips beneath the tight sheath skirt.” She lives with her man, who is a sailor, in a first-floor room opposite a Chinaman’s shop. Every afternoon at five o’clock she comes home, strips to the waist, carefully washes herself, and then changes her clothes before going off for a lark in the street with her pals. Now it happens that the filthy, fat old Chinaman can see into her bedroom, so every afternoon he sits looking through the blind. “More than once he put out the tip of his tongue and licked his lips; the handkerchief on his nose opened and shut.” He is not the only spectator. Unknown to him, his two friends, Fleischmann, a German Jew, in the White Slave Traffic, and Randor, an Eurasian, share the exhibition, and all three of them determine to seduce the innocent, careless, heedless Rhoda. They are repulsed, and in their anger confide in each other and arrange that she shall be lured to the Chinaman’s room and discovered there by her husband. But at the last moment her place is taken by a poor cripple, wearing her hat and coat, who receives the blow meant for Rhoda, and dies murmuring: “Greater love—eh, dearie me, ‘ow does it go, I’ve lost a bit—but summut—summut o’ this sort—ter lay down is life fur—fur the paws.”

We protest that such a story, such a mixture of vulgarity, absurdity and ugliness, is an insult to any public that can spell its letters.

"Interim," which is the latest slice from the life of Miriam Henderson, might almost be described as a nest of short stories. There is Miriam Henderson, the box which holds them all, and really it seems there is no end to the number of smaller boxes that Miss Richardson can make her contain. But "Interim" is a very little one indeed. In it Miriam is enclosed in a Bloomsbury boarding-house, and though she receives, as usual, shock after shock of inward recognition, they are produced by such things as well-browned mutton, gas jets, varnished drawers, mutton, varnished drawers. During her life, hovering, exulting in the familiarity and the strangeness of all that comes within her tiny circle, she leaves us feeling, as before, that everything being of equal importance to her, it is impossible that everything should not be of equal unimportance.

K. M.

The University of Nancy, untouched until the Armistice negotiations were actually in progress, was struck by an incendiary shell on October 31, 1918, and in the resulting conflagration 160,000 volumes were destroyed. A number of the leading British publishing houses have most generously given copies of their publications, thus contributing substantially towards the reconstitution of the British department of the Library. Anyone wishing to supplement these contributions should address the Universities Bureau, 50, Russell Square, W.C.1.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS A MYSTIC

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE PRACTICAL MYSTIC. By Francis Grierson. With an Introduction by John Drinkwater. (Lane. 5s. net.)

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HE mystic has this advantage over the metaphysician or the moralist: he cannot be argued with. He sees. A myopic world is informed as to what he sees, and there the matter ends.

Take, for instance, a certain engraving of Blake's for Dante's "Inferno." The engraving represents four fiends with cruel faces torturing a soul in hell. Good! Four fiends with cruel faces torturing a soul in hell: the ordinary non-mystical person examines the engraving, muses vaguely, it may be, on medieval theology, and passes on without an afterthought. Not so the mystic. Mr. Grierson writes:

The face of the chief devil, who is not actually engaged in the torture, but is an eager and interested spectator, might easily be taken for a portrait of the German Emperor. As suggested by W. F. Bourdillon, the familiar upturned moustachios have puzzled Blake in his visit. He represented them as tusks growing from the corners of the mouth—it is to be noted that this fiend alone among the four has tusks.

As evidence of the quality of Mr. Grierson's mystica vision, this quotation might seem sufficient. But as it is irrelevant to the subject of this book, Abraham Lincoln, it may be as well to extract a passage to show how Lincoln himself is illumined by Mr. Grierson's mystical search-light:

Everything is related to everything else. In 1838 a new party came into being headed by the prophet from the wilderness, who was as much a phenomenon in the human world as the comet of that year was in the starry heavens—an apparition first observed by the Florentine astronomer, Donati... Its advent [Donati's comet] was as unexpected as Lincoln [here follows a description of the comet]... Such was the celestial apparition that ushered in the new party which was to support Abraham Lincoln and send him to the White House.

No wonder Mr. Grierson cries, "A mystical epoch is upon us"... no wonder, too, that he is impatient with commonplace attempts to explain Lincoln's achievement: it is futile [he writes] to continue to harp on Lincoln's political acumen, to admire his biographical stories, his judgment of individuals, his poverty, his disregard of the conventional, as causes of his greatness.

We would ask Mr. Grierson one question. Admitting that the appearance of Donati's comet and the appearance of Abraham Lincoln as the leader of a new party were directly related to each other, how does this admission assist us to a better understanding of Abraham Lincoln? No one disputes that, Lincoln was a man of extraordinary genius. Had the moon revealed its hidden side on the day of Lincoln's birth, or, contrariwise, had Donati's comet postponed its arrival till the General Election of 1918, our feeling that Lincoln possessed extraordinary genius would be unaffected. No one wants to be convinced, astronomically or otherwise, that Lincoln was remarkable. It is his portrait, not his horoscope, that we desire.

Mr. Grierson, however, is not a portrait painter. One cannot be everything. Astrologer, mystic, and prophet, when he gets hold of a metaphor he may be relied upon to keep it unixed—for example: "The war has crushed the juice out of the orange on the tree of pleasure, and nothing is left but the peel, over which materialism is slipping to its doom."

H. K. L.

An important reorganisation of architectural societies in Scotland has just been completed. The independent societies which previously existed have united to form the Institute of Scottish Architects, with five Chapters at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen and Inverness. The first President of the new body is Mr. William Kelly, A.R.S.A., of Aberdeen. The constitution and by-laws have been approved, and the new body has been admitted as an allied society under the provisions of the charter of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The following books are among recent accessions to the Library of the British Museum:—Augustinus Datus, eloquentiae praecepta, Phil. de Lavagna, Milan, 1475.—Albertus de Eyb, margarita poetica [Stephanus Plannck, Rome], 1430. A handsome folio printed in double columns, and mentioned in the second list of books recorded of the press at Plancck, whose output otherwise consisted almost entirely of small thin quarto.—Salterium latinum, Petrus Levet, Paris, 1488-9.—Auctoritas Aristotelis, Senecae, &c. [Richardus Pafract], Deventer, 1489.—Robertus Gaguinus, de mundissima B.V.M. concepione [Petrus Levet], Paris, "M. cccc. nno... [i.e. 1489 ?]. With a second part, containing the commentary of Carolus Fernandau... [Garcia de Valdavilas, binder]... a cum glossa Monachi Lombardi, Petrus Levet, Paris, 1490. Nothing seems to be known concerning the author of this gloss, several editions of which were printed in France in the fifteenth century. The present is the first copy of any of these to find its way into the Museum Library.—Modus legendi in utroque irre, Petrus Levet, Paris, 1480.—Boethius, de consolatione philosophiae cum commento, Jacobus de Breda, Deventer, 1491.—Jacobus Lupi Rebello, tractatus qui dictatur fructus sacramento poenitentiae, Guido Mercatorius, Paris, "M. cccc. cxiiij" [i.e. 1494].—Vergilii, bacullia cum commento familiarissimo, Henricus Quentell, Cologne, 1485.—Robertus Gaguinus, de mundissima B.V.M. concepione, et alio, ad signum capitii diui Dionysii [for Durandus Gerlier, Paris, c. 1495].—Isidorus de Iosanis, de regnum principum omnium institutis, Petrus Martyr et fratres de Monteageli, Milan [c. 1500].—Historia nuda del bienaventurado doctor san Hieronymo con el libro de su transito, &c., Georgius Coci, Saragossa, 1514. With two woodcuts.—Summa cuiusdam [sic] universi et magnitudinis Margarita confessorum, Seville, 1526.—Enchiridion suum manuale Pratrum Minorum, Joannes Varela, Seville, 1535.—Antonio de Aranda, veridica informacion de la Tierra Santa, Juan de Ayala, Toledo, 1537. With woodcuts.—Fernando Diaz de Valdepeñas, Suma de notas copiosas, J. de Medina, Toledo, 1545.—Juan Ignacio, Historia de la cortes de las Juana de Castilla, Salamanca, 1543.—Thomas Phaer, the regiment of life, Edward Whitchurch, London, 1550.—John Venaesus, a notable oration in defence of the sacrament of the altar, pronounced before the University of Paris in 1537, translated by John Bullingham, John Cawood, London, 1534. The "John Venaesus" of the title-page has not been identified, and the real author is perhaps Bullingham himself.—Fernando de Texeda, Texeda recetxius, or the Spanish monk his bill of divorce against the Church of Rome, T. S. for Robert Mylbourne, London, 1623.—A true Relation of a brave English stragel practised lately upon a sea-town in Galiza, printed for John Outham, London, 1565.—Marchius Polydore, De officiis hominum, Dantisio, Galateo Espanol, or the Spanish gallant, done into English by William Style, E. G. for William Lee, London 1640.—James Holder, the peaman's recreation, or a coppybook newly published, engraved by Edward Cocke, John Overton, London, 1673.—William Congreve, the double dealer, Jacob Tonson, London, 1694, and the old batchelour, Peter Buck, London, 1683. The first edition in each case.

The Supreme Adventure. By Mercedes MacAndrew. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)—It is not easy to see why people should want to rewrite the Gospels. They have been criticized as history, but they are above criticism as literature. Visionaries like Sister Katherine Emmerich, who have seen the Passion re-enacted in trances, have won the attention even of sceptical critics by the vividness of their experiences, and George Moore has claimed the licence of genius to produce a Fifth Gospel which captures the charm, but loses the majesty, of the original four. But it would be more within the power of the author of "The Supreme Adventure to write a commentary on the life of Christ than to write a "new" version of the Gospels. Mr. MacAndrew would have found ample scope in that. When St. John says of Judas at the Last Supper, "He then, having received the sop, went out straightway; and it was night," nothing is really gained by adding "And night, and night, black night, within the heart of that 'son of perdition,'" which is a sample of the author's way of writing.
BOOK SALES

On Tuesday, December 16, Messrs Sotheby sold exceedingly choice, rare and valuable books from the Britwell Court Library, the chief prices being: Shakespeare, Venus and Adonis, 1599; The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599; Sir J. Davies and C. Marlow, Epigrammas, n.d. (1598), in one volume, from the Lamott Hall Library, £3,100; Nothing, 1600, £1,400. King Richard III., 1594, £2,000 (this is the foundation play of Shakespeare's drama). Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, 1623, £2,360; Shakespeare's Tragedies, £4,200.


The total of the sale was £110,356.

On Wednesday, December 17, and the two following days, Messrs Sotheby sold a large portion of printed books, including the property of the late Mr. P. F. Pittar, the late Mr. James Howell, the Earl Waldegrave, and his Honor Judge Granger, the chief prices being: Burns, autograph MS. of his poem The Bonnie Monarch, £1,153. Shakespeare, five autograph letters, £95. Rimel, his holograph will with four codicils, £255. Seven rare Elizabethan tracts formerly in the library of Gabriel Harvey, £780. Peele, G., Merry Conceited Jests, n.d. (1620) £108. Shelley, autograph MS. of his ode To the Cuckoo, £1,475. Baths, autograph MS. of his essay On the Life and Writings of John S. of Oxford and Wynkyn de Worde, £255. Martyn, P., The Decades of the Newe World, 1588, £100. Chaucer, Kelmscott Press edition, 1896, £363. Alken, H., National Sports 1821, £150. A collection of the works of Banyan in 47 lots, £225. Horne French, 18th-century MS., £235. A present writer read it greedily from cover to cover, and sympathized with Dr. James: he was in the sale-room when St. Margaret's Gospel were sold, and had not enough money to buy them, cheap as they went. The only return we can make to the author is to suggest an amendment on p. 9. "Hernogius" must surely be Juvencus, the Base reader to whom we owe the first edition of most of the works of Bede. We wonder whether the story of the Eton Athanasius will help in tracing the "vetusta, obscura, lectu difficilia, interdum etiam depravata, perverse scripta" ninth- to tenth-century MSS. of Bede from which he printed the hymns and scientific treatises of which he claims to be the only author. The story of the dispersion of manuscripts is a sad one, but we in England have on the whole rather profited by it, and many of our own treasures sold abroad at the Reformation returned in the next few years. The series of "Helps for Students of History" has several useful and well-written handbooks on its list, but none more inspiring to the beginner in the study of manuscripts: it warns him of the importance of little things.
what satisfactory answer could be returned to the objection. Here we have the first glimpse of the remarkable combination of qualities with which it was found necessary to dowser the aether. The mathematical examination of the properties of the aether, undertaken by such men as Xavier, Cauchy, Poisson, Green, was continually leading to queer and unsatisfactory results, unsatisfactory, that is, in the light of our experience of the properties of matter. Cauchy, in particular, deduced a number of remarkable physical properties which were irreconcilable with one another, although one of his theories, that of the aether considered as a kind of fluid, accounted for most of the known facts.

With the rise of Maxwell's electromagnetic theory, the elastic solid aether received less attention. Maxwell himself, in his great treatise, gives no mechanical explanation of his theory; he merely shows that an infinite number of mechanical explanations are possible. With the publication of Einstein's first principle of relativity in 1905, however, the aether began to disappear; and now, with the generalized theory of relativity, it has become a mere ghost. There are still sturdy champions of the aether, and, indeed, it seems a pity to have to abandon the mechanical explanations it promised. But possibly the attempt to find dynamical explanations of this kind doomed to failure; perhaps, after all, nature is not flexible enough, and we cannot say what a science is in another direction. It is towards a more abstract class of theories altogether—those which tell us nothing about the mechanism of a process, but tell us the principles the process must obey. Such theories effect a vast unification of knowledge. They are magnificently comprehensive, and it is possible that they contain all that we can really know, although men will long be reluctant to abandon all hope of ever approaching reality with the intimacy that the theory of the aether seemed to promise.

S.

SOCITIES

ARTHISTOTELIAN.—December 15.—Professor A. X. Whitehead in the chair.—Dr. G. E. Moore read a paper on "External and Internal Relations". The most important part of what is meant by: those who say that no relations are purely external seems to be the proposition that every relational property belongs necessarily to every term to which it belongs in part. This proposition is false, the truth being that some only and not all relational properties belong necessarily to the terms which possess them. To say that the property P belongs necessarily to the subject S is to say that from the proposition holding in general, it follows that if A is opposite to B, then A is necessarily opposite to B. And this has been falsely taken to be true of every P and every S, because it is in fact true that from the proposition "S is P" it follows that any term A which has not got P is true, and it follows that A is numerically different from S. And this has been falsely taken to be true of every P and every S, because it is in fact true that from the proposition "S is P" it follows that any term A which has not got P, if true, then the conjunction "q is true and r false" must be false, and compared with the proposition that, if p is true, then the conjunction "q is true and r false" is necessarily false in the sense that r follows from q. From this, the proposition that, if p is true, then the conjunction "q is true and r false" it follows that "q is true and r false" it does not follow that, if p is true, then r follows from q.

GEOLOGICAL.—December 17.—Mr. G. W. Lampugh, President, in the chair.

The Secretary read a communication (received from the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies) from Brigadier-General G. J. John, on address to the Secretary for Defence, Melbourne, and describing a severe earthquake-shock experienced in Holland on the morning of May 7, 1919. The General wrote: "Ordinary earth-tremors are of such common occurrence here that they do not even draw comment. But during the exceptionally wet season, there had been a marked absence of "gouirys" (as the natives call these shocks) for several weeks. Whether the shock, in question was the result of the long-drawn energy thereby consumed, or not, is a fact that is not more likely to come up more or less in the immunity. The morning of the 7th was marked by an extraordinary vivid sunrise, and many natives affirmed that the vivid colour in the sky foretold the earthquake. None of them, however, appear to have actually felt the shock, which was not felt very severely on Canaanula Hill, outside Rakah, upon the summit of which Government House is built. The two portions of the building, connected by a wide gangway, rocked in opposite directions, until persons on the veranda had all the sensations of being tossed about in a gale at sea... When the earthquake subsided, most of the houses built on the hill presented an extraordinary appearance, the supports being tilted at all angles. Heavy 1000-gallon tanks were rolled over like toys, and our Government Printing Office was completely wrecked. These earthquakes appear to be closely associated with the volcanic belt in this region, and the earthquake on the 7th was followed by great activity in the sulphur-springs at the foot of Mount Mather, the green fumes spreading over the town of about 6,000. A vivid wave of some magnitude was experienced at Kokopo, where the s.s. "Niva" was compelled to pull hastily to sea, so as not to be swept on to the beach."

The Secretary then read a communication from Dr. Reginald Lumjumpire concerning a raised bench at South Hill, St. Helier (Jersey) of which a description was originally published by the late Dr. Andrew Dunlop in J. G. S. vol. xix. (1903) pp. 523-5.

In the absence of Professor S. James Aylard, his paper entitled "The yacht in Western Persia" was read by Mr. R. D. Oldham, The President, Sir Jethro Fedd and Professor W. W. Wat. offered some observations on the paper.

A cast of an Italian silver issue medal of Leonello Pio, Count of Capri, dating from about A.D. 1509, and bearing on its reverse a design representing a volcano in eruption (Vesuvius), was exhibited by Mr. C. Davies Shepherd.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—December 18.—Sir Henry H. Howorth, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. G. F. Hill read a paper entitled "The Mint of Crosgaull Abbey," by Dr. George Macdonald, who was unable to be present. Recent excavations at Crosgaull "(Gravegill)," the monastery in Ayrshire, founded in 1224, and endowed by the Scottish kings with extraordinary privileges, resulted in the discovery in a latrine-drain of a large number of small objects, some of a miscellaneous character, some of a narrowly restricted nature. A portion of a mint: large quantities of small tags of brass, needles, portions of thin sheets, etc., as well as objects and pieces of copper and lead, together with 107 coins of billon, bronze or copper and brass. The coins are (a) contemporary imitations of pennies of James III, 1323-4, and of various kings, of James IV, including 20 which are combination of the obverse of one type with the reverse of another; (b) 31 copper pennies bearing a cross on one side and a regal orb on the other; and the (c) 46 foreign coins. The importance of these findings is increased by the fact that the coins have been found in Scotland, though they have hitherto been attributed to one or other James of Aragon. They were clearly minted at Crosgaull, the types having a punning significance. They and the farthing are the only known instances in Great Britain of an abbey coinage, such as is very frequent on the Continent, e.g., at Chivy. The inscription "Moneta Pauperum" shows that the coins were intended to provide small change for the special benefit of the poor, like the seventeenth-century tokens. The mint was possibly suppressed by James IV. In the discussion that followed, Mr. C. R. Peers, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Gruber, Miss Farquhar, Colonel Morrison and Sir Henry Howorth took part.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 9, Malacological, 6.
Philo logical, 8.—"The Perception of Sound," Dr. W. Perrett.
Sat. 10, Royal Institution, 3. —"Sound in War," Professor J. W. Briggs (Christmas Lecture).
Mon. 12, Geographical (Lowther Lodge), 5. —Dr. Williams' Library (41, Gordon Square, W.4), 6. —"The Analysis of Mind," Lecture IX, Mr. Bertrand Russell.
Surveyors' Institution, 8.
Tues. 13, Royal Institution, 3.—"The Miner's Safety Lamp."—Sir John Franklin.
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15. —"The Outrider of Indonesian Canoes," Dr. V. C. Haddon.
Wed. 14, Keio's "History and Study of Naval History," Professor J. Holland Rose.
Thurs. 15, Royal Institution, 3. —"Renaissance in Music in Italy and England," Lecture I, Dr. R. C. Levy.
Linnean Society of London, 4th. —"Illustration during Four Centuries," The General Secretary.
University College, S. —"The Origin of Ornamental Design, Mr. H. S. Sperling.
Fine Arts

THE MORAL FACTOR IN ART

HAROLD GILMAN was a failure as a painter, in the sense that his achievement fell short of his intentions. He was a failure in the sense that Courbet was a failure and Cézanne was a failure, in the sense in which it is more difficult and more honourable and of more service to fail than to succeed.

Success could not reckon Gilman among her admirers; for he was not prepared to make the necessary sacrifices, least of all the first and most important sacrifice—to give up doing his best. He knew, too, that Art had secrets which he could never share: that he lacked the creative impulse, the thirst for experiment, the splendid assurance of genius. And he fell back on the next best thing, the will to work, knowledge, and a calm faith in a method of painting.

But even these qualities are rare to-day, and because they are rare they have value in the world. They made Gilman a force in English art during the period covered by his activities. His influence on his contemporaries was quite out of proportion to his level as a painter. But it was not out of proportion to the worth of his artist-personality. Because the thing he did—his best—was a thing of price in a makeshift civilization. Big men knew their hearts that this is one thing they seldom do, and small men know it is the one thing they never do at all; the first can succeed without it; and the second cannot succeed unless they let it go; and they were all humble before Gilman because they recognized that he stood for the moral factor in art.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Louis F. Fergusson, who are responsible for the monograph devoted to Gilman's work, have shown a wise discrimination in reproducing a number of his drawings as well as the paintings. First, because the pictures lose a great deal in reduced black-and-white photographs, which tend to exaggerate the fortuitous lumpiness of the texture and the general heaviness of touch, defects which are less obtrusive in the actual paintings. Secondly, because as many respects the paintings are less valuable than the drawings. Gilman's stern outlook which refused to allow him to take advantage of accident, and his arbitrary use of colour, give his later and most characteristic paintings a rather machine-made look. They are too obviously intellectual; they lack the spontaneity and the subtleties of the drawings which preceded them, and which contain the essence of Gilman as an artist.

Gilman's drawings are mainly studies for pictures. He aimed at making a drawing complete in all save colour, from which he could, at will, paint a finished picture. He drew in pen, putting down his statements of tone in meshes of dots of different weight and closeness, reserving conventional line shading for major shadows and a flowing line for the contours. There is no swagger or brilliance about his drawing, but it is real drawing, nevertheless: It is as free from histrionics as an architect's plan and much the same in essence.

Take the drawing called "Small Waves." The subject is a calm day when low waves topple gently forward over their retreating predecessors. The process repeats itself a thousand times; it is always the same and always different. There are all the elements of beauty in the scene—the long lines of the waves and the delicate filigree of the dispersing surf upon the sand. But it all vanishes and reappears with maddening rapidity, and the variations are infinite. And Gilman sat down to draw this; not to make an approximation or impression of it, but to make a coherent statement of it in his system of dots and lines and dashes. He failed, of course. But Gilman was a draughtsman than Gilman would have failed also. But only an artist of Gilman's moral fibre would have made the attempt.

Or take the study for the portrait of his landlady, Mrs. Monter. The subject this time has no pretensions to beauty. It is just an ugly old woman sitting at a table, and about to drink tea from a large common teapot and a large common cup. There is nothing romantic or picturesque about her. She is the typical London charwoman; she is old, incredibly old; she has had perhaps a dozen children, and a life of drudgery has filled the pores of her skin with grime and hardened it to a tanned hide. And Gilman set out to make a drawing of her which should be as good as a drawing by Van Gogh. He did not succeed, though he came very near it. But Van Gogh only beat him because he was not mad. Everything that a sane man could do with the subject in the Van Gogh way Gilman did in this drawing; it is his most eminent work, and one which we think Rembrandt himself would have admired.

We have laid stress on the moral aspect of Gilman's art because we believe it is the aspect which will be recognized by posterity. But it must not be supposed that he was nothing but a stern moralist. He could look occasionally, as Mr. Lewis tells us, uncannily like George Robey, and he had a hundred droll and human facets to his character which are now lost to the world except in so far as they are perpetuated in Mr. Lewis's book and sympathized in it from the pictures. If there is no hint of these facets in his pictures, it is because painting was his work and not his recreation; and the gods had denied him their choicest gift—the power to do great work for fun.

R. H. W.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK


The New English Art Club is the Mecca of the Slade School students, who habitually make their bow to the public at its exhibitions. But it is not only as a dumping ground for their first pictures that the Slade students think of the Club. It stands for something much more tremendous to them—it stands for ART. When a Slade student applies the term 'good' to Piero della Francesca's 'Baptism,' he means that it reminds him of things he has seen at the New English Art Club; when he calls a girl's head 'good,' he means that she is something like one of Mr. Augustus John's models; and when he calls a modern picture 'good' he means that it is good enough for the New English Art Club.

The new-comers in the present exhibition are not very interesting; they appear to be mainly young ladies who admire the art of Mr. Albert Rutherston. The recognized pillars of the institution are inadequately represented. There is no work from Professor Tonks or Mr. Rusell, and nothing from Sir William Orpen, R.A. Mr. John's main work is, owing to the bad lighting arrangements, completely invisible, and Mr. Steer sends only very slight water-colours which, though accomplished, do scant justice to his powers.

The most considerable effort has been made by the
PURCELL ON THE STAGE

1.

That Purcell never succeeded in composing the greatest operas produced in any country during the last half of the seventeenth century was due less to the shortness of his life—a circumstance which had no such hampering effect on Mozart a hundred years later—than to the ineradicable romanticism of Englishmen. Lulli and Alessandro Scarlatti have gone down to posterity as great figures in the history of opera; but the English operas have a much deeper musical inspiration than Lulli and a much livelier sense of the stage than Scarlatti. There is an architectural grandeur about Lulli which Purcell never attained, and he never attained it because the conditions of the English theatre made it impossible. But Lulli's grandeur is terribly monotonous: both in the pure musical invention of melody and harmony and in the application of these devices to the delicate and subtle interpretation of human passions he is far behind Purcell. Scarlatti can surpass Purcell in vocal expression, and in concentration of form, but only in vocal movements. Scarlatti's own contemporaries said that his operas were written more in the style of chamber music. His outlook on drama is purely personal and vocal; there are only fewstandards to which the audience have to adapt their minds, and they have had any visual idea of movements or grouping on the stage. He could write a procession march, or a comic scene of song and dance, but his ballet-music is negligible both in quantity and in quality. Purcell on the other hand, assimilating quickly the best devices of his contemporaries both in France and Italy, eventually acquired a very Italian flow of melody and at the same time never lost the sense of the stage. It is a fascinating task to prepare an opera of Purcell for actual performance, for almost every number suggests the rhythmical treatment of gesture and concerted movement.

Opera failed to establish itself in England because, at the moment when the principle of opera was first conceived in Italy, England had already a highly developed spoken drama of her own. The chorister actors of Elizabeth's reign had attempted musical plays which were in their essentials operas, since the persons of the drama were wont to break into song at moments of tense emotion, as if speech were no longer adequate for its expression. These too were being acted in England long before the first operatic experiments of the Italians. But the Shakespearean theatre, which as we know was definitely hostile to the chorister theatre, took an entirely different view of the function of music in drama. It was a characteristically English view. It regarded music not as the most normal and poetical medium in which human beings can express their own individual emotions, but as an experience from outside, not the effect but the cause of emotion. Thus Shakespeare habitually employs music (as Mr. Percy Scholes pointed out in a valuable paper read before the Musical Association) in connection with supernatural characters. It may be the expression of their own emotions, but as they are supernatural we have no means of knowing whether they are subject to emotions: the function of the music is not to express supernatural emotions, but to induce effects of emotion in the normal characters on the stage, who are supposed to hear it, and then both directly and indirectly to affect the emotions of the audience.

It is obvious that if "The Tempest" survived into the period of the Restoration, it was largely owing to the opportunities which it afforded for music, dancing and stage machinery. "The Tempest" is the foundation of the typical English opera, and during the last half of the seventeenth century we can watch "The Tempest" being gradually expanded in the operatic direction until it became the artistic monstrosity which we are obliged to

generation which appeared shortly before the war, the generation of the brothers Nash and the brothers Spencer. Mr. Stanley Spencer's ambitious "Swan Upping at Cookham" lacks the rhythmic design of his picture in the War Museum collection. It is also far less convincing as a conception and far less assured in handling. Mr. John Nash's "Wooded Hill" is probably the best picture in the exhibition; the immediate background is not well realized, and the whole composition would gain if two inches were cut off the bottom, but it is nevertheless a notable voyage in waters first navigated by his brother. The same is true of his excellent drawing "Orchard, Whiteleaf." Mr. Paul Nash's best exhibit is the drawing called "Summer Rain"; but this sensitive and intelligent artist is clearly in a transition stage in his development. We believe that Mr. Ethelbert White's drawing "The Dead Tree" and Mr. Stanley Spencer's "Dedication of Cookham War Memorials" are worth examining, but as it stands, it is only as a chair to stand on a chair and to kneel or crouch on the floor to see the second, we confess to having shirked duty in these instances.

Mr. Edward Wadsworth's exhibition of drawings at the Leicester Galleries is an event of importance because he is the first English artist who has evolved a coherent personal art from the conflicting doctrines of present-day esthetics. He graduated at the Slade School, but rapidly outgrew the period of N.E.A.C. Schwannreu, and set out in search of a creed more in harmony with his individual sensibilities. He found it in Vorticism, and it was as a Vorticist that he first attracted attention.

He is a North-Countryman, with a detestation of artistic flummery and a love of everything clear, bright and orderly, and everything structural and well-knit. He delights in iron girders and steel shafts and huge machines functioning with delicate precision. He delights, too, in all things which recall or suggest his favourite phenomena, and he tries to make his drawings recall and suggest them. Had he never found Vorticism, he might have developed into a regulation painter of cranes and scaffolding and machinery. Vorticism taught him to construct his pictures on the same principle that machinery is constructed; to dovetail the parts with the ingenuity of a cabinet-maker; to imbue a sketch of anything under the sun with something of the logic of a motor-car and the deadly accuracy of a field gun. He has no desire to make drawings which will look charming in a Georgian dining-room or a Louis XVI. boudoir, but he has an undoubted ambition to create something which would look sensible beside the Pyramids. And for a man of thirty-one he has come remarkably near it.

His drawing has the uncanny confidence and decision of a master. He makes up his mind before each stroke of the pen, and puts down a final statement without hesitation. He never puts down anything to see how it will look; and his chances moving to change nothing in his mind. Every line is as convinced and obstinate as Wordsworth's little village maid. Mr. Wadsworth would make short work of any line that attempted to compromise with a sentimental poet or a benevolent old gentleman. Every line has its allotted job for which it is individually responsible; it has no chance of sheltering behind other lines or hiding its tail in a bundle of romantic shadow. Every form, too, has its allotted job, and the artist finds no form too geometric or too ragged for acceptance, and no maze of forms too intricate for comprehension. Every inch of these forty drawings is completely realized; you could pick out any passage of link and hand, and Mr. Wadsworth could draw it upside down for you on his cuff.

There can be no question of the pictorial value of these drawings of the Black Country; they are impeccable from the point of view of design and balance, and so intimate they are terrifying in their rhythmic menace. It is possible that a visitor from the Black Country could not recognize the slag-heaps in the more relentless work of Mr. Wadsworth's drawings; but it would be quite impossible for him to recognize the drawings in the slag-heaps when he returned home. For when an artist has once grasped and clearly felt the absolute qualities of a subject in public, he rapidly assimilates his vision, which is, of course, what Winstler meant by Nature "creeping up." Certainly, slag-heaps will have to "creep up" after this exhibition or Art has perished from the earth.
associate with the name of Purcell. For these baroque distortions of Shakespeare’s play D’Avenant, Dryden and Shadwell were responsible. All three were men deeply and seriously interested in the relation of poetry and music, especially on the stage. D’Avenant was evidently a great admirer of the style of Lawes. His heroic poem “Gondibert” was intended to be sung and was designed in a metre adapted to a plain and stately composing of Music.” And the Musician, in “The Playhouse To Let,” tells us that

Recitative Music is not composed
Of matter so familiar, as may serve
For every low occasion of discourse.
In Tragedy, the language of the Stage
Is raised above the common dialect:
Our passion rising with the height of Verse
And Vocal Music adds new wings to all
The flights of Poetry.

Later on in the same play, just before “Sir Francis Drake” is acted, the Housekeeper says:

Now we shall be in Stilo Reusitativo.
I’m in a trance when I hear Vocal Music.

Shadwell, in the ludicrously concocted preface to “Psyche,” the opera which he wrote for Matthew Locke (1679), tells how he “chalk’d out the way to the Composer” in most of the musical parts. His self-praise is by no means unjustified, for he had a remarkable understanding of the function of music in a play and had further a very genuine admiration for Locke’s “excellent composition.” It is most interesting to compare Shadwell’s arrangement of “Psyche” with the original comédie-ballet of Mollière and Lulli on which it was based. The French drama is a spoken play with a prologue and intermezzi which are set to music. The musical sections are quite distinct from the play, which like “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme” is almost complete without them. Shadwell takes a very different view of the scheme, and works his musical episodes into the texture of the play with a strong sense of picturesqueness and dramatic effect. There is indeed one episode which Locke has clothed with music of real beauty—the moment when Psyche is about to throw herself into the river, and is prevented from doing so by the river-god and his attendant nymphs, who rise from the water and sing. Shadwell may have been a bad poet and playwright, but he certainly had the makings of a very effective librettist.

Dryden’s interest in music is well known. “Albion and Albanius” was a failure partly because it was an attempt to carry out in English a purely French theatrical conception, but mainly because it was set to music by a feeble French composer who had little understanding of English. “King Arthur,” which he wrote for Purcell, has a wonderful sense of musical effect. The spoken dialogue contains much that strikes the modern reader as laughable; but the same may be said of many other plays of the period. What is important in the history of opera is Dryden’s understanding of the points at which the introduction of music enhances the dramatic effect. Dryden had further a very clear conception of the singable qualities of the English language. He admits its inferiority to Italian as a singer’s language, owing, as he says, to a certain “eeminacy” in English pronunciation. It seems even probable that he rewrote some of his songs to suit Purcell’s music; in any case Dryden’s songs are always exquisitely adapted to musical setting.

It is further probable that Purcell shared to some extent Dryden’s views on English pronunciation, and that he adopted the to us rather ludicrous repetition of a word e.g., “neve” repeated five or six times, for the sake of emphasis, because he knew that true English singing could not reproduce the prolongation of a vowel so natural and so effective in Italian.

Edward J. Dent.

(To be continued.)
Drama

CHRISTMAS IN THE THEATRES
1.—FAIRY PLAYS

THE Christmas fairy play is an institution of quite recent date. It took its rise in a revolt of the public conscience, a revolt against the gaudy racket which Augustus Harris used to stage each year at Drury Lane. Pantomime had become a nefarious transaction, whereby people who boasted they never entered a music-hall obtained at Christmas a full meal of music-hall fare. This dishonest bargain sometimes failed of its aim. One of Harris' most loyal henchmen describes in his memoirs a certain frost-bitten Boxing Night, when fourteen highly-paid "stars" stood in clumps on the stage and failed to explode a single laugh between them. There were also pantomime "boys" of a shape.

At the Scala in "Fifinella" this tale is retold. We see in burlesque the pantomime of the nineties, with Miss Minnie Rayner performing self-immolation in an admirable skit on the buxom "Fairy Queen." A little party in the stalls—a girl, a boy and a gay young uncle—begin to shout protests against the lugubrious spectacle, and presently climb on the stage to rebuke the players. The demon manager with his sprites threatens violence, the children call the real fairies to their aid, in all parts of the house there is a sudden murmer and patter, and hosts of small fairies armed with bulrush spears come swarming down the gangways and storm the position. So far all is fresh, ingenious and rather touching.

We are transported next to a hill-top in fairyland, a design of lovely simplicity. In the absence of the elfin guards the summer fairy Fifinella peeps out of her winter cave, and is promptly carried off by the whistling East Wind. The Elf King in his wrath dooms the faithless sentinels to listen to an eternal pantomime, while the mortal children who lured them from their post are set the task of recovering Fifinella. "The fun," says the programme, "begins," but, alas! it also ends, abruptly. The whole fabric falls to pieces from this point. Perhaps that demon was not completely exorcised; even bad traditions are difficult to uproot.

Instead of action where action is essential, we are kept chewing opium in the Dream Merchant's House. The Dream Merchant (Malcolm Keen) has a beautiful delivery; it only makes us sleepier. We watch long dances, not very well done, and explore the symbolism of dreams. At last a couple of medieval visions reveal the whereabouts of Fifinella, who is suffering like the Nun in the "Miracle." Princes fight duels over her and kings kill their sons for her. The nice young uncle, who owns that he finds his ideal in this fleeting fairy, plunges right into one of these dreams and pulls her out. This snaps the spell, and we are back again on the hill-top, where we learn that Fifinella, being quite the ideal, can never be held by the arms of any mortal.

If this is for children it is not quite what they want. Speaking for the boys—their sisters are too 'cute to give away their likings and dislikes—we should say that they take life more seriously than we do and are not yet reduced to crying out for fairies. They will look on Fifinella (Vera Lennox) as a very pretty big girl and Mary (Primrose Morgan) as a peculiarly charming small one, and fairyland will not count when they make their choice. They will deny, of course, that they are interested in either. They will doze while we enjoy Mr. Alfred Heather's singing as the Man in the Moon, will wake up when the lighting begins, and sigh because it is over so soon. They will wonder why our eyes get filmy about a dozen times in the course of the evening, will find M. Wanja's leaping as the East Wind incredible and defend a theory of invisible wires, and will privately esteem the two pantomime comedians, "Utter" and "Rot," a pair of choice spirits, whom nobody ought to despise. On one point they and we will most likely agree: Fifinella is too good not to have been much better.

In the case of the St. Martin's entertainment, "Once upon a Time," we have no need to draw up a hypothetical balance sheet. There the children give us their opinion plainly, and, since they are laughing and cheating most of the time, we presume they are getting exactly what they want. On our side we must formulate a few reserves. We pass the knockabout of the Esquimau fishing scene because we admit that we should (once upon a time) have enjoyed it hugely ourselves, but the episode of the "prehistoric peeps" did really strike us as rather futile fooling. What is there about cavemen and mediavilism that always sets a certain public hee-hawing? Nor did the struggle of romantic Balkan peasants with their Turkish oppressors greatly thrill us; we live after all in 1920. We thought, too, that the critics who count were inclined to get red and hot at so much weeping—it is terribly hard for them not to follow suit—but we all cheered up when the pistolling began, and counted the rich crop of corpses with avidity. When the last story of the series was reached, "The Proud Princess," there was no more ground for complaint. Mr. William Stack (whose voice makes whatever he has to say sound like poetry) is just the man for the hero of a fairy tale; while Miss Betty Fair is quite her name as the Princess, and nicely set off by dark-haired Miss Dorothy Fane, who leads her picturesque band of maids-of-honour. And then the magic pipe, to the sound of which all who hear must dance! It is the moment for the hero's execution. "One last boon, sire, a little tune upon my pipe!" Fortwith the cruel King, the sombre hangman, the astronomer royal, the jester, all the court, are footing it till they beg for mercy, exhausted. How surely these old, old fancies hit the mark! Beside them the modern inventions are nothing at all.

Miss Margaret Morris has the wit to see this. In her "theatre" at Chelsea, with her youthful troupe led by graceful Angela Baddeley, she plays "Puss in Boots," and "The Princess and the Swineherd," and plays them straight, without turning to right or to left. The swiftly running story, the business-like fairies, recreate our nursery impression of these tales. The show succeeds well within its somewhat strait limits. What makes the authors of fairy plays go so far afield when all this treasure lies to hand at home? It is the notion that Cinderella, Aladdin and the rest are the copyright property of the pantomime producer. What has he done, this year, with his precious heritage?

(To be continued.)

WHEN IT WAS DARK

KINGSWAY THEATRE—"In the Night."

While the elderly Judge d'Instruction is away on business at Fontainebleau, his wife and his wife's lover (for the play is founded on the French) pass seven hours of the momentous Night together in his Paris flat. Their paridiac loneliness is not, however, complete; for a serpent in the shape of a burlar makes his entrance through the window, and after seeing the lovers parting in the chilly, uncomfortable dawn, makes off with two hundred thousand francs, for which the husband, in his judicial capacity, was responsible. The theft is discovered, the husband returns, the police are called in, and a most disquieting searchlight of inquiry is turned on to these dark hours during which the Judge d'Instruction was away from home. Now the rain begins. The unhappy lovers find themselves in a situation which grows every moment more and more uncomfortable. Meanwhile the ingenious Burglar, finding that the numbers of the notes are known and that he cannot use them, presents himself to the lover and offers to...
give them back; but the offer is coupled with a demand for hush-money—for has he not seen the guilty pair in a very compromising moment? The lover bays the notes back, and at this moment the police burst in, find the lost property and arrest him. The case against him is overwhelmingly strong. There follows a scene in the Jug d’Instruction's office. French justice, as we all know, is peculiar; but we doubt whether it is administered quite as oddly as it seems to have been in M. Levardier's office. But let that pass. To save her lover, the wife confesses. The Juge is hot for revenge, and as the lover is too noble to allow his master's reputation to be smirched by the revelation of the truth, it looks as though he were going to get what he wants. But no: the burglar descends, a god from the machine, and saves the situation—saves his own skin too, by pointing out to the Juge what ridicule will fall upon him if the details of his congeve are made public in court. And the curtain falls on a charming Restoration farce. The Intruder, master of the situation, "makes horns" and disappears, leaving the baffled husband gnashing his teeth in impotent fury.

"In the Night" is a pleasant entertainment, though we could wish that Mr. Harcourt had taken the trouble to clear up a few of the manifest improbabilities of the plot. It is not agreeable to realize that a playwright is treating us with the contempt we no doubt deserve.

The best performance was undoubtedly that of Mr. Leslie Faber as the Intruder. His personification of the eccentric gentleman turned scoundrel deservedly brought the house down. Mr. Alfred Grayton as Levardier was admirable till he had to become passionate and emotional in the last act. Here he evolved a most painful style of eloquence with an explosion at the end of every sentence. The effect when he denounced the lover as "the apex of the eternal triangle"—this must surely have come straight from the French—was, it may be imagined, terrific. Miss Jessie Winter, who had to debut a great deal of well-worn eloquence about mariages de convenance, acquitted herself very creditably in the part of Mme. Levardier.

Correspondence

"THEATRICALITY"

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—In reviewing Mr. Loraine's production of "Arms and the Man", your dramatic critic (Athenæum, December 26) seems to take too many things for granted. He asserts that "Arms and the Man" is a realistic play demanding a realistic production, and accordingly upbraids the "theatricality" of some characters as they were acted at the Duke of York's, criticizes Mr. Loraine's acting as not sufficiently realistic, and dismisses Mr. Rumbold's scenery and dresses as turning the play into a costume-piece.

To do your critic justice, he is quite consistent in his views, but unfortunately his principal contention, both as regards the realistic nature of "Arms and the Man" and the relative aesthetic value of realism and theatricality, is to my mind extremely questionable.

Perhaps Mr. Shaw himself is to blame for the traditional view of his plays as works of realism. His denunciation of romanticism and sentimentality in life, and his advocacy of common sense and naturalness, have always been regarded, and not without his approval, as expressions of his realistic creed. But in art, and in the theatre in particular, realism is merely a method, and not a philosophy of life, and it may be said that the two can diverge. It is best seen in the play in question.

Bluntschli, Saranoff and Raina, the three principal characters on which the action of "Arms and the Man" is based, are conceived as only a rationalist and a realist could conceive them. But their portraits as actually painted are not in the least degree purer than are the other characters in the play. They are not without certain reservations. Mr. Shaw seems to have forestalled Severini, Marinetti and their kind in the idea of portraying an object not as a single whole, but as a sum total of individual and separately recorded impressions which one would get by looking at the object from all sides. Only the Futurists, perhaps, have the moment of time, and lie happily within a single picture, thus showing their failure to understand the true nature of their medium, whereas Mr. Shaw paints his dissected characters on a canvas belt which is gradually unrolled before the spectator.

If such is the convention employed by Mr. Shaw, and the Man "and the Man" (and I fail to see what psychological explanation could be suggested for the sudden twists and turns of the characters mentioned), I submit that the play is not realistic, but, in its principal motif at least, essentially theatrical.

Now, theatricality is usually associated with false sentiment affectation, melodramatic effects, and—at the other end of the scale—with buffoonery. It is certainly not quite that, and, at the same time, very far from being that. In most cases, the conventional forms of expressing sentiment and exaggerations of acting which one is accustomed to see on the stage are theatrical only in so far as they have become a stage tradition cultivated and carried on by talentless actors.

But theatricality can have a wider and loftier meaning. It denotes a frank recognition of the peculiar nature of the theatre as a medium. The play—whereas merely a show, and not a slice of life, realistic or imaginative, discovered behind the footlights. The stage—its is—just a part of the theatre-building, and not a realm endowed with Proorean qualities, but always existing as a separate world in no way resembling the real stage. In the same way it regards the actor as the person on the stage who "serves up" the play to the audience, practising, without diminishing it, his art of make-believe, and not as the spirit incarnate of a character by some accident descended into the theatre. And finally it recognizes the audience as a gathering of spectators who are in the auditorium to be served with the play, and not as a number of Peepers, or a public, watching the transformations which go on behind the footlights.

It is in this sense that I call "Arms and the Man" theatrical. Whether intentionally or not, Mr. Shaw "serves up" or "presents" as I would prefer to say) his characters and all their striking convolutions by a method which can be justified only as a theatrical convention. The play therefore demands theatrical emphasis. And it is this emphasis that I find somewhat lacking in Mr. Loraine's production. While the parts of Saranoff and Raina were conceived theatrically, Mr. Loraine's Bluntschli, instead of being theatrically prosaic, was just realistically grey and undistinguished. The tempo of the action was also wrong. It should have been much quicker, illumining the characters with flash-lights of self-revelation, and making the dialogue terse and incisive. As to the setting, it is the best one can see in London at present (the garden scene is particularly good for its true sense of the architectural nature of the stage). But it is not theatrical. Alas! theatricality leaves but little room for the virtuosity of the modern stage-decorator.

But perhaps it will be asked whether theatricality is at all worth troubling about. To demonstrate its aesthetic truth as a stage-piece, the art of the theatre would, of course, be impossible within the scope of a letter. But those inclined to sneer at it may, perhaps, be reminded of the fact that it was fully understood and practised in the classical Greek theatre, the medieval pageants, the Elizabethan theatre, and the theatre of Molière, and that it still animates the art of the theatre in Japan and China. It will certainly come back into its own in the theatres of Europe. But this will happen only when it is realized that in the art of the theatre the choice lies not between realism and symbolisms, or between elaborate settings and simplified ones, or between pictorial scenery (decorative, Impressionistic, or Cubistic) and scenery and curtains, but between all these as methods of representation (or in so far as they are used as such) and theatricality as a method of "presenting" the play through the undisguised medium of the actor and the stage. By choosing the latter method the art of the theatre will come into line with the modern development of other art forms. And all seem more the significance of their respective media, whereas mere assimilation of forms evolved in other arts, however advanced these forms may be, will leave the theatre still lagging behind in the modern progress of aesthetic consciousness.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully;

Alexander Bakshy.

38, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. 2.
MODERN ART CRITICISM

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—In your recent article on Renoir (Athenæum, December 12) you point out that this artist was both a great painter and a great man, and at the same time you emphasize the fact that as an artist he was in the direct line of our Western tradition. It is true. So it is true of Manet, of Degas, of Whistler. So it is true of any great artist you care to mention.

Why then this obsession on your part with one particular aspect of modern painting, what I may call the anti-traditional movement? We are becoming a little weary of Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Vlaminck, Marchand, Wyndham Lewis, Nash, Friesz, Lhote, and all the rest of them, mostly imported from France, so it seems we must go to Paris for our painting, just as our wives and sisters go there for their hats. (We are a little weary even of the great Cézanne himself.) These artists, so far as we can see, are aiming at anything at all, are deliberately breaking away from the main stream of tradition, and striving after new forms of expression on some little side trickle of their own. My best wishes to all of them. Many of them are artists of ability. Much of their work is interesting and vital. But to many of us its value is chiefly experimental; it is far removed from the main line of tradition to have the permanent and universal appeal of great art. Can any responsible critic maintain that any one of these men—I do not of course include Cézanne—has produced work at all comparable in emotional quality with the paintings of—let us say—John or Steer, or the etchings of Muirhead Bone?

This being so, why then should The Athenæum confine its appreciation so exclusively to this aspect of modern painting? In literature, in science, there is nothing limited or one-sided in your attitude; nor is there in music, though here, it is true, I have noticed that Scriabine and Stravinsky keep popping up perhaps a little more frequently than would seem necessary. But it is in the matter of painting that I wish to call you—oh! ever so timidly—to account. Here your point of view seems to be a little unbalanced, a little callow, a little—may I say it?—foolish.

Of course you are not alone. I find the same deficiencies in nearly all the more vigorous art critics of the day. It is the mark of immaturity. Of what use is it for them to tell us that Picasso is a great master, that the latest pictures of Matisse surpass anything that has been done since Cézanne, that the new work of Wyndham Lewis is wonderfully significant and vital, or that Vlaminck has now established his position in the front rank of the world's artists? Another critic will say exactly the same thing of J. J. Slanuov, of Peacock, of Salisbury, or of any other popular Academician. Why should one opinion be of any more value than another? This question seems to lie at the root of all the trouble. It is not opinion we want, but criticism.

Is it not easier to writing to you—now—to plead for a larger critical attitude towards the Fine Arts, a definite standard and a sense of proportion more in harmony with your own attitude in literature, so that those of us who have left our salad days behind may find, in one journal at least, an appreciation of modern painting that is not so vividly green as elsewhere?

Yours faithfully, 

EDWARD GREGORY.

31, Lambolle Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

SHENSTONE'S EPIGRAPH

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—One word more! In writing about paroxysms of words and the weakness of our monosyllables, I was referring entirely to epigraphs, i.e. to inscriptions in stone or bronze on a tomb. Here brevity, conciseness, are essential to the monument. In the Latin, much superior to Greek, and still more so to English, in a speech with its articles, particles, and endLims, the effect of the two or three permissible lines is frittered away. Take one of the grandest of modern epigraphs, that on Wren in St. Paul's: No monumen tum quaeius circumspice—four words, only one monosyllable. In literal English it runs thus: If you ask for his monument look around—eight words with six monosyllables. It is obvious how much more impressive is the Latin.

I have said nothing about the use of monosyllables in poetry, especially nouns and verbs, in prose and poetry, above all in drama and lyrics. Our short Saxon words are eminently needed in Biblical, devotional, language, and in dialogue, where big Latin phrases would be affectation. In the Bible, in the Prayer Book, in Shakespeare's passionate scenes, monosyllables are inevitable, and so they are in the lyrics of fancy, where Johnsonian Latinisms would be ludicrous.

What is more lovely than Tell me where is Fancy bred, Or in the heart, or in the head?

Or again:

I arise from dreams of Thee
In the first sweet sleep of night.

But inscriptions on a tomb are a totally different thing. In my book, "Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, &c., 1889," I have discussed the use of short d'Anne d'Aristocratic blank verse. Milton has a mannerism of polysyllabic words, as Tennyson in his "Idylls" had a mannerism of monosyllables. In the first 100 lines of "Paradise Lost," book iii, there are only four monosyllabic lines. Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur" is almost entirely constructed of monosyllabic words. Shakespeare's great speeches hold a middle and just proportion. In my letter on "Epitaphs" I said nothing of prose, poetry, or drama.

Yours, etc.,

FREDERICK HARRISON.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—One more attempt at the "Hen, quanto minus," &c. Oh, how much less to talk with those we see every day!—I remember the phrase.

The fine emphasis of the last three words in the Latin can only, I think, be met in English by repetition.

F. B.

A VOLUME of studies entitled "Indian Nationality," which aims at setting forth the fundamental facts of Indian social, religious and political life, and their bearing on Indian responsible government, has been written by Mr. R. N. Gilchrist, Principal and Professor of Political Economy and Political Philosophy, Krishnagar College, Bengal, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. R. N. Gilchrist has contributed an Introduction. Messrs. Longmans also have in the press, for publication at an early date, a volume on the Life and Work of Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, the founder of the Bose Research Institute in Calcutta. It is interesting that Sir J. C. Bose is the native of India to obtain a European reputation in physical science. The volume has been written by Professor Patrick Geddes, of the Department of Sociology and Geography, Bombay University.
Foreign Literature

THE ARCHPRIEST OF HITA

LIBRO DE BUEN AMOR. Por Juan Ruiz, Archipre de Hita. Edición, prólogo y notas de Alfonso Reyes. (Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja. 1.50 ptas.)

I must in candour be confessed that comparatively few personal details have come down to us concerning the Archpriest of Hita. Señor Reyes, to whom the Casa Calleja has, with sound judgment, entrusted the preparation of the present edition, provisionally accepts the conjecture of Señor Puyol y Alonso that Ruiz was born about 1283, and died towards the middle of the fourteenth century. These dates are approximate only, but they go to show that Ruiz was alive at the same time as Chaucer, and it is conceivable that this partial contemporaneity may have suggested to Ticknor the idea of comparing Ruiz with Chaucer. There is something to be said in favour of this comparison, not so much on the score of similarity of genius as because the Archpriest of Hita and Chaucer were perhaps the first writers in their respective countries to display an unmistakably individual talent.

So far as our precise information about the Archpriest extends, we may presume it to be accurate inasmuch as it comes to us from the author himself. According to the version of the facts given in three fourteenth-century manuscripts, the Archpriest was called Juan Ruiz, and he appears to have been a native of Alcalá de Henares. This is not quite certain, for the extant manuscripts differ slightly in the reading of the stanza (1510) which refers to this particular. We are glad to gather that Señor Reyes favours the reading which makes Juan Ruiz a fellow-townsmen of Cervantes. At some date unknown Juan Ruiz became Archpriest of Hita; at some date equally undetermined he was imprisoned by order of Cardinal Don Gil de Albornoz, who was Archbishop of Toledo from 1339 to 1367. What his offence was is not clear. We are equally in the dark as to when he was released. It would seem that a certain Pedro Fernández was the Archpriest of Hita on January 7, 1351. What had meanwhile become of Juan Ruiz? Had he died in prison, or did he join Albornoz at Avignon, where the Cardinal went when exiled by Peter the Cruel in 1359? No decisive answer is forthcoming. What seems to be certain is that much, if not all, of the "Libro de buen amor" was composed during the period of the Archbishop's imprisonment. This we learn on the authority of Alfonso Paratín, the copyist of an existing manuscript, and apparently a conscientious person whose report on this head is confirmed by the evidence of the Archpriest himself in the text of the "Libro de buen amor."

It is not an easy matter to feel confident that we are interpreting aright any fourteenth-century Spanish poem. As Señor Reyes points out in his able "Prólogo," narrative was as much the characteristic of the verse of that age as lyricism is dominant in modern poetry. Señor Reyes follows Menéndez y Pelayo in disintegrating the "Libro de buen amor" into its constituent elements. Among these elements the writer distinguishes the stuff of a picaresque novel, a collection of "exemplos," paraphrases of Chaucer, and the pseudo-traditions and satirical fables, lyrical passages remarkable for their variety of theme and form, and a series of moral reflections. The analysis bears out, to a great extent, the conclusion of M. Jeanroy: "Mais qui ne sait que l'œuvre de Hita est une macédoine d'imitations françaises, qui témoignent du reste de la plus grande originalité d'esprit?" Señor Reyes cautions us against assuming that the "Libro de buen amor" embodies the personal experience of Juan Ruiz. No doubt many of us have erred in that direction. Still, reading between the lines, we rather imagine that Señor Reyes tends to hold the view that Juan Ruiz had an unedifying, intimate acquaintance with the seamiest sides of life. However, the personal character of the Archpriest does not concern his editor so closely as the writer's artistic qualifications. Señor Reyes dwells with keen insight on the accomplishment of Ruiz as a metrist. He makes it clear that Juan Ruiz, while not above practising the popular "mester de juglaría," was compelled, if only in virtue of his position, to cultivate the monarchical and courtly laments which go by the name of the "mester de cleresca."

Not less prominent among the Archbishop's faculties is his success in creating figures which were destined to endure and to be re-incarnated. His "Urraca" (better known by the nickname of Trota Conventos) is undeniably the first rough sketch of the celebrated "Celestina," whose name, at some date after 1519, supplanted the original title of the "Comedia de Calisto y Melibea"; his Don Furón is the prototype of the charming hidalgos in "La vida de Lazarillo de Tormes." Again, some of Santillana's earliest characteristic masterpieces are paler, more delicate, aristocratic versions of the Archpriest's creations. Nor was his influence confined to the Peninsula. Some faint reminiscence of his work appears in the "Roman de la Rose"; Regnier's Mazarin is undoubtedly of Urraca's stock, and it is not impossible that the name in "Romeo and Juliet" may be traced to the same source.

Where Ruiz picked up his versatile learning it is difficult to guess. We may assume that in part it was due to his ecclesiastical training; but this would not explain his acquaintance with fabliaux or the Arthurian stories, though it might account for his familiarity with the "Libro de Apolonio." He might trust to his memory for "exempi" to quote contemporary Payás, Pintor de Bretaña (p. 81-84). He perhaps wrote the episode of Don Carnal and Doña Quaresma with the "Bataille de Caresme et de Charnage" before him, and if that be so, it would follow that his imprisonment was not very severe. His adaptations are indeed remarkable. But his most transcendent faculty is his power of evocation, his quality of creating a dramatic atmosphere, nowhere more visible than in his rehandling of Pampelus. A man of the people, he never allows his fancy to obscure his realistic vision. His harsh crudity perhaps revolted his immediate contemporaries and the courtly "makers" who succeeded them. Few of them refer to him. Santillana mentions him in passing: he is twice named by Alfonso Martínez de Toledo, another Archpriest who won celebrity with a "Reparación de loco amor." Ruiz was never fashionable. Nevertheless he would seem to have enjoyed a reputation out of Spain as well as in it. About thirty-eight years ago Theophilo Braga indicated the existence of a fragmentary translation of the "Libro de buen amor" in Portuguese; Braga's transcription is defective, and readers curious as to this rendering cannot do better than consult the study of Señor Solalinde. By a freak of chance, the "Libro de buen amor" was mentioned in an English work before it struggled into print in Spain. But time tells in the Archpriest's favour. On his first appearance in print in 1790, despite the protests of Jovellanos, Juan Ruiz was issued in a bowdlerized form. The Archpriest then had the malicious pleasure of seeing his name increased, and he is reprinted and "introduced" with a skill which does credit to his latest editor, who, though a Mexican, is settled in Madrid, and is a very competent member of the "Junta para Ampliación de Estudios." As might be expected, Señor Reyes has gained distinction as an editor of Ruiz de Alarcón. Manifestly he can deal adequately with more difficult texts of earlier date.

J. F. K.
THE ART OF SAYING NOTHING

MADAME PRUNE. By Pierre Loti. Translated by S. R. C. Plimsoll. Illustrations in colour by Mortimer Menpes, (Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)


LES ALIÉES QU'IL SOUS FAUDRAIT. Par Pierre Loti. (Paris, Calmann Lévy. 3fr.)

MORE years ago than most of them care to remember, the jeunes filles of a dozen lands wept ecstatic tears over "Pêcheur d'Islande," and they felt that they owed the author a debt of gratitude for having provided them with a real yellow-back French novel, recognized in the world of letters, which they could carry abroad without fear of scandal, and leave in the drawing-room without incurring parental reproof. They repaid their debt with interest. They clustered round Pierre Loti in their thousands, and begged for another book soon. And what, my dears, would you like me to write about this time?" said the master. "About yourself, cher monsieur," chorused the young ladies with genteel enthusiasm; and one bolder than the others may have added, "Tell us, Monsieur Loti, if you have ever been in love.

And Pierre Loti has been writing books for them about himself from that day to this. True, they have not always been strictly suitable for the traditional jeune fille; M. Loti is sometimes a little indiscreet; but he is always so soulful and so sad, and so remote from the gross faults of common clay, that the indiscretions become etherealized, and the contours are, anyway, obscured by the gauze curtains of his "atmospheric" style.

It is unfortunate that M. Loti selected this path for his development, because the author of "Pêcheur d'Islande" knew something of the novelist's art. There was invention in the book, and imagination, and evidence of a pretty descriptive talent. There are scenes one remembers: the Marie-Christine's bedroom, the storm, and old Yvonne staggering down the village street after the death of Silvestre and chanting lavel songs in sonne delirium. Above all, there was a definite and coherent story in it, and the author remained outside the cover.

But there is nothing of the novelist's art in the later books; there is only the art of saying nothing gracefully. The centre of focus has become the author, and the figure hardly warrants so continuous a concentration of the limelight. As he emerges from the grisâtre atmosphere of these books, Pierre Loti is a kind of musical-comedy juvenile lead. In one act he appears in naval uniform, plagiarizing with gaiety; in another he is disguised as a Turk; in a third he wears a tourist's garb, and postures beneath the palms of India. The male figures in musical comedy are notoriously unreal and fatuous, but they require a certain youth and agility in the actor to give verisimilitude to their incredible globe-trotting and their amorous adventures. As the years wear on we find M. Loti incapable of fulfilling even the modest demands of his trivial roles. In spite of a heavy make-up, the effect grows more and more incongruous, and we can scarcely believe that the most easily pleased jeune fille will find Romance in the unheroic hero who potters through the pages of "La Trisème Jeunesse de Madame Prune," which under the title of "MADAME PRUNE" has just made its bow in an English translation.

On the other hand, M. Loti may confidently expect success from his appeal to the maternal instinct in "Prime Jeunesse," which is designed as a sequel to "Le Roman d'un Enfant," and is the latest addition to the autobiographical series. The female eye will doubtless find something engaging in the figure of little Pierre weeping in the folds of his mother's dress or playing Chopin with sentiment, or—in more robust mood—"checking" his form-master at school. He was, at any rate, we understand, beloved of his auntie Lalie, Clarisse, Corinne and Eugénie. But to the unemotional male eye he appears a most uninteresting child.

It is fashionable at present for novelists to write long books about their childhood, and the almost inevitable failure of the result is largely due, we believe, to two causes. The first is the fragmentary and fortuitous character of the adults' recollections. It is impossible to recall sufficient of our childhood to fill a long book with any uniform story. We cannot evoke at will the mental processes or the special emotions of our early years. We cannot even remember a great number of episodes, and the small number available only a small proportion have any generic significance, in the sense that they throw light on the development of character or the psychology of the genius child. Few indeed of the average adult's recollections have the import of the child George Moore's shame when reproved by servants for brutally ill-treating a sow. Certainly there are no such recollections in "Prime Jeunesse."

The second reason for the frequent failure of the child biography is the difficulty in deciding on the appropriate angle of vision when dealing with the family circle. A child remains a child just as long as he can view the members of his family circle without the background of the outside world. When he acquires the faculty of seeing his family circle in relation to other people he has taken on the specifically adult outlook. The change of vision may come gradually, it may be hammered into a child at school; or it may come in a single devastating moment, as it came to the little boy in "Jean Christophe" when he heard his mother scolded by her employer. It may come early, as it comes generally to the poor, and to Jewish children in countries where pogroms threaten. It may come late, as it normally does to the children of the upper and upper middle classes in England. It is only in the most exceptional cases that the genuine outlook of childhood persists throughout adolescence. But the novelist, who is nowadays recruited mainly from the upper middle classes, and who has usually had a comparatively agreeable childhood, invariably writes his confessions with the period of adolescence behind him. In dealing with the family circle he has to choose between a series of haphazard rose-coloured impressions, the sediment in his mind of his child-vision, and a set of coherent pictures evolved from the knowledge of later years. In the latter case he runs the risk of appearing artificial, even if he draws his pictures with the cinematographic rapidity and illusion of Mr. James Joyce. In the former he runs the risk of appearing sentimental and absurd, which is very much what M. Loti appears in "Prime Jeunesse."

We are the more disoriented to welcome the child-vision in M. Loti's new book because his adult vision has always seemed to us so remarkably immature that we have sometimes suspected him of being a unique case of the child vision persisting into middle age. The spectacles which obscure his vision have certainly a strange resemblance to the rosy type of childhood. And he has a great distaste for acquiring knowledge of hard facts; he prefers to view things through a haze of prejudice. Take, for example, his recent publication, "Les Aliées qu'il nous faudrait," where he launches into international politics. The articles which constitute this book gave the French Censorship some trouble when they first appeared. For the author adjoins his dislike of Greeks and Armenians, and his pique for the Turk. Moreover, he advocates a Franco-Turkish alliance in the interests of France, and accuses the English of hostility to the interests of France. In short, the book is a résumé of prejudices which are well known to the readers of his former works.
It may be possible to substantiate in a scientific work the alleged chivalry of the Turk in warfare, and even to make out a convincing case for M. Loti’s major theories. But “Les Alliés qu’ils nous faudrait” is, of course, in none a scientific author. His long years of apprenticeship to the art of saying nothing have unfitted him for the production of such a work, and it would be strange indeed if he were now to plough systematically in the stubborn field of the Turkish problem. Nevertheless, even such a statement of personal prejudices, coming from almost any other author of M. Loti’s international literary reputation, might be taken seriously and do harm. But there is little danger of the world heeding M. Loti. It is more likely to see in “Les Alliés qu’ils nous faudrait” merely another of the author’s musical-comedy impersonations, and to leave him—as we propose to do ourselves—sitting cross-legged in his fez, and accosting all and sundry with “Pity the poor Turk, kind sir; pity the poor Turk.”

W.

SOME ASPECTS OF URDU POETRY

We, who live in India amidst the turmoil of political strife and social reforms, have often wondered why Englishmen may not study our various literary and artistic movements. Perhaps they have unconsciously been influenced by the prejudices of those of their countrymen who return to them after long years of service in India, and who have as a rule a most defective and incorrect knowledge of Indian languages; almost all the nates with whom they come into contact know English, so it seems to them unnecessary to study any of the vernaculars. In nothing are the Englishmen and the Indians further apart than in intellectual movements, and this gulf is unfortunately becoming wider daily.

Of the numerous languages spoken in India, by far the most important in India, and only a portion as to Sanskrit and Persian, it has become the tongue not only of Mohammedans, but also of several millions of Hindus. In architecture this intermingling of the two races produced the Taj at Agra; and in literature it has given us a great poetry. Though Urdu began as the camp dialect of the soldiers of the Mohammedan invaders and conquerors, yet so great has been its progress that to-day it is capable of the finest literary expression, and has gained for itself the chief place amongst our living languages of India.

As might be expected from its origin, its early poets aimed at aspiring Persian models; and though they thus increased the power of expression of the language, yet the fact that they did not give it that individuality and distinctive quality which it developed later. Their works are full of the imagery and mysticism so familiar to readers of Persian. Indeed, at times so closely have Persian poets been copied that one comes across identical expressions, and can tell which of the Persians the Urdu poet is trying to emulate. Owing to these false ideals, for quite a long time Urdu poetry remained rigid and conventional, and though some of the poets showed considerable subtlety of thought, nothing intrinsically original was written. Yet the old school did produce one great master—Ghalib. His poems, in spite of his use of strange words and long-obscure metaphors, have something of the beauty and pathos, and whether we like it or not, we are swept off our feet by the sheer force of his vehemence. The chief note in his poetry is that of pessimism. Living as he did when the old order of things was falling to pieces around him, and when Bahadur Shah, the last of the Moguls, was sent as a prisoner to Rangoon, Ghalib expressed to the world his own feelings of poignant sorrow and anguish. In the fall of his Mogul king he saw the disappearance of all that was to him noble and refine; and it is fascinating to see how again and again he tries to plunge himself into a philosophic frame of mind, and to forget the misery ever gnawing at his heart, as of new arts, sounds the death knell of the old society to which he was so intensely devoted and of which he was such a brilliant ornament. Again and again in his poems he tries to recall it, and gives us some of the most beautiful and pathetic passages in our literature:

The only thing now left to me, to remind me of the company that was wont to gather of an evening round the festive board, is the thought of love, alas! the thought of love is all that is left out.

The words here employed by him are extraordinarily beautiful, and their effect cannot be reproduced in a translation. Elsewhere he thus expresses the regrets with which his heart is full and his longing for things new no more:

Some Allah! only a few, have come back to us in the form of tulips and roses.

How beautiful, O God! must have been some of the faces that he hidden in the dust.

But Ghalib is of the past. He is still read, but only with the reverence due to an old master, and as in England one reads Milton. The new generation does not find in him an expression of the complex cravings of the modern man. With the first real contact of India and the West, fresh influences began to make themselves felt in Urdu literature. The poetry, based on older models, has given place to an artificial and frequently artificial conception of love, grew weaker and weaker till it came to an end in the eighties, when the great poet Hali openly declared himself against it. Hali is the preacher of the new movement. He had been in his younger days an ardent disciple of Ghalib, and had for years written poetry in the old style. But he came under the influence of the Mohammedan social reformer Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, and threw himself body and soul into the great struggle which was then going on in the land, between the pioneers of modernism and their numerically stronger opponents—the conservatives. The result was the publication of 1890 of the poet’s work known as the “Masaddas-i-Hali” or “The Sextains of Hali.”

This poem is the first of its kind in Urdu, and heralded in a new era in the literary annals of our language, for it laid the foundations of that patriotic and nationalistic poetry which has become such a power in our country-to-day. Hali’s message echoed from one end of the country to the other, and the great influence that it had on the Mohammedans of India is thus described by a well-known Indian critic:

Out burst the innermost heart of the poet in strains unheard of before, yet so beautiful, so touching, so mournful, so rousing, so truly poetical, that for once at least they roused even the most lethargic of the Mohammedans from their communal deep.

I have seen men destitute of principle, almost dead to a sense of religion or brotherly feeling, and given up entirely to pleasure-seeking, who used to avoid the mention of sorrow in their pleasure-meetings and abused the singers if they happened to sing a mournful piece, letting the “Masaddas” pass without objection and finding a pleasure in weeping while it was recited.

I have observed our fellow-countrypeople of other faiths being melted to tears, for genuine because spontaneous, by its pathos.

For with us in the East, poetry is still a living force, and we are not ashamed of giving vent to the emotions it evokes. The theme of this wonderful poem is the Rise and Fall of Islam, and it is described with all the sacred fervour of a poet’s soul; it expresses in the most forcible and beautiful language all that was then passing in the minds of the Mohammedans of India, all their sorrows and all their hopes. People began to feel that something great had appeared in their language, and that a great source of inspiration had been pointed out to them. The poem has outlived the opposition shown to it by the conservatives, and to-day there is no one in India who will deny that it is one of the very greatest things in Urdu.

The movement begun by Hali is still going on. The works of contemporary poets like Ikbal and Chakabat (the latter a Hindu) are read by thousands, and in them is reflected the new soul which the so-called Awakening has given to India. The “Tarana” by Ikbal has been adopted as the national song of Urdu-speaking India, and even as it carries the whole country is impatiently awaiting the publication of his latest poems.

SYED ROSS MASOOD.

Dr. Tancred Borenius will give two courses of nine lectures each at the Slade School of Fine Art, University College. To be delivered on Fridays at 8 p.m., beginning January 16; the second, on “The Florentine Art of the Renaissance,” will begin on April 20. Particulars of these and other courses on subjects connected with Fine Arts may be obtained from Mr. W. W. Seton, D.Lit., Secretary, University College, Gower Street.
List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPEDIAS, MAGAZINES.

See notice, p. 50.

Contains articles by Principal Forsyth, Sir Henry S. Lunn, Dr. J. Agar Beet, and others.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

See review, p. 43.

Le Breton (Mrs. John), The White-Magic Book. Pearson [1919]. 7 1/2 in. 125 pp. ill. 2/6 n. 133.3
An appropriate book for those persons who find entertainment in trying to tell their own fortunes.

Yost (Casper S.), Patience Worth: a psychic mystery. Skelton [1919]. 8 in. 255 pp. index. 7/6 n. 133.1
One telling criticism of so-called evidence of communications from the spirit world is the contemptible nonsense with which the supernatural beings regale their trustful devotees. The publishers and author of this compilation undertake to remedy this defect, and it is boldly announced that the deliverances herein set down "for intellectual vigour and literary quality are without precedent in chronicles of Psychical Research." Patience Worth contributes long disquisitions in prose, and reels off both rhyme and vers libres at great length:

Patter, patter, briney drops,
On my kitchel drying,
Snatter, spatter, salty stream,
Down my poor cheeks flying,
Brine enough to 'merse a ham,
Salt enough to build a dam!

This is the first time Wardour Street has been enlisted in the service of the pseudo-scientific, and from its very feeble success we expect it will be the last.

200 RELIGION.

Allen (Roland). Educational Principles and Missionsary Methods: the application of educational principles to missionary evangelism ("Library of Historic Theology"). Scott, 1919. 9 in. 160 pp. biblog. index. 7/6 n. 226.3
In this work, which is written by an Anglican Churchman, in Anglican phraseology, Mr. Allen pleads for the cultivation by missionaries of the spirit of the educator, the four specially important elements of which the author considers to be faith, scientific curiosity, respect for the pupils, and self-restraint. Dr. Gore contributes an introduction.

"Pan-Islam is an elementary handbook," explains the author, "not a text-book, still less an exhaustive treatise." It is a study of the Pan-Islamic problem on the political, social, religious, and many other sides, by one who served in the Hedjaz and Arabia during the war, but has also had a quarter of a century's experience of Mohammedan countries and peoples. As a rule he abstains from political criticism, but his remarks on progressive apostasy are sensible and illustrated by a plenty of facts.

Macandrew (Mercedes). The Supreme Adventure: being the amazing story of the Lord Jesus' descent on earth. Chapman & Hall, 1919. 7 1/2 in. 461 pp. front. index, 7/6 n. 223.9
See notice, p. 49.

*Plummer (Alfred). A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians. Scott, 1919. 9 in. 138 pp. indexes, 7/6 n. 227.6
An able commentary, preceded by an introduction in which Dr. Plummer has included a short selective bibliography.

The author of this learned and interesting work lays emphasis on the bond which linked together the religious associations of the thirteenth century. This, he shows, was the belief in the efficacy of masses and prayers for the dead, and the doctrine of purgatory, Canon Westlake considers, was the origin of the purely religious gilds, which must have come into being had the thirteenth-century never existed. The religious gild of the fourteenth and earlier centuries might best be defined as "a co-operative charity," says the author, who, after dealing with the abolition of the gilds at the period of the Reformation, remarks that the "old simple spirit of devotion . . . had passed for ever. . . . It may be that the gilds had served their purpose, but . . . there was nothing ready to take their place."

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Bond (Beverley W.), Jr. The Quit-Rent System in the American Colonies ("Yale Historical Publications," Miscellany, vol. 6). New Haven, Conn., Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 1919. 9 in. 492 pp. biblog. index, 12/6 n. 347.2
The Associate Professor of History in Purdue University describes the feudal restraints upon the land which existed in America in colonial times, and shows that the quit-tenant system contributed to the discontent that led to the revolution. The introduction is by Mr. C. M. Andrews.

Dewar (George A. B.). A Younger Son: his recollections and opinions in middle age. Grant Richards, 1920. 9 in. 276 pp., 12/6 n. 304
In the light of a mind richly stored with reminiscence, the late Editor of the Saturday Review considers the general situation during the war and after, and various subsidiary problems. He believes that the war is the first act only in the mightiest drama of evolution and revolution mingled which has been played since Christ was on the scene. He is a firm believer in the genius and the star of Mr. Lloyd George, and is inclined to disparage our secret diplomats and the other clever men of affairs who helped to bring about the war. A good deal of the book is a sketchy and entertaining narrative of his own career, with sidelong at the world in general.

*Hammond (J. L. and Barbara). The Skilled Labourer, 1760-1832. Longmans, 1919. 9 in. 407 pp. app. index, 12 8 n. 331
A review will appear.

Foch (Ferdinand), Marshal of France. Precepts and Judgments. With a sketch of the military career of Marshal Foch by Major A. Grasset. Translated by Hilahre Balloc. Chapman & Hall, 1919. 7 1/2 in. 370 pp., 9 n. 355
The introduction of 26 pages is chiefly occupied with the part played by Foch in the recent war. The rest of the book deals with (1) his theoretical teachings on war, and (2) his analyses of past campaigns. It is a volume of great interest to the student of war.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Professor Harvey-Gibson discusses the more important features in the advance of botanical knowledge from the earliest times down to approximately the present day. The work is based on a course of lectures to students of the
University of Liverpool. It should help a reader to form an accurate mental picture of the evolution of botanical science as a whole, and enable him to appraise the values of the results achieved by famous investigators. A very useful phylogenetic table is appended to the text, and there is a serviceable list of English works of reference.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Davis (Kary Cadmus). HORTICULTURE ("Farm Life Text Series"). Lippincott [1919]. 8° in. 424 pp. il. app. index, 8/6 n. 635

A thorough treatise on plant propagation, vegetable gardening, orcharding, etc. The information is abundant and clearly presented, and the illustrations are excellent.

*Jacobi (Charles Thomas). PRINTING: a practical treatise on the art of typography as applied more particularly to the printing of books. Bell, 1919. 7° in. 429 pp. il. glossarial index, samples of paper, 10/6 n. 655

This sixth edition of Mr. Jacobi's well-known manual of the art and business of the printer is the recognized authority for students preparing for the examinations of H.M. Stationery Office and the City and Guilds of London Institute. Sets of examination papers are appended. The new matter comprises a chapter on methods of book-illustration.

Miles (Eustace). SELF-HEALTH AS A HABIT. Dent, 1919. 7° in. 338 pp. por. diag. index, 5/ n. 613.02

Self-health, according to Mr. Eustace Miles, is mainly an affair of balanced (vegetarian) diets, good cooking and mastication, no alcohol, but habitual sipping of hot water, deep breathing, and "sensible exercises"—more particularly "the daily stretch." The book itself is rather stretched out.


In excellent English the Japanese author of this learned and entertaining disquisition sets forth the history of "the cup of humanity," in the East and the West; describes "Teaism," a religion of aestheticism,; "a cult founded on the adoration of the beautiful among the sordid facts of everyday existence"; traces the connexion of Taoism and Zenism, and of both with Teaism; dilates on the simplicity and purism of the tea-room; and proceeds, by a natural train of thought, to an excursion on the appreciation of art and the cult of flowers. The book is finely printed, and has some pretty illustrations. The appendix deals with the ritual of the tea-room in Japan and China.

700 FINE ARTS.


See review, p. 46.

Lewis (Wyndham) and Fergusson (Louis F.). HAROLD GILMAN, Painter: an appreciation. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 12 ill. 21/ n. 758.2

See review, p. 52.

Reiss (Richard). THE HOME I WANT. Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 7 in. 194 pp. il. apps. biblog. index, paper, 2/6 n., cl. 4/ n. 712

The housing problem is one for local authorities, the author maintains, and "greater interest, knowledge, and determination on the part of electors might long ago have forced the Council to utilize to a far greater extent the powers which they possess." He supplies a mass of instructive material, including views and plans of buildings, town-planning schemes, legal and other information; and certainly helps local authorities considerably in the task of knowing what they should do. It might be wished that more had been said about the first and last impulse to all current housing schemes that are on any scale commensurable with the nation's requirements, that is to say, the land question. "By clearing slum areas," he observes, "and by closing dilapidated houses before new ones have been erected, we shall only make matters worse." Such is the present impasse.

790 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.


The editor of Golfing discourses pleasantly upon world's records, Marathon golf, shots that went astray, the giving of odds, and other topics of interest to the wielder of the niblick and the brassie.

Fulford (Harry). GOLF'S LITTLE IRONIES. Simpkin & Marshall [1919]. 141 ill. pt. 2/6 n. 796

The author, who is professional to Le Touquet Golf Club, amusingly sketches various more or less representative golf personalities, such as "The Secretary," "The Scratch Man," and "The Intimidator"; and has something to say about "The Language of the Links," "Caddies," and the like.

800 LITERATURE.

Baraja (Pio). PAGINAS ESCOGIDAS. Selección, prólogo y notas del autor. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1918. 6° in. 502 pp. 2.30 ptas. 860.8

"Clarín" (Leopoldo Alas). PÁGINAS ESCOGIDAS. Selección, prólogo y comentarios de Azorín [J. Martínez Ruiz]. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1917. 6° in. 394 pp. 2.50 ptas. 860.8

Palacios Véliz (Armando). PÁGINAS ESCOGIDAS. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1917. 6° in. 378 pp. 2.50 ptas. 860.8

A convenient series of anthologies of nineteenth-century Spanish writers.

Cooper (Elizabethe), ed. THE LOVE LETTERS OF A CHINESE LADY. Edinburgh, Foulis [1919]. 8° in. 78 pp. ill. 6/ n. 885

Written by a Chinese lady, daughter of a viceroy of Chih-li, to her husband, a very high Chinese official, who is travelling round the world with his master, Prince Chung, these letters are beautifully expressed, and full of feeling and pathos.

POETRY.

Buchanan, the Sacred Bard of the Scottish Highlands: his confessions and his spiritual songs. Rendered into English verse, with his letters and a sketch of his life, by Lachlan Macbean. Simpkin & Marshall [1919]. 6° in. 224 pp. apps., 5/ n. 891.63

This Highland Bunyan is ranked by native scholars with Alexander Macdonald and Duncan Bàn MacIntyre as one of the three greatest Gaelic poets. Mr. Macbean's renderings give little idea of what the work is in the original—probably the Gaelic is untranslatable. But the account of Buchanan's life, spiritual conflicts, and almost superhuman influence over his countrymen is interesting in the extreme.

Lancelot and Guinevere: a study in three scenes. Bell, 1919- 7° in. 25 pp. paper, 1/6 n.

Three scenes in prose and verse on the well-worn theme of the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere. The blank verse is more distinguished than the prose, which has a rather sham-antique appearance. It is a pity that in Guinevere's last speech, containing the whole point and kernel of the piece, the misprint "foolstool" for "footstool" should have been overlooked.


See review, p. 40.

Ross (Sir Ronald). PSYCHOLOGIES. Murray, 1919. 7° in. 69 pp. 2/6 n. 821.9

In this volume of "psychologies" we like best the two pieces that are not psychological—"The Crump," and "The Boy's Dream." In these fantasies Sir Ronald Ross lets himself go more wholeheartedly than in the little scenes of realistic drama contained in the earlier part of the book. In his lyrics he exploits to the full those good old-fashioned metrical devices, those chimeras and rhymings so dear to Edgar Allan Poe, but so seldom heard in contemporary poetry. This faint reverberation of "The Bells" makes Sir Ronald Ross's poems all the more enjoyable.


It is not hard to detect who is Mr. Watt's master. In versification and in the general tone of their subject these thirteen pieces in blank verse are distinctly Wordsworthian. The theme is the "still sad music of humanity" somewhat sentimentalized, as it is heard in the Highlands of Scotland.
FICTION.


The theme of this novel is the clash of two strong natures, father and son, the elder wishing, from love of his son, to decide whether he shall marry. The scene is laid in the West Country, and the rustic characters are real people.

Chambers (Robert W.). **In the Quarter** ("Constable's Popular Series"). Constable [1919]. 7 in. 291 pp., 2/6 n.

Chambers (Robert W.). **The King in Yellow** ("Constable's Popular Series"). Constable [1919]. 7 in. 312 pp., 2/6 n.


The Hallcroyd in this long and somewhat didactic novel is filled by the schoolmaster and organist of a country parish. He loves beauty in all things, and looks for sincerity in every man. Coming under the influence of Christopher Smith, a young artisan who preaches altruism and the doctrine of universal brotherhood, Auberon Hope sacrifices himself for the sake of a worthless girl, whom he makes his wife, but deliverance comes at length.

Loti (Pierre). **Madame Prune.** Translated by S. R. C. Pimsoll. Illustrated in colour by Mortimer Menpes. Werner Laurie, 1919. S½ in. 240 pp., 10/6 n. 843.9


See review, p. 59.

*Mayne (Ethel Colburn). Blindman.** Chapman & Hall, 1919. 8 in. 225 pp., 7/6 n.

See review, p. 48.

Rathkyle (M. A.). **Farewell to Garrymore.** Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin) [1919]. 7½ in. 155 pp. boards, 3/6 n.

A sentimental little story of life in Ireland prior to the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The hero, accused of an act of intimidation, escapes to Philadelphia, and is joined by the girl he loves. Years after, the two return to Ireland, and all is well.

Seymour (Arthur). **The Fall of the Mighty.** Odhams [1919]. 7 in. 214 pp., 2/6 n.

A formidable variety of the bold and bad baronet is "Black Sir Bryan," of which things we learn from this readable story, which deals with a struggle for the hand of an heiress. The villain's machinations are defeated, but not before the detective and his friends have had an exciting "run for their money."


The best chapters of this book relate to the experiences of an Irish nurse in an English hospital. The training of a probationer, and the intimate side of hospital life, are described in considerable detail. The heroine is an Irish girl who takes up nursing as a means of livelihood, becomes a member of the Gaelic League, and finally marries a Nationalist. There is a good deal of criticism of English ways in Miss Smithson's book.


It is possible to be so good at dialect as to overdo it, and one or two of these tales of Canadians consist almost entirely of dialogue in hybrid patois, no doubt accurately reproduced, but exceeding artistic measure. Dialogue should be a commodity rather than a dish. Nevertheless, Mr. Thomson is an expert in the art of the short story and its possibilities of humour, adventure, and pathos. Realistic, diverting, or tragic, whatever the motive, he never fails to hold the reader absorbed.

Thornton (Mary Taylor). **Delphine Decides.** Sampson Low [1919]. 7½ in. 271 pp., 6/6 n.

Delphine de Vries, having lost her father, decides to visit some cousins living in an Eastern county. She has the gift of making herself agreeable and winning admiration, though there is something peculiar about her. The author writes well, and skilfully describes the part played by Delphine in several love-affairs.

Tremayne (Sydney). **Echo Lane.** Constable, 1919. 7½ in. 297 pp., 7/6 n.

Echo Stapylton is unlucky in her mother, whose husband has not to obtain a divorce. Echo lives in Belgrade with a brother-aunt, but in an impossible existence by escaping to Paris. She has there full scope for her Bohemianism, inherited from the flighty mother. But in Echo it is tempered by particularity, and the Quartier Latin leaves the heroine unscathed. She marries unfortunately, however, and is deserted by her husband. The tale is clever and readable, and eventuallly an old friend and lover responds to Echo's appeal for help and affection.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.


An agreeable narrative of a missionary's travels in Nyasaland and North-Eastern Rhodesia. The Victoria Falls, Lake Nyasa, Mrs. Livingstone's grave at Shupanga, and the monument to Livingstone at Chipundu are described by the author, whose style is light and readable. Mr. Morrison refers to the colonial dislike for missions, and to the common white prejudice against the natives, which he deprecates.

*Richardson (Ethel M.). The Story of Purton: a collection of notes and hearsay, gathered by Ethel M. Richardson. Bristol, Arrowsmith (Simpkin & Marshall), 1919. 9 in. 143 pp. il. app., 7/6 n. 914.231

An adequate and readable description of a pleasant Wiltshire village, the fine parish church of which is notable as possessing a western tower and central spire. Only two other examples of this type of building are said to exist in England—the churches at Ormskirk and Wanborough. Mrs. Richardson includes accounts of the Maskelyne and other Purton families, together with notes concerning well-known inhabitants.

*Savory (Isabel). The Romanic Roussillon: in the French Pyrenees.** Fisher Unwin [1919]. 10 in. 226 pp. il. bibliog. 25/6 n. 914.489

In a delightful narrative of her own rambling in this picturesque and secluded region, Miss Savory brings vividly before the eye its scenery, towns, villages, and buildings, and its people and manners; she also gives entrancing glimpses of the romantic part of a country closely associated with Roland and Charlemagne. Useful notes for travellers are appended; there are charming pencil drawings by Miss Muriel Landseer McKenzie, reproduced by collotype; but it is a pity that the two maps are utilized as end-papers, and are thus liable to be defaced in use.

Serao (Matilde). **In the Country of Jesus.** Translated from the Italian by Richard Davy. Nelson [1919]. 7½ in. 250 pp., 2/6 n. 915.69

Signora Serao's account of her journey through Palestine is eminently pleasing and readable. She accepts without question the traditions concerning the places reported to be the sites of Scriptural happenings.

*Sharpe (Montagu). Middlesex in British, Roman, and Saxon Times ("Antiquities of Middlesex").** Bell, 1919. 10 in. 200 pp. maps, il. tables, index, boards, 12/6 n. 913.421

This book contains two kinds of matters: an account of the antiquities of the county pertaining to British, Roman, and Saxon times, with references to the Chronicle and other documents; and the exposition of the results of special researches on such problems as the orientation of ancient ways, the fords over the Thames, the Roman land survey, sites of churches—identified with those of pagan chapels—and the homesteads. Mr. Sharpe demonstrates that the Saxon virgate was identical with the Roman centuria of 50 jugera; 25 centuria, with an extra 50 jugera allotted for roads, etc., formed a possessio; and the boundaries of several possessio can still be traced, showing a different orientation in different districts. The maps make this and other results perfectly clear.
920 BIOGRAPHY.


These agreeable papers, dealing with Sussex ball teams, old rectors, haying, harvesting, Sussex smugglers, specimens of old Sussex dial plate, steel traps and springs, and numerous other topics, were first published for private circulation. The edition before us has been revised, extended, and largely rewritten. The author is a well-known Sussex surgeon.

Catherine (Saint) of Siena.


A sympathetic sketch of Catherine Benincasa, the fourteenth-century Sienese dyer's daughter, who, if her life was a failure in the worldly sense, has exerted an unquestionably great moral influence, which in her day was sufficient to bring back Pope Urban VI. from Avignon to Rome, in the face of tremendously powerful opposition.

Court hope (William John).


This brief biography of W. J. Courthope contains an interesting summary of his critical doctrines, as they were expressed in his History of English Poetry, and in "The Liberal Movement in English Literature," and in the chapter contributed to the "Cambridge History of English Literature" on the poetry of Spenser.


The author's recollections of the Eton of Dr. Hornby are followed by anecdotal reminiscences of Bonn, Frankfort, Paris, and elsewhere, and of English society in general. A not particularly pleasant impression is given of a young officer's life in the British army forty or fifty years ago.

Lincoln (Abraham).


Judge Wanamaker ably discusses the great President's character, and quotes from letters, speeches, and conversations, with the object of illustrating the principles upon which Lincoln moulded his life. His passion for justice and truth, his honourable and brilliant professional career, and his marvellous power as a leader of men are well brought out in this notable book.


Manly and characteristic as are these letters, they will naturally appeal chiefly to Americans, especially to those who knew the man and his family. Roosevelt was not only a lover of children, his own and others, but one whom children instinctively loved.


"This little sheaf of childish memories," says Mrs. Sedgwick, "has been put together from many talks, in her own tongue, with an old French friend." The names have been changed or slightly altered, but otherwise the character of the Breton original has been preserved. The autobiographer describes her home life eighty years ago, her father, mother, grandmother and two predecessors (one of whom descends from Bertrand du Guesclin), and draws their characters with skill and some humour—a humour reflected in the illustrations by Paul de Leslie. The book gives an attractive picture of old-world life in this corner of France.

Wilson (Harry).

Dalton (Lillian). Harry: Schoolboy and Soldier. Elliot Stock [1919]. 7 1/2 in. 64 pp. por. paper, 1/ n.

The life of Harry Wilson, son of the Vicar of Leyton, one of the many lads who fell in the war, is recorded in a simple, affectionate manner, and makes an interesting story for young people. Dr. F. S. Guy Warman, Bishop of Truro, contributes a foreword.

930-990 HISTORY.


943.08

The author, a lieutenant in the Belgian army, went on an official mission to Berlin, and wrote the history and the Armistice, and interviewed notable personages in various sections of society, including Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, General von Kluck, the late Cardinal von Hartmann, and Herren Theodor Wolff, Richard Strauss, and Maximilian Harden.


944.09

A knowledge of France, of French achievements in art, science, literature, and commerce, and of the intellectual, industrial, economic, and other resources of our ally, is at the present time more desirable than ever before, especially to the English-speaking races. This book, the general editor of which is Dr. A. S. Rappoport, supplies in a compact and convenient form just the particulars required. It begins with an excellent summary of the history of France, to which is added an account of Alsace and Lorraine and the history of the great war. Following with historical and geographical France, administrative and political France, intellectual France, social France, economic France, and Colonial France. The information in each part is extremely full and detailed, and the volume is a useful addition to the family of really necessary year-books.

949.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.


949.9

The Greeks, the Serbs, Ukraina, the Czecho-Slovaks, Jews and Christians, the pretensions of Bulgaria, the Danube question, and the problem of nationalities in Austria-Hungary are some of the themes discussed in the forty-two papers in this volume.

*Williams-Elis (Clough and A.).* The Tank Corps. "Country Life" [1919]. 9 1/2 in. 304 pp. il. por. index, 10/6 n. 949.9

This well-illustrated book will be generally welcomed; for most civilians have an intelligent curiosity as to the construction and functions of one of the oddest-looking, but most terrible of modern engines of war—the "new " tank," as the author calls it—"a weapon forged in England." The author concludes that "in the phase at which military science has arrived, and at which it will probably remain for at least a generation, a superior force of Tanks can always tip the scales of the military balance of power."

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THE CONSOLATIONS OF HISTORY

IT is pleasant to be transferred from an office where one is afraid of a sergeant-major into an office where one can intimidate generals, and perhaps this is why History is so attractive to the more timid amongst us. We can recover self-confidence by snubbing the dead. The captains and the kings depart at our slightest censure, while as for the “hosts of minor officials” who cumber court and camp, we heed them not, although in actual life they entirely block our social horizon. We cannot visit either the great or the rich when they are our contemporaries, but by a fortunate arrangement the palaces of Ujjain and the warehouses of Ormus are open for ever, and we can even behave outrageously in them without being expelled. The King of Ujjain, we announce, is extravagant, the merchants of Ormus unspeakably licentious...and sure enough Ormus is a desert now and Ujjain a jungle, and neither of them will be immortalized by a visit from the Prince of Wales. Difficult to realize that the past was once the present, and that, transferred to it, one would be just the same little worm as to-day, unimportant, parasitic, nervous, occupied with trifles, unable to go anywhere or alter anything, friendly only with the obscure, and only at ease with the dead; while up on the heights the figures and forces who make History would contend in their habitual fashion, with incomprehensible noises or in ominous quiet. “There is money in my house...there is no money...no house.” That is all that our sort can ever know about doom. The extravagant king, the licentious merchants—they escape, knowing the ropes.

If only the sense of actuality can be lulled—and it sleeps for ever in most historians—there is no passion that cannot be gratified in the past. The past is devoid of all dangers, social and moral, and one can meet with perfect ease not only kings, but people who are ever rarer on one’s visiting list. We faces from Cambridge—we cannot help having our dreams. Was life then warm and tremendous? Did the Vijayanagar Government really succeed in adjusting the balance between society and sex?—a task that has baffled even Mrs. Humphry Ward. We cannot tell; we can only be certain that it acted with circumspection and pomposity, and that most of its subjects did not know what it was up to. The myriads of nomenities who thronged its courts and camps, and were allotted inferior courtesans or none at all—alas! it is with these alone that readers of THE ATHENÆUM can claim kinship.

Yet sweet though it is to daily with the past, one returns to its inner pleasures of morality in the end. The schoolmaster in each of us awakes, examines the facts of History, and marks them on the result
of the examination. Not all the marks need be bad. Some incidents, like the Risorgimento, get excellent as a matter of course, while others, such as the character of Queen Elizabeth, get excellent in the long run. Nor must events be marked at their face value. Why was it right of Drake to play bowls when he heard the Armada was approaching, but wrong of Charles II. to catch moths when he heard that the Dutch Fleet had entered the Medway? The answer is “Because Drake won.” Why was it right of Alexander the Great to throw away water when his army was perishing, but wrong of Marie Antoinette to say “Let them eat cake”? The answer is “Because Marie Antoinette was executed.” Why was George Washington right because he would not tell a lie, and Jael right because she told nothing else? Answers on similar lines. We must take a larger view of the past than of the present, because when examining the present we can never be sure what is going to pay. As a general rule, anything that ends abruptly must be given bad marks; for instance, the Fourth Century B.C. at Athens, the year 1492 in Italy, and the summer of 1914 everywhere. A civilization that passes quickly must be decadent, therefore let us censure those epochs that thought themselves so bright, let us show that their joys were hectic and their pleasures vile, and clouded by the premonition of doom. On the other hand, a civilization that does not pass, like the Chinese, must be stagnant, and is to be censured on that account. Nor can one approve anarchy. What then survives? O, a greater purpose, the slow evolution of Good through the centuries—an evolution less slow than it seems, because a thousand years are as yesterday, and consequently Christianity was only, so to speak, established on Wednesday last. And if this argument should seem flimsy (it is the Bishop of London’s, not our own—he put it into his Christmas sermon) one can at all events return to an indubitable triumph of evolution—one self, sitting untouched and untouchable in the professorial chair, and giving marks to men.

Sweet then is dalliance, censure sweeter. Yet sweetest of all is pity; because it subtly combines the pleasures of the other two. To pity the dead because they are dead is to experience an exquisite pleasure, identical with the agreeable heat that comes to the eyes in a churchyard. The heat has nothing to do with sorrow, it has no connection with anything that one has personally known and held dear. It is half a sensuous delight, half gratified vanity, and Shakespeare knew what he was about when he ascribed such a sensation to the fantastical Armado. They had been laughing at Hector, and Armado, with every appearance of generosity, exclaims: “The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chuck, beat not the bones of the buried; when he breathed he was a man.” It was his happiest moment; he had never felt more certain either that he was alive himself, or that he was Hector. And it is a happiness that we can all experience until the sense of actuality breaks in. Pity wraps the student of the past in an ambrosial cloud, and washes his limbs with eternal youth. “Dear dead women with such hair too,” but not “I feel chilly and grown old.” That comes with the awakening.  

E. M. F.
Mr. Archer proved by himself translating some of Sir Arthur Pinero’s vivid and flexible dialogue into a characteristic piece of Elizabethan rhetoric which ended: “I am a married man, you ain’t.”

But Mr. Archer never allows himself to be merely witty. Every shaft carries a sound moral lesson in its tail. And if we can afford to laugh at the Elizabethans for their form, their content must be dealt with more sternly. They, in the first place, never inculcate a lesson: no sound morals on the tails of their shafts. What is there, Mr. Archer might well ask with a sigh, in the whole range of the Elizabethan theatre, to compare in elevation of thought with the didactic works of Mr. Galsworthy? Even, however, if the Elizabethans were forgiven for their omissions, the sins they have committed would make them unforgivable. Their indecency! and their brutality! As to the indecency there is nothing more to be said; but the brutality may be enlarged upon, and we may follow Mr. Archer as he enumerates with a look of horror upon his face the immense list of tortures of every kind which he has extracted from the Elizabethan drama. So profound indeed is the look of horror upon his face that it is difficult to avoid a suspicion of this warm-hearted man being under the impression that at the “Phoenix” performance the other day he was the unwilling witness of eight real deaths. If this were so—but we doubt it—and of such practices attended every performance of the “Duchess of Malfi,” Mr. Archer and Sir Leo Chiozza-Money would be thoroughly justified in demanding the suppression of the “Phoenix” and in declaring that the seventeenth century was barbarous. The police, however, no doubt have their eye on the matter.

But unluckily Mr. Archer is far too late in the launching of his offensive. While he leads on his troops, ably supported by those gallant lieutenants, Mr. Baughan and Sir Leo Money, he has failed to observe in the heat of the battle that he has been taken in the rear by an overwhelming enemy force, and that his own positions are in imminent risk of capture. Thirty years ago there would have been some slight chance of a few people attending to what Mr. Archer has to say. But the younger generation to-day is entirely unable to sympathize with or even to understand the basis upon which his attitude rests. If he is impressed by the warmth of his reception by the young men and women at King’s College it will be only another sign of his remoteness from the facts. He was applauded not because of his views, but because of the liveliness and violence with which he expressed them. The younger generation has nothing but amused contempt for the naturalism which is the standard of all Mr. Archer’s aesthetic judgments; the “repertory play” is a byword of abuse among them; they believe that “colour” must be brought into the theatre and that “rhythm” is the foundation of the universe; even the most sacred dogmas of Mr. Archer’s system of ethics tremble to-day before their final collapse. What melancholy folly urges him to waste his last moments upon this fluttering in the face of destiny? Is it too late to urge him to some more useful task? to persuade him that this is a time for defence rather than offence? that this is no moment for reckless onslaughts upon Ben Jonson and Webster when the citadel of Ibsen himself reels before the gleaming cohorts of Lord Dunsany and Mr. Drinkwater?

J. S.

**INSENSIBILITY**

Happy are men who yet before they are killed
Can let their veins run cold;
Whom no compassion fleers
Or makes their feet
Sore on the alleys cobbled with their brothers,
The front line withers,
But they are troops who fade, not flowers
For poets’ tearful foiling:
Men, gaps for filling,
Losses who might have fought
Louder, but no one bothers.

And some cease feeling
Even themselves or for themselves,
Dullness best solves
The tease and doubt of shelling,
And Chance’s strange arithmetic
Comes simpler than the reckoning of their shining;
They keep no check on Armies’ decimation.

Happy are these who lose imagination:
They have enough to carry with ammunition,
Their spirit drags no pack,
Their old wounds save with cold can not more ache;
Having seen all things red,
Their eyes are rid
Of the hurt of the colour of blood for ever,
And terror’s first constriction over
Their hearts remain small drawn,
Their senses, in some scorching cautery of battle
Now long since ironed,
Can laugh among the dying unconcerned.

Happy the soldier home, with not a notion
How somewhere every dawn some men attack
And many sighs are drained.
Happy the lad whose mind was never trained;
His days are worth forgetting more than not,
He sings along the march
Which we march taciturn because of dusk—
The long, forlorn, relentless trend
From larger day to luger night.

We wise, who with a thought besmirch
Blood over all our soul,
How should we see our task
But through his blunt and lashless eyes?
Alive he is not vital overmuch,
Dying, not mortal overmuch,
Nor sad nor proud
Nor curious at all;
He cannot tell
Old men’s placidity from his.

But cursed are dulcets whom no cannon stuns,
That they should be as stones.
Wretched are they and mean
With paucity that never was simplicity.
By choice they made themselves immune
To pity and whatever mourns in man
Before the last sea and the hapless stars,
Whatever mourns when many leave these shores,
Whatever shares
The eternal reciprocity of tears.

Wilfred Owen.

[Wilfred Owen was killed in action on November 4, 1918.]
REVIEWS
SWINBURNE

SELECTIONS FROM SWINBURNE. Edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

Without having at hand the older volume of Selections made by Swinburne himself it may yet be said that the present selection is a good one. It would have been more "representative" if it had included one or two of the "Songs before Sunrise," and the omission of "Laus Veneris" and especially "The Leper" is regrettable. What one would like to have would be a volume of selections including these poems and omitting the two choruses from "Atalanta," and another volume containing the whole of "Atalanta." The student, of course, wants to read one of the Stuart plays and to dip into "Tristram of Lyonesse." Very few people will want to read these, and almost no one will want to read the whole of Swinburne. A selection is therefore necessary, and also is sufficient. It is not because Swinburne is voluminous; certain other poets, equally voluminous, must be read complete. And it is not that a few of Swinburne's poems are much better than the rest. The necessity and the difficulty of a selection are due to the peculiar nature of Swinburne's "contribution," which, it is hardly too much to say, is of a very different kind from that of any other poet of equal reputation.

We may agree that Swinburne did make a contribution; that he did something that had not been done before, and that what he did will not turn out to be a fraud. And from that we may proceed to inquire what Swinburne's contribution was, and why, whatever critical solvents we employ to break down the structure of his verse, this contribution remains. The test is this: agreed that we do not (and I think that the present generation does not) enjoy Swinburne, and agreed that (a more serious condemnation) at one period of our lives we did enjoy him, and now no longer enjoy him; nevertheless, the words which we use to state our grounds for dislike or indifference cannot be applied to Swinburne as they can to bad poetry. The words of condemnation are words which express his qualities. You may say "diffuse." But the diffuseness is essential; had Swinburne practised greater concentration his verse would be, not better in the same kind, but a different thing. His diffuseness is one of his glories. That so little material as appears to be employed in "The Triumph of Time" should release such an amazing number of words, requires what there is no reason to call anything but genius. You could not condense "The Triumph of Time." You could only leave out. And this would destroy the poem; though no one stanza seem essential. Similarly, a considerable quantity—a volume of selections—is necessary to give the quality of Swinburne, although there is perhaps no one poem essential in this selection.

If then we must be very careful in applying terms of censure, like "diffuse," we must be equally careful in praise. "The beauty of Swinburne's verse is the sound," people say, explaining "he had little visual imagination." I am inclined to think that the word "beauty" is hardly to be used in connection with Swinburne's verse at all; but in any case the beauty or effect of sound is neither that of music nor that of poetry which can be set to music. There is no reason why verse intended to be sung should not present a sharp visual image or convey an important intellectual meaning, it for supplements the music by another means of affecting the feelings. What we get in Swinburne is an expression by sound, which could not possibly associate itself with music. For what he gives is not images and ideas and music, it is one thing which is a curious mixture of suggestions of all three.

Shall I come, if I swim? wide are the waves, you see:
Shall I come, if I fly, my dear Love, to thee?

This is Campion, and an example of the kind of music that is not to be found in Swinburne. It is an arrangement and choice of words which has a sound-value and at the same time a coherent comprehensible meaning, and the two things, the musical beauty and the meaning, are two things and not one. But in Swinburne there is no pure beauty; no pure beauty of sound, or of image or of idea.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.
Ondors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

I quote from Shelley because Shelley is supposed to be the master of Swinburne; and because his song, like that of Campion, has what Swinburne has not—a beauty of music and a beauty of content; and because it is clearly and simply expressed, with only two adjectives. Now, in Swinburne the meaning and the sound are one thing. He is concerned with the meaning of the word in a peculiar way: he employs, or rather "works," the word's meaning. And this is connected with an interesting fact about his vocabulary: he uses the most general word, because his emotion is never particular, never in direct line of vision, never focussed; it is emotion reinforced, not by intensification, but by expansion.

There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless dolorous midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none but she.

You see that Provence is the merest point of diffusion here. Swinburne defines the place by the most general word, which has for him its own value. "Gold," "ruin," "dolorous": it is not merely the sound that he wants, but the vague associations of idea that the words give him. He has not his eye on a particular place.

Lui ruscelletti che del verdi colli
Del Casentino discendono in Arno . . .

It is, in fact, the word that gives him the thrill, not the object. When you take to pieces any verse of Swinburne, you find always that the object was not there—only the word. Compare

Snowdrops that plead for pardon
And pine for fright

with the daffodils that come before the swallow dares. The snowdrop of Swinburne disappears, the daffodil of Shakespeare remains. The swallow of Shakespeare remains, in the verse in "Macbeth"; the bird of Wordsworth

Breaking the silence of the seas

remains; the swallow of "Ithyus" disappears. Compare, again a chorus of "Atalanta" with a chorus from Athenian tragedy. Your specimen of the latter may possibly be full of sententious commonplace; but it is significant commonplace. The chorus of Swinburne is almost a parody of the Athenian: it is sententious, but it has not even the significance of commonplace.

At least we witness of thee ere we die
That these things are not otherwise, but thus . . .

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time with a gift of tears;
Grief with a glass that ran . . .

This is not merely "music": it is effective because it appears to be a tremendous statement, like statements made in our dreams; when we wake up we find that the "glass that ran" would do better for time than for grief, and that the gift of tears would be as appropriately bestowed by grief as by time.
It might seem to be intimated, by what has been said, that the work of Swinburne can be shown to be a sham just
as bad verse is often a sham. It would only be so if you
could produce or suggest something that it pretends to be
and is not. The world of Swinburne does not depend upon
some other world which it simulates; it has the necessary
completeness and self-sufficiency for justification and
permanence. It is impersonal, and no one else could have
made it. The deductions are true to the pastiches. It is
indestructible. None of the obvious complaints that were
or might have been brought to bear upon the first "Poems
and Ballads" hold good. It is not morbid, it is not erotic,
it is not destructive. These are adjectives which can be
applied to the material, the human feelings, which, in
Swinburne's case, do not exist. The morbidity is not of
human feeling, but of language. Language in a healthy
state presents the object, is so close to the object that they
are one thing. They are one thing in the verse of Swinburne
simply because the object has ceased to exist, because the
meaning is merely the hallucination of meaning, because
language, uprooted, has adapted itself to an independent
life of atmospheric nourishment. In Swinburne, for example,
we see the word "wearies" flourishing in the void
independent of the particular and actual weariness of flesh
or spirit. The bad poet dwells partly in a world of objects
and partly in a world of words, and he never can get them
to fit. Only a man of genius could dwell so exclusively
and consistently among words as Swinburne. His language
is not, like the language of bad poetry, dead. It is very
much alive, with this singular life of its own. But the
language which is more important to us is that which is
struggling to digest and express new objects, new groups
of objects, new feelings, new aspects, as, for instance, the
prose of Mr. James Joyce or Mr. Joseph Conrad.

T. S. E.

AN ANOMALY IN EUROPE

The Turks in Europe: A Sketch-Study. By W. E. D. Allen,
With preface by Brigadier-General H. C. Surtees. (Murray,
1920. 6d net)

I was but a little before the time when the Norman
adventurers were conquering England that the first
Turkish Seljuk dynasty was founded. Toghrul Bey
swept down from the northern districts of Khorasan
and overran Persia and Armenia, overthrowing the Moham-
medan dynasties of Ghazna and Isfahan; two hundred
years later the Tartar mongol swarmed at its height, and the
hordes of Jengis Khan had devastated Asia Minor. Then
in 16th century it was that a little Turkish shepherd tribe
under Er-Toghrul, fugitive from the Tatars, which had wandered into Asia
Minor, laid the foundations of the Turkish Empire; tradition relates how one day by accident they happened
on a battle in progress, and took part of the losing
side, which turned out to be the troops of Aladdin, the
Seljuk Sultan of Konya, and with the resultant victory
were rewarded with the towns of Eskh-Shehr (to-day
the junction of Angora on the Anatolian Railway) and
Sugut.

From that time Amurath to Amurath has succeeded in
this battered caravanserai of Turkey, Sultan after Sultan
has abode with his pomp and gone his way, until the
Empire, a very sick man in the Nineteenth Century, came,
thanks to its German physicians, to its agony. Its long
history shows how little the Turks have advanced in
civilization; worship of violence, ignorance of the
peasantry, corruption, injustice, are as great to-day as
when they were three centuries ago, when Sir Thomas Roe
wrote of them as he found them in 1622. It would be illuminating
to discover how few lines would be enough to describe the
quota provided by Turkish brains to the advancement of
the humanities. Even in war, that "fresh and joyous"
pastime in which they have so frequently indulged, when
there was no opportunity for massacring Armenians, the
Turks have long been dependent for their weapons on
Western invention. To follow the rise of Turkish power in
the Near East is to trace a dreary story of murder, massacre,
harem intrigue and violence. Well does Mr. Allen quote
Arsène Perlan: "Turkey is the classic land of massacres.
Its history may be briefly stated as robberies, murders,
revolts, civil wars, foreign, civil, and counter-revolutions,
seditions and mutinies." Even as a soldier the Turk has been over-
rated, as many an intelligence officer will tell.

Osman succeeds Er-Toghrul, and gives his name to the
Osmans; Orkhan, his son, organizes the army, and before
he dies achieves the complete expulsion of Greeks from
Asia and the establishment of Turkish power on European
soil. Yet within half a century Timur Leng leads a fresh
wave of Tatar invasion across Asia, and this leaves the
Ottoman Empire weakened and disorganized, only to revive
again under Mohammed II, in the fifteenth century, to
rise to its zenith under Sulaiman the Magnificent. Then
the decay natural to all Eastern nations sets in; the
decay of Activity, of progress, of being always the first
in results. The Peace of Carlowicz in 1698 marks the end
of the Turkish menace to Christendom, and twenty years
later the Turks lose their last foothold in Hungary.

Apart from trading ventures, British interest in Turkey
was stirred when Napoleon boasted that he would destroy
our Eastern empire, and in the Baghdad Residency to-day
one of the walls bears an inscription setting forth the
intention of the British Raj of counteracting his machina-
tions in the East. Turkey and Egypt were on our highway
to India, and until the Battle of the Nile our position was
precarious. Exactly the same threat was conveyed by the
Baghdad Railway, which was to link Berlin with the Persian
Gulf, and yet both these now lie abandoned, and the
threat to have costly results. Politically, as long as our
Eastern empire lasts, the lands on both sides of the
Suez Canal will be big with possibilities for us.

Mr. Allen's book is, therefore, one which those Englishmen
who take to heart the perils to which the British Empire
will be exposed in the future should study. All our
ambassadors to Turkey have not been Cunnings, to cope
with the unscrupulous wits which flourish in Constantinople;
Enver, Talat, and their like are types reproducible
in the Turkey of to-morrow. The Committee of Union and
Progress is still in existence, and doubtless the spirit of the
Donmés is still a potential force in Constantinople.

Whether Mr. Allen is right in his estimate of Enver, time
alone can show: "Enver, the popular hero of Stamboul, favoured
the Germans. But it would be unjust
to assume that he accepted bribes from Berlin." This
history makes it clear that the Turks are an anachronism,
and are quite unfit to be entrusted with the government
of races other than their own. The massacres of the
Armenians (on which Mr. Allen does not lay sufficient
stress) are just as the German callousness in this regard, are
ample evidence for this opinion. Actually so infamous
have these massacres been that a few Germans, to whom
the blood-lust of their allies was abhorrent, raised vigorous
but useless protests, notably Dr. Lampsin, whose account,"printed as manuscript" "secretly confidential," escaped
the German Censor in one or two instances, and has now
been printed in French. In assessing the Turkish
character in future, these massacres should not be forgotten.

Mr. Allen slips in a few unimportant points: "the
thirsty mad agony of Kut" is not a good description of
the besieged town, placed as it was exactly on the brink of
the Tigris; the Turkish army in 1895 was destroyed by
Ibrahim, not at Nisbin, but at Nezib, a few miles west of
Birejik, on the Euphrates. But these are of little
moment.

R. C. T.
PROFESSOR DOBSON'S "GREEK ORATORS"

The Greek Orators. By J. F. Dobson, Professor of Greek in the University of Bristol. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"This book," says the wrapper, "is designed for University students and for Sixth Forms in public schools." Discretion would have ended the sentence here. If a Sixth Form boy or a candidate for a Tripos is set the task of reading a selection from the Attic orators, he will find that the cheapest way of scoring marks in his examination (and no bad way of gathering some profit from a rather barren field) is to study Mr. Dobson's book. He will find there much that is worth remembering about the lives, the style, the subject-matter of the ten great pleaders, and he will find it all more tersely, more conveniently expressed than on the volumes of the late Professors Jebb and Blass. His task will be made less irksome by the fact that Mr. Dobson is not destitute of humour. He will be cheered on his somewhat tedious journey by noticing from time to time that his guide, while carefully recording the opinions of the Alexandrine pedants, has moments of independent courage, as, for instance, when he dares to own that Lysias, for all his perfect Attic style, seems often dull, or that Andocides, at whose lack of art the ancient critics grumble, is really at his best when he is least affected. In fact, had the wrapper ended with the public schools, we might have been content to congratulate the author on a modest, useful piece of academic work, or, as modern undergraduates might phrase it, on a perfectly good text-book.

Unfortunately the wrapper makes a larger claim. It informs us that the author has endeavoured to make his book intelligible not to specialists alone, but "to persons of general education who find, or ought to find, interest in the subject." Intelligible, we admit, he has made it, and of general interest, so far as the subject he has chosen has allowed. But discussions of the style, the periodic structure of the sentences, the rhythms and the treatment of hiatus cannot, with the best will in the world, be made intelligible to a reader who does not know Greek. To a Greek or a "specialist" the metaphor of ἔσχελος, ἄθροισθεν ὑπὸ πίστεως, may or may not appear as vivid and well-chosen as Mr. Dobson thinks, but what can a general public be asked to understand by "it was good rhetoric, everybody's ears"? Or what of "ἐκστασις, ἀποκαλύπτει "to bridge the war-party," as a specimen of forcible expressions "probably caricatures of Demostenes' daring phrases"?

id, even if we ignore the great part of the book which quite properly devoted to stylistic criticism, and turn to Mr. Dobson's often excellent sketches of the personality and aims of the Greek orators (marred sometimes by a certain donnish tendency to depreciate "scurrility" and "personalities," we are still uncomfortably thinking of the wrapper. "Persons of general education who find, or ought to find, interest," Ought to find it?

If a person, be he generally educated or not, finds interest, let him begin by reading, in Apollonius Tomitana, or even in fox-trotting, we are far from blaming him. Verrall, we remember, once found interest in a county guide-book, dreary enough to less ingenious readers, because he saw between the lines the symptoms of the author's character. He had contrived (so Verrall alleged) to lead the tourist by a series of converging routes towards and round and about a country mansion where resided, surrounded by a wealth of curious treasures, an antiquary whom the author for some reason hated. The routes all tended to this mansion, but they never reached it. At the end the tourist left the county without the knowledge that he had been circling for a month of boredom on the edge of the antiquary's treasure-houses and pride. When Verrall found in this design an interest more absorbing than in all the circles of the "Inferno," we were delighted, not indignant. But then Verrall never said that educated persons ought to find an interest in the county guide-book. We generally educated persons are so touchy, so quick to cry "tactlessness," that we might have believed that Mr. Dobson would have made a better book if he had thought more of communicating to us what in fact most interested and delighted him, and less of faithfully reporting what, in the opinion of good schoolmasters, ought perhaps to interest generally educated persons.

But, after all, Mr. Dobson's book is more important than the wrapper. Mr. Dobson is to be congratulated on a sensible and learned piece of work, which will be of great value to all students of Greek oratory.

J. T. Sheppard.

A TACTFUL SPEAKER

Addresses in America, 1919. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

In reading Mr. Galsworthy's American addresses one must take into account the circumstances of their delivery. The war has enabled Englishmen to see that cordial relations with America are very desirable, and to discover profound affinities between the peoples of the two countries. Unfortunately this reciprocity is, as the Irishman said, still a little one-sided, and it has been necessary to explain to the Americans, somewhat extensively, how much they really like the English. Mr. Galsworthy's addresses show us how this may be done. First of all, of course, the Englishman must be presented to the American. He must be presented attractively, but at the same time no impossible virtues must be claimed for him—for one must remember that Americans have their own vanity and that they have already met Englishmen. The result is achieved by making the Englishman's bad qualities the defects of his virtues. In fact, if we follow Mr. Galsworthy's analysis, we shall find that the English have no really bad points at all; regarded properly, their bad qualities turn out to be rather humorous. Not that they are merely comic figures; there is a wealth of deep feeling and noble sentiment behind the mask of wooden superiority that the Englishman presents to the rest of the world, and that is why the American, when he meets the Englishman, is pleased to be and what he is accounts for his misrepresentation and his loneliness. He is that pathetic figure, the man nobody understands and that nobody really loves. But just as this well-known character hopes to find the one woman who really understands, so England, bashfully and wistfully, is courting America. "Deep in our hearts, I think, we feel that only the American people could ever really understand us."

It would be unfair to say that Mr. Galsworthy's book is really as sentimental as this; we have deliberately heightened our picture in order to indicate the presence of a quality that pervades all Mr. Galsworthy's addresses. That quality we may call tact. It consists, not in ignoring disagreeable things, but in refraining from discussing them in a disagreeable way. Mr. Galsworthy says many pleasant things to the Americans about America, and, when he has occasion to condemn something, he makes his condemnation general. A plentiful supply of tact is doubtless necessary to a public speaker; in a book, however, the absence of sharp points and hard outlines makes for dullness. Post-prandial standards do not satisfy the sharper scrutiny of the morning, and, outside their proper setting of wine-fumes, cigar-smoke and general good-fellowship, there are few "good things" worth repeating. We should have been charmed to hear Mr. Galsworthy's addresses; we read them with a colder eye.
SOCIAL HISTORY

THE Skilled Labourer, 1760-1832. By J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE work of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond raises an important question with regard to the writing of history. They have taken and made their own a "period" of history, that of the industrial revolution. They belong to the modern school which believes that history has been written not by the famous but by the obscure, not in the doings of armies, princes, and parliaments, but in the lives of common people. If you consult their index you will find that Mr. Lloyd, the magistrate's clerk at Stockport, is more important and plays a much larger part than Viscount Castlereagh. Oliver, the agent provocateur and the spy, has a chapter all to himself, not to speak of an Appendix. This, of course, shows how intensively they have cultivated the little garden of history which they have chosen as their period. Intensive horticulture means that you have to work the soil over and over and over again. So Mr. and Mrs. Hammond in their first book dealt with the lives of the village labourers. In their second they dug over the same period and described the general character of the new life of town and factory, and the conditions and difficulties of the class in power and the outlook and the temper of the workers. Now in their present volume the soil is turned over for a third time. "This book," they tell us, "treats the same period from a different aspect. Its aim is to present the detailed history of particular bodies of skilled workers during those changes [of the industrial revolution]."

It is clear that what Mr. and Mrs. Hammond intend to do in these three books is to paint us a picture of the lives of the working people during the seventy years in which with pain and misery the modern industrial world was born. As the world of chivalry changed to one of "sophisters, economists, and calculators," and the twin gods machinery and capital remodelled the whole of society into new forms and new classes, we are to watch the effects of this transition upon the lives of yeoman, labourer, and artisan. There can be no question as to the very great merits of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's achievement. They have deservedly taken their place in the front rank of social or industrial historians. Their work is conscientious, scholarly, well written, of the greatest interest and the highest importance, and they have the instinct of the born "researcher" who tracks down a relevant fact in the records of the Home Office as unerringly as a beagle on the trail of a hare.

The present volume in no way falls below the standard which they set for themselves and for us in "The Village Labourer" and "The Town Labourer." If we do not dwell upon its very obvious merits, it is not that we do not appreciate them. The reason is that when we turned the last page, having read every word with unfailing interest and pleasure, we were conscious of a certain intellectual and emotional flatness, the kind of arid disappointment which affects one who climbs a long bare hill, expecting to get a fine view from the top of it, and, when he gets to what he thought was the top, sees only another long bare down rise up in front of him. The authors had given us so much, but they had not given us something which unconsciously we had come to expect of them. They had left us to supply ourselves something which instinctively we had expected that they would supply before they wrote "finis." Their very excellences raised for us the question of the real function of the historian and, particularly in our age, of the social historian. Looking back over their work, we see an infinite number of facts. It is true that these facts are interesting, it is true that they are in their place important, it is true that they form themselves into some kind of a picture of the lives of cotton workers, woollen workers, silk weavers, frame-work knitters, during the years of the industrial revolution. The authors are, however, content to let the facts speak for themselves: it is not merely that they rarely express a personal opinion, it is that they are content to let a little curtain and show us the treasures of the Home Office records; and those treasures are facts—facts about the skilled workers' demands, strikes, and organizations, facts about hand machines and power machines, about machinery and rioting and riots, about Government spies and agents provocateurs, about General Byng, and Lord Sidmouth, and Mr. Lloyd of Stockport, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, and those of their school both in England and in France, seem to think that facts, provided that there are enough of them, are of themselves enough; that if only you give them to the reader in sufficient quantities, either they will shape themselves, or he will shape them, into some kind of a picture, some kind of a whole. This raises the question of how much the historian should do for the reader and how much he should leave the reader to do for himself.

The idea that facts can historically speak for themselves is essentially a modern view, dating from the discovery that you can write each fact on a slip of paper and convert it into a card index of mankind's miseries, follies, and crimes. The ancestors conceived of the writer as something more than a mere manipulator of such a machine. If you examine the technique of one of the oldest, and perhaps the greatest of historians, Thucydides, you see that he gives the facts plainly and barely to his reader, but he does not leave it at that; at intervals he gathers them up and shapes them into a picture which is something more than an aggregation of connected facts. And in the Macaulay school, which is the antithesis of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's, you find historians who believe that a reader is no more to be trusted with a fact than a dog with a bone, and who are only concerned with painting a picture of the past in harmony with their own view of the present. It is a reaction against the Macaulays which has produced Mr. and Mrs. Webb and Mr. and Mrs. Hammond. It seems to us that the reaction has gone too far. When historians are as good as they are, we want them to be something more than historiographers. There is no reason why the annals of weavers and miners and frame-work knitters should not be shaped into a work of art, and it is not true that such shaping destroys the scientific value of history. The difference between Mr. and Mrs. Hammond and ourselves can best be explained geometrically. They conceive of a book as a straight line which is formed of an infinite series of points; they begin at one point, a fact, and proceed to another point or fact, and there end, and they trust that their central idea running like a thread through each point, and therefore the line, will emerge in the reader's brain when he reaches the final point. Their book is not therefore a completed whole; it is a straight line which might be extended both ways indefinitely and would never meet. But a book, in our opinion, should be like a circle: the central idea should be a true centre, and the facts should be grouped around to form radii and a circumference, and the whole figure should end where it began, leaving in the reader's mind a sense of completeness. At the beginning of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's book they led us to believe that they shared our view of the functions of the historian. In the first sentence of their first chapter they tell us that "the history of England at the time discussed in these pages reads like a history of civil war." They develop this idea all through their introductory chapter. Here then, we thought, is the central idea of the book: this idea will not only be proved by the facts in the following pages, but will itself weld those facts into a whole, into a picture of the civil war, into a book. But that is precisely what does not happen. The facts prove
that the statement and the idea were true; the idea does not weld, or shape, or affect the facts. The book remains a straight line, which may or may not be continued in a fourth, a fifth, or an nth volume.

L. W.

HEROIC ADVENTURE IN THE ANTARCTIC

M.

AN is distinguished from other animals by intelligence and the power of persistent pursuit of ends. Of these qualities he has always devoted by far the greatest part to victory over other men, but a small residual effort has been devoted to the conquest of Nature, by science and the exploration of the earth. This part rouses less enthusiasm than that devoted to victory over other men, since the gain to ourselves is not enhanced by any injury to others. It would rouse still less, but for the intervention of national rivalries, such rivalries abound in the history of Antarctic exploration, and culminate in the race for the South Pole between Amundsen and Scott, in which the former won by a few days only. The two confederates of man with nature, and of man with each other—are brought into dramatic opposition by Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition. After long preparation, it was ready to start in the first days of August, 1914. By a unanimous decision, the men composing the expedition placed themselves at the disposal of the Government for the purposes of the war, and only proceeded on their voyage after receiving express orders from the Admiralty to do so. Their last news of the war was at Buenos Ayres, from which they sailed on October 26, 1914, under the belief that the Russian Steam Roller would bring speedy victory. After that, they were cut off from all news of the world until May, 1916.

The object of the expedition was to cross the whole Antarctic continent—the main achievement still to be accomplished after the Pole had been reached. Sir Ernest Shackleton was to start from the Weddell Sea, while another ship was to land men in or near McMurdo Sound, at the opposite point of the continent from the Weddell Sea. This second party was to lay depots along the route by which the polar party should emerge.

The whole history of polar exploration shows that success can only come when good fortune is added to forethought, skill and courage. Good fortune was lacking to the voyage of the "Endurance," and the results that had been hoped for were not achieved. Nevertheless, the record of what was done is full of vivid interest, and the difficulties that were not wholly insuperable were splendidly surmounted. Prolonged northerly gales and an abnormally cold summer caused the "Endurance" to become frozen fast in the pack ice of the Weddell Sea, so that no possibility of reaching the land remained. From January 18, 1915, to November 21, the ship drifted, first slightly towards the south, then, through the greater part of the time, northward. The ice pressure increased, and at last cracked and broke the ship as though it had been an eggshell. The boats, and as many as possible of the stores, were saved, and until the 9th of April, 1916, the northward drift on the ice continued. On that day, at last, it became possible to launch the boats. A precarious landing was effected on Elephant Island, an unhabited speck of land swept by hurricanes, leaving only a narrow strip of sand-safety between avalanches from above and mountainous seas from below. Here, using one upturned boat as their house, the greater part of the men of the expedition remained while Sir Ernest Shackleton, with five others, set off to seek relief.

The story of their voyage is the most thrilling part of the book. They had only a small open boat in which to accomplish over 800 miles, over the stormiest ocean in the world, at the very worst season of the year. As we read, although the man who tells the story was himself in the boat, it seems impossible to believe that they will ever reach land alive. Nevertheless they succeeded in effecting a landing on the west coast of South Georgia. The west coast is uninhabited, but on the east coast there is a whaling station. Between them runs a chain of lofty mountains, hitherto regarded as inaccessible. The six men were, as may be imagined, worn out with thirst, hunger, cold and fatigue. Nevertheless it was necessary to cross the mountains. Sir Ernest, with two of the others, effected this last extraordinarily difficult piece of work. Their first contact with civilization, after their long seclusion, must be told in Sir Ernest's own words:

We met an old man, who started as if he had seen the devil himself and gave us no time to ask any question. He hurried away. This greeting was not friendly. Then we came to the wharf, where the man in charge stuck to his station. I asked him if Mr. Sorlie (the manager) was in the house. "Yes," he said as he stared at us. "We would like to see him," said I. "Who are you?" he asked. "Callers from the sea, and eye lost our ship come over the island," I replied. "You have come over the island?" he said in a tone of entire disbelief. Mr. Sorlie came out to the door and said, "Well?" "Don't you know me?" I said. "I know your voice," he replied doubtfully. "You're the mate of the 'Daisy,'" "My name is Shackleton," I said. Immediately he put out his hand and said, "Come in. Come in." "Tell me, when was the war over?" I asked. "The war is not over," he answered. "Millions are being killed. Europe is mad. The world is mad!"

In this madness, as in duty bound, the rescued members of the expedition took part at the earliest possible moment. The scientific results of the expedition are dealt with in separate memoirs by different experts. Captain Hussey, who contributes the memoir on meteorology, states, as showing the practical utility of Antarctic exploration, a very singular fact, namely, that a cold winter in the Weddell Sea is followed by a drought in Argentina three and a half years later. This, he says, has been proved from observations carried out in the South Orkneys. The fascination of South Polar voyages, however, is not due to their scientific results. It is due partly to the sheer sense of adventure, but partly also to a deeper cause: the feeling that the worth of the human race is increased by what the voyagers have suffered. On a former occasion Sir Ernest Shackleton had all but reached the Pole, penetrating much further South than any of his predecessors. On this occasion fortune was against him, but the conquest of difficulties was on the heroic scale, and cannot but rejoice the heart of any generous reader.

B. R.

PUBLISHING DYNASTIES

John Murray III., 1808-1892: A Brief Memoir. By John Murray IV. (Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Publishing Family of Rivington. By Septimus Rivington. (Rivington. 10s. net.)

Publishers are usually interesting only because of their relations with the men who do the dirty work of the trade, the pen-and-ink and midnight-oil part of book-producing. We hear of them because they foster, or smother, genius. But in the case of John Murray III. all is different. Here we have a publisher who was himself a creator. Murray III. invented (though, alas, he did no patent could protect his invention) an entirely new literary form, the guide-book.

In days when railways did not exist, "when North Germany was yet ignorant of Macadam," and "the high road from Hamburg to Berlin... was a mere wheel track in the deep sand of Brandenburg," Murray began to satisfy that insatiable thirst for sightseeing with which he seems to have been born, and which tormented him to the
end of his days. Year by year he set out on his explorations, note-book in hand. On his return the seeds sown in the note-books grew and flourished, and in due course became full-sized guide-books, whose fruits, it is to be hoped, were pleasingly golden. But the fruits were not for John Murray's picking alone. In 1839, three years after Murray's first Handbook had appeared, there was published in Germany a "Handbuchlein" for Holland, the work of Herr Karl Baedeker. In an article reprinted in the present volume John Murray III. points out how clearly Baedeker's footsteps may be traced in his own. The heart of the textual critic will be delighted by such a fine example of source-citing as the following: "In one of the southern Swiss valleys Murray says 'the slate rocks here are full of red garnets,' rendered by B. 'are overgrown with red pomegranates,' a mistake which runs through many editions, but which I find corrected in that of 1873."

The present Mr. John Murray's brief biography of his father has been supplemented by a number of the guide-book writer's letters from abroad. These are excellent reading, and we venture to ask for more, if more are to be had.

The Rivingtons started publishing in 1711, and, except for a small hitch about the year 1890, they have never stopped publishing since. Mr. Septimus Rivington's history of the dynasty is an interesting work, containing as it does much curious information of an odd Notes-and-Queries kind about the book trade of the eighteenth century. We hear a good deal, for instance, of the institution called the "Conger," an association of publishers and booksellers gathered together for the joint undertaking of publishing enterprises. Thus, a bookseller would buy a sixteenth of Pope's works or a hundred and twenty of Watt's Hymns. In this way financial risks, as well as possible profits, were widely distributed. The book sales of the period were evidently delightful functions.

Mr. Rivington prints an advertisement of one at "The Bear in Avey-Mary-Lane. Beginning at Nine in the Morning; Where the Company shall be entertained with a Breakfast; and at Noon with a good Dinner, and a Glass of Wine; and then proceed with the sale in order to finish the evening." Times have changed for the worse; Mr. Smith of New York, who bought eighty thousand pounds' worth of books last month at Sotheby's, was not even offered a cup of tea.

The Rivingtons specialized, for the most part, in theological publications (you will find many of them, alas! being sold by weight in the Farringdon Road). It was, for example, their house which issued "Tracts for the Times." But at last, Quand la religion baisait comme une mer,

the firm turned its attention to education. It was the writer of the present volume, Mr. Septimus Rivington, who made Rivington's famous as an educational house. It was he who introduced Abbott to Mansfield, who brought North into touch with Hillard, who plotted almost all those conjunctions of names that remind one so painfully of the struggles of a classical education. It is through him we know that "such languages do exist"; we are duly grateful.

The main body and Romanesque letters of this announcement for the Royal Society have been used, with the title and name of the place, for a discussion on "The Theory of Relativity." This will be opened by Mr. Jeans, and continued by Prof. Eddington, the Astronomer Royal and others.

The Aristotelian Society will in future hold its meetings at 74, Grosvenor Street, W. 1, where on Monday, the 19th inst., Professor J. A. Smith will read a paper on "The Philosophy of Giovanni Gentile."

LUCRETIUS

Lucretius: On the Nature of Things. Translated by Sir R. Allison. (A. L. Humphreys. 7s. 6d. net.)

However scanty may be the available details of Lucretius' life, his poem indicates a sensitive intelligence and rare sympathy. Many will execrate the helter-skelter confusion of his atoms, and perhaps even the romantic meteorology will sometimes fail to arouse interest. Yet such partial lack of appreciation is comparatively unimportant, for it is not in his attempts at natural science, with all their vivid beauty and brilliant intuition, that the value of Lucretius chiefly lies, nor would the quality of his verse alone justify his permanence. Our admiration should first be evoked by his magnificent attempt to console humanity, to encourage those whose wavering temper and sinister environment expose them to superstition, the prelude to despair or dishonesty. The arrival of a new translation of Lucretius may well serve as a reminder of his perpetual significance, and previous translations ought not to obscure the merit of Sir R. Allison's. Even if the grace of his work is not consummate, the assiduous care for which it is remarkable deserves high praise. It is assuredly the result of long toil and devoted concentration.

In exposing the abject frenzy typical of those who fear death, Lucretius is impelled not by those extremes of cynicism which banish the faculty of correct judgment, but by genuine sorrow and tender passion. So far from being himself appalled at the consideration of mortality, he assigns the conception of survival after death to the realm of meaningless absurdity. The description of the world's youth and development reveals the enthusiasm of genius, and, when he insists on the degradation of ill-gotten prestige, he is no antiquated seer. Again, it is better by far to make a few mistakes in the interpretation of phenomena than to share the misery of persons

With fearful minds all hanging in suspense, Trembling before the Gods in fear, depressed To very earth, and all this just because Their ignorance of causes forces them To hand things to the Empire of the Gods.

The bombardment of the citadel of fanaticism, the onslaught against over-indulged fancy—of such adventures he is well fitted to be the leader. Victors are still enrolled by the lethargy of passive despair. Even now the coils of superstition entangle every nation. There are many still whose panacea for the ills of mortality is agitated whispering. As the apostle of individual responsibility, Lucretius opposes the wailing of indecision. The appeal against reactionary hysteria is dignified and reasonable:

Cease then to be alarmed at what is new And so reject the truth: but rather weigh These things with your keen mind, and if they're true Yield your consent, if not, then take the field Against them.

In his eyes the ascendancy of error is more disastrous than his own discomfiture.

J. H. D.
A PERSUASIVE SPIRITUALIST

HUMAN PERSONALITY AND ITS SURVIVAL OF BODILY DEATH. By F. W. H. Myers. (Longmans. 15s. 6d. net.)

This edition of Myers' well-known book is an abridgment of the first edition. Nearly all the appendices, containing the evidence on which Myers based his conclusions, are omitted. The cases included serve merely as samples, and the text itself, the theoretical discussion, is very materially condensed. It may be assumed, therefore, that the present edition gives but a weakened presentation of Myers' case. Nevertheless the result is sufficiently arresting. Myers differed from most other writers on what we may roughly describe as "spiritist phenomena" by his sobriety. He had a fairly high standard of evidence, and he was cautious and tentative in framing explanations. The one quality which prevented his being a completely satisfactory investigator was his own personal rectitude. It is a difficult paradox. We require an investigator of these phenomena to be a perfectly upright man, one free from all suspicion of exaggerated statement, and one who would never consciously doctor or invent. Not of this type, however, are only too prone to assume a higher level of general trustworthiness in others than the hard facts of this world warrant. The simple-minded gentleman is a perfectly useless investigator. Chaffery's test for investigators was not a bad one; he was completely unimpressed by the fact that a man was a professor of physics; what he wanted to know was, how far could he travel without a ticket and not be caught. The late Mr. Myers was a perfectly honourable man; he admits, however, that he had no knowledge of conjuring. That seems to us a grave defect.

Besides personal integrity and an exhaustive acquaintance with all forms of trickery, we require from the ideal investigator a thorough knowledge of the value of human testimony in cases of unconscious phenomena. We know more about this latter subject than was known when Myers wrote. Apart altogether from conscious deception, we know that the average value of human testimony, especially in unusual circumstances, is quite remarkably low. The complete honesty of a witness, and the vehemence of his assertion, afford but slight ground for supposing his statements to be true. We mention these facts because their recognition affects one's sense of probability, and the effect of a book like this of Myers will depend, in the first place, on the preconceptions with which one approaches it. We think that an attitude of extreme scepticism is the attitude justified by our knowledge of the general behaviour of human beings. What, then, is the effect of Myers' book on a mind so fortified?

The first part of the book contains nothing that we may not believe. The evidence for the existence of the "sub conscious" mind is unescapable, and we are prepared to attribute to this mind very remarkable powers. Myers considers that genius is the result of an exceptional sensitiveness to, or control of, subconscious processes. At the time he wrote, the evidence for this view was less than it is now. Recent investigation has certainly tended to show that subconscious activities are, in some way, the cause of those manifestations we call genius. The testimony of Henri Poinsac and of other mathematicians, besides the evidence of various sorts of artists, seems to show conclusively that an "inspiration" is the result of an intense, but hidden, mental activity. If this be granted, the preconceptions with which we approach claims to "intuition" will undergo a change. The phenomena of dual personality may be fitted into the general hypothesis of the subconscious mind. We have only to imagine that the "centre of control" is somehow shifted, so that a different section of the total mind is able to manifest itself in the conscious region. This way of regarding the pheno-

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WORDS—WORDS—WORDS

Responsibility. By James E. Agate. (Grant Richards. 7s. net.)

Mr. James Agate’s new novel, “Responsibility,” put us in mind of a conjurer whose performance we witnessed many years ago at a little tin theatre up country. The curtain rose upon a stage bare except for a small table. On the table there were an egg, a glass of water, a fan—and a pistol. The conjurer walked rapidly on to the stage, and with outstretched arm and bow, at the close of his evening, he seized the pistol and fired. This was by way of capturing our attention; our attention was caught. Whereupon, after roundly denouncing those of his profession whose intention it was to hold us in suspense and deceive us, he swore that with him there was positively no deception. What he proposed to juggle with was laid upon the table plain to see—an egg, a glass of water and a fan. But “pray do not imagine . . . he for his part absolutely refused to promise . . . if we were fools enough to suppose . . .” Away he flew into rapid, extravagant speech, never pausing for one moment, but now and again in the thick of it, when the fun was at its highest, seizing the pistol and firing a shot or two. Until suddenly—down came the curtain and remained there. And there the egg remained, the glass of water, and the fan, untouched, unaltered.

On page 1 of the introduction the hero of Mr. Agate’s novel rushes on to the stage and seizes the pistol. On page 3 he cries: “I hate to hold you, sir, in suspense; a dénouement which depends upon the element of surprise is essentially a disappointment at the second reading—and who is the writer who will be content with a single taste of his quality? . . . So I lay my cards on the table. They consist of a sorry hero, a mistress adored and abandoned, and a son.”

And then—away he flies through forty-four pages of introduction plentifully sprinkled with pistol shots—faster and faster, until on page 339 down comes the curtain, the performance is over, and there are the cards lying on the table—the sorry hero, the mistress adored and abandoned, the son—untouched, unaltered.

Well, what matter? Is not this soliloquy brilliant enough positively to exhaust our capacity for attending? What should we have done if, plus the pistol shots, Mr. Agate had juggled with a plot as well? Nevertheless we are left with the queer suspicion that there is some deception after all. We are not his enemies, neither are we dumfoundered and dismayed by the excessive novelty of his opinions, nor can we discover any need for him to exhort us to “calm yourselves, good readers.” Why, then, does he think it necessary to shout so loud, to be so defiant, so sure we are bound to disagree with him, so scornful whether we do or whether we don’t, so eager to shock us, so determined to stand no nonsense from us—why does he, in fine, protest so much?

This manner of his sets us wondering what it is all about—what it all amounts to. It sets us searching for the real Edward Marston without his table and his audience. If we were led to expect no more than entertainment our search would not be justified, for there are parts of “Responsibility” which are entertainment of a very high order; but the author, if we read him aright, flies a great deal higher. His hero is not content to take life as it comes; he goes towards it urgently, loving, hating, wanting “to know a million things,” nothing. It is never merely a question of Edward Marston living in Manchester in the nineties; it is the case of Edward Marston v. The Universe. It is a brave theme, but the author’s treatment of it is a deal too confident to be successful. He cannot resist his hero’s passion for display. And this passion is so ungoverned that we cannot see the stars for the fireworks.

K. M.

THE STALE AND THE FRESH

All Roads Lead to Calvary. By Jerome K. Jerome. (Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.)

Invisible Tides. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. net.)

All Roads Lead to Calvary” is another novel. It is not more; it is one of that enormous pile of novels “Are they fresh? ” “Yes, baked to-day, Madame.” But they are just the same as those that were baked yesterday and the day before—and the day before that. So much flour, a sprinkle of currants, a smear of sugar on the top. Melancholy, melancholy thought of all those people steadily munching, asking for another, and carrying perhaps a third one home with them in case they should wake up in the night and feel—not hungry, exactly—but “just a little empty.”

Joan Allway comes to London to be a journalist. She meets a great many people. She has an immediate success, first with a series of articles on Old London Churches and then with Sermons, which are published every Sunday in a famous newspaper, the editor making it a condition that her photograph appears at the head of each. For she is a great beauty. She falls in love with a married man who may well be Prime Minister one of these days, if the breath of scandal never blows him into the mire. He turns to her for help, for with all her beauty and womanliness she has a Man’s Mind. And then, because his pitiful wife, who paints her face and wears a wig and tries to smoke cigarettes, attempts to poison herself, so that her husband and Joan may be happy, Joan makes the great sacrifice. Comes the war. Again she loves—this time the editor who found her “Old London Churches” had the Stevensonian touch. She is a nurse. She goes to France. She sheds her hair and uniform—really why sees what a front-line trench is like. And comes home, and is found by the editor turned airman, “beneath the withered trees beside the shattered fountain.” Here is the last mufphul:

“Perhaps you are right,” she admitted. “Perhaps that is why he made us male and female: to teach us to love.”

A robin broke into a song of triumph. He had seen the sad-faced ghosts steal silently away.

Mrs. Seymour’s first novel, “Invisible Tides,” is of a very different quality. It has its weaknesses, but it is full of feeling. If the author were not so conscious that she is writing a novel, she would be a great deal more successful. She is over-anxious to fit all together, to explain, and to make us part of that little world which she has found so passionately interesting. The early part of the book, which describes the childhood of the hero, Hilary Sargent, and of the heroine, Helena, is, to our thinking, unimportant. Hilary is quite a nice little boy, and his mother, telling him about the man who wrote “Treasure Island,” is an attractive mother, but even the tragedy when this same gay young mother drowns herself does not really affect the later life of Hilary. As to Helena’s childhood, it is the familiar childhood of our young person who is shaping to be a heroine. She is “not understood,” she is difficult; her mother wishes she were more like other girls. But when these two meet, in spite of Mrs. Seymour’s leaning towards sentimentality, they do become individual, and we are convinced that they love each other. The war enters into their lives, and from this moment there is a great quickening of the emotion, and the description of how these two lives are laid waste is very moving. With the war, all the pretty, delicate, quaint, fanciful flowers that grow too thickly in Mrs. Seymour’s garden and that she is far too ready to make into garlands whereby to adorn her pages, are withered. We feel it is unbearable for her to see them gone, but we assure her that the hardy roots which remain are those she ought to cultivate.

K. M.
OXFORD NOTES

Last term little of decisive importance was transacted. The seeds of change were sown; it remains to be seen whether they will bear fruit in the new term which starts to-day—a term which may determine for good or ill the future of the University.

The importers of the Statute for the amendment of Responsions did not sit down under their defeat in the summer, and the Statute was reintroduced last term with a wider preamble to enable Professor Murray to introduce certain amendments designed to embody a compromise. The present position, it will be remembered, is that before a member of the University can take the degree of B.A. he must have passed two of the examiners in Responsions (or some examination accepted as equivalent thereto) that he has a knowledge of both the Latin and Greek languages and of Mathematics. The proposed Statute provides (amongst other things) that it shall be sufficient to have satisfied the examiners in either Latin or Greek and in either Mathematics, Natural Science, or translation ille lucamine. The great majority of the teaching staff of the University desire the change, but there is a considerable minority who feel strongly that the position of Greek, already precarious, will be entirely undermined if the Statute is passed. This minority summoned the non-resident members of Convocation to their aid. They, to their views, succeeded in securing the rejection of the Statute by six votes in a house of 618. The repetition of this performance is the big stick with which they threaten the supporters of the Statute. These latter in their turn can also play the bully, since they are sure of a majority in Congregation (where, speaking generally, the only three exceptions are the B.A. and Mason, who have a vote), and can threaten that even if Convocation persists in its unintelligent opposition, which is by no means certain, the State will give effect to the wishes of Congregation over the heads of Convocation. Professor Murray, the protagonist of those who like to consider themselves as the champions of Greek, in the circumstances very properly desired to find a via media. If the Statute be not passed, will the University provide for the qualification of women as members of the Hebdomadal Council, of Congregation and of Faculties and of Boards of Faculties? Surely the time is not yet ripe for gynaeocracy in Oxford.

Finally there is the Commission. Its composition inspires confidence. It has already put out an elaborate questionnaire, the answers to which will take much time and consideration. We believe that the College system is safe. It is that system which renders possible the private tuition and the intimate and close personal contact between teacher and taught that are the special characteristics of Oxford of which we are all so proud. The Colleges are Oxford. "It is easy to carp at what is written, but when we look at those which have been, and the college, if we wait for it, will have its own turn. Genius exists there also, but it will not answer a call of a committee of the House of Commons." Fortunately the members of the Commission know more about Oxford than some of our recently imported Professors, and we feel that the preservation of our special virtues is safe in their hands.

The first £15,000 of our mess of pottage from the Government came last term. Some of the Science teachers held that as it was they who were responsible for the sale of the birthright of all of us they alone should have the pottage; fortunately Council did not accept this view. Recent benefactions to this University and the response given to the appeal for funds for Manchester University make us more than ever wish that before throwing us into the stranglehold of the State our scientists had made proper efforts to obtain the necessary funds from voluntary contributions from elsewhere.

The increase of the cost of service and food and coal and everything else (except only tuition) is inevitably reflected in the charges made by Colleges for their undergraduates. College batels are some £6 to £10 higher per term than they were before the war. This, of course, is a very slight increase compared with the general rise in prices. That it is not greater is due to the efforts made by the Colleges in the direction of economy, and in some cases to the fact that corporate revenue has been brought to bear. It is the case of the poorer undergraduates. There is no excuse for the statement several times repeated by the Westminster Gazette, which ought to know better, that an undergraduate cannot, with the greatest economy, live on less than £260 to £300. Holders of Government grants for war services are, in fact, managing to live on £165; but £260 would probably be a great deal for an undergraduate, on which it is possible for a student who lives at home in the vacations to get the full benefit of an Oxford career.

I do not know—I doubt if anyone yet knows—the exact number of undergraduates in residence last term. There were probably about 3,600 up, or some 500 more than in 1914. Nobody quite knows how accommodation was found for them all, but found it somehow was. This term we shall
be reinforced by a considerable number of newly elected Rhodes Scholars. And we may hope to learn from the *Oxford Magazine* how many we are, all told.

Since I last wrote the University has suffered some serious losses by death. Dr. Daniel, the Provost of Wadham, and my many friends and no enemies; Sir William Osler lent unusual distinction to our School of Medicine; scholars came from all parts of the world to learn from Professor Haverfield; and Mr. Cannan was the moving spirit of the University Press. They are all taken from us. There have been many new appointments during the same period. Professor Halstead had been appointed at the rate of more than one a week. Mr. Stuart Jones succeeds Professor Haverfield as Camden Professor of Ancient History; Mr. de Zulueta has taken the place of Professor Goudy (who is happily still amongst us) as Regius Professor of Civil Law; Dr. Lock, the Warden of Kobe, is Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity; Dr. D.O.R.A., W. of N., who resigned; Mr. G. H. Hardy of Cambridge was elected Savilian Professor of Geometry; and Sir William Schlich is succeeded as Professor of Forestry by Mr. Troup, and Professor Vines as Sherardian Professor of Botany by Mr. Keeble, who, like Mr. Hardy, comes from Cambridge. Three new chairs have received their first occupant: Dr. Gustave Rudler is the first Marshal Foch Professor of French Literature, our well-tried friend Mr. Follino the first Sena Professor of Italian, and Mr. R. M. Dawkins leaves his Fellowship at Emmanuel, Cambridge, to take up the duties of the Bywater and Sotheby Professorship of Byzantine and Modern Greek.

Two of the smaller Colleges have elected new Heads, and in both cases they are to be congratulated upon their wisdom in doing the obvious thing. Mr. Lys is well known for his strong common sense and great business qualities; Worcester's debt to him as Bursar is already great. Mr. Munro has deserved equally well as Bursar of Lincoln, and we suspect that before he resigns his office he will have been responsible for some of those epigrammatic sayings which keep the memory of Heads of Houses fresh amongst after generations. Under the new Provost and the new Rector these two Colleges may look forward confidently to reaping the fruits of the progressive policy which they have recently been pursuing. The other Heads of Houses have received a very real accession of strength.

W. T. S. S.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The Arbury Hall collection, which was to have been sold by Messrs. Sotheby on the 22nd and 23rd inst., has been disposed of privately, and, unless for a possible sale of duplicates, we shall have only the illustrated catalogue (price 2s. 6d.) to remind us of the existence of many very rare books. The collection is a good example of the sort of books a young man should have preserved years of the seventeenth century, a time when there appears to have been a real market for the sale of pamphlets which were issued at a small cost, probably a penny for each eight pages. A man of careful habits might thus have preserved a large number of plays and other light literature in the way that some papers and magazines are preserved without setting much value either on them or their authors. Provided that no one comes along in the next century "to clear out the rubbish," the fortune of the library is made, while the more stately volumes which were its pride descend gradually to the libraries of the world. To rule. record, we may refer to an important first folio Shakespeare, Greene's "Pandosto," Lodge's "Rosalynd," and an uncatalogued quartino, some valuable Americana, some Elizabethan plays and tracts of the very rarest occurrence, and a first edition of Homer in Greek (1488).

Two of the manuscripts and autograph letters are to take place on the 30th inst., and the 5th and 6th prox. The first of these includes a very interesting collection of fifteenth-century manuscripts and early printed editions of the classics, made about 1490. It shows a real taste in the person who formed the collection, Mr. Henry Ellis Allen, and it should be looked upon as a collection of the autographs of the late Mr. Fairfax Murray, which were mainly got together as recalling great artists and then works. Illustrated catalogues may be had.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, January 9, 1920.

Since the death of the Dublin Drama League was premeditated, it was natural that, in the absence of the Athenæum, the League held its annual general meeting at the Abbey Theatre. The chairman presented a report of the year's work, and the balance sheet, showing a credit balance of £115, was adopted. A resolution of thanks to the outgoing Committee was passed unanimously, and the meeting adjourned until such date as arrangements could be made for the election of a new Committee. The League will start its second season in a very prosperous condition, with an increased membership and with all the initial organization of such enterprises completed and in working order. Whether the next Committee will be able to satisfy such criticism as that of the Dublin Players remains to be seen. Since the outbreak of a Defence of the Drama Act, there is no possibility of conscripting English producers and players for service in Ireland. At the annual meeting the chairman had to report a series of disappointments in cases where the Committee had been in negotiation with various English companies. If not more than three successful plays were produced in the first season it was because of circumstances beyond the control of the League.

Here, as in London and New York, the enormous increase in the manufacturing cost of books does not seem to have deterred newcomers. While the public recoils in horror from the—relatively—slight increase in the price of books, the great publishers and minor millionaires wave their alarm in the press, new publishers are rising up to face the (apparently) impossible conditions. They must be as optimistic as the authors themselves, who continue without even the hope of war bonuses, or a strike for larger cheques. No comment seems to have been aroused by the fact that, in the tables of expenses recently published in the newspapers to show the increase in every item of book production, one item remains unchanged. Needless to say, it is the amount payable to the author.

The new Dublin publisher is Mr. Martin Lester, who has issued quite a lengthy list of his first season's books. The Wasted Island is a novel of Sinn Féin Ireland by Mr. Eimar O'Duffy, lished to known as the author of two interesting plays. It is a voluminous tome, which demands from the reader more interest in local affairs than for the craft of novel-writing. The most interesting announcement is a work entitled "An Irish Community," the story of the famous Ithaliane experiment in the creation of a cooperative of farmers, adapted from E. T. Craig's forgotten but valuable account of a curious chapter in Irish history. Mr. George W. Russell has written an introduction to the volume. For the rest, as is becoming a noticeable feature of Irish publishing, Mr. Martin Lester's catalogue numbers more than a few volumes.

There is a large Irish public which has hitherto been satisfied with newspapers, but is now demanding books, and it is in response to this demand that publishing here has developed. In such circumstances it is inevitable that the supply reflects the taste of the plain people whose "clarified common sense" excited the enthusiasm of Dr. Woodrow Wilson more than it has usually appealed to critics of literature.

Last winter the Abbey Theatre was opened on Sunday evenings for lectures and public debates. Messrs. Chesterton, Shaw, Nevinson and others came over to assist the native intellect. To the younger generation the place was ideally fitted. As the Censor's writ did not run there, the theatre became a sort of intellectual "catholica, where the "unadulterated" and the "solenisms" uttered with impunity the thoughts that arose in them. Although we are still formidably in the grasp of D. O. C. A., and read the Irish, English, French and German newspapers, the indisputable "Abbey" has been turned to other purposes on Sundays. On the 4th of this month we had the first of a series of concerts at chamber music, which have been arranged by Mr. Lennox Robinson. The house was packed when Signor Esposito, Signor Simonetti and Mr. J. M. Gilby played the following programme of piano and cornet duet: Two Melodies (Op. 18) by Saint-Saëns; Sonata in A (Op. 100), Brahms; and Beethoven's Trio in B flat (Op. 97). There was prolonged applause and conversation after each movement, as is the amazing practice of the musical bor-
barous town, but the unfeigned enjoyment of the audience was an encouragement which Mr. Robinson deserved. He has disposed of the notion, prevalent in Dublin, that music must be reserved strictly for members of the Royal Dublin Society, whose extensive influence still gives them almost the same opportunity one has over here of hearing good music. Apart from that, there is merely the vast absurdity of the loudly boomed "concert tours," for which big names are advertised and high prices charged. When the heralded performance takes place one is fortunate if one escapes "I Hear You Calling Me" and "The End of a Perfect Day" rendered by artists obviously designed for nobler ends. At the last Quinan Concert, on the 3rd inst., M. Vladimir Rosing was—by an unforeseen and fortunate accident—heard in Dublin for the first time. He was happily not induced to make any of these delightful concessions to what is doubtless considered the sort of thing poor provincials like.

THE NEW STRASBOURG UNIVERSITY

Strasbourg has had a fine record in the past with regard to higher education, and now that the city has once more come under French control, a serious attempt is to be made to restore its University to its former pride of place as second only to that of Paris. A State grant of about a million sterling will be made, subject to Parliamentary sanction. As for accommodation, this was provided in 1884 by new buildings erected for the German University, which has been replaced by the new scheme of faculties. Since the pick of French teachers, have already been established, and a school of pharmacy has now been added.

With a view to extending the usefulness of the University as reconstituted, it is proposed to organize, with the help of professors, several of whom have had teaching experience at Lausanne, Geneva, Zurich, Liverpool, Amsterdam or New York, a series of lectures for foreign students. Other possible developments include serious attention to German subjects, and a kind of non-collegiate life for students from this country, America, Switzerland, Jugo-Slavia, etc., with clubs where the different nationalities may forget and find common interests. This last proposal is of particular importance as suggesting an attempt to give to the University a reorganized something of the international character which was so marked a feature of the great Universities when Latin was the common language of educated men throughout Christendom.

Strasbourg as a focus of learning owes a great debt to Sturm, who was a resident in the city for many years until he was finally driven out by his fierce opponents, the Lutherans. He was the first Rector of the Gymnasium (1538), and founded in 1684 an Academy with which was connected the provision of boarding-houses for poor students. The University, based on Sturm's Academy, opened its doors in 1621 with a full number of faculties, and became specially famous in the realms of medicine and philosophy. The French Revolution put an end to its activities, but in 1803 a Protestant Academy was founded, and in 1808 Napoleon set up an Imperial Academy in Strasbourg. The two schemes were amalgamated in 1819, and work was continued until the war of 1870. When Strasbourg fell, the Academy was transferred to Nancy, and in 1872 the conquerors established a new University on an ambitious scale, devoted largely, according to the views of certain French writers, to the spread of the noxious cult of Pan-Germanism.

If the University in its new form manages to free itself from purely national prejudices, and revert to the wider literary education, the hopes of its supporters with regard to the future may be realized, and Strasbourg may become world-famous.

We have received from the Clarendon Press a copy of the Oxford Almanack for 1920. It maintains its old tradition of discreet elegance with a beautiful reproduction of a drawing of the Sheldonian made in 1815 by J. Buckler. Details of the changes among the Heads of Houses and officers of the University, which are duly marked on the Almanack, will be found in our Easter Number.

The McGill University of Montreal proposes to establish a new Chair of Medicine as a memorial to the late Sir William Osler, who was not only partly educated at McGill, but was Professor of the Institutes of Medicine from 1874 to 1884.
plant dies and its nitrogenous matter breaks down, some of it may pass again into the tissue of useful vegetables. Similarly, the dissolved nitrogen compounds in the sea may be assimilated by marine plants, which may be consumed by marine animals, and part of the nitrogen may then return to us in the flesh of edible fish. But there will always be waste at each stage, and the chances are all against any large proportion of this lost nitrogen returning as food-material to man.

Much more is the case with the remaining nitrogen of decay. For this returns simply as gaseous nitrogen to the atmosphere, along with water vapour from the hydrogen and carbon dioxide from the carbon of the decaying tissue. Since this is the fate of at any rate part of all the protein-nitrogen of all living tissue, there must theoretically come a time when all the nitrogen in the world will have passed into the atmosphere as gas, and when life must cease. Is there some channel of return for the nitrogen of the atmosphere?

The electric discharge of lightning causes small quantities of atmospheric oxygen and nitrogen to combine; the resulting oxides of nitrogen pass into solution in rain-water as nitric and nitrous acids. The amount of nitrogen returned to the soil in this way is, however, negligible in amount. Besides this, there is only one counterbalancing process of any importance. Certain bacteria of the soil have, alone among living organisms, the power of changing gaseous nitrogen into water-soluble compounds; certain other bacteria can transform the ammonia of the soil—ammonia which is itself the result of tissue decay, as indicated above—into the salts of nitrous and nitric acids, the form in which nitrogen is of most use to plant life. Apart from the activities of these micro-organisms, which can in fact touch only a very small fraction of the wasted-nitrogen, there is no extra-human process at work to combat the perpetual diminution in quantity of assimilable nitrogen.

When, therefore, the natural deposits of nitrates in Chili and elsewhere are worked out, as they may well be in the not very distant future, where will man turn for his nitrogenous fertilizers, so that the plant-kingdom on which he depends may have a new lease of life? There can be no fundamental solution which does not go to the final ultimate resting-place of decay-nitrogen; man must recover nitrogen from the air, as nitric acid, as ammonia, or in some other utilizable form. It is that process of recovery which is called the "fixation of nitrogen."

If we look at man's highest manifestations of technical skill and ingenuity, we find all the industrial arts dependent at some point or other on synthetic substances whose preparation involves the use of nitric acid. If we look at man's most degraded forms of bestiality, we find that every high-explosive contains nitrogen, laboriously built into the molecule of the explosive by the use of nitric acid, only to be blown away into the air as gaseous nitrogen. For both these supplies of combined nitrogen the plant-kingdom must ultimately be robbed of an essential element in an irrereplaceable form. Whether we are making for "increased production" or for Armageddon, we must somehow or other solve this problem. The war has merely increased its urgency. Few chemists but realized its importance prior to 1914: many were actively engaged in its elucidation. If not actually completely solved as yet, much is known both of the theory and the practice of the matter as to make solution only a matter of time and of public realization of the need for solution.

It may be, indeed it is, true that the search for abstract truth and the creation of Art are of greater spiritual importance than the practical application of scientific knowledge. It is little less certain that without the latter the former cannot continue indefinitely.

A. L. B.
Fine Arts

PREVAILING DESIGN

IV. THE BULLDOG EYE'S DEPRADATIONS

It requires as much skill and resource to keep design and significance in a picture on the Nature side as it does to keep vitality and objective truth on the side of Design. It is this effort on either side that produces perfect work.

When a painter chooses to portray an angel, the word "imagination" is used to describe his talent. When, on the other hand, it is his breakfast table or his landlady that he paints, "observation" is bestowed on him. The result is approved. Most writers on painting do not possess enough "imagination" themselves to see, in considering many Cubist or Expressionist pictures, that the breakfast table has become as fantastic as anything could be. It is still for them "a breakfast table." And with this label they will struggle with it, abuse the eccentricity of the artist, praise the significance of his planes, refuse him power, or deprecate his "violence"; but never realize that it is, in fact, no longer a "breakfast table."

All the stock-in-trade of the Fanciful artist (Moreau, Blake, Beardsley, or decadently, in our day, Odell, for instance) is likewise as much the matter of Nature as the coffee-cups and bread and plates that still must be half animal and half man. The latter is usually composed of a portion of earth horse, and the upper part of a Poli (selected especially with a view to a massive effect). Blake's "Morning Stars Singing Together" are pretty English country girls or boys. You have seen faces very like theirs behind the counters of shops. As to their dress, it is like the costume adopted by students at the ever more numerous schools of choreography and physical culture. A gnome is simply a short (usually Mediterranean) type of man; a witch a very catty and very old woman, such as you can see anywhere. As to the Moreauesque landscape, again, or the grotto scenes of Leonardo, it is simply a question of scale. In small you see such a landscape (and it is not such a very difficult task to enlarge it; just like enlarging a photograph, in fact) in any deposit of magnesia. Remember a few stalactite caves you have visited or photographs of such oddities, or the more romantic gorges of almost any mountain range, and you have your equivalent in nature for the most absurdly encrusted, cathedralized, bejewelled affair that has ever been painted.

The Cubist movement, or the movement of which Braque's paintings are the key, is a very intense reaction towards the Constructive and Inventive in painting, breaking out in the midst of the solid dogma of French Impressionism. The dogma was too young to be swept aside, and giving to the unusually rapid evolution of ideas the stormy character rather than it should to act logically on the minds that it attacked. In raging on the objects saturated with scientific nineteenth-century dogma, instead of overwhelming them, or sweeping the dogma away, it twisted the objects into unreal shapes, and contorted the dogmas themselves into the strangest-looking theories. With the Futurists, for instance, this intellectual tempest took all the appearance of the most ruinous cyclone. It threatened every monument of art, it lashed the waves of Canaletto's canals, and whistled through the hair of Renaissance statuary. And one of the modern Milanese tenets was: No nude figure for one hundred years! (You do not see the naked body habitually, so do not paint it!) But the Futurist then proceeded to paint the phenomena of the world around him in an idiom visually so abstruse that, little as our contemporaries have an opportunity of seeing the human form, it would yet appear as the most everyday object beside a painting by Boccioni.

Let us now, and finally, deal more specifically with Subject-matter, and its bearing on the questions that we are discussing. If your subject-matter is your breakfast table, then, whatever you do to it, your picture should still remain structurally true to—be in some intimate and direct manner the pictorial equivalent of—that. The cups and coffee-pot, bread and plates, should not plastically usurp the character of the objects of a cobbler's shop, a scene in the Sierras, or a garden fête. In many cases in the pictures of Picasso, Gris, or Bracque, this transformation has happened, and a man's side becomes a group of buildings, and so forth.

Somewhere within the realistic practice of the Impressionists is the best method for rendering a breakfast table. There are undoubtedly a multitude of ways of doing it; but as regards extracting its objective pictorial truth from it, Cézanne or Renoir reached, it appears to me, the limits of that truth. The same thing applies to a portrait of a man sitting at that table.

On the other hand, you can proceed to paint a picture of all you know about that simple scene: the dribbling of the parotids, of the sub-maxillary and sub-lingual glands, the involuntary activities of the pancreas and central restlessness of the stomach; the conversion of the coffee and bread into absorbable matter, the villi and capillaries passing on the nutrient, with all the plant-like and imposing forms that our bodies contain; possibly introducing an interference on the part of a people of Pfeifer bacilli with the process of digestion, their gradual ascendency in the blood since their initial landing the night before. Or you can use the notions that illuminate this act of usual alimentation for the individual; a dark chagrin about the quality of the coffee, a glee at the heavy supply of fats. Or it may be that a consciousness of the active machinery of the animal seated at the table gives to your vision of him a grandeur resembling, in its effects, Gainsborough's consciousness of the delicate lives of his sitters, the high orthodoxy of their blood and habits.

But it will no longer be an enterprise of the senses, deriving directly and wholly from the sensual impression as commonly realized by other men. In the same way, only less obviously, if you always give far more weight and majesty to the tinklings of the mandolinist than his presence, occupation, and the character of his instrument warrant, you should escape from that mandolinist, forsake him for some very ponderous grandee of Spain or monstrously dignified Moor.

When the fancy is released and goes on its travels, it very soon leaves behind the coffee-cup and the studio window. The fancy is as proud of its talents as is the eye of its bulldog quality of ferocious grip and hold. And when the eye is lent to it for an adventitious spell, it chooses the most deeply hidden and most distant game. It regards the eye as a prosaic monster; the eye fixing on it, in return, a glance of great distrust. But the eye is frequently used by the fancy in hunting more immediate game. This is perhaps the uncanniest combination of all.

What we have seen in European painting for the most part during the experimentation of the last ten years is a battle of wiles between the eye and the fancy. The fancy, subjected to the legislation of the Impressionist movement, was forbidden to use the eye in the rounding up of any game except such as could be found within a radius of five miles of the painter's studio. But, on the other hand, it had the instincts of its time on its side, and was given carte blanche to do its worst within that area. The eye at its disposal (the bulldog of our simile)

* Mr. Wyndham Lewis's previous articles appeared in The Athenæum for November 21, December 12 and 26, 1919.
Meanwhile, it must be remembered, had been trained by, and had acquired all the habits of, such exacting masters as Cézanne, Renoir or Manet. The confusion caused in the neighbourhood is not to be wondered at; nor that, at the end of this terrible period, everything should be sens deus sous dessous.

The inventive faculty in painting (sometimes as fancy, sometimes in a more powerful imaginative form) has been revenging itself for the restrictions imposed on it by the absurd taboos of the "scientific" age into which it had once more forced its way. It made havoc, even, of the domain of the eye. It has masqueraded as a "pure visual" when it was nothing of the sort. It has in many cases used the properties of the drams of the eye as magic carpets to transport us to its customary haunts.

A certain amount of "abstract painting" has evolved from this confusion; similarly a certain amount of "representative painting." They really neither of them, qua "abstract" or "representative," have anything to do with it. Really "abstract painting" is a province of the creative fancy. And there are very few paintings of your breakfast table, which do not resemble your breakfast table, that are not that as well. They are generally masquerading as an Impressionist's "truth" or a pure visual truth.

Wyndham Lewis.

ARTIFICIAL DAYLIGHT

At one end of the Leicester Galleries the directors have installed Mr. George Sheringham's "Artificial Daylight," and an opportunity is thus afforded of comparing pictures illuminated in this manner with others exhibited in ordinary electric light. The result is something of a triumph for Mr. Sheringham's apparatus, which enables us to see gradations of colour in the blues, greens and yellows hitherto lost in artificial light. From the point of view of judging pictures the trouble with electric light is, of course, that the proportion of warm rays is much greater than in daylight. The new light is thrown back from a coloured reflector made of blue, green and purple patches so combined that the reflector absorbs the warm and reinforces the cold rays. It looks as if the problem were solved at last and we had come to the end of the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs, where pictures painted in cold daylight are only seen for the most part in artificial light by the light of the Bulb. The new light artists will be able to paint by artificial light without the fear of finding a yellow or blue passage in the wrong place next morning. But the real future of Mr. Sheringham's light doubtless lies in the dye industry, where the hours of work could be considerably extended by its use; and it will perhaps be found that most of our textiles, carpets and so on are exposed for sale. The special knowledge of the artist—which was proved so valuable in devising Camouflage and Dazzle—is thus once again proved itself of practical service to the State; indeed, Mr. Sheringham's "Daylight" may develop into a national asset.

NOTES ON ART SALES


Guardi's "Piazza di S. Marco," 12 in. by 16 in., made £470 (Colnaghi), and his "Dogana, Venice," 26 in. by 42 in., £1,155 (Wells). A tavern interior by Jan Steen 17 in. by 14 in., reached £2,100 (Lewis & Simmons); Peter de hoop's "Merry Company," 28 in. by 24 in., £978 (F. Sabine); Frank Hals' "Rembrandt," from the Minshez Collection, £524 (Campbell); and a tavern interior on a panel, 11 in. by 12 in., by A. Van Ostade, £714 (M. M. Clark).
Music

PURCELL ON THE STAGE II.

ONLY one of Purcell's dramatic works is in the strict sense of the word an opera—"Dido and Aeneas," and "Dido and Aeneas" was composed not for public performance but for private performance at a girls' school. Mr. Barclay Square has established clearly the fact that it must be assigned to 1689, so that although it is not a work of Purcell's early youth it still remains the earliest of his important compositions for the stage. Evidently it was quite impossible to give the general public an opera in which the music was continuous from beginning to end. Its model, so far as it had a direct English model, was Blow's "Venus and Adonis." Blow's work is generally called a masque, but it has nothing to do with the Elizabethan type of masque and is simply a chamber opera, composed like "Dido and Aeneas" for private performance, though in this case for the more excited environment of the Court of Charles II. The school in question was kept by Josias Priest, the most celebrated theatrical ballet-master of the day in London. It was no doubt owing to the impression made by "Dido and Aeneas" that Purcell was engaged by Betterton to compose music for "Dioclesian" in 1690, and it is worth noting that Purcell printed the music to "Dioclesian" in exactly the same format as Grub's unfortunate "Albion and Albanius," as if to show that he could do as well as the Frenchman if not better. "Dioclesian" evidently converted Dryden to a proper appreciation of Purcell, and "King Arthur," the fruit of their collaboration, came out in the following year.

"Dioclesian" is a hash-up of an old play with a quantity of choral music inserted wherever possible, and a masque to finish it off. The masque is one of Purcell's happiest efforts, but it must be admitted that a good deal of the earlier incidental music is much too long-drawn to be in any sense dramatic. "Dido and Aeneas" is never long-drawn: the most marvellous thing about it is its tense concentration. "King Arthur" had the advantage of being planned as an opera from the beginning—an opera, that is, according to English taste. As in "The Tempest," the principal characters do not sing at all unless they are supernatural beings. The spirits sing, the mortals speak; but, as in "Dioclesian," there are a number of choruses set to music, and the whole concludes similarly with a masque. "King Arthur" certainly achieves what few of these so-called operas did, unity of style, both in words and music. The result was that "King Arthur" survived longer than any other opera of Purcell, and was acted even in the nineteenth century. "Dido and Aeneas" has been several times put on the stage in recent years, but its revival was directly due to the celebration of the bicentenary of the composer's death in 1885.

The English preference for romantic plays with incidental music was the ruin of Purcell's chances. Had it been possible to produce a complete opera in England on the scale of the operas of Lulli or Scarlatti, there can be no doubt that Purcell possessed the complete ability to carry out this part of his work. His Dido and Aeneas was the result of both his depth of poignant expression and his technical skill in portraying musically the vivid and dramatic interaction of personalities. In his other operas, such as "The Indian Queen," we can see his masterly handling of large masses, and, especially in "King Arthur," of building up musical forms with a colossal sense of design. It was his tragedy that he never had the opportunity of exercising all his powers simultaneously in one single work.

In "The Fairy Queen" (1692 and 1693), which is to be put on the stage at Cambridge on February 10, it is Purcell's sense of the picturesque and his feeling for ballet and stage effect that are most conspicuously in evidence. This entertainment—to call it an opera is absurd—is a much mutilated version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" into each act of which a choral ballet divertissement is inserted. Not a single word of Shakespeare is set to music, and the musical episodes not only have nothing to do with the play, but are in themselves ludicrously inconsequent. Those who go to see it must make up their minds at the outset to lay aside all superstitious reverence for our immortal bard and accept the work almost in the spirit of a revue. The play itself is considerably curtailed, and on this occasion has had to be still further shortened in order to bring the performance within a reasonable length. The first entry of Titania is made an excuse for an amusing choral scene in which a drunken poet is blindfolded and pinched by the fairies. This episode is one of the additions made to the opera at the revival in 1693. The poet's stammering utterances afforded Purcell scope for that humorous realism in which he so clearly delighted, and there is another spirited comedy scene in the third act in the shape of a pastoral dialogue between Coridon and Mopsa. The five intermezzi are from a musical point of view admirably planned and contrasted. That in the second act, to the place of "Ye Spotted Snakes," is amplified into a procession of Night, Mystery, Secrecy and Sleep, each wonderfully characterized both vocally and instrumentally. At the last comes Sleep, and the chorus take up the words of his song "Hush, no more, be silent all," with short chords and long rests between that vividly suggest their movements as they "softly, softly steal from hence" and leave the stage to the mysterious "followers of Night," who weave a fantastic dance to an elaborate and ingenious "canon four in two."

Pastoral gaiety is the characteristic of the third ballet, commanded by Titania for the amusement of Bottom. The author of the words is not known, but some of the songs in this scene are almost worthy of Dryden himself. In addition to the dialogue between Coridon and Mopsa the worthy weaver is entertained by dances of swans, of savages and of mayflies. The reconciliation of Oberon and Titania is celebrated in Act IV, by a pageant of Peace and the four seasons, the chorus bailing the "great parent of us all" in a very noble and massive strain of homage. The last masque, with which the nuptials of Theseus and Hippolyta are honoured, by special command of Oberon, is very properly introduced by Juno, and concluded by the invocation and appearance of Hymen, after which the singers and dancers, who have now been changed miraculously from fairies to "Chinesees," join in the inevitable chaconne.

Mr. Pepys saw "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1662 and found it "the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." If he had had the chance of witnessing it with Purcell's music he would probably have reconsidered his judgment.

EDWARD J. DENT.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have undertaken to publish a new work entitled "The Cambridge Ancient History." This work, of which the general plan will be similar to that of the "Cambridge Modern History" and "Medieval Histories," will consist of eight volumes, and, beginning with an account of archaeological discovery, will trace the history of Egypt and Babylonia, Assyria and Persia, Greece and Rome, to 324 A.D. The whole work will be under the editorship of Professor J. B. Bury, Fellow of King's College, Mr. S. A. Cook, of Gonville and Caius College, and Mr. F. E. Adecock, Fellow of King's College.
CONCERTS

The Symphony Concert of the New Queen’s Hall Orchestra on January 10 was conducted by Mr. Frank Bridge, who had apparently been called in at the last moment on account of the indisposition of Sir Henry Wood, and in the circumstances it is not unfair to expect that the performance of such a work as Schubert’s Symphony in C would be completely satisfactory. It was remarkable that it went as well as it did. Mr. Bridge succeeded best in the Scherzo; but the changes of tempo introduced into the Andante rather confused it, and the horn theme in the adagio was taken with such slackness of rhythm that it lost a great deal of its power and effect. The chief pitfall of the Symphony in C is in the trombones, and on Saturday they were allowed to come through far too prominently. The concert opened with George Butterworth’s “Shropshire Lad” Rhapsody—soggy and rather dull a thing as any modern English orchestral work. Miss Felice Jana sang the “Mad Scene” from Ambroise Thomas’s “Hamlet”; Mr. Arthur de Greef gave a fine performance of Saint-Saëns’s Pianoforte Concerto in F, a work which was well chosen to exhibit his technical abilities. The programme ended with Ravel’s “Valse Espagnole”—a witty description of Spanish music, expressive with a certain hardness and incisiveness of French epigram. The ito of the Malaguena (played on a muted trumpet) is a delicious example of Ravel’s humour.

A large and appreciative audience was present at the Wigmore Hall on January 7 for the first concert of Modern Music. Messrs. Melzak and Krish (violin and pianoforte) rather gave the impression that they were playing showy passages for their own benefit, instead of realizing that they were part of a whole and subordinating themselves to it. They succeeded better in Mr. Frank Bridge’s eclectically “Phantasia in C minor”; and in Brahms’s Trio in the same key they achieved a really balanced performance. Mr. Mannucci (cello) is apparently the best musician of the three; he certainly has a better understanding of chamber music.

Mr. Edward Mitchell, who is giving a series of pianoforte recitals on Saturday afternoons at the Westminster Central Hall under the auspices of The Music Student, has the makings of a fine technique and a notable power of interpretation. His programmes are unconventional and are devoted exclusively to modern music. Mr. Mitchell’s taste runs from Scriabin and other composers of a violently emotional type, such as MacDowell, whose “Celtic Sonata” has all the hysteria of Liszt without any of his nobility, but his playing of them was marked by commendable restraint and dignity. His choice of pieces hardly gave him scope for much variation; of Mr. Goossens’s amusing ingenuity and De Falla’s “Cubana” afforded a momentary and refreshing contrast. Mr. Mitchell’s last recital (January 17) is to consist entirely of works of Scriabin, including the Tenth Sonata (Op. 70) and the later Preludes (Op. 74).

Dr. W. W. Seton and Dr. R. W. Chambers have undertaken for the Scottish Text Society an edition of Bellenden’s translation of Hector Boece’s History of Scotland. The edition is based upon the manuscript in the library of the University College, London, formerly belonging to James Boswell. Five other manuscripts are known: one in the library of the Marquis of Bute, at Longleat; a second in the Advocates’ Library, Edinburgh; a third in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge; and two others, probably copies of the printed text, in the possession of Dr. E. Neilson and Mr. Brown, of Glasgow. The editors are anxious to ascertain whether any other manuscripts of Bellenden exist. Information should be addressed to Dr. Seton, at University College, London.

Three courses each of seven public lectures on Scandinavian literature will be given shortly at University College, Mr. Björkhaugen will lecture on Thursdays on “August Strindberg,” beginning February 12; Mr. Grøndahl on Wednesdays on “Wergeland, Welhaven and Collett,” beginning February 11; and Mr. Helwage on Tuesdays on “The Golden Age in Danish Literature,” beginning February 19.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

Boñor’s “Mefistofele” was performed for the first time in Paris on Christmas Day at the new Théâtre Lyrique (formerly the Vaudeville). It has been a distinct success. M. Vanni-Marcony as Mefistofele (an American) and Edith Mason (an American) as Marguerite, and the conductor, Signor Polacco, were no doubt chiefly responsible for this success. Mme. Mason, who is appearing for the first time in Paris, has a clear, strong voice of rich quality which she uses with skill, and has under perfect control. Above all she is a straightforward singer, who can embody the text as well as the music, and is immeasurably better than Gounod’s “Faust.” Musically it is stronger and shows more grasp of character, and in its general conception it certainly has more affinity to Goethe’s poem. At the same time “Mefistofele” is essentially conventional grand opera, and in no way an epoch-making work, although it is imbued with the beautiful spirit of the age. It is a work in which the smallest thing is magnified, and at all events is free from the absurd sentimentality and superficiality of Gounod’s “Faust.” There is dramatic power in the character of Mefistophiles, and one can understand why this rôle is one in which Chaliapine excels.

A fresh strike on the part of the orchestra and “petit personnel” of the Opéra has temporarily interrupted all performances, including those of the Russian Ballet.

The strikers demand increased salaries—a demand which at first was met with incredulity by the management in the presence of the Minister of Fine Arts in October last—and are only striking now because this agreement has not been carried out.

The management, on the other hand, declare that they can do nothing in the matter unless the State intervention is increased. As the cost of production has increased out of all proportion and has resulted in a nightly deficit of 5,000 fr. during the last six months.

The first of these concerts took place at the end of December; during the present month and those to come they will take place at weekly or fortnightly intervals. A novel feature of the concerts is that the audience are invited to vote for the works which they prefer and which they consider worthy of publication. There were 148 ballots at the first concert. The following is an example of how the vote was distributed: in the vote for the “Cello Sonata” by Joseph Bonnhois, 132 persons expressed their preference, 138 wished to hear it again, and 124 desired to see it published.

In so far as the “Œuvre Inédite” provides opportunities for composers who are not well known to become better known, if they have merit, by overthrowing the usual barriers which stand between them and the public, it is clearly fulfilling an excellent function and supplying a long-felt need, common, we suppose, to most countries, since the production of new native music is almost always attended by a host of practical and financial difficulties. One would like to see the creation of a similar “Œuvre” in England.

R. H. M.

The centenary of the birth of Molière, which will occur in January, 1922, is to be fitly celebrated at the Comédie Française, where M. Emile Fabre proposes to produce twenty-three of Molière’s works, with the decorations and vocal parts, within the month.
Drama

"JULIUS CAESAR" AT THE
ST. JAMES'S

THE grand but reposeful nobility, which (as the last few years have shown us) is a happy characteristic of the English mind, is perfectly reflected by our English actors, and never more perfectly than in their performances of Shakespeare's plays. And of Shakespeare's plays the Roman tragedies are perhaps the best adapted for this particular kind of exhibition. The noble Roman reaches, in fact, the ne plus ultra of grand but reposeful nobility. Honest, loyal, patriotic, raised high above all possibility of humour or intelligence, moved only by the purest and loftiest feelings, the noble Roman is an ideal to which we should all long ago have attained if there had not been the old difficulty over our profiles. This difficulty can only be surmounted by actors, so that it is an envious audience that gazes each evening at the noble Romans pacing in their togas over the boards of the St. James's Theatre. Neither in quantity nor quality has such a display of nobility been seen for years, and if its preparation has required one or two little alterations in Shakespeare's arrangements, who will grudge them? Certainly not Mr. Henry Ainley, whose remarkable reconstruction of one of Count Tolstoy's pieces has recently excited so much notice.

In the present instance there has been less actual creative work to be done (at all events with the pen)—though a word of praise is due for Antony's beautiful "Vale, Caesar!" (as he kneels a last time beside his dead friend) which gives so much more touching an end to the foreign scene than the sordid affair of Cinna the poet. But as regards tactful elimination the calls upon the producer's ingenuity have been severe. The fact is that the ordinary version of the text, either owing to printer's mistakes (as most commentators suppose) or owing to the author's carelessness, contains several passages which tend to throw doubts upon the nobility of two or three of the characters. Indeed in the case of one of them—of Julius Caesar himself—the reviser's task is almost hopeless. What with his conceit, his ill-disguised nervousness, and his eccentric remarks and notions, Julius Caesar's nobility is past preserving for. The most that can be done is to acquiesce in what we must deplore and to induce him to make up for his earlier failings by improving his appearance as a corpse and as a ghost. There was more prospect of success in applying the straightening process to Mark Antony. The highly compromising prostration scene must of course be abolished, as well as the tit with Octavius at the beginning of the fifth act, but the actor-manager might be compensated for this by being given the last four lines of Octavius' speech at the end of the play. The rest of the job was safely left to the actor's skill. Mr. Ainley succeeded in making Antony as respectable and straightforward and simple-minded as could be desired. Arrived—Aeques? Not a trace. Didn't he explain it all himself? A plain blunt man, that loved his friend, with neither wit nor words nor utterance, who only spoke right on. And if what he said made the public so frightfully excited and enthusiastic, nobody was more completely surprised than himself, and (in his naive way) gratified and even elated. Oh! nobility incarnate. As to Brutus, finally, there was no difficulty whatever. In fact, if anything he was a little too noble; his reception of the news of Portia's death was so stoical that it had to be cut. But otherwise, except that his dignity forbade him to mention the whizzing exhalations and prevented the anonymous poet from entering his tent at Sardis, nothing was required except to allow him to commit suicide by himself on an empty stage instead of persuading Strato to let him run upon his sword.

This ennobling process, however ethically desirable and however enjoyable for the actors, produces, must be allowed, a depressing sense of uniformity upon the audience, especially as it involves the omission of many of the livelier parts of the play. But apart from these drawbacks there is a good deal to be said for the production. Almost every word is audible; hardly any of the verbal emphases are misplaced; there is no extraordinary over-acting—nothing comparable to the barking King in the Covent Garden "Hamlet"; the scenery and dresses are inoffensive except in so far as they prolong the intervals, and force us to listen to the futilities of the incidental music. On the other hand the crowd is feeble in spite of its noiseiness, and the difficulties of the battles at the end are met, as usual in this production, by cutting them. But with all his cuts and without all his StatusBarque, the producer has quite failed to give the play any kind of formal unity; he leaves us with only one general impression—that Shakespeare is a better dramatist than Mr. Ainley.

J. S.

A TISSUE-PAPER COMEDY.

NEW THEATRE.—"Mr. Pim Passes By." By A. A. Milne.

FEARFUL is the lure of the theatre, not only to stagestruck young ladies and gentlemen, but also to literary men. Only the theatre, they believe, will enable them to express the best that is in them, and no first-class novelist is happy till he has written a second-class play. They carry their best ideas in half their theatre, no matter whether the theatre can use them or not. Here, for instance, is Mr. A. A. Milne, who gets a capital notion for a short story. An absent-minded old gentleman calls on some formal errand at a country mansion, and in the course of a few minutes' chat with the lady of the house induces her to believe that her proud husband, a son of whom she thought long buried in Australia, is alive and has lately been seen by him on a liner. The lady's second husband, a county magnate much swayed by Mrs. Grundy, is of course precipitated into paroxysms of terror, which last till, after a wearing afternoon, Mr. Pim comes ambling by again at sunset, to confess that, by a natural confusion in his mind between the names "Telworthy" and "Polwhittle," he has created a huge alarm about nothing at all.

Now, if Mr. Milne had kept to the key of fantasy throughout and not troubled about marriage-law propaganda, there was matter, as we say, for a good short story. Why must he take it into the theatre? At the most such a slender plot would provide a curtain raiser, and yet he has tried to extract three whole acts from it. Seldom can a dramatist have been put to such shifts. Mr. Pim returns not once but three times to unravel his little error; a pair of light-comedy lovers are rushed in as stopgaps. Still there is not an evening's entertainment. Happy thought! Music is said to have charms. Let Miss Georgette Cohan give an impression of her talented mother in a coon-song; let Mr. Ben Webster make comic sounds at the piano. Still three-quarters of an hour to fill? Give aid, all ye spirits of harmony! Piano entertainers, violin soloists, selection-twingling orchestra, save us! If that will not do, dare we bring Mr. Pim back a fifth time? If we are not really numbered by all the house we will ask Mr. Bosciault has provided compensations. For the wife he gives us Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and who is there to-day but Miss Vanbrugh to play drawing-room comedy with a proper sparkle? Best of all, he consents (too rare treat!) to give us himself. Mr. Pim with his peering spectacles and soft, sly voice is perfect. He is solid; you could venture to walk all round him. Without any help from the text you know his whole history—that he was at Eton, for instance, that he has made money (Heaven knows how!) in business, and that he is President of a Metaphysical Society. When we think of him we find our complaints unfounded. We wish, after all, Mr. Pim had come back for the fifth time.

An exhibition of about twenty paintings by the late Auguste Renoir will be held at the Chelsea Book Club, beginning on January 31.
CHRISTMAS IN THE THEATRES

II.—PANTOMIMES.

A MODERN pantomime is like Islington High Street, which, beneath its coating of fish-bars and cinema palaces, still follows the straggling line of an old-world village. So, at the pantomime, when the topical songs are all sung, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the profliteers and the brontosaurus all gibbetted, the latest (or what London takes for the latest) effects of stage-mechanism and lighting all displayed, the ancient skeleton shows through the fleshy, and we recognize the commedia dell'arte. The principal boy and girl, stately and vacuous, are just the first lovers, Leonidro and Isabella; between the songs and ballets buffoons interpolate their lazzi, which are just as much, and just as little, extempore as the improvised comedy of the Italian Masks; and though Harlequin glitters to-day in symmetrical lozenges, we meet the true scion of the Bergomask varlet in the low comedian with a snudge on his nose, with patched-up trousers and socks that are not a pair.

The origin of these types remains a mystery. They appear among men (for they never had a birthday) somewhere in Latium or Etruria. In the light of the flames that envelope the sack of Rome, their strange silhouettes flit across the crumbling aqueducts, and escape with a bound into the Middle Age. This part has been told by Vernon Lee and others. But how the Masks crossed the Channel and learned to be English is a story that no one will dare to tell in detail till Mr. W. J. Lawrence unlocks his treasures. Yet what an evolution began that night at Covent Garden, when Rich first chipped his egg as the sun-hatched Harlequin, and (knowing he could not speak three words without solecisms) reverted to the subtle art of the mime! The brawling buffoon becomes a silent enchanter, while Columbine, once the merry serving-wench, is volatilized into a fay in bewilling muslins. The star-crossed lovers who vented their griefs in the prologue would be changed by some spell to Harlequin and Columbine, and pursued through a world of trick-groves and toppling castles by the old curmudgeon transformed to Pantaloon, and his loutish servant translated into the Clown, the "griming, filching, irresistible clown" of Grimaldi, with his mouth red-smeared, like a schoolboy's, from stolen tarts. Later on, when Planche and Beverley invented modern scenery, and could show by the falling of the leaves of a palm-tree "six fairies supporting a coronet of Jews," the opening fable encroached on the harlequinade, which gradually shrunk to the shadow it is to-day. Yet not long since, in the last scene at Drury Lane, while electric rains in torrents and the chorus revolved in dazzling magnificence of colour, we caught the whisk of Columbine's white skirt, and observed her watching the spectacle from the wings. So the Sphinx watches cavalcades of affluent globe-trotters, . . .

We have not strayed far from our subject in these reflections, for you will find the traditional pantomime at the Lyceum, preserved, so to say, in amber and other times. "Dick Whittington" this year is flawless in structure. It begins in a cowwebby belfry with Demon Rats, who defy the Fairy Queen in her halo of moonbeams, and ends with a son of ghost of a harlequinade. "En route" we are shown old London, on with gables and windmills; Fitzwarren's Stores, the wreck off the coast of Morocco, and attain, through disintegrating bowers of bloated margolids, to a paradise of fairies in rose-shaped skirts, whose revels are led by a sylph of such classical contours that she might have been snipped from the plates of Pollock's toy-theatres. Miss Mabel Lait, the hero, is as fair as a disguised Virgilian goddess, and happily more a Diana than a Juno; Mr. George Bass as Idle Jack and Mr. Daley Cooper as Fitzwarren's cook say, sing and tumble over everything they ought; and Whittington's cat, with its joyous scamperings, is made very lovable by Mr. Foy. In short, a pantomime comme il faut.

The type is faithfully preserved on the whole in the suburbs. The Hammersmith version of "Cinderella" has a noble Prince Charming in Miss Lillie Ansell, and a regular spring-headed Jack of a dancing Baron. "Red Riding Hood" at Wimbledon is most pleasing. Besides the indispensable Boy Blue and the Wolf, we have a manly Robin Hood and a sweet Maid Marian, not forgetting Friar Tuck and Richard Coeur-de-Lion. For once the romance is not altogether evaporated, and the old-fashioned style of the costumes and scenery suggests at times a Cruikshank illustration. At Kennington, in "Aladdin," on the contrary, all is topical, aptitude, and malicious. Mr. Fred A. Leslie's Abanazar is perhaps the best that has been seen since the witlessness of pantomime librettists made a comic person of that tiresome sorcerer, and Miss Jennie Benson's Aladdin is quite in the picture, chock-full of spirits and cheek, and revealing, by occasional tremors of sentiment, that if Miss Benson thought we were worth the bother, she could play the part as a serious character-study. There is a certain sardonic Lion well worth a mention, but the real attraction is Mr. "Wee" George Wood. We will not inquire his age (Poll Sweedlepine came to grief over that in the case of Bailey, Jr.), but, the moment he steps on the stage as Aladdin's small brother, he brings the breath of the steets along with him. It is the London boy at last without caricature, that aloof and icy cynic we all of us know, if we have ever encountered a Scout or an office boy. Perhaps nobody on the stage but Mr. Wood combines the physique and the knowledge required for this feat.

We have kept for Drury Lane the place of honour at the tail of our defile. Compare the present spectacle of "Cinderella" with the style of pantomime received by Mr. Arthur Collins from his old chief as a legacy, and you will realize what a reformer he has been. Historic names—Evans, Conquest, Lupino—are still to be found upon the programme, but everything else has changed. In most cases for the good. We are only too glad that Mr. Will Evans should have a red toupet, and not a red nose, as the Baroness, and suggest Mayfair instead of the local pawning shop. We are equally glad that Mr. Lupino, as Pipkin the page, should be innocent enough in his fun for any nursery. And, though Mr. Cornell's ballets do not in design reach much above a prettiness painted fan, they are infinitely preferable to glare and spangles. We may add that the fête galante in the Prince's gardens, with its flavour of the age of the Macaronis, is a happy and fantastic evocation. If Miss Smithson's Cinderella is lackadaisical (we have not met the Cinderella we wanted this year), Miss Marie Blanche's Prince Charming quite makes amends. He is really original, this Hoffmannesque gallant, who strolls through the woods with a fettle under his arm, and appears in a magic mirror to his beloved. There is a dash of Charles Surface about him, too, when the punchbowl is on, and a number of little warning touches of dignity, which never let you forget his royal blood. It is the best thing that has been done in this line for years, and perhaps out of all our Christmas peregrinations Miss Marie Blanche has left us the brightest memory.

The Incorporated Stage Society announce that the programme for their next production will consist of two plays by M. Wilson Diseur: "There Remains a Ge-ter," a fantasy in one act, and a three-act comedy, "Isles of Memories." The performances will be given on the 8th and 9th inst., Sunday evening and Monday afternoon.
Correspondence

ENCLOSURES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—I should like to ask one or two questions of your reviewer E. M. G., who, in the review of "Working Life of Women in the Seventeenth Century," by Miss Alice Clark, makes the statement that "the years of enclosure had hardly begun" (Athenæum, January 2, p. 9). This seems to me to require some explanation.

If this statement is correct, I should like to have E. M. G. explain the Statute against enclosing, 1489 (4 Henry VII.), the pamphlets against enclosing in the middle of the seventeenth century, the reports of the Royal Commissioners on enclosures 1517-19, 1548, 1566, 1607, 1652, and 1656. It would appear that between 1485 and 1517 about one-half per cent. of the counties investigated was enclosed, and 6,931 persons displaced; and for the period 1578-1607, 69,758 acres enclosed with 2,232 evictions. In Northamptonshire in the above two periods 2.21 and 4.30 of the county was returned as enclosed, the numbers displaced being 1,405 and 1,444. Mr. R. H. Tawney estimates that 2.76 of the whole area of the twenty-four counties was affected by agrarian changes (enclosure), displacing between 30,000 and 50,000 persons.

May I suggest that these figures give a different view from that of E. M. G., and affect seriously the criticism of Miss Alice Clark's book? Is it not well to remember that the dispossessed peasants did not write pamphlets showing the evil of enclosure? Their action was of a different order.

Would E. M. G. kindly explain why in 1569 an armed band pulled down enclosures near Chelney, in Derbyshire? The Leveller movement, too, seems to require some attention. The movement which Mr. Tawney says "set half the counties of England in a blaze between 1530-1569" was an attempt to resist enclosure, as is shown by the clauses in the programmes of agrarian reform drawn up in 1536 and 1549, quoted by Mr. Tawney.

Your reviewer may be right, and the years of enclosure may not have begun in the seventeenth century; but it seems to me that the view of these rebels as to enclosure requires some explanation. Were they mistaken? Have the Royal Commissioners made their reports out for the wrong year? Is Mr. Tawney a sure guide in these matters? E. M. G. further says the latter part of the period (i.e., seventeenth century) shows a marked rise in real wages. Well, what about the years 1693-9, spoken of as the "Seven Years of Famine"? The price of corn in 1698 is given as 6s. 9d. per quarter, the average for seven years 57s. per quarter; while for the previous seven years the average price was 31s. 9d. per quarter. If people were so much better off, why did the women at Oxford riot in the market and pull down the price of corn from 9s. to 6s. 2d., and why riots throughout the country, with the breaking of gaols, etc.? Perhaps E. M. G. has a satisfactory explanation.

Yours, etc.,

C. R. S.

EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF GRAVITATION

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—One does not "explain" gravitation by looking at the top crust of Nature! And may I suggest that the whole thinking of Einstein goes astray? The supposition that space is Euclidean in one quarter and non-Euclidean in another—just to explain observations otherwise inexplicable—rests on the assumption that space is a kind of putty. It is an order, not a separate thing.

All these useful fictions of science—"matter," "energy," "spaces," Newtonian evenly-flowing "time," "electrons," "forces," and so forth—are useful inventions of "simplifying" generalizers. Mathematical spaces are Euclidean and non-Euclidean just as your conceptual inventions run—just as you define them. Riemann, Lobatschevsky and Euclid are all right. There are as many special spaces as you can invent consistently, since you make them. Co-existing positions of colours, etc., are all we perceive.

The whole development of physics from the seventeenth century in Europe rests on what Professor Mach calls a "mechanical" mythology accepted because useful for scientific prediction. All right. But don't try and make philosophy out of their 'washy but "useful" stuff—it won't stand it.

Outside the ranks of a few metaphysicians we sup posed enlightened Europeans live in superstition. Science to-day has been called an "expurgated mythology." But the expurgation is very incomplete. So long as there remains any belief in fictions like energy, gravity, space, time, etc., viewed as entities, so long popular thinking remains in the mire. It is a pity specialists don't receive a more liberal training before they start on their narrowing work. But this takes time.

Spectator.

"SCOTS"

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—When your reviewer spoke of Gavin Douglas as one who "wrote in Scots," he was more pedantically accurate than possibly he realized. His critic (December 19) insists that "Douglas did not write in Scots," and that "in Douglas's day . . . Scots and Gaelic were the same thing." Of both propositions Gavin Douglas himself is a witness to the contrary. In the "Prologue" to "Eneid," "I am allied to himself as Writing in the language of Scottis nation;"

Kèmg na Sudroum [Southern] but our ain langauge.

-----

So me behuvtit to sae.

Sam bastard Lytne, Frensch, or Inelis ois [use]:

Ouhr saur war Scottis I had na uther choos.

For all that, Douglas is distinguished among Scottish writers by his use of what we may even call "Southern" mannerisms. But the point is that his usage directly traverses both statements of your correspondent. His departure from the earlier course of identifying "Scots" with Gaelic was no doubt warranted by the growing contemporary practice; his language does not suggest that it was a startling novelty. Less than forty years later the author of "The Complaynt of Scottlande" pleads: "I hel usit domestic Scottis langage."

Yours truly,

Scottish Arts Club,

W. Mackay Mackenzie.

Edinburgh.

WREN'S EPITAPH

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—I write to point out a slip in Mr. Frederic Harrison's interesting letter in your last issue. Mr. Harrison quotes the celebrated epitaph of Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral as being "si monumentum quaeris, circumspice." Surely, if my memory serves me right, this should be "si monumentum requiris circumspice." The difference may appear trifling, but, slight as it is, the correct version is immeasurably grander for expression, rhythm, and volume of sound. It has the additional advantage of leading further emphasis to the point so admirably made by Mr. Harrison—that Latin owes its undeniable superiority to English for epigraphic purposes partly to the greater gravity and rotundity of the words employed.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

N. H. Romanes.

The King has approved of the following awards by the President and Council of the Royal Society: A Royal Medal to Prof. John Brettland Farmer, F.R.S., for his notable work on plant and animal cytology. A Royal Medal to Mr. James Hopwood Jeans, F.R.S., for his researches in applied mathematics.

Other awards have also been made by the President and Council: The Copley Medal to Prof. Williamaddock Bayliss, F.R.S., for his contributions to general physiology and to bio-chemistry. The Davy Medal to Prof. Percy Faraday Frankland, F.R.S., for his distinguished work in chemistry. The Sylvester Medal to Major Percy Alexander MacMahon for his researches in pure mathematics. The Hughes Medal to Dr. Charles Chree, F.R.S., for his researches on ter restrial magnetism.
Foreign Literature

CHARLES NODIER

SOME persons who do not take things lightly have been wont to say that they would much rather have no biographies, the exceptional satisfactions, in such cases as Boswell and Lockhart, being far outweighed by libraries of insignificance and shelves of things more or less disappointing or disgusting. M. Pinguad’s life of Nodier—for it is almost that, though the later years are passed over more rapidly than the earlier—may not completely vindicate these pessimists, but it certainly does not very signally confute them. There is one delightful story in it, and another which might have been delightful. The first is that Nodier (who had the not disagreeable weakness of imaginary autobiography, so closely allied to the other gift of “story-telling”) once began “Quand j’étais corsaire”—But the young idiot to whom he was speaking, instead of waiting in breathless joy for the revelation, interjected, “Vous avez été corsaire?” whereat, of course, Nodier turned away in a huff. The other anecdote, as observed, promises, but does not quite pay. His sister-in-law (one likes her for it) asked him once how he had managed to persuade so many women that he loved them. Now the proper answer, of course, would have been, “Because I did.” But the recorded one, “Because I thought I did,” is very feeble.

There are other things to reward the reader; but on the whole we don’t learn very much more of the author of “La Fée aux Miettes” than we could have guessed, and something of the circumstances in which he could have done without. There is nothing surprising in the information that he shared that peculiar weakness of men of letters as to money matters which was so common in the interval between frank dependence on patronage and at least profession of entire independence. First we begged and took without shame, then we borrowed without much thought about repayment. Let us thank Apollo, and be rather surprised at Mercury, that our prose God has allowed us to leave the completion of the triad—stealing—to other classes of workers.

Another failing of Nodier’s—an aptitude for shifting political opinions with extreme versatility, and occasionally mistaking the dates of his previous sentiments—may have been partly due, as M. Pinguad thinks, to his having no very definite opinions at all. But this indefiniteness itself must have been aggravated by the extraordinary early experiences of which we have here the fullest account. When a boy of ten or twelve is made to pronounce orations in a Jacobin club about supposed Republican martyrs, and when he is shortly afterwards revolting by seeing examples of Republican savagery, it is pretty certain that he will become either an ardent Royalist (as Nodier sometimes thought he was) or an anythingarian (which he really was). We hear much about “Les Philadelphes,” a real society of young men at Besançon, concerning whom Nodier romanced somewhat afterwards. There is later a good deal (not unexpected, nor indeed due up to then beforehand) about the relations between him and Hugo; and one is bound to say that the poet comes out on the whole rather the better of the two, though there was no very serious misbehaviour on either side. Perhaps M. Pinguad gives himself unnecessary trouble to prove Nodier’s untrustworthiness as a historian (did anybody ever take him seriously as such?), and makes a little mistake in comparing him to Froude. Both were, it may be, “congenitally” (M. Pinguad quotes “constitutionally,” and may perhaps be going to a different source) inaccurate, but the Englishman did not bring art to assist nature; the Frenchman, one fancies, did.

The point, however, is that we do not go to Nodier for history or for accuracy of any kind, or for consistent walking in politics or morals. We go to him as to one of the amanuenses of the Fairy Queen; and we thank his grace and his pains for what he transmits to us from her.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

AN ITALIAN ON ITALIANS

ITALIA NUOVA ED ANTICA. Da Emilio Bodrero. (Bologna, Zanichelli, 6.50 lire.)

TO Signor Bodrero the Castel S. Angelo is the epitome of the history of Rome. Built originally as the mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian, it was used as a fortress both by the Romans and the barbarians, and then as a storehouse for the Papal archives and treasures and a place of refuge for the Popes. During the Middle Ages it was the symbol of the possession of supreme power in Rome. Later it became a barracks for the troops of Napoleon, a military prison, a home for Italian soldiers, and finally a museum. And it is in this history that Signor Bodrero finds the explanation of the extraordinary fact that King and Pope can now live in harmonious hostility in the Eternal City.

But if a sense of balance is among the most valuable characteristics of the race, it brings with it a corresponding weakness in a tendency to scepticism, which, however, only assumes dangerous proportions when there is no great inspiring movement to counteract it. One remembers Mr. Norman Douglas’s remark that in mundane matters, where the personal equation dominates, the judgment of the Italian is apt to be turbid and partial. But in the other arts and intellectual departments it becomes serenely clear and impartial. The reverse is the case among ourselves. We cannot as a rule argue impartially about our beliefs and convictions. Scepticism is not a national danger. But on the other hand Pragmatism could never have found a home in Italy; nor will Modernism.

Another important point in this volume is the emphasis laid on the interest taken in municipal government in Italy. Many readers will probably be reminded of those inimitably humorous pages in Foscarino’s “Piccolo Mondo Moderno.” But under the vigorous mayoralty of Signor Nathan before the war the Roman municipality undoubtedly played a very important part, not merely in Rome, but in the country as a whole. The Italian, says our author, may be a nationalist in his relations with other peoples, “but in all other relations—and it is as well to recognize the fact—he is by tradition and constitution, regional, and more especially ‘campegiolista.’” Long years of foreign rule have bred in him a deep-rooted suspicion of the State. It is the enemy, and must be fought and may be cheated.

Signor Bodrero would gladly see the Government take advantage of this local feeling in tackling the problem of how to keep the remaining art treasures in the country, where the great families, under the Napoleonic system of division of property, are finding it more and more difficult not to part with those they still possess. He would give the local authorities control of local art treasures, which could be collected in museums, the entrance fees being used to pay a fair interest on their property to the owners, who would be far more willing to hand it over to these authorities than to the State.

These interesting essays, which date from before the war, cover a variety of subjects. Unfortunately, they are written in a florid rhetorical style that is now, we are glad to say, becoming rare in Italian.

I. C.-M.
CRISPI'S FOREIGN POLICY

La Politeca Estera di Francesco Crispi. Da Gaetano Salvemini. “Quaderi della Voce.” (Rome, La Voce. 3 lire)

Those who remember something of the dominating political position Crispi still held in the imagination of his countrymen even during the first years of the present century, of the magnetic influence of this fiery impulsive Sicilian, this Futurist among politicians who, when asked to what party he belonged, replied that he belonged to the party of Francesco Crispi—“Io mi chiamo domani”—will realize, after reading this little book on his foreign policy, how times have changed. The present writer recollects a small Italian boy, who had been told that a new-comer at the hotel was a distinguished stranger, going up to him and addressing him “Bon giorno, Signor Crispi.” Crispi, however, shared the defects of the men of 1848 who made the new Italy. They had spent their best years in overthrowing existing institutions and they were naturally failures as constructive statesmen.

In any case a fire-eater like Crispi was ill suited to the post of Foreign Minister. It is impossible not to contrast his handling of the difficult question of the Triple Alliance with the skill displayed by his aristocratic predecessor, De Robilant, even when pitted against such a master as Bismarck. Crispi had none of the tact of a man of the world like De Robilant. About the year 1888 there was reason to believe that France might attack Italy, or at least hold over her the eternal bugbear of those years, the Roman question; and for this very reason De Robilant, anxious not to provoke France unnecessarily, had refused to meet Bismarck. Crispi, however, hastened to Fried- richshruhl, whence he brought away in triumph the great coat which the Chancellor had placed upon his shoulders with his own hands, and very little else. Bismarck accomplished his purpose. He irritated France, and obtained a military convention whereby Italy promised to send troops to Germany in case of an attack by France. But Crispi had apparently not even thought of demanding a guarantee of naval support in case of an attack upon the Italian coast by the French fleet. And the chief result of the meeting for Italy was a refusal on the part of France to continue the negotiations for the renewal of the commercial treaty, which had serious financial results for Italy for some years to come.

Fear of France on the one hand and of Vatican intrigues on the other were the motives underlying all Crispi’s foreign policy, and he considered that an alliance with Germany and Austria would alone provide a safeguard. Hence we find him turning to Berlin as early as 1877. But from the first he failed to obtain any support there for Italy’s ambitions. When he spoke to Bismarck about a rectification of her Alpine frontier as a compensation for Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, he was told that the way to Berlin lay through Vienna and that Italy had better seize Albania; and he received a similar answer in London. It was the same story when France began to extend her influence in Tunis, and when he found himself in dire straits in Abyssinia. No wonder he was completely disillusioned at last.

But he was always loyal to the agreement with England which was to prevent any change in the balance of power in the Mediterranean, arranging for the Italian squadron that went to the opening of the Kiel Canal to visit Portsmouth on its way back, though here again he was disappointed at the absence of tangible results.

Signor Salvemini obviously considers that Crispi was altogether mistaken in his foreign policy, as he himself appears to have realized at last. His book is based on a thorough documentary study of the subject.

THE NEWS of the death of D. Benito Pérez Galdós, which took place on the 4th of January, reminds one not only how fresh the greater part of his work still is, but at the same time how true was his view of Spain. In Spanish literature, music and painting there is a “literary fiction” which Englishmen have to penetrate before they can get at the essential Spain behind it. The excellence and reasonableness of most of Ford’s “Gaudri” have been forgotten in the romantic charm of Gautier; and his interpretation—a poetic but distorted vision—has been taken by all French writers and most English ones to represent Spain as it actually is. The consequence is that nearly all modern ideas about Spain are secondary emotions. They are not ideas of Spain, but of the Spain invented by Gautier and Mérimée; they are notions obtained at second hand. The fiction of “Carmen” dies hard. No one will believe that the employees of the tobacco factory at Seville are the least attractive people in the place. It is still difficult to make some Englishmen believe that in Spain the women neither smoke nor carry daggers about their person—just as difficult, in fact, as it is to convince a Spaniard that in London you may see women wearing uniform and walking five abreast on the pavement. Even Mr. Conrad fails when he tries to describe a Spanish type; the heroine of his new book is a strange, remote, interesting character, but there is nothing Spanish about her except the background of the Carlist wars.

Pérez Galdós is important for English readers, because the Spain and the Spaniards he described were reasonable and natural. His emotions of Spain were all primary emotions. He grew up in times which were almost too romantic to be true. The history of Spain in the nineteenth century is practically the history of various generals. Yet the “Episodios Nacionales” are great in the same way that “Vittoria” is great. Meredith is almost the only English writer who put natural, unexaggerated Italians into a book; and Pérez Galdós made living things of his “Episodios Nacionales” and his “Novelas Españolas Contemporáneas,” because he never overdid the Spanish character. His power of making people and situations convincing sprang from the same causes which make “Don Quixote” and the “Exemplary Novels” convincing. Like Cervantes, Pérez Galdós went about and saw things, and talked with men and women. He knew those queer, inhospitable wonders, he travelled third class; he passed the time of day with ladies and gentlemen, and strange streets, and poor students. He explored the back streets of Madrid, and even had some knowledge of the devious ways of Spanish politics.

Pérez Galdós was, of course, essentially a man of the nineteenth century; but there, again, it was the real nineteenth century, not the fiction of it. When, a few weeks ago, I saw the dramatized version of “Marianela” at Madrid, it was impossible not to realize that the distinctive, invaluable contributions of the last hundred and fifty years or so were all reflected in it. The humanity of Rousseau, the wistful fancy of Hans Andersen, the strength and constructive logic of Thomas Hardy, all were there; it was like Mr. Hardy writing (only quite naturally) in a mediating of Hans Andersen. “Marianela” is as charged with the remembered emotions of childhood as the poem of “The Oxen.” Yet the fact that Pérez Galdós is not of the twentieth century should not stand in the way of his being read to-day. Deaths and centenaries are good opportunities for reading books which one had not bothered about before, and this is the moment when people in England are beginning to work for the essential Spain, and not for the literary fiction of it on which they have been brought up. We are beginning to want Falla’s “La Vida Breve” instead of “Carmen,” and it is becoming clear that France is not a channel leading us to Spain, but a Chinese Wall preventing us from ever really getting to know or to understand it. The novels of Benito Pérez Galdós can be read in the original by anyone with the rudiments of the language and a little application, and they enable one to get to Spain without crossing France.

J. B. T.
1920 THE ATHENÆUM

List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the most part, in their main titles with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.


Mr. Kershaw’s case against spiritualism is the effect it produces on its devotees. This he regards as degrading, and his book is written as a warning. The description of his experience at a séance is certainly interesting, but, as usual in such narratives, too vague in its details.


Dr. Schofield adopts the somewhat unusual point of view that while most spiritualist phenomena may be explained by what we may call “naturalistic” causes, there is a residuum which must be referred to supernatural powers. These supernatural powers, however, he considers both dangerous and evil, and, on this account, spiritualism should be avoided. The author writes as one who accepts the Biblical revelations.

200 RELIGION.


See review, p. 78.


An attack on the political and moral tendencies of the Church of Rome. The author is convinced that the Roman Church was pro-German during the war, and that it is a moral and political plague in every country in which it has power. Some of his points are sound enough, but in others his patriotic assumptions make his arguments ineffectual. His claim that the Roman Church is still fpelled to the casualty of Liguori is interesting, but questionable.


Both author and introducer of this sketch seem to be enthusiastic Freemasons, and support the Eleusinian mysteries originated in some hoary call now represented by Freemasonry. The introduction criticizes the opinion that “it is not improbable that they [the Eleusinian mysteries were practised among the Atlanteans]. This is enough to show that the book is more suggestive and popular than scientific. It is readable and picturesque; so far as it goes, but contains some bad slips, such as “Pisistratus” “Pisistratus.” “Chthonian” “Chthonian.” “Callinhoe” “Callinohoe,” “hierocarya” “Hierocarya,” and “Conon on the” “Conon on the.” The bibliography is a perfunctory affair.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Cleveland (Frederick A.) and Schafer (Joseph), ed. Democracy in Reconstruction. Boston, Mass., Houghton Mifflin (Constable), 1919. 8½ in. 510 pp. index, 12½ n.

Professor Schafer heads off with an introductory essay on “The Historical Background of Reconstruction in America,” after which some twenty of the most pressing problems of to-day under the following heads: “Ideals of Democracy,” “Institutions of Democracy,” “After-war Social Problems,” “After-war Labour Troubles,” “After-war Transportation Problems,” and “After-war Political Problems.” “A new social consciousness has come into existence, partly in consequence of the war,” which is a rapidly multiplying the demand for a sane, evolutionary and unequivocally liberal solution of the economic and social problems of American life.” From this point of view the writers survey the whole field of political and social welfare. Their attitude in general is that of individualism, Liberalism; they have certain principles in common with the Socialist, but part company on the question of public and private ownership, and direct their criticism against both Socialist and Bolshevik schemes for reform. There are admirable chapters on health conditions, housing, social betterment, and the educational lessons of the war; but the book is very much spun out, and many parts overlap, owing to the method of collaboration.


With the full arrival of the Education Act of 1918, the results of enterprises such as this of Miss Margaret McMillan’s will no longer be large. The teachers away. The teachers away. The little children from the East End slums in the Nursery School at the age of seven, after which they go into the ordinary Council schools; and education comes entirely to an end, with most of them, before the plastic age opens and there is any real hope of implanting habits and tastes that will last all their lives. In presenting the book of this he described the instruction is made as practical and realistic as possible: the children are taken out of doors for teaching, sports, and summer camping, and every effort is made to instil habits of cleanliness, tidiness, and savoir faire, which they would never acquire in their squallid homes.

*Villiers (Brougham) and Chesson (W. H.). Anglo-American Relations, 1861-5. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 221 pp. 7/6 n.

In order to further the continuance and extension of the good feeling between the two great English-speaking peoples the authors discuss in a conciliatory way the “Trent” affair, the “Alabama” episode, and the other misunderstandings that chequered our relations during the Civil War epoch. Specially interesting is Mr. Chesson’s “Voices of the Sixties.” Mr. Chesson’s father kept a diary which is full of racy and illuminating references to contemporary statesmen of both nations and remarkable events. The whole book is instructive and very timely. It was worth an index.


“Whitaker’s” may perhaps claim to be the most frequently consulted of books of reference, and the fifty-second issue will keep up its reputation. It contains summaries of the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations Covenant; articles on Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia; and other new States; and a fresh section treating of “Questions of the Day.” The article on “Places of Interest and Amusement in London” has been extended from six pages to sixteen, and the improvement was welcomed by anyone who compares the 1919 edition. “The Wireless” is a new feature with the table in the present volume. The prefacing mentions that this issue marks the centenary of the birth of the projector of the Almanack. It may therefore be suggested that it is desirable to alter the wording on the title-page, “by J. B. J. Whitaker, F.R.S.” to “by J. B. J. Whitaker, F.R.S.” A handbook celebrated for its trustworthy-
400 PHILOLOGY.


The Second Year of the Junior French Course by the Senior French Master at Bradford Grammar School has much in common with the First Year’s Course. The book is entirely in French; grammar is systematically taught, mainly by the inductive process; and there are reading lessons, simple free compositions, illustrative pictures, various types of exercises, questionnaires, and a vocabulary.


This book, by the Assistant Professor of English in the University of Wisconsin, is accurately described on the title-page as “a compendium of rules regarding good English, grammar, sentence structure, paragraphing, manuscript arrangement, punctuation, spelling, essay writing, and letter writing. It should be acceptable not only to young writers and ‘apprentices in composition,’ but also, for occasional reference, to persons with some journalistic experience. The text is preceded by a detailed synopsis of the numbered rules.


Among the subjects dealt with in this companion volume to Professor Woolley’s ‘Handbook of Composition’ are sentence structure, abbreviations, spelling, the compounding of words, the representation of numbers, italicizing, and the use of capitals. The treatment of punctuation and paragraphing is considerably more extended than in the “Handbook of Composition.

300 NATURAL SCIENCE.


This manual is intended not as a botanical text-book, but as a general introduction to practical science; and such subjects as the uses of the soil, the need for oxygen, the influence of heat, sources of nitrogen, and reproduction are so treated as to give opportunities for a variety of illustrative experimental methods.


M. Houngicq’s handbook is a sort of “Apollo” on a small scale; he does for France what M. Renach has done for the world. He has given a great deal of information in this little volume, which is illustrated by nearly 200 engravings or photographs of works of art from the time of the Romans up to the time of Degas. Some of the illustrations are excellently clear; but in other cases the difficulty of printing in half-tone on lightly glazed paper has made the reproductions tantalizingly obscure.

780 MUSIC.


Dr. Watt has written a really fine analysis of the psychological data of music. His study is based on the observed reactions to musical sounds; he endeavours to ascertain the psychological and physical equivalents to aesthetic rules—to show the meaning and justification, in this scientific sense, of such rules. The current confusion about such matters makes such an analysis very welcome, and Dr. Watt is to be congratulated on the clear, patient and thorough manner in which he has performed his task. A review will appear.

800 LITERATURE.

Atien (Michael), pseud. THE LONDON VENTURE. Heinemann, 1910. 7 in. 176 pp. 4/ n. 824.9.

A series of essays and sketches, cynical, ruminative and on the whole well-written, in which a young man discourses at large on life and love. The chief merit of the book is that the author has taken great pains with his style, which is considerably more attractive than the substance of the book. Somewhat surprisingly, the first essay contains a generous and discriminating appreciation of Mr. D. H. Lawrence.


Professor of French Literature at Harvard, the author carries on the scheme of investigation into what might be described as the philosophy of literary history which he began in “Literature and the American College” (1908), “The New Laocoön” (1910), and “The Masters of Modern French Criticism” (1912). He is anxious to demonstrate the unsoundness of a “Rousseanistic” philosophy of life, to dissuade us from “the attempt to erect on naturalistic foundations a complete philosophy of life,” and to warn us that “the total tendency of the Occident at present is away from rather than towards civilization.” In pursuance of this, the book applies what is aptly described (as he would like to call it, “experiential”) to the study of literary history since Rousseau, and exposes the insidious falsehood and disintegrating emotionalism, not only in the arch-sinners, Rousseau, Byron, Chateaubriand, and their like, but even in Wordsworth.

Casler (Jules). RATHER LIKE. Jenkins, 1920. 7 in. 292 pp., 7/8 n. 847.9.

These parodies, the work of a young French poet who amused himself in this way while a prisoner in Germany are highly creditable as the work of a foreigner, but they are not really effective. A large number of English writers, including many still alive, are treated by the author, and many of them give, in an introduction, their opinions of the performance. One can recognize the subjects of the parodies, but the author adopts the long-nose method in exaggerating none but the obvious features.


See review, p. 74.


This delightful edition of one of the masterpieces of sonorous and elevated English prose is printed on handmade paper of fine quality. The notes are unobtrusive and the introduction workmanlike, though Mr. Clegg goes too far when he says that “its faults are obvious enough—it is long drawn out and wordy.” When one can write prose like Drummond one need not be afraid to tarry in matters of production we think the publisher would be well advised to use a softer-surfaced paper. Damping and a hand-press alone can give a satisfactorily black impression on Whatman.

POETRY.


Neat translations, in the metrical form of the original, some in modern dress. This amusing version of “Persicos Odi” shows Mr. Hiley at his freest:

Your exotics I count as damnation;
Your still immortelles—none of those!
Don’t hunt up and down all creation
For a late-flowered rose.
Plain myrtle—don’t twist it or toswle,
I prate—it’s all too simple;
’Neath the thick-knitted vine my cereal,
Or you as you wait.


Mr. Seymour is to be congratulated on having brought together a book that is on the whole a very interesting collection of verse. The list of contributors on the cover is itself reassuring, and when we read the book we find that almost all of them are worthily represented. Mr. Binyon’s studious reflectiveness is seen at its best in “Commercial”; in “The Ballad of St. Barbara” Mr. Chesterton is all one expects him to be; three out of the five pieces by which Mr. Davies is represented are admirable examples of his art. Mr. Sturge
Moore contributes a long poem, "Aforetime"—a queer, rather obscure piece of work, but one which leaves a profound impression on the reader's mind. In "On Seeing a Portrait of Blake" Mr. Nichols again gives proof of that fine gift of free-flowing music which is his greatest poetical asset. Miss Sitwell switches on her galvanic battery and the world begins to twitch and dance, with a life that is not its own, to the tune of "Solo for Ear-trumpet." Among these and the other poems every reader should find something to his taste.

Warren (E. P.), ALCMEON, HYPERMESTRA, CAENEUS. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7 ½ in. 109 pp. boards, 4/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Warren knows how to handle a story, and these three legends are retold with a skill that makes them very readable.

FICTION.

*Delarue-Mardrus (Lucie). L'AME AUX TROIS VISAGES. Paris, Charpentier, 1919. 7 in. 294 pp. paper, Str. 50. 843.9

Very touching and very charming is this idyllic characterization of the high-spirited child of an aristocratic mother and her bourgeois husband (whom she married out of pique). The story verges on tragedy. After the divorce of her parents, the child lives in humble circumstances with her grandmother. Descendant of a great musician, she herself has genius, and finds courage in the resolve to be a great artist. Even for the grandmother dies, leaving her to jealous relations, who hate the little aristocrat. Poverty kills ambition. She earns her living as a player in a cinema orchestra, consoling only by the resolution to devote her life to making her little cousin a real artist.

*Draycot M. and Wynne (May), pseud. The "VEILED LADY." ("Jarrolds' Popular Novels"). Jarrolds [1919]. 6½ in. 246 pp. n. 9

A story of the French Revolution, the "Veiled Lady" being a euphemism for the guillotine.


James (Montague Rhodes). A THIN GHOST; AND OTHERS. Arnold, 1919. 7¾ in. 158 pp., 4½ n.

See review last week, p. 45.


Esther Ellerton and David Monteith had been close companions, but he went to South Africa to pursue his medical researches, and died there. Later she marries Sir Ralph Harrington, who had long loved her; but their son develops Monteith characteristics, and Esther recognizes that this dual heritage is the result of her thoughts constantly recurring to David before her child was born. The interest of the story is largely psychological.


The sentimental history of two incompatibles. The husband nearly goes off with Phyllis; Phyllis nearly succeeds in ousting Louise. But accident or providence brings the incompatibles together again, and they establish friendly relations by adopting the "white flat system"—under the beneficence of "the great architect." It is all very, very serious.

Seymour (Beatrice Kean). INVISIBLE THINGS. Chapman & Hall, 1919. 8 in. 374 pp., 7 n.

See review, p. 79.

Tcheshov (Anton). THE CHORUS GIRL; and other stories. Chatto & Windus, 1920. 6½ in. 312 pp., 3½ n. 891.7

The longest tale in this, the eighth and (we believe) the final volume of this attractive edition of Tcheshov's stories, is "My Life."

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.


See review, p. 91.

Cyrilx (Tony), pseud. AMONG ITALIAN PEASANTS. Introduction by Muirhead Bone. Collins [1919]. 9 in. 255 pp. il., 12 6 n. 914.5

According to her introducer, Miss Cyrilx, though she tells us nothing about Italy that we did not know, tells us "for the first time that these things can be expressed in art," and creates "the real Italy which we in our pictures are always, somehow or other, leaving out." He calls attention to what anyone can see—her hardness, her naivety; and adds, on his own account, that her "noble democracy and sympathy" entitle her to be considered "a new personality in art." The sketches are extremely simple, whether they are in colour or in black and white; but the hardness of the majority will not be to the taste of the majority of readers. The text describes how she lived among the peasants, entered into their daily concerns, their crafts, husbandry, troubles of the seasons, amusements, &c., as an intimate friend, not as a disinterested observer.

920 BIOGRAPHY.


See review, p. 76.

Nodier (Charles). FINGAUD (Léonce). LA JEUNESSE DE CHARLES NODIER. LES PHILADEPHES. Paris, Champion, 1919. 9 in. 280 pp. paper, Str. 25. 920

See review, p. 91.

Rivington (Septimus). The Publishing Family of RIVINGTON. Rivington, 1919. 8 in. 182 pp. il. index, boards, 10/ n. 920

See review, p. 76.

930-990 HISTORY.


Not only his personal wrongs at the hands of the War Office, the loss of his seat for Woolwich, the abrupt termination of his Stadl work, and his eventual exit from the Army for having brought his case up in the House of Commons, but also evils of more far-reaching moment that, according to him, tended to paralyse our military machinery and render us unprepared for the contest with Germany, are set forth with much cogency, and in not excessive detail, by Major Adam, whose statements are carefully documented. The book, as Major Adam has framed it, is undoubtedly an absorbing fragment of human history, and its publication may lead to a reopening of the case apparently settled just before the war.

Salvemini (Gaetano). LA POLITICA ESTERA DI FRANCESCO CRISPI ("Studi sulla Politica Estera dell'Italia"). Roma, "La Voce," Trinità Monti, 18 [1919]. 8 in. 90 pp. paper, 3 lire. 945.09

See review, p. 92.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Harris (H. Wilson). The PEACE IN THE MAKING. Swarthmore Press [1919]. 8 in. 246 pp. il. pors. maps. apps., 6/ n. 940.9

The special correspondent of the Daily News to the Peace Conference gives a broad and comprehensive account of the seven months following the Armistice, and of what the Conference did—after their long and scarcely excusable procrastination. One reads with a qualified amusement how the small nations were fobbed off with plenary sessions at which nothing important was done, the real business having been settled by the "Big Four" (actually three after Orlando's exit) in private councils, and how "President Wilson and Mr. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George were usually busy retailing to each other anecdotes or jokes which the privileged officials within earshot of their chairs passed on later, with discretion, to a wider audience, on one occasion Sir Robert Borden stopping in the middle of his speech to complain that the small talk of the bugwys made it impossible for him to go on. Comedy and tragedy are blended, perhaps more deeply than anyone living now can realize, in this unvarnished account of the proceedings by which the destinies of the world—for how many generations?—were moulded, ostensibly by the whole body of Allies, actually by the "Big Four."
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THE UNIVERSITY COURT will shortly proceed to appoint a LECTURER on ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE, and they invite applications.

The tenure of the Lectureship will be for a period of five years, with eligibility for re-appointment or for such shorter period as may be arranged.

The salary is £400 per annum, rising by annual increments of £10 to £450 per annum.

The appointment will run from the commencement of the next academic year on October 1, 1920.

Applicants are requested to send fourteen copies of their letter of application, with any testimonials they may desire to submit, to the Secretary to the University, before the end of February.

WILLIAM WILSON,
Secretary to the University.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.
CHAIR OF GERMAN.

THE UNIVERSITY COURT will shortly proceed to appoint a PROFESSOR in the newly-instituted CHAIR OF GERMAN at a salary of £900 per annum, and they invite applications.

The appointment will run from the commencement of next academic year on October 1, 1920.

Applicants are requested to send fourteen copies of their letter of application, with any testimonials they may desire to submit, to the Secretary to the University, before the end of March.

WILLIAM WILSON,
Secretary to the University.

LEEDS SCHOOL OF ART.
DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of FULL-TIME ASSISTANT INSTRUCTOR in the Department of Architecture at the Leeds School of Art. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars can be had from the Headmaster. Forms of application, which should be returned not later than February 5, may be obtained from the undersigned:

JAMES GRAHAM.
Director of Education.

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GRAHAMSTOWN, CAPE COLONY.—WANTED, a MASTER to teach English subjects and if possible a little science. Salary £200 to £250, according to experience, with annual increments of £10 for five years. Free second-class passage.—Applications, with copies of testimonials, to be sent to the Headmaster, Kingswood School, Bath.

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Six copies of letter of application, with particulars of age, qualifications and experience, and accompanied by six copies of five recent testimonials, should be lodged with Principal Henderson, 121, George Street, Edinburgh.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE Council invites applications for the appointment of two TECHNICAL ASSISTANTS to act under the supervision of the head of the technology branch in the Education Officer’s Department. The work of the Technology Branch embraces Technical and Commercial Institutes, Schools of Art and Continuation Schools (day and evening). The salary will be £600 a year, rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £800 a year. This salary is based on existing economic conditions. The persons appointed will be required to give their whole time to the duties of their office.

Applications must be made on the official form to be obtained from the Education Officer, London County Council, Education House, Victoria Embankment, Victoria Embankment, W.C. 2, to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on Saturday, January 31, 1920. Preference will be given to those persons who have served or attempted to serve with H.M. Forces.

All communications on the subject must be endorsed “G.P. 87” and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed. Candidates who desire the receipt of their applications to be acknowledged should enclose a stamped addressed postcard, bearing the necessary postmark.

JAMES BIRD,
Clerk of the London County Council.

THE COMMITTEE OF EDGE HILL TRAINING COLLEGE will proceed to elect a PRINCIPAL in the Spring Term, 1920. The selected candidate will be expected to enter on her duties September 1, 1920.

Applications from candidates for this office should be addressed later than February 14, 1920, to—

F. STANLEY MORRIS,
Secretary, Edge Hill Training College, 41, North John Street, Liverpool.

From whom information as to the duties and emoluments of the Principal may be obtained.
Appointments Vacant

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Applications should be forwarded without delay, addressed to THE SECRETARY, Air Ministry (T. 2), Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

No special form of application is needed but candidates should give full particulars of (i) School and University Education; (ii) Subsequent career; (iii) Teaching experience; (iv) Part taken in sports; and (v) War Service record, and should state whether married or single.

The names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be stated, and copies of three recent testimonials sent.

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LITERATURE AND MORALS

IT will be remembered that that sage observer, Mr. Henry Gowan in "Little Dorrit," thought there was very little difference between one man and another. He found the most worthless of men to be the dearest old fellow too, and that there was much less difference than is commonly supposed between an honest man and a scoundrel. We are tolerably sure that Mr. Gowan's creator, if he were alive now, would find the number of people who think in this way very considerably increased. The clear-cut distinction between good and bad, and, with it, the unrestrained indulgence of moral indignation, are now more difficult to discover. We are not so completely sure, now, that we know a good man when we see him, and our indignation with a rascal is mitigated by doubts concerning our own moral excellences. It is not that we are morally inferior to the men of the Victorian age—it is probable, indeed, that we are more honest—but merely that we question their assumptions just as those who have not undergone a special training question the moral assumptions of the Greek drama. The Victorian world was altogether too much an affair of black and white; we have learned to recognize the universal prevalence of greys. Perhaps the first questioning of the Victorian assumptions which made its way into literature was the work of Ibsen, and since then we have travelled far and fast. The psychological novelists, whether or not they were great artists, did at least free us from contemplating the world in terms of the Victorian diagram by showing us how cloudy at the edges this diagram was, and how inadequate were its hard, inflexible lines to the subtle gradations of the real world. But all such purely literary analysis, sound and thorough as it sometimes was, is seen now to have been little more than a preparation for the far more rigorous and profound investigations of science. No sooner were the moral assumptions which had provided a background for the literature of centuries put to the question than they began to disintegrate.

The daring speculations of some philosophers, only half in earnest, that man is an automaton, have now become almost commonplace. The psycho-analysts have replaced the psychological novelists, and have traced the springs of human conduct to sources that the latter might have been troubled to contemplate. Of what interest is it, for instance, to read a novelist's dissection of parental jealousy when we can study its minutiae in some text-book of animal psychology? How can we recapture the naïve thrill at some patriotic action after reading about the instincts of the herd? And of what kind is our interest in the spectacle of good and evil warring in a man's breast when we know we are observing the clicking of a mechanism?

It might be replied that such questions indicate a misunderstanding of the function of literature—that a work of art is independent of its moral assumptions—that, qua work of art, it has no moral assumptions. There is an element of truth in this reply; the morality of a literature may be regarded as part of its conventions, and the result as a game played according to certain rules. But the reason why literature is not regarded merely as a delightful game is precisely because these rules are not supposed to be arbitrary. In reading Greek drama, for instance, we may make the necessary effort of imagination and accept the apparatus of fate and furies because we may grant that they symbolize something in our experience. It is possible, however, for a symbol to become too inadequate and remote, as has happened with the pre-Copernican astronomy which so excited the imagination of Dante. A work of art which rests on assumptions which are not merely untrue, but which can no longer be transmuted into something we believe, has no life for us. For most of the literature with which we are acquainted the necessary transmutation is possible, though less completely in some cases than in others. Beneath, however, the
various local forms there is a substance which endures.

Can it be possible that this very substance is in process of being dissolved away? It certainly seems to be true that the tendency of modern psychology is towards such a view of man as renders equally untenable all the moral assumptions on which literature has hitherto been based. If we apply the experimental test, however—if we turn, for example, to the minor Elizabethan drama—we find that the absurdity of the moral conventions does not, in fact, incommode us. The reason lies in the fact that while we cannot accept the conventions we can accept the passions supposed to be founded on them. Love, hate, jealousy, revenge—these are real, although we may no longer hold exaggerated estimates of the importance of female chastity. Where the emotion appears real to us we can overlook the inadequacy of its object, although it would be false to say that we can wholly ignore the discrepancy. The appeal of modern work, as modern, is due to the adequacy of both emotion and object. As we say, the modern problems are our problems.

Now no analysis whatever can alter the fact that we do experience emotions. For most practical purposes the analysis of material objects into their constituent molecules is irrelevant. Our preference of some colours to others, of a soft chair to a hard one, subsists in entire independence of any theories of atoms or ether. When we have learned to agree with the philosopher that a good deed and a bad one are only different motions of a mechanism we shall still love the one and hate the other. If, as seems possible, we go further and reduces all nobility to subtle self-deception, shows that the spring of every conceivable action lies in primitive, selfish impulse, we shall still prefer some manifestations of selfishness to others. All that can be changed is the particular object of our emotions, and, with increasing difficulty, we shall always be able to transform our symbols from one system to another. It is partially true, therefore, that a literature is independent of its moral assumptions, for although the lapse of ages may metamorphose a noble patriot into a bloodthirsty savage, we shall retain the idea of nobility and continue to sympathize with the poet's ideal purpose. Driven in turn from the stern patriot, the romantic swashbuckler and the Victorian parent as fitting representations of our ideal, we shall none the less never lack an object to embody it.

**PLATO**

Here on Ecbatana's midland plain lie we,
Far from the old Ægean's thundering strand:
Farewell, Eretria, famous fatherland;
Neighbour Athens, farewell; farewell, dear sea.

Palatine Anthology, vii. 256.

Once among the living, Star of mine,
Star of Morn you shone;
Now that you are gone,
Star of Eve among the dead you shine.

Palatine Anthology, vii. 670.

R. A. FURNESS.

**"GRANDJERS"**

We are indebted to Miss Ethel Smyth for an admirable phrase to describe the business of "dressing up" which is so delicious in childhood. She tells us in her recently published " Impressions" that she and her sisters adopted the word "grandjers" for this absorbing occupation, explaining that it was a corruption from "grandeurs," the word affixed to the label on the package of old robes de cérémonie which were the wardrobe for the family's mimetic enterprises. The phrase is perfect, for what is dressing up but a corruption of the grandeurs of reality, and not only a corruption, but a kind of ironic comment on the substantiality of their claim to any essential grandeur? Also it expresses the uplifting emotion, the pride, of imitating in play what is practically beyond one's reach, an emotion graphically expressed by some small children of my acquaintance, who, stung by the splendour of their father's appearance in evening dress, would at bedtime stretch apart the fastenings of their vests and proudly strut the floor, exhibiting an expanse of bare chest and exclaiming with solemnity "Evening shirts, 'lavour!' The passion for dressing up is almost universal: it has the freest play in childhood, but it extends well into mature years: there are few of us in whom the memories of juvenile histrionic triumphs are not warm and vivid. The enchanting odour of mystery which was wafted from that old portmanteau full of faded and spangled gowns, those tattered petticoats, those ancient tights, those wigs and most inadhesive false moustaches, lives for us yet: we remember with affection the wonderful combinations of which these simple fineries were capable, and wish, perhaps, that we were but half as ingenious now in making the best of our slender and none too brilliant stock-in-trade. We remember, too, those moments of furtive joy when we tried on some actual attribute of a grown-up personage, a father's top hat, a mother's veil and bonnet or a cook's cap and apron, and ran shouting deliriously, "Look at me!" to posture in ecstasy before the nearest mirror. These august properties, which, by their authentic daily figuring in the world at large, transcended even the "grandjers" themselves, gratified to the full that secret passion which is at the heart of all dressing up.

That secret passion is curiosity, curiosity about ourselves: it is a far deeper and more compelling motive than the instinctive desire to imitate or to be admired by others. Intrigued incessantly by the problem of our elusive selves, we sought at least by a process of comparison to catch a glimpse of its peculiar unity which might lurk behind any number of appearances. The clothes chosen for us by parents were not sufficiently indicative of our wonderful possibilities; how should we appear in the proper garb of other personalities? That was the absorbing question, which often led to disaster when we put it to forbidden tests. We had no idea of the transmigration of souls, but with a top hat or a bonnet and the spell of a child's imagination we could practise the transmigration of body with the most gratifying success.

The shocks, the thrills, the surprises and disappointments of the mirror—what a theme for
M. Marcel Proust! It would require a too sedulous honesty in most of us to tell the truth about our looking-glass experiences. How our image beams at us in some new and fantastical guise, giving us a sense of having escaped from old bondages and of being on the brink of new experiences! It is almost ridiculous to reflect how fresh and full of unexpected bravery our old self appears when its image, clad in some new "grandjer," stolen or legitimate, first ravishes our eyes.

When I first put this uniform on,
I said, as I looked in the glass,
"It's one to a million that any civilian
My figure and form will surpass!"

The same thing has occurred to us too, when we have flattered ourselves with the spectacle of ourselves in some novel guise. As children we are content to get this treat by furtive borrowings, but in later years, when we may control our habiliments, or, by some exertion, win new colours, we make no bones about tricking ourselves out completely regardless of expense.

Few races can be so absorbed in the passion of dressing up as the English. We revel in every form of sartorial survival. The academic dress of the great universities, the little niceties of some public schools, the wigs and gowns of the Bar, the multitude of Court uniforms, all scream vanity to the world. But not only do we preserve our ceremonial costumes with an infatuated persistence: we invent a get-up for almost every activity. There are those who laugh at the conventional green hat and cock’s feather of the German Hochtourist who slowly ascends a slight incline to drink beer at an Aussichtspunkt well placed at an hour’s walk from the starting-point, or at the Frenchman’s idea of the perfect garb in which to discharge a gun at small birds; but do they reflect upon the multitudinous variations of the Englishman’s wardrobe? If he hunt, must he not have his white cords and his pink coat? If he play tennis, his white flannels spotless and accurately creased? If he play golf, his tweed jacket and his deeply valanced knickerbockers, which descend further towards his ankles as his handicap recedes towards zero? If he play cricket, his blazer; if he cure souls, his clerical collar; and if he cure bodies, his frock coat? He will wear a bowler with a morning coat or let brown boots protrude adventurously from black trousers? Not for a moment. He is the world’s model in dress, for he alone takes dressing with seriousness, not as a decorative diversion, but as an investiture of self with the attributes of a settled character. It would be a pity for humanity if the Englishman gave up his "grandjers": he carries them off so beautifully.

This dressing up with visible and material garments is at its best an art, albeit not exalted, and at its worst a harmless folly; but there is another more seductive and more dangerous manner of dressing up which usually calls for an ethical judgment. Mental "grandjers" are irresistible to some people and almost inevitably deleterious. As a nation we are too little self-conscious to indulge commonly in these histrionics which depend wholly on the imitative faculty and not at all on accessories: nevertheless, there are, even in England, imaginative beings who indulge with delight in "grandjers" of the mind. They are usually folk with no very decided characters, and few ambitions except to enjoy themselves or to please other people. They do not so much posture to themselves in assumed character, for the mental eye is less ecstatic than the physical in the contemplation of a dressed-up self, but they cannot resist the temptation to act before their fellows, asking not admiration of their mimetic powers, but a complete surrender to the illusion. I have a friend called Jenkinson whose mental property room is complete. Put him among politicians, and he will gravely discuss the state of the country, yet proceed therefrom to tea with a pious and High Church aunt whose muffins he will eat with the air of a thurifer. The club smoking-room before dinner finds him the man about town, all cocktails and rollicking anecdotes, while at dinner he will play the foxhunting squire—he never rides—with his right profile, and the sparkling retailer of literary tittle-tattle with his left. He can tune himself to the flannel collars and bobbed heads of Chelsea as easily as to the tiaras of Berkeley Square: clergymen find him earnest, gay dogs call him a good sort: he can be rapt with poets, and jovially Philistine with stockbrokers. He knows his cue in every scene of the social comedy, or he thinks he knows it, but I sometimes wonder if he is not as obvious in every guise as the most unmistakable chorister in an operatic company. If he flatters himself upon his power of swift make-up, may he not mistake his amenability to external influence for dexterity in self-transformation? Men like Jenkinson are moulded by the society in which they find themselves: they have all the actor’s yearning to please, but it is their audience who gives them their part and writes their lines. Jenkinson plays no part for me, because I am in a way behind the scenes and I remember the original Jenkinson, a youth of simple tastes and respectable ambitions, who has disappeared into this pliable nonentity as the bloom of living flesh vanishes from the grey surface of an actor’s cheek. In his old age he will be pathetic, for his imitations will no longer charm and their palpable unreality will make them ludicrous. The range of his parts will gradually diminish as his skin tightens over his temples, and his "grandjers" will hang ever more raggedly from his bony shoulders. If he must act to the last, it will be over a wretched pantaloon that death rings down the curtain.

Orlo Williams.

A SUNSET

A beam of light was shaken out of the sky
On to the brimming tide, and there it lay
Palely tossing like a creature condemned to die
Who has loved the bright day.

Ah, who are these that wing through the shadowy air?
She cries, in agony. Are they coming for me?
The big waves crouch to her: Hush now! There, now, there!
There is nothing to see.

But her white arms lift to cover her shining head,
And she presses close to the waves to make herself small.
On their listless knees the beam of light lies dead,
And the birds of shadow fall.

Elizabeth Stanley.
REVIEW

THE NOSTALGIA OF
MR. MASEFIELD

REYNARD THE FOX. By John Masefield. (Heinemann. Ss. net.)

Mr. MASEFIELD is gradually finding his way to his self-appointed end, which is the glorification of England in narrative verse. "Reynard the Fox" marks, we believe, the end of a stage in his progress thither. He has reached a point at which his mannerisms have been so subdued that they no longer sensibly impede the movement of his verse, a point at which we may begin to speak (though not too loud) of mastery. We feel that he now approaches what he desires to do with some certainty of doing it, so that we in our turn can approach some other questions with some hope of answering them. The questions are various; but they radiate from and enter again into the old question whether what he is doing, and beginning to do well, is worth while doing, or rather whether it will have been worth while doing fifty years hence. For we have no doubt at all in our mind that, in comparison with the bulk of contemporary poetry, such work as "Reynard the Fox" is valuable. We may use the old rough distinction and ask first whether "Reynard the Fox" is durable in virtue of its substance, and second whether it is durable in virtue of its form.

The glorification of England! There are some who would give their souls to be able to glorify her as she has been glorified, by Shakespeare, by Milton, by Wordsworth and Hardy. For an Englishman there is no richer inspiration, no finer theme; to have one's speech and thought saturated by the fragrance of this lovely and pleasant land was once the birthright of English poets and novelists. But something has crept between us and it, dividing. Instead of an instinctive love, there is a conscious desire of England; instead of slow saturation, a desperate plunge into its mystery. The fragrance does not come at its own sweet will; we clutch at it. It does not enfold and pervade our most arduous speculations; no involuntary sweetness comes flooding in upon our confrontation of human destinies. Hardy is the last of that great line. If we long for sweetness—as we do long for it, and with how poignant a pain!—we must seek it in the sky, in the sea, and in the irritability of the babble and fever of the town. The rhythm of the earth never enters into their gait; they are like spies among the birds and flowers, like collectors of antique furniture. The Georgians snatch at nature; they are never part of it. And there is some element of this desperation in Mr. Masefield. We feel in him an anxiety to load every rift with ore of this particular kind, a deliberate intention to isolate that which is most English in the English countryside.

How shall we say it? It is not that he makes a parade of arcane knowledge. The word "parade" does injustice to his indubitable integrity. We seem to detect behind his superficiality of technical, and at times archaic phrase, a desire to convince himself that he is saturated in essential Englishness, and we incline to think that even his choice of an actual subject was less inevitable than self-imposed. He would isolate the quality he would capture, have it more wholly within his grasp; yet, in some subtle way, it finally eludes him. The intention is in excess, and in the manner of its execution everything is (though often very subtly) in excess also. The music of English place-names, for instance, is too insistent; no one into whom they had entered with the English air itself would use them with so manifest an admiration.

Perhaps a comparison may bring definition nearer. The first part of Mr. Masefield's poem, which describes the meet and the assembled persons one by one, recalls, not merely by the general cast of the subject, but by many actual turns of phrase, Chaucer's "Prologue." Mr. Masefield's person has more than one point of resemblance to Chaucer's Monk:

An out-ryder, that loved venerie;
A manly man to ben an abbot able. . . .

But it would take too long to quote both pictures. We may choose for our juxtaposition the Prioress and one of Mr. Masefield's young ladies:

Behind them rode her daughter Belle,
A strange, shy, lovely girl, whose face
Was sweet with thought and proud with race,
And bright with joy at riding there.
She was as good as blowing air,
But shy and difficult to know.
The kittens in the barley-mow,
The setter's toothless pappies sprawling,
The blackbird in the apple calling,
All knew her spirit more than we.
So delicate these maidens be
In loving lovely helpless things.

And here is the Prioress:

But for to spoken of her conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were ded or blede.
Of smalle thande had she, that she fed
With rystled flesh, or milk, or wastel bread.
But sore wepte she if oon of hem were ded
Or if men smote it with a yerde smerte;
And all the conscience and medeere herte.
Ful semely hir wympel pynched was;
Hir nose tretys; hir eyn geythe as glas;
Hir mouth full small, and therto soft and red,
But sikerly she hadde a fair forbed.

There is in the Chaucer a naturalness, a lack of emphasis, a confidence that the object will not fail to make its own impression, beside which Mr. Masefield's demonstration and underlining seem almost malsain. How far outside the true picture now appears that "blackbird in the apple calling," and how tinted by the desperate bergerie of the Georgian era!

It is, we admit, a portentous experiment to make, to set Mr. Masefield's prologue beside Chaucer's. But not only is it a tribute to Mr. Masefield that he brought us to reading Chaucer over again, but the comparison is at bottom just. Chaucer is not what we understand by a great poet; he has none of the imaginative comprehension and little of the music that belong to one; but he has perdurable qualities. He is at home with his speech and at home with his world; by his side Mr. Masefield seems nervous and uncertain—about both. He belongs, in fact, to a race (or a generation) of poets who have learned the necessity of loading every rift with ore. The question is whether such a man can hope to express the glory and the fragrance of the English countryside.

Can there be an element of permanence in a poem of which the ultimate impulse is a nostalgie de la bonté that betrays itself in line after line, a nostalgie so conscious of separation that it cannot trust that any associations will be evoked by an unemphasized appeal? Mr. Masefield, in his fervour to grasp at that which for all his love is still alien to him, seems almost to shovel English mud into his pages; he cannot (and rightly cannot) persuade himself that the scent of the mud will be there otherwise. For the same reason he must make his heroes like himself. Here, for example, is the first whip, Tom Dansey:

His pleasure lay in hounds and horses;
He loved the Seven Springs water-courses,
Those flashing brooks (in good sound grass,
Where scent would hang like breath on glass).
He loved the English countryside:
The wine-leaved bramble in the ride,
The rash of exacerbation is not to be mistaken. It comes, we believe, from a consciousness of anemia, a frenetic reaction towards what used, some years ago, to be called "blood and guts."

And here, perhaps, we have the secret of Mr. Masefield and of our sympathy with him. His work, for all its surface robustness and right-thinking (which has at least the advantage that it will secure for this "epic of fox-hunting" a place in the Library of every country house), is as deeply debilitated by retraction as any of our time. Its colour is hectic; its tempo feverish. He has sought the healing virtue where he believed it undefiled, in that miraculous English country whose magic (as Mr. Masefield so well knows) is in Shakespeare, and whose strong rhythm is in Hardy. But the virtue eludes all conscious inquisition. The man who seeks it feverishly sees riot where there is peace. And may it not be, in the long run, that Mr. Masefield would have done better not to delude himself into an identification he cannot feel, but rather to face his own disquiet where alone the artist can master it, in his consciousness? We will not presume to answer, mindful that Mr. Masefield may not recognize himself in our mirror, but we are not bound to conceal our conviction that in spite of the almost heroic effort that has gone to its composition "Reynard the Fox" lacks all the qualities essential to durability.

J. M. M.

On Tuesday next, at 3 o'clock, Professor G. Elliot Smith begins a course of three lectures at the Royal Institution on "The Evolution of Man, and the Early History of Civilization." On Saturday, the 31st, Sir Frank Watson Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, delivers the first of three lectures on the astronomical evidence bearing on Einstein's theory of gravitation; and on Thursday, February 5, Professor A. E. Conradi commences a course of two lectures on "Recent Progress in Applied Optics." The Friday evening discourse on January 30 will be delivered by Mr. S. G. Brown on "The Gyrostatic Compass." and on February 6, by Sir Walter Raleigh, on "Landor and the Classic Manner."

"PACEM APPELLANT"

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE. By John Maynard Keynes, C.B. (Macmillan, 8s. od., in two volumes.)

THIS book comes like a douche of bracing cold water after years of hysterical talk about making democracy safe, the war to end war, and the vindication of the principles of freedom and self-determination. It deals with facts, not with words and phantoms. Instead of concentrating themselves on rebuilding our broken civilization by giving serious attention to questions of coal, currency and credits, the Council of Four were preoccupied at Paris with unreal or with positively pernicious issues—

Clemenceau to crush the economic life of his enemy, Lloyd George to do a deal and bring home something which would pass muster for a week, the President to do nothing that was just and right. Reparation was their main excursion into the economic field, and they settled it as a problem of theology, of politics, of electoral chicanery, from every point of view except that of the economic future of the states whose destiny they were handling.

Mr. Keynes, a hard-headed but benevolent realist in a world run by an intolerable combination of hypocrisy and insincerity, explains at the "extraordinary fact that the fundamental economic problem of a Europe starving and disintegrating before their eyes was the one question in which it was impossible to arouse the interest of the Four."

For him nothing matters in comparison with the facts that Europe's internal productivity has enormously fallen off, that the system of transport and exchange by means of which its products could be conveyed where they were most wanted has broken down, and that Europe is unable to purchase its usual supplies from overseas. Unless this situation is remedied, our civilization is doomed, and the terms of peace, so far from remedying, perpetuate it. The treaty therefore must be drastically revised (there is hope here) by the League of Nations, and the indemnity must be fixed which Germany can be justly required to pay, the currencies of the world must be restored by an international loan, and communication must be reopened between Russia and Central Europe. In this remedial programme the most impressive, and to the general public the most novel, point is the explanation of the way in which inter-ally indebtedness and the indemnity question hang together. The two exacerbate each other, and form the centre of the vicious circle which makes a return to sane international relations impossible. Why did not the British Government last January publicly press cancellation of debts upon the American Government? The appeal, properly put, would have been difficult to resist. Mr. Keynes does not answer that question.

In the emotional pitch of his argument he has wisely chosen a middle course. He has resisted, if ever felt it, the temptation to boom which usually besets the expression of righteous indignation; he knows that severe judgments are all the secrer for being rapped out with tight lips, not thundered. Possibly they are even more effective when the indignation is left to be imagined; there is much virtue in understatement, and in letting facts, artfully arranged, speak for themselves, especially in affairs that excite high passions. As it is, by drawing attention to the quality of the question which colours the almost mathematical exigency of his demonstration, Mr. Keynes will probably make many readers, who would not dispute his estimate either of the relative importance of the economic issues or of the disasters handling they received at the Peace Conference, uneasy and perhaps not unreasonably aware of a certain inadequacy in his general outlook. They will pronounce upon an absence of atmosphere and background, which otherwise they might not have noticed. True, he is careful to fill in a background; but it is merely economic. Chapter 11, "On Europe before the War," is devoted to bringing out the peculiar and exceptional character of the European economic system which had grown up between 1870 and
1914, and which, in spite of its inherent instability, we had come to take for granted as part of the order of nature. The analysis of this instability is one of the most brilliant things in the book; it contains deep strokes of observation on the psychology of the capitalist structure. But, if the highest significance was to be found in the alliances in which Mr. Keynes has clothed the argument, much more than this was required. In the ardour of his desire to bring the world back to hard facts, he speaks as if the tragedy had been prepared by the play of economic factors alone. Yet surely it is not so. It is at least equally a question of the blind movements of generations building up passionate illusions of nationality and Domination. We can, for example, conceive a mind which, with the same intellectual equipment, but with its sensibility to historical and political experience otherwise organized, would have laid more emphasis on the reasons why it is so difficult to make the nations, whose average intelligence and morality is dimly reflected in the acts of statesmen, understand the paramount importance of such refractory topics as coal and currency and credits. Such a mind, pondering the slow biological development which has left these things in the realm of cold abstraction, stirring no depths in any heart, while it has made burning realities of frontiers and flags, would have pictured the statesmen as puppets moved for the most part subconsciously by centuries of tradition. Why is it that human society has failed to grow the necessary organs for understanding, with the kind of instinctive understanding from which action springs, that its treasure is laid up in the blessings of international exchange? Even a sketchy answer to this question might have brought the psychology of the drama more into accord with modern developments of psychology, both when the encounter of personalities in the council chamber is depicted (though Mr. Keynes' acuteness is here at its best, for all that he does not dig below the threshold of consciousness), and in the whole conception of the determining influence exercised by the politicians. As it is, Mr. Keynes, in diagnosing the disease which daily is making Europe more decrepit, produces at times the impression of an extremely clever but rather conservative doctor trying to explain the condition of a neurotic patient without any attempt to disentangle, except in one respect, his antenatal or even his infantile complexes.

We do not think that this line of criticism is altogether rebutted by pointing out that the book is concerned solely with the economic problem. If that were really so, Mr. Keynes would not have felt it necessary to give, not merely so much space, but so peculiar a weight to the inquiry how, in the first six months of 1919, the relative importance of the economic as opposed to the political issues came tragically to be reversed. That is not an economic inquiry at all, and he seems to us to embark on it because, being a man, a philosopher, and even an artist, he cannot but feel the need of a moral background. His device for getting this background, in so far as he does get it, is to relate our plight, not to the general trend of history, which we have just suggested as a possible alternative, but to one definite act of dishonour. It was never easy to approach the problems of the peace from the economic point of view, which yet was the only sane one; but any such approach was made impossible when the Prime Minister, to serve his private ambitions, decreed the general election of 1918, and in the course of the campaign committed the British delegation on the subject of indemnities. That commitment, dishonourable because it violated the undertaking on which the Germans had laid down their arms, rendered naught the President's good intentions, played into the hands of Clemenceau (by position and tradition the least fitted among the representatives of the Great Powers to take a broad view of the European situation) and inevitably produced that entanglement of economic follies which is strangling Europe. This is the dramatic theme which artistically is the backbone of the book. Its key-words are unreality and insincerity, much as blood and darkness are the co-ordinating threads running through 'Macbeth.' The dominant note is struck at the beginning:

A sense of impending catastrophe overhung the frivolous scene; the futility and smallness of man before the great events confronting him; the mingled significance and unreality of the decisions; levity, blindness, insolence, confused cries from without—all the elements of ancient tragedy were there.

The plot unfolds from a single act of infatuate sin committed by one man between November 24 and 29, 1918—unless the act was too large to be humanly possible. It is precisely here that the excessive simplification of this method is most apparent, for all its truth. The result is that the problems and characters stand out, with a quality that amuses rather than devastates us, like silhouettes on white paper, instead of emerging as solid creations against the muddled background of history. Still, as a method, this conception has immense advantages. It gives life and humanity to intricate technical discussions, it does away with false sentiment, and it avoids that vague droning about tendencies and forces to which the rhetoricians who will not call a spade a spade have too long accustomed us.

The reservations we have suggested are not of a kind, even if they are well-founded, to detract from the importance of the book. It is a perfectly-ordained arsenal of facts and arguments, to which everyone will resort for years to come who wishes to strike a blow against the forces of prejudice, delusion and stupidity. It is not easy to make large numbers of men reasonable by a book, yet there are no limits to which, without undue extravagance, we may not hope that the influence of this book may extend. Coming at a moment of deadly need, it will be carried over the world by the reputation of its author as an economist of unquestioned competence, who advised the British Treasury throughout the war, was its official representative at the Peace Conference, and represented the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Paris on the Supreme Economic Council. That a writer thus qualified by first-hand practical experience of the inner councils of the governments should have publicly thrown his weight on the side of reason is an event of the highest promise and moment. And never was the case for reasonableness more powerfully put. It is enforced with extraordinary art. What might easily have been a difficult treatise, semi-official or academic, proves to be as fascinating as a good novel: it has all the merits—the accuracy, the method, the well-considered arrangement—of the best kind of State Paper, with none of the shortcomings. We have tried to indicate its literary quality, but we have no space to do justice to its wit, which, it may be observed, has no tinge of the bitterness of the disappointed man of affairs, the affectation of the don, or the frigidity of the superior person.

The third of a series of lectures arranged by the Egypt Exploration Society will be given by Professor T. Eric Peet on Friday in this week at 8.30 p.m., in the rooms of the Royal Society, Burlington House. The subject of the lecture will be "El Amarna, the City of Egypt's Heretic King." Tickets may be obtained gratis by application to the Secretary, Egypt Exploration Society, 13, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

The next lecture will be given by Mr. H. Idris Bell on February 20 on "The Historical Value of Greek Papryi."

A number of important pieces of furniture lent by the Duke of Abercorn have recently been placed on exhibition in the Loan Court of the Victoria and Albert Museum. These include a commode signed "Riesener" with elaborate ormolu mounts, amid which is the monogram of Marie Antoinette; and a sideboard also inlaid with her monogram.
THE FINAL DILLUSSION

Second Edition. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

When the first edition of Mr. Trotter's book was published, in 1916, it was considered by many of us to be one of those remarkable works which unify and illuminate a number of apparently disparate phenomena, and establish generalizations of the first importance. Subsequent experience and reflection have left us the judgment intact; we are more conscious, however, of the need for detailed studies along the lines suggested by Mr. Trotter, while we have also witnessed, in the psychological character of Germany's collapse, an experimental verification, on a gigantic scale, of some of Mr. Trotter's contentions. These contentions, during the last three years, have achieved a kind of subterranean popularity, although usually in a distorted and truncated form. It is also apparent that they have met with considerable opposition, most of it being of the pressure that Mr. Trotter's theory predicts. This opposition is, in essence, of precisely the same kind as that which greeted Copernicus and Darwin, for Mr. Trotter's fundamental sin is the same as theirs: he attacks the anthropocentric outlook. The theory of the Herd, as developed by Mr. Trotter, does not present the facts, or those of view, carry on the work of the astronomer and the biologist. Mr. Trotter's purpose, in his own words, is to show that—

The endowment of instinct that man possesses is in every detail cognate with that of other animals, provides no element that is not fully represented elsewhere, and above all—however little the individual man may be inclined to admit it—is in no degree less vigorous and intense or less important in relation to feelings and activity than it is in related animals.

The implications of this statement are very far-reaching. A successful description of man's activities, including his moral code and his aspirations, in terms of instinctive processes allied to those of the other animals, must profoundly affect our views of man's probable destiny. We see human progress in a new light; the position of the goal is altered, and with it the direction of approach.

The attempt to describe man as an instinctive animal is not new, and, impressed by the failure of previous attempts, there are many who maintain that sociology is, and cannot be, a science; that man is subject to true variety, and that psychology can furnish no generalizations which can be applied. The attempts of the older psychologists to account for man's behaviour in terms of the instincts of sex, self-preservation and nutrition involved, as Mr. Trotter says, such an amount of pulling and pushing of the facts that the later attempts reminded one of the ingenuity of the propagandist rather than of the insight of the man of science. Must one conclude, therefore, that man escapes scientific generalization, that his conduct cannot be assimilated to that of other animals? It is here that the original element in Mr. Trotter's theory emerges. He points out that the "solitary" man of the old psychologists is a pure fiction, that except as "asociated" man we know nothing whatever about man. In other words, we must remember that man, considered biologically, is a gregarious animal, and it is the business of the psychologist to trace the psychological corollaries of gregariousness. Having given reason to suppose that gregariousness is, in fact, an instinct quite comparable with the three "primary" instincts in intensity, Mr. Trotter in the rest of his book is concerned with the psychological consequences of this fact. The general characteristics of the gregarious animal are analysed, and their mental counterparts deduced. Suggestibility, as a normal and constant condition, is shown to be a necessary consequence or accomplishment of gregariousness. The individual must be extremely susceptible to the voice of the herd and resolutely deaf to voices from any other source. Mr. Trotter has no difficulty in showing that the great bulk of man's beliefs originate in this way. Most of his opinion is strictly non-rational opinion, but such opinion invariably has a strong herd backing. This is particularly noticeable in all opinions where passion is strongly engaged. On all matters that man takes seriously it is more important for him to be certain than to know. The unanimous decree of the herd confers the greatest degree of certitude. His suggestibility to the voice of the herd is so strong that he can, for a very long time, ignore experience where experience conflicts with herd suggestion. This suggestibility permeates every department of his mental and emotional life. Of course, that great mass of opinion which is the product of herd suggestion does not reveal itself as such. The individual invariably rationalizes his beliefs and firmly believes that he accepts them on their rational grounds. Thus beliefs in morality, religion, politics and what not, which are products merely of herd suggestion, are always supported by arguments which appear conclusive to the individual himself, but appear more ridiculous to those who have been subjected to a different series of herd suggestions. The important thing is to notice that there are no marks attaching to truly rational opinions which distinguish them, to introspection, from opinions produced by herd suggestion. Several examples of the mechanism of rationalization are given by Mr. Trotter. What he calls the "pseudo-sciences of political economy and ethics" are examples of the process on a large scale:

Both of these are occupied in deriving from eternal principles or justifications for masses of non-rational beliefs which are supposed to be permanent merely because they exist. Hence the notoriety, the acrobatic feats of both in the face of any considerable variation in herd belief.

But, as he points out, herd suggestion does not always act in a direction opposed to verifiable truths. The present student of biology, for instance, finds that the class he most respects, and which has therefore acquired "suggestionizing" power with him, accepts the principles, say, of Darwinism. These principles therefore acquire the force of herd suggestion with him and induce belief. Mr. Trotter considers that in every case a proposition, true or false, is accepted by suggestion. The part played by the gregarious instinct in the region of intellect is matched by the part it plays in feeling. Altruism is a direct outcome of gregariousness, as are conscience and religion. The application of these considerations to the problems of actual conduct is a very valuable feature of the book. The present state of our society, its advantages and disadvantages, the origin and function of the different types of individuals who constitute it, are all illuminated in a remarkable way. Very interesting conclusions, also, are drawn as to the probable future of man. It must be admitted that these conclusions are not very optimistic, but it is difficult to say they are not warranted. It is impossible, within the limits of our space, to give an account of these and other matters dealt with by Mr. Trotter. The most extraordinary feature of the book is the manner in which it unifies the mental and emotional life of man. We are placed, as it were, in a centre from which it is possible to view and comprehend the whole. The method is frankly speculative. Mr. Trotter points out the directions in which further evidence is to be sought. It is, of course, possible that such evidence may necessitate modifications in the general theory. We are persuaded that much of it, however, will stand—sufficient to justify us in describing the book as the most remarkable exposition of man's place in nature which has appeared for many years.

J. W. N. S.
PRINCE TALLEYRAND AT THE BALLPLATZ

NOW that the long-awaited moment has come when the diplomats are beginning like cinema kings to "release" each as many feet of secret history as he judges his reputation will bear, these extracts from Count Czernin's diaries and notebooks will doubtless be poured upon by hopefu learners who are seeking to solve the riddles of the war. We doubt if they will learn very much that they did not (if they were intelligent onlookers) guess for themselves long before, but if they are interested at all in psychology they have here a first-class document humanum.

Few dramatists, we believe, could have given such a finished portrait of the diplomat of the ancient régime as emerges from the pages of these memoirs. A polished and amused observer, Count Czernin strolls through the scenes of the great catastrophe with scarcely a trace of emotion, hope or conviction. There is neither happiness nor unhappiness in mortal life," he remarks, "but only a difference in the strength to endure one's fate." His philosophy is this aristocratic stoicism; political ideals and enthusiasms carry no meaning to him.

The Monarchists who derive benefit from their attachment to the reigning monarch deceive themselves as to their true feelings. They are Monarchists because they consider that form of government the most satisfactory one. The Republicans, who apparently glorify the majority of the people, really mean themselves. So he sums up the issues, and it does not seem to be his personal ambition that fills the void thus made by political scepticism. After analysing, in a letter to a friend, the various elements that intrigue against him at his sovereign's Court, he concludes: "In any case then my days are numbered. Heaven be thanked!"

It is to this entire detachment that we owe the little portrait-medallions of his colleagues and contemporaries, each one a gem of satire, with which the book is so plentifully adorned. The German Emperor, "had he been an ordinary mortal, would certainly have become a very competent officer, architect, engineer, or politician," but his intelligence and good intentions were swamped in the torrent of flattery that poured— not from the Court, but from the professors. It was the same on the whole with the Emperor Charles. "I saw the people on their knees with uplifted hands as though worshipping a divinity." Yet how did Charles leave the country a few months later? Of the German Crown Prince, whom he met after a couple of years' campaigning, he records that "in a long conversation that I had with him he showed me very clearly that he—if he had ever been of a warlike nature—was then a pronounced pacifist." When Ludendorff declines to take part in the Brest negotiations on the ground that "he would only spoil things if he did," the entry in the diary runs: "Heaven send the man such gleams of insight again and often!" "The only difference between Foch and Ludendorff," we read in another place, "is that the one is a Frenchman, the other a German. As men they are as alike as two peas." Here is the whole of Tisza's intellect in a sentence: "He would rather have let the whole world be ruined than give up Transylvania; but he took no interest whatever in the Tyrol." Sometimes the shafts transfix a whole people. In Roumania since the abolition of titles "it is safer to adopt the plan of addressing everyone as 'Mon Prince.'" Or we get a page from the diplomatist's manual of ethics: "To be for ever dallying with the idea of treachery and adopting the pose without carrying it out in reality—this I cannot regard as prudent policy."

The following trait of militarism on the Western front is imperturbably set down: "Poincaré's villa is visible on the horizon in the green landscape. A gun has been brought to bear on the house—they mean to destroy it before leaving—they call this the extremeunction." Czernin was called by his party dilettante. This was not fair. He served his Government with steady loyalty, as a traveller serves his firm, or a journalist his paper. But his conviction that the firm was bankrupt he did not seek to disguise, at least from himself. He was not of those ministers who promise to do the impossible. The pupil and protégé of Franz Ferdinand, he saw that the last hope of maintaining the Monarchy was to offer its Slavs satisfaction—if they would take it. But he thought it doubtful if they would. The decline of the Empire where he was employed had begun long ago (the fifth century of our era would not be a bad date to choose for its beginning), and the nineteenth century, with the "principle of nationalities" became self-conscious, had quickened the disease to a galloping pace. "Austria-Hungary's watch had run down" for Czernin's verdict, and we do not feel that a tear has blotted his manuscript.

As Foreign Minister he showed the same chilly lucidity. He owed his elevation largely to the accuracy with which in his dispatches from Bucharst he foretold the secession of Roumania to the enemy, and, once placed in control at Vienna, he began to seek means whereby the triumphing Central Powers might purchase a not too dishonourable peace. He had been horrified at the breakout of the war—so clumsily prepared, and he saw through the U-boat delusion with perspicacity. He also knew that he would not get the peace he wanted, and why. There were four factors he could not hope to neutralise: the resolve of England to have her way; the presence, the resolve of Italy not to let her allies repent at leisure of the hasty London Pact, the resolve of the Magyars to yield no inch of their vantage ground, and the resolve of the German generals to play at diplomacy. As for the idea of leaving Germany to her doom and joining the Entente, it was beneath discussion; besides, it could not be brought off successfully. So there was nothing for it but a shrug of the shoulders. When the Brest-Litovsk conference revealed the prostration of Russia, even the prudent Kuhlmann allowed himself to be carried away. "Il n'ont que le choix à quelle sauce ils se feront manger," he cried. "Tout comme chez nous," said his Austrian colleagues, Kuhlmann.

Sometimes, strange as it may seem, this most clear-sighted of diplomatists has glimpses of a different order of facts. Faint and few they are, but unmistakable. On Roumania's declaration of war, he was detained in Bucharest during a Zeppelin raid. He enjoys it no more than any other man, and as, in the relief of the dawn, he hears a child crying, the queerest of fancies takes possession of him. Does not a war like this cause a good deal of suffering? Again, wandering through the streets of Brest on an unoccupied afternoon, he finds an old Jew weeping in the gutter. He asks what is wrong, and hears an extraordinary story. The old man has had his house burnt, and has been robbed and flogged, first by the Cossacks, then by those who came for the "German soldier." These then, the statesman reflects, are the tragedies that go on beneath the surface of civilization—in the twentieth century, in our Europe, in the middle, too, of the greatest war that human annals can show! Appalled, he empties the contents of his pockets into the hand of this victim of chance, gives him his card, and promises to do everything in his power to make him as happy as his fellows again. Then, glancing at his watch, he hurries away. It is time to get on with the peace, the peace that will free the German forces for the West. It sounds incredible, but it is in the book.
THE ROMANCE OF THE REAL
MRS. JARLEY.


I

N 1766 Dr. Christopher Curtius, established in Paris as a modeler in wax, paid a visit to his family home in Berne, and returned bringing with him his six-year-old niece, Marie Grosholtz. He had done so well himself in the French capital that he meant to train the child in his own profession. His benevolent thought was singularly rewarded, for the girl proved a pupil who swiftly excelled her master. There was witchery in the tips of her supple fingers: they could coax the wax to form its cadaverous tinge and bloom more daintily than living flesh. Each figure she made was instinct with fairy-like life, and haunted undeniably by a soul. The spirit of the old court-painters seemed to have touched her, the grace of Lancret, the pensive mind of Watteau. On the rouged and powdered beauties of her epoch she conferred just the immortality they sighed for, an eternal youth of delusively tempting charms. Thus she grew to womanhood in her uncle’s studio, the rendezvous of all the great Liberal thinkers, where Benjamin Franklin sat stolidly for his effigy; where Lafayette and Mirabeau spouted their politics, and Voltaire purloined the ideas of Rousseau as he uttered them. She did not share in their debates, but they took good notice of the handsome girl, with her royal head and proudly-curved, dominant nose, and prophesied that she had a destiny. One day it knocked at the door, and proved—the King’s sister!

Madame Elizabeth, who thus entered her life, was a strenuous Princess and a woman of varied accomplishments. As soon as she saw the work of Marie Grosholtz she was convinced that she ought to learn modelling herself, and take her pretty professor to live with her. Dr. Curtius would not oppose his niece’s promotion, but, when she had gone, he altered his arrangements. He resolved to keep his Palais Royal Museum for scenes depicting court-life and fashionable events, while he opened a second show in a Temple of Fame, where he ranged the busts of the coming men in politics, and tentatively made a plan for a Chamber of Horrors. The details, he felt, he might leave for time to fill in. His niece, meanwhile, was extremely happy at Court. She taught the great ladies to model flowers and fruit, and made group after group to be shown at her uncle’s establishment. This life went on till 1789, when a peremptory recall arrived from Curtius. There was nothing for it but a tearful leavetaking, of the gracious Queen and beloved Madame Elizabeth, of Mesdames de Polignac, and the Princess de Lamballe. She reassured those she was forced to disappoint. But certainly she would keep her promises to them! But, of course, she would model the heads one day! Travelling back to the Boulevard du Temple, she learned that the Palais Royal Exhibition was closed. She wondered, and then her eyes were rudely opened. On July 12 a mob fomented up to the doors, and demanded from Curtius the busts of two popular favourites: “Egalité,” d’Orléans and the banished Minister Necker. These they carried aloft by torchlight, swathed in rags, till the Princes de Lambesc’s dragoons charged down upon them, when the figure of M. Necker was slashed in two, and that of d’Orléans splashed with the blood of its bearer. But this charge did not stop the march of the Revolution, nor even the march of these restless waxen figures, which knew they had still a long journey to perform.

But Curtius was soon absorbed in national service, so that what modelling had to be done was left to his niece. The leading men of the Revolutionary Government (who had dined so often at the Doctor’s house) had imbued a faith in propaganda by waxwork. So Marie now found herself forced to keep old promises: she modelled the heads of her aristocratic patrons, as they were brought to her fresh from the knife of the guillotine. It was not always her own friends who passed in this nightmare delirium; sometimes, when the cloth was removed from the oozing relic, it was... one of those diners at her uncle’s table. But, whatever the pressure put on her by authority, she would never prostitute her art to mere horror.

Thought and affliction, passion, Hell itself, She turns to favour, and to prettiness;—and sometimes she served her employers best this way. When they brought her to view Charlotte Corday’s horrid butcherywork, she protested (royal little White) that she was that “the cadaverous aspect of the femal” made her ill. But the spirit that guided those fingers had no politics, and her Jean Paul Marat, lying in his bath, is the sleeping martyr of the Revolution. It is the fit companion of her other masterpiece, the pale, lovely mask of Marie Antoinette, with the crimson drop where the patch of beauty once rested. To those who still say there is no art in waxwork a study of these two busts may be recommended.

Between 1789 and 1802 Marie Grosholtz lost her uncle and a husband, and acquired her historic name of Madame Tussaud. She also had her share of internment as “suspect.” At last, when the Peace of Amiens was signed, she was free of entanglements and ready to fly. Once again her restless wanders were rewarded, as her Madame Tussauds opened to the two thousand Englishmen who had seen the Dauphin concealed in her cases! She was now a shrewd, buxom woman of 42, sufficiently hardened against all blows of destiny. For many years her show travelled up and down England, and from the pompous language of her bills and announcements we see where Dickens (libeller that he was!) derived his inspiration for Mrs. Jarley. At Bristol, one Sunday in 1831, she found that ces Anglais were having their own Revolution; but how should a Reform Bill not unnervie this woman, who had lived at the very heart of the Reign of Terror? She posted her negro servant with a blunderbuss to guard the building against incendiaries, then gave them the familiar order for transportation to the patient companions of her pilgrimage, who suffered themselves to be borne out into the square, where, in the ranks of the panic-struck inhabitants, they surveyed with their changeless smile the blazing city. At length these wanderers came to rest in London, in the house with the squat, yellow columns in Baker Street. But Madame Tussaud would still be at her witchery: as though drawn by the magnet of her invisible magic, all the objects with which she had been ever so faintly associated in the days when she lived amid the historical turmoil began to collect in her exhibition rooms. Hitler came, among many relics of minor importance, the knife and the busts of the Revolutionary guillotine, and the travelling-coach of the Emperor Napoleon, who had shown her some slight kindness during his Consulate, remembering she had shared a prison with Josephine. In these tranquil days, as she drew on into longevity, while her waxen progeny increased and multiplied, she presented the figure by which she is known to millions, the little old lady in the black poke bonnet, with great spectacles garnishing the gaunt, domineering nose. At night, when the last sight-seer had long departed, she would traverse the silent halls with her wavering candle, in the wondrous material cologne with their denizens, and linger beside the “Sleeping Beauty,” St. Amaranthe, the fairest of all her cut flowers from Samson’s basket, whose muslin bosom stirs with tremulous breath. One night she did not come to bed at all, and in the morning they found her at the head of this figure. They could not move her, so she stands there still... At least, it is very hard to believe she does not! 
She left "Two Swords" a great British institution, which visited Westminster Abbey and the Tower, and put St. Paul's Cathedral out of the running. Its later history, as her great-grandson tells it, is a comedy with a pure Victorian flavour. The long procession of excited royalty is diversified by visitors scarcely credible—the colour-sergeant of the U.S.A. Army who thought that by carrying the Stars and Stripes through England he would bring about an Anglo-Saxon entente, and a luckless bastard of Napoleon, who had inherited nothing but his father's features, and must have sighed for a job as a waxwork himself. There is also the rich political burlesque of Beaconfield and the Turnerelli gold-wreath, a worthy subject for Mr. Lytton Strachey. But, of course, what normally constituted readers will ask for is some erie talk about the Chamber of Horrors. M. Tussaud obliges them. He was passing along its corridors one night, when . . . he rubbed his eyes, but the fact could not be denied! . . . he saw the figure of a gigantic criminal begin to heave, as with birth-throes at la Franklinien. Then slowly it turned on its master, and crouched for a spring! What happened next M. Tussaud does not tell us, but this is his way of accounting for the business:

The vibration caused by a heavy goods train on the Metropolitan Railway, which runs under the Exhibition premises, had shaken the figure of its balance, and the iron which fastened it to the floor permitted it to move and lean forward in the uncanny manner I have described.

It's great sport to see the engine hoist with his own petard, and, for ourselves, we believe M. Tussaud is only resented. As regards his singularly lame "explanation," we invite him to carry that to the Marines. D. L. M.

X = ?

Letters to X from H. J. Massingham. (Constable. 6s. net.)

It is evident that Mr. Massingham is at home among books; it is not so clear that he is at home anywhere else. One of these letters (XXXI., "Arcadia") deals chiefly with what befell him on an occasion when he ventured away from them. He would have us terrified; but he is more terrifying than he means to be. He portrays a landscape with the evident intention of conveying to us his admiration for it; the effect is extremely depressing in its conventionality. And when from the countryside he passes to its inhabitants, whom he describes as greedy, dishonest, sottish or lecherous, we feel that, though they may have been all these things—which are not peculiar to rustics—there is perhaps nothing in them so dangerous as the frightened incomprehension with which he regards them. It is not till he is once more among his books that he takes heart, and looks round him for a remedy. Need it be said that this remedy is—not a more sympathetic attitude towards human distress, vice, and folly, but—more books for Hodge? Well, more books for him by all means; but as a cordial draught rather than an improving purge. This adventure and its implications point a moral for the reader of the "Letters to X"; he will expect to find Mr. Massingham happiest where books are thickest. " . . . My books, ranged round the room like the wall of the enclosed garden of the Roman de la Rose, are a shield against a pitchy, clamorous outside." . . . (Letter XVIII., "More Old Books").

We may pause here to look for the value of "X." Mr. Massingham refuses to waste his time defining and expounding it, but acknowledges it to be "an excuse for discharging" "a series of undress reflections about English literature old and new." An excuse may be good or bad, however, and to relegate it, as Mr. Massingham does, to the coast of Coromandel, is to leave its character in this respect unaltered. Without visiting the coast of Coromandel, we may obtain some information about "X" from references in the letters. It (for it does not appear that "X" has a valid claim to definite gender) is not subject to the laws of gravity (Letter XXII.), does not read novels, travel in Tubes, nor eat grape-nuts (Letter XXVI.); on the other hand, it "peers over the rim" of the coast of Coromandel, to "let down the subtle hook" of its "curiosity into our so enigmatic vortex" (Letter VI.). A suspicion that "X" is no more a positive quantity to Mr. Massingham than it is to the reader grows more inveterate with every reference.

It may appear absurd to stress the point. "X" is a fiction, Mr. Massingham acknowledges it to be so from the first; why trouble then to inquire further? In answering, we should like to ask whether Mr. Massingham would agree that a fiction belongs to a world as absolutely ruled by law as the physical universe; that he who acquires power there, though he cause the sun to stand still and the moon to float down upon its mountain-tops, does so through his control, not in defiance, of its laws. If this be admitted, the relevance of our preliminary investigation becomes evident, and it will be worth while inquiring further what happens when a writer who has a good deal to say addresses his remarks to something in which he does not believe.

When writing to our friend the classical don, we may find it convenient to verify our little quotation from Terence; such metaphors as overones or symphony flow less glibly from our pen if our correspondent is a musician; and should it ever fall to our lot to write a letter to Mr. Massingham, we should not feel safe unless all the volumes of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" were within easy reach. And more generally, the personality and critical faculty of our correspondent exercise a rest:ining influence of some force on our style. But "X," we feel, can have such chastening effect, being incapable of self-assertion; and anyhow, Coromandel is a long way off. So Mr. Massingham, who has scholarship, who has ideas, discrimination, strong opinions, strong feelings even, but little effective power of self-criticism, has removed a necessary safeguard by placing the tenacious but non-conductive "X" between himself and his public. The result imposes one as a waste of good material. The thoughts come down in spate and are lost in the sands, and one wonders how so promising a volume of matter and sound should produce so little refreshment.

Despite the defects implied in these general considerations, the book contains many excellences of detail, and reaches at times and maintains for a while a level notably above its average. Perspective is perhaps Mr. Massingham's outstanding quality. He is at his best when placing his subject in its historical setting, especially when his theme is one which, like journalism, or modem novels, or the recrudescence of mysticism in literature arouses in him strong sympathy or strong antipathy. His judgment on modern literature outside of himself is mainly with our own that it might appear immodest to tell how strikingly sound they appear to us to be. But skirting this delicate ground, one may point to his characterization of James Elroy Flecker (Letter XXXIII., "A Pilgrim who stopped Half-way") as a real help to the literary-historical understanding of a poet whom one is in danger of under estimating, or of overestimating by reaction. Another reinterpretation that appears fresh and illuminating is that of Addison (Letters VIII.-IX.). One is grateful for many of the quotations in the book,—from Vaughan, for instance; and from John Banister Tabb, an American poet whose work one wishes rather urgently to know better, after reading the extracts here given (Letter XXXV., "An Image-Maker").

F. W. S.
TRAGEDY AND THE MELODRAMATIST

THE BOLSHEVIST ADVENTURE. By John Pollock. (Constable, 78. 6s. 6d. net.)

A GREAT number of books written in English on the Russian revolution are very emotional, but devoid of political science, ideas, insight, common sense, and chiefly of simple, clear facts. In order that those who desire to read a narrative of facts or an unbiased explanation of the events in Russia should know which book to read and how far its author is reliable, we would suggest that writers of books on the revolution should insert a few autobiographical notes answering the following questions: (1) By what means, and through what influences, did the author manage to get into Russia? (2) In what capacity did he go there—as one eager to study and see for himself what was going on in Russia, or as a journalist, or as an expert eyewitness, or as a saviour of Russia? (The last species is the most prolific.) (3) What were his means of subsistence when there—he live on his income, or had he to earn his living (say, by writing for the English press), or was he wholly or partly engaged in some kind of propaganda work? (4) With what class or group of Russian society he is connected, and with whom are his sympathies?

Thus the reader would know beforehand whether a book on the Russian revolution is at all worth reading, and if read, whether it can be relied upon, and to what extent the partiality, prejudices, or sympathies of the author should be ignored. Unfortunately, hitherto we have had books on the Russian revolution not by chroniclers of events, nor by journalists, nor even by disinterested eyewitnesses: they have been the books of self-appointed ambassadors, of savours of Russia and the world.

Yet those who have written and are writing on the Russian revolution are tremendously important. To us who were hungry for authentic and definite news, anxious about the complicated events in Russia, living from morning papers to afternoon papers, and from afternoon papers to late editions, it seemed that the destinies of Russia rested in the hands of those who supplied the European press with communications from Russia. From the very beginning of the revolution we witnessed the danse macabre of the English reactionary press, reducing the whole Russian revolution to a German plot, and calling Russian revolutionaries murderers, thieves, swindlers, agents-provocateurs. And when then, in front of his victim, he heard with bewilderment, on the other side, a part of the Radical press celebrating the profound statecraft of the Bolsheviks, and rejoicing in the disappearance of prostitutes from the streets of Moscow. And the more we gasped for news, real, true, actual news, the more important became those who supplied it from Russia to the English press. But instead of news and facts we had manifestoes and prophecies. While tragedy was being enacted in Russia, here we heard only the jarring music of political organ-grinders.

Let us see what is Mr. John Pollock's attitude towards Russia. According to him the Bolsheviks are all paid German agents, ruining Russia merely in the interests of Germany. Besides his own enlightened authority for that categorical statement, he cites also that of Mr. Sisson's "The German-Bolshevik Conspiracy." But the Bolsheviks are not the sole agents of Germany. Of Kerensky, "that ill-starred juggler," Mr. Pollock says:

"Towards Russia and her allies his attitude, in relation to the Bolsheviks, was that of a decoy who whistles in front of his victim for the actual assassin to come behind and deal the deadly stroke, and further:

For this estimate of Kerensky there is one fact that is not taken into account. It has been remarked that when Lenin was under sentence of arrest, all the efforts of Kerensky did not succeed in finding him: now that Kerensky is under sentence of arrest by Lenin, not all the latter's millions of words can unearthe the vanished Premier. There are not found wanting those who draw the inference that their joint bond unites the two leaders than either would publicly admit, and that, serving the same masters, neither could afford to hand over the other to justice.

Thus Mr. Pollock writes history.

With American policy towards Russia Mr. Pollock has a violent quarrel. He quotes a Russian official saying of the American Red Cross: "So far as we know, with the exception of distributing condensed milk, they [the Americans] have done absolutely nothing here but political intrigue." And again:

The American public can hardly have grasped the fact that the war was going on all the time in Russia, and that the Bolshevik regime was nothing but a German bargain: had they done so, they could not have calmly accepted a policy that has cost them the sympathy of the entire upper class in Russia.

Yes, "the entire upper class" is Mr. Pollock's chief concern throughout his book. Everything else in Russia is anathema, to be damned in eternity. At the beginning of his book he even has a prayer or incantation: . . . every now and then should every British citizen and every honest thinking man begin and end every important piece of business, with the words, Down with the Bolsheviks! Everybody in Russia (outside the "the entire upper class")—the Bolsheviks, the peasants, the workmen, the Jews—is to be damned. Especially the Jews. The Jews! The book is full of them, all sorts and kinds of Jews, beginning with the "Neo-Israelish government" of Russia, and finishing with "our Hebrew acquaintances searching one another's heads for lice." There are so many Jews in the "Bolshevik Adventure" that in reading the book one has the impression that Mr. Pollock uses Russia as a misnomer for Jewry.

Mr. Pollock proves to be a terrible scandal-monger. Of Marie Andreeva Gorky he writes:

Marie Andreeva, the Petrograd commissar of theatres, made two millions out of the transport of some trucks of fish from Saratov to Moscow, who was a second-rate actress at the Art Theatre in Moscow, is Maxim Gorky's "civil" wife [sic]. She now has her exclusive motor-car, dresses exquisitely in days when the simplest costume costs a thousand roubles, and travels in a special coach, taking her own cook with her for the journey.

Mr. Pollock manages to get so much into a few sentences Of Gorky himself Mr. Pollock writes thus:

His special pet is the Publication Commission . . . at the head of the list Gorky inscribed thirty of his own works. The Publication Commission is in reality to a large extent an engine for distributing huge money to literary persons who might on the quittance opinion against the Bolsheviks.

Thus, according to the insinuation of Mr. Pollock, the "friend" of Russia, not only is Gorky a venal person, but all Russian "literary persons" can be bought. No, Mr. Pollock may tell his scandalous tales about others; but he must leave Maxim Gorky alone. An ocean of venomous ink could not stain his name.

It is said that diplomats must peregrinate the subtle art of not exactly telling the truth. We understand this, we excuse it, we even justify it—on grounds of State necessity. But why should self-proclaimed diplomats, self-appointed ambassadors, self-anointed "saviours" of Russia use that subtle art? Where is the need for it now? Moreover, we fear that the subtle art that has been so intensely and extensively exercised in the production of English books on the Russian revolution will have a very unpleasant reaction. When disinterested and sincere books come to be written by disinterested and sincere men, they will find no publisher: no market can endure a "boom" in perfidious.
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The Allen collection of manuscripts and early printed books, which is to be sold with some others by Messrs. Sotheby, is one of a series of unusual character. It was formed with the idea of getting together classical manuscripts and early editions at a time when every library of any size prided itself on a complete collection of the Greek and Latin authors. The greater part of the manuscripts collected by Mr. Allen consist of copies made in Italy by professional scribes during the early part of the fifteenth century, just before the invention of printing, under conditions which have been pictured to modern readers by Charles Reade in "The Cloister and the Hearth." The value of any of these manuscripts, apart from the question as to whether they are illuminated or not, depends on a number of considerations. There were always fine examples of calligraphy in Greek or Latin, so that the purchaser has a good model for imitation, and indeed many of our best types derive mediately or immediately from manuscripts of this age; though the Greek sometimes suffers greatly from an enormous number of corrections. They are as valuable always for textual criticism as printed first editions of the classics, which were set up from copies such as these. In many cases, depending on the fortune of the copyist, these fifteenth-century codices may preserve for us the tradition of manuscript copies now lost; and, indeed, some of our received texts have no earlier authority. Thus, in glancing through the list we observe two places of the Nubians in a late fourteenth-century hand, which must be contemporary with the earliest text we have, and which may be useful for the criticism of the "Plutus" and the "Nubes." A 1443 Cesar, complete, is an early authority for the African and Spanish wars. A Cornelius Nepos might also be of value, though his text presents little difficulty; but an early tenth-century codex of Ibsen and some other poems, may quite conceivably be of great importance. A Sextus Julius Frontinus is another author whose text depends on few and late manuscripts, while a fifteenth-century Martial is also attractive. A Plautus MS. claims, if the catalogue is read aright, to be of a very early tradition; and there is a thirteenth-century Priscian from the hand of Lorenzo de' Medici, as also a fine Sallust manuscript and a Seneca. Of course these are only possibilities, but the chance of obtaining a good new text should be a temptation to some of our patrons of learning. The collection contains many books in their original binding and a fine illuminated Livy, which should fetch a high price. As showing the difference of tastes, there are no fewer than thirty-eight Cicero manuscripts in a collection of 115 books and manuscripts together. The other properties in the sale include a fourteenth-century "Prick of Conscience," by Richard Rolle; a fourteenth-century Valerius Maximus, with interesting illuminations and borders; some Bibles and Hours, several of the fine examples of the best French work; a thirteenth-century Vegetis, old enough to be important textually; and a fine manuscript on the Teison d'Or, of great historic interest, with portraits of Charles the Bold, Maximilian, and Philip, which was exhibited at Bruges in 1807. The illustrated catalogue (3s. 6d. net) contains a reproduction of the Charles portrait, which is admittedly the best in existence.

"DISCOVERY"

The first number of Discovery (Murray, 6d. net) is attractively printed and produced, the articles are informative and well-written, and yet it does not wholly fail in our expectations. We may be singular in this respect, but we trace the source of our discontent to the fact that three out of the seven articles in this number are concerned with special questions arising out of the war. It is not that these questions are not important, but they are not of that extent general importance. We should like to see treated more particularly these special problems which have long and deep ramifications, where we can get the broadest outlook for our money, as it were. We have nothing but praise for the articles in themselves; we suggest, however, that the "topical" interest has been given a little too much weight in making up the number. We mention this because we think that Discovery has a unique opportunity of providing what so many people want to-day: a general survey of leading ideas in each department of knowledge.

Science

PSYCHOLOGICAL PARLOUR-GAMES

In the tendency of its speculations, no less than in its current artistic values, the Twentieth Century more and more reveals itself as an age of passionate introspection. That shifting of the focus of curiosity from the outer mystery of reality to the inner mystery of consciousness, which began perhaps with Kant, and has continued steadily for some 150 years; seems now almost complete. For our generation, experimental psychology in many forms challenges the traditional primacy of metaphysics among the playgrounds of speculation. A few of us may still marshal ghostly embattled systems against the obstinate reticence of things; but recent metaphysicians have somehow lacked the large arrogance, the richness and amplitude of conception, which distinguished the great system-builders. In their place we have the growing band of psychologists and psychological researchers, hypnotists, psycho-analysts and what not, who, in despair of forcing the front gates of Truth, are tampering with the locks of the back entrances, peering through chinks in the shutters of certain disused cellars or lumber-rooms, and even (if they are good Freemasons) enthusiastically investigating the possibility of ingress by way of the sewers.

The new game has its advantages over the old. It may—and does, if it is to be properly played—tax no less severely the intelligence, the imaginative resource, the patience of the player; but it does not demand the same long specialized training. Its subject-matter is individual and concrete; its methods are the methods made familiar by the natural sciences; its vocabulary is not as yet too involved or invested with technicalisms. It does not start at the top of the pyramid from a limited number of general notions, but at the bottom from a mass of gradually accumulating observations. There is an enormous amount of simple experimental work to be done—much of it work to which anybody who is possessed of leisure and patience can contribute without stirring from his arm-chair. This last consideration induces the writer to suggest a few parlour experiments of an innocuous nature and requiring little or no apparatus, which at the worst will serve to pass a winter's evening for the experimenter, and may in certain cases open up valuable sources of information for the psychologist.

(1) Some knowledge of the singular group of mental phenomena which we class as hypnotic has now filtered through from the psychological laboratories and psychiatric clinics to the general public. But many people whose curiosity has been aroused are deterred from attempting a first-hand acquaintance with the condition in question, either by the lack of a skilled operator or by a very natural reluctance to subject their personalities to what seems the unchecked dictation of another's will. To such, the following little experiment is recommended. Sit in a room by yourself, in an easy and relaxed pose, and fix your eyes on any small, bright object—a silver pencil will serve—in such a position as to induce a slight upward and inward squint. At the same time repeat to yourself rapidly and unceasingly, in a rhythmic sing-song, some unvarying verbal formula, it matters not what. When the eyes are tired let them close; but continue the monotonous repetition of your phrase, allowing the sound to dominate consciousness to the exclusion of all other material. When you have kept this up for twenty minutes or more, try suggesting to yourself that your eyelids are pressed down by heavy weights, or that you cannot lift
your hand from your knee. If the suggestion takes effect, you can obliterate it by subsequent vigorous counter-suggestion. The verification and gradual extension of trivial-seeming experiments of this type—the actual form may be varied indefinitely—and a close introspective study of the mental processes involved are at present badly needed, as they may have an important bearing on the still unsolved problem of the nature of hypnotic states in general. A good many years ago Dr. Hugh Wingfield, a Demonstrator in Physiology at Cambridge, discovered that some 80 per cent. of a class of Cambridge undergraduates could throw themselves by self-suggestion into a condition of cataleptic rigidity and out of it again: and the experiments recorded by Fahnestock and one or two others indicate that in general most, if not all, of the phenomena of hypnosis may be obtained without an hypnotist. But in that case what becomes of the widely accepted view which finds the characteristic differentiae of hypnosis in a special "rapport" established between operator and subject, and the complete loss of volition on the part of the latter? It would seem that neither the practical possibilities nor the theoretical significance of self-hypnosis have yet received the attention they merit—a circumstance which one is tempted to attribute to the subconsciously biased of the professional hypnotist (who writes all the text-books) against any infringement of his patent.

(2) Somewhat akin to self-hypnosis is the remarkable mental state which Tennyson used to produce in himself by concentration on his own name. He has left a description of it in some well-known lines of "The Ancient Sage." Elsewhere he speaks of it as "a kind of waking trance," in which "all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weicrest of the weicrest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if such it were) seeming no extinction but the only True Life." Is this the "ecstasy" of Plotinus and Porphyry, or merely an extension of suggestion d’érangenté which, as the Polish psychologist Abramowski has recently shown, is induced in many people by monotonous repetition of a name? The words of "The Ancient Sage:

I touched my limbs, the limbs were strange, not mine,

rather suggest the latter explanation. But it would be interesting to know whether there are others who can procure themselves such a state of consciousness as this of Tennyson’s by the use of the same simple means.

(3) We want a much more extended study than has yet been undertaken of the ordinary functioning of the subconscious in ordinary people. The provoking ambiguity of the evidence for survival obtained by the Society for Psychical Research in recent years through various automatists is largely due to our ignorance of the machinery, the sources and the limitations of subliminal production. To distinguish with certainty residual phenomena, if such there be, from the mass of normal automatic products, we must know much more about the normal than we do at present. Therefore it is to be desired that as many people as possible should interrogate their subliminals by means of one or other of the various "autosopes"—table-tilting, automatic writing with or without planchette, the ouija board and the crystal—and should keep a full record of the results. Provided they are approached with ordinary common sense and in a detached temper, these investigations need involve not the slightest danger to bodily or mental health. Only in the case of automatic writing is a special caution necessary. Any attempt on the part of the subliminal to gain the upper hand by creating a craving to write should be at once resisted, and the practice abandoned. There is no instance, so far as the writer knows, of the development of such a craving in connection with any of the other autosopes; and they are to be preferred on this account. For most people the ouija-board seems to be the easiest to operate. All that is needed for its construction is an alphabet cut out in cardboard and spread on a table, a sheet of glass laid on top of the alphabet, and a thin light piece of polished wood as indicator. The finger-tips are rested lightly on the indicator, which slides under the unconscious muscular pressure across the surface of the glass, and will in many cases spell out intelligible if not intelligent "messages" after a very few trials. By the use of a cranial or other speculum (in modern practice can be a common glass ball) a certain number of persons (about 5 per cent. of us according to one estimate) will with patience develop the amusing and harmless faculty of "scrying" or automatic vision. The speculum must rest against a dark background, in such a position that it may return as few reflections as possible, and the observer should gaze steadily, but without undue mental concentration, for ten minutes or more at a time. The content of the vision will usually be found to be of the same dreamlike character as the products of motor automatism.

(4) Most people have on some occasion seen or taken part in experiments in thought-transference. Unfortunately, amateur mentalists seem to be persuaded to make contemporary records of the precise circumstances in which the trials take place, as well as of all results obtained, whether positive or negative; and in the absence of such records their experiences can be significant only for themselves. The bare fact that thought-transference does occasionally occur is, in the writer’s judgment, established almost beyond reasonable doubt by existing evidence; but the implications of this fact remain obscure until we can determine what physical media, if any, are involved in the transmission; and that knowledge in turn can only be reached through patient empirical study of the physical and mental conditions favorable to success. Such a study of the relation to every detail of experience, and a necessity of wide co-operation. It is to be hoped that the dust of controversy excited by Sir Oliver Lodge and the other evangelists of spiritualism will not completely obscure this more modest, but possible, for that very reason, more fruitful field of psychological research.

E. R. Dodds.

"SCIENCE PROGRESS"

The January number of Science Progress (Murray, 6s. net) is exceptionally attractive. As was to be expected, the Astronomical Section devotes a good deal of space to Einstein’s Generalized Theory of Relativity. There is a possible ambiguity, however, in the statement that the principle of equivalence is essential to the theory of relativity. The Riemann-Christoffel tensor, which vanishes for a Galilean space-time system and for every system derivable therefrom by a maximum of physical transformation, need not vanish in a permanent gravitational field. The principle of equivalence is extremely useful as it enables us to pass from an artificial to a permanent gravitational field, but it is not essential to relativity. We think, however, that Mr. James is correct in asserting that Einstein’s theory is not a theory of gravitation, but a theory of space and time. Einstein is concerned with the measured properties of space and time in the neighbourhood of matter, but gives no reason why matter should produce the space-time distortion he discusses.

It would be impossible within the limits of our space to discuss the various interesting articles in this number. We must, however, direct attention to Dr. Lotka’s suggestive remarks on “Evolution and Irreversibility.” We see here a characteristic combination of imagination and analysis which
is very attractive. The Correspondence, too, is exceptionally interesting; there seems little to choose between the spiritualists and the anti-spirituals, so far as frequency of merely dogmatic descriptions is concerned. It is a pity that the section on Pure Mathematics should consist of nothing but the barest outlines of published papers. Is there nothing in recent mathematical writings which could be made intelligible to readers who, after all, are supposed to understand Dr. Lotus’a paper?

SOCIETIES

GEOLOGICAL.—January 7.—Mr. G. W. Lamplugh, President, in the chair. —The following communications were read:

1. "On Syringothyris Winchell, and certain Carboniferous Brachiopods referred to Syringothyris Koppe," by Mr. E. J. North. He was of opinion that Syringothyris and Spiriferina are in no way related, either morphologically or phylogenetically. Dr. F. A. Rother and Professor T. F. Sibly offered some observations on the paper.


PHILOLOGICAL.—January 9.—Dr. Wilfrid Perrett read an important paper on "The Perception of Sound, in which he maintained that it is the philologist who can and must settle the controversy as to the mechanism of the internal ear, whether we have in the cochlea a set of resonant fibres (Helmholtz) or a mechanism which is sound-boat in its characteristics (Hebebrand). The shock sensation of the "consontant" ending the first syllable in stop, please: not to ...", book-keeping: or in the Glasgow pronunciation (so common in London streets) of bottle as "boll," would be impossible if resonant fibres were the ear continued to be the shock sensation that these voiceless occlusives is the effect of the sudden transition from sound to silence, and it is only on account of the complete absence of resonance in the internal ear that these "sounds" of everyday speech exist. If in the phrase "the kling-klang of resonance" we employ the natural magic of our matchless language, and substitute "click-clack" for the first term, then, as far as the ear is concerned, the second term must also be changed, and the phrase become the click-clack of a percussion and or percussion. Reference to his published work ("Questions of Phonetic Theory," 1916-19; Cambridge, Heffer) for the proof of his assertions, Dr. Perrett said that Helmholz table of vowel-pitches shows errors amounting in the extreme case of the vowel in octaves, and that the compass of the mouth shaped for the vowels of English, instead of being nearly four octaves, is less than two (about d 4 to 10); and he held out the hope that we might shortly see the realization of Robert Willis's idea (1829)—generally ascribed to Helmholz, who adopted it without acknowledgment—that the accurate determination of these inherent vowel-pitches would eventually furnish phonologists with a correct measure of the second difference in the pronunciation of the vowels by different nations.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—January 13.—Four papers relating to harbours and wave-action were read, viz. "Whitby Harbour Improvement," by Mr. James Mitchell; "The Design of Harbours and Breakwaters with Reference to the Reduction of Wave-Action within their Area," by Mr. Ralph F. Hindmarsh; "Wave-Action in Harbour Areas, with Special Reference to Works for reducing it at Whitby and Whitby Harbours," by Mr. J. Watt Sandeman; and "The Improvement of the Entrance to Sunderland Harbour, with reference to the Reduction of Wave-Action," by Mr. W. Simpson.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—January 15.—Professor C. Oman, President, in the chair.—Mr. W. H. Woodward was elected a Fellow. The Rev. E. A. Sydenham exhibited two rare coins, one of the types, head of Herakles and Zeus Aetophoros and the same symbols (anchor and feeding horse) and monograms; one of Alexander the Great, the other of Seleucus I., both of Eastern fabric. He also showed two Seleucid tetradrachms bearing the same symbols and Apollo stater had been previously known and attributed by Dr. Macdonald to Antiochus II., the other stater with Zeus reverse, apparently unique, now confirms this attribution. A unique silver tetradrachm with the same portraiture was also shown.

The Rev. E. A. Sydenham read a paper on the "Coinages of Augustus." The reader began by giving a chronological summary of the various series and groups of coins under Augustus. After brief notes on the Seleucid mint (B.C. 190) and the military coinage of Octavius in Gaul and Italy (41-39 B.C.), incidentally attributing the S.C. coins to camp mints of Northern Italy, Mr. Sydenham proceeded to discuss the Asiatic coinages (B.C. 20-14) and the "Imperial" mint (B.C. 21-15). Besides coins newly attributed to Asiatic mints, he proposed to give the undated silver and gold with legend Caesar vivf to Asia rather than Rome, and criticized Lafranchi’s attribution of certain coins to Phrygia and Gabriel’s to Athens. The coins attributed to the "Imperial" mint are very distinctive in style, and were probably issued under the direct control of Augustus. These coins had been attributed by Grueber to Rome, and by Lafranchi to Spain. Mr. Sydenham gave cogent arguments against these views, and added reasons for considering them a distinct "Imperial" issue. The theory on which a good deal of the argument turns is Robert’s Augustus made a formal surrender of his Triumviral office and the extraordinary powers pertaining to it. Included in these powers was probably the right of coinage. The surrender of this right was merely an act of policy with Augustus and sufficiently binding. But he held to it to this extent that for five or six years he issued no coins of any sort on his own authority, and even down to the end of his reign he issued no coins in Rome. After an experiment in coinage through P. Cæsaris in Spain (B.C. 22-21) he inaugurated his "Imperial" mint, but confined its operations to the provinces. Finally he fixed the Imperial mint at Lugdunum (B.C. 14).

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.—January 19.—Sir F. G. Kenyon, Vice-Pres., in the chair. A resolution was passed regarding the Society’s keen sense of the loss it had sustained by the death of its President, the late Sir William Oster. Mr. Falconer Madan was thereupon unanimously elected President.

After the conclusion of official business Mr. Falconer Madan read a short paper, illustrated with lantern slides, on the press of the late Dr. Charles Daniel, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, who worked as an amateur printer, first in his boyhood at Frome, and afterwards at Oxford, producing among other matter various volumes of verse by Robert Bridges.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 23. King’s College, 4.—"Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture II., Professor W. D. Farnham.

University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture I., Dr. E. G. Gardner.

King’s College, 5.30.—"La Dynastie de Magodone," Dr. L. Economos.

University College, 5.30.—"The Geography of Italy," Professor H. E. Butler.

Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—Recent Advances in the Utilization of Water Power," Mr. Eric M. Bergstrom.

Egypt Exploration Society (Lecture Room of the Royal Society), 8.—"El Amarna, the City of the Papyri," Hon. Sir Charles Parsons.


Dr. W. S. Lawrence Library (41, Gordon Square, W.C.), 6.—"The Analysis of Mind," Lecture XI., Mr. Bertrand Russell.

Society of Arts, 8.—"Aircraft Photography in War and Peace," Lecture II., Capt. H. Hamshaw Thomas. (Cantor Lecture.)

Tues. 27. Royal Institution, 3.—"Man’s Origin," Professor G. Elliot Smith.

Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—Resumed Discussion on Harbours and Wave-Action.

King’s College, 5.30.—"The Philosophy of Kant," Lecture II., Professor H. Winkler.

King’s College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia: II. Structure of the Community in Russia," Sir Bernard Parès.

Wed. 28. University College, 3.—"History and Drama in the Divina Commedia," 4.—"ecture I., Dr. E. G. Gardner. (Barlow Lectures.)

Society of Arts, 4.30.—"The Ruin and Restoration of Seaboard States, with Special Reference to the British Empire," Mr. Basil Worsfold.

Thurs. 29. Royal Institution, 3.—"Renaissance Music in Italy and England," Dr. R. R. Terry.

Royal Society, 4.30.—"University College, 5.30.—"Italian Literature," Lecture II., Professor Antonio Cipriano. (In Italian.)

Fri. 30. King’s College, 4.—"Classical Greek Art," Lecture I., Professor P. Dearden.

University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture I., Dr. E. G. Gardner.

King’s College, 5.30.—"La Dynastie de Magodone," Dr. L. Economos.

University College, 5.30.—"Greek and Roman Agriculture," Mr. M. Cary.

Royal Institution, 9.—"The Grosticant Compass," Mr. S. G. Brown.
**Fine Arts**

**AUGUSTE RENOIR**

The newspapers and reviews of the whole world have bemoaned the death of Renoir and have paid their homage to that admirable life consecrated, with an obstinacy that never weakened, wholly to his work, despite the paralysis whose deadliness is known to all.

But, in their haste, too many writers have celebrated only the "maître impressionniste" who propagated an error by which the public were only too pleased to be deluded. For, in the eyes of the public, there is no radical difference between Monet and Renoir; they are just two "maîtres impressionnistes." Now if there is any legend which it seems to us a work of piety to destroy, it is this one that makes of these two figures a couple of brothers. Renoir, like Cézanne, was an anti-impressionist painter. He may not have been one at the outset of his career, but he knew how to become one at the age when it was necessary for the conversion to be achieved, and it is from this time forth that he became the great artist we know him to have been, the heir of Rubens and Watteau. It is amusing to observe the fate of this impressionism school, which made itself illustrious only by the defections which it provoked from the circle of its own adepts.

Born of a reaction against the utterly worn-out convention of official academism, the impressionist school aroused a praiseworthy desire for realism. But this desire was as badly directed as it was possible for it to be; it confounded the real with the visible, imagined that sensation alone could suffice for recognition, and that the registration of all the accidents without determining their cohesion or rhythm was the sufficient artistic exercise. The pure impressionist ideal—let us have the courage to say it—is quite disconcertingly silly. One can only explain the embarrassment it provoked in the hearts of the most talented artists of the period by considering it as an instinctive manifestation of that superior necessity of overcoming pictorial values of which it was, in some sort, a first avowal.

In effect, Delacroix, burning to discover the secret of "great painting," had exhausted all the resources offered by the museums to the inexperience of the modern artist. His works, in other respects often admirable, were none the less more than paler repetitions of traditional works which only a new dramatic sense—a sense which belongs only to the great romantic painter—could sometimes succeed in modernizing. But what had been done remained unsurpassable, despite his efforts to extend the Old Masters. Accordingly, to the inheritors of Delacroix the classical methods appeared obsolete, incapable of expressing their childish intoxication, the excitement of schoolboys let loose in a garden, which "the wonders of science" made them believe boundless. To forget all, to learn all things anew—this was the line followed by those who had kept their sensibility intact: a childlike solution that would have imperilled the fate of painting if it had not been for the appearance of certain heroic deserts who, tired of questioning Nature with the eyes, thought at last of questioning her with the mind. Heretics in the heart of the heresy, they deserted the lower region of the senses, where the purists of the new school were wont to take their pleasure, in order to climb, step by step, towards the higher planes of intelligence. Each in his own way, Cézanne and Renoir understood that the scientific or spontaneous reproduction of a few material facts does not constitute a language worthy of art, and that if it is necessary to turn for support to the earth, one should not wallow on its surface; one should approach it in order to rebound.

"In my opinion the principal cause of the decay of the craft lies in the absence of an ideal. The most skilful hand is never more than the servant of thought."

This is an authentic saying of Renoir, a phrase that throws more light on the painter of the "Bathers" than the childish sayings which people take such pains to quote. It is important to point out that most of the critics have perversely taken pains to acclaim in Renoir only the instinctive painter, a rebel against all processes of reasoning, art, who exercised no control over himself.

These writers genuinely believe that they are in this way ennobling the painter, and it is with a snigger in the direction of the young "intellectuals" that they preach the perfect unconsciousness, the complete irresponsibility of the old man. Neglecting the sayings that Renoir put his name to, they dwell lovingly on his casual conversational remarks, holding up for admiration this little sally:

"I have no rules nor methods," a remark that was meant by the man who uttered it to be carried away by the wind, since he afterwards wrote, "Painting is a craft like carpentry or iron-working; it is subject to the same rules."

The truth is that Renoir, with his subtle, delicate mind, felt the ridiculousness of these after-dinner theories, in which metaphysics oftentimes more space than painting; and he was above everything, regardless of all interpretations that the literary men generally put on the painter's remarks. Hiding his preoccupations under an attitude of witty detachment, he silently perfected for himself what must have been a remarkably precise discipline, if one may judge by the continuity of his effort and the unity of his work, exempt from those oscillations that denote in certain painters, sometimes of the highest talent, an absence of interior direction. Renoir's intelligence consisted in this: he understood that a discipline is made up only of words, and that a theory is nothing at all if it does not immediately lead to practice in which it is the subject of the artist. The word must become flesh. To give direction to one's ideas, to incorporate them in one's own substance, to render organic what was only a cerebral—such is the operation of genius. It is a difficult and painful task, a "long patience" for which the recompense is liberty of execution, fecundity and serenity.

Just as the impressionists' reality was only an appearance, too their technique was only an appearance of technique, a renunciation of the rational craft. The moment Renoir began to interest himself in what was permanent, his formula became different: aiming at the eternal, it naturally returns to its sources, which are immutable. It was by adopting an attitude equivalent to that of the Masters of the Renaissance—though not, like Delacroix, making use of their technique—that Renoir rediscovered their beautiful certitudes and created durable forms.

For the pure impressionists, such as Monet, Sisley, Berthe Morisot, &c., the sunshine, the challenge play of prismatic lights over the surface of things, localized the attention of the painter. The effect becomes the theme; it absorbs material objects, which vanish as soon as they cease to be of use in supporting the terrible "lighting." Coloured perspective; the creed of the painters of the new school, tends to the disintegration of objects, drives them to a total effacement in the bosom of the Moloch-like sun. Impressionism is the temptation of nothingness.

Renoir, who is interested in light only in so far as it reveals the profound qualities of the matter under examination, in his love for all things considers no object unworthy of receiving it. Light, for him, has ceased to be the unique queen whose smallest sign is an order; it is his ally; he holds it like a tool in his hand, and without projecting it more on one form than on another, he distributes it over every point in his picture; it brings out the value of the culminating part of objects, which now,
EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

FINE ART SOCIETY.—Cartoons, "Victory and After," by Louis Raemaekers.
MACKAE GALLERY, 95, REGENT STREET.—Water-COLOUR Drawings of Etaples by T. A. Austen Brown, A.R.S.A.

When the real history of the great war is written it will contain a long chapter headed "Propaganda," in which the name of Louis Raemaekers will frequently occur. He has played a more direct and obvious part in the war than any other artist, and his reputation is quite out of proportion to the intrinsic merits of his cartoons. We have published his first war cartoons in a Dutch newspaper they were acclaimed by a world paralysed with horror at the practical application of Frightfulness in Belgium. In the strained atmosphere of the time the world believed that this Dutch cartoonist was capable of expressing the universal detestation of these orgies of organized cruelty; it believed him capable, too, of a broader thing—capable of expressing the world's horror of War. But such a function was beyond his powers. The world soon realized that he was not made of the stuff of a Goya or Callot; that it was not so much Militarism he hated as German Militarism, and not so much Kaiserism as the Kaiser. In the Allied countries he was welcomed, if somewhat with open arms, and the world soon began to regard him as an avowed Allied propagandist. As such his national neutrality could not fail to make an impression, and his cartoons were undoubtedly of great service to the Allied cause.

As a draughtsman Raemaekers is unimportant. A technical method browned him and the end leaves his drawings an appearance of power, but they have none of the fine observation of typical forms which constitutes the element of greatness in the work of the French masters. He is, in fact, not primarily an artist at all. He uses a drawing merely to illustrate the legend placed beneath it. As a satirist he hits hard, but his outlook is not personal or emotional; he contributes no ideas to the world, he only exploits existing well-recognized angles of thought. We know just what he will say on any subject, and why and in what way—we know it will be much the same as the comments in Punch.

Nevertheless there is one theme which stimulates him to greater achievement. He rises to a certain height in his drawings of the Kaiser. His hatred of this figure is clearly genuine, and his Kaiser-drawings ring true on the strength of this real emotion. He hates the Kaiser as thousands of men and women hate him to-day, with a deep contempt and no pity. He hates him far more than the average Englishman does for the German Kaiser, the English Kaiser, and he really prefers Mr. Haselden's "Big and Little Willie" conception of the Hohenzollerns. But Raemaekers hates the Kaiser so much that he acquires intuition when he draws him and becomes for the time an artist.

The present collection of his cartoons at the Fine Art Society's Galleries is notable for the artist's comments on the last stage of the war, from the entrance of America to the signing of peace, and incidentally his views on English Labour unrest and Bolshevism. As usual, the Kaiser-drawings are in a class by themselves. Here we have no need to consult the legends; the drawings tell their own story. But the drawings where there is no Kaiser have very little raison d'etre. We can find out all Raemaekers has to say by turning the pages of the catalogue, where we see such titles as "Lerin goes a-Hunting: Murder, Frost and Starvation, the inevitable companions of Bolshevik rule," or "Japan to the Rescue of Russia," and so on. Raemaekers' view of Bolshevism is perfectly expressed in these titles without the aid of the drawings. The same is true of the cartoons devoted to English Labour problems, where the title tells us that the artist thinks all strikes the work of German agents and Extremist Agitators.

It is curious to turn from these drawings by a neutral who plunged voluntarily into the war, and commented on so many phases of it, to a set of pictures of Etaples painted by an English artist in the heat of the struggle, a set of pictures which in spite of the struggle happening within earshot Mr. Austen Brown had made Etaples his home in the years before the war, and he continued his water-colour sketches of the picturesque fishing-port regardless of the presence of the great base camp and the tramping of British troops all round. The Etaples which he pictures is the Etaples which persisted in spite of the war, and which conveyed its fascination to those who lingered there far from retreating towards destruction, flow forward towards the eye and take on an even modelling. The impressionists' visual space is abolished, and the spiritual space of the true painters is recaptured. Renoir's beautiful rounded masses are not ranged in measurable depth; they roll one over the other, like luminous worlds, counter-balancing one another. He has asked of Nature the secret of her stability; causes, taking the place of effects, have become, for him, the unique theme. Like Cézanne, he discovered the divine laws of equilibrium, and he makes use of them to govern the economy of this miniature universe—the picture which he creates in imitation of Him who smiles upon his geniuses, while Monet, the true impressionist type, pushing his speculations to absurdity, renounces not only the representation of man, but also the representation of everything in a landscape that might be articulated like human members. The phenomena that bring about the apparent dissolution of objects alone solicit his attention—smoke, fog, wind and water, fluidity and mobility, of which the "Thameses" and "Water-lilies" are the exhausted poems.

There is, one essentially French virtue of which we shall not, for a long time it may be, have occasion to speak. That is good humour—sister of candour and mother of fantasy—a quality which Renoir possessed in greater measure than any other painter of his generation. It was this delightful gift which led the great man to mystify, by many little jokes, the literary men of his acquaintance; it has given us that legend of the nightingale-painter, whose formation, though always with his tongue in his cheek, he benevolently favoured, considering that his works were weighty enough to allow him to bequeath to posterity only a light and as it were diminished image of himself. Cézanne too (and the fact gave rise to a number of regrettable anecdotic fantasies) possessed this scampish side (so unpleasant in the failures and second-rates, but delightful in men of superior talent), which incites certain artists, in the presence of a too abject audience, to give utterance to paradoxes, which taken literally, published and commented on, serve to create the false portraits of great men.

The letter which Renoir wrote to Henry Mottex as a preface to Cennino Cennini's "Livre d'Art" proves not only that he could think and write well, as every genuine artist can, but also that he had great store by those innumerable everyday constatations which constitute, when accumulated together, the technical and intellectual armoury of the creator. Out of all the errors written about him let us retain only one thing: Renoir was not an austere professor, a pedantic esthete, an ideologist; he was an artisan. For a painter, no more glorious title exists. From as far back as one can trace the origins of French sculptors or painters, one can only think of them as humble before their work, smiling, simple, armed with a few essential truths, light-heartedly accomplishing their quotidiem task, without fatigue or nervous tension, without romantic spasms, without the exclamation of the South or the rêverie of the North.

In ordinary life Renoir was an amusing companion, but in the studio he became a silent reasoner. He appears to us in the guise of an old image-painter intent on faithfully and naively describing the beauties which the supreme Workmaster unrolled before his eyes. If this conclusion is acceptable to the art critics, whose glosses we have found it impossible to accept, we ask no better than to combine with them in raising the figure of a Renoir, devoid of all arrogance, unpretentiously learned, meditative without ideology and modestly masking the feelings of his heart under a veil of frivolous conversation.

André Liote.
Music

A REPERTORY OF ENGLISH OPERA

NEXT month is to bring forth yet another operatic enterprise, the appearance of the Fairbairn Opera Company at the Surrey Theatre, under the joint management of Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Min. The Surrey is a little theatre known to most opera-goers. It is an old house of very noble proportions, with an exceptionally large stage. It has recently been completely renovated, and the seating rearranged so as to give a very good view of the stage from every part of the house. If Mr. Fairbairn can once get his audiences to cross the river and become as familiar with St. George's Circus as they are with the neighbourhood of Bow Street, he ought to have every chance of success.

He has announced in the papers that his wish is to perform not merely opera in English, but genuine English opera. Like a wise man, he intends to go slow at first. There is no fear of his presenting a new opera by a native composer every week, and those who want to see such old friends as "Faust" and "Trovatore" will probably not be disappointed. Even supposing that a manager could afford to try the experiment of mounting a season of exclusively British opera, it would not be a plan to deserve encouragement. In France, in Germany and in Italy the operatic repertory is mainly national, but has never been rigidly so, and no sensible musician would ever desire such a narrow-minded policy.

English opera make their appearance in England from time to time, some successfully, others not; but we never seem to have collected the best of them into a regular stock repertory. The causes of this are perhaps largely just indifference and force of habit, perhaps also difficulties with performing rights. There is also this reason, that all our operatic companies live from hand to mouth, performing for short seasons in a number of places, so that none of them can afford to keep up a large repertory after the fashion of a German permanent opera-house. If an impresario could manage to establish a permanent opera company in London without depending upon provincial gains to balance metropolitan losses, it would be quite easy to build up a repertory of British operas which, if we set aside the three great names of Verdi and Wagner, would compare quite favourably with that of any other country.

To begin with, Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" ought to be as familiar to English audiences as the operas of Gluck are on the Continent. It is, as a matter of fact, a much better opera than any of Gluck's. It is very short, but it is intensely dramatic, and at the same time attractive as music to anyone who has a feeling for pure melody. In spite of its antique conventions it is beautifully constructed, whereas there is no opera of Gluck which does not require considerable remodelling and "faking" before it can be put on the stage at all. And its shortness is in itself an advantage, for it would always have to be coupled with another short opera, so that each might derive advantage from the other. Another quasi-opera of the seventeenth century might also be included: "Cupid and Death" (Matthew Locke and Christopher Gibbons), which at Glastonbury last year obtained a thoroughly popular success.

Of eighteenth-century operas "The Beggar's Opera" is probably the only one that could take a permanent place. Provincial audiences might perhaps insist on its being considerably bowdlerized; what it really requires is not expurgation, but an exceptionally distinguished style of acting. Without this, the whole point of its humour is lost. The present day is just the right moment for its revival, for the coincidence of the folk-song movement with a considerable interest in the art of the eighteenth century ought to have prepared modern audiences to appreciate its wit and mirth.

A century later we come to an opera of European fame, which is tempting to include in the English repertory, though the composer was not an Englishman. John Gay's "Oberon" was composed for London, and furthermore, composed to an English libretto designed on lines so peculiarly English that the opera has never been quite satisfactory in any of its German versions. A good deal of the music is still familiar to English people in a vague sort of way, although it must be a great many years since the opera was seen in its original form. But it will certainly offer a problem of singular difficulty to any modern producer who has the courage to undertake it. The next obvious operas are our old friends "Maritana" and "The Bohemian Girl." There are probably many readers of the Athenaeum who have never seen either of them. They will do well to take the earliest opportunity of going to hear them. Even superior persons will find it instructive to listen to these operas and set themselves to consider carefully why it is that they have attained what may very reasonably be called classical immortality. And having heard them, let them further consider whether it would not be well worth while to "wash their faces," as an Oxford musician used to say—that is, to forget all the traditions that have encrusted themselves upon them and produce them from the original text as if they were entirely new works. Another opera of the same class is "The Lily of Killarney," which is still insisted on by the "Old Vic" patrons to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, although its composer was no more an Irishman than his beloved master, the composer of "Oberon."

But there is another Irish opera, written by an undoubtedly Irishman, which ought to be in our regular British repertory—Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien," a work sufficiently inspired by the spirit of rebellion to deserve the affection of the most progressive opera-goer. And if Irish people love to see their own country glorified, English people certainly love to see theirs made ridiculous; so "Shamus O'Brien" should surely have a double claim to popularity. Scotland would be well represented by Hamish MacCunn's "Jeanie Deans." It is an unpretentious but thoroughly effective and well-written opera, with just the right kind of attractiveness. Within the last twenty years or so a number of operas by British composers have been produced which certainly deserved production and possibly deserve revival; but there are not many which have the elements of real popularity. It may seem scandalous to insist upon this quality, but a standard repertory can only be developed on this basis—it being always presupposed that the works in question are not merely popular, but also reach a self-respecting standard of excellence. Among these Mr. Nicholas Grey's "Duke of Duvil," and Mr. G. H. Cutham's "A Summer Night," ought not to be forgotten; I should like to include in this list S. Boal's "The Wreckers," and there can be no doubt that "The Pleasant Muses" should certainly find a place in our standard repertory. Another opera which has proved its popularity, and ought most certainly to be included, is Rutland Boughton's "The Immortal Hour."

My list, it will be seen, is not a very large one; but it is better that those who are dissatisfied should suggest additions rather than accuse me of setting the standard too low.

Edward J. Dent,
A NEW GOYESQUE OPERA

EL AVAPIÉS: DRAMA LÍRICO EN TRES ACTOS. By Tomás Borrás. Music by Conrado Del Campo and Angel Barrios. (Madrid, Editorial Pueyo. 3.50 pps.)

At the very end of the last opera season at Madrid a new Spanish opera was produced. It met with a mixed reception from the critics and from the public; but a series of lucky accidents enabled it to be put on again at the opening of the present season. "El Avapiés" takes its name from the densely populated district of Madrid surrounding the Calle de Lavapiés. It may be less interesting to Spaniards, than it is to people who do not know Madrid; for the Calle de Lavapiés is quite an ordinary-looking street, and Madridinos can go to the Prado twice a week and see all the Goyas for nothing. A London audience, however, would find "El Avapiés" ravishing.

Sr. Borrás, the author of the book, has taken certain episodes in the life of Madrid as it was about 1800—something between that reflected in the comedies of Ramón de la Cruz (a contemporary of Goldoni) and in the volume of the "Episodios Nacionales" of Pérez Galdós which describes the Court of Charles IV. The beautifully printed "book of the words" is surely the most attractive libretto there ever was, with its clear type, its wide margins, its glossary of "madrileñismos," and its reproductions from paintings and drawings by Goya. The music has not been published; and unfortunately there seems to be no immediate chance of its being printed.

Sr. Del Campo and Sr. Barrios have set about their work with an inexhaustible flow of melody. They have taken the various forms of Madrid popular song as types, and raised them to the level of opera. The procedure has one excellent effect, namely, that you can never hear anyone singing in the street—the old-clothes woman in the Calle Mayor, for instance—without thinking how much better they would do that sort of thing in "El Avapiés." With a single exception, none of the tunes in the opera are real popular songs; yet the supply of melody seems to be unfailing. It might be urged that it is not always expressive or relevant. It does not always seem to belong to the situation or help the listener to understand the personalities of the characters. Occasionally it appears to be outside the action altogether. A good opera, it has been said, should have a drama in the music going on at the same time as the drama on the stage, reflecting and illustrating it. In "El Avapiés" this is made difficult by the fact that for more than half the time a large crowd is on the stage. Whenever there are only two or three people, the drama going on in the music is not only perceptible but unmistakable. The music which accompanies the crowds attacks the problem by a heap of lively tunes and dances; and by this means the composers definitely express the confusion and turbulence of a street. They have not aimed at letting their music fix your attention on the personalities and thoughts, actions and passions, of the chief characters; and even visually the principals only stand out from the rest when the opera is seen not from the stalls, but from the gallery. Whenever a few people are left alone they become entirely intelligible and reasonable.

The weak points of "El Avapiés" are probably not so obvious to an Englishman as they are to a cultivated Spanish musician. For a listener to whom the various types of Spanish melody are not yet so familiar as to be uninteresting, music like that of Del Campo and Barrios is not only delightful in itself, but serves the purpose of making other forms of Spanish musical thought intelligible. It is a step, though not a very long one in the direction of Sr. De Falla, whose music London has approached from the wrong end. If we had had the chance of hearing "El Avapiés" and then De Falla's opera "La Vida Breve," no one would have found the music to the "Three-Cornered Hat" cold or difficult to understand. Falla is the central figure in the group of modern Spanish composers, and anything that helps one to understand him is of value for that alone.

"El Avapiés" is interesting for other reasons. It seems to take an English hearer deeper into Spanish musical thought than before; and this is noticeable in the course of the work itself. What might be objected to as a mixture of styles, arising from the maturity and sense of mastery in the third act compared with the other two, might turn out to be a logical development. The confusion, noise and endless strings of tunes which seem almost, but not quite folk-songs are gradually simplified and gathered together as the drama shapes itself and the issue becomes clear. The method of the composers is then seen to be not a haphazard jumble of styles at all, but a perfectly logical process. At the beginning they fling you into a hurly-burly of people, singing, shouting, dancing and running about—as if all the figures in Goya's tapestry cartoons had escaped from the Prado and come to do their tricks at the Royal Opera; and in the festival procession at the end of Act II., with pasos, giants, the Turasca (a kind of "Riesenwurm") and the little figure of the peleón tossed in a blanket, it seemed as if all the queer things in the history of the Spain (aided and dragged in to confuse one. In the third act, however, music and drama emerge on a higher, clearer level, on which the course of the opera can be clearly followed until the end. Let us hope that London will one day be given an opportunity of hearing "El Avapiés." It is a work which should be known by everybody who is interested in Spain and Spanish things.

J. B. T.

A RAPPROCHEMENT?

Are the poet and the composer going to shake each other by the hand again after an estrangement of some three hundred years? The December number of the Monthly Chapbook (Poetry Bookshop) suggests that they are, for it consists of four songs by Armstrong Gibbs, Malcolm Davidson, Clive Carey, and the late Denis Browne, the words being taken in three cases from Walter de la Mare, and in the other from George Townsend Warner. Three of these songs were sung recently by Mr. Steuart Wilson, and are probably known to many readers; the fourth—Denis Browne's setting of "Arabia"—has not been sung many times, at any rate. "Arabia" may well be the despair of a composer; if Denis Browne has failed—as I think he has—it is not through want of skill or imperceptiveness of style, it is simply that "Arabia" carries itself in verbal melodies and verbal rhythms of such exquisite delicacy that music can do nothing for it. It is a song in itself. "Nod," on the other hand, is a perfect vindication of music: at the first sound of the strings you begin to droop your head and blink your eyes; music has been able to take matters up just at the point where poetry left off.

The little volume is attractively produced and the price of 1s. 6d. for the four songs is a soothing comment on current publishers' charges. But there are one or two misprints in addition to those corrected by hand. On p. 14 there should surely be a tie between the 8th and 9th bars; in the 1st bar on p. 13 the G in the left-hand part should apparently be G sharp, and in the 1st bar on p. 15 the bass requires F natural, not F sharp. Mr. Davidson will no doubt correct me if I am wrong; total contradiction has become a commonplace in these days. But the diatonic nature of his general style makes it difficult to believe that these instances are anything more than an oversight.

R. O. M.
CONCERTS

Mr. Felix Salmond and Mrs. Alfred Horsley introduced an unfamiliar 'Cello and Piano Sonata by Gub Kapritz at their joint recital on January 17. It is in the romantic style in which the few good episodes do not compensate for the long stretches that are merely dull and rhetorical. There are some places one likes in the slow movement, and the finale opens very well, but after a few moments the inspiration breaks down rather abruptly, and the composer never gets his force realistically on hand again. Brahms' F major Sonata is not one of the composer's most inspired works, but it showed up the want of mental concentration in the French work rather badly. Mr. Salmond was playing at times with great brilliance, but was not always as steady as he should have been to retire into the background when it was the piano's turn to predominate.

Miss Valerie Valenson and Miss Marie Joliet also gave a joint piano and 'cello recital on the previous day. We doubt if either of the individual performers realized how largely the recital was made up by the 6 songs of Schubert. Miss Valenson's playing was velvety, but she did not, alas! sound quite so much as in her earlier recitals. Miss Joliet's playing was generally good, but she was not always as steady as she might have been. The joint recital by these two does not compare with the recital by Mr. Salmond and Mrs. Horsley, but they were both excellent performances.

Now that peace has been signed, German songs can be admitted to programmes again, but for those who, like Major Petteroff, have declared peace, but not friendly relations, they must be sung in English. From this point of view, the Schubert recital is more of a test of the composer's power to write for voice and piano than of the pianist's. Both performers can be said to have done well in this programme, but they were not always as steady as one would like. Miss Joliet's playing was generally good, but she was not always as steady as she might have been. The joint recital by these two does not compare with the recital by Mr. Salmond and Mrs. Horsley, but they were both excellent performances.

NEW MUSIC

Messrs. Novello send us two interesting volumes by Mr. Cecil Sharp. One is a selection of the Southern Appalachian folk-songs (5s.) collected by Mr. Sharp in the course of his travels in this region. Mr. Sharp's lecture on the folklore and folk-music of Southern Appalachia will not have been forgotten by those who heard it, and this volume is a welcome reminder. The other is a collection of twelve well-known English country dances, "Black Nag," "Rufly-Tutty," and so on (4s. 6d.), containing not only the tunes arranged for piano but a full set of instructions as to the manner of performing the dances, and an explanation of technical terms and symbols in common use.

Together with these the same firm sends us some less edifying matter. The spring-time and the ring-time are not quite so pretty when Mr. Gernand has finished them with as they were before. Although the ring-time was written in a purely English style by the composer, it sounds as if the words were written in his own language and not translated into English. The "St. Patrick's Day" dance is a definite idea, however awkwardly expressed; but much of German romantic lyric verse is simply slush, and can only be translated into English without a sense of the original meaning. The "Valentine's Eve" dance, on the other hand, is a peculiarly difficult composer to present in English, for his poems are either too good to translate adequately, or too hopelessly bad. One can make something of a poem that has a definite idea, however awkwardly expressed; but much of German romantic lyric verse is simply slush, and can only be translated into English without a sense of the original meaning. The "Valentine's Eve" dance, on the other hand, is a peculiarly difficult composer to present in English, for his poems are either too good to translate adequately, or too hopelessly bad. One can make something of a poem that has a definite idea, however awkwardly expressed; but much of German romantic lyric verse is simply slush, and can only be translated into English without a sense of the original meaning. The "Valentine's Eve" dance, on the other hand, is a peculiarly difficult composer to present in English, for his poems are either too good to translate adequately, or too hopelessly bad. One can make something of a poem that has a definite idea, however awkwardly expressed; but much of German romantic lyric verse is simply slush, and can only be translated into English without a sense of the original meaning. The "Valentine's Eve" dance, on the other hand, is a peculiarly difficult composer to present in English, for his poems are either too good to translate adequately, or too hopelessly bad.

and we can only say that the imbecility of the words is faithfully reproduced in the music. Mr. Percy Fletcher's "Valuable Lyric" is not so bad as the others; one could hear it in a restaurant without feeling that the enjoyment of good food had been appreciably impaired.

R. O. M.

Mr. C. Grant Robertson, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, has been appointed Principal of the University of Birmingham, in place of Sir Oliver Lodge, who recently resigned. Mr. Robertson is a distinguished Oxford historian. Among his works the best known are "England under the Hanoverians" (1911), "The Evolution of Prussia" (in collaboration with Mr. J. A. F. Marriott, 1915), and "Bismarck" (1918).

Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A., President of the Old Water-Colour Society, died at his house at Broadway on January 16. Mr. Parsons gained his name as a careful painter of brightly coloured gardens. He was born in 1847, and forty years later his picture bearing the characteristic title "When Nature painted all Things Gay" was bought by the Chantrey Bequest.

Drama

WHY?

THE Stage Society's last production at the Shaftesbury raises in an acute form the old question of how it is that certain works get played at all. We are surprised, and rightly, when the commercial manager, after forty years' opulent success in his trade, produces at great financial loss a piece which he ought to have dismissed after three whiffs of his cigar at his first reading of it. Surely, we think, he ought to know by now. We are even more surprised, and with far more justification, when the Stage Society selects for performance a manuscript which plainly will not do. The function of this society is, no doubt, to give a chance to works which are likely, for no good reason, to be banned by the commercial theatre, but this cannot mean that it is their duty to mount plays which the commercial manager would reject in his saner moments, or ever, as in the present case, to encourage an author who has obviously parted with him by producing his immature efforts to his confusion. But what is the use of talking, and ought we not rather to blush ourselves? For this author, Mr. Willson Disher, is, it appears, by profession a dramatic critic! He spends his days, that is, in discriminating between plays that will, and plays that won't, go, he is far too intelligent (his dialogue goes bail for that) to share the common delusion that a writer cannot criticize his own work justly, and yet he persists, nay, probably urges, the performance of this comedy of his. He must know he ought to have put it away in his drawer.

However, as Mr. Disher will challenge judgment on "Joan of Memories," we are bound to admit that there is something in it. There is a permanent possibility of witty dialogue, for instance, and a vein of fancy, that struggles to disclose itself; yet somehow the whole thing rests inconchoate, shadowy, confused. It is hard to grasp even how the plot is developing, though you have, all the time, a tantalizing feeling that you might well be interested in this group of Regency figures—the dandified county magnate and J.P., who loses the world and his bride for the sake of an epigram; his young poet brother, in the full tide of Romanticism, who takes love so seriously that it always escapes from him; the gay Corinthian, who is so much too practical that he can never get free from the throng in which he lives, the schoolmaster, who daintily fools the whole set of them, and (best of all) the pompous Mr. Parker, who, starting life as the steward of Joan's estates, has self-elected himself as her guardian. You perceive there is stuff for capital comedy here, and quite in the key of the crazy period depicted. The players, too, have given all the help they can. Mr. William Armstrong as Timothy Tirrell the J.P., Mr. Nicholas Hannen as the Buck, Geoffrey Sheaf, Miss Lilian Rees as the elusive Joan, and Miss Helen Millais as the savage inn beauty are all of them exactly as they should be. If the result is not at all a success—and it isn't—it is because the play needed rewriting from start to finish.

"Joan of Memories" was preceded by a one-act fantasy of the Watteau period by the same author, called "There Remains a Gesture." On the whole the same criticisms apply to this. We feel, however, that Mr. Disher has here hit on a new dramatic form, which is capable of pleasing developments. "There Remains a Gesture" may be described as a pantomime with words. It is a blend of dialogue and speech by gesture. But any play with an element of mime requires a special training in its executants. There is no greater falsity than to suppose that gesture and attitude are things which an intelligent actor picks up as a matter of course in his career. With the exception (and a qualified exception) of Mlle. Rambert as the heroine, and Mr. J. L. Frith as the cut-throat Harlequin, there was not a single person in the cast with the smallest conception of grace or expressive action. The accompanying music was by Mr. Alfred C. Reynolds, and, with no wish to usurp the rights of a musical critic, we must be allowed to say that it sounded most agreeable.

On the whole, then, a disappointing afternoon, and yet, when Mr. Disher's script is given, we shall turn up with a sense of expectation. When he finds himself, it may prove quite a treasure trove.

D. L. M.

Correspondence

COMPULSORY GREEK AT OXFORD

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Your Oxford correspondent has, of course, the amnest right to hold and express his own opinions on the Greek question; but I venture to take exception to his description of those who hold the opposite view. They are not quite always obturants from "country parsonages and seats" who "do not understand the matter, who want to perpetrate the bondage of the University," and whose interference with "the teachers" is therefore "utterly intolerable." May I put before your readers a few simple facts to show this?

On the last occasion but one when I myself went up to Oxford to attend the correspondent's lectures, I travelled in a train with two persons, previously quite unknown to me, who were seated on the same end. One of them certainly was a clergyman, but as he had been for a long time, first a member of School Boards, and then of County Educational Committees, etc., he may be perhaps allowed to have had some locus standi. The other was a lay schoolmaster, who had been engaged in actual teaching for some twenty years since he left Balliol. When I got to Oxford I met, sat beside in the Theatre, and voted with, a friend with whom I myself then was a Professor of English, but a much better scholar in half a dozen other modern languages than I can pretend to be in one of two. On leaving the Theatre I met another friend who had also come up to vote for Greek, an ex-official of the very highest class in a Government Department of general education. Last year, on that day in June when we once more smote the enemy beside the Isis river, the two non-resident Philhellenists of whom I saw most (except my before-mentioned friend, the Professor of English) were, the one an ex-schoolmaster who, while in his profession, had brought up a famous school from a very low to a very high condition in all departments, and had since made himself a reputation in mediaeval archaeology and other subjects: the other a "modern" historian whose competence I don't think Mr. Barker himself would dispute.

I venture to think that these half-dozen instances, drawn from part only of the accidental and personal experience of a single individual, make your correspondent's description of our party look rather queer. We were "supporting teachers" too; and, independently of that fact, the vote of each of the persons I have mentioned was surely as well qualified as that of some resident who might for a term or two have been teaching History or Natural Science, and have thought that his pupils were unduly bothered by a subject in which he himself felt no interest.

But, Sir, may I have the boldness (and perhaps the bad taste) to defend my own title (even though I did once rent a disused vicarage in the country for forty pounds a year) to oppose the disestablishment of Greek? I have been learning all sorts of subjects, not merely classics, for some seventy years; and I have been teaching (first as schoolmaster, later as a professor), examining in, and (as an unmuzzled journalist, author, etc.) discussing many of these subjects for about fifty. I know no subject that even approaches Greek in its possession of that disciplinary and influential character without which all education is impossible, and if anyone says, "But the amount of Greek required is so small, and there is still no obstacle to anyone studying the subject as much as he pleases," I answer that everything must have a beginning and a basis, and that, from the certain testimony of experience in other cases, obsolescence will follow disestablish-
ment. For these reasons I do not think it "intolerable" that I should have the opportunity of exercising the franchise in my own University. And this Mr. Tawney makes this point several times with some emphasis:

"Our knowledge of the real extent of enclosure during the sixteenth century is too scanty to permit of our following with any confidence the line of argument worked out by Miss Leonard" (p. 383).

"We cannot pretend to answer these questions [of enclosure]. On p. 382 and in other places Mr. Tawney returns to the difficulty of ascertaining what effect legislation had upon enclosure. His table on p. 393 shows the amount of arable land as 29 per cent. greater in 1608 than in 1589!"

Enclosure was not, at all events, proceeding in the sixteenth century rapidly and without hindrance; the amount of land enclosed, whatever it may have been, was small compared with that affected by the enclosures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which were made for the purpose of increasing the area of arable land, and, since they tended to the reduction of the price of corn and the employment of more hired labour, were, therefore, opposed.

Other authorities (including Sir Robert Hunter in a paper read before the Statistical Society in June, 1897) consider that the effective and permanent enclosures made during the sixteenth century were of comparatively small extent, and it seems to be commonly agreed that but little progress was made in this direction in the seventeenth century.

In the 150 years that passed between the Agrarian Revolution of the Tudors and the commencement of the modern system of enclosure, the changes in the agriculture of the country were probably slight. That some enclosures took place from time to time was not unlikely.

It is, I think, fair to regard the time between the decline of the feudal system and the eighteenth-century enclosures as a period during which enclosure was intermittent, often subject to restoration, and to an important extent consisting of enclosure by peasants of the "lord's waste," by peasants of their own fields and woodland, or, even, as Mr. Tawney points out, by villages themselves of their community land. It was not one, may be one factor which counted for much in social changes of the seventeenth century, though of extreme importance as preparing the way for the large enclosures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Researches even more recent than Mr. Tawney's would seem to indicate that the local government of the sixteenth century was strong enough to oppose effective resistance to Lords of the Manor and other magnates, especially when the policy of the central government was in harmony with the wishes of peasantry and yeomanry.

Yours, etc.,

E. M. G.

"SCOTS"

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. W. Mackay-Mackenzie (Athenæum, January 16, p. 90), has mistaken the purpose of my letter. I doubted not, and do not doubt, for a moment your critic's accuracy; and I am well aware that Douglas thought he wrote Scots. My contention was, and is, that the vernacular of the Scottish lowlands has no just right to the title of Scots. The original Scots was Gaelic, and the claim of Gaelic to that title is not to be regarded as invalidated by reasons of the pretensions indulged by a dialect of English which, whether or not it deserves the censure passed upon it by Digald Stewart, is certainly not Scots. The writings of Douglas, as those of Burns and others who used English as spoken in Scotland, belong to English literature. How, therefore, are they Scots?

Your servant to command,

R. ERSKINE of Murr.

THE TRANSLATION OF TCHEOV'S TALES

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—In your issue of the 10th inst. you remark (p. 95) that vol. 7 of "The St. Martin's Library" edition of Tchekhov's tales. We are glad to be able to inform you that Mrs. Garnett is proceeding with her translation, and that the edition will be a complete one, comprising at least 12 volumes. Would you be so kind as to give this fact publicity in your columns?

Yours truly,

CHATTO & WINDUS.
Of the two volumes just added to the trustworthy, comely and cheap collection of "Medieval French Classics," one, and that the more important, will require further notice when its second part appears, but may be well recommended now. The "Chanson d'Aspremont" is neither one of the earliest nor one of the most famous of the chansons de geste. But it seems now to be put by the dates of such things earlier (twelfth century) than it used to be, and though its text, which is not yet been regularly edited, it has always been known to deal with an interesting part of the story—no less a one than the "dubbing" of Roland for saving his sovereign's life. The most interesting thing in the early part of the poem is the episode of Gerars d'Eufrate, the aged and "very stark," Lord of Burgundy, Auvergne, the Gévaudan, etc., and his wife Emmeline. Gerars is an exceedingly refractory vassal, if vassal he can be called, to "the son of the dwarf," as he designates Charlemagne; and he stoutly resists the invitation of Archbishop Turpin (his own relation) that he shall come to the Emperor's aid against the overwhelming hosts of the Saracen Agolant. But a little afterwards, as the old man, "full orgulous and proud," sits in his palace of the ancient days, Emmeline, sa soeur (sister), takes him to task. The ladies of the chansons, if they are not so prominent as those of the romances, fully justify the boast of their modern descendants that "la femme française est une personne." As girls they are sometimes slightly "coming" to their lovers (for instance, Bellicent, Charlemagne's own daughter, in "Amis et Amiles"), and sometimes rather fractious to others, as when Floripas (who, to be sure, was not a French princess, but a Saracen) in "Fierabras" calls her father "an old devil" because he will not be converted, and so stops her marriage. But in each case there is nothing "missish" about them. And when they are married, though they can be pattern wives in certain ways (as Bellicent herself to Amiles, and Orabile to Guillau d'Aupais), they keep their freedom of speech and behaviour. So Emmeline "of the proud visage" (the poet knew that and that "cortoise" were no contradiction) takes her formidable husband roundly and soundly to task. They have been married a hundred years, she says, and he has never ceased evading all the time. It is wonderful that God can put up with him. Here is all Christendom in jeopardy, and he will not do his duty. So he first confesses to her that he is longing to go, but will not help Charlemagne; and then capitulates altogether, gathers his men, joins the Emperor, and becomes the old hero, as Roland is the young one, of the great fight at Aspremont, south of Rome, having previously kissed Emmeline, beguiled her pardon if he has angered her, and sworn by sa grand barbe mélée (grizzled) that the Saracens have made a bad day for themselves. And so they had though it was a very tough business before it was settled, and looked very ugly for Christendom sometimes.

The fighting in the chansons was always charmingly delightful, but it has acquired new charms recently. One wonders, for instance, whether "Gerard of the Euphrates" (controversy on this point declined) would have enjoyed himself most at Le Cateau or at Esdraelon. With Allenby he would have been more at home in dealing with his old friends the Saracens; but with Smith-Dorrien he would have had the engine and quite Aspamendish joy of fighting against apparently hopeless odds. Also, if some of the persons who converse with shades nowadays would obtain his views on the League of Nations, it might be amusing. Meanwhile it may please some readers worth pleasing to finish with his observation when somebody comes and tells him that the Saracens are many enough "to eat the Christians up at one meal, if their flesh were cooked and salted":

Et dist Gerars: Ne l'ai pas redoro,
Francochevalier, ves la cose aprestee.
De Paradis est overtre l'entree;
Dex nos aplee en sa ioie honoree;
Or son venu a la sainte Hornone.
Cui Dex avara ici la mort donee
De tant bonne eure fu sa cars engenee.

(So Gerard said: "I have no fear about it. Fair knights, the matter is all ready. The entry of Paradise is open: God calls us to his honour and joy. Now we have come to the holy day; and if to any God shall have assigned death here, in a right good hour was his flesh engendered! ")

To which he adds, as a practical man, that if anybody does not thus attain bliss, but survives, there will be endless loot, and he himself, when they get home, will divide his treasure among them; give them the noblest girls in marriage, and everything else they can wish. Thereupon the men, being Burgundians, and practical likewise, merely bow, and observe laconically that "his people are quite ready to defend him at edge of sword. And then they go and do it.""Gautier d'Aupais" is more milk-and-water. It used to be called a fabliau, and belongs to the general class of romans d'aventures, but is now designated a roman courtois. Certainly the "adventure" is very mild, and the commentators seem chiefly to have confined themselves to discussing where "Aupais" is or was. The story simply tells how a young gentleman lost his property at play, how his father beat him, how he ran away, saw a young lady and fell in love with her; how he took service with her father, made love to her in rhyme, and gained her affection. She (most properly) tells her mother, who tells the father, who rather unexpectedly approves. So they are married, and the other father comes to the wedding, and they cry a good deal. But people in general eat "maint chapon a saise destrempee," and the last stanza of all is agreeably outspoken, requesting (with a Paternoster) that God and St. Vaas will grant to all lovers the same enjoyments as to Gautier and his love. The chief noteworthy thing about this piece is that if, contrary to the wont of its kind, it is in monothymed alexandrine lisses of irregular length, like a chanson.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

L'EXPERIENCE DU BONHEUR
MACAO ET COSMAGE. Par ed. Legrand. (Paris, Nouvelle Revue Francaise. 20fr.)

O BEAUTIFUL book! What would the art critics, whose rightful property you are, say about you? They would not say "O beautiful book! for they have the gift of words and can state with precision which of your pages are Illustrations and which Significant Forms. O fifty pages, each lovelier than its brother, so gorgeous in your colours, so moving in your theme that the beholder falls a-doting, and phrases of music come into his ear, and quotations from poetry to his lips! Your scene is an island—a kingless continent sinless as Eden, and no one lives upon it but Adam and Eve.

Qui pourrait dire comment Macao et Cosmage vinrent dans cette ile, comment la destinee put les unir? Personne! Ni toi, ni moi, nous ne les saurons jamais.

They have lived there as long as they can remember amongst birds and flowers; they have ridden giraffes and
turtles, and danced in the shades and lights of the forest; they have played by the cataract at sunset; and at night, when all the island except its stars became azure, they have slept beneath plumed trees, while their innocence enclosed them in a shell of white light, in a magical fruit that gleamed in the highways of the darkness. New joys in the morning. By listening to the song of the birds Cosmages learned how to sing, and by watching their nests Macao learned how to build a house. They made a path through the wood, and found at the end of it the sea, and the sea opened her treasures to them—great fish that slithered, and scuttling crabs. Macao and Cosmage were not dignified, they had not the faked simplicity of Genesis or Greece, but he was chaste, like all truly good men, and she goggle-eyed and black. They neither toiled nor posed, nor did they give thanks.

And during a morning of that eternal spring they saw "une apparition inexpliquable" upon the blue and white of the sea. It was the Commandant Létambot and his jolly tars, who had been chasing the Boche. He landed on the island, exclaimed, "Quelle trouvaille!" and hoisted the tricolor upon a lofty palm. After many days he returned. The whole horizon was black with smoke this time. An immense fleet arrived, full of soldiers, colonists, officials, photographers, commercial travellers, botanists, electricians, policemen; and the Commandant made a speech in which he told the two inhabitants that their island's name was "L'Ile du Comte du Monde," and that he was bringing to it "le bonheur," happiness. Before long the giraffes were exterminated and the waterfalls diverted for industrial purposes; the trees were cut down, and a public garden installed where they had grown; the birds were chased by gallant airmen out of the sky; and the mountains were scorched with funiculars, and crowned with hotels for ladies and their dogs. Macao and Cosmage grew old. They could not find the happiness that they had been promised, they had lost the solitude that they loved, and they went upon the matter before the Governor, weeping. The Governor was a young and energetic man. He removed his cigar for a moment, and spoke over his shoulder to Macao and Cosmage as follows:

"I don't understand what you mean by work," replied Macao, "and I am too old to learn." However, he obtained permission to depart, together with Cosmage, and to seek out some corner which civilization had not yet blessed. They set out, followed by their faithful animals, and, having walked for many, many days, came to a place where the sky was not covered with smoke. It was a poor place compared to the home of their youth, but the trees, though scanty, were beautiful; the birds, though rare, still sang; and there was a little stream. Here they built a small house, and sitting on its doorstep, in extreme old age, they had the experience of happiness . . . .

O beautiful book! O wisest of books! What help do you bring after all? You only underline the inevitable. As the author remarks, "Enfant, Macao était un sage, mais le gouverneur avait raison." But your scarlet birds, your purple precipices and white ponds, are part of a dream from which humanity will never awake. In the heart of each man there is contrived, by desperate devices, a magical island such as yours. We place it in the past or the future for safety, for we dare not locate it in the present, because of the Commandant Létambot, who soars upon every sea. We call it a memory or a vision to lend a seductive solidly, but it is neither real, it is the outcome of our sadness, and of our disgust with the world that we have made.

E. M. F.

"MUOIONO GLI ALTRI DEI . . ."

H. OEVER great the debt an Englishman may owe to the Latin classics, they can never appeal to him with the intimacy they awaken in a cultivated Italian. One has only to live in a villa where the fountain spurs up from a Roman basin, or where the lower portions of a wall of a neighbour's cottage are of "opus reticulatum," which has stood in its place for nearly twenty centuries, to become acutely aware of the difference. It is evening on the farm on which G. Giacomo has settled, and together with the Hymn to the Virgin, those beautiful lines of Virgil rose spontaneously to the mind of this humble man—rose with the strength of the swell that rises on the sea as it heaves under the influence of the tide:

. . . jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
maioresque cadunt alitis de montibus umbrae.

It is true that, if we are to understand the feeling that welded under and followed his whole life, we must add that it was not memory that called up these verses, but the very divinity of these Latin fields of ours, the silent, mystical majesty of the night that was drawing nigh which took possession of his mind and guided it to remember them.

Near the farm are two bushes of rosemary, once sacred to the Lares, now only used to season the fat capons of the household as they roast on the spit.

G. Giacomo has been brought up by the priests on the old lines when Romagna belonged to the States of the Church, and not far from the farm runs the Via Flaminia which traverses Rimini, where he was born and grew up with his father, the notary. The road keeps alive his interest in Livy to the day when our author resuscitates him from the grave where he has lain for three years to tell us his story.

G. Giacomo lived in the transition period. He witnessed the overthrow of Papal rule, the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy, the alarming increase in taxation, and the disappearance of all that he had been taught to hold sacred. The doctor, once a political exile in London, is all for the new world, sending his son to be educated away from home in the hope of seeing him a leader in it, whereas G. Giacomo has his boy brought up in the old way by the priests; and a fortunate legacy enables him to carry out his purpose of continuing the old life on the farm, with his open-handed hospitality and charity.

Signor Panzini tells us he had misgivings about reprinting this his first book, and it is not always easy to realize that it comes from the pen of one of the most polished stylists of modern Italy. Only occasionally do we find a trace of the delicate irony that has played through so many volumes of sketches and short stories. And in other ways a good deal of water has passed under the old Roman bridge outside Rimini since this book was written. Signor Panzini would be the first to smile at the rather crude debates between the doctor, the priest, and G. Giacomo on the changes of the day. Even more surprising is the sympathy with the simple, religious life of the village in a writer who has since learned to resign himself to most of what modern progress has brought with it to Italy. The last chapters bring us nearest to the Panzini we have learned to know. Yet even in his most modern work he never altogether forgets that . . .

Moisone gli altri dei; di Grecia i numi
Non sanno occaso.

This original MS. of Charles Lamb's "Disertation on Roast Pig," was sold in Philadelphia January 16 for $12,600 (nominally $2,820).
ANTON TCHEHOV
BIographers NOTE (1860-1887)

ANTON PAVLOVITCH TCHEHOV was born on Jan. 17, 1860, in Taganrog. His grandfather was a serf of Tchertkov’s, the father of that very same Tchertkov who, as a disciple of Tolstoy, is so well known abroad. In 1841, twenty years before the abolition of serfdom in Russia, Tchehov’s grandfather bought out his family of eight for 589, that is 56 per soul, with the eighth member, his daughter Aleksandra, thrown in gratis. At that time the family lived in the Voronezh government, but with the purchase of their freedom they moved to the Caucasus, where Tchehov’s grandfather became steward on the estates of Count Platov, a hero of 1812.

Tchehov’s father, Pavel Yegorovitch, was a gifted man. From early childhood he had a passion for music and singing. According to the family chronicles, a certain sexton taught him to sing from sight, and he also played the fiddle. At the age of sixteen, while he was apprentice at a sugar refinery, the owner, who considered him a very honest boy, sent him with a large sum of money to Moscow. He made the journey together with a large drove of cattle to be sold. In 1844 Tchehov’s father moved to Taganrog, where he became a clerk in an office. There he worked until 1857, when he opened a business of his own as a general merchant, giving it up in 1876, when he migrated to Moscow. As a merchant of the Second Guild of Taganrog he took an active part in the affairs of the city, and, to the detriment of his own business, gave himself to church singing, conducted the church choir, played the harpsichord, and even wrote a sonata. The son of John Chrysostomus painted by him is still in existence, and is in Anton Tchehov’s study in his house in Yalta.

Yevguenya Morozov, Anton’s mother, was the daughter of a very intelligent cloth merchant who travelled all over Russia with his goods, and settled finally in Taganrog. There she married in 1854. Her father was received in the best society, and Taganrog was famous for its music. The mother used to tell her children stories about the journeys she had made as a child all over Russia with her father. All her children, Anton especially, loved to listen to these stories. She had a quiet, gentle manner, which he was considered to have inherited from her.

Through the insistence of his wife, Anton’s father wished his children to have a good education and made inquiries abroad. The eldest boys, the step-sons of the Greeks personified with him, send Anton to the Greek school, but it turned out to be unsatisfactory and he was transferred to the local gymnasium. As was the case with many families of that day, the life of the Tchehovs was quite patriarchal. The father was strict and exacting, but this did not prevent them from all living in the greatest friendship. The day began and ended with work. All got up early. The boys (Anton had four brothers and one sister) went to school, came home, learned their lessons, and in spare moments each occupied himself with some hobby. The eldest brother, Alexander, made electric batteries, Nicolay drew, Ivan bound books, and Anton made up stories. In the evenings, when the father was home, they all sang together, and he and Nicolay played the violin.

The mother, tender and loving, was for ever looking after them all. Even as a young woman her life was devoted to her children. Hating serfdom, she insisted in them a hatred of its injustice and wretchedness; and she taught them to love and respect not only all who were their inferiors, but birds and animals and all defenceless creatures. Tchehov used to say to his friends in later years: “We inherited our talent from father, but mother gave us a soul.”

A Frenchman taught the children languages, a music teacher taught them to play the piano. And their life, unusual at that time, passed like the life of any middle-class Russian family of to-day. The peculiar trait was singing and household prayers. Every Saturday evening the whole family went together, and he and Nicolay played church, singing at home. Returning from Sunday evening service, the family again sang in chorus. The father arranged a regular choir with his children, and sang with them in the church of the local castle (in which Alexander I. lived, and died in 1825). Service here was held only in Passion Week, on the first day of Easter, Ascension Day, and Whit Sunday. There Tchehov got to know all the church services and to sing with his brothers.

In the middle of the seventies of last century the economic life of Taganrog began to decline, owing to a new railway line connecting Rostov with Moscow. Tchehov’s family fortunes declined with it. This was attributed partly to the father’s interest in public affairs, his frequenting churches and his being away from business a great deal. At times he would send his children to his shop to keep a master’s eye on them. When this happened the children enjoyed undreamed of pleasures. They spent whole days at the sea, fishing; played all sorts of games, went to their grandfather’s village, walked in the park, arranged theatricals. In spite of the comparative strictness of the family régime all the Tchehov boys, outside the sphere of their immediate duties, enjoyed the greatest freedom.

Anton was a healthy, large-browed, lively, agile boy, with an inexhaustible fund of tricks and pranks. He was the most gifted of the brothers in providing amusements for the family, and would mimic and imitate their friends in the form of a scene from a play. In home theatricals he was the leading spirit. One of his favourite improvisations was a scene in which the Chief of Police arrives at a parade in the cathedral, and stands in the middle of the church on a carpet surrounded by foreign ambassadors. And has declared the governor. In his school uniform, with an old-fashioned sabre strapped across his shoulder, he gave a clever imitation of the behaviour of the governor and held a military review of the Cossacks. The eldest brother, Alexander, played no more in theatricals by that time, and in 1875 he left Taganrog for Moscow and never returned back to his family. He took with him Nicolay, the next oldest brother. So there remained only Ivan, Marie, Michael, and Anton, who was now considered the eldest. They lived together thus until almost the middle of the nineties.

After the two elder brothers left for Moscow, the father’s business collapsed quickly. He no longer took part in municipal elections, his choir came to an end. The family now knew poverty; but in the evenings Anton would still amuse them with his improvisations, or the mother would tell of her early years in the caravan, or of how the allies bombarded Taganrog, or of the hardships of the peasants under serfdom.

In 1876 the father gave up business. His house was sold at auction by his creditors, and the furniture removed by one of them. The father went to Moscow to look for work, leaving the family penniless. The two youngest boys were sent off temporarily to their grandfather, and Anton, as the eldest of the family, had to help them all. In a few months his mother and sister Marie left Taganrog for Moscow, where were the father, Alexander (at the University) and Nicolay (at the Academy of Painting and Sculpture). In the spring of 1876 Anton was left in Taganrog alone. He had to earn his living by giving lessons, and thus he continued for nearly three years until he finished the gymnasium at the age of nineteen.

Very little is known of these three years of Tchehov’s life. He passed them in the house of the man who had bought their old home, and tutored the man’s cousin. He used to visit his pupil’s country house, drive across the steppe, hunt and frequent the mines. It was during that time that Anton grew to know the steppe and its life. When a boy of eighteen and nineteen he thoroughly enjoyed flirting with schoolgirl friends, with his legal affairs, as he related them to his brother Michael, were always full of gaiety. He went to the theatre a great deal; he enjoyed farces and French melodramas and “Hamlet.” And the novels and stories of Victor Hugo, Spieglatori, and Georg Born greatly impressed him. At eighteen he wrote a play “Fatherless” and a very funny farce about people who went to Moscow. In Moscow, Michael relates that when Anton came to Moscow he tore the play up, but kept the one-act piece. While at the Taganrog gymnasium he edited a journal, The Stammerer, especially written for his elder brothers and sent to them at Moscow.

(To be continued.)
List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPEDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.
Dr. Rendel Harris deals with metrical fragments in 3 Macadam, and Professor Tout with medieval forgeries. A characteristic paper by Dr. W. H. R. Rivers is on "Mind and Medicine." Dr. Bruton's centenary paper on the Peterloo affair we have noticed already. Professor Elliot Smith pursues his special branch of mythology and folk-lore in a long paper on "Dragons and Rain Gods." There are the usual notes and shorter articles.

100 PHILOSOPHY.


The psychology of the future, as here described, is remarkably like the animal magnetism and Odic force of the early part of last century.


In this little book the author confines herself for the most part to statements so incontrovertible that they bear a dangerous resemblance to commonplace. She progresses from the ether to life after death, taking in the stars, man and religion on the way. She seems to have a liking for vague quotations. Her book provides what should be the irreducible minimum of information on which to base an outlook on life.


A little book inciting young men to train their mind and will in order to attain success in life. Such necessary preliminaries to success as attention, concentration, observation, are elucidated in a pleasant, talkative style. Christianity is described as the coping-stone of true training.


For two years and a half a prisoner of war in Turkey, the author devoted nearly half of that period to the writing of this work. If, perhaps, somewhat premature as a presentment of philosophy, the book is at all events an essay at the expression of a young man's "positive assurance in the value of man as a real creator." Beginning with negations, the author advances by degrees to the conclusions that there is "more in life than mechanism, and more in reason than intellect"; that intellect is "so formed as to grasp mechanism wholly"; and that reason is formed to reflect life wholly and to find for life a purpose which is not yet palpable, though psychologically evident."

200 RELIGION.


These sermons and addresses, like most published utterances over the signature "A. F. London," are very readable; they include several specially striking and thoughtful pronouncements. The sermon "A New Earth," preached on Ash Wednesday, 1919, and "Help in the Last Days" for Confidence in the Future," preached in St. Paul's on Easter Day last, are fine deliverances, in which the bishop shows a keenly sympathetic realization of some of the crying needs of the time.


The Rev. C. A. Skinner's book, which has a foreword by the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, is an endeavour to interpret, in theory, the "personal experience of many souls, that the more one knows God, the less does he want to ask for things." Prayer, says the author, is dominated and determined by the conception of the divine Fatherhood. The fourth section of the book is devoted to suggestions "with respect to certain apparent obstacles" to the author's theory.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

*Keynes (John Maynard). THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE. Macmillan, 1919. 9 in. 287 pp. 8,6 n. 390.4
See review, p. 105.


Rather mild applications of Freudian theories, which may perhaps be of some use.

*The Round Table: a quarterly review of the politics of the British Commonwealth. Macmillan, December, 1919. 9 in. 219 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 305

"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." Under this text from Mr. Lloyd George, the first article in the present number reviews the conditions under which responsible government is to be secured at home and external to the countries now lying at the mercy of the Powers. Slavery played its part in the progress of civilization by providing a motive for saving the defeated from wholesale slaughter. Absolute government laid the foundations of the national States, without which freedom on the large scale could never have been achieved. In like manner the industrial regeneration of society under the capitalist system has made possible a free and altruistic economic organization. Devolution, Indian reform, self-government for the liberated countries in the Middle East—these are the problems now calling for earnest and unselfish consideration. In the second article, one of the common reconstructions, the mistake of a year ago in losing control of the economic machinery of Europe is pointed out. The urgent needs now are to provide food supplies for Central Europe and the Near East, to set the Reparation Committee to work and furnish credit to Germany and Austria, and to regulate currency. A long article on the Railway Strike deals with the history of the situation during the last thirteen years. A threefold study of the "Outlook in the Middle East" is marked "Communicated." There follow an appreciation of General Botha, and reviews of affairs in the United Kingdom, India, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.


The author pleasantly discourses upon the characters, life-histories, and customs of a considerable number of insects, including the Coleoptera, of which the stag-beetle is the first example given; the Orthoptera, not omitting the much maligned earwig; the Neuroptera, a representative of which is the dragon-fly; and other winged insects. The wingless insects, or Aptera, comprise a group of organisms, most of which, though of scientific interest, from the ordinary human social point of view "never would be missed." The book is well illustrated.
600 USEFUL ARTS.

*Stevens (Thomas George). Diseases of Women. Univ. of London Press, 1919. 9 in. 489 pp. il., index, 20/ n. 618.1

The second edition of this useful work, thoroughly revised and entirely reset.

Winn (Wren). Timbers and Their Uses: a handbook for woodworkers, merchants, and all interested in the conversion and use of timber. Routledge, 1919. 9 in. 355 pp. bibliog. index, 10/6 n. 774.7

As a compendium of information this will be of value to timber merchants, though the matter is fairly old, except as regards new timbers recently imported. Chapter VI., dealing with available sources of supply, is good, and also Chapter VII., on the formation of wood, though it is rather elementary in comparison with recent papers on the subject.

700 FINE ARTS.


See review, p. 122.


An architectural history of Belgian churches arouses mixed feelings to-day, and it is to be wished that Mr. Randolph had given more definite information as to which of the buildings or parts of buildings described here stand intact. His book is technical, but not too much so for the general reader; he deals with the history of the churches and their historical associations only, as a rule, so far as light is thrown thereby on the history of the fabric or the development of the art. The book would have been before the war an invaluable guide; parts are now, alas! ancient history; but it is still useful to have this outline conception of the whole subject. Many of the illustrations are satisfactory, though the reproduction is coarse and muddy.

780 MUSIC.


See review, p. 118. 782.6

800 LITERATURE.

 Cotterill (Erica). An Account through Letters: 5. Chelsea, printed by J. B. Shears, 64, Sydney Street, S.W.3 [1919]. 9 in. 147 pp. 824.9

These papers, in which are to be found numerous ideas strikingly presented, a large measure of introspective psychology, and much by way of protest against taboos and conventions, deserve careful reading; but close study is necessary to make clear the author’s meanings, and the main orientation of the thoughts presented in the essays.

Dunsany (Lord). Unhappy Far-Off Things. Elkin Mathews, 1919. 8 in. 95 pp., 5/ n. 824.9

Word-pictures of devastated France. To the reader, and perhaps to the writer also, the cleverness of these descriptions is much more vivid than the scenes described—which is another way of saying that the descriptions are not quite clever enough. There are certain subjects which, for the professional man of letters, to touch is to invite a fall. We fear this book will appeal less to the lovers of France than to the lovers of literary technique.

Massingham (H. J.). Letters to X. Constable, 1919. 8 in. 306 pp., 6/ n. 824.9

See review, p. 110.


In her introduction to this edition of the "Menenchi" Miss Knight has included a useful summary of Latin metres. The notes are fairly full, and are intended for the use of boys in the upper forms of schools or for undergraduates.

Ritchie (Anne, Lady). From Friend to Friend. Murray, 1919. 8 in. 169 pp., 6/ n. 824.9

This collection of essays, containing recollections of Browning, the Kemble family, etc., travel sketches from France and the Rome of 1853, and letters of W. M. Thackeray, is the last work from the pen of Thackeray’s daughter.


"Conversations," as the author rightly thinks, would describe these pieces better than the word "Essays." In almost every case the subject taken is a book or something suggested by a book. Particularly interesting is the paper on "The Passing of a Great Publishing House," i.e., Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

POETRY.


See review, p. 122.


Mr. Earp is so highly accomplished and his taste is so faultless that it is often difficult at first reading to be quite sure whether a poem is the expression of an urgent emotion or whether it has been produced by some sort of literary conjuring trick—a fine rabbit, all alive, materialized out of the empty hat. The genuine emotion would seem to be a melancholy quietism, which expresses itself here and there in line and moving lines. But for the most part his poems strike one as the apotheosis of vers de société.


See review, p. 122.

Lea (Donald H.). Dioné: A Spring Medley. Birmingham, Cornish Brothers, 1919. 7½ in. 35 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Lea's verses come out with a pleasant gush of sound and imagery, liquid and swift flowing, but not too facile, not empty of significance. "Dioné"—the poem is a kind of philosophy of beauty—contains many interesting passages. We quote a specimen:

If ought there be around us here that's real, Most real our dreams that come, all unawares, Of mind or memory, waked by single notes— An apt word, a wandering scent—the tang Of brine, wood-smoke and bracken in the sun; Or gorge her pale, dilute, unwonted scent.

Lea (Donald H.). A Number of Things in Verse. Birmingham, Cornish Brothers, 1919. 7½ in. 93 pp., 4/6 n. 821.9

In this volume Mr. Lea's facility is sometimes his undoing. He is apt to " rhyme and rattle " for the mere reason that rhyning and rattling come easy to him. "One Day in March," a poem inspired by the sight of a rabbit in a trap, is perhaps the best thing in the book.


Bishop White writes with the vigorous energy of one who has no time to dwell on the problems of exquisite expression. Nevertheless, every now and then he lights on things that are simply felicities. Of the three sections into which the book is divided—" Nature," "Man" and "God"—the first is, perhaps, poetically the best. "Man" contains a number of poems on Australia written during and before the war.
**FICTION.**

**Gould (Nat.).** RACING RIVALS. Long [1920]. 6½ in. 252 pp., 1/6 n.

The rivals are half-brothers, both having inherited from their father a love of racing. The story is told in the author's usual breezy style.


A collection of pleasant, leisurely, quaint stories about old worthies of Cambridge University. The stories are well told and the supernatural atmosphere, while it does not produce a frisson, nevertheless heightens the charm of the stories. The volume is beautifully printed.

**Hornung (E. W.).** FATHERS OF MEN. Murray, 1919. 7 in. 306 pp., 2/ n.

Merritt (A). THE MOON POOL. Putnam, 1919. 8 in. 443 pp. front., 7/n. 813.5

Discoveries upon ruin-covered islets in the Pacific Ocean lead the chief personages in this story into a series of super-normal experiences and adventures, many of which are represented as capable of scientific explanation. Radio-activity is brought into play. The author's descriptions of the underground world and its inhabitants show considerable imaginative power. Though admittedly fictitious, the narrative is much more convincing than are most of the so-called "messages in spiritist literature professing to describe what is on the other side." Mr. Merritt's novel is very well worth reading.

**Panzini (Alfredo). IL LIBRO DEI MORTI; ROMANZO. Roma, "La Voce," Trinità Monti, 18 [1919]. 8 in. 165 pp. paper, 4 lire. 853.9

See review, p. 123.

**Sharp (Evelyn).** SOMEWHERE IN CHRISTENDOM. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 256 pp. paper 5/n., cl. 6/6 n.

There is a revolution in the neutral state of Ethiopia, and a prophetess arises who predicts the birth of a child destined to found the new religion of universal brotherhood. The prophetess gains over the King and Queen of Ethiopia to her views, and they resign their powers and privileges. The people are taught to start by setting up an Idea; and events gradually come about as the seer has foretold. The attempts of two neighbouring powers to go to war, at the instigation of a newspaper proprietor professing immense influence, are frustrated; and the story embodies a good deal of the humour characteristic of much of the author's work.


Malaria, elephantiasis, and other ills of the flesh are very prominent in this picture of the life led by Europeans in a particularly unhealthy region of tropical Africa. One of the principal characters, a brave doctor, succumbs to sleeping sickness; and from beginning to end of the book there is a somewhat depressing insistence upon the gloomier aspects of a sojourn in a tsetse-infested river valley.

**Tight (Harry).** DAY DAWN. Westall [1919]. 7½ in. 309 pp., 6/n.

A story dealing with reincarnation and the like. Denis O'Farrel becomes acquainted with Lucy Moore, who gives him a letter from her dead mother, stating that Denis's father and herself loved a "previous life," and married, that Denis is their child, and that he is to help Lucy—in whom there is no blood of Denis's family. Lucy needs help, for she is under the influence of a mysterious Egyptian.


Iris Iraiovna, a beautiful Russian who has been divorced from her husband after nearly killing him in a fit of temper, comes to London and settles down in suburbia shortly before the war breaks out. Mr. Turner has a clever pen, and the fluttering of the dovecotes caused by Iris's unconventionality gives him scope for a number of incisive character-sketces. One of the best of these is the large-minded vicar, who may fairly be described as the hero of the piece. Mr. Turner is to be congratulated on the keenness of his observation as well as the liveliness of his style.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

**Lloyd (Ll.) and others.** CHINESE PIE: STORIES AND ARTICLES BY PEOPLE WHO HAVE LIVED IN CHINA. Church Missionary Society [1919]. 7½ in. 62 pp. ill. paper, 1/n. 915.1

The authors and artists responsible for the production of this little book have managed to convey a great deal of picturesque information about Chinese life and habits. The C.M.S. is to be congratulated on making its propaganda so readable.

**Quennell (Marjorie and C. H. B.).** A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND. Done in two parts, of which this is the second, 1500-1799. Written and illustrated by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Batsford [1919]. 9½ in. 208 pp. il. bibliog. gloss. index, 8/6 n. 913.42

The second part of the authors' carefully thought-out scheme to provide "a background for school history lessons." A knowledge of the architecture, costume and the costumes of the different periods is exceedingly helpful to young students, who will find in the book much information about the churches, houses, furniture, libraries, dress, armour, weapons, games, sports, etc., of our ancestors during each of the centuries under consideration. The first part was favourably noticed in The Athenæum for December, 1918, p. 525.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Ellicombe (Henry Nicholson).


A pleasing account of a vigorous and charming personality. Canon Ellicombe was an enthusiastic gardener. To the end he maintained close relations with Kew, and a regular exchange of plants took place for years. Bitton undoubtedly became one of the most famous smaller gardens in the West of England, and its lovable owner was never tired of showing its beauties to friends or strangers.


See review p. 109.

930-990 HISTORY.

*Allen (W. E. D.).* THE TURKS IN EUROPE: a sketch-study. Murray, 1919. 9 in. 268 pp. maps, index, 10/6 n. 949.6

See review last week, p. 73.


An impartial study of the political and economic situation of Germany and her resources and prospects. The author follows closely the internal events since the Armistice, and has had interviews with representatives of the different classes and parties, which bring out their various views and intentions, and throw light on a very complex problem.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

**Adam (H. Pearl).** PARIS SEES IT THROUGH: A DIARY. 1914-1919. Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 9 in. 347 pp. il. por. app., 15/n. 946.9

Many of the diaries, and some of the sayings, of the Parisian "Mr. Britling" are presented in a spirited and readable fashion by the author of this diary of life in the French capital from August, 1914, to the period when the Peace Treaty was signed at Versailles. Included in the book are descriptions of the demeans of the Parisians at the time of the air raids and long-range bombardments.

**Reynolds (Henry Birch).** MESOPOTAMIA, 1914-15: extracts from a regimental officer's diary. Methrose, 1918. 9 in. 284 pp. il. maps, 9/n. 940.9

The modest sub-title gives an inadequate idea of the scope of Captain Reynolds's book. He not only describes the successive steps which led to General Townshend's capture of Kut in September, 1915, and his part in the battle of Ctesiphon, but also provides a series of sketches and plans of the various battles. There is much to interest the purely civilian reader, for Captain Reynolds has a good deal to say about the early history of Mesopotamia, gives many photographs of present-day conditions, and cites some noteworthy instances of the confidence shown by the natives in British rule.
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INTIMATIONS OF MORTALITY

Once a year, at the time when we should be making pious resolutions, the editor of the Publishers' Circular makes our flesh creep. In a dry, matter-of-fact, businesslike way he puts before us the number of books that have been published during the previous year. A more awful intimation of mortality it would be hard for the man of letters to conceive; it could be surpassed only by an entry into those caverns where the messengers of the British Museum reading-room descend to gratify our strange appetites of exhumation. But no one, unless he has abandoned hope, descends thither; those caverns are haunted by the pallid ghosts of Grub Street. Stories are told.

The editor of the Publishers' Circular wields a daylight terror; he needs no apparatus of iron-grated dungeons to assist him. He merely "records a total of 8,622 books as having been published in the United Kingdom during the year 1919." The response is instant: we ask ourselves immediately, How many of the books published during 1819 are remembered to-day? There is "The Cenci," but is there anything else, save perhaps Wordsworth's "The Waggoner"? Lamb's "Works" and "Endymion" both belong to 1818. When we consider how prolific was that period in work of the highest excellence, and that we can discover only two books that remain from 1819, some optimism is needed to prophesy the survival of more than a half-dozen of the eight thousand six hundred volumes put forth by the publishers during the last year of grace.

We can rub salt in the wound of our vanity by being statistical. First we may remove 1,295 from the terrifying total of 8,622, as being new editions. We are left with 7,327 new-born creatures of the brain and the printing press. There are six possible centenarians among them at the outside, or rather five among 7,326 volumes, for one has appeared with a visible predestination to immortality, Mr. Hardy's "Collected Poems." Only one survivor in every fifteen hundred volumes, and even he may gain no more than a shadowy half-existence as having been written by a friend of the writer of one of the others; or he may be exhumed from those caverns which we fear by some conscientious American professor who desires to make a comprehensive and documented thesis on the "intellectual renascence" of the Georgian era. Still, it may be better to be the object of the moral reprobation of 2019 than to be utterly forgotten by it. 2019! The very figures have an ominous look; a little Einsteinish.

There is a diagrammatic, mathematical, scientific austerity about that sudden leap from the homeliness of the 19-’s to the coldness of the 20-’s. One has the feeling that six was a very optimistic estimate indeed, and a queer suspicion that Herr Einstein himself may come in for what we cannot but regard as more than his fair share of the immortality allotted to 1919. And for this year the prospects are even worse. 2020! The poet who survives through that Arctic atmosphere will need to be a tough one.

With a side-glance at these inauspicious signs, we think one centenarian in two thousand a generous estimate. What a very poor opening for a literary life-assurance company! The only thing possible is an immortality sweepstake, with the practical certainty that none of the present favourites are worth drawing. How many of those who took tickets in the sweepstakes of 1819 would have torn up the ticket with the legend, "The Cenci, A Tragedy In Five Acts. By Percy B. Shelley. Italy. Printed for C. & J. Ollier, Vere Street, Bond Street, London. 1819!"

And we, the critics, are the ticket-holders for 1919. Are we likely to do better, and take the zest from last year or this for the bibliophile of 2019 or 2020? On the whole we think that he will still have the excitement of hunting for some villainously printed pamphlet bound in a scrap of ugly paper, while its cloth-bound contemporaries moulder in decorous decrepitude in the penny-box.

It is a depressing prospect, from which we had better turn to the consolation of our original authority.
"This," he writes, "is an increase of 906 compared with the total for 1918. Although the figure is considerably below the pre-war level, it is a big move upwards and is a satisfactory indication of revival in production." A salutary reminder that it cannot conceivably interest any publisher on earth whether he has among his flock one of the immortals of 2019. After all, one of the most subsidiary functions of a 1919 book is to interest a 2019 reader. And it probably will not seem grievous to ninety-nine per cent. of the novelists of last year that they should vanish as the snows. Out of the 1,217 new books of fiction how many were deliberately designed to last a hundred years? A hundred? Fifty? There may not be more than forty-nine broken hearts, after all. The rest of the twelve hundred may be left with the comfort of having done what they could to provide a saleable commodity. Still, those broken hearts are a depressing subject for contemplation, and we had better run to more general issues. Religion is down and Sociology up. Religion, which held the second place after fiction in 1914, has sunk to the third, for Sociology has leaped up from the fourth place to the second, passing Science on the way. But other things besides have passed Science—Technology (whom we suspect to have stolen a good deal from Science when they met), Juvenile (how detestable he sounds! like the lady of forty as Prince Charming at the pantomime), and Poetry and Drama (which stays in the sixth place, which it occupied in 1914). But though still in the sixth place, Poetry and Drama is not the giant he was in 1918; he has dropped from 642 to 498; and, relatively, his position is even worse, for there were 906 fewer books published in 1918 than 1919. Thus the statistics corroborate what was whispered in our ear by a publisher in the summer that "the boom in poetry is going." We should like to help it on the way. It has certainly done no good; and we suspect it has done a great deal of harm.

The promised revival of religion seems to be in a bad way when we reflect on the character of the rival who has dispossessed it of the proud place second to none but fiction; for Sociology is the darling of the non-dogmatic. But Religion may be consoled by the fact that Science comes off far worse. Thank goodness, there are those (and many of them the torchbearers of Science) who hold that Sociology is not a science at all; therefore it may be that Sociology is capable of alliance. But this ground is treacherous. We need to know more of this pushing fellow Sociology. What exactly is he in the conception of the librarian? Is every book that deals specifically with society and social questions gathered under this head? If it be so, he is by no means as positivist as he sounds. And Technology, also, is a doubtful customer. We prefer to think that the editor of the Publishers' Circular is whispering a memento mori in the ear of the triumphant victors of the day, rather than supplying the historian (or is it the sociologist?) with the material for a diagnosis of the mental condition of modern society.

Among the philosophical works to be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan is a translation of M. Bergson's "L'Energie Spirituelle" by Professor Wildon Carr, under the title "Mind-Energy."

**ENGLISH PROSE**

If it should be proposed to appoint Mr. Pearsall Smith Anthologist Royal to the English-speaking races, I, for one, would willingly contribute rather more than I can afford to his stipend. For three hundred years and more a dead preacher called John Donne has cumbered our shelves. The other day Mr. Pearsall Smith touched him with his wand, and behold!—the folios quake, the pages shiver, out steps the passionate preacher; the fibres of our secular hearts are bent and bowed beneath the unaccustomed tempest. But no figure could be more misleading than this of the wand and the wizard. Conceive, rather, a table piled with books; folio pages turned and turned again; collations, annotations, emendations, expurgations; voyages in omnibuses; hours of disillusionment—for who reads prose? life wasting under the rays of a green lamp; the prize of months one solitary paragraph—truly if Mr. Pearsall Smith is a wizard he has learned his craft where none but the bold and the faithful dare follow him. Therefore if I go on to say that in one respect I am his superior, it will be understood that it is not to his learning that I refer. I refer to his taste. In reading the "Treasury of English Prose" I became aware that my taste is far better than Mr. Pearsall Smith's; it is in fact impeccable. But I need scarcely hasten to add what everyone knows for himself; in matters of taste each man, woman and child in the British Isles is impeccable; so are the quadrupeds. A dog who did not rate his own taste better than his master's would be a dog not worth drowning.

This being said, let us waste no more time but proceed at once to Stevenson. I had hoped, not very confidently, to look for Stevenson in vain. I had hoped that the habit of cutting out passages from Stevenson about being good and being brave and being happy was now confined to schoolmasters and people at the head of public institutions. I had hoped that private individuals were beginning to say, "What is the point of Stevenson? Why did they call him a master of prose?" What did our fathers mean by comparing this thin-blooded mummery with Scott or Defoe?"—but I had hoped in vain. Here is Stevenson occupying one of two hundred and fifteen pages with reflections upon Happiness—reflections addressed in a private letter to a friend. It begins all right. Nobody can deny that it needs every sort of good quality to step along so briskly, with such apparent ease, such a nice imitation of talk running down the pen and flowing over the paper. Nor do I shiver when the pen steps more circumspectly. A writer's letters should be as literary as his printed works. But all my spines erect themselves, all my prejudices are confirmed when I come to this: "But I know pleasure still; pleasure with a thousand faces, and none perfect, a thousand tongues all broken, a thousand hands and all of them with scratching nails. High among these I place this delight of weeding out here alone by the garrulous water, under the silence of the high wood, broken..."

*A Treasury of English Prose. Edited by Pearsall Logan Smith. (Constable & Co. £6. net.)*
by incongruous sounds of birds.” Then I know why I cannot read the novels; then I know why I should never allow him within a mile of the anthologies.

Skipping (for no one reads an anthology through), we next alight upon Walter Pater—nervously, prepared for disappointment. Can he possibly be what he once seemed?—the writer who from words made blue and gold and green; marble, brick, the wax petals of flowers; warmth too and scent; all things that the hand delighted to touch and the nostrils to smell, while the mind traced subtle winding paths and surprised recondite secrets. This, and much more than this, comes back to me with renewed delight in Mr. Pearsall Smith’s quotations. The famous one still seems to me to deserve all its fame; the less famous, about a red hawthorn tree in full flower—“a plume of tender crimson fire out of the heart of the dry wood”—revives the old joys and makes the nerve of the eye vibrate again; but if one cannot praise fitly it is better to be silent and only say that there can be no doubt—from the quotations at least—about Walter Pater.

About Emerson there is I think considerable doubt; or rather there is no doubt at all that he must be altogether different from what we supposed to deserve eleven full pages where there is no room for a single line of Dryden, Cowper, Peacock, Hardy, the Brontës, Jane Austen, Meredith (to take the obvious omissions); only two scraps of Sterne and a page and a bit of Conrad. Yet one sees what Mr. Pearsall Smith means. Emerson wrote for anthologies. Passages seem to break off in one’s hands like ripe fruit without damage to the tree. The first passage reads beautifully; the second almost as well. But then—what is it? something bald and bare and glittering—something light and brittle—something which suggests that if this precious fruit were dropped it would shiver into particles of silvery dust like some of those balls that were plucked from the boughs of ancient Christmas trees, and slipped and fell—is Emerson’s fruit that kind of fruit? Of course the lustre is admirable—the dust, the dust of the stars.

But if Mr. Pearsall Smith puts in and leaves out according to a rule of his own, that is an indispensable merit in an anthologist. He puts in, for example, Jeremy Taylor, and so reveals a great English writer who, to my shame, had been no more than an obscure clerical shade among the folios. For that I could forgive him—I was going to say the neglect of Mr. Hardy; but Mr. Pearsall Smith can hardly have neglected all, or almost all, the great English novelists. He has rejected them, and that is another matter, that leads one to consider what may be his reasons. I suppose there are at least twenty of them, and all so profound and lying at the roots of things that to lay bare a single one would need more columns than I have words. Lightly then will I run over a few suggestions and leave them to wither or perhaps fall on fertile soil. To begin with, every novelist would, I suppose, suspect a critic who complimented him on the beauty of his writing. “But that’s not what I’m after,” he would say, and add, a moment later, with the susceptibility of his kind, “You mean, I’m dull.” And as a matter of fact the great novelists very seldom stop in the middle or in the beginning of their great scenes to write anything that one could cut out with a pair of scissors or loop round with a line of red ink. The greatest of novelists—Dostoevsky—always, so Russian scholars say, writes badly, Turgenev, the least great of the Russian trinity, always, they say, writes exquisitely. That Dostoevsky would have been a greater novelist had he written beautifully into the bargain no one will deny. But the novelist’s task lays such a load upon every nerve, muscle, and fibre that to demand beautiful prose in addition is, in view of human limitations, to demand what can only be given at the cost of a sacrifice. Let us choose two instances from among the writers of our own tongue. There is no novel by Mr. Conrad which has not passages of such beauty that one hangs over them like a humming-bird moth at the mouth of a flower. Yet I believe that one pays for such beauty in a novel. To achieve it the writer has had to shut off his energy in other directions. Hence, I think, so many pages of Mr. Conrad’s novels are slack and slumberous, monotonous like the summer sea. Mr. Hardy, on the other hand, has not in the course of some twenty volumes written a single passage fit to be included in a treasury of English prose. Impossible! Yet I could not, at a moment’s notice, lay my hand on one. The greater number of our novelists are in the same boat with him. But what, then, can we be talking about? What is this "beautiful English prose"?

Surely the most beautiful of all things! the reader of Mr. Pearsall Smith’s selection will exclaim—the most subtle, the most profound, the most moving and imaginative. And who are the people who keep it alive, extend its powers, and increase its triumphs? The novelists. Only we must not go to them for perfect passages, descriptions, perorations, reflections so highly wrought that they can stand alone without their context. We must go to them for chapters, not for sentences; for beauty, not tranquil and contained, but wild and fleeting like the light on rough waters. We must seek it particularly where the narrative breaks and gives way to dialogue. But it must be conceded that the novelists put their English to the most menial tasks. She has to do all the work of the house; to make the beds, dust the china, boil the kettle, sweep the floors. In return she has the priceless privilege of living with human beings. When she has warmed to her task, when the fire is burning, the cat here, the dog there, the smoke rising from the chimney, the men and women feasting or love-making, dreaming or speculating, the trees blowing, the moon rising, the autumn sun gold upon the corn—then read Mr. Hardy and see whether the common prose of English fiction does not carry herself like the Queen she is—the old Queen, wise in the secrets of our hearts; the young Queen with all her life before her. For though English poetry was a fine old potentate—but no, I dare not breathe a word against English poetry. All I will venture is a sigh of wonder and amazement that when there is a prose before us with its capacities and possibilities, its power to say new things, make new shapes, express new passions, young people should still be dancing to a barrel organ and choosing words because they rhyme.

Virginia Woolf
THE FAR-OFF DAY

Spring will come again;
Hot anxious wind
Shake the window-pane—
Pierce my dead mind—
Wake up the blind—
Tear the roots of trees—
Warm those ponds that freeze—
Bring anemones
To the naked glade,
Crocus to fill
All the empty shade,
Blow the daffodil,
Call the sheep and fill
The graveyard with ghosts,
Pale and quaking hosts,
Till the living thrill.

FREDENGD SHOVE.

JANUARY

In sorrow, joy; in winter, spring.
Seek not impatiently, nor strive
To hasten their awakening;
But let them be, and they will thrive,

There is a breeze astral among
The hedges stark by field and way;
Whispering grief, it flies along
The grasses cold of pastures grey.

Save for the birds there is no cheer;
The unchanged hours wheel slowly by
As sun or moon or stars appear,
The land lies naked to the sky.

Lo, Night encamped among the trees,
A host at noontide dark and grim;
Soon shall the flying distances
Belaguered be and lost in him.

With stillness winter holds the earth,
With silence motionless and deep,
And bodes no wakening to mirth
From melancholy spells of sleep.

F. W. STOKOE.

MEANTIME

Far away, far away,
Far away from here . . .
There is no worry after joy
Or away from fear
Far away from here.

Her lips were not very red,
Nor her hair quite gold.
Her hands played with rings.
She did not let me hold
Her hands playing with gold.

She is somewhere past,
Far away from pain.
Joy can touch her not, nor hope
Enter her domain,
Neither love in vain.

Perhaps at some day beyond
Shadows and light
She will think of me and make
All me a delight,
All away from sight.

FERNANDO PESSOA.

REVIEWS

THE LOST LEGIONS

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES SORLEY. (Cambridge, University Press, 12s. 6d. net.)

O NE day, we believe, a great book will be written, informed by the breath which moves the Spirits of Pity in Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts." It will be a delicate, yet undeviating record of the spiritual awareness of the generation that perished in the war. It will be a work of genius, for the essence that must be captured within it is volatil beyond belief, almost beyond imagination. We know of its existence by signs hardly more material than a dream-memory of beating wings or an instinctive, yet all inexplicable refusal of that which has been offered us in its stead. The autobiographer-novelists have been legion, yet we turn from them all with a slow shake of the head. "No, it was not that. Had we lost only that we could have forgotten. It was not that." And, it was the spirit that was troubled, as in dream, the waters of the pool, some influence which trembled between silence and a sound, a precurious confidence, an unavowed quest, a wisdom that came not of years or experience, a dissatisfaction, a doubt, a devotion, some strange pre-sentiment, it may have been, of the bitter years in store, in memory an ineffable, irrevocable beauty, a visible seal on the forehead of a generation.

Yet out of a thousand fragments this memory must be created anew in a form that will outlast the years, for it was precious. It was something that would vindicate an epoch against the sickening adulation of the hero-makers and against the charge of spiritual sterility; a light in whose gleam the bewildering non-achievements of the present age, the art which seems not even to desire to be art, the faith which seems not to desire to be faith, have substance and meaning. It is shot through and through by an impulse of paradox, an unconscious straining after the impossible, gathered into two or three tremulous years which passed too swiftly to achieve their own expression. Now, what remains of youth is cynical, is successful, publicly exploits itself. It was not cynical then.

Elements of the influence that was are remembered if they lasted long enough to receive a name. There was Unanimism. The name is remembered; perhaps the books are read. But it will not be found in the books. They are childish, just as the English novels which endeavoured to portray the soul of the generation were coarse and conceived. Behind all the conscious manifestations of cleverness and complexity lay a fundamental candour of which only a flickering gleam can now be recaptured. It glints on a page of M. Romains' "Europe"; the memory of it haunts Wilfrid Owen's poems; it touches Keeling's letters; it hovers over these letters of Sorley. From a hundred strange lurking-places it must be gathered by pious and sensitive fingers and withdrawn from under the very edge of the scytheblade of time, for if it wander longer without a habitation it will be lost for ever.

Charles Sorley was the youngest fringe of the strange unity that included him and men by ten years his senior. He had not, as they had, plunged with fantastic hopes and unspoken fears into the world. He had not learned the slogans of the day. But, seeing that the slogans were only a disguise for the undefined desires which inspired them he lost little and gained much thereby. The years at Oxford in which he would have taken a temporary sameness,
a sameness in the long run protective and strengthening,
were spared him. In his letters we have him unspoiled, as
the sentimentalists would say—not yet with the distraction
of protective colouring.

One who knew him better than the mere reader of his
letters can pretend to know him declares that, in spite of
his poems, which are among the most remarkable of those
of the boy-poets killed in the war, Sorley would not have
been a man of letters. The evidence of the letters them-
seves is heavy against the view; they insist upon being
regarded as the letters of a potential writer. But a
passionate interest in literature is not the inevitable prelude
to a life as a writer, and although it is impossible to consider
any thread in Sorley’s letters as of importance comparable
to that which joins the enthronement and detronment of
his literary idols, we shall regard it as the record of a
movement of soul which might as easily find expression
(as did Keeling’s) in other than literary activities. It takes
more than literary men to make a generation, after all.

And Sorley was typical above all in this, that passionate
and penetrating as was his devotion to literature, he never
looked upon it as a thing existing in and for itself. It was,
to him and his kind, the satisfaction of an impulse other
and more complex than the aesthetic. Art was a means
and not an end to him, and it is perhaps the apprehension
of this that has led one who endeavoured in vain to
reconcile Sorley to Pater into rash prognostication. Sorley
would never have been an artist in Pater’s way; he belonged
to his own generation, to which l’art pour l’art had ceased
to have meaning. There had come a pause, a throbbing
silence, from which art might have emerged, may even
now after the appointed time arise, with strange validities
undreamed of or forgotten. Let us not prophesy; let us
be content with the recognition that Sorley’s generation
was too keenly, perhaps too dis astrously aware of destinies,
of

the beating of the wings of Love
Shut out from his creation.
to seek the comfort of the ivory tower.

Sorley first appears before us radiant with the white-heat
of a schoolboy enthusiasm for Masefield. Masefield is—
how we remember the feeling!—the poet who has lived:
his naked reality tears through "the lace of putrid
sentimentalism (educing the effeminate in man) which
rotters like Tennyson and Swinburne have taught his
the superficial man’s soul to love.” It tears through
more than Tennyson and Swinburne. The greatest go
down before him.

So you see what I think of John Masefield. When I say that he
has the rapidity, simplicity, nobility of Homer, with the power
of drawing character, the dramatic truth to life of Shakespeare,
along with a moral and emotional strength and elevation which is
all his own, and therefore I am prepared to put him above the level
of these two great men—I do not expect you to agree with me.
(From a paper read at Marlborough, November, 1912.)

That was Sorley at seventeen, and that, it seems to us, is
the quality of enthusiasm which should be felt by a boy
of seventeen if he is to make his mark. It is infinitely
more important to have felt that flaming enthusiasm for an
idol who will be cast down than to have felt what we ought
to feel for Shakespeare and Homer. The gates of Heaven
are opened by strange keys, but they must be our own.

Within six months Masefield had given the way of all
flesh. In a paper on The Shropshire Lad " (May, 1913),
curious both for critical subtlety and the faint taste of
disillusion, he was saying: “His [Masefield’s] return [to
the earth] was purely emotional, and probably less
interesting than the purely intellectual return of Meredith.”
At the beginning of 1914, having gained a Scholarship at
University College, Oxford, he went to Germany. Just
before going he wrote:

I am just discovering Thomas Hardy. There are two methods
of discovery. One is when Columbus discovers America. The
other is when someone begins to read a famous author who has
already run into seventy editions, and refuses to speak about
anything else, and considers every one else who reads the
author’s works his own special converts. Mine is the second method. I am
more or less Hardy-drunk.

The humorous exactness and detachment of the description
are remarkable, and we feel that there was more than the
supersession of a small by a great idol in this second
phase. By April he is at Jena, “ only 15 miles from
Goethe’s grave, whose inhabitant has taken the place of
Thomas Hardy (successor to Masefield) as my favourite
prophet.”

I hope (if nothing else) before I leave Germany to get a thorough
hang of “ Faust.” . . . The worst of a piece like " Faust" is that
it completely dries up any creative instincts or attempts in oneself.
There is nothing that I have ever thought or ever read that is not
somewhere contained in it, and (what is worse) explained in it.

He had a sublime contempt for anyone with whom he was
not drunk. He lumped together "nasty old Lyttons, Carlyles
and Dickens.” And the intonation itself was swift, and fleeting. There
was something in a chunk with Goethe by July; it is his “entirely
intellectual” life.

If Goethe really did saying "more light": it was very silly of
him: what he wanted was more warmth.

And he writes home for Richard Jeffries, the man of his
own country—for through Marlborough he had made
himself the adopted son of the Wiltshire Downs.

In the midst of our setting up and smashing of deities—Masefield,
Hardy, Goethe—I always fall back on Richard Jefferies wandering
about in the background. I have at least the tie of locality with
him.

A day or two after we discover that Meredith is up (though
not on Olympus) from a denunciation of Browning on the
queer non- (or super-) aesthetic grounds of which we have
spoken above.

There is much in B. I. like. But my feeling towards him has
(we may since I read his life) been that of his to the "Lost Leader." I
cannot understand him consenting to live a purely literary life
in Italy, or (worse still) consenting to be licensed by fashionable
London society. And then I always feel that if less people read
Browning, more would read Meredith (his poetry, I mean).

While, then, he was walking in the Moselle Valley, came
the war. He had loved Germany, and the force of his love
kept him strangely free from illusions; he was not the
stuff that Morning Post Elizabethans are made of. The
keen censure of spiritual innocence is in what he wrote
while training at Shorncliffe:

For the joke of seeing an obviously just cause defeated, I hope
Germany will win. It would do the world good, and show that
real faith is not that which says "we must win for our cause is just,"
but that which says "our cause is just: therefore we can disregard
defeat." . . .

England—I am sick of the sound of the word. In training
to fight for England, I am training to fight for that deliberate hypocrisy,
that terrible middle-class shlof of outlook and appealing "imaginative
indolence" that has marked us out from generation to generation . . .

And yet we have the impudence to write down Germany (who with
all their vileness they are at least sensible) as "silly because they are doing
what every brave man ought to do and making experiments in
morality, Not that I approve of the experiment in this particular
case. Indeed I think that after the war all brave men will renounce
their country and confess that they are strangers an PILERES on
the earth. "For they say that such things declare plainly that they
seek a country.” But all these convictions are useless for me at
since I have not had the privilege of being. What a man one is
thrown out of cart-wheels—big clumsy, careless, lumbering cart-wheels—
of public opinion. I might have been giving my mind to fight
against Stupidity and Stupidity—in other I was giving my body (by a
reimbursement of cowardice) to fight against the most enterprising
nation in the world.

The wise armchair-patriots will shake their heads; but there
is more wisdom in these words than in all the newspaper
leaders written throughout the war. Sorley was
fighting for more than he said; he was fighting for his
Wiltshire Downs as well. But he fought in complete and
utter detachment. He died too soon (in October, 1915)
to suffer the cumulative torment of those who lasted into the long agony of 1917. There is little bitterness in his letters; they have to the last always the crystal clarity of vision of the unbroken.

His intellectual evolution went on to the end. No wonder that he found Rupert Brooke's sonnets overpraised:

He is far too obsessed with his own sacrifice ... It was not that "they" gave up anything of that list he gives in one sonnet; but that the essence of these things had been endangered by circumstances over which he had no control, and he must fight to recapture them. He has clothed his attitude in fine words: but he has taken the sentimental attitude.

Remember that a boy of 19 is writing, and think how final is this criticism of Brooke's war sonnets; the seeker has condemned irrevocably one who has given up the search. "There is no such thing as a just war," writes this boy. "What we are doing is casting out Satan by Satan." From this position Sorley never flinched. Never for a moment was he renegade to his generation by taking "the sentimental attitude." Neither had he in him an atom of the narrowness of the straiter sect. He was a seeker to the last, and no one can truly seek whose heart is not consumed by love.

Though space forbids, we will follow out his progress to the last. We do not receive many such gifts as this wonderful book; the authentic voice of those lost legions is seldom heard. We can afford, surely, to listen to it to the end. In November, 1914, Sorley turns back to the Hardy of the poems. After rejecting "the actual 'Satires of Circumstance'" as bad poetry, and passing an incisive criticism on "Men who March away," he continues:

I cannot help thinking that Hardy is the greatest artist of the English character since Shakespeare; and much of "The Dynasts" (except its historical fidelity) might be Shakespeare. But: value his lyrics as presenting himself (the self he does not obtrude into the comprehensiveness of his novels and "The Dynasts") as truly, and with faults as well as strength visible in it, as any character in his novels. His lyrics have not the spontaneity of Shakespeare's or Shelley's: they are rough-hewn and jagged: but I like them, and they stick.

Shortly after, "I have discovered a man called D. H. Lawrence who knows how to write." A little later, having finished "The Egoist,"

I see now that Meredith belongs to that class of novelists with whom I do not usually get on so well (e.g., Dickens), who create and people worlds of their own so that one approaches the characters with amusement, admiration or contempt, not with liking or pity, as with Hardy's people, into whom the author does not inject his own exaggerated characteristics.

The great Russians were unknown to Sorley when he died. What would he not have found in those mighty seekers, with whom Hardy alone stands equal? But whatever might have been his vicissitudes in that strange company, we feel that Hardy could never have been detrained in his heart, for other reasons than that the love of the Wessex hills had crept into his blood. He was killed on October 13, 1915, shot in the head by a sniper as he led his company at the "hair-pin" trench near Hulluch.

J. M. M.

Mr. T. R. Glover, Fellow of St. John's College, has been elected Public Orator of Cambridge University in the place of Sir John Sandys, resigned. Mr. Glover received 162 votes, and Mr. W. T. Vesey (Caunus) 144. Mr. Glover's writings on the religious movements in the Roman Empire have reached considerably beyond an academic audience.

Room XVIII. of the National Gallery has been reopened to the public. It contains a selection of pictures of the Spanish School, including a fine example of El Greco's mature style, "The Agony in the Garden," till recently in the convent of Las Salesas Nuevas, Madrid.

We have received a preliminary list of members of the Dugald Stewart Society for the publication of Memoirs of the first members of the society, which indicates that the Society is well on the road to foundation. Those interested in this admirable project are invited to communicate with Mr. F. C. Wellstood, Shakespeare's Birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon.

JOHN PAYNE

The Life of John Payne. By Thomas Wright. (Fisher Unwin, 28s. net.)

The habit of digging up one's friends' bones to make soup of them, if we may be allowed to quote a vigorous saying of the late Dr. Furnivall, seems to have established itself firmly in the case of Mr. Thomas Wright. Perhaps we ought not to have said "friends"; who could have thought of naming Pater, FitzGerald, Burton, and Payne as subjects for the pen of the author of "The Blue Firedrake" or of "a story of pertinacity and perseverance"?

John Payne, like FitzGerald, is a man of one book. He has written many others in prose and verse, but he will be remembered as the translator of the Arabian Nights. His version is a good one, cleaner than Burton's, fuller and more Eastern than Lane's, while his language is racy and idiomatic without the false archaisms which Burton was forced to adopt to differentiate his style. His Villon is accurate, but never inspired; the praises it won from De Balville and Mallarmé are discounted by their comparatively slight feeling for English poetry and their ready welcome to a foreigner. His Omar and Boccaccio are, at best, interesting as documents for the study of the authors: his Heine is a failure.

Payne was born in 1842, and lived in London all his life, dying in 1916. He was fortunate enough as a young man to make friends who brought him into the outer circle of the Pre-Raphaelite movement; and caught up, with a genuine love of fine things, the somewhat arrogant tone towards literature, art, and life which distinguishes movements in the making, and renders their acceptance by their contemporaries a little difficult. Payne wrote verse, read it to his friends, even published it with some measure of success. It was, at any rate, good enough to be treated seriously by such generous judges as Rossetti and Swinburne, whose ready sympathy was always given to any fellow-traveller on the paths they had marked out. His income from his profession as a solicitor was ample, his translations brought him in a very handsome return, and a Civil List pension, given in 1898, materially assisted him towards the end of his days.

He had, in short, the success he deserved, but not, it seems, that he desired. There is a peculiar quality about verse-writing which appears to distinguish it from its kindred arts. The novelist, the painter, cannot mislead himself beyond a certain time; the poet, who makes up of his work as at some moment he knows that he is not an artist, and then he gives it up, or kills himself like Haydon, or contentedly sets himself down to producing bad work for the market. But the versifier goes on, content with his own judgment on his work, however he may long for the praise he feels is due to him. This was the case with Payne as exhibited by his biographer. In the absence of domestic criticism—he was never married—his youthful arrogance ripened into bluster; he no longer associated with his equals or superiors, and contentedly swallowed such flattery as his inferiors afforded him.

Biographers like Mr. Thomas Wright add, to use the trite expression, a new terror to death. If posterity had been left to the couple of columns in the "Dictionary of National Biography" which were Payne's just due, it might have thought of him as a silent literary craftsman, pursuing a useful task in modest obscurity. Mr. Wright exhibits Payne as vain, selfish, and opinionated, and himself as pertinacious, ignorant, and uncritical, while his book is overloaded with unimportant detail. The obscurity in which Payne lived was entirely due to his own free choice, and we fail to see the advantage to anyone but Mr. Wright himself in dragging him out of it.
THE WAR IN THE NEAR EAST
BRITISH CAMPAIGNS IN THE NEAR EAST. By Edmund Dane. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. net each.)

How Jerusalem was Won. By W. T. Massey. (Constable. 21s. net.)

EXPERTS on the Near East are curiously fond of attributing quite natural movements to remote causes, and Mr. Edmund Dane, who opens his book with an account of German intrigues in Turkey, has acquired this peculiar habit. He apparently believes, for instance, that the Turkish revolutionary movement against Abdul Hamid—the protégé of the Kaiser—was originally promoted and encouraged by the German Government. There is very little, if any, evidence to support this theory, which is to some extent disproved by the fact that, on the outbreak of the Revolution, German influence temporarily declined and the Young Turks displayed strong Anglophil tendencies, which were only cooled by the unfriendly attitude of the British Embassy. In Egypt the Nationalist movement was not created, as Mr. Dane suggests, by the German intrigues, and it shows no sign of weakening now that Germany is in the dust. Foreign gold—and not German gold only—had a slightly stimulating effect, but there was no need, unfortunately, to teach the Egyptians to hate the British. The failure of the natives to rise in support of Turkey, on the declaration of the Protectorate, was not due to any gratitude to us for the material benefits we had conferred upon them. Those who knew Egypt well had no such illusions on that subject as are entertained by Mr. Dane. The people were almost as Anglophile then as they are to-day, and they remained passive only because they were cowed by the arrival of large numbers of terrifying Australian and other troops.

On military affairs the author is often interesting and well-informed, but his political digressions are seldom illuminating. His views are always conventional, especially with regard to the attitude of our allies, but they are not always based upon accurate information: thus it was not the case that the majority of the Greek people were opposed to King Constantine's Germanophile policy. Mr. Dane's theories about Germany are characteristic of most of our popular war literature, which holds her responsible for nearly all the misfortunes that have afflicted mankind during the last fifty years. After stating that the Balkan League attacked Turkey in 1912 (when no such League existed), he proceeds to attribute to German inspiration the murder of King George of Greece. That disastrous event did, indeed, make the second Balkan war almost inevitable, but no evidence of German complicity has been produced. There is reason to believe that the murder was arranged by the Young Turks, not out of any consideration for German interests, but because they foresaw that King George's successor would pursue, in conjunction with Serbia, an imperialist policy in Macedonia, and that the Balkan League would consequently be broken up.

The greater part of the book, however, is a useful if uninspiring recital of military events. The first volume describes the early Turkish offensives in the Caucasus and against Egypt, the Gallipoli campaign, the British advance up the Tigris and the siege and fall of Kut. The second volume deals mainly with General Mande's advance to Baghdad and beyond, General Allenby's conquest of Palestine and Syria, and the Balkan and Italian campaigns. There are excellent maps to illustrate the principal battles. Mistakes in the text are numerous, especially in the spelling of Arabic names; on one page we find "Murunmah" and "Barbin" instead of Muhammadah and Bahrein, and the Sherif of Mecca (whose revolt is post-dated by one year) is described as the "Sheerif." Mr. Dane makes the curious statement that Gaffer Pasha, the Arab general who upheld the Turkish cause in Tripoli early in the war, was a German turned Moslem, and he does not mention the fact that Gaffer subsequently led the Hejaz army against the Turks. The author's knowledge of Arabia may be judged from his statement that "notwithstanding the completion of the strategical railway from Damascus to Mecca, the Turkish hold on the Yemen was jeopardized," there was, of course, no railway within two hundred miles of Mecca, and, even if such a line had existed, it could have had no effect on the position of the Turks in distant Yemen.

"How Jerusalem was Won" is a much shorter book and deals only with the Palestine campaign, but Mr. Massey is a writer of a different calibre. His delight in his subject, which he has thoroughly mastered, is infectious, and he knows how to make military history interesting to the layman. He has an eye for the picturesque and for the glamour of historical associations, but his enthusiasm for General Allenby's "soldier missionaries"—for their chivalry and high principles as well as their skill and valour—is so ecstatic that it hardly permits him to appreciate the humour which is inseparable from almost every situation in the East. His intense admiration of our military administration in Palestine would perhaps be regarded by foreigners as an example of Anglo-Saxon smugness. It is justified, nevertheless, by the facts, and while it would be too much to say that none of the Imperial troops ever fell short of the moral standards of Sir Galahad, it may fairly be claimed that no conquered country was ever treated with greater consideration by a victorious army.

General Allenby's achievements were so remarkable that there is every excuse for Mr. Massey's obviously sincere hero-worship. The Commander-in-Chief was not only a brilliant strategist and administrator, but he had the priceless gift of inspiring confidence, and those who were in Egypt at the time will remember the remarkable improvement in the moral of our troops which took place after his arrival. Equally happy were his relations with the Arab leaders and with the various communities in Palestine. Sir Reginald Wingate and the Hejaz Operations Staff had the long experience needed for dealing successfully with native magnates, and General Allenby showed his wisdom by listening to the advice of those who had greater knowledge than himself of the Arabic world.

The army which conquered Palestine was almost exclusively British, but it contained contingents from all parts of the Empire, and Mr. Massey mentions at least a dozen different races who played a part in the campaign. Of the coloured troops, few distinguished themselves more than the Cape boys, whose splendid record in the war should do something to modify the colour-prejudice of British South Africans. The Londonders, as usual, covered themselves with glory, and once again exploded the theory that countrymen make better soldiers than townsfolk.

Jerusalem, in theory the city of the great religions of the world, but it is doubtful whether the British army appreciated the significance of its capture as keenly as Mr. Massey would have us believe. Despite the efforts of the Palestine News to awaken an interest in Biblical history, the average British soldier was as tired of the war in Egypt and Palestine as he was elsewhere, and was only faintly amused by the holy associations of the land he was delivering from the Turk. One young soldier wrote to his mother: "I am now in the beautiful city of Bethlehem, where Christ was born. I wish I was in the beautiful city of Bradford, where I was born." A small minority may have shared the thrills of the Official Correspondent of the London newspapers, but that letter was typical of the sentiments of most of our modern Crusaders.

L. B.
MR. TREVELYAN'S "AJAX"

THESAURUS OF SOPHOCLES. Translated by R. C. Trevelyan. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. net paper, 3s. 6d. net cloth.)

GREEK tragic writers had a way of ending their plays with some quite obvious moral tag which often seems to us inadequate, and even priggish. Euripides, for example, loves to make his chorus, after the catastrophe, exclaim, "The unexpected happens; the expected does not happen; and the issue of the present matter illustrates the fact." When Euripides talks like this, it is easy to make out that he is poking fun at the gods. But what are we to think when pious Sophocles concludes the tragedy of "Ajax" with another version of the same old saw?

Unto him who has seen many manifold knowledge
Come; but before he sees, no man
May divine what destiny awaits him.

For an Athenian audience these proverbs were impressive. They are not the poet's personal reflections, but truths which every reasonable man does well to remember. If novelty is sought, it is in the application or the precise expression. The truisms have at least the merit that they are true. They are not deductions from the story of the play, nor even lessons which the poet wants his audience to learn from the event. They are chosen for their lack of originality. When we are moved by the tragedy of an Ajax or an Oedipus, a brilliant speculative guess at truth would jar on us. Tenceur's conjectures on the meaning of his brother's fate raise too many questions to be tolerable as the last note of the play—

Was it not some Erinus forged this sword,
And Hades the grim craftsman wrought that girdle?
I at least would maintain that the gods plan
These things and all things even for mankind.
But whoever's judgment likes not this,
Let him uphold his judgment as I mine.

That is a fitting prelude to the passionate dispute about the hero's burial: it would not serve, because it is too controversial, to soften and release and generalize our accumulated feelings at the end. Still less could we tolerate, as the conclusion of the matter, Athena's little sermon on the text of human misfortune—

Warned therefore by his fate, never do thou... What we want is something hallowed by tradition, yet so obviously true that our assent is more emotional than intellectual. The poet's object is neither to improve our morals nor to convince us that his views of life are true. His object is to give us the peculiar pleasure and the sense of an increased vitality which come from realizing, through our pity and our admiration of the hero, at once how splendid and how futile is the destiny of every one of us. For or against the ruthless goddess Sophocles, as a tragedian, holds no brief. Simply he treats her as a fact. Thus, he implies, will circumstances treat a man who thinks himself exempt from ordinary accident. His purpose is dramatic, not didactic, when he sets the story of his hero's passion between the tableau of Athena, Ajax and Odysseus, and the companion picture of the Atridæ Tenceur and Odysseus. When Athena triumphs over her mortal victim, Odysseus, his old enemy, feels his nobility and pities him, "since he is yoked fast to an evil doom:"

My own lot I regard no less than his.
For I see well, nought else are we but mere
Phantoms, all we that live, mere fleeting shadows.

It is because we are all of us in the same boat that the Atridæ, when they emulate Athena's heavenly vindictiveness, appear not merely repulsive, but ridiculous. It is to heighten this perception of the pettiness and the nobility of human life that Sophocles has made his chorus dwell on the contrast between the Ilium on whose shores they fight and toil and grumble and the calm beauty of their home in Salamis—

Son of Telamon, lord of Salamis' isle,
On its wave-washed throne mid the breaking sea...

And, again, when all but the last act of the drama is over,
Oh once more to stand, where on the wooded headland
The ocean is breaking, under
The shadow of Sunnion's height; thence could I greet from far
The divine city of Athens.

It is of life, not death, that Ajax thinks in the moment of his suicide—

O, Death, Death, come now and look upon me.
No, 'tis there I shall meet and speak to thee.
Put thee, bright daylighth which I now behold,
And Helios in his chariot I accost,
For this last time of all, and then no more.
O sunlight! O thou hallowed soil, my own
Salamis, stabled seat of my sire's hearth,
And famous Athens, with thy kindred race,
And you, ye springs and streams, and Trojan plains,
Farewell, all ye who have sustained my life.
This is the last word Ajax speaks to you.
All else in Hades to the dead will I say.

Mr. Trevelyan's translation seemed to us at the first reading, like the moral tags of the chorus, somewhat cold. But after reading it with care at least three times, and many parts of it more often, we find it comes to life. It would, we think, stand the test of acting better than some more romantic versions. Its literal accuracy would probably at the beginning disconcert a hearer who was not acquainted with the original: but the impression of strangeness would wear off, and the audience, we think, would feel the dignity and strength of Sophocles. The workmanship is never slovenly. Whether old-fashioned ears, accustomed to the cadences of English poetry, will ever find Greek choral metres beautiful and natural when the words are English, time will show. The aim of the translator has been "to reproduce as closely as possible the metrical pattern of the original," so that one musical setting would fit both Greek and English. The experiment is obviously interesting, and, in spite of prejudice and scepticism, a reader who will take the trouble to declaim the lines aloud will find that gradually his bewilderment gives place to admiration of the skill with which the author has contrived his pattern. We hope that Mr. Trevelyan will continue his experiments, and we rank his translation high among the more serious attempts of honest scholarship to interpret Greek for English readers.

J. T. SHEPPARD.

RUFINUS

Loving you all, yet love not I
Your indiscriminating eye,
Since I saw it cast, of late,
Loving looks on men I hate.

Palatine Anthology, v. 284

Beauty-proud is Rhodope
If e'er "Good-day"
To her I say,
A haughty eyebrow greeteth me.

If e'er above her door I set
A flowery crown,
Wreath tears it down,
And haughty footsteps trample it.

O wrinkles, come apace; O hasten,
Age without ruth;
Since none, in sooth,
But you this Rhodope can chasten.

Palatine Anthology, v. 92.

R. A. FURNESS.
THE ELEMENTS OF ANTHROPOLOGY

AN INTRODUCTION TO ANTHROPOLOGY. By E. O. James. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.)

"It is well to begin at the beginning," says the French proverb; and since, chronologically regarded, Anthropology begins with the prehistoric, Mr. James, planning an introduction to anthropology, begins, and ends, with primeval man. Some might think, therefore, that his title is too ambitious, and would have had him call his book an introduction to prehistoric archaeology. But the author might justly argue in his own defence that throughout he is interpreting the part in the light of the whole, and consequently is using the part to illustrate the whole and to pave the way for an appreciation of its many-sided character. For in days gone by prehistoric research was in the hands of special students who paid little or no regard to the many side-lights thrown on the life of the distant past by the manners and customs of the modern savage. Such narrowness of interest, however, is out of date. Professor Sollas led the way in this country by bringing the ancient hunters of the Quaternary Period into line with existing or recently existing peoples of rudimentary culture whom he ventured to term their "modern representatives." Besides, our leading Universities have now their schools of anthropology in which prehistoric archaeology forms but one branch of a comprehensive study of primitive, in the sense of uncivilized, man, such as seeks to take account of every aspect of his nature and development, whether physical or mental. Mr. James himself has graduated in one of these schools, and would be false to the faith in which he has been reared were he to relegate Pleistocene man to a world of his own, as if he were some alien Martian, and not "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh"—in fact, that veritable old Adam who lives on subconsciously in us all.

The comparative method, however, like the gun, is a dangerous weapon in the hands of inexperienced persons. Mr. James, realizing this, handles it with due caution, and cannot be accused of abusing the principle of analogy. True, he makes many suggestions of possible practices, institutions and beliefs which are to be attributed to ancient man on the sole ground that these are to be found among savages with a condition of life similar in general much to that of the earlier races. But he is not dogmatic in his assertions, but reviews the probabilities in a spirit of moderation. For the rest, who would be for tying down the student of prehistorics to the bare task of recording the given? His business is to recreate the living out of the dead. Most of us have enough imagination to be susceptible to the glamour of the far past, and after our own fashion try to picture the life of the cave-dweller or the mound-builder whose meagre relics we light upon in a museum, or, better still, in some haunted site remote from civilization. Meanwhile, a little science will enable us to do this critically; nor is fuller knowledge likely to begot a weaker sympathy. On the contrary, the further we get beyond the mere externals of prehistoric culture and penetrate to its spiritual inwardness, so much the more will our sense of the continuity of human effort and aspiration be heightened and sustained. Mr. James, we note, finds Mr. Worthington Smith's account of "man, the primeval savage," altogether too dreary. Nor can he shake in the "gloomy view" of the modern savage taken by Sir James Frazer in "The Golden Bough." Both writers, in his view, overdo the brutality of the man of the Stone Age, who, despite his indubitable shortcomings in the way of material comforts and aids to existence, need not have been correspondingly wanting in the makings of a soul. Mr. James, having already composed a work on the religion of modern savages, is convinced that the material culture of primitive folk affords no sure criteria of the moral—in short, that plain living and high thinking may go together at any stage of human evolution. Holding, then, to this kindly doctrine—so opposed as it is to the "civilizing" influence of some political philosophers of our day—Mr. James manages to impart an original flavour to what, in virtue of its scope, must otherwise tend to be a mere epitome of well-known facts. These facts, of course, must have justice done to them; and so in his opening chapters he summarizes the latest information concerning the skeletal remains of early man, and the products of his industry. Not much need be said about this part of the treatment. A few minor slips are to be noted that suggest a certain hastiness of revision. Our only serious objection, however, relates to his classification of the somatic types characteristic of the Late-Palaeolithic period. These are distinguished as the Cro-Magnon, Grimaldi, and Aurignacian races. It is no doubt arguable that the Choukoutial race, usually recognized as a distinct variety, may legitimately be excluded on the ground that a single specimen provides too narrow a basis for the determination of a class. But what good can come of speaking of an Aurignacian race? Presumably Mr. James is referring to the Combe-Capelle specimen, a variety of that "River-bed type," as Huxley termed it, which apparently survives in the narrow-headed element in our present population. Klaatsch, indeed, dubbed him the Aurignacian man, but of the merits of Klaatsch as an authority the less said the better. Surely in the present state of our knowledge it is better to keep rigidly apart the terminologies severally applied to the various forms of culture and bodily conformation. Aurignacian, Solutrian, Magdalenian stand for successive cultures as indicated by different forms of flint industry and so on. To correlate these with successive waves of population marked by somatic peculiarities may or may not be possible in the future. It certainly cannot be done yet, and to mix up terms belonging to the two series can but help to confuse the issue.

Let us pass on to Mr. James' attempt to reconstruct the manners and customs, and in particular the religion, of these "children of the morning." Little can be made from this point of view of the Early Palaeolithic, not to speak of the more doubtful Proto-palaeolithic, in which Mr. James, after hearing Mr. Reid Morison's arguments, is most persuaded to believe. But as soon as cave-life begins, or at any rate can be studied by us, some idea can be formed of the corresponding social and moral conditions. Thus the burials of the Middle Palaeolithic are extraordinarily interesting as showing that the belief in an after-life was not confined to Homo sapiens. But of the later cave-men we can learn far more, more especially if we include among them the Spanish cave-artists who at Cogul or Alaper have left us gene pictures of themselves in all their bravery. Indeed, that the men of the Late Palaeolithic resembled modern savages in their mental outlook by this time an old story, even if only for the most part conveyed in scattered hints. In 1876 Bernardin de Saint-Pierre said to them with totemism on the strength of the designs engraved on the so-called bâtons-de-commandement. In 1882 Andrew Lang suggested that a magical or pictographic—in any case a practical—object was subserved by the cave-drawings, which thus were no outcome of the cult of art for art's sake. Then, from about 1900 onwards, MM. Sablonniére, Chauvet, Capitan, Mr. A. B. Cook, Professor Sollas and others have dealt with the fast-accumulating evidence from the European caves in terms of totems, charivaris, rataples, and so on, borrowed from the savages and more especially from the Australian aborigines of to-day. In the same spirit, then, Mr. James seeks to enter into the soul of these long-vanished peoples, so that the reader approaching
the subject for the first time may come into living touch with his distant forefathers. Then let such a reader, if he can, visit Niaux or Tuc d’Audoubert or Castillo. Let him gaze at the very footprint of the painter or dancer, the very throne of the medicine-man; and there will be revealed to him, by telepathy as it were, the idealism that is bound up with the age-long vitality of mankind.

R. R. M.

POLITICIANS IN PEACE AND WAR

Mr. Lloyd George and the War. By Walter Roch. (Chatto & Windus. 16s. net.)

HAD it not been for the war one of the most puzzling phenomena which could have been presented to the men of this generation would have been the prestige of the politician. During a prolonged period of peace the amount of printed matter and conversation that is devoted to the doings of politicians becomes more and more fantastic the more one thinks about it. So far as can be seen, their sole direct reaction upon the actual life of the community is expressed by slight variations in taxation. It is perfectly obvious that science, pure and applied, all branches of learning and of the arts, including those that are of practical utility, invention and novel commercial enterprises, are all developed either in complete independence of the world of politics or, as sometimes happens, in spite of obstacles created by the stupidity and indifference of politicians. Modern civilization—in fact, almost every desirable and undesirable element in modern life—owes practically nothing, for good or for evil, to politicians.

Why, then, do these singularly ineffectual people excite so much public attention? The reasons are obviously manifold, but we think that part of the attraction springs from the fact that the world of politics is finite, clear and simple. A few elementary maxims, a few stereotyped issues, and behold, all things are made plain! The thousand intricate inquiries which, in the real world, must be examined for the right understanding of, say, the commercial relations of one nation to another become, in the world of politics, Free Trade or Tariff Reform. No solution which cannot be obtained by counting on one’s fingers is valid in the world of politics. This simplified world bears hardly any relation, of course, to the real world, but it gives sufficiently simple-minded people the illusion that they understand and control affairs. Such people are, in any country, in the majority, and hence politics is popular and politicians are supported. Some of the politicians are themselves simple-minded enough to take their occupation seriously; they look back over a life which has seen the introduction of the telephone, the telegraph, electric traction, antiseptic surgery and flying, and sum up their personal achievement by saying they have consistently advocated the disestablishment of the Church of England.

If this were all that could be said for him, however, we do not think the politician would so long have survived his patent uselessness. We think that, apart from his value as a figure in the dream-world of the ordinary person, the fact that the politician can make war is always present, perhaps not consciously, in the minds of the community. This is the point where the politician touches reality, and it is an unescapable illustration of the overwhelmingly irrational nature of human communities that this most pregnant and dreadful of actual things should be in the hands of this fantastic figure, this creature of popular ignorance and Cup-Tie emotions. During the last four years we have scrutinized our politicians more closely. We have observed them during a war they did not foresee, that they were unable to control and that they cannot finish. The fault has not been theirs. A man who obtains a job in a circus for his ability to jump through paper hoops should not suddenly be required to run an electric power station. The system is wrong. It is useless for him, however, to stand in the midst of the wrecked dynamos and to shout that he has been a complete success. It does not matter much one way or the other, since the facts will go on working themselves out. But for those who are irritated by absurdities of this kind Mr. Roch’s book will prove interesting. It is a discussion of the part played by diplomats—quite unintentionally, for the most part—in causing the war, so far as they did cause it, and in particular of Mr. Lloyd George’s performances before and during the war. Readers with a robust sense of reality will find the whole thing, in its application merely to Mr. Lloyd George, something of a storm in a tea-cup. A cool and documented analysis of the activities of the whole race of politicians and of the system which produces them might be of real value—but that would take us into quite different questions. Mr. Roch’s book is written throughout, however, in the extraordinary language used by authorities on politics.

This language may be described as that of naive personification, and it produces on the unsophisticated reader an effect of complete unreality. Thus France, England, Germany, are said to be desiring or not to be desiring to “expand,” or to be in a state of “tension” about something, these statements meaning that a few gentlemen, for some reason or perhaps for no reason, are on the verge of quarrelling with one another. If the quarrel became really serious these gentlemen would threaten war, i.e., they would arrange for millions of people to fight one another. The finding of reasons justifying the fight to the people who do the fighting is recognized, of course, as being necessary and is never a difficult matter. In reading Mr. Roch’s account of the Moroccan crises, for instance, we discover that Europe was more than once on the brink of war. We quite believe it, but we cannot see what the war would really have about. The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina produced another crisis. There was no war, and “Slavdom was humiliated, for the Tsar gave way.” What does “Slavdom” mean here? Who was humiliated? This puerile personification of nations belongs to the unreality of politics; the tragedy is that the insignificant realities denoted by such phrases do lead to wars.

Mr. Roch says but little about Mr. Lloyd George. His book is chiefly an account of the activities of a number of politicians, of whom Mr. Lloyd George is one, during the war. He has no difficulty in showing that Mr. Lloyd George’s ideas on how the war should be conducted were probably wrong, and that a number of people formed a sounder judgment on the facts. We can see that some politicians would chuckle over this and that others would squirm, but is it not a work of supererogation? Surely it is generally accepted that war is a highly technical business, and is it not probable that any amateur opinion would be wrong? The fact that Mr. Lloyd George did not get his way shows that expert opinion overruled him. Had he been possessed of despotic powers his lack of training would probably have made him a grave public danger, and, even as things are, we are inclined to agree that politicians have too much control in purely technical affairs. But the real function of the politician in war-time is, we take it, to make gestures which hearten the people. He should speak, rather frequently, about such things as determination, justice, glory and the wickedness of the enemy, because all this helps the morale of the people. Mr. Lloyd George seems to us to have done this as well as, or perhaps better than, other politicians. That he did not really win the war is a contention which hardly necessitates two hundred pages to demonstrate.

J. W. N. S.
AMUSEMENT

Sir Limpidus. By Marmaduke Pickthall. (Collins. 7s. net.)

COME hither, all who love a merry jest!" cries the small boy who discovers that Limpidus Fitzbeare has made no end of an ass of himself. His words might be taken as Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's advice to his readers while he unfolds, with immense gusto and high spirits, the tale of one whose success in life was the result of his quite remarkable talent for doing and saying the asinine thing. And the asinine thing is, in this connection, the right thing, the sound thing, the kind of thing which stamped an Englishman as superior to the whole rest of the world, as a being whose life was divided (and rightly divided) between enjoying his vast preserve, England, and keeping the foreigner, the outsider, and the man whom one did not know, in his rightful place.

Sir Limpidus Fitzbeare was born at Clearfount Abbey in the sixties under a cloudless sky, and he might be said to have basked his life through in the same brilliant weather. He was the heir to vast estates; his income was seventy thousand pounds a year, and his excellent father, Sir Rusticus, so ordered his education that by the time he came of age he was capable of enjoying to the full these by no means paltry advantages. From a "priver" he passed to the famous old school which, in his father's words, "takes the corners off a man and forms him on the proper pattern for an Englishman of our condition who doesn't want to stare at in the streets of London."

A fellow who has not been through it is handicapped in life especially one who has been brought up by women who give too much importance to religion. You'll find out what is done by people of your sort, and learn to do it naturally. You'll learn to put religion, art, learning and literature, and all such matters in their proper place, and not attach too much importance to 'em...

It was while there that his remarkable talent for discovering the right thing first pushed into the light, and, the conditions being perfectly congenial, grew at such a rate that by the time he was ready for Cambridge, it had attained its full height. Indeed, such was its power that he became absorbed into it—part of it—and could not be seen, except for a moment or two, for its flowers and leaves and fruits. So that in spite of Cambridge, London, the diplomatic service, a seat in Parliament, fame, lovely women, and finally a place in the Cabinet, he remained the boy he was, walking in the middle of the street "with a certain swing, the chin in air, the elbows raised and managing a tightly-rolled-up umbrella in a certain way."

Had the perfect weather continued, we see no reason why Sir Limpidus should not have been one of the most successful Prime Ministers England has ever had. But alas! a year or two before the war the glass began to fall, and there was such an ugly look in the political sky, such a disagreeable sense of an impending storm, that he and his colleagues welcomed wholeheartedly the Supreme Diversion.

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's energy never flags. He carries his book along at a great pace, yet he misses nothing on the way that will give point to his story. But—time! Have we the time to spare for it all? Once we have given the sum—once we have added it up and found it comes to "Sir Limpidus"—have we the time to go on proving and pressing it, and finding, with a chuckle that lasts through two hundred and fifty-four pages, that the answer is always the same?"

We are the children of an ungracious and a greedy age. Perhaps it is not so much that we are difficult to amuse, but we are quickly tired. Repetition—the charm of knowing what is coming, of beating the tune and being ready with the smile and the laugh at just the right moment, no longer has the power to soothe and distasteful. It wakes in us a demon of restlessness, a fever to break out of the circle of the tune, however brilliant the tune may be.

K. M.

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD

Coggins. By Ernest Oldmeadow. (Grant Richards. 7s. net.)

W E have more than once entertained a suspicion that Mary hated her little lamb and could not bear the way it persisted in running after her, rocking along on its little grey-white legs, stopping dead for a moment, and then rocking along again. As to the time when it followed her to school, we imagine that really was the last straw, and no doubt she joined the other children laughing and sporting at sight of the silly little thing standing in the doorway with its blue bow and its mild eyes. By late years we have been called upon to play the pet lamb to so many young authors that the tables are turned—so much so that our little is become a positive gran of dismay when Mary or her little brother drags us off to school. And if that school be moreover a public school, and the child a well-fed, chubby little child fresh from the bosom of his upper middle-class family—if we are called upon to share once more the feelings of the new boy—why, then we are hard put it to not to turn into lions and devour our leaders.

But Mr. Oldmeadow makes no such demands on behalf of his little hero, Harry Coggins, aged ten years and eleven months, son of William Coggins, marine-store dealer, the Carlisle Bank, Belford Dock. It is true Harry does go to school and he is a new boy, but there his resemblance to those other children ends. This strange, extraordinarily attractive little personality is Mr. Oldmeadow's discovery, and from the moment we meet him talking to George Placker we are prepared to follow him to school or anywhere he may like to take us.

Coggins is an only child. His father calls himself a marine-store dealer, but he is in fact a rag-and-bones man, and—the time being 1851, and school inspectors unknown plagues—his son is more or less a working man in the firm. But among the rubbish there were often torn books and papers, and these attracted little Coggins—so much so that he got a man at the sawmills to teach him to read for shilling a year or two of his pocket money of one penny a week. Having learned to read, he becomes his own schoolmaster, and at the time he talks to George Placker at the canal-side he knows enough to be eligible for the Samuel Robson Scholarship which would admit him to the Belford Grammar School. Placker is the leader of the atheists, Chartists, infielders and traitors in the town, and he determines that Harry Coggins shall win that scholarship to spite the governing classes and give the rich a fright.

So the unprecedented thing happens. Harry enters for the scholarship; he is examined, in the absence of the headmaster, by the rector, and, in face of the most violent opposition on the part of the same headmaster and three-fourths of the town, the rector judges him the successful candidate. There follows a strange, deep disturbance in the town, and all caused by little Coggins, with his white face and large grey-blue eyes, his boots that are much too big, and his clothes that are too heavy. He is thrown by Placker and Company into the quiet pool, and great widening ripples flow away and away from him, and are not quenched when the book ends. But it is Coggins who matters—Coggins, meeting the rector the morning after the scholarship and explaining that he taught himself writing and Latin.

What made you skip the first decensions?—And why did you skip the cardinal numbers?...and you seem to have passed over the fourth conjugation of verbs.

In his desire to be deferential Coggins rose from his seat and stood beside the pile of planks:
NOTES FROM IRELAND


It very frequently happens that the popular estimate of an Irish writer in England is not the same as in Ireland. Authors and publishers in this country have to decide very often whether their wares are designed for the English or Irish market, for success in the one does not necessarily involve success in the other, and may actually preclude it. The fact has only the significance implied by the evident differences of taste and outlook, for in both countries there have been failures to recognize work of merit. It is sometimes asserted by critics who think imperially that most of our Irish swans are geese, but it is the habit of allowing oneself with a wink the conviction that the general feeling is a true one of many contemporary reputations elsewhere. Our experience of some of the Irish writers most popular outside their own country does not reassure us, when reputations established in Ireland are depreciated by the literary imperialists. We claim the right of self-determination even in the matter of "best-sellers." The amazing compositions of piety, patriotism and prudery which enjoy the suffrages of the anonymous mass of plenitude in Ireland would—if one could read them—compare quite favourably with their British equivalents.

The author of "Irish Books and Irish People" (The Talbot Press and Fisher Unwin, 8s. net) is one of those fortunate writers who appeals to both the English and the Irish reader. The fact is all the more remarkable because Mr. Stephen Gwynn is a critic, a race of men notoriously unpopular in small countries, where the subjects of their meditations cannot ignore them personally so easily as in a large centre of various groups and coteries. In Copenhagen, for example, I found that the mere mention of Georg Brandes was sufficient to divide Denmark into two parties: the pro- and anti-Briandites; and every one had a personal reason for his attitude. In Dublin to be critical is to live dangerously, yet Mr. Stephen Gwynn's latest book, like its predecessors, has been received with praise. People with vendettas and grievances against others (who have failed to admire their work) unite in hailing Mr. Gwynn as the one and indivisible Irish critic. They regret that he has given to politics what was meant for mankind—or that Irish section thereof which has been misunderstood by his colleagues in the gentle art.

This volume of essays will explain the mystery. It deals, for the most part, with subjects which enable the author to avoid offence to the living. The allusions to his own contemporaries are almost all brief and favourable. The intermittent attention which Mr. Gwynn has been obliged to give to literary criticism, although deprecated by some admirers, has proved his salvation. As the provocative (and recently written) foreword says, it would not have been possible for him to preserve indefinitely that air of being above the battle which renders these essays so urbane. At first one marvels at his capacity for defending a real admiration for modern literature of a very different kind, with an apparently equal appreciation of all that fox-hunting, Leveresque fiction which has been the stock-in-trade of the circulationists since Maria Edgeworth first provided them with the types they have elaborated. It was precisely the substitution of a national literature in the English language for that stereotyped convention of Anglo-Ireland, for English consumption, which gave the so-called Irish Literary Revival its significance and raison d'être. In such essays as "Novels of Irish Life in the Nineteenth Century," "A Century of Irish Humour" and "Yesterday in Ireland," Mr. Gwynn discusses with sympathy and penetration the period of Irish history and literature which most of the younger generation regard as respectively exasperating and sordid. In a few minutes he has done what so many of us have left undone, and he has done it so well that his book cannot fail to give pleasure and information to every class of reader.

If the transition from that calm literary haven to the affairs of the moment is abrupt, it is not more so than the event which has provided the real commodity. Here with their most urgent problem. It is now five weeks since a party of soldiers, in full trench equipment, raid the offices of The Freeman's Journal, the oldest of our nationalist papers. Vital parts of the printing machines were removed and the journal was suppressed. Unless a document, marked secret, is signed ready for its reissue will be given. Naturally the proprietors have refused their rights of fair comment in this way. Who all care for the liberty of the press, and those of us who are engaged in literary or journalistic work particularly, are impressed by the indifference of all but a handful of English commentators. Whatever the offence of The Freeman's Journal, it could have been dealt with adequately under existing laws. Yet there are no signs that the denial of ordinary legal privileges has stirred the imagination of the British world of letters, whose existence is governed by the mutual observance of the conventions between the State and the press. Surely it is of vital importance to all concerned for the things of the mind that armistice force shall not be employed against them. The bayonet and Lewis gun are mightier than the pen. In less enlightened and democratic ages another opinion was current, and men were not afraid to assert and defend it. Avez-vous changé tout cela? B.

[Although The Freeman's Journal has been permitted to reappear since the above was written, we have retained our correspondent's protest against the action of the Government, since we share his opinion that the affair has been unduly neglected by those whom it chiefly concerns—Ed.]

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

This collection of autograph letters and historical documents belonging to the late Mr. Fairfax Murray which is to be sold on Thursday and Friday next week is one which will hardly be formed again, and could only have been got together by a man with his exceptional capacity. To obtain a day's sale consists of autograph letters and manuscripts of celebrated artists arranged in 163 lots, but the whole will be offered in the first instance as a single collection, and one hopes that it will be preserved in that form for some public institution. Running through the catalogue is almost like glancing through a history of the last fifty-five years—this century and the first part of the nineteenth. The autographs selected for reproduction in the illustrated catalogue (price 2s. 6d.) include a very characteristic letter of Blake to Cumberland, written four months before his death; a specification by Michael Angelo for the tomb of Julius II. in his beautiful Italian hand; a letter from Celini to Cosimo de' Medici; another from Albrecht Dürer, written from Venice to Pirkeymer; a letter from Titian; and a fine manuscript of Leonardo's on the flight of birds, with sketches illustrating his ideas. This collection would amply furnish forth the exhibition galleries of any museum even of the first order.

The second day's sale is of more general interest. It contains original poems by Baudelaire, William Morris, and others; criticism by Ruskin, Swinburne and Browning; original letters of Lucretia Borgia, Bianco Capella, Josephine, Marguerite de Valois, Catherine de' Medici and other celebrated ladies; of half a hundred musicians, monarchs, and priests; and a wonderful letter from the French Great Council to the échevins, bourgeoisie, and inhabitants of Albi, giving them the news of the defeat and capture of the King at Poitiers, and summoning deputies to an assembly at Paris. The sale concludes with a number of documents relating to Mary, Queen of Scots—some with signatures by some of his friends in 1566; an account of Davison's expenses in Scotland as Elizabeth's agent in 1584, and four documents relating to the affairs of the Bishop of Ross in 1578.
Science

PASTEUR

THE LIFE OF PASTEUR. By Renée Valley-Radot. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire, with Introduction by Sir William Osler. (Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

It has been said that History is but the record of individual action, and in the Life of Louis Pasteur we read in truth the history of a period of time. It is a life that limitless horizons to the mind, for Pasteur was a giant among men of genius and a prophet in the world of Science. Beyond this, his life stirs every emotion by the consuming interest it creates in the man himself. His character makes its appeal to sympathy and love in the trials he experienced and in the deep affection that he felt for his family and friends. No one need fear to find in this life of a great man a mere record of grand achievement or a dry tale of scientific discovery: it is the great story of a human life that has its inspiration and its depth in the character that it portrays.

Modesty was a marked trait in Pasteur’s character. He neither courted favour nor looked for public applause, and when he achieved the recognition and success that seldom come to great men in their lifetime, he received his honours in the name of Science and accepted them as credit to his native land. He ascribed his success to perseverance in effort, a principle instilled into him by his father. His work was inspired by a love for humanity, tempered by a strong feeling of patriotism, and by a constant desire to establish the truth. He was generous in giving credit to pupils and colleagues who worked with him, and to his dying day he expressed the reverence and obligation that he felt for the men of science who had been his early masters.

It is always difficult to determine wherein genius lies, but in his work Pasteur showed an ingenuity of thought and a courage that were remarkable. He was a most acute observer, and on this depended his first chain to fame, for it led him to the recognition of asymmetrical facets on crystals of tartaric acid. His work was characterized by scrupulous care and attention to detail, yet in spite of painstaking and laborious technique he had the energy to make a careful record of his observations. Then, with a bold courage and the mind of a philosopher, he would follow wherever his observations led him. His mind reached out to ultimate causes and fundamental conceptions. His work on tartrates led him to see the world in terms of molecular dissymmetry; in lactic acid and butyric fermentation he found an answer to questions that revolve round the problem of Life and Death.

In these great flights of mind he was led into the controversy on spontaneous generation. Dumas, Biot and others attempted to dissuade him from entering so large a field, thinking he would dissipate his energies. Pasteur could not be restrained. He tackled the vast problem on the simple lines of direct experiment, and established an experimental basis of fact that remains beyond criticism to this day. Goethe once said that as soon as a man has done anything remarkable, there seems to be a general conspiracy to prevent him from doing anything remarkable again. Never was this more truly said of a man than of Pasteur. He was assailed by his opponents with the bitterness of religious zeal; he received recognition and honours that would time and again have turned a smaller man from his daily work. Nor was he left in peace to work out the problems that he set himself. The reason for this was partly in his own character. He believed that the results of scientific discovery should be put to immediate practical use, and he was thus led from his laboratory into commercial questions of the day. He loved teaching, too, and the popularization of science led him to lecture to lay audiences and expound his discoveries to all who had a real interest in them.

In addition to this the State from time to time made calls on his services and directed his energies towards the elucidation of problems of national importance. Starting his scientific career as a mineralogist, he became a chemist. In the study of fermentation he became a biologist, and a demand was made on his services by the wine industry of France. Though he had never seen a silkworm, at urgent request he undertook an examination into the cause of silkworm disease—a task that occupied five years of his life. He was claimed again for the study of anthrax, for chicken cholera and by the brewing industry—yet his thought and plan followed the ever tenor of its way. He gradually turned into the fields of medicine and surgery and thus laid a beacon light on sepsis and nitrode disease, making researches that found their application in aseptic surgery and led finally to the climax of his life—the discovery of the cure for Rabies.

It is in this last great experiment, the first human experiment that he performed, that we see Pasteur in his great humanity. It was a boy aged nine, bitten two days before by a mad dog, that was brought to him. His laboratory experiments had been done. He could cure dogs and rabbits. Could he cure a boy? Did he dare? We see him after a consultation with Vulpian giving the first injection of a 14-days’ attenuated culture, innocuous in itself. Then on successive days increasing virulent inoculations had to be given, and as he approached the lethal doses he was a prey to most acute anxiety. He passed sleepless nights, fearing for the boy’s life, and still he carried on: it was his duty. Finally, the last dose was given, and as the days elapsed, he knew the boy’s life was saved!

The balance of his greatness and his power is seen in the variety of scientific fields in which he worked, in the great effort he made to popularize science and in the practical application that he found for the fruits of scientific discovery. For Pasteur, Science was international, but, he insisted, the scientist must love his country. To establish Truth he took “the instant way”; knowing that “Honour travels in a strait so narrow, when a door doth abrise, he kept the path. In the work and energy of men of science he saw the future greatness of his beloved France.

POPULAR SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS

The first article in the February number of Contempor (Wireless Press, Is. net) deals with theories of man’s descent from the apes. The derivation suggested by Mr. Wells in his “Outline of History” is shown to be unsatisfactory, and other theories are placed before the reader. The article is thoroughly intelligible and interesting; the point is clearly made that the shape of the foot is of great importance in tracing descent, and the author, who is the Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, concludes that “no claim to the discovery of the so-called ‘missing link’ should be entertained until the foot has been produced as evidence.” Of the other articles, perhaps the most interesting are those on “Ghosts and the Gypsies” Professor Bragg’s Christmas Lectures on Sound at the Royal Institution are also attractively reproduced.

We found “Comment fonctionne un laboratoire de police technique” the most interesting article in the January number of La Science et la Vie (Paris, 13, Rue d’Angleterre, 21s.). The illustrations (a special feature of this periodical) are here very effective, and should prove many useful hints to writers of detective stories. The mélangé of “Inventions réalisées pour la défense nationale” is instructive, although in this case some of the pictures seem chosen for their “horrors” and not for their scientific interest. An article on “La photographie thomique” gives an excellent account of the elements of the subject. There is no point in merely enumerating the
different articles; suffice it to say that the number is distinctly a good one. Comparing the two periodicals, we see that the French magazine is more specialized than its English equivalent. *Conquest* is rather broader and less detailed. But the French have a number of periodicals dealing with scientific ideas in a popular way, whereas in this country we have scarcely one.

**SOCIETIES**

**ARISTOTELIAN.** January 19.—Professor Wildon Carr, Vice-President, in the chair.—Professor J. A. Smith read a paper on *“The Philosophy of Giovanni Gentile.”* The paper began with a general characterization of the remarkable career of the leading philosopher of Graeco-Roman antiquity, Mr. H. H. Hildebrandsson, of the University, Upsala, was presented on his behalf to the Swedish Minister.

Sir Napier Shaw delivered an address on *“Pioneers in the Science of the Weather.”*

**SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.** January 15.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

The following were elected Fellows: Messrs. F. C. Eden, H. W. Finkel, R. G. Foster, R. L. Lloyd, and J. H. Renton, Dr. S. J. M. Price and Sir William Watts. January 22.—Professor J. L. Myres and Mr. L. H. D. Buxton communicated a paper on *“Excavations in Cyprus in 1913,”* on behalf of the Cyprus Exploration Fund. The Field Museum of Chicago has provided a sum of $450 for antiquarian research, excavations undertaken in the summer of 1913 by Professor Myres, with the assistance of Mr. Menelaos Markides, the Keeper of the Cyprus Museum, and Mr. L. H. D. Buxton.

The first site excavated was near the village of Levkoniko in the Famagusta district, where some large statues had recently been found by the villagers. A small rural sanctuary was cleared, containing a remarkable deposit of stone sculptures, representing all periods of workmanship from the seventh century B.C. to the Graeco-Roman period, and almost unique for the brilliant preservation of its painted surfaces. At Embi, near Salamin, two tombs were opened in the necropolis whence the British Museum obtained a fine series of late Minoan antiquities. But this site is now nearly exhausted; only two tombs were found intact, and the results of the operations here were mainly topographical.

At Lampousa, near Lapeithos, on the north coast, where important Byzantine treasures had been found at various times, a small area of the site was completely cleared, and found to have been deeply quarried and quite rebuilt in the Roman period. Objects, however, of Hellenic and even of late Bronze Age styles were found in the debris. Between Lapethos and the sea an unusually rich series of tombs of early and middle Bronze Age, quite undisturbed, yielded many bronze implements, a large quantity of typical pottery, and a remarkable type of conventionalized figures. It was possible, for the first time, to determine the mode of interment and the physical characters of the population.

At Larnaca a complete section of the Bamboula Hill provided the first stratified series of Cyproite pottery, and important guidance for the topography and history of ancient Kition.

The objects found in these excavations are in the Cyprus Museum.

**FORFORTHCOMING MEETINGS**

**Mon. 2. Institute of Actuaries, 5.—** Some Further Suggestions on the Subject of Approximate Valuations, Mr. Alfred Henry: *“A New Method of Valuing Policies in Groups,”* Mr. H. L. Trachtenberg.

Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting.

King’s College, 5.30.—*The Apocalypse,* Lecture I., Arch. Schweich Lectures.

Royal Institution, 5.30.—*Outlines of Greek History:* The Dark Age, 365-718, Professor A. J. Toynbee.

University College, 5.30.—*The Library as a Laboratory,* Professor A. F. Pollard.

Dr. Williams’ Library (41 Gordon Square, W.C.), 6.—*The Analysis of Mind,* Lecture XI., Mr. Bertrand Russell.

**Antistotelian, 8.—** Discussion on Lossky’s *“Intuitive Basis of Knowledge,”* to be opened by Mrs. N. A. Duddington.

**Society of Arts, 8.—** Aircraft Photography in War and Peace, Lecture III., Capt. H. Hamshaw Thomas. (Cantor Lecture.)

**Geographical, 8.30.—** Air Routes of the Empire, Sir Frederick Bridge.

**Tues. 3. Royal Institution, 3.—** Elephants and Ethnologists, Professor G. Elliot Smith.

**Society of Arts, 4.30.—** Tropical Departments of Agriculture, Special Reference to the West Indies, Sir Francis Watts. (Colonial Section.)

**Wed. 4. University College, 3.—** History and Drama in the Divina Commedia, Lecture II., Dr. E. Gardner. (Barlow Lectures.)

**Royal Archaeological Institute, 4.30.—** Some Mid-Suffolk Churches and their Woodwork, Mr. F. E. Howard.

**Society of Arts, 4.30.—** The English Language and International Trade, Mr. A. E. Hayes.

**Geological, 5.30.—** Geological Sections through the Andes of Peru and Bolivia: 1. From the Port of Mollendo to the Inamuray River, Mr. J. A. Douglas. King’s College, 5.30.—*The German Revolution,* Professor G. Young.

**University College, 5.30.—** An Outline of the Campaign in Mesopotamia, Lecture III., General Sir John Robertson. (Philip Lecture.)

**University College, 5.30.—** The Changes as shown by Comparative Law in the Rights and Duties attaching to Property, Lecture I., Sir John Macdonell.

**Thurs. 5. Royal Institution, 3.—** Recent Progress in Applied Optics, Lecture I., Professor A. E. Conrady.

**Royal Society, 4.30.—** Linman, S.—On the Existence of Two Fundamentally Different Types of Characters in Organisms, Dr. R. Ruggles Gates.

**University College, 5.30.—** Italian Literature, Lecture III., Professor E. G. Cipriani. (Italian.)

**Fri. 6. King’s College, 4.—** Ecclesiastical Art, Lecture IV., Professor P. Dearmer.

**University College, 5.—** Italian Society in the Renaissance, Lecture II., Dr. E. Gardner.


**King’s College, 5.30.—** Historical Theories of Space, Time, and Movement: The Antinomies—Zeno, Kant, Bradley, Professor H. Wildon Carr.
Fine Arts

THE TRIUMPH OF PHOTOGRAPHY

It is usual to underrate the influence of photography on the Fine Arts; yet it is no exaggeration to say that the whole history of modern art is the history of the struggle between art and photography. Modern art dates from the invention of photography, and is, in fact, nothing but a series of reactions set in motion by this new rival.

Artists at first attempted to ignore the existence of photography. Then German portrait painters like Lenbach and Herkomer, with practical minds, saw the possibilities of its exploitation in their hank portrait practice; they were followed by the illustrators and the so-called commercial draughtsmen, who soon began to use photographs instead of studies from nature, and who continue to do so everywhere to this day. But the conquest of these minor lights was a mere bagatelle to photography, which was all the time directing its main attack against the artists proper, entrenched in their bizarre dot-chalks. This enemy was prepared to make terms with the small fry, and to conclude treaties for mutual advantage. But between photography and the grand artists who affected to despise it there could be nothing but war to the death; and shrewd observers could see that the artists were bound to be beaten in the long run unless they were prepared to revise their standards.

To-day we can look back at a battle which has lasted over half a century and examine the various steps which photography has taken to undermine the artists' position. We shall find that it has relied primarily on the moral weapon. And if it has won through now, it is because it has succeeded in destroying the artists' nerve.

The mere fact of the existence of the camera knocked all the fun out of the representational function of painting. It killed the magician air which artists had exploited for centuries, and it immediately usurped the privilege of recording. As the camera developed into the Kodak and the Cinematograph the futility of competition with the dazzling efficiency of these machines became more and more obvious. And the realization of this by the artists was the first blow to their moral.

The second was the negative attitude which they soon found themselves adopting in their work. They began consciously to avoid photographic effects in their pictures. For the first time in the history of art, the artists set out not so much to achieve a definite thing as to avoid one. The weakness of such an attitude is obvious; the old nonchalance of the artist had now gone; for it is hard to be debonair when you are running away.

The third blow was the assimilation of the photographic vision, which established itself in a few years as the normal human vision; an artist could only retain or acquire a personal vision by an effort of will. And some such effort was imperative all the time; for the photographic vision, which sees things in terms of superficial appearance, is the antithesis of the artistic vision, which sees them in terms of real form.

And as if these harassing effects of the enemy's onslaught were not enough, the artists themselves prepared the way for another blow by encouraging the dissemination of photographs of the world's masterpieces. Their brains and eyes were thus filled with a thousand conflicting standards and points of view just when they were in greatest need of personal vision. Photography disguised as Fine Art was quick to see a further opportunity; it stepped into the breach, fostered the critical faculty in the artists, and thereby struck its final blow at their creative initiative.

All the recent movements in painting, from Manet to Picasso, are attempts on the part of the artists to react against these paralyzing effects of photography. The Impressionists made no effort to avoid the photographic vision; they accepted it, and fought in fact the basis of their creed. But each member of the group tried in his own way to avoid the dreaded photographic picture. Manet could have painted more naturalistically than he did at the height of his power; but he deliberately set out to make a painting of a head look more like paint than a head. He was the first European artist who consciously avoided naturalism. From Giotto to Ingres there is not a single artist who did not paint as naturalistically as he possibly could. But the competition of the camera drove Manet to simplify his lights and mix up his beautiful pink paste as defensive measures. Monet and the Pointillists put their faith in their scientific colour vibrations; Degas experimented in texture and Oriental composition. The Post-Impressionists on the other hand fought hard against the photographic vision, which they imagined to be the weak spot in Impressionism. They pinned their faith to synthesis, which was their attempt to regain the lost artist-vision. And once again each man tried in his own way to contribute to the new negative art—the art of avoiding the photograph. Van Gogh made each stroke of the brush or pen a definite reflex of his burning brain, and perished thereby from exhaustion. Gauguin fled in desperation to the South Sea Islands, Cézanne trudged painfully round the Louvre. In our own day Matisse and the Expressionists shelter behind incompleteness; the fear of the enemy is heavy upon them. They do not trust themselves to attempt anything more than a sketch.

Finally come the Cubists and Vorticists, who have no illusions about the forlorn position of painting behind these hastily improvised defences. They have taken counsel together and decided to abandon the present battlefield and attempt life afresh elsewhere. Their doctrine of Abstract Art marks the triumph of Photography in the field of Representation.

The fight has been waged almost exclusively in France, and the French artists have shown the greatest courage, resource and enthusiasm, and have given the world a series of pictures only comparable as evidence of the human spirit to the works of the transitional middle period of the Italian Renaissance. But they were defending a lost cause from the outset.

The present chaotic state of art, with half the artists clinging to worn-out traditions, and the other half throwing a golden heritage to the winds, must be regarded as the aftermath of the struggle of which we have outlined the phases. In subsequent articles an attempt will be made to analyse the effect of the struggle on our standards of criticism, and to set up some landmarks for the rising generation of students.

R. H. W.

The editors of the Architectural Review (27, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W. 1) have devoted their last issue to a record of the Peace Decorations in London and the consolidation of plans for a suitable Headquarters of the League of Nations, which various writers wish to see at Geneva, Malta or Constantinople. The illustrations to an article on “The Ruins in the War Area” make us wonder if architecture may not find inspiration in the havoc wrought by the war. The Ypres buildings are much better evidence of the abuse of buildings as they stand, and the mutilation of such figures as the smiling Angel and the Queen of Sheba on the West Front of Reims Cathedral is pure loss to the world. But it Notre Dame de Bruxelles, Albert, really looks to-day as it appears in Captain Crowe’s drawing we can imagine artists making pilgrimages to study its proportions. Possibly the creation of fortuitous new forms by bombardment may leave subconscious impressions on men’s minds which will give us new forms in architecture.
The Renoir nude at the Eldar Gallery was painted in 1888, that is to say, at the end of the short period directly influenced by his Italian visit, and it is a good example of his transitional method. It lacks the fragrance of the more completely personal work of the earlier and later periods, but the modelling of the figure is very complete and makes the adjacent Bonnard nude look dark and unattractive (but this may be due to the extremely bad lighting). The early Gauguin painting on the opposite wall is extremely charming, apparently of the same period as the Gauguin picture now at the Leicester Galleries. The influence of Renoir is obvious in both; but the pointiliste method could not long satisfy Gauguin's opulent nature. Compared with Van Gogh's work, Gauguin's Tahitian pictures always appear rather soft and romantic. To appraise them at their real value they should be seen next to pictures by Renoir or next to Gauguin's own early work of the type of this Silver Stream.' "The little lighthearted sketch by M. Matisse, hung among the drawings, is agreeable in colour—the greys and pinks might have been mixed on Manet's palette—but there is a good deal of quite meaningless mess between the masts of the ship. Other paintings represented in this interesting little collection include Boudin, Pissarro (a charming and unexpected file champêtre), Degas, Monet and Signac.

At the New Art Space we have to look at pictures to the accompaniment of a Jazz band which plays in the dance club situated on the floor below the galleries. This may be conducive to the right mood for appreciating such painters as M. Kissling and M. Fergusson, whose pictures are able to hold their own against the most insistent One Step, but we found it very disturbing before the paintings of M. Lhote, an artist whose emotional intellectuality presupposes a certain degree of calm and sensibility in the spectator. At least two of his exhibits are of very fine quality, and we believe them to be the most important works in the collection, which is largely made up of pictures already recently exhibited elsewhere in London.

Mr. Ernest Collings is attracted by the lure of the recent developments of painting, but he has not, so far, digested the principles which lie behind them. His landscape sketches show that he has a delicate sense of colour; we see no reason why he should be false to it in order to be "in the movement." After all, a picture is not necessarily good because the forms are outlined in black, or necessarily bad because they are not.

**EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK**

**P. & D. COLNAGHI & CO.—Drawings and Studies by Charles Shannon, A.R.A.**

**ELDAR GALLERY.—Paintings and Drawings by Modern French Artists.**

**NEW ART SALON, 180, SHAFFTUBURY AVENUE.—Paintings by Contemporary French and English Artists.**

**THE STUDY, 88, DAVYTON GALLERY, S.W.—Drawings and Paintings by Ernest H. R. Collins.**

At Messrs. Colnaghi's Gallery we were reminded of a little scene we witnessed some time ago in a Bloomsbury drawing room. A group of enthusiastic young people were quarrelling over the theory of Imagism, the later manner of Mr. James Joyce and other contemporary literary experiments. When ever the disputants paused, a middle-aged lady in an armchair said, "That's in the air of finality," like Swinburne's "sombre coming," to which nobody paid the slightest attention, although it was repeated a number of times. Mr. Charles Shannon's position in relation to the art conflicts of the day is rather like the position of the lady in the armchair; when the noise of battle dies down for a moment he says, with an air of finality, "I like Titian"—a remark which the disputants ignore every time. On the strength of this attitude Mr. Shannon (detto il Tizianetto) occupies a definite niche in contemporary English art, flanked on one side by Mr. Ricketts (detto il Tintoretteino) and on the other by Mr. Glyn Philpot (detto il Moronino). Any intransigent young man of to-day who denies the title of "Titian" is apt to be snapped at no less than a fool. But what of il Tizianetto? This, we fear, is another story—first, because Mr. Shannon does not paint as beautifully as Titian painted, and, secondly, because even if he did, he would still be most evidently a smaller artist. Titian's painting is an exquisite craft which he invented to express his vision. Mr. Shannon tries to reproduce the texture of Titian's pictures, and sometimes comes very near it. But he cannot imitate the raison d'être of this texture. Again and again we find passages in the modern painter's work which could obviously be better expressed in another texture, and sometimes we find passages in other textures actually creeping in and giving the picture a wrong look. But even the most successfully imitated passages serve only to point the differences between Titian and Mr. Shannon. Titian's outlook was quite personal; the basis of it was a voluptuous romanticism, much the same in character as the voluptuous romanticism of Wagner. His texture expresses this outlook. When Tintoretteiio adopts the same method it is as inappropriate as when Mr. Shannon adopts it. Mr. Tintoretteiio was too grandiose, too restless, too cold for Titian's technique: Titian's mantle was too small to cover Tintoretteiio's magnificent stride; but it is far too big for Mr. Shannon: it flaps about him in such voluminous folds that it appears not be a monument, or Mr. Shannon is not a Southern voluptuous romantic like Titian or a Northern voluptuous romantic like Wagner. He is to all intents and purposes a sentimental English dilettante like Gainsborough. His early lithographs representing groups of girls with musical instruments, and rather woolly nudes hovering on the brink of swimming baths, were real expressions of his personality. They were weak in drawing, it is true but they were at least genuine, and there was something original in the pictorial aspect of the compositions. Gainsborough, we can well imagine, would have fingered them with pleasure. There was, moreover, the beginning of a delicate and beautiful artistry in the lithograph called "Caresses," drawn in 1884. Had the artist seen fit to develop along this line, we believe that his achievement might have been greater to-day than it actually is. But he preferred to turn his eyes backward and allow his own gentle art to run to seed. His drawings in this exhibition fall between two stools. Put them next to a lot of drawings by Mr. John, and they will lose as if the artist had drawn them out on the other hand, next to a set of drawings by even such a third-rate Renaissance artist as Pontormo, they would look like the work of an earnest student painfully copying an art-school model. There is not enough grip in them for great realistic drawing and not enough character for great stylistic drawing. But from the other end of the room they look very like drawings by some forgotten old master, which is doubtless what Mr. Shannon set out to accomplish.

**TWO NEW ACADEMICIANS**

We congratulate Mr. George Henry and Mr. D. Y. Cameron on their elevation to the rank of Royal Academician. There was a time when Mr. Cameron was regarded as a revolutionary by the Academy. The loose, rather thin painting on a dark ground affected by the school soon acquired great popularity, and the protagonists of the method can now count their followers by the hundred. But they are no longer regarded as revolutionaries. Mr. Henry's exhibits at Burlington House since his election to Associateship have been mainly portraits similar in general character to the portraits of his "Glasgow" colleague Mr. John Lavery, but the ladies who pose to Mr. Henry come out a little less fashionable than their sisters who patronize Sir John; in revenge they are anatomically a trifle more coherent and more exaggeratedly agreeable as master-etchers. His oil paintings tend nowadays to become larger and larger, a decided weakness in the case of an artist who attempts to get an emotional effect by the play of contrasted masses of light and darkness on broad sweeps of country. In such works the more the painter succeeds in flanking out the most chance he has of success; if the canvas is too large, if the size of a painted hillock or shrub begins to enter into competition with our recollections of real hillocks and real shrubs, there is danger of our concrete recollections destroying the artist's abstract intention. Mr. Cameron's picture judged by "temporary" standards, appears a little sentimental and romantic, but there is no gainsaying the sense of grandeur in his best work and the intelligent mastery of material in his technique.
Music
A GERMAN CRITIC ON MODERN MUSIC

1.

FOR five years we have been cut off from German music. There are many who will say that it is no great loss. The leadership has passed to other countries. But we have become so accustomed to regarding Germany as non-existent in an intellectual and artistic sense that it is easy to fall into the error of judging German music by what had reached England in 1914, while we have been following pretty closely the most recent developments in other countries. Even in 1914 England knew very little of German contemporary music. We heard practically everything of Richard Strauss; a little Reger, mostly in the shape of organ music, a little Schöenberg. The younger German composers were unknown names. Hardly a single work of Mahler or Pfitzner was given here. Of German music since 1914 we know nothing whatever, and not only do we know nothing of the music itself, but nothing of German opinion, enlightened or otherwise, about it.

Some weeks ago I mentioned a little essay on modern music by Paul Bekker, a Frankfurt critic, the second edition of which appeared in 1919. It is one of a series of essays on modern art and literature, by various authors whose names are all unfamiliar to me, so I venture to assume that they represent a young generation of critics in their respective subjects. Bekker’s “Neue Musik” is of very great interest as a document illustrating the present-day attitude towards music in Germany. He makes it clear from the outset that he has no respect for Richard Strauss. He finds it strange that Strauss is charging us with Romanticism, experimental, or original, nothing that points the way to the future, nothing to stimulate critical investigation, nothing that consciously or unconsciously offends against the average taste of the general public. German music, as represented by Strauss and his followers, is at a standstill and has fallen a prey to the commercial interests of publishers, agents and performers. There is no trace in music, he says, of those stormy winds that are blowing away the dead leaves and branches in all the other arts.

German music would seem to have suffered complete isolation during the war. When our author discusses abstract principles of music, as he does later on, he shows himself a very acute thinker, but he seems to have a curiously limited acquaintance with music outside Germany, Debussy, Busoni and Delius are the composers to whom he looks for guidance. Of other modern composers in England, France, Italy, Russia or Spain, he does not mention a single one, except Vincent d’Indy, who is alluded to as a distinguished teacher. The fact that he lays great stress on his admiration for composers of Latin blood or strong Latin tendencies proves that it is not mere patriotism which has thus limited his outlook.

In Germany, he tells us, Strauss is hailed as a modern, and anything more modern than Strauss is attacked on the usual charge of lack of melody. “Back to Mozart!” is the prayer. This critical attitude is not confined to Germany alone. But whereas in Germany the cry is “Back to Mozart,” in France it is “Back to Rameau,” in Spain “Back to Scarlatti,” in England “Back to Purcell,” or even further back than that. Bekker very properly points out that modern music turns upon the modernization of melody and the recognition of melody as the leading force in music. He notes in Germany, as we do in other countries, schemes for widening the range of melodic expression by the employment of intervals smaller than the semitone, of a whole-tone scale, of Oriental and other non-European scales, and of the ecclesiastical modes. But he is inclined to regard all of these devices as merely momentary colour-effects, exotic or archaistic, as the case may be. He knows that to the ordinary man of to-day melody is rooted in harmony, that it is impossible to think of even the simplest melody without imagining simultaneously a harmonic basis for it. He recognizes at the same time that harmony, however modern it may sound, does not make for progress. He realizes that melody and melody alone is “the motive force of linear expression” (Bewegungskraft des linearen Ausdrucks).

Rightly he points out that the melodic developments of Wagner and the later romantics consisted in nothing more than a closer union of musical melody with poetic expression. Its relation to harmony, its dependence upon harmony, remained unchanged as it was in the days of Mozart. He contrasts the melodic line of an inner part in a quartet of Beethoven and in a fugue of Bach. In Beethoven the melodic line, however original and interesting, is always subservient to the harmony. In Bach it has an independent life of its own. Thus he seems to arrive at a fundamental truth of the highest importance, namely, that fugue is the true motor of modern historicism and of music (that is, from Palestrina onwards) the most permanent and vital constructive principle. It is interesting to note our German writer’s limitations. They are very characteristic of his country. He is evidently a careful and conscientious student of the German classics of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and has a remarkably penetrating insight into essential principles. But he appears to take no interest in music of any period that is not German, with the exception of Debussy, Busoni and Delius, and appears also to have no knowledge, or at any rate no scholarly and intimate understanding, of any music before Bach. We are reminded of Clara Schumann’s curiously thick-headed observations on the subject:

(Brahms) brought me Couperin and played some things of his. I have often been amazed, and was so again to-day, that he can so delight in the old masters before Bach, though a great deal of it is simply respect, for with the exception of certain isolated passages they are not interesting, musically. (Diary, September 26, 1876.)

Rightly again does he criticize the evolution of sonata form, pointing out that its basis is the purely harmonic contrast of key, not the contrast of theme, and that even in the development sections of Beethoven the thematic interest is more apparent than real, that is, that the thematic figures which play so large a part in them have no real melodic expression and are mere links in the chain of harmonic development. He might have added in support of his thesis that Mozart’s development sections frequently abandon the thematic interest altogether and become nothing but a series of modulating chords. Yet we may still find in classical music examples that point the way to the music of the future. He picks out as his three great prophetic works three fugues of Beethoven, all of them, by a strange and perhaps significant coincidence (if we remember Beethoven’s habitual employment of certain keys for certain types of emotion), in the key of B flat—the fugue in the Piano forte Sonata Op. 106, the fugue Et vitam venturi seculi from the Missa solemnis, and the posthumous fugue for string quartet. They stand, as he says, outside even Beethoven’s own third period, and outside the whole century that followed them. The generation that followed Beethoven passed them by in bewilderness; it was beyond its power to understand them, to understand the principles on which they were conceived. And we have to admit that even now, after a hundred years have passed, it is granted to few musicians to enter into their mysteries.

EDWARD J. DENT.

(To be continued.)
MOZART AT THE OLD VIC

"FIGARO" at the Old Vic was an extremely good all-round performance. The word is not used in any comparative sense; we do not mean good considering this, or good allowing for that, but good absolutely, judged by the normal operatic standard. In the first place, the production was sane; that is to say, the producer, the translator, the set-painter, and the performers had evidently put their heads together and arrived at a single consistent idea of what Mozart was driving at. The stilts absurdities of the old translation had been replaced by an entirely new version, which gave everyone the opportunity to speak and behave like the characters they were supposed to represent. Figaro's room became the squad attic it must really have been instead of the sumptuous chamber in which as a rule he is so perversely domiciled. The gardener in his Sunday clothes looked even more unmistakably a gardener than he did before. There was no attempt to bring the story up-to-date by introducing gags and topicalities, and we were thus enabled to see how very much better it is without them. The music-making in every department had the harmonious birth of common sense and mutual understanding.

In the second place, most of the singing was of a remarkable excellence. The feminine trio in particular—Miss Lawson as the Countess, Miss Gough as Susanna, Miss Turrill as Cherubino—hit all their notes, top, middle, and bottom, with an accuracy that for a time was quite disconcerting in its unexpectedness. One had to pinch oneself several times to make sure one was awake before settling down to revel in the security of it. And their singing was admirably clear and direct—never a hint of the tremolo that leaves you uncertain as to whether the singer meant to land on the A flat side of G or the F sharp side of C. Cannes, as producer (Miss Baylis, every credit is due) took the title part, and sang it extremely well; he has a nice turn of humour, too, but is inclined to over-emphasize his points. So is Mr. Stockwell Hawkins. This may often be advisable, say, at Covent Garden, where the audience is not conspicuous for nimbleness of mind, but the patrons of the Old Vic are so quick in the uptake that the more lightly you make your points the better. Mr. Johnstone Douglas as the Count was the least convincing member of the cast; his intellectual fervour and sensitive phrasing make him delightful in a chamber concert, but his voice lacks the power and resonance necessary for operatic singing. It is the one field, as far as can be seen, where his peculiar talents are least able to assert themselves over his limitations.

The minor parts were all adequately filled—more than adequately, indeed, for they all showed the same grasp of the situation as a whole, the same readiness to play into each other's hands, as their more important fellows. Mr. Harrison waited with a too visible anxiety for his cues, but was excellent once he got them. Mr. Corri conducted with the calm self-possession of one who has looked to his lines of communication and knows them all to be safe. As regards the staging, the only detail that calls for criticism is the position of the chair in the first act; it is surely better to have it turned the other way round, so that the audience gets a full view of the unveiling. What goes on at the back of it can safely be left to the imagination.

R. O. M.

CONCERTS

"FLAMMA ARTIS," the new symphonic poem introduced at the fourth L.S.O. Symphony Concert on January 19, does not call for extended notice. Comte de Zogheb's "poem" is a pretentious rigmarole about Life, Love, Birth, Desire, Flaming and such-like things; but, for all that, it appears, on close examination, to mean precisely nothing. We should recommend the author to obtain some slight acquaintance with the elements of grammar, syntax, and prosody before he tries his hand again. M. d'Orlay's music is of the stage stagey; in substance, a pitiful decocation of Wagner and Strauss; in technique, a barbarous experiment, in which, for more than half an hour, a soprano solo vainly struggles to make itself heard above the turbid outpourings of the orchestra.

The programme was completed by Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and some Wagner excerpts. Over-familiarity has weakened the appeal of this symphony for many of us. That, however, does not affect its intrinsic greatness—the greatness of the first and third movements, at any rate, is beyond question—and we must not withhold the tribute that is due, both to Mr. Coates and to the orchestra, for a superlatively good performance of it.

We went to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Withers' last concert at Leighton House principally out of curiosity to hear what Strauss's incidental music to "Enoch Arden" sounded like. Strauss has apparently treated his poet with perfect solemnity; the music is the most respectable music ever written; the more unctuous Alfred becomes the more sedulously does Richard, and up to here, they were extremely deaf to the illustration—the patter of the sestoles, for example, that is heard as soon as children are mentioned, the stately progression of the perfect cadence that impresses on our minds the extreme coldness of the funeral. The music makes us realize, as perhaps we had never truly realized before, that absolutely no expression had been spared; the service was truly choral, no doubt, and there would be a reckless profusion of ham sandwiches and sherry wine afterwards. Mr. P. L. Eyre, who recited the poem (and recited it very well), could not bring himself to utter the final couplet, but there was no need for him to tell us. We knew.

The concert ended with a tame performance of Debussy's 'Cello Sonata. The work, doubtless, is no more than a piece of calculated eccentricity, but if Mr. and Mrs. Withers were going to play it at all they might as well have put a little more gusto into it. They seemed to be saying all the time, "Of course we don't really see any point in all this, but it is the kind of thing a modern audience likes, so here you are."

"FIGARO" was not the only Mozart celebration during the week, for "Die Zauberflöte" has also been performed—and by the pupils of the Glengall Road Elementary School in the Isle of Dogs. What is remarkable here, of course, is not that the thing should have been well done or badly done, but that it should have been done at all. That it was possible is due, beyond a doubt, to the courageous and enterprising system of musical instruction worked out by one of the masters, Mr. C. T. Smith, who manages to make his pupils imbibe music like a language, as part of their normal routine—which is precisely what we all agree should be done, though few of us know how to set about it. The Board of Education might do worse than examine the methods employed, with a view to their possible dissemination.

Four "Worcestershire Pieces" by Julius Harrison were played at the Queen's Hall on January 24. They were originally written for the pianoforte and they do not gain by transcription. Short and slight, but containing much that is nobility of character and turn of fancy, they were completely enveloped by their orchestration. The composer exhibits so many ingenuity of scoring, apart from an occasional explosion of brass and percussion, that the musical material of his work was almost obliterated. Mr. Harrison has the fatal habit, shared by César Franck and many others, of writing two-bar phrases and repeating them to maintain a long term line. The last piece, "The Ledbury Parson," was the most successful, because it had a genuine folksong as its basis; but judged even by folk-song standards, it is a poor tune.
Drama

"POMPEY THE GREAT"

The main problem to be solved in any production of Mr. Masefield's "Pompey the Great" evidently consists in synthesizing the apparent heterogeneity of the styles and feelings of different parts of the play. The author's original notion was perhaps that an interesting entertainment could be made by writing a historical play on modern lines. Instead of the stuffy attitude of those who, as we can see from a visit to the St. James's Theatre were all that Shakespeare could turn out in the way of Roman senators, Mr. Masefield determined to show us what could be done by brightening them up with a modern polish. In the first place, of course, modern psychology was required—modern (there is no need for anxiety) in the days when the play was written, ten years ago. But this being a little hard to represent clearly, it was safer to lay the emphasis on a more tangible modernity, a modernity of institutions, of opinions, of material circumstances. So Mr. Masefield does not rely upon the vaguely intellectual and humanitarian character of his hero, or upon his militarist general in the style of Mr. Shaw or his domestic sea-captain in the style of Mr. Jacobs. He concentrates upon the task of convincing us that Roman politics were after all very like our own; he makes his characters talk of "comprehensive" going down to the House", "Rome", they say, "must be settled on democratic lines"; and as for the Colonies, "they are little bad bits of Rome planted down in the wilds. They attract the idle young men who want to escape the responsibilities of modern life." In the same way, too, there is an effort to make us understand that military affairs have changed very little in two thousand years. Blockades and headquarters and corporals are scattered over the pages: "Cohort, halt; Ground arms, Attention. By the right. Quick march." And the ship scene in the last act is even more elaborately anti-classical, with its bosun and steward and "Mr. Mate," its "make eight bells, Captain," and its half-humorous chant.

But there are a number of other strands in the web, which prevent us from considering "Pompey" as a mere imitation of "Caesar and Cleopatra." In the first place there is the very individual style, of which the chief feature is the substitution of full stops for all other punctuation marks. For instance, we find: "Cneius. It is a dreadful risk. To stay." Or the better known: "I'd make Rome so sick with blood. By. She'd think no more of Caesar." In general, the absence of subordinate clauses, intended probably to add to the liveliness and reality of the dialogue, tends on the contrary either to absurdity or, in so far as it has any effect, to Maeterlinckianism. More definitely in contradiction to the superficial modernity of the play, however, are a class of moods which often take control of the author and seem even to give his work its most characteristic tinge. These moods, closely related, range from the theatrically sentimental through the pseudo-poetical to the hollowly profound. Pompey himself is usually in one or other of these conditions, and his opening remarks are a good example of the first of them: "Ah, Cornelia. [He goes to her, and looks into her eyes.] Ah, beloved. [Slowly.] There will be always peace for me. In that calm soil Turning wears."

The other two moods, the poetical and the profound, cannot be easily separated. Under which heading, for instance, are we to place the following?—"Ah! Cornelia. You make death hard. But it would be sweet to die so for you. To die. To join that Senate of the old Romans; the wise ones. To bring them news of Rome there. In the shadows." Sometimes Mr. Masefield's prose totters into blank verse.

"There are two Romes, Metellus. One built of brick by hodsman. But the Rome I serve glimmers in the uplifted heart. It is a court for the calm gods. That Rome. Let me not shame that city." Once he becomes explicitly dactylic in the manner of Professor Murray. This occurs in the dirge recited by the centurions in the second act, a poem of which the last quatrains must be quoted as an instance of the fine simplicity of Mr. Masefield's thought:

Death drives the brain with dust and soils the young limbs' glory.

Death makes women a dream and men a traveller's story.

Death comes in a lusty song to wander under the sky.

Death opens unknown doors. It is most grand to die.

The truth and insight of this last sentence can, strangely enough, be paralleled by another sentence in the third act which serves as a perfect counterpart: "Pompey: Life is very grand." One could quote such gems for ever:


The producer's difficulty, therefore, is how to proceed without a jolt from such high-flown sentiments as these to the more modest: "No. No, Cornelia. She mustn't go. You'll have to sleep here, my dear girl. The streets aren't safe to-night. Sit down. Please sit down. We're all in the same boat." Sir Frank Benson, in his production of the play at the St. Martin's Theatre, annihilates the jolt with admirable completeness. Perceiving, with his usual perception, that the poetical Mr. Masefield is the real one, Sir Frank brings the full weight of his histrionic powers to bear upon the easy task of removing every vestige of the life-like Mr. Masefield from the scene of his operations. At the sight of Sir Frank's compressed lips and lifted eyebrows every touch of Mr. Masefield's modernity vanishes; at the sound of Sir Frank's clarion tones Mr. Masefield's full-stops fly in confusion. It is commonly reported that almost all of the younger actors on our stage received their training in Sir Frank Benson's company. The exhibition which he gave in the part of Pompey makes one ready to believe even of that of him. He carries to a frantic pitch the peculiarities of behaviour which are associated with the name of acting; and it is only the fact that both Sir Frank and his audience have been indulging in similar scenes for many decades that accounts for the calmness with which these activities are taken for granted on both sides of the curtain. In other arts, academic conventions are always characterized by painstaking dullness; but in acting, academicism implies an exaggerated frenzy, a hectic disintegration, which in an impartial universe would be described and admired as Cubist and Bolshevik. By a consistent application of these methods to "Pompey the Great," Sir Frank Benson has smoothed off all Mr. Masefield's rough edges and has presented to his admirers an excellent piece of humdrum theatrical work.

J. S.

Correspondence

COMPULSORY GREEK AT OXFORD

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

Sir,—Professor Saintsbury's loyalty and devotion to Oxford are well known and very greatly appreciated there; few (if any) men, moreover, are better qualified to speak on the educational value of Greek. It would be a disinterested, therefore, which I should regret, not to send some reply to the sincere and outspoken letter which he addressed to you last week.

Professor Saintsbury's letter seems to me itself to show how undesirable it is that questions of curriculum should be decided by non-resident members of the University. Few such members have any direct approach to the claim to dictate on educational matters to the body of teachers in the University; yet even he, even now, seems scarcely to realize the real points at issue. Probably a considerable majority
of the members of Congregation agree with Professor Saintsbury as to the place which the study of the Greek language and literature should hold in an ideal system of general education. But Oxford is unfortunately confronted, not with the solution of a theoretic άριστωπος, but with the very practical question of the maintenance of her own position as the foremost B洙 of British education.

I try to put shortly the three practical questions involved which, I think, mainly influence the supporters of the Statute:

1. Experience has shown that the standard of Greek attained by the majority of those who do not intend to proceed to the Final Honour School of Literae Humaniores is so ludicrously low that it certainly does not justify the very large amount of time spent at school in acquiring it. The time and energy expended are alleged to have been the result attained, and would have been much better devoted to some other subject for which the learner had more natural aptitude.

2. It is not proper or right that one faculty should undertake to impose upon other faculties as a part of their curriculum a subject or an examination of which they do not approve. Of the teachers of Natural Science and Mathematics in the University all (except one or two) object to the compulsory enforcement of Greek on those intending to read Natural Science or Mathe-matics; almost all the teachers of Modern History object to Greek being required from those reading Modern History; and a very great majority of the teachers of Law resent compulsion for those reading Law. I believe the same is true of those engaged in the teaching of English and Modern Languages and Literature. It may indeed be said that the only Faculties in which an considerable number of teachers desire Greek retained as a compulsory subject in their own course are those of Literae Humaniores and Theology. The scientists, mathematicians, historians and lawyers do not seek to force their own subjects by compulsion upon the Faculty of Literae Humaniores, eminently desirable though they no doubt think it that teachers of classics in our schools and Universities (not to speak of the future statesmen, lawyers, journalists and civil servants who read "Greats") should have some knowledge of the world in which they live, some understanding of the historical causes of the social and political questions of our own time, and should acquire some of the clarity and accuracy of thought and expression which are essential to a lawyer.

3. Cambridge has ceased to require Greek from all who take her degrees. Oxford will cease to attract her fair share of the best modern-side boys, an increasing number of the best boys, if she alone demands of them a perfunctory acquaintance with a subject in which they have no interest. It is a fact that already, owing to the action of Cambridge, teaching in the Public Schools is being so organized as to make Greek a subject for special boys, with the result that all the other boys are being directed towards our sister University.

Professor Saintsbury naturally enough met many friends, when he came to Oxford, who thought as he did. In the Notes to which he takes exception I urged that so far as possible the views of the definite but considerable minority of teachers in the University who share his views should be met as far as possible. But let him come to an ordinary Common Room in Oxford and learn what the feeling is there. Then he will see that the Heads of Houses, the examiners in Responsions, the teachers of those whose wish for the education of these men and the knowledge of the working of our present institutions in practice— are overwhelmingly against the continuance of the enforcement of the present miserable minimum of Greek in Responsions. It is significant that for the debate on Tuesday the Greek Committee have met as their one and only protestant one who has been absent from Oxford for many years.

The motto of the Greek Committee may well be: "So we but save Greek let Oxford perish." We who do not agree with them have sufficient faith in Greek to believe that it will not die; but if the choice be inevitable we would unhesitatingly proclaim that to save Oxford we would sacrifice not only the whole of compulsory Greek in Responsions but the study of Greek even as a real subject, and so great is Prof. Saintsbury's love for this University that we do not doubt that he too would be with us if he believed that that were the choice. It fortunately is not, for the study of Greek will flourish not the less because a number of men who have neither the particular ability nor the interest whereby to profit from it have ceased to " cram " up a pittance in order to enter the portals of this University.

One word on Convocation. Convocation does not, of course, consist entirely of clergy and country gentlemen; it includes, as Professor Saintsbury points out, a certain number of retired professors and representatives of every walk of life. But Convocation met on Tuesday. Consequently it is difficult for those members of the University (other than the clergy) who are still actively engaged in their professions or businesses to attend. Hence the quite disproportionate predominance of the voting strength of the clergy. It is because I believe that the non-resident members of Convocation have no representation in the function to perform in our constitution (that function not being to decide matters of curriculum) that I trust that they will not be summoned (whether clergy or industrial chemists!) to determine on a question such as that of compulsory Greek. If they are it may well be that they will have their powers entirely taken from them.

Professor Saintsbury does not like the proposed compromise; the essence of a compromise is that no one is completely satisfied. But its fate will have been settled before these lines appear, so I will not pursue the matter further.

Yours faithfully,

Your Oxford Correspondent.


To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—May a humble Headmaster, who is at any rate in daily contact with the realities of school life, attempt a reply even so eminent a defender of compulsory Greek as Mr. George Saintsbury?

It is rarely safe to argue from particular cases to general conclusions, but I venture to point out that not one of the cases he quotes is that of a man intimately acquainted with the conditions in the bulk of schools at the present day. Members of Education Committees are notoriously ignorant of them, nor is there any reason to suppose that a "modern" professor, a high-class Government official or a retired Headmaster would have any Greek knowledge. The only schoolmaster he mentions would appear to be engaged in the advanced classical work of a Public School, and therefore having the best knowledge for forming judgment. Surely the opinions of half-a-dozen, or twenty dozen such men as these, if they could be found, distinguished as they doubtless are in their own sphere, can hardly be allowed much weight in the face of the emphatic resolutions of the Headmasters' Association, re-affirmed as they have been year after year, without a dissenting voice.

Mr. Saintsbury says that "obsolescence will follow disestablishment." Do not the defenders of compulsory Greek realize that Greek is already practically obsolete except in the great Public Schools, in spite of its favoured position in Responsions? Its retention will certainly not restore it to its former position in schools.

May I quote an instance which is surely the "reductio ad absurdum" of the whole matter? One of my pupils has just been rejected for the tutorial scholarship in the Natural Science at Oxford. He has therefore presumably reached a fairly high standard in that subject, he has a sound knowledge of Mathematics, is an excellent German scholar, and has a fair acquaintance with French, but—he has done no Greek. Unless, therefore, the present regulations are altered, he has now to interrupt his Science studies, in which he might have made valuable progress during the next six months, in order to get up the smattering of Greek required for Responsions.

I held a Classical Scholarship at Oxford myself, and have as high an opinion as any one of the value of a real classical education, but we have to deal with things as they are, and in the interests of Greek itself, as well as of the schools, I claim that the Headmasters are Hopkins, and that the conditions of admission to the University should be brought into line with the facts of the situation.

Yours, &c.,

Headmaster.
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Please let me thank my old master and friend George Saintsbury for the succinct and magnificent vindication of Greek in the last paragraph of his letter in last week's Athenæum. I am affixing it, and I wish it were in golden letters, to the Greek shelves in my library. Of course he is right in his prediction that "obsolescence will follow disestablishment." Meanwhile (and this at Oxford!) Greek is to be assimilated through translations. But if Greek is a dead language, so are the Greeks dead, and why bother about dead things or dead people at either first or second hand, when a page of The Times is worth them all?

Yours, etc.,

G. E.

The Cost of Living at Oxford and Cambridge

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—May I be allowed to draw attention to a grave misstatement of fact in "Oxford University Notes" in the issue of The Athenæum for January 16? In this article the writer states that University men can live, and are living, on the Government grant of £165.

In the first place, the maximum grant is £75 for maintenance and £50 for fees per annum. I can assure your contributor that at Cambridge (and I imagine it is the same at Oxford) it is found to be absolutely impossible to maintain oneself upon the grant. 1, personally, am in receipt of a grant of £225. My college account last term came to £45 9s. 6d., and my lodging-house bill to £16 8s. 5d., making a total of £61 14s. 1d. And I am given to understand that I am only too happy to pay this with, but also to keep me in vacations, and pay for my books, clothes and other necessities. My lecture fees alone came to £20.

If the recipient of a Government grant has no friends upon whose charity he can rely, he cannot possibly remain at the University unless further assistance is forthcoming. There is a considerable amount of feeling up here about it, and it is felt that the Government should readjust the grants to meet the present scale of expenses.

Yours faithfully,

E. W. R. Peterson.

The Roman Church and Ligouri

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—In your short notice of "The Roman Mischief-Maker" (January 16, p. 93) you say that the author's claim that the Roman Church is still wedded to the casuistry of Ligouri is "questionable." But surely the evidence produced in support of the assertion is sufficient to substantiate it. In 1863 Pope Pius VII. confirmed the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, which declared that all the saint's writings had been rigorously examined, and his moral system more than twenty times rigorously discussed, and all agreed unanimously that not one word had been found deserving of censure. In 1831 a Decree of the Church paid him the "unprecedented"—one might almost say the semi-divine—honour of declaring that a confessor may follow any opinion of Ligouri's without weighing any of the reasons on which it is based. In 1871 Pius IX. bestowed upon him the very high theological distinction of becoming one of the nine great Doctors of the Church. Cardinal Wiseman said that to censure the morals of the saintly bishop was to censure the decision of the Holy See. Lastly, we now learn, on the high authority of the "Catholic Encyclopedia," that "St. Alphonsus said nothing in his 'Moral Theology,' which is not the common teaching of Catholic theologians."

In face of the above facts, and of many others tending in the same direction, it seems to me difficult to escape the conclusion that Ligouri is still Rome's authorized exponent of what is right and wrong in human conduct.

Yours faithfully,

Hugh E. M. Stuttfield.

An exhibition of recent sculpture by Jacob Epstein will be opened at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, on February 6.

The second production of the Phoenix Society will be "Dryden's Marriage-a-la-mode." It will be given on February 8, at 7.30 p.m., and on February 9, at 2.30 p.m.

Foreign Literature

An Olympian Novelist

L'Ascension de M. Baslevre, Par Edouard Estaméni. (Paris, Perina, 4fr. 90.)

We are afraid that if any of the characters in M. Estaméni's new book were to meet him in the Avenue des Acacias, they would run a serious risk of being "cut" by their own creator. For M. Estaméni's attitude towards his puppets is very Olympian indeed. He moves them about with a godlike remoteness, almost, we fear, at times with condescension. The truth is that M. Estaméni is something more than a novelist; he is a philosopher, and as such he looks on human frailties from another plane.

"Aux heures où la destinée s'empare d'un homme, celui-ci éprouve toujours l'Illusion d'une liberté accrue," is the text of our philosopher in "L'Ascension de M. Baslevre," and our heart goes out to his group of petits bourgeois who make such pitiful puddles of their lives and rejoice so pathetically in fancied freedoms. Each of the puppets escapes for a moment from the monotony of routine life and soars for a moment to bewilderment heights. But one by one they are caught in the web which has been spread for them; we watch them fluttering, but we know that their eventual destruction is inevitable. For what chance have they against Destiny—when Destiny is represented by M. Estaméni?

We admit nevertheless to a decided prejudice in favour of the Olympian method, especially in these days and in this country. We suffer from an abundance of autobiographical novels in England, and we turn with relief to the novelist with invention, imagination and intuition. M. Estaméni demonstrated his possession of these qualities in "Solitudes," and it is quite clear from the book before us that he can design characters and combine contrasts, and deal with fine shades of psychology and neurosis; and that he can construct a plot and arrange coincidences with an almost cynical simplicity. But in "L'Ascension de M. Baslevre" he falls short of a great Olympian like Balzac in the quality of sympathy.

We are never quite sure if M. Estaméni has any real affection for these particular puppets. We suspect that he has no native sympathy for Baslevre's years of austeritv, for his abnormally late outbreak of eroticism, or for his subsequent collapse into sentimentality. He takes no apparent interest in Gustave the gambler, whom Baslevre would have made the subject of a forty-page digression at the first introduction, and he is cold towards Claire, Gustav's wife, the instrument of Baslevre's "ascension." If he has a weak spot it is for Mlle. Fouille, who makes a desperate offering of her body and soul to Gustave; but we observe no loosening of the web in her favour.

At times we feel that our philosopher is not giving us the whole truth; that he is in fact being a little Olympian with the reader. We should like to have a heart-to-heart talk with Baslevre or Mlle. Fouille and hear their own versions of the strange final interview when they compare notes on their ruined lives, after death has robbed Baslevre of Claire, and Gustave has finally abandoned his mistress.

"Mon amour," surnappe M. Baslevre, "n'a révélé la sensation et la pitie! Tout de lui me charmait. Jusqu'au sec de la détestation je ne cause pas de bénir.

"Le meurt," repartit Mademoiselle Fouille, "c'est débattu dans le mensonge. St honte me submerge, et tel quel, si un microphone le rendit, je l'accepterais sans reproche.

"Je vous prie," conclut M. Baslevre.

We believe that Mlle. Fouille really stuck to her guns more completely, or else that M. Baslevre had become by this time less of a prig, that his ascension had in fact
become more real. Possibly they were both a little afraid of M. Estauñé.

Much as we appreciate the fine quality of this book and the magnificent realization of some of the scenes, we cannot help wishing that M. Estauñé may be a little less renowned next time. The habit of stopping the narrative to point a moral is dangerous and has a tendency to grow on a novelist; and there is always the risk of stopping the orchestra for the enunciation of a platitude. The characters he creates are well worth knowing; can he not permit them a little more intimacy?

W.

WAR POEMS BY A NEUTRAL

Aus der Brandung: Zeitgedichte eines Schweizers. Von Robert Faesi. (Frauenfeld, Huber.)

Among all the enormous flood of war poems—and we may recall the fact that German writers, with much ingenious and almost childish calculation, placed the amount of their own country’s output at several scores of thousands in the first few months of the war—the number of poems of really enduring value was extraordinarily low. In this country, in France, in Germany and Austria-Hungary respectively, it appears doubtful whether the war poems of abiding artistic interest and of genuine imaginative achievement could be counted on more than the fingers of two hands. It may be true that in poetry, as in art generally, the subject does not matter, but certainly it has influence on inspiration, and very rarely did the war provide a genuine and fresh poetic inspiration to the many hundreds of writers—even the most eminent not excepted—who attempted to give poetical expression to the international struggle.

In respect to the poets of the neutral countries it may well have been expected to be at a disadvantage as compared with those of the belligerents. They lacked the fervour of patriotic emotion, they had no evident and immediate impulse. As against this there was the fact that, remote from the passions and absorbing demands in obedience to which the poets of the nations at war were brought to write, fewer neutral poets took up the pen, and thus in the neutral countries there were far fewer poems of an unadulterated purely ‘occasional’ character. It is certainly the case with this volume of M. Robert Faesi, one of the most distinguished of contemporary German-Swiss poets and critics. After reading his poems and comparing them with the principal British, French and German war poems, one can fairly say that M. Faesi has produced one of the most successful collections issued during the war, a collection which is destined to be given a prominent place by the historian of contemporary European literature.

That love for one’s country can be strong and impelling even when that country is not face to face with imminent danger is proved by the eloquent poem in *Vers Libre* with which M. Faesi’s volume opens. The idea of Switzerland’s mountains as a bulwark of peace is shown to be capable of arousing a true imaginative emotion:

**Brandung blättert Flut schlängt rings uns entgegen,**

*Ueber den Wassern der Not ist Sturm ausgespannt;*  
*Bollwerk, biete Trotz um mein Inselfeld, Steine, haltet Stand den Wellenschlägen.*

And M. Faesi is not content to see his country assume a defensive, a merely negative attitude. The same poem continues:

*Aber hoch. In den Wellenschlägen*  
*Pocht der Menschheit Herz hoch in Fieberbrand;*  
*Pulst und pocht und schreit an unsre Wande.*

Sei nicht taub, sei nicht starr, sei nicht Stein! Lasst euch bewegen!

The appeal to Switzerland to open her ears, to be “not deaf, not stiff and unyielding, not like stone;” is repeated in a later poem entitled “Sendung,” dealing with the “mission” of Switzerland:

A yawning abyss has opened in the world.  
But thou must be the bridge between the nations (Völkerbrücke).

A whole school of contemporary Swiss literature, it may be noted, has adopted as the principal item in its program the endeavour to express imaginatively the idea of Switzerland as a link between the opposing national forces, a reconciler; here, although M. Faesi can be identified with no school or fashion, we see the influence of the same ideal. It is significant that these poems close with a lofty appeal to Europe, named by the poet *mein weiles Vaterhaus*. The poem, as indeed the whole volume, is animated by what one may call the idealistic, supernatural Swiss spirit in international relations. Without showing in any way an “above the battle” detachment from the sufferings of war-tortured humanity, M. Faesi’s poems are among the best imaginative expressions of international ideals—ideals which are by no means easy to advocate in true poetry—which have appeared for many years.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN

IV. THE CATALAN MOVEMENT REFLECTED IN THE ARTS*

Resuelo began life as a painter, and Apeles Mestre, another dramatist, was originally a black-and-white artist. But art has moved on since then. At the first glance—“cop d’ull,” as a Catalan would say—round one of his exhibitions, it is difficult to discover any common factor among the pictures or any collective spirit among the painters. They all seem very French; but to be “ben afancesat,” they say, is to have learned in a good school. And as to a “collective spirit”—are not Ingres and Renoir, Puvis de Chavannes and Cézanne, equally French, though each gives expression to an entirely different temperament? Pre-eminent among modern Catalan painters is Joaquim Sunyer. He is obviously influenced by Matisse; but he might be said to interpret the spirit of French art through a temperament essentially Spanish and Catalan; his vigorous Balearic landscapes, for instance, are in a thoroughly French style, though they are felt in a true Catalan spirit. He has worked hard at the human figure, and has a way of uniting it in a wavy ornamental line with the landscape. His work is the product of a strong, balanced mind which has freed itself from the seduction of facile ornament. J. Torres Garcia began by a close study of the Italian primitives, and produced much good mural decoration in which the nude or lightly draped figure was the principal motive. He realized then that the “Noze Aldobrandini” pointed to the only way in which such scenes should be treated. Latterly he has gone in almost entirely for street-life; the far-off dream of ancient art seems to have vanished. Yet his work retains something of the spirit of those immortal shapes, and his endeavour is to make them live again in the figures and surroundings of modern Catalonia. Ricart Canals is a sumptuous colourist; there is an elegance about his portraits which is not merely superficial. He is of the school of Renoir, and has remained faithful to the tradition in which he was brought up. Domènec Carles, on the contrary, is an innovator who has sought new forms of expression particularly in the representation of the human figure. He is more sensitive to colour than to form, and shows in still-life and landscape a feeling for balance and construction which he has not yet achieved in other subjects. Joan Colom, an engraver as well as painter, is chiefly interested in the effects of light on landscape. The human figure, when it is introduced, has a purely decorative function. Richness of colour is one of the most attractive things about his pictures.

* The previous letters appeared in *The Athenæum* for October 24, November 14, and December 19, 1919.
Other names which might be mentioned are Vayreda, Nonell (who died a year or so ago), the painter of gypsies, and Aragay, one of the most interesting young artists. Aragay has spent much time in Italy, and his strong, sometimes violent drawing points to a painstaking and sympathetic study of Michael Angelo. He has published a book of interesting poems; and these in their rough-hewn language, and the intense passion which is shadowed rather than conveyed by it, suggest once more the influence of Buonarroti.

Among the Valencian painters, a prominent figure is José Benlliure Gil. He enjoys studying “hortalíones” (workers on the plantations) and popular types from the orange groves by which Valencia is surrounded. He renders them with a breadth and certainty which few of his compatriots attain, and understands Catalan life and habits of design to larger compositions. His garden scenes show that he can do interesting modern work in the style of Risshol, the Valencians are almost all colourists, and the summer exhibition in the Court of the University glowed with colour and light. It was not a superficial fancy, but the relish of passionate temperaments accustomed to delight in pure colour for its own sake; it was equally noticeable in the studies of Valencian landscape by Pedro Sánchez and Antonio Esteve, Luis Sans Martínez and Remigio Soler, the sea-pieces of Alfredo Gill and the “Segoviana” and other studies by Gallego Gill. Interesting portraits are produced by José Balaguer, while Enrique Fantés Giró brings out the most erotic fancy, inspired by memories of “Salome” and “Primavera,” with faint reminiscences of Mortez von Schwind.

Both Barcelona and Valencia are fortunate in the possession of a school of able caricaturists. One of the best is the Valencian, Francisco Gamboriño, whose sureness of touch and subtle malice are worthy of Signélessis. Standing before his Triptych, which groups the figures of Senyor Esteve’s former pupils, Maura and Count Romanones, one could almost imagine oneself back in Munich, with Theodor Heine explaining in his grave, dignified manner that they were all the same people really, but with different clothes.

Many of the ruling Spanish sculptors are either Catalans or Valencians. They come of that Mediterranean stock and tradition which has produced the human body in its most perfect form and the greatest sculptors of all times to represent it. Venancio Vallmitjana, the veteran sculptor of Barcelona, died in the beginning of last September. Most distinguished among the living is Enric Casanovas, Joan Borrell Nicolau, who designed the monument to the poet Verdaguer. These artists, though employing the Hellenic criterion, are less academic. Manuel Huguet is obviously “in” with the Cubists, and represents the most advanced—and most “primitivistic”—tendencies. Exquisite goldsmith’s work is done by Pablo Gargallo.

Ceramic art in Catalonia is derived from that of Valencia with influences from every factory in Europe. It had, however, a definite and thoroughly own character in the eighteenth century, though it used to be said, with much naivety but little truth, that the Catalans could turn out capital examples of the best china of any of the great factories. In the last few years Aragay has tried it with success, and Xavier Nogues has succeeded in making it the expression of the “imagine popolares catalanes” that is in the conventional and unconventional episodes of his daily life. Nogues has a great sense of humour combined with a feeling for decorative effect; his ware is rich in quality and magnificent in colour. He makes charming plates and mugs, and his theories are worthy of being put beside those of the eighteenth century.

The introduction to the catalogue of the Valencian summer exhibition put the aims of the Valencian artists in a very clear and logical form. Artistic expansion, says the writer, is the object which must be kept constantly in view. The first step towards a policy of anti-regionalism; the success of Valencian pictures in the exhibitions outside Spain shows that they must be introduced into all the Iberian provinces. The second phase of expansion must be international; and internationalism is the ultimate goal to which artists should direct their collective energies.

Those peoples which are economically independent will now have to set about realizing the nationality in art and intellectual activity—the only forms under which they may legitimately take pride in it. Poland, the Ukraine, Finland, Bohemia, must fertilize their art with the liberty they have gained, if they are to become really great peoples. These are noble sentiments, worthy of the city and the country which expressed them.

They bring out the point, which is apt to be forgotten in Barcelona, that political liberty is a means to happiness and not an end in itself. For Valencia is confronted by the same problems which agitate Barcelona, though it feels them in a less acute form. The points at issue are two—the social problem and the problem of autonomy. The federal solution is what most people really want; the question is whether federal autonomy is a solution for the social crisis. The Catalanists perhaps make too much of autonomy as a universal remedy; but martial law is not likely to solve the problem, because martial law has never solved any problem.

The “Catalan question” is, finally, if not entirely a question of economics. Sovereignty is, it is true, a point which touches the pride of both parties to the quick; but the crux of the whole matter is the economic relationship between Catalonia and the central provinces. The possibile breaking-up of Austria, and its appalling consequences on the welfare of a very large number of people, are fresh in the memory of Spaniards, and have furnished them with a convincing historical example of the misery which is involved when delicate economic arrangements are interfered with by States. We are accustomed to seeing Spanish art, with its vivid realism, of the engravings of Zuloaga, in Munich, with a great interest. They observe attentively how Austro-Hungarian affairs have been mismanaged, and do not intend to let ignorant sentimentalists from abroad imagine that they have discovered a new “oppressed nationality.”

J. B. T.

A POPULAR MELANGE

LA PETITE CHANOINESSE, Par M. Dely. (Paris, Plon-Nourrit, 5fr.)

In Republican France, as in Royalist England, success is doubtless assured to a novel which throws side-lights on the habits of the aristocracy. We know that the handful of Mrs. Glyn is written in such a style that the initiate in English-speaking countries, and such books are “La Petite Chanoinesse” probably perform the same functions on the other side of the Channel. For there can be no doubt of the quality of the hero’s noblese and that of his associates. They reveal them as very good and quite a lady turns out to be a spy who just manages to escape to Spain in the nick of time. On the last page but one, after an unsuccessful effort at blackmail, it will be seen that the book has every chance of popularity.

W.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON is telling the story of his latest Antarctic expedition at the Philharmonic Hall twice daily to the accompaniment of striking moving pictures which are being shown for the first time. He relates the thrilling experience of himself and his companions, and tells of droll humour, and although he passes over lightly the anxious months after the ship was abandoned, one realizes the perils and the long journey of the members of the expedition. We hope Sir Ernest will continue his lecture for some time to come, so that all may have an opportunity of hearing a story and seeing pictures of such unusual interest.

JANUARY 30, 1920
List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey system, the sub-heads being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Bond (Frederick Bligh). The Hill of Vision: a forecast of the Great War, and of social revolution with the coming of the new race, gathered from automatic writings obtained between 1909 and 1912, and also, in 1918, through the hand of John Alleyn, under the supervision of the author. Script by John Alleyn. Constable. 1919. 8½ in. 159 pp. front. boards. 7/6 n. 133.9

Although purporting to come from certain monks of Glastonbury, and from "controlling influences" associated with them, this medley of philosophical reflections (not strikingly novel); of predictions of war (such as appeared in the newspapers long before 1914), the date when the European war would terminate, and some greater evil still to come (is it supposed to be Bolshevism?); and of critical descriptions of the various national characteristics of Glastonbury, is utterly devoid of patriotic from the Allies point of view—all this is not particularly impressive. As for predictions, a large net will occasionally catch sizeable fish; and to us it seems that one clear presentation of a definite principle, such, for example, as Einstein's theory of relativity, followed by almost precise corroboration, is worth more than all the nebulous vaticinations of supposed Glastonbury monks and their like put together.

 Lansbury (George). These Things Shall Be. Swarthmore Press [1920]. 7 in. 79 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 172

Mr. Lansbury in these essays pleads earnestly for a new spirit in all our relations with one another—that of brotherhood and public service, instead of self-interest and the desire for material wealth. He stresses the implications of this new spirit of brotherhood in industrial conditions at home, and internationally in the relations between white people and the coloured races.


The author succeeds in giving a succinct account of the chief philosophical systems from the time of the Greeks to the present day. In the section on modern philosophy the issues become more alive, and for this reason the author's treatment is more open to objection. But in such a subject as philosophy, where there is nothing on which all agree and scarcely anything which all condemn, this remark could be made about any exposition. For the rest, the author's treatment is readable, and the lists of books for further study appended to each chapter should be helpful to the student.

200 RELIGION.


This account of a movement which from 1806 to 1857 possessed great vitality in North-East Lancashire, and for a long period remained outside the main current of Unitarian history, embodies records of the ministration of Joseph Cooke, an unlearned but very earnest Methodist who founded the sect, and of John Ashworth, James Taylor, Richard Wright and other who, at Rochdale, Oldham, Hyde, Burnley, Rawtenstall and elsewhere, carried on and extended the work of the founder. Finally the movement became merged in Unitarianism.

Walpole (George Henry Somerset), Bishop of Edinburgh. Visions and Judgments. R. Scott, 1920. 7½ in. 132 pp., 3/6 n. 228

In a previous work, "The Sealed Book," the author expounded chapters 4-8 of the Apocalypse. The volume before us is an endeavour to interpret chapters 19-22, and Dr. Walpole assumes, as in the other, that the Apocalypse was written at the close of the first century, to encourage the Church during her persecution by the Emperor Domitian. The bishop's difficult task is carried out with penetration and originality.

300 SOCIOLOGY.


A narrative of the arrest of the author and his friends in May, 1918, and of their detention at Gloucester and Durham Prisons. Release did not come until February, 1919. Mr. Figgis comments severely upon the English prison system, and, alluding to Dostoevsky's famous work, declares that "the true House of the Dead is an English jail."


The authors trace the history of French thrift from the year 1789 to the present day, and draw attention to the influence of these events which they consider have accrued from the compulsory use of the funds of French savings banks in the purchase of rents. Means of remedying the evil are proposed. The book is provided with statistical tables and charts.


The first part (written in August and September, 1917) of a work in which the author sets out with the declaration that "an international proletarian revolution is preparing," proceeds to criticize "Socialist Chauvinists" who "distinguish themselves by a base, servile adaptation to the interests not only of their national bourgeoisie, but also of their State," and follows with an elaborate analysis of the teachings of Marx and Engels. These teachings, the author asserts, "opportunist," such as Karl Kautsky (1889-1914), have distorted and perverted. In an "afterword," written in November-December, 1917, the author expresses satisfaction that he is for the time being prevented from writing the second part of his work, because the eve of the November Revolution of 1917 is at hand, and "it is more pleasant and more useful to live through the experiences of a revolution than to write about it."

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Hendrick (Ellwood). Chemistry in Everyday Life: Opportunities in Chemistry. Univ. of Lond. Press, 1919. 8 in. 114 pp., 3/6 n. 540.2

Another addition to the legion of books written in a popular style with the view of setting forth the manifold applications and uses of chemistry, and of encouraging young readers to study the science in their spare time. The treatment is very simple and American in style, and there are few features of originality. Fuels, soils, catalysis, ferment, and steel, and the chemistry of laundering are among the topics discussed. To say that work in the laboratory is "just as complex as learning a trade" does not convey a very inspiring idea of practical chemistry as a subject of scientific study.


See review, p. 141.


This volume of the series, a work in the fruitful region opened up in 1908 by Professor Byron Cummings is of absorbing interest. The sites explored consist chiefly of the cliff dwellings in the canyonous north of El Capitan, formed in a primitive way by

In this paper, read before the Classical Association, Professor Philiimore merely essays to vindicate the a priori probability of [textual] emendation being necessary and possible. He claims that common sense is on his side; and, if it were not for the wit and learning which he thinks it needful to display in support of his position, we should have supposed that common sense might have been left to settle the question unaided. He quotes from the instructions of Cassiodorus to his copyists the "dangerous principle, wherever in desitium hominibus miswritings are found, the faulty places are to be unhesitatingly corrected" -- "a sound principle," he adds, "but dangerous for the men of that age to apply." The element of soundness in the view upheld by Dr. Philiimore's opponents is surely that the principle is dangerous in any age; it must always be applied with caution. Readers of Romantic leanings may be inclined by the following question to doubt whether the writer himself would be cautious enough: "Is it not of the essence of any work of literary art...that it characterises this neatly made and extremely sentimental play, which was presented at Wyndham's Theatre last year by Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Miss Viola Tree and others.

FICTION.

Bashford (H. H.). THE CORNER OF HARLEY STREET: being some familiar correspondence of Peter Harding, M.D. Constable, 1919. 7 in. 271 pp., 4 6 n. The eleventh impression.


A cheap reprint of M. Bordeaux's tragic novel on the theme of forgiveness, which appeared first in 1912.

Champion (Jessie). SUNSHINE IN UNDERWOOD. Lane, 1919. 7 in. 364 pp., 7 n. A light and cheerful story in which three young men impersonate each other whilst visiting in the country. They are, to a certain extent, successful in deceiving their relatives and friends, and many amusing incidents occur.

Clarke (Isabel C.). JULIAN. Hutchinson [1920]. 7 in. 379 pp., 7 6 n. A readable tale, with plenty of incident and a prominent love-interest. The heroine's mother, who has been somewhat failure in all other departments, undergoes a death bed conversion to the Church of Rome; much that is sympathetic in the book is connected with that Church.

Clarke (R. H.). THE VIOL OF SILENCE. Heath Cranton 1919. 8 in. 138 pp. front., 3 6 n. The hero of this story has been punished for a crime committed by another. His career is wrecked, and it is only after a long interval that his innocence becomes patent to the world.

This is an interesting Evangelical effort in the guise of a novel; it is to put fear into the hearts of "those who have never studied the signs of the times," such as the taking of Jerusalem and the overwhelming and drying-up of the Euphrates, which portend the imminence of the Last Day. The Last Day comes off in the last chapter, the good clergyman goes to heaven with all who set under him, and the worldly lady and non-members of his flock are left behind.


Dedicated to "all those who, young or old, have dreamed of the sea," this simple and rather sentimental little story is about a boy whose great desire is to be a sailor. The child is amiable, but scarcely carries conviction.


This might just as well be described as the commonplace experiences of a not uncommon woman; at any rate, the only unusual incident is the lady's visit to the Paris sewers, where she witnesses an explosion of foul gases. She finds herself managing a pension, the guests at which, with the exception of one half-decent woman, are very ordinary and uninteresting people.


Captain Lipscomb's sketches and yarns, among the most humorous of all "how the General Staff Functioned," "Ceremonial," "The Lost Legion," and "Weather Vanes," are pleasantly accompanied by some of Mr. Bateman's clever and characteristic drawings.


Half-a-dozen picturesque, vigorously written, and for the most part amusing tales, dealing with mining prospectors' adventures and experiences. Two of the best are "A Flutter in Eggs" and "The Town-Site of Tra-Lee."


A more authentic presentment than previous fiction has given is the object, and a very attractive and touching picture the result, of Miss Robinson's study of Quaker characters and Quaker life, from 1682 to 1875. All the stories are dated; several introduce historical persons, and many of them actual incidents. All are truthful in the literary sense, even if imaginary details are utilized.

920 BIOGRAPHY.


A record of Gambrée's career under the Empire, during the war of 1870-71, and as parliamentary leader in the Third Republic. Written for the general reader, and illustrated with excellent photographic reproductions.


Tingle (Herbert). TINGLE (Herbert); AND ESPECIALLY HIS YOUTH. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7 in. 121 pp. map, 3/6 n. See review, p. 136.

The subject of this slight but arresting memoir was born in 1855 at Thame, and died early in 1918. As a child he was so delicate that his education was accomplished chiefly by means of games, the interesting feature being that most of them were devised by himself. The author, who was one of Tingle's principal playmates, describes a number of his friend's methods of play; and educationists will find in the book a good deal that is suggestive. The preface is by the Bishop of Oxford.

930-990 HISTORY.


The author has essayed the difficult task of compressing into 250 pages the thousand years' tempestuous history of an unhappy nation; and although the record of the earlier changes of fortune experienced by Russia is necessarily brief, it is clear and likely to be serviceable. The troubled road to the late Tsar, the revolutionary movements, and the nature of Bolshevism are treated with some degree of fullness. Of course there are lacunae, but this is true of far more ambitious books than General Ballard's.


M. Isaac has confined himself to recounting the most important facts of French history in a concise and business-like way. The most striking of origin, feature of the book consists in the illustrations. The costumes, architecture and art of each successive age are well illustrated; portraits of the chief actors in French history are given where possible; and many interesting contemporary engravings are reproduced. Thus etchings by Callot illustrate the wars of the seven years' war, a charming engraving depicts the arrest of Louis XVI. at Varennes, and so on. This should be a very useful introductory history of France.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Bluet (Antony). WITH OUR ARMY IN PALESTINE. Melrose, 1919. 8 in. 300 pp. il., 7/6 n. 940.9

For religious, archeological, and other reasons, the campaigns in Palestine and Egypt, though they were—to borrow a simile from chemistry—mere "side-chains"—linked to the main "ring" of the war, had, and still have, for many persons a peculiar interest. A considerable number of readers may therefore be expected to welcome this attractively written narrative, by a somewhat member of the H.A.C., of the operations in Egypt against the Senussi tribe; of the drive into Palestine, with its accompaniments of life, flies, septic sores, and later, of scorpions, tarantulas, and scavenger beetles; of the numerous victories over the Turks; and of the capture of Gaza, Damascus, Beyrut, and other cities famous throughout the ages. Good illustrations accompany the letterpress.

Butler (Patrick). A GALLOPER AT YPRES; AND SOME SUBSEQUENT ADVENTURES. With a frontispiece in colours by Lady Butler. Fisher Unwin [1920]. 9 in. 278 pp. il., 15/ n. 940.9

A record of war experiences in Flanders and in the trenches of the Somme by a son of the distinguished painter of "The Roll Call." Lady Butler's picture of the heads of her son's three chargers is an adornment of the volume. The author's remarks upon the contrast between French and English discipline are interesting.

Crosse (E. C.). THE DEFEAT OF AUSTRIA, AS SEEN BY THE 7TH DIVISION; being a narrative of the fortunes of the 7th Division, from the time it left the Asiago Plateau, in August, 1918, till the conclusion of the Armistice with Austria on November 4, 1918. Deane & Sons, Year-Book Press, 1919. 9 in. 131 pp. il. por. maps, apps. boards, 7/6 n. 940.9

The Rev. E. C. Crosse, late Senior Chaplain (C. of E.) 7th Division, gives a clear account (enlivened by intimate touches concerning the daily life of the soldiers engaged) of the achievements of the Division during the operations which resulted in the final defeat of Austria. The capture of Papadopoli Island (in which the 2nd H.A.C. and 1st R.W.F. were prominently engaged) the take of the Pavesi, and the passage of the Montecino are among the stirring episodes included in the narrative. The accompanying maps and sketches, by Sergeant E. Luton, R.G.A., are of conspicuous merit.
**Appointments Wanted**


**Scholarships, etc.**

The Gustav Sachs Memorial Studentship, founded to promote the study in Greek lands of Greek philology, history, literature, and archaeology, will be awarded in October, 1920. For particulars apply to the Secretary, British School at Athens, 19, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1.

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The General Meeting of the London Joint City and Midland Bank Limited was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., on January 29th.

The Right Hon. R. McKenna, the Chairman, presided. In opening his speech the Chairman expressed the personal loss they had all sustained by the death of their late Chairman, and dwelt at length upon Edward Holden's great qualities and the invaluable service rendered by him to their bank.

He was sure it would be in accordance with the shareholders' wish that they should interrupt their proceedings, and before passing to the business of the day, should express their feelings in a formal Resolution. He therefore moved:—

"That this meeting desires to record their profound sense of personal and public loss in the death of Sir Edward Holden, and to convey to his sons, Sir Harry Cassie Holden and Major Norman E. Holden, and to the other members of his family, this expression of their deep sympathy."

The Resolution was carried by the meeting standing in their places.

The Currency Question.

The Chairman next proceeded:—

I am going to ask you to consider with me to-day a problem which has been much discussed in the Press and in Parliament. Nothing gives so much concern to the public at the present time as the great rise in prices. Masses of people find almost insuperable difficulty in bringing their expenditure within the limits of their income, and they clamour for a remedy. So far as I have seen, the most popular proposal for reducing prices is to fix a limit to the currency note issue. But is this issue really the cause of high prices? May it not be that the great increase in currency notes is itself only an effect of another cause, a mere link in the chain which ends in high prices?

In the first place let us look at the estimated figures of currency, Bank deposits, and prices of commodities, as they stand to-day, compared with 1914. The total amount of currency in circulation held by the public in 1914, i.e., gold, silver, copper coin, and Bank notes, was £128,000,000. To-day the corresponding figure is estimated at £393,000,000, an increase of £265,000,000, or 207 per cent. The estimated amount of currency held by the Banks in 1914 was £75,000,000, and in 1919 £191,000,000, an increase of £116,000,000, or 154 per cent. Before the war, the total deposits of the Banks of the United Kingdom (other than the Bank of England), including the name deposits money held on current account as well as on deposit account, amounted to £1,070,000,000. The corresponding figure last month was about £2,300,000,000, an increase of £1,230,000,000, or 115 per cent.

The actual spending power of the public is gauged by the total amount of currency in circulation added to the total amount of Bank deposits. In 1914 the public spending power was £1,198,000,000; to-day it is £2,693,000,000, an increase of £1,495,000,000, or 125 per cent.

I turn now to a comparison of the prices of commodities of everyday use or consumption in 1914 and at the present time. If we take 100 to represent the cost of living in 1914, the corresponding figure to-day would be about 225, or an increase of 125 per cent. The spending power of the public and the cost of living show the same percentage increase of 125.

Bank deposits, the Chairman said, are derived from two sources and from two sources only. The first and most obvious source is by payments of currency into the Banks. Anyone who takes notes out of his note-case and pays them into his Bank creates a deposit. The second source from which deposits are derived could not be described with equal simplicity, but after a detailed analysis the Chairman concluded that only Bank loans or advances need be taken into account.

Let us look now at the increase of Bank deposits since 1914 and see to what extent this increase is due respectively to payments in of additional currency and to Bank loans. In June, 1914, the Banks held £75,000,000 of currency. Last month this figure stood at £191,000,000. The Banks, therefore, held money in currency to the extent of £116,000,000, and to this extent the increase in the aggregate of Bank deposits is accounted for by payments in of currency. But it is estimated that since June, 1914, Bank deposits have risen by £1,230,000,000. If £116,000,000 of this amount are accounted for by payments of currency into the Banks, there remain £1,114,000,000, which, if the previous analysis be accepted as correct, we must attribute to Bank loans.

Now that we have cleared so much ground, we must not forget the real object of our search. We are seeking the relation between the increase of Bank deposits, the increase of currency, and high prices: and we have got so far as to see that Bank loans are the main source of the growth of Bank deposits. As an increase of deposits means an addition to our purchasing power, we should expect such an increase to be followed by a rise in prices. But we must guard ourselves here from a generalisation which may be too broad. If money is borrowed by manufacturers and traders for the purpose of the production or movement of commodities, the increase of purchasing power consequent upon the loans is followed in due course by an increase in the amount of commodities available, and the rise in prices which might be expected from a greater demand is corrected by a greater supply. Let us for a moment examine what takes place when a Bank makes loans or advances in the ordinary way of trade. Suppose the case of a loan or advance to a manufacturer who uses the money to pay for raw material or wages, or some other expenses in the course of his business. When the goods are manufactured and sold to the merchant, it is expected that the proceeds of the sale will be used to pay off the Bank loan. The merchant in his turn may have borrowed from his Bank to pay the manufacturer, and there may be a whole series of loans from Banks, each paid off in its turn as the goods pass from their primitive state of raw material to their final destination as finished goods in the hands of the consumer. But when the consumer has paid cash for the goods, all the series of loans and advances in the ordinary course of commerce will have been an increase in Bank deposits only so long as the goods were not finally disposed of. In this view of Bank transactions, loans by Banks, and therefore deposits, would only increase in total amount as the total of commodities increased. There would be a greater purchasing power for the time being, but there would also be a greater supply in process of production.

State Loans.

Let me now sum up the case so far as we have gone. We have seen that during the last six years Bank deposits have increased by £1,230,000,000. Of these loans we find that payments of additional currency into the Banks account for £116,000,000. We have seen that any other cause of an increase in deposits except Bank Loans is not large, and we have concluded that Bank Loans have been responsible for an increase of £1,100,000,000 in Bank deposits. We have seen further that if these loans had been made to manufacturers and traders in the ordinary course of their business the increase in deposits, and consequently in purchasing power, would not of itself have caused a permanent rise in prices as the additional deposits would have been followed by an additional supply of commodities. To whom then have these loans been made? It is impossible to give precise figures, but the best estimate I can form is that of the total of £1,100,000,000, £800,000,000, including Treasury Bills, have been lent to the State, and £300,000,000 to trade. The Government, under the overwhelming necessity of war effort, has been the great borrower from the Banks. The loans to the State have led to a still greater increase of deposits, and as they have remained outstanding long after the commodities they were raised to pay for have been consumed, they have been an inevitable cause of a rise in prices.

Government Borrowing.

The Chairman next analysed the three forms of Government borrowing—from the public, from the Banks, and from the
Bank of England. He showed that the first leads to an increase of deposits or purchasing power, and that the second leads to an increase of deposits exactly equal to the amount borrowed, but does not increase the amount of Bank cash (including balance held at the Bank of England). He continued:

The first case of Government borrowing which we have to consider is that of borrowing direct from the Bank of England. In that case a credit is given by the Bank of England to the Government, who draw upon it and pay out the amount to contractors. In due course the contractors pay the money they have received into their accounts with their own Banks, and deposits are thereby increased. The Banks now hold more money, which in their turn they pay into their accounts at the Bank of England, and so increase their cash balance. There was no previous withdrawal in this case from Bank balances and the increase in the balances exactly equal to the amount of the Bank of England's loan to the Government. Here we see both an increase in customers' deposits and an increase in the balances of the Banks at the Bank of England. These balances are the basis upon which the Banks found their advances; in the increase in them will necessarily be followed by additional advances whether to their customers or to the Government with a consequent further increase in deposits. We conclude from this analysis therefore that loans by the Bank of England to the Government have a much greater effect in raising prices than any other form of Government loan, as they increase immediately the total deposits and consequently the power of the public, but they also increase the power of the Banks to make further advances which in due course lead to still more deposits and still greater purchasing power.

The Rise in Prices.

Now that we have examined the different methods of Government borrowing and have considered the effect of each in increasing Bank deposits, it remains for us to look at the course of events as they have actually occurred since 1914 in forcing a rise in prices. At the outbreak of war, throughout its course, and right down to the present moment, the Government have been large buyers of commodities, greatly in excess of their normal demands. The first consequence of the immense Government purchases was to stimulate production. Machinery was used to its full capacity; the number of people employed was greatly increased; women took the place of men, and every country therefore increased the total national output. But enlarge the output as we would, it could not keep pace with the nation's requirements. Demand outstripped supply, and, just as it happens when a period of comparative trade depression is succeeded by a trade boom, there was a natural rise in prices. At once more currency was needed, partly to pay the wages of the large number of workpeople employed, partly because with higher prices shopkeepers keep more money in their tills. To the extent that more currency was issued the spending power of the community was increased. But up to this point the increase was not great. A new condition had to be introduced before any considerable rise could take place. There must be a mere increase in currency, the total of which in any case only represents a small part of the public spending power: but, far more important, there must be a serious addition to Bank deposits. It was not long before this new condition arose. To meet the extraordinary greater demand the Government had to borrow freely from the public, from the Banks, and from the Bank of England. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the effects of this borrowing. Bank deposits increased enormously. There was no proportionate increase in the supply of goods, and the usual consequences followed. Prices began to rise, and the rise in prices was very gradual at first, but it had to go on in order to enable the general demands for increased wages. As these now rose the cost of production rose too, and another turn was given to the screw on which prices were steadily mounting. But higher wages and higher prices mean a greater demand for currency. The weekly wages have got to be paid in legal tender money. In the course of the week the Bank of England pays out in wages comes back through the shops to the Banks, and is paid out by them again to meet the next week's requirements. But as prices and wages rise, not all of it comes back, and each week a larger amount is retained in the pockets of the people, in the tills of shopkeepers, and in the tills and reserves of the Banks.

We may stop here to ask, is there any stage in this process at which it would be possible to limit the rise in currency? The main demand for currency is to meet the weekly wages bill. If wages increase, whether because more workers are employed, or because rates are higher, additional currency must be brought each week into circulation. If the supply were cut off, a substitute would have to be found. At the outbreak of war there was not enough legal tender money to satisfy these additional requirements, and at once postal orders and even postage stamps were used to make good the deficiency. If men and women are to be employed, and paid, means of paying them must be found, and an arbitrary limitation of currency would merely inflict intolerable inconvenience upon the public.

Although, as I venture to think, the increase in currency is not the cause of high prices, yet I believe the public have shown a right instinct in fastening upon this increase as a matter for anxiety and even alarm. Though not the rain-storm itself, it is the gauge which measures the rainfall. The figures are easily apprehended, and the weekly records can be readily followed. These figures show that they who would check every advance by the Bank of England to the Government is followed by a fresh issue of currency notes. Once the nation can free itself from the need for these advances, the rise in prices, so far as it is due to an increased demand, will cease, and the currency in circulation will no longer expand. When these advances are paid off prices will tend to go down, and the currency in circulation will diminish.

When we look to the future we naturally ask, shall we ever get back to pre-war prices and pre-war currency and Bank deposits? If I might hazard an opinion, it would be that prices will remain permanently on a far higher level than in 1914. The rise that has taken place is not local. It is not even European and American. It covers the whole world. The cost of living in Japan has risen quite as much in this country. In India and China, where human wants are much less than with us, and where custom plays a far stronger part in fixing prices, there is also much above the pre-war standard. Increased production will bring down prices to a certain extent, but the purchasing power of the world measured in money cannot be materially diminished. Deflation is bound to be very slow. Any attempt, indeed, to bring it about rapidly would cause widespread ruin among manufacturers and traders. The greatest caution would be necessary in handling our financial machinery and many of our pre-war ideas must be modified in view of the fundamental change in our conditions.

A Plea for Economy.

The only condition on which we shall be able to check the rise in prices is that our annual expenditure is brought within the compass of our revenue. In State as in domestic finance we must learn to make both ends meet, and the case is not in the least bettered if we only balance our accounts by selling out capital stock and placing the proceeds to the credit of our revenue account. The expenditure of the Government is tantamount to the consumption of the quantity of commodities which the money would buy, and this must not exceed the amount of commodities the consumption of which the community are compelled to deny themselves by reason of the taxes they have to pay. If it does, we run the risk, as is indeed the case, of reducing the value of our currency and retarding our production. This is not a plea for additional taxation. Far from it. Our existing taxation, which I believe higher than in any other country in the world, is already dangerously near the point at which thrift, business enterprise, and needful capital development become seriously impaired. But it is a plea for a change in the nature of our tax. It is a plea for the substitution of some tax which will not ruthlessly cut down or postponement of all financial outlay by the State as will reduce our expenditure to a figure less than our tax revenue, for by this method alone can we hope to restrict the issue of currency, check the rise in prices, restore our foreign exchange, and re-establish London in her old position as the financial centre and free gold market of the world.

The Report was adopted and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.
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THE PUBLIC LIBRARY CHARTER

A NEW Public Libraries Bill was introduced into the House of Commons on November 28 last, and, after being amended in the Lords so as to bring certain portions into line with the general law, received the royal assent on December 23. This quick and satisfactory passage is very encouraging after the short shrift accorded to the private Bill brought up time after time before the war. The new Act is not a comprehensive measure, such as was foreshadowed by the Interim Report of the Adult Education Committee, briefly reviewed in The Athenæum of January 2; it is not the mature result of a wide survey of the possibilities of public libraries in a reconstructed society. But it has got rid of the most paralyzing obstacle to the welfare and future growth of libraries, and provided for their extension to rural districts under the authority of the county councils. Such an amendment to the Acts of 1892 and 1901 has been long overdue, and the congratulations of every one in favour of widening intellectual culture, and putting science at the service of all the workers, will go out to the Library Association and the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust.

The former has fought a long battle for the removal of the rate-limit of 1d. in the £, which brought the libraries to the verge of bankruptcy; the latter, by financing a number of rural library systems and providing a successful object-lesson, has been the instrument in remediating the chief defect in former legislation. However imperfect, the Act of 1919 is the natural complement to the Education Act of 1918.

By an order of the Ministry of Health, the powers of check and audit relating to public libraries formerly vested in the Local Government Board were last year transferred to the Board of Education. By the new Act, the administration of public libraries may be handed over to Education Committees, and when the Public Libraries Acts are adopted in future these committees must assume control, except the power of raising a rate or borrowing money. But the fear agitating many minds that all the public libraries in the country were to be put under the Board of Education and the local Education Committees, and run as a sort of adjunct to the schools, has not been realized. The present library authorities will not be displaced, unless by their own consent. Except in county boroughs, they may relinquish their powers on agreed terms to the county councils; but the option is left to themselves. Inevitably, this will result in many anomalous situations. Some borough and rural districts will be absorbed in county systems, others will stand out. The anomaly would be glaring should any of the metropolitan library authorities elect to resign their duties to the London County Council, whilst the others continue as they are. On the face of it, the provisions of the Act are largely experimental. If large systems of libraries are found after a few years to work better than the detached units, the policy of co-ordination under central authorities will surely be extended.

This was the policy advocated by the Adult Education Committee. Unfortunately, that Committee did not take counsel with those having practical experience of library administration; its report contained bad mistakes and met with severe criticism. It tried to tackle the question whether the authorities should remain separate and independent, or be grouped in districts for purposes of co-operation, or be placed under one central or various regional boards; but, not having studied the problem in the light of expert knowledge of ways and means, it was unable to provide a convincing answer. Many think that it is time we had a national library system instead of a vast number of individual libraries and groups of borough libraries. In the larger cities, all except London, in cities where these groups form considerable systems in themselves, and where, now that the rate-limit is gone, there should be no lack of resources, the evils of individualism will not be so evident. But detached libraries of moderate size can never provide for the multifarious wants of modern
THE NEW EL GRECO AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Mr. Holmes has risked a good deal in acquiring for the nation the new El Greco. The foresight and understanding necessary to bring off such a coup are not the qualities that we expect from a Director of the National Gallery. Patriotic people may even be inclined to think that the whole proceeding smacks too much of the manner in which Dr. Bode in past ages built up the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, largely at the expense of English collections. Even before the acquisition of the El Greco there were signs that Mr. Holmes did not fully understand the importance of "muddling through." And now with the El Greco he has given the British public an electric shock. People gather in crowds in front of it, they argue and discuss and lose their tempers. This might be intelligible enough if the price were known to be fabulous, but, so far as I am aware, the price has not been made known, so that it is really about the picture that people get excited. And what is more, they talk about it as they might talk of some contemporary picture, a thing about which they have a right to feel delighted or infuriated as the case may be—it is not like most old pictures, a thing classified and museumified, set altogether apart from life, an object for vague and listless reverence, but an actual living thing, expressing something with which one has got either to agree or disagree. Even if it should not be the superb masterpiece which most of us think it is, almost any sum would have been well spent on a picture capable of provoking such fierce aesthetic interest in the crowd.

That the artists are excited—never more so—is no wonder, for here is an old master who is not merely modern, but actually appears a good many steps ahead of us, turning back to show us the way. Immortality if you like! But the public—what is it that makes them "sit up"? So surprisingly one wonders. What makes this El Greco "count" with them as surely no Old Master ever did within memory? First, I expect, the extraordinary completeness of its realization. Even the most casual spectator, passing among pictures which retire discreetly behind their canvases, must be struck by the violent attack of these forms, by a relief so outstanding that by comparison the actual scene, the gallery and one's neighbours are reduced to the clef of a Whistlerian Nocturne. Partly, for we must face the fact, the melodramatic apparatus: the horrid rocks, the veiled moon, the ecstatic gestures. Not even the cinema star can push expression further than this. Partly, no doubt, the clarity and the balanced rhythm of the design, the assurance and grace of the handling; for, however little people may be conscious of it, formal qualities do affect their reaction to a picture, though they may pass from them almost immediately to its other implications. And certainly here, if anywhere, formal considerations must obtrude themselves even on the most unobservant. The extraordinary emphasis and amplitude of the rhythm, which thus gathers up into a few sweeping diagonals the whole complex of the vision, is directly exciting and stimulating. It affects one like an irresistible melody.

Ernest A. Baker.
and makes that organization of all the parts into a single whole, which is generally so difficult for the uninitiated, an easy matter for once. El Greco, indeed, puts the problem of form and content in a curious way. The artist, whose concern is ultimately and, I believe, exclusively with form, will no doubt be so carried away by the intensity and completeness of the design that he will never even notice the melodramatic and sentimental content which shocks or delights the ordinary man. It is none the less an interesting question, though it is rather one of artists' psychology than of aesthetics, to inquire in what way these two things, the melodramatic expression of a high-pitched religiosity and a peculiarly intense feeling for plastic unity and rhythmic amplitude, were combined in El Greco's work; even to ask whether there can have been any causal connection between them in the workings of El Greco's spirit.

Strange and extravagantly individual as El Greco seems, he was not really an isolated figure, a miraculous and monstrous apparition thrust into the even current of artistic movement. He really takes his place alongside of Bernini as the greatest exponent of the Baroque idea in figurative art. And the Baroque idea goes back to Michelangelo. Formally, its essence both in art and architecture was the utmost possible enlargement of the unit of design. One can see this most easily in architecture. To Bramante the façade of a palace was made of a series of storeys, each with its pilasters and windows related proportionally to one another, but each a co-ordinate unit of design. To the Baroque architect a façade was a single storey with pilasters going the whole height, and only divided, as it were, by an afterthought into subordinate groups corresponding to the separate storeys. When it came to sculpture and painting, the same tendency expressed itself by the discovery of such movements as would make the parts of the body, the head, trunk, limbs, merely so many subordinate divisions of a single unit. Now to do this implied extremely emphatic and marked poses, though not necessarily violent in the sense of displaying great muscular strain. Such poses correspond as expression to marked and excessive mental states, to conditions of ecstasy, or agony, or intense contemplation. But even more than to any actual poses resulting from such states, they correspond to a certain accepted and partly conventional language of gesture. They are what we may call rhetorical poses, in that they are not so much the result of the emotions as of the desire to express these emotions to the onlooker.

When the figure is draped the Baroque idea becomes particularly evident. The artists seek voluminous and massive garments which under the stress of an emphatic pose take heavy folds passing in a single diagonal sweep from top to bottom of the whole figure. In the figure of Christ in the National Gallery picture El Greco has established such a diagonal, and has so arranged the light and shade that he gets a double repetition of the same general direction, in the sleeve and the drapery of the thigh.

Bernini was a consummate master of this method of amplifying the unit, but having once set up the great wave of rhythm which held the figure in a single sweep, he was able to gratify his florid taste by allowing endless embroidery in the subordinate divisions, feeling secure that no amount of exuberance would destroy the firmly established scaffolding of his design.

Though the psychology of both these great rhetoricians is infinitely remote from us, we tolerate more easily the gloomy and terrible extravagance of El Greco's melodrama than the radiant effusiveness and amiability of Bernini's operas.

But there is another cause which accounts for the profound difference of our feeling to these two artists. Bernini undoubtedly had a great sense of design, but he was also a prodigious artistic acrobat, capable of feats of dizzying audacity, and unfortunately he loved popularity and the success which came to him so inevitably. He was not fine enough in grain to distinguish between his great imaginative gifts and the superficial virtuosity which made the crowd, including his Popes, gasp with astonishment. Consequently he expressed great inventions in a horribly impure technical language. El Greco, on the other hand, had the good fortune to be almost entirely out of touch with the public—one picture painted for the king was sufficient to put him out of court for the rest of his life. And in any case he was a singularly pure artist, he expressed his idea with perfect sincerity, with complete indifference to what effect the right expression might have on the public. At no point is there the slightest compromise with the world; the only issue for him is between him and his idea. Nowhere is a violent form softened, nowhere is the expressive quality of brushwork blurred in order to give verisimilitude of texture; no harshness of accent is shrunk, no crudity of colour opposition avoided, wherever El Greco felt such things to be necessary to the realization of his idea. It is this magnificent courage and purity, this total indifference to the expectations of the public, that bring him so near to us to-day, when more than ever the artist regards himself as working for ends unguessed at by the mass of his contemporaries. It is this also which accounts for the fact that while nearly everyone shudders involuntarily at Bernini's sentimental sugariness, very few artists of to-day have ever realized for a moment how unsympathetic to them is the literary content of an El Greco. They simply fail to notice what his pictures are about in the illustrative sense.

But to return to the nature of Baroque art. The old question here turns up: Did the dog wag his tail because he was pleased or was he pleased because his tail wagged? Did the Baroque artists choose ecstatic subjects because they were excited about a certain kind of rhythm, or did they elaborate the rhythm to express a feeling for extreme emotional states? There is yet another fact which complicates the matter. Baroque art corresponds well enough in time with the Catholic reaction and the rise of Jesuitism, with a religious movement which tended to dwell particularly on these extreme emotional states, and, in fact, the Baroque artists worked in entire harmony with the religious leaders.

This would look as though religion had inspired the artists with a passion for certain themes, and the need to express these had created Baroque art.

I doubt if it was as simple as that. Some action and reaction between the religious ideas of the time
and the artists’ conception there may have been, but I think the artists would have elaborated the Baroque idea without this external pressure. For one thing, the idea goes back behind Michelangelo to Signorelli, and in his case, at least, one can see no trace of any preoccupation with those psychological states, but rather a pure passion for a particular kind of rhythmic design. Moreover, the general principle of the continued enlargement of the unit of design was bound to occur the moment artists recovered from the debauch of naturalism of the fifteenth century and became conscious again of the demands of abstract design.

In trying thus to place El Greco’s art in perspective, I do not in the least disparage his astonishing individual force. That he had to an extreme degree the quality we call genius is obvious, but he was neither so miraculous nor so isolated as we often suppose.

The exuberance and abandonment of Baroque art were natural expressions both of the Italian and Spanish natures, but they were foreign to the intellectual severity of the French genius, and it was from France, and in the person of Poussin, that the counterblast came. He, indeed, could tolerate no such rapid simplification of design. He imposed on himself endless scruples and compunctions, making artistic unity the reward of a long process of selection and discovery. His art became difficult and esoteric. People wonder sometimes at the diversity of modern art, but it is impossible to conceive a sharper opposition than that between Poussin, and the Baroque. It is curious, therefore, that modern artists should be able to look back with almost equal reverence to Poussin and to El Greco. In part, this is due to Cézanne’s influence, for, from one point of view, his art may be regarded as a synthesis of these two apparently adverse conceptions of design. For Cézanne consciously studied both, taking from Poussin his discretion and the subtility of his rhythm, and from El Greco his great discovery of the permeation of every part of the design with a uniform and continuous plastic theme. The likeness is indeed sometimes startling. One of the greatest critics of our time, von Tschudi—of Swiss origin, I hasten to add, and an enemy of the Kaiser—was showing me El Greco’s “Laocoon,” which he had just bought for Munich, when he whispered to me, as being too dangerous a doctrine to be spoken aloud even in his private room, “Do you know why we admire El Greco’s handling so much? Because it reminds us of Cézanne.”

No wonder, then, that for the artist of to-day the new El Greco is of capital importance. For it shows us the master at the height of his powers, at last perfectly aware of his personal conception and daring to give it the completist, most uncompromising expression. That the picture is in a marvellous state of preservation and has been admirably cleaned adds greatly to its value. Dirty yellow varnish no longer interposes here its hallowing influence between the spectator and the artist’s original creation. Since the eye can follow every stroke of the brush, the mind can recover the artist’s gesture and almost the movements of his mind. For never was work more perfectly transparent to the idea, never was an artist’s intention more deliberately and precisely recorded.

Roger Fry.
This suggests that the real name of the plant is “Love-in-idle,” whereas Parkinson (1699) says of the pansy that “Some give it foolish names, as Love in idleness, Cull mee to you, and Three faces in a hood.” An odd circumstance which Sir Francis does not mention is the immense gap in English literature when we come to examine the familiar Forget-me-not (Myosotis). It is not in Shakespeare, nor anywhere where we have sought it. It may be a comparatively modern piece of sentimentalism introduced from Germany. Prior’s “Popular Names of British Plants” is still, we believe, the main authority; but it is out of date in philology, and not always adequate in detail. We wish that Sir Francis would revise it, showing, for instance, that the hardebell in Shakespeare’s time and for some time after was the wild hyacinth, which seems a bad mistake to-day.

“The Names of Characters in Fiction” is another attractive theme. Here Sir Francis shows taste and judgment, but he has not carried his researches or comparisons far, nor has he formulated any rule out of his examples. Novelists have in this matter improved on the crude practice of their predecessors. We quite agree that an initial letter with a dash is not satisfactory: it does not suggest a personality or a real place. We feel that, when by a malicious stroke of the pen Fielding turned the Mr. B. of "Pamela" into Mr. Booby, he was taking a fair chance. Lytton was the latest novelist of repute, we think, to write about the little town of L.—. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, all indulged more or less in names directly suggesting a calling, habit, or detail of personal appearance. Lytton, angry enough to write of the Asinomy, even put jokes in italics for fear the public might miss them. Throughout the nineteenth century this direct labelling was on the decrease, and now only professional humorists (who must be always amusing), writers for the pantomimes, and other authors who aim at getting, without any subtlety, straight to the heart of the great public, indulge in such "humoristics" as "the little town of Slopington-on-Sloshy." Thackeray could be feebie in this way. In "The Newcomes," chap. ix., Miss Honeyman, eager for news of Brighton lodgings, was told by her servant—

how the family who had taken Mrs. Bugsby’s had left as usual after the very first night, the poor little infant blistered all over with blisters on its dear little face.

Dickens could be as bad, teasing us with facetious and impossible names; but his case has been considered in full detail by the indefatigable American thesis-writer, whose collections are, as usual, more valuable than the conclusions reached. Dickens and Thackeray coincide once or twice, e.g., there is a Clemency Newcome in "The Battle of Life." Apart from neutral names which mean nothing in particular, the best, we think, are those which at first sight appear to be neutral, yet yield up their sense to a little ingenuity on the reader’s part. Such are the luxurious Percy Silwright of "Pendennis," and the Sculler of "Martin Chuzzlewit," the land or bog agent who sent confiding men to Eden. He suggests at once the scorpion and the adder. An excellent example of this sort of name is Willoughby Patterne; but Meredith, markedly influenced by Dickens, could also produce a feeble punning name like Mr. Tonans. His later epigrammatics, it has been unkindly suggested, rightly bear impossible names. A good name is a great help, but, when you have invented it, someone may come forward and accuse you of libelling him. It is disappointing, when you have taken considerable pains to evolve a suitable name for a Professor, to find it already occupied by a gentleman of that standing.

The author’s reminiscences of his earlier days are homely and pleasant; we cannot help feeling that the Darwins were a delightful as well as a distinguished family and lost nothing by missing the discipline stern Victorians would have applied. Further biographical studies concern Thomas Harene, a stout old Jacobite with whom, as with Boswell, spite added to style; Sydney Smith, and Dickens. From the "Memoir" of Sydney Smith phrases have been skilfully selected, though we miss his remark a few months before his death, "I verily believe that, if the knife were put into my hand, I should not have strength or energy enough to stick it into a Dissenter." The plums of the "Memoir," we may add, are mixed up with a good deal of sue, and Smith’s conceived friend Jeffrey is not now rated high as a critic.

Sir Francis gives a sympathetic account of Dickens, but does not elaborate his character. The key to his disposition, as The Athenæum has said before, is that he was, or could have been, a great actor. His delight in the stage is extraordinary, and he signs his cheques with more flourish under his name than most authors find necessary. He was also a bourgeois who thought it well to add to a competent fortune by public readings at the expense of his health. Beginning by hypnotizing his vast public, he ended by being hypnotized by it, and making concessions, as at the end of "Great Expectations," which were a betrayal of true art. He had an unpleasant habit of satirizing his friends and nearest relations. That Shakespeare did the same, making his father into Polonius, is, we gather, suggested by Sir Walter Raleigh; but this charge is pure conjecture, not a happy guess, not the way of great art.

V. R.

A SUNSET

Over against the triumph and the close... Amber and green and rose...

Of this short day,
The pale ghost of the moon grows living-bright
Once more, as the last light
Ebb slowly away.

Darkening the fringes of these western glories,
The black plentasmagories
Of cloud advance
With noiseless motion... vague and villainous shapes,
Wrapped in their ragged fustian capes,
Of some grotesque romance.
But overhead where, like a pool between
Dark rocks, the sky is green
And clear and deep,
Floats wingedly a cloud, with curving breast
Flushed by the fiery west,
In god like sleep...

And in my mind opens a sudden door
That lets me see once more
A little room
With night beyond the window, chill, and damp,
And one green-lighted lamp
Tempering the gloom,
While here within, close to me, touching me
(Even the memory
Of my desire
Shakes me like fear), you sit with scattered hair;
And all your body bare
Before the fire
Is lapped about with rose flame... But still,
Here on the lonely hill,
I walk alone.

Silvery green is the moon’s lamp overhead,
The cloud sleeps warm and red,

And you are gone.

Aldous Huxley.
MORE CRINOLINES

**Victorian Recollections.** By John A. Bridges. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

The **Manners of My Time.** By C. L. H. Dempster. (Grant & RICHARDS. 10s. 6d. net.)

**Memories of an Old Etonian.** By George Greville. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

**Recollections of Lady Georgiana Peel.** Compiled by Ethel Peel. (Lane. 16s. net.)

**Fame and Failure.** By Julian Ellis. (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

Mr. J. A. BRIDGES, the author of "Victorian Recollections," is annoyed because (so he says) it has become the fashion for writers in the Press and elsewhere to allude to what they term the Victorian Era in terms of acute disparagement, as if all the happenings of that prolonged reign were utterly futile and absurd. "Herman Merivale, himself an eminent Victorian, tells an anecdote about the box-keeper of the Princess's Theatre in the sixties which may console Mr. Bridges and those who feel as he does. This expert, when asked his opinion on the relative merits of the rival Hamlets, Charles Keen and Fechter, replied: 'Mr. Keen was great. But with 'im 'Amlet' was a tragedy, with Mr. Fechter it's quite another thing. He has raised it to a mellerdram.' Mr. Bridges will appreciate the point.

After all, the writer at whom he is biting his thumb has made Victorianism amusing, and is that not worth a temporary blow to its dignity? It will probably be with the Victorian era in general as it has been with the crinoline in particular. When it was just taken off, it was buried like the skeleton of a crime. When Pinero revived it, apogetically, in "Trelawny of the Wells" in 1898, the audience tittered. A dozen years later the Russian Ballet produced "Carnival," and the crinolines conquered. As soon as they ceased to be solemn they were found to be fascinating, and have become quite a vogue on hoardings and magazine covers. Yet Mr. Bridges makes this confounding admission: "I grant that the crinoline was absurd." For shame! Will he be throwing up his brief so early in the case?

If we are searching for the quintessence of Victorianism, we should go to its truest chronicler, Disraeli. Readers of "Lothair" will remember Mr. Phoebe's garden party:

"The flower garden was bright and curious, and on the lawn was a tent of many colours, designed by herself, and which might have suited some splendid field of chivalry." The ecclesiastical peers back into the Middle Ages, and discerns a Church that was the friend of the Bourgeoisie, and such tendencies appear as "Young England" and Tractarianism. Their secret is to their initiates; to the onlooker they are just an added note of fantasy on a stage already tumultuously varied. The railroad has come, but the periwigged coachman remains. The Bishop is doffing his wig as an obsolete trammel, but the Puseyite parson is fitting on his chasuble. The nobles are starting to dress like the bourgeoise, but the bourgeoise are housing themselves like the peerage.

Cruidity of taste, naïveté of outlook are the marks of such periods of confusion. Surfeited with new dishes, new discoveries, the educated palate is over-stimulated; it loses the faculty of discrimination. Meanwhile those social classes are rowdying up the feast who lack all training in delicate discernment. But crudity after all means youthful vigour, and naïveté is almost the condition of enterprise. "Every ambition," says Mozley of the decade in which Victoria mounted the throne, "found its stimulus in the doctrine that everything was wrong, yet capable of being effectually and almost instantly righted." Clear-sightedness is a sorry check on such fervours. What man would make a career who could gauge its value? The Victorian age is pre-eminent in careers, precisely because of its mental simplicity. Disraeli, the Mephistopheles of the era, was as simply seduced by the glamour of its tinsel as schoolboys used to be by its glittering palms.

In the eyes of the Victorian could such a man have been proud to be Prime Minister? There was nothing then that was not wonderfully worth while. Open a volume of Leech's drawings: what a strong and jubilant wind blows through the pages! Note the flashing Amazonian cavalcades, with how conscious a glory the plumes and skirts take the breeze. Every ball is Cinderella's ball for these young ladies. What majesty, too, in the languor of the "swell"! How studied the whiskers, the peg-tops and the drawl! He cares for nothing—and would weep with rage if you doubted it. But the life of the middle class, you think, was flat and prosaic. Then study the epic of little Mr. Briggs. He finds a crack in his ceiling that needs repairing, and to a dustman he asks if he can't get the job done. From the busy scaffolding he directs the operations with the zest of Napoleon laying out a battle. His doctor advises a little horse-exercise, and forthwith he must purchase a stud and ride steeplechases.

Thus he is as resourceful as a trifle anxiously. There is the servant-gal announcing that she must call on her milliner! There is the dustman inquiring of his mate: "Is it the kerrek thing to take one's 'at into a hevening party?" This England, we know, was no paradise for the dustman and his fellows, but there must have been something buoyant in the atmosphere to keep them from drowning in these. Even the omnibus conductor seems to wait with the passengers, and shout out "All the way to El Dorado!"

But here we are rambling on about John Leech and similar trivialities, and we have not tabulated the country houses which Miss Dempster visited, nor noted that before Archie Peel proposed to Georgiana Russell in the billiard-room at Strawberry Hill he (characteristically!) took care to ascertain that it was empty, nor even narrated how Queen Victoria, as Mr. Greville learned from his mother, took occasion to remark: "Oh! the chops are not bad." The truth is we are horribly afraid of these books. Mr. Bridges himself perturbs us as much as the others. Was Victorian life, after all we have said, just a stretch of dullness to those who experienced it? In despair we flutter the leaves of our volumes again, and..."
AMBITION


T HIS rather ambitious work, "in effect, a new synthesis of modern history," forms part of the "American Historical Series," a series of text-books intended to be comprehensive, systematic, and authoritative. The critic of these volumes has thus a double task before him: he has not only to estimate the amount and value of the author's contribution to the science of history, he has to pronounce on its validity as a text-book for advanced students, American and otherwise.

American scientific text-books have gained a firm foothold in this country, and justly so; they satisfy the three criteria enumerated above. We cannot feel that their historical works are likely to take the same place in our schools. The atmosphere in which they are written, the state of mind which they assume in their reader, the very connotations of the words they use, differ toto caelo from ours in Europe. That which is a remote past for America is a familiar yesterday here, while English ignorance of all but a few episodes of American history has only ceased to be ludicrous by becoming a public danger. Thus historical text-books, the better they are suited to transatlantic use, are the more unfitted for exportation. As a handbook for English students, Professor Abbott's work can only be used with caution; his surveys of mediaval and Renaissance scientific progress are too wide to admit of accuracy of detail, his views of the foreign politics of sixteenth-century Europe are hardly modern enough even to be called conventional, and his knowledge of the economics of the growth of modern capitalism is negligible.

On the other hand, Professor Abbott has got hold of a first-class idea in his attempt to show the reaction of extra-European activities on the various nations of Europe. Any history is merely a selection of facts presented in a more or less systematic way, and this selection implies a more or less conscious tendency. Its survey from the religious point of view, is, on the whole, the best worked-out up to the present; Europe is regarded as the battlefield between two opposing creeds and habits of thought, which alternately grope until a third equally opposed to both comes into prominence and puts their conflict into the background. Another equally well-worked line of inquiry is that of the rise of the middle class into power—the beloved "Constitutional History" of our fathers and grandfathers. But there are many other standpoints which have not yet been occupied. The history of Europe as influenced by economical causes is almost untreated; the shifting of trade routes is opening a new view of old trade markets, the supply of the precious metals and the shifting values of their ratio, the problem of exchange—all these have had an enormous effect on the political development of the Continent. Then, again, the change of national character produced by the growth of the mendicant orders and enforced celibacy on the one side, and by emigration on the other, offers a tempting outlook on history. There can be no doubt that the characteristics of the Italian people have been materially altered by the constant withdrawal from its potential parents of all exhibiting generous, romantic, or self-denying instincts, from the early part of the thirteenth century. The fifteenth-century Italy must have had these characteristics pretty thoroughly removed from its stock. In Protestant countries, and more especially in England, a similar process took place by emigration—a removal of the more vigorous and enterprising of the middle class, partly conditioned by religious fanaticism, succeeded in the last century by a continuous straining out of all the best elements of the agricultural and labouring workers, which has left us in some districts a local population reverting to the Neolithic type.

We have read through Professor Abbott's book carefully, and gladly acknowledge that in many respects it is a very useful supplement to any of the manuals at present in use among students. We have already indicated its chief value, the fuller sense it gives us of the reactions of America and India on the foreign policies of France, England and Spain. This is admirable, and would have made a book of itself, if treated fully. But the impression that the history has left on us as a whole is that of formlessness. Professor Abbott has attempted a task which appears to have been beyond his power, at any rate at present; in the words of Cicero, he has bitten off more than he could chew. Before there can be a synthesis there must be a synopsis. The sort of general view which consists in not being accurate about individual facts does not fall under this head. We open the book at random, and find a statement that "French legal primacy had been an acknowledged fact from the days of Alciati's settling in France."

And it was hardly before the middle of the seventeenth century that tradition begins to disappear. Among the early evidences of its decline had been the work of Pufendorf and the beginning of the publication of those English law reports which presently swelled to such proportions and such importance.

English law reports were being printed before 1490, while Alciati was born in 1490. This case is only typical of hundreds of similar inaccuracies, which irritate the man who knows, and mislead the student who wants to learn. Generalities can hardly be more truths than the statements on which they are founded, and if these are so loosely made as to be incapable of verification, a generalization from them is of little value.

A good deal of thought has evidently been devoted to the illustration of these volumes. They are handsomely printed, and while the originals of the illustrations are in most cases themselves reproductions, they must have a value to students unaccustomed to the richer variety of the best English illustrated histories. We feel sure that if Professor Abbott will in his next volume clearly define the points he wishes to make, and make sure of his facts, however unimportant, before he uses them, he will produce a work of permanent value. No one can "infuse a sense of unity into the narrative of European activities" (a most awkward phrase): that sense must be in the narrator's mind.

R. S.
PREHISTORIC MAN IN THE TRENCHES

THE ANCIENT ENTRANCED AND CAMPS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
By Edward J. Burrow. (Cheltenham and London, E. J. Burrow & Co. 21s.)

In these sad days, when printing is expensive, and book-lovers mostly belong to an impoverished class of the community, it is satisfactory to find that a beautiful book may still occasionally be produced. Mr. Burrow is at once the author and the publisher of what may be termed a pictorial survey of the earthworks of Gloucestershire; and we hope that he will not regard it as a slight upon his archaeology if we praise him first and foremost as an artist. His sketches are not mere schematic representations designed for the student of ancient monuments as such, but little lyrics in black and white that must help every Englishman to appreciate the beauty of his native land. We gather that this labour of love extended over some three years, the complementary problem of the extent of space to be covered being solved by the use of a motor-car. Doubtless, led on by so seductive a guide-book, the fortunate possessors of similar motor-cars will travel up and down the county to view what the unassisted eye might in many cases altogether miss; for the plough tends to efface, while tree-planting, though in a way it helps to preserve, at any rate is apt to deform and conceal, the immemorial outline of mound and ditch. Let us hope that among these luxurious pilgrims a few trained archaeologists may be included; though, to be candid, we do not recognize the names of many such experts in the published list of subscribers. Be this as it may, it is up to the county, now that it stands thus openly in the conviction of possessing a vast number of prehistoric sites that almost without exception remain wholly unexplored, to take its local archaeology seriously, and not leave excavation to the rabbits. We cannot all, perhaps, carry out investigations on the royal scale of a Pitt-Rivers; whose work, by the way, was largely concerned with a neighbouring region, and at Wandsdyke it lay just across the border. But, given sufficient experience in the methods of careful digging, good results may be obtained without great expenditure of time or money. To leave the vallum alone and search along the bottom—only it must really be the bottom of the fosse is a safe working rule for those who must economize effort. Again, if there is any sign of one line of earthworks crossing another, it always pays to dig at the nodal point. Meanwhile, so long as the field-worker takes full notes concerning the relative positions of everything he finds, he need not himself be competent to determine their significance, more especially as bearing on the question of date. Here, then, is a pleasant and useful task awaiting Gloucestershire men of intelligence and leisure. Perhaps the University of Bristol, which, we note, is purchasing this book for its library, will take a leading hand in the game.

Mr. Burrow prefixes to his graphic record of sites an introduction intended to give the reader some idea of the successive peoples that have occupied the land, and incidentally to impart to him a sense of the glamour of the prehistoric such as he obviously feels himself in no small degree. The archaeologist will not be hard on him for dealing somewhat sketchily with the intricate theme of the race-history of Britain. Indeed, until the Gloucestershire sites are properly explored, there can be no chance of getting beyond generalities. But a local survey carried out in a scientific spirit and with the various aids supplied by an all-round anthropological training can illuminate the dim past as with a searchlight. For untold generations the Gloucestershire men from the rampart of the Cotswolds have gazed across the Severn flats at the hills of the Silures, determined not to be bested by that pertinacious people. But they must look to their laurels now, seeing that the Silures have taken to anthropologizing about themselves to some purpose. Witness the elaborate study of racial types in Wales by Messrs. H. J. Fleure and T. C. James that appeared in the Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute for 1916. Here it is attempted—in a speculative spirit, no doubt, but with a due regard for the control of fact—to determine the geographical conditions which must have governed the gradual opening-up of the country, such as the avenues of approach, the commanding situations, the good lands accessible to this or that kind of exploitation, the bad lands, whether bad relatively to those who did not know how to improve them, or absolutely so that only the outcast might cherish them as a hiding-place. In this way we can form a tolerably accurate notion how, when wave after wave of population broke upon the Welsh hills, the waters would mingle in the open channels, but in nooks and crannies a single wave might leave behind it a little stagnant pool, consisting in some peculiar people whose inbred features perpetuate an otherwise vanished race.

Now the high parts of Gloucestershire ought to prove a first-rate hunting ground for anthropological types, and doubtless the long-headed Mediterranean man of the Neolithic immigration, the broad-skulled Alpine of the Bronze Age, and the medium-headed Nordic or Alpino-Nordic of the Iron Age (the last a form less easy to isolate) exist side by side in the Cotswolds to this day—not to speak of later races. But how make racial stocks, even when thus broadly associated with cultures, responsible for particular constructions in the way of earthworks? Only the spade can reveal the required evidence. At most in a few cases the eye can detect by its shape a Norman moat, or the more regular kind of Roman camp. In many cases, too, we must suppose that the same stronghold has served the needs of many peoples in turn. The Palaeolithic hunter, we may assume, had no need for earthworks at all; nor probably had Neolithic man until near the end of the Stone Age, when he was well embarked on the pastoral and agricultural life. In Late Neolithic times, however, population was relatively dense, it would seem, and moreover was mainly confined to open parts of the country, such as notably the chalk and other elevated ground of the South. It would then become necessary to construct shelter camps to ward off wolves or interfering neighbours, and even with antler-picks and similar rough tools this might be done effectively, especially at the Severn, where there was a good slope to lighten the labour. In the subsequent Bronze and Late Celtic periods the need for similar strongholds would increase, as a result of greater crowding, intenser war, and better weapons and tools. On the other hand, the Roman occupation introduced entirely new features of construction, though the older fortifications must have come in handy enough for minor posts. Mr. Burrow supplies a diagram to explain the Roman plan of holding back the Silures by a line of camps along the Cotswolds. This theory would apply well enough to the first phase of the Roman invasion of Britain, when their sphere of influence was apparently bounded to the North-west by the boundary of the tribe of the Silures. The line of the Avon may be extended to the point at which its headwaters nearly touch those of the Wellow. At a later stage, however, the Severn can have had no great value as a frontier, as the settled lands in which the Roman took an interest as a corn-grower by this time extended to the foot of the Welsh mountains. All this has been argued out very plausibly by Mr. Belfloc in his little book, "Warfare in England." As for the period of subsequent confusion when Angles
and Saxons drove the Romanized Britons into the West, 
there must have been plenty of spade-work thrust upon 
both sides, and especially on the weaker, and indeed it 
is very likely that much more of what we class as pre- 
historic belongs to this relatively late chapter of our 
salwar history than is usually supposed. Even Roman 
cults do not pretend to have vanished, as many a 
Briton may have clung to his hoard till a Saxon, intent on 
a less symbolic form of wealth, caused him to scatter it 
as he ran and did not stop to pick it up. So much for 
conceivable origins. Meanwhile, there are the venerable 
monuments ready to yield us actual history if only we 
take the trouble to search it out.

R. R. M.

A BRITISH SOLDIER’S “ROLAND”
The Song of Roland. Done into English, in the Original Measure, 
by Charles Scott-Moncrieff. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

It was a lucky chance that led one of our young warrior 
poets “on a hot afternoon in the summer of 1918” 
to turn “into the coolness of Hatchard's,” and there 
to find the volume containing the translation of the “Roland” 
by Petit de Julleville with Muller's text. Had Captain Scott-Moncrieff 
possed as a scholar we should 
have felt bound to chide him for not supplementing this 
discovery by a certain volume of further research, which 
we would have shown him that not even Léon Gautier, whose 
latest edition, we are assured, is to form the basis of the 
second issue of the present work, has said the last word 
on the text.* But we are dealing with an impetuous young 
soldier who was naturally inspired by this trawaille 
of one of the greatest war-epics, and who has justified 
his boldness by enriching our literature with a work which 
am, after the necessary overhauling, easily become one of 
the best English renderings of a mediaeval poem.

He was, of course, not the first in the field. Apart from 
the interesting fragment in a South-West Midland 
dialect, written about 1400 and published many years ago by the 
E.E.T.S., which represents a French form of the poem 
differing in many ways from that of the Oxford MS., 
and leaving on one side, though they are by no means devoid 
of merit, the two prose versions made by ladies—the one 
in America (Isabel Butler, 1904) and the other in England 
(Jessie Crosland, 1907)—there are two complete English 
verse renderings: that of the learned Irish lawyer, Mr. 
John O'Hagan, Q.C. (1889), and that of Dr. Arthur S. 
Way (1913), one of the most distinguished among 
contemporary translators. The former adopts rhyming 
octosyllabic couplets, the latter a rough-and-ready kind of 
Alexandrine, rhyming mostly in pairs, but the 
syllables of which are often expanded into feet. Both 
are spirit, and each reproduces in its own way the rush of 
the original, the one by its very conciseness, the other 
by the syllables hurrying and tumbling over each other. 
But, as a sustained poetical achievement, we prefer the 
translation of Dr. Way, which should never be allowed to 
fall into neglect, and which, by the way, is, like Mrs. 
Crosland's, based on the text of Stengel.

If we now turn again to Captain Scott-Moncrieff, and 
ask ourselves the question: Would or should he have made 
his attempt had he been acquainted with the previous 
one? (for he tells us himself that he was not)—our answer 
is in the affirmative. For one thing, he had this great 
advantage over his predecessors: their work was done 
in cold blood, in the study; his, as it were, in the very heat 
of battle. Moreover, he was the first to attempt the very 
difficult task of adhering to the original metre and asson-
ance. When we come to criticize we are disarmed at every

turn. The author's prose dedication to three fallen com-
rades, supplemented by fine poetical tributes to their 
memory; Mr. G. K. Chesterton's introduction—for once 
free from paradox, and none the worse for that, containing 
two or three points that were really worth making; last, 
not least, Professor Saintsbury's "Note on Technique, 
remarkable for his unreserved admiration of a former 
pupil's work than for his gentle reproof of certain failings—
all this, and much else, tends to win our sympathy. On 
the point of technique, we may say at once that we share 
Professor Saintsbury's dislike of the "kisses in which the 
assonance is supplied by the penultimate; for instance, 
CXXX., where the end-words are 'battle,' 'Charles,' 
'vassal's,' 'wraithful,' 'damage,' 'army,' 'hereafter,' 
'Aile,' 'clasp you.' Far worse, in our view, is 
the different quality of the vowel sounds in many of the 
kisses. The foregoing supplies several instances. Or 
take CXCVI., some of the lines of which end in 'bardins,' 
gloves,' 'crowd,' 'sound,' 'enough,' 'wood,' 'dis-
manor,' 'Malhun;' or, even worse, LXXII., with its 
'saw,' 'more,' 'show,' 'valour,' 'overborne.' 
"All." The task is so difficult that we have no wish 
to be pedantic. Many of the shifts employed, such as 
change of accent, may be excused by archaic use 
Even 'France la Douce,' 'nor caution knew' may pass 
muster: so may 'Provence,' 'Maience,' 'confidence,' 
though somewhat trying. But we hope that some of 
the more flagrant instances will disappear in the next 
edition. On the whole, Captain Scott-Moncrieff has justified his use 
of the assonance. Sometimes, as in versions of Spanish 
plays (such as MacCarthy's), we regard the attempt as 
fitful, for the sufficient reason that in these the assonance 
is entirely lost to English ears, seeing that it does not fall 
in consecutive lines, whereas in the French epics it does. 
Our author reveals in the battle-pieces, the vigour of which 
has surely never been surpassed; he can be tender at the 
right moment; nor does he ever miss the spirit of pure 
religious faith and the fervent note of patriotism that 
inform the whole. Here is a fair sample of his manner:

In the admiral is much great virtue found; 
He strikes Carlun on his steel helm so brown 
Has broken it and rent, above his brow, 
Through his thick hair the sword goes glancing round, 
A great pain's breadth and more of flesh cuts out, 
So all bare the bone is, in that wound. 
Charles tottereth, falls nearly to the ground; 
God wills not he be slain or overpowered. 
Saint Gabriel once more do him come down. 
And questions him: "Great King, what dost thou?" 

Charles, hearing how that holy Angel spake, 
Had fear of death no longer, nor dismay; 
Remembrance and a fresh vigour he's gained, 
So the admiral he strikes with France's blade, 
His helmet breaks, whereon the jewels blaze, 
Slices his head, to scatter all his brains, 
And, down unto the white beard, all his face; 
So he falls dead, recovers not again. 
"Monjois," cries Charles, that all may know the tale.

We do not agree with the author in recommending his 
work as "a companion to the study of the Oxford MS.;" for 
that purpose we should prefer either of the prose versions 
we have named. But we do recommend it to that large 
body of readers who can enjoy great literature in trans-
lation, without bothering in any way about the original. 
Above all, we like to regard it as a worthy tribute offered 
by one of our fighting men to the enduring value of our 
Ally—la douce France. On December 8, 1870, Gaston 
Paris, speaking amidst the roar of German guns, 
delivered at the Collège de France that noble address on 
"La Chanson de Roland et la Nationalité Française", 
which cannot even now be read without emotion. We 
feel that Captain Scott-Moncrieff's work was undertaken 
in the same spirit.

H. O.
A CANDID FRIEND

My Second Country (France). By Robert Dell. (Lane-7s. 6d. net.)

I t is doubtful whether the really detached observer, supposing him to be possible, ever understands anything. We first love or hate the object presented to us; we investigate and try to understand afterwards. This is obviously true of our relations to human beings, and it also explains much that is otherwise puzzling in the history of science and philosophy. As regards people and those vague entities called nations, however, it is obvious that our conclusions are the result, and not the cause, of our emotional reactions. The opinions that the people of one country form about those of another are probably, from the rationalist’s point of view, amongst the most worthless products of the human mind. They are usually rationalizations of emotions awakened by fictitious objects. They have no correspondent to anything real, but they are of profound importance in human affairs. Thus the present English feelings about the two completely fictitious objects depicted in the press as Germany and Russia promise to be of great importance to the immediate future of the world. The prolonged residence of every Englishman in both countries would probably educe a different set of emotions and lead to opinions having a closer relation to facts, but it is impracticable. The best alternative is to study the opinions of Englishmen who have had closer contact with the objects of their emotions, to allow for the sort of Englishmen they are (which it is not difficult for other Englishmen to do), and to use this material in forming one’s own conclusions.

The present book by Mr. Dell is an excellent example of what we mean. Mr. Dell has resided for several years in France, has met many sorts of French people, and is a kind of Englishman with whom we are thoroughly familiar. He is an intellectual of the political, Socialistic type. He is very earnest, a little bitter, well read in the political theories of his group, and a severe moralist. We know his type quite well, and we have a sincere admiration for it; we believe it to be a type which is, at the present time, providing a good deal of such salt as the earth is receiving. We know also that it is a type that is apt to be a little ignorant of practical psychology, a little too theoretical, a little too prone to tighten large, shambling, lax thing, the ordinary man. When, as always happens, the ordinary man continues to sprawl, continues to indulge his appetites and to sin against his own interests, the earnest expounders of those interests sometimes grow petulant. They may even give up the ordinary man in disgust—Socialism has more than its share of backsliders—or they may invent the Perfect Proletarian. Mr. Dell is not free from this tendency. He is, like all his type, disillusioned; nevertheless, he must have faith. So he divides French humanity into the sheep and the goats. The goats are the petit bourgeois, the usurers, and the sheep are the proletariat. Mr. Dell surveys their selfishness and stupidity of man—as he finds it in the rentier—with disgust; on the other hand, he keeps his faith untarnished and hopes to have the honour of taking part in the “dictatorship of the proletariat.” The detached-observer attitude, therefore, is not very prominent in Mr. Dell’s pages; towards the end, indeed, the last traces of detachment vanish and we are presented with frank Socialist propaganda. So much the better; as we have indicated, the detached observer is only a sly deceiver.

What, then, is the France presented by Mr. Dell? It is, in the first place, a much more credible France than the one made familiar to us by our sentimental writers. Mr. Chesterton’s happy peasant proprietors and Mr. Bello’s malignant Jew financiers wear quite a different look in Mr. Dell’s pages. Mr. Dell’s French peasant is an avaricious, stupidly conservative, suspicious and yet gullible, hard-working, unimaginative, unenterprising, uneducated man. His thrift is a vice, and one of the reasons why France is less prosperous than it might be; and his ambition is to be a rentier. Mr. Dell’s Jew is a gentleman who differs from the true Frenchman by being less of a money-grabber, more generous, and by having more interest and better taste in the arts. It must be admitted that the broad traits of these pictures agree pretty well with our general experience of peasants and Jews. As regards the petit bourgeois, we doubt whether he is quite as detestable as Mr. Dell makes out. The fact that he dodges paying income tax whenever he can probably means, as Mr. Dell thinks, that he will provoke a revolution in which he will lose everything. He is undoubtedly stupid, but to avoid income-tax is human; he is not necessarily a monster of selfishness. We are a little sceptical, too, about Mr. Dell’s French proletarian; we suggest that the abyss separating him from the rentier is not quite so wide and deep as Mr. Dell makes it. We make this suggestion purely on general principles: we pretend to no special knowledge. We have an innate distrust, however, of black-and-white diagrams. But when we leave actual people, and come to institutions, the political system, banking, railways, religion, etc., Mr. Dell displays all the peculiar excellences of his type. His analysis is acute, modern and thoroughly interesting. It will surprise many readers to discover how backward France is in nearly all its public institutions. Mr. Dell suggests that the centralization in Paris and the profound conservatism of the French people are together responsible for the comparative inefficiency of the French State services. We think he is right in pointing out that the French interest in ideas is, in a way, superficial. The French are always willing to change the form, provided the substance remains unaltered. In England we dread changing a form, but we unobtrusively change the substance. That is why monarchical England is more democratic than republican France. In these matters Mr. Dell is at his best; he is clear, competent and always readable.

J. W. N.

THE LIBRARY AS A “LAB”

In a lecture on "The Library as a Laboratory," delivered to the School of Librarianship on Monday last, Professor A. F. Pollard registered another plea against the tyranny of rules and the cult of uniformity in the future development of our libraries. In too many towns the public library, the museum, the municipal college, and the schools are all out of touch with each other. The borough records are in the municipal offices, the ecclesiastical records are scattered. Yet for any fruitful study of local history—the essential basis of national history—all should be together. Books are but a part of the materials for historical study—or, for the matter of that, any branch of science. Maps, historical atlases, plans of cities at various periods, original manuscripts or facsimiles, seals of the different authorities, reproductions of Papal Bulls and other documents, are required to make history real and intelligible. Any one who had seen a court-roll would understand why the insurgents of 1381 rushed out and burned all of these documents they could seize. Such is the apparatus of historical study: the means involved co-operative work in which the library would become a "collaboratory." As a valuable method he instanced a card-index, in which should be entered up corrections of old or recent mistakes, new facts, and new sources, with the results published for the benefit of the broader public in a bulletin. An infinite waste of time would be saved to students, who now have to find out all these things for themselves. Students tend to be too passive. There are millions of facts, and millions of interpretations of those facts. By testing knowledge, by asking all the possible questions, we may make sure of getting the right answer.
THE EASY PATH

FULL CIRCLE. By Mary A. Hamilton. (Collins. 7s. net.)

There is no doubt that the author of "Full Circle" has faced her difficult subject with courage and sincerity. But it is the novelist's courage, the novelist's sincerity. These are good, sound, familiar weapons which in a world of turn-tails and sentimentalists we cannot afford to despise, but it is just because her handling of them is so dexterous that we find ourselves wishing to Heaven that Mrs. Hamilton would throw both away and begin all over again without them. It is, we realize, a rude measure to propose, for it would mean the sacrifice of the charming composition of her novel; and this would not be an author whose mind delights in a sense of order, in composing for each character and scene the surroundings that are appropriate and adequate to it. What is the result? The result is another extremely able novel, written with unerring taste and sentiment, well informed, interesting. . . . It is a great deal better than the average novel—but is that enough? Just for the reason that in taking the easy accepted path Mrs. Hamilton has looked towards the difficult one, we say it is not enough and that "Full Circle" is by no means the novel it might have been.

Her difficult subject is this. Here we have the Quilhamptons, a family of brothers and sisters, passionately united by the tie of blood and by their affection for a beautiful home. They are met together on the occasion of the eldest sister's marriage, and the meeting is overshadowed by the fact that they realize the time has come when the "home life" must end and they must go their several ways and risk losing themselves in life. We are made to feel that in their case the risk is by no means small. Spontaneous, rich, gifted, original creatures that they are, they are, somehow, a shade too fine for life; there is a doubt whether, at the last moment, the habit to withdraw, to seek shelter, will not prove too strong. Of them all, Bridget is the one who, the others feel, is most likely to win through and be happy. Staying with them is a Socialist friend of their brother Roger, one Wilfred Elstree. This strange creature is a herald (but against all the rules carrying a trumpet) whom life has sent them, and they in their turn. The educa- tion of the family has been through the book, crude, harsh, hideous, selfish Elstree. At his touch her blood catches fire; at his glance she swoons. They live together until he tires of her and throws her away, to snatch from Roger's arms a little doll of a creature, and, after breaking her, to disappear for four years. On his reappearance he asks Bridget to marry him, but she begs him to wait for six weeks, and at the end of that time he is, of course, engaged to another. Now if Bridget had really loved Elstree, if he had not been such an out-and-out ranting, roaring stage-Socialist, if their relationship had been important, and yet there had been in his nature some queer brutal streak, some lack of imagination which drove him to seek in another only the means of renewing himself—if Bridget had recognized this and yet won through. . . . But Love? We have a most convincing account of her physical reactions, of her enjoyment of him and the anguish she suffered when he left her and she waited for the bell to ring—for a letter—a sign—hoped and gave up hope. But Love? Why, on his reappearance after four years Mrs. Hamilton sacrifices the feelings of her heroine to a description of the room by firelight in which Elstree is siting. Fatul gift of the pen, fatal sincerity of the novelist! How can we believe in Bridget unless we have the whole of her? How can we accept the fact that she did win through if we are not told to what?—if we are put off, cleverly, indeed, with a description of the fascination of London?

We realize in writing this we are too severe upon the author, but it is her fault. If she did not convey the impression that she might have written "Full Circle" from within, how can we be content with her view of it from without?

K. M.

PROMISE

GOLD AND IRON. By Joseph Hergesheimer. (Heinemann. 7s. net.)

Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer is a writer whose few books have been hailed by the generous critic as masterpieces of their kind. Perhaps it is owing to the fact that he comes from America that his praise has been more formal, less familiar, less—may we say?—avuncular than that which they are accustomed to bestow upon our very own young men. In the latter case, it is their habit upon the appearance of a first novel, however superb they may consider it, to acknowledge the fact that the writer is a young writer. "These young men have grown up in our midst. They have attended our schools, they have been to our Universities and come down. While we do not dispute their genius for one moment, we question whether the finest flower, the ripest fruit is yet within our hands." But Mr. Hergesheimer has been allowed no youth. They have been to the woods for him already; they have returned with an armful of those strange branches that look and smell like laurel, and there is nothing more to be said except to say it over again.

Nevertheless it is just this quality of "promise" which we venture to think he possesses. It is more noticeable than ever in the stories collected under the title "Gold and Iron." These three stories are all most obviously the work of a writer who feels a great deal more than he can at present express. They are in form very similar. In the long, slow approach to the "crisis," he writes well and freely; he takes his time, one has the impression that he feels, here, at this point he is safe, and can afford to let himself go. But when the heart of the story is reached, when there is nothing left to depend upon—to cling to—then he is like a young swimmer who can even swim very well, dispersed himself unafraid and at ease as long as he knows that the water is not out of his depth. When he discovers that it is—he disappears. So does Mr. Hergesheimer. But watching sympathetically from the bank, we hope the disappearance is only temporary.

K. M.

THE STUDY OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY TO-DAY.—Inaugural Address by J. P. Whitney, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge. (Cambridge, University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)—Professor Whitney's appointment to the important chair he now holds was welcomed by all those who believe that what the study of religion most needs at the present moment is an infusion of sweetness and light. A large part of this inaugural address is taken up, as usual on these occasions, with tributes to former occupants of the chair. Professor Whitney is sufficiently fitted to do justice to his predecessors, however much their views may have diverged from his own, yet we feel that even his generous appreciation falls short of doing full justice to Henry Melvill Gwatkin. It hardly brings out those artistic qualities in which this dear controversialist was supreme. The hundred and seventy years for which Mr. Whitney and Mr. Hergesheimer are as perfect a piece of writing as any historian has accomplished. Into this little space Gwatkin has packed, without a trace of overcropping, the whole religious and political world of the fourth century, each figure alive and distinct, each scene a firm and finished miniature. Whatever his deficiencies as a historian, as a writer he will not be easily surpassed.
Science

PSYCHOLOGY IN INDUSTRY

LECTURES ON INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Bernard Muscio. (Routledge. 6s. 6d. net.)

It is no fresh discovery that some ways of performing even the simplest tasks of manual labour are less taxing than others, or that a pause, say for tea in the middle of the afternoon, may have an exhilarating effect, or that a certain physique is desirable in each trade; but an intelligent and systematic study of the easiest and most economical movements needed for a particular industrial process, of the distribution of time between work and rest, will add materially to mutual efficiency. The introduction of scientific methods into the workshop has been one of the notable results of the recent depression. Where a considerable amount of manual work is required, the cost of production is lessened and the output increased.

Mr. Muscio points out, no adequate body of information to which an employer or workman wishing to reduce or eliminate fatigue can turn for information. Little or nothing is known of the cumulative effects of work, of the causes which make monotonous work distasteful to some persons while it may be agreeable to others; of the extent to which strain might be avoided by reduction of noise, and of the medical and physiological results of the mental strain.

The necessity of maintaining a maximum output during the war led to the establishment of the Health of Munition Workers' Committee to remedy the effects of ignorance in the use of human labour which would not have been displayed had horses or hounds been concerned, and the first ground has been broken in this country by the publications of this committee. But the present problem is a different one, namely, to secure a standard output with a minimum of effort from the workers, ensuring to them a reserve of vitality and leisure which will go to promises of a new world other than a platform value. An instance of the results of psychological methods in industry will serve to illustrate their possible uses. Thirty-five girls selected for their short reaction times did as much work as bicycle-ball inspectors in an eight-hour day, and a half-hour day, taking two days' holiday per month at their own option, and 120 girls not so selected in a ten-and-a-half-hour day, while the accuracy of their work was two-thirds greater. Although the wages of these girls were increased by nearly 100 per cent., the cost of production was largely decreased.

The history of scientific management and the use which has been made of psychological methods in America is not encouraging, and the conclusions of the Hoxie Report are calculated to give pause to enthusiasts. After stating that at its present stage scientific management "is in many respects crude, many of its devices are contradictory of its announced principles, and it is inadequately scientific," the Commissioners continue:

The second point is that neither organized nor unorganized Labour finds in Scientific Management any adequate protection to their standards of living, any progressive means for industrial education, or any opportunity for industrial democracy by which Labour may create for itself a progressively efficient share in efficient management. And, therefore, as unorganized Labour is totally unequipped to work for these human rights, it becomes doubly the duty of organized Labour to work unceasingly and unsparingly for them, and, if necessary, to combat an industrial development which not only does not contain conditions favourable to their growth, but, in many respects, is hostile soil.

Mr. Muscio, in a fair general survey of the charges brought by Labour against scientific management as appears by the contents of sympathetic studies and experiments, to show that none of the objections can be regarded as final. He admits the exploitation of Labour under the Taylor and kindred systems, the small share of profits represented by the increased wages of individual workers, the fact that increased output was not coupled with an adequate reduction of hours of labour, and the interference with the power of collective bargaining which is an essential principle of trade-unionism. He also admits that scientific management has led to temporary unemployment and that it has been associated with a "driving," although the object of psychological study should be to diminish this, and to relieve the strain due to increased speed of machinery. On the other hand, he does not allow that manual workers stand to lose by further subdivision of labour, and consequent destruction of craft skill, provided their rights of collective bargaining are safeguarded, and he reduces the argument against labour-saving appliances to an absurdity by following its extreme logical consequences.

The apathy of Labour towards the need for increased production is often represented as a depraved desire to restrict output and so shirk a fair day's work, but such critics are apt to overlook the fact that, under present industrial conditions and warned by American experience, Labour has little to gain from increased production, and much to fear from the introduction of psychological methods without safeguards. There is no guarantee that the present struggle to obtain or keep fair rates of pay would cease; and the demand for security of employment, which can alone dispel the fear overshadowing the minds of the workers, cannot be met.

They are not interested in the argument of the political economist that increased efficiency in the production of boots will cheapen the cost of boots and therefore increase the demand, so long as they perceive that a higher standard of efficiency leads to the dismissal of individual workers, and further suspect that employers cherish an army of unemployed for their own ends.

It is safe to prophesy that, although time and motion study and other applications of industrial psychology may be tolerated in factories where the general conditions are above the average, the attitude of the workers will remain unaltered until there is a fundamental change in the respective functions of Capital and Labour. The reports of the Whiteley Committee have been regarded in some quarters as a new gospel, but it was pointed out in a note by a minority of the Committee that they had not solved any problems arising out of the relations between Capital and Labour, but had only suggested machinery by which such problems might ultimately be solved. The successful adoption of psychological methods is only possible with the intelligent and responsible co-operation of the workers, and Labour must have full opportunities to devise and insist upon its own safeguards. The introduction of such methods must be accompanied by experiments in joint industrial control, and in the assignment of contracts for labour to Trade Unions or Works Committees, made under the most favourable conditions and in a spirit hopeful of success, and not as a challenge to Bolshevism.

The Industrial Fatigue Research Board, appointed to carry on the work begun by the Health of Munition Workers' Committee, is undertaking inquiries which should materially extend present knowledge, and has already published reports of considerable interest on certain aspects of the question. The proposed Institute of Industrial Psychology, with facilities for laboratory research and for training psychologists for industrial posts, should carry the matter a stage further if the sympathy and assistance of Labour are enlisted. But unless the opinion expressed above is beside the mark, experiments in factory management are essential and none too late, one of the national factories might well be dedicated to this purpose. The results obtained by the Industrial Fatigue Research Board and by the proposed Institute can best be put to a practical test in works where Labour has some share in the control; under any other conditions important factors in modern industrial psychology must inevitably be disregarded.
SOCIETIES

Geological.—January 21.—Mr. G. W. Lamlugh, President, in the chair.

D. Buttle, C. P. Chatwin, J. Davies, W. G. Langford, E. Merrick, Florence Annie Pitts, Dr. Pierre Pruvost, Mrs. Eleanor M. Reid, H. R. Wellis and A. K. Wells were elected Fellows.

Mr. Richard Dixon Oldham gave a demonstration on a model to illustrate the hypothesis of a somewhat rigid crust resting on a somewhat yielding substratum, as applied to the problem of the origin of mountain ranges.

Linnean.—January 15.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

A special vote of thanks was accorded to the Institute of Preventive Medicine for its gift of a large number of volumes on Sponges, formerly the property of the late Professor E. A. Minchin.—Mr. J. K. Matthews was admitted a Fellow. Dr. James Davidson was elected a Fellow.

Dr. A. B. Rendle stated that M. Jules Cardot, the eminent French bryologist, was early in the war driven by the German advance from his home at Charleville, with less than twenty-four hours' notice, and had to abandon all his possessions. Able at last to return to Charleville, he found that the greater part of his property had been destroyed; his family furniture and possessions, his books and MS. notes, his instruments, and a large portion of his collections, either ruined or disappeared. The one part of his belongings left practically intact is his mounted Herbarium of Mosses, consisting of about 10,000 species, represented by about 30,000 specimens. The Herbarium is a valuable one, containing the types of a large number of species. It is M. Cardot's desire that his Herbarium should find a permanent place in the Park of Natural History. The Museum authorities are willing to find half the necessary amount, the remaining half to be raised, partly in this country, partly in America, among botanical friends and sympathizers. Bryological friends in the United States have intimated their willingness to do this, and an agreed price of 10,000 fr. has been mentioned between the Museum and M. Cardot; and the proposal to raise one-fourth of that amount in this country would at the present rate of exchange need a sum of between 400 and 450.—Mr. H. N. Dixon is acting as treasurer of the fund, and contributions will be gladly received by him at 17, St. Matthew's Parade, Northampton.

The General Secretary gave a lantern lecture entitled “Methods of Potatoes' Illustration during Fossil Days.” Specimens of the blocks and of plates resulting from the processes described were shown on the table.

Royal Institution.—February 2.—Sir James Cotton-Browne, Treasurer and Vice-President, in the chair.

The thanks of the members were returned to Mr. A. B. Bence Jones for his present of copies from scientific journals of abstracts of Faraday's Friday Evening Discourses, used by Dr. Bence Jones in his Life and Letters of Faraday.—Dr. W. H. Bailey, Mrs. Champton de Crescenty, J. Campbell Dewar, Mrs. Drescheld, G. Bramwell Ehrenberg, and Dr. W. R. Parker were elected Members.

Society of Antiquaries.—January 29.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

The Rev. J. K. Floyer read a paper on the ancient manor house of the bishops of Winchester at Esher. The only remaining portion of the Bishop of Winchester's manor house at Esher is the brick gatehouse, built about 1485. A map of 1606 shows the extent of the site when it was completed by Bishop Wainfleet. The gatehouse corresponds in material and design with others built in England by those who had taken part in the wars in France in the fifteenth century, and the origin of these gatehouses may probably be traced to that country. The first house on the Esher manor was probably erected in 1245, and was considerably enlarged in 1381. All except the principal dwelling-rooms was rebuilt by Bishop Wainfleet. Cardinal Wolsey attempted to acquire the house from Bishop Fox, so that he could be near Hampton Court when this was being built. He gained possession of it in April, 1529, and about three years later retired to Esher on his disgrace, remaining there until February 1539. Henry VIII. acquired the manor in 1538. Richard Drake had the custody of three high admirals of the Spanish Armada, as prisoners, from 1588 to 1592. The house was altered in various ways, chiefly by Kent, about 1729-30. About 1806 Mr. Spicer pulled down all except the gatehouse, which remains with alterations by Kent.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 6 King's College, 4.—"Eccelesiastical Art." Lecture IV., Professor P. Dearmer.
University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance." Lecture III., Dr. E. G. Gardner.
King's College, 5.—"Historical Theories of Space, Time, and Movement: The Antinomies—Zeno, Kant, Bradley." Professor H. W. Wilcox.

Fri. 6 King's College, 5.30.—"La Dynastie de Macedoine: III. Les Bulgars," Dr. L. Oeconomos.
University College, 5.30.—"Greek and Roman Industry." Mr. M. Cary.
Philological, 5.—"Some Middle English Problems," Sir Israel Gollancz.
Royal Institution, 5.30.—"Landor and the Classic Manner." Sir Walter Raleigh.

University of London, South Kensington, 3.—"London, Surrey and the Anglo-Saxon Conquest," Mr. A. F. Major.

Mon. 9 Geographical, 5.—"Characteristics of the Ground as seen from the Air," Capt. H. A. Allan Lloyd.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Apocalypse," Lecture II., Archbishop Charles. Swinburne (Lectures.)
King's College, 5.30.—"Outlines of Greek History: The Isaraut Deconstruction, 718-802," Professor A. J. Tolembec.
University College, 5.30.—"Guillaume de Machaut's Literary and Musical Work," Lecture I., Miss Barbara Smythe.

Dr. Williams's Library (41, Gordon Square, W.C.), 6.—"The Analysis of Mind," Lecture XIII., Mr. Bertrand Russell.

Tues. 10 Royal Institution, 3.—"The Search for Gold," Professor G. Elliot Smith.
Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—"Experiments on the Horizontal Pressure of Sand." Mr. P. M. Crossthwaite.
"Overturning Moment in Retaining Walls," Dr. A. R. Bolton.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Philosophy of Kant," Lecture IV., Professor H. Weldon Carr.
University College, 5.30.—"The Golden Age in Danish Literature," Lecture I., Mr. J. H. Holwe.
University College, 5.30.—"Holland and Belgium," Lecture I., Professor P. Geyl.

Wed. 11 University College, 3.—"History and Drama in the Divina Commedia," Lecture III., Dr. E. G. Gardner.
(Barlow Lectures.)
King's College, 5.30.—"The Problem of the Middle Danube," Dr. W. R. Seton-Watson.
University College, 5.30.—"The Changes as shown by Corn in the Rights in the Usages and attaching to Property," Lecture II., Sir John Macdonell.
University College, 5.30.—"Wergeland, Wellhaven and Collett," Lecture I., Mr. I. C. Grondahl.

Thurs. 12 University College, 2.50.—"Egyptian History," Miss Murray.
Royal Institution, 3.—"Recent Progress in Applied Optics," Lecture II., Professor A. E. Conrady.
Royal Society, 4.30.—""""Christ in Modern Thought," Dr. W. E. Orchard.
University of London, 5.30.—"Italian Literature," Lecture IV., Professor Antonio Cippico. (In Italian.)
University College, 5.30.—"English Architecture in the Nineteenth Century," Mr. F. M. Simpson.
University College, 5.30.—"August Strindberg," Lecture I., Mr. J. Bjorkhagen.

Fri. 13 King's College, 4.—"Eccelesiastical Art," Lecture V., Professor P. Dearmer.
University College, 3.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture IV., Dr. E. G. Gardner.
King's College, 5.30.—"Eccelesiastical Music: The Use of Plain Chant in the English Service," Capt. Francis Burgess.
King's College, 5.30.—"Historical Theories of Space, Time, and Movement: The Void—The Old Atomic Theory—Lucretius—Dewar," Professor H. A. Panter.
King's College, 5.30.—"La Dynastie de Macedoine: IV. L'action de Byzance en Occident," Dr. L. Oeconomos.
Fine Arts

DUNCAN GRANT

TO-DAY, when the Carfax Gallery opens its doors at No. 5, Bond Street, and invites the cultivated public to look at the paintings of Duncan Grant, that public will have a chance of discovering what has for some time been known to alert critics here and abroad—that at last we have in England a painter whom Europe may have to take seriously. Nothing of the sort has happened since the time of Constable; so naturally one is excited.

If the public knows little of Duncan Grant the public is not to blame. During the fifteen years that he has been at work not once has he held “a one-man show,” while his things to periodic exhibitions have been rare and unobtrusive. To be sure, there is a picture by him in the Tate Gallery. But who ever thought of going there to look for a work of art? Besides, during the last few years the Tate, like most other places of the sort, has been given over to civil servants. Duncan Grant is a scrupulous, slow, and not particularly methodical worker. His output is small; and no sooner is a picture finished than it is carried off by one of those watchful amateurs who seem a good deal more eager to buy than he is to sell. Apparently he cares little for fame; so the public gets few opportunities of coming acquainted with his work.

Duncan Grant is, in my opinion, the best English painter alive. And how English he is! (British, I should say, for Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, etc.) Of course he has been influenced by Cézanne and the modern Frenchmen. He is of the movement. Superficially his work may look exotic and odd. Odd it will certainly look to people unfamilair with painting. But anyone who has studied and understood the Italians will see at a glance that Duncan Grant is thoroughly in the great tradition; while he who also knows the work of Wilson, Gainsborough, Crome, Cotman, Constable and Turner will either deny that there is such a thing as an English tradition, or admit that Duncan Grant is in it. For my part, I am inclined to believe that an English pictorial tradition exists, though assuredly it is a tiny and almost imperceptible rill, to be traced as often, perhaps, through English poetry as through English painting. At all events, there are national characteristics; and these you will find asserting themselves for good or ill in the work of our better painters.

Duncan Grant’s ancestors are Piero della Francesca, Gainsborough and the Elizabethan poets. There is something Greek about him, too; not the archeological Greek of Germany, nor yet the Greco-Roman academicism of France, but rather that romantic, sensuous Hellenism of the English literary tradition. It is, perhaps, most obvious in his early work, where, indeed, all the influences I have named can easily be found. Then, at the right moment, he plunged headlong into the movement, became the student of Cézanne. He admired, though not, curiously enough, of Bonnard, the modern artist with whose work his own has the closest affinity, and, for a year or two, suffered his personality to disappear almost beneath the heavy, fertilizing spate. He painted French exercises. He was learning. He has learnt. He can now express, not someone else’s ideas, but himself, completely and with delicious ease, in the language of his age. He is a finished and highly personal modern artist.

I dare say Duncan Grant’s most national characteristic is the ease with which he achieves beauty. To paint beautifully comes as naturally to him as to speak English does to me. Almost all English artists of any merit have had this gift, and most of them have turned it to sorry account. It was so pleasant to please that they tried to do nothing else, so easy to do it that they scrambled and gambolled down the hill that ends in mere prettiness. From this catastrophe Duncan Grant has been saved by a gift which, amongst fine men, is not uncommon. He is extremely intelligent. His intellect is strong enough to keep in hand that most charming and unruly of its sister gifts, sensibility. And a painter who possesses both sensibility and the intellect to direct it is in a fair way to becoming a master.

The sensibility of English artists, whether verbal or visual, is as notorious as their sense of beauty. This becomes less surprising when we reflect that the former includes the latter. The fact is, critics, with their habitual slovenliness, apply the term “sensibility” to two different things. Sometimes they are talking about the artist’s imagination, and sometimes about his use of the instrument: sometimes about his reactions, and sometimes—in the case of painters—about the tips of his fingers. It is true that both qualities owe their existence to and are conditioned by one fundamental gift—a peculiar poise—a state of feeling—which may well be described as “sensibility.” But, though both are consequences of this peculiar delicacy and what I should like to call “light-triggeredness” of temperament, they are by no means identical. By “sensibility” critics may mean an artist’s power of responding easily and intensely to the aesthetic significance of what he sees; this power they might call, if they cared to be precise, “sensibility of inspiration.” At other times they imply no more than sensibility of touch: in which case they mean that the contact between the artist’s brain and his canvas has the quality of a thrilling caress, so that it seems almost as if the instrument that bridged the gulf between his fingers and the surface of his picture must have been as much alive as himself. “Sensibility of handling” or “hand-writing” is the proper name for this. In a word, there is sensibility of the imagination and sensibility of the senses: one is receptive, the other executive. Now Duncan Grant’s reactions before the visible universe are exquisitely vivid and personal, and the quality of his paint is often as charming as a kiss. He is an artist who possesses both kinds of sensibility. These are admirable gifts; but they are not extraordinarily rare amongst English painters of the better sort. In my judgment Gainsborough and Duncan Grant are the only English painters who are not endowed with sensibility of both sorts, but I could name a dozen who have been handsomely supplied. In my own time there have been four—Burne-Jones (you should look at his early work), Conder, Steer and John, all of whom had an allowance far above the average, while in America there was Whistler. No one, I suppose, would claim for any of these, save, perhaps, Whistler, a place even in the second rank of artists. From which it follows clearly enough that something more than delicacy of reaction and touch is needed to make a man first-rate. What is needed is, of course, constructive power. An artist must be able to convert his inspiration into significant form; for an artist who ventures out from a tentative, tremulous, excited vision to an orderly mental conception, and from that conception, by means of the problem and with the help of technique, to externalization in form. That is where intelligence and creative power come in. And no British painter has, as yet, combined with sure and abundant sensibility, power and intelligence of a sort to do perfectly and without fail this desperate and exacting work. In other words, there has been no British painter of the first magnitude. But I mistake or Gainsborough, Crome, Constable and Duncan Grant were all born with the possibility of greatness in them.

Many British (or, to make myself safe, I will say English-speaking) painters have had enough sensibility—
tion to make them distinguished and romantic figures. Who but feels that Wilson, Blake, Reynolds, Turner and Rossetti were remarkable men? Others have had that facility and exquisiteness of handling which gives us the enviable and indefatigable producer of charming objects—Hogarth, Cotman, Cowen, Whistler, Conder, Steer, Davies. Indeed, with the exceptions of Blake and Rossetti—two heavy-handed men of genius—and Reynolds, whose reactions were something too perfunctory, I question whether there be a man in either list who wanted much for sensibility of either sort. But what English painter could conceive and effectively carry out a work of art? Crome I think has done it; Gainsborough and Constable at any rate came near; and it is because Duncan Grant may be the fourth name in our list that some of us are now looking forward with considerable excitement to his exhibition.

An Englishman who is an artist can hardly help being a poet: I neither applaud nor altogether deplore the fact, though certainly it has been the ruin of many promising painters. The doom of Englishmen is not reversed for Duncan Grant; he is a poet; but he is a poet in the right way—in the right way, I mean, for a painter to be a poet. Certainly his vision is not purely pictorial; and because he feels the literary significance of what he sees his conceptions are apt to be literary. But he does not impose his conceptions on his pictures; he works his pictures out of his conceptions. Anyone who will compare them with those of Rossetti or Watts will see in a moment what I mean. In Duncan Grant there is, I agree, something that reminds one unmistakably of the Elizabethan poets, something fantastic and whimsical and at the same time intensely lyrical. I should find it hard to make my meaning clearer, yet I am conscious enough that my epithets applied to his painting anything but precise. But though they may be lyrical or fantastic or witty, these pictures never tell a story or point a moral.

My notion is that Duncan Grant often starts from some mixed motif which, as he labours to reduce it to form and colour, he cuts, chips and knobs about till you would suppose that he must have quite whittled the alloy away. But the fact is, the very material out of which he builds is coloured in poetry. The thing he has to build is a monument of pure visual art; that is what he plans, designs, elaborates and finally executes. Only, when he has achieved it, we cannot help noticing the colour of the bricks. All notice, and some enjoy, this adscititious literary over-tone. Make no mistake, however, the literary element in the art of Duncan Grant is what has been left over, not what has been added. A Blake or a Watts conceals a picture and makes of it a story: a Giorgione or a Piero di Cosimo steals the germ of a poem and by curious cultivation grows out of it a picture. In the former class you will find men who may be great figures, but can never be more than mediocrities: Duncan Grant is of the latter. He is in the English tradition without being in the English art. He has sensibility of inspiration, beauty of touch, and poetry; but, controlling these, he has intelligence and artistic integrity. He is extremely English; but he is more of an artist than an Englishman.

Clive Bell.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

South Kensington Museum.—Sculpture by Auguste Rodin. Goupil Gallery.—Water-Colours by Professor Frederick Brown.

Rodin is perhaps the most skilful modeler in clay who ever lived; he had the tactile sense—the special sense of the modeler developed to the highest degree. He had, moreover, a subtle sense of contour and silhouette—the special sense of the painter. But he was relatively weak in the concrete structural sense—the special sense of the sculptor—modeled over the whole. Not too much attention was given to the superficial aspects of the human form, or was more responsive to sentient surfaces; no modeler ever produced more vibrant fragments. No painter ever drew more sensitive lines than the contours of Rodin’s best works. But no sculptor of anything like his eminence ever failed so often to conceive his subject in the round, or to create a structure capable of looking its best in the open air. Rodin’s works invariably look their best indoors, and photographs of some pieces are more impressive than the sculptures themselves. Hardly any of his works are admirable from every angle; few have more than two good views, many have only one. If the photographic view is the best, and if the appropriate lighting and background, we get a concentrated version of a silhouette and its encircling contours—which corresponds but too often, we suspect, to the sculptor’s original concept. But the qualities that went to the making of Rodin as an artist were not merely technical qualities. He had a great perception of a great outline, and a fine sense of line. The whole constitution of the man appears in his first three important works—the “Man with a Broken Nose,” “The Age of Bronze” and “St. John the Baptist.” These three pieces epitomize the three strains of his aesthetic outlook, the three contiguous paths along which he was destined to tread as an artist. Rodin made his debut with the “Man with a Broken Nose,” and the path which it represents is the most personal of the three and the most modern in aesthetic conception. The head was the forerunner of “La Vieille Hauemière,” the “Balzac,” the portrait of Jean Paul Laurens, and a host of experiments. The Age of Bronze represents the path of academic realism, in which Rodin never achieved anything more perfect. Indeed, the work conceived in this point of view went steadily downward, and degenerated eventually into the soft and sentimental whitenesses which emerge from swirling pools of marble and are labelled “Fallen Angel” or “Broken Lily,” or something equally non-plastic in significance. “St. John the Baptist,” which is the first result of the artist’s study of antique sculpture, which he developed later to the climax of his art in “The Bourgeois of Calais.” All three paths are represented at South Kensington: the first by a series of bronze sketches, “Cybele,” “The Muse,” “Figure of a Woman,” and the Expressionist portraits of “T. Duchesne,” “A”; the second by “The Age of Bronze” itself, and one or two unimportant marble groups; the third by “St. John the Baptist” and the beautiful “Prodigal Son,” better known as “Appel Suprême.” The Rodin gift includes at least two masterpieces, and is priceless evidence of the working of a great artist’s mind. Rodin offered his sculptures in humility, but also in a fine confidence that they were a fitting tribute to the great nation which received them; he offered them with a grand and complex gesture—a gesture worthy of his own art.

Professor Frederick Brown has devoted many years of his life to teaching at the Slade School. With his colleagues in the famous institution he has fought valiantly for the principles of classical draughtsmanship against pretty stippling and journalistic “shininess.” He has removed the cataracts of the photographic vision from the eyes of successive generations of students. He has helped small men to attain competence and at least one big man to touch greatness. This is a record of service which appears at its true value when we examine his exhibition of watercolours at the Goupil Gallery. For these drawings prove that Professor Brown has enough skill and knowledge to have enabled him to accomplish much more had he taken to more experimental work. He is known to do so. “Lesser” (No. 26), “The End of a Sunday Morning” (No. 27), and “A Scene in the Highlands” (No. 34) are excellent in their way.
Music

A GERMAN CRITIC ON MODERN MUSIC

II.

As representative composers of modern Germany Bekker picks out Reger and Mahler (who are both dead), Schönberg, Franz Schreker and Ludwig Rottenberg. Of the first three English audiences know a little at any rate; the other two names, I confess, are unfamiliar to me. The first is a composer of operas, the second a composer of songs. Schreker’s operas, which Bekker regards as the greatest since Wagner, are described as being very much under Latin influences, essentially melodic, and looking back towards Gluck and Handel in the sense in which Debussy looks back to Rameau. The songs of Rottenberg have been generally criticized as being too much in the nature of recitative, but are to be considered as an advance on those of Hugo Wolf. It is difficult to form any general conception of modern German tendencies from such summary descriptions.

In comparing the musical conditions of Germany with those of England and France at the present moment, the most striking difference seems to be in the respective attitude of these countries to the music of the past. Germany is a land of learned researchers. The historical investigation of musical origins has been more thoroughly and conscientiously pursued there than in any other country. But the antiquaries are a little group apart. Some of them happen to be interested in modern music; but generally speaking the bulk of the musical public is in no way affected by the achievements of their scholarship. Just as German literature is considered to begin with Lessing, so German music begins with J. S. Bach. In France, on the other hand, the music of Rameau, of Couperin, of Lulli, and even that of Jannenquin is quite frequently to be heard. Here in England Purcell, Byrd, Dowland, Gibbons and a host of others are constantly being performed all over the country. There is no sharp line of demarcation between the admirers of the old and the admirers of the new. The scholars who dig up the old music that lies buried in our libraries do not feel that their task is done until they have secured the actual performance of it; and it is in many cases those scholars who are the keenest enthusiasts for the music of our own day.

Another, and perhaps a more important, point of difference between Germany and England lies in their attitude towards folksong. The early precursors of the folksong movement in England used to point to Germany as the land where the national musical heritage of the people was properly appreciated and cultivated. As a matter of fact Brahms, whose folksong settings were the chief cause of all this enthusiasm, was notoriously undiscriminating, and accepted as genuine tunes which had been deliberately made up to throw ridicule on the folksong movement of an earlier generation. And, apart from such errors as these, it may be said that to the average German mind a folksong was a popular tune composed between 1800 and 1850. There were older ones; but the favourites which were firmly stuck in the great heart of the German people dated mostly from the days of Weber and Mendelssohn.

That meant that their musical interest was principally harmonic. Folksong in German music meant much the same thing as the hymn tunes of Stainer and Barnby did in the music of England. Germany has never known the new musical outlook that came into English music with the first maturing of the folksong movement. To German musicians the modes are still the church modes, interesting only to the specialist in liturgy. We in England know, thanks to some of our folksongs, that the "ecclesiastical" modes can be as cheerful and human as the conventional major and minor. There was before the war a brief period during which it seemed that the folksong movement was going to have a vigorously regenerating influence upon English music. At the present moment this regenerating influence seems to have entirely lost its force. The folksong movement is lively enough. Thousands and thousands of young persons appear to be dashing away with the smoothing iron and acquiring an art of dancing which combines the maximum of energy with the minimum of grace. But in the early days of the movement those who were most interested in it hoped that composers would arise in our own country who would be saturated with their native melodies as Haydn and Dvorak were, and like them would draw from the music of the people the inspiration of their operas and symphonies. Two men there were who might have achieved this ideal, two who had been practical collectors of folksongs and had absorbed them into their very bones, so that almost every phrase they wrote had the natural shape and cadence of traditional melody. George Butterworth, whose few published works showed him likely to be the greater, although the younger of the two, was killed in the war. Vaughan Williams has been silent for five years.

In the meantime new influences have made themselves felt. The old collectors’ enthusiasm is a thing of the past. The folksong movement would nowadays be better described as the folksong industry. Thanks to our commercial composers the folksong style has become a commonplace cliche. It no longer commands our respect; it has even found its way into the popular hymn-books. Reluctantly, remembering the thrill and the excitement of past years, we begin to wonder whether the German critic is not right in regarding such experiments merely as picturesque effects of colour. The mistake of the folksong enthusiasts was in attaching too much importance to the moral and sentimental aspect of the business. These tunes were supposed to stand for rural simplicity; they were pure, healthy, English and all the rest of it. The result was that even Butterworth, who possessed a technique for better things, seemed mainly preoccupied with their emotional and dramatic values. The only way to make them fruitful as the far-down roots of English music was to consider them disinterestedly, to ask oneself not whether they were morally good, but whether they were beautiful. And if they were beautiful, it should not have sufficed to present them, as they so often were presented in a number of symphonic poems and other works, simply as melodies either supported on an almost motionless bass or clothed with deliberately eccentric dissonances. They should have been worked contrapuntally, rigidly and ruthlessly as Purcell might have worked them, and then perhaps they might have evolved for their craftsmen a new originality of expressive dissonance analogous to that which arises from Purcell’s single-minded pursuit of the melodic line. But as long as English musicians go on wasting time over the merely quaint and picturesque they are no more likely to produce work of permanent value than the average old-fashioned German whom they despise for his sentimental attachment to the classical tradition of Schumann and Brahms.

EDWARD J. DENT.

The Menestrel contains a letter from M. Fernand Baldensperger replying to the statement made by certain German critics that with the disappearance of German rule, musical enthusiasm would also disappear from Alsace-Lorraine. M. Baldeesperger quotes the subscriptions to the concerts of the Strasbourg Conservatoire in the last year of German direction was 719; in the first year of French direction, 869. The figures are interesting, although it may be doubted whether, in view of the war conditions of 1917-18, they prove anything.
CONCERTS

MISS LILIAN MCKINNON and MISS EURIDICE DRACONI gave pianoforte recitals on two successive nights (Jan. 26 and 27) entirely devoted to the works of Scriabin. If recitals of this kind are to continue, one hopes that they will be concerned more exclusively with the late-middle and late Scriabin, who at any rate an individual, though, in our view, an extremely limited one. We very quickly tire of the early Scriabin, in whom—downfalling the "Divine Poem"—the styles of Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, Wagner, and Tschaikowsky wage a too-evident struggle for predominance. And if examples of every period are to be included, it is surely better to arrange the programmes on something like a chronological basis, so that we can trace to some extent the evolution of the composer's characteristic idioms. In the programmes before us was this principle observed; Miss Draconi, for instance, played the Fifth Sonata—an interesting transitional work—and then went back to the Preludes numbered Op. 16, which sounded in consequence utterly futile.

In the method of interpretation, these two recitals offered as strong a contrast as one could desire. Miss McKinnon, as usual, played everything as pianistic, pure and simple, avoiding dynamic extremes, and relying on an extremely subtle and artistic gradation of tone in the middle register to achieve contrast of effect. In Miss Draconi's playing everything was much more heavily emphasized; she gave the impression of playing a piano transcription from an orchestral score, rather than the pianistic version for the pianoforte. We believe Miss McKinnon's method to be decidedly the right one for this composer, whose orchestral writing, as a matter of fact, reflects his piano technique very strongly.

The conductor at the Philharmonic Society's Concert on January 29 was Mr. Adrian Boult, and the chief works performed were Delius' Violin Concerto, Holst's suite "Beni-Mora," and Brahms' Fourth Symphony. The Concerto would affect one more deeply if the composer had not said the same kind of thing so often before. The Concerto moves about in solid harmonic chunks, whose incessant chromaticism leaves one cold, simply because one feels it has become a formula which Delius is content to exploit without questioning its validity. Over this accompaniment the solo violin keeps up a vague and almost continuous monologue that has many charming moments, but lacks incision and coherence. Delius' besetting sin has always been: a tendency to rely too exclusively on harmonic effect, and ignore problems of outline, texture, and design; for some time now his harmonic formulae have been wearing thin, and the purely sensuous beauty they achieve can no longer satisfy us. If one heard the Concerto without knowledge of his other work, one would welcome it as a beautiful and individual piece of music; as one looks back on "Sea Drift," "Paris" and "Appalachia," one becomes aware that it lacks vitality and significance. It was played by Mr. Sammons with delightful ease of style and purity of tone, though with less than his usual fervour, whilst the way in which Mr. Boult managed to scale down the orchestral dynamics and throw the solo part into the strongest possible relief was deserving of very high praise. "Beni-Mora" is an arresting work, and the last number is, both in boldness of conception and certainty of execution, second to nothing the composer has yet written.

Mr. DOUGLAS MARSHALL, at his recital on January 27, gave us, amongst other things, some unfamiliar numbers by John Dowland—a foretaste of the edition on which Mr. Fellowes is now engaged. If the rest of the selection maintains anything like the same level, the edition will be a treasure indeed, for these songs are magnificent, and, to tell the truth, made the rest of the programme seem very small by comparison. And repose in the singing of them would not have come amiss, but Mr. Marshall is going to be a good singer all the same. He sings with his head; all he needs to cultivate is a greater flexibility of style, and more variety of tone-colour.

Mr. ALBERT SAMMONS and MR. WILLIAM MURDOCH gave an extremely interesting recital on January 31, when sonatas by Dohnányi, Brahms, and John Ireland were played by the composers. The ensemble of Mr. Murdoch and Mr. Sammons is remarkable, considering that their respective styles and temperaments, to judge by their solo playing, are as different as could well be imagined. Mr. Sammons appears to exercise on Mr. Murdoch a restraining influence of which one often feels the need when one hears the latter playing by himself.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

Although the score of M. Charles Lévaüé's operatic version of Anatole France's masterpiece, "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédanque," was completed before the war, it has had to wait five years for its first performance, which took place on January 12 at the Opéra-Comique. Obviously, any attempt to find a musical equivalent to the peculiarly characteristic spirit and flavour which distinguishes all the writings of the great French stylist is practically foredoomed to failure; there is nothing in common between music and either France's mentality or his methods. One would have thought that any sensitive musician would have realized the truth of this in general, and especially in the case of this particular work. However, since M. Georges Dociquoi has seen fit to dramatize "La Rôtisserie," or rather to transform it for the theatre, and M. Levade has not hesitated to write his score round this transformation, the result must be criticized as it stands. Not only is it said to be the immature work of a composer who suffers in the process of being dressed up for the stage, and the cream and true richness of the book, which is its style, has had to be sacrificed to make room for "incident." The result is a more or less conventional opera-plot of romance and adventure, with the chief high lights on such episodes as Catherine's supplication to the Abbé to carry off of Jehan from her passion, and the murder of the Abbé by the vengeful musician, d'Astarac. All this may be legitimate enough, and will be liked by people who like this sort of thing, but we are sure that if the real Jacques Tournebroche were to see the good Abbé as he is now appearing on the stage of the Opéra-Comique, he would have no small difficulty in recognising his "bon maître." It is only fair to add, however, that if we accept this conception of the rôle, M. Jean Périer's acting as the Abbé Jérôme is masterly in its way; and all the cast are well up to the standard of the Opéra-Comique. We have left M. Levade's music to the end because there seems really so little to say about it at all. It is quite inoffensive, but seems to have been composed according to no particular plan, and shows little or no originality. There are bright spots here and there, but as a whole it sadly lacks the impress of a strong personality.

In the meantime the strike of the artists of the Opéra (orchestra, ballerinas, etc.) is over, and performances began again on January 20, after the strike had lasted eighteen days. The strikers have got their increase, but will have to work somewhat harder for the privilege—in other words, the Director retains the right to call upon them for thirty-six performances gratis per annum. This would appear to be a somewhat novel way of adjusting financial demands, but the strikers profess themselves satisfied, and have certainly won their "principle."

The strike may have one curious result owing to an ill-considered gesture on the part of M. Saint-Saëns. During the strike the artists gave popular concerts in Paris and the suburbs, at which they performed extracts from their repertory. M. Saint-Saëns, hearing of this, formally forbade the syndicate to play any of his works at these impromptu concerts—to which the strikers replied that while this prohibition was no embarrassment to themselves at all, it would be more likely to result in a decision being taken by the whole of the artists' syndicate throughout France which would be very far from flattering to the author of "Samson et Dalila," but for which he would only have himself to blame. In other words there is a serious possibility of M. Saint-Saëns' compositions being "boycotted" by all syndicated musicians throughout the length and breadth of France.*

On January 27 Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was to create at Lyon, with artists of the Comédie-Française, M. Moutet de Mermoz's "Ariane," to be given with incidental music taken from the composer's works.

R. H. M.

* This decision must subsequently have been modified as, since the above was written, "Samson et Dalila" has been performed again at the Opéra.
ON PRODUCING SHAKESPEARE

T HE recent revivals of "Hamlet" and "Julius Caesar" have given fresh prominence to the difficulty of presenting Shakespeare on our stages. It used to be the fashion to say that the sublimity of the poet made an adequate embodiment of his fancy impossible; nobody would have laughed at that more heartily than Shakespeare. He wrote, most carefully, for the theatre, but, unluckily, not for our theatre. What he and the dramatists of his period had in view while they worked was a bare platform projecting into an arena, upon which no visual illusion of reality could be attempted. Every effect must be gained through the medium of the ear; place and time must be created by the spoken word, without any help from scenery, lighting or costume. The modern stage, on the other hand, is a living picture framed by the proscenium, and to the totality of the illusion built up on it the words of the author contribute only a part. When a play of the "platform" epoch is prepared for the "picture" stage the troubles begin.

To start with, the main character of the oratorical drama, with its long soliloquies and descriptive narratives, is ill-adapted to realistic conventions. The more "actual" the trees in Capulet's garden appear, the less credible is the rhetoric of the lovers. There occurs, moreover, an unfortunate duplication when the scenery evoked by the author's verse is confronted with the brushwork of Messrs. Daubs.

To-morrow night when Phoebe doth behold
Her silvery visage in the watery glass
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

What is your limelight man to do after that? Equally baffling is the question of "curtains." If Shakespeare were to return to the works he would, doubtless, refuse to gratify the actor-manager in "Hamlet" by cutting out Fortinbras and ringing down on "The rest is silence," but, just as certainly, he would not end with:

Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

He had to take up the bodies, or leave them behind the Elizabethan stage had no curtain to cover them. In these and a score of ways Shakespeare was bound to the requirements of his playhouse. He must insert masques and dances; he must write, or at least indicate, scenes for the "clown"; he must seize every opportunity of a combat, for the theatres were still arenas for sword-play and wrestling; on every excuse for his heroine to disguise herself, he must get his fearful "girls" back into their breeches. But perhaps the most troubesome feature of his plays, from the point of view of the modern producer, is their length. When no time was wasted in shifting heavy scenery, it was possible to speak many more lines than can be said in the course of a modern show. But it is an error to suppose that by getting rid of scenery we shall be able to play Shakespeare without cuts. A phrase in the prologue to "Romeo and Juliet," alluding to "the two hours' traffic of our stage," has been far too literally interpreted. It is but the orator's "Let us consider for a few minutes," when he means at least forty of them. Shakespeare, therefore, must not have been played in two hours, nor did the audience expect it. They were indulged to longueurs. The difficulty about Shakespeare is felt just as acutely by us in the case of a contemporary publication, the Book of Common Prayer. Time seems to have had none of its alleged pecuniary value at this date.

The structure of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century theatres presented no great inconvenience for Shakespearian productions. It is true the old platform was fast disappearing into the proscenium arch, but the boxes still stood upon the "apron," the portion of the stage left projecting into the audience, and, whenever extra seating was urgently needed, a wooden "amphitheatre" was run up in front of the backcloth, without the least sense of incongruity. We are obviously still far from the "picture" convention. That did not arrive till the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and we shall not be far out in connecting it with Pianch, the historian of costumes, who gave a great impetus towards theatrical realism, both in details of dress and scenic elaboration.

The first great victim of the new ideal was Charles Kean, who during his tenancy of the Princess's, in the fifties, invented the archaeological Shakespeare revival. A performance of "Richard II." or "The Merchant of Venice" now became an excuse for resuscitating medieval England or Renascence Italy. Old annals were ransacked for details of dress, the stage was loaded with piles of solid scenery, and the text was hacked about freely to provide more occasion for spectacle. When Cleopatra's barge was actually to be shown at a cost of £500, why retain some thirty lines of blank verse describing it, which could only be a falsehood of the setting? But there is no real need to dilate on this type of production; it is one with which everybody is acquainted.

Irving may be said to have grappled, in some measure, with the new Franklinism. He, and to a greater extent perhaps Forbes Robertson, had an inking that the advance in stage mechanism might be put at the service of Shakespeare instead of tyrannizing over him, might illustrate without obscuring his purpose. But, whatever heir good intentions, they were overwhelmed by Beerbohm Tree. "Tontouns de l'audace" was his motto, and, in a succession of revivals which finally provoked revolt, he seethed Shakespeare in the vat of his extravagant imagination. Because he abstained from the refinement of lines and scenes, he felt justified in every other outrage, mangling, transposing, inserting whole tableaux and dumb situations of his own. He only once achieved success by this method. It was with "Henry VIII.," and the explanation is simple. That pageant libretto may have been bought by Shakespeare, but he certainly never wrote a line of it.

While rebellion against the whole archaeological and realistic system was maturing, Mr. Oscar Asche suggested a better way. He had not yet opened his penny Oriental bazaar, and was still an artist in whom great hope could be placed. In his memorable revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," he came within an ace of giving a pictorial production that should blend unobtrusively with the spirit of the play, and yet, by a "fugue" of his imagination, just missed it. There was a curious poignancy about the wintry English landscape in which he set the comedy, a note of reproach against the shill buffoonery of the actors. But that was Mr. Asche's poetry, not Shakespeare's. A producer has no more right to embellish than to disfigure his author.

Meanwhile, more drastic reforms were judged imperative. The experiment was tried of bringing back the Elizabethan stage, totus teres atque rotundus. It was disastrous. Conventions unnoticed in the sixteenth century are stumbling-blocks to-day. Absurdity reached its climax in a revival of this type when Archbishop Chichele in "Henry V." appeared in the "magpie" and frilled sleeves of a Protestant prelate. The new antiquarian pedantry was as bad as the old. Mr. Granville Barker at the Savoy took refuge in curtains and pattern decorations. The subtle aroma of Bunthorne then enveloped everything, and Falstaff would have recoiled coughing from the doors. Again the proper solution was only just missed. In dealing with a problem analogous to the Shakespearian one, the task of arranging "The Dynasts" for the stage,
Mr. Barker displayed both the wrong and the right way of treating it. An attempt to show part of the Battle of Trafalgar against the background of pale yellow curtains was as flat a failure as could well be imagined. But the scene representing the Beacon on the hill-top with a dim sky backcloth of equal simplicity was an almost incredibly perfect illusion. So long as realistic costumes are worn, we cannot, without a painful jar to the eye, dispense with realistic pictorial scenery. But the simplest scenery is the most convincing. Once this is grasped, our troubles will be over. We shall no longer be getting in the way of Shakespeare.

D. L. M.

MR. TODD TRIUMPHS

WHAT a long way a little touch of psychology will go in theatre! It must be said that it may be grossly distorted to adapt it to the philosophy of those for whom the commercial theatre caters, but—a starving man is not particular about cooking. Let the playwright show us however fugitive a trace of reality, cast the most flickering light upon our own minds and feelings, and we shall take it immediately. In Mr. Todd's Experiment," to the Olympia the Mr. Walter Hackett cannot be said to do more than this, but he does this much, and by comparison we account what he has written a good play. Better see life caricatured than not see it at all.

Arthur John Carrington was a boy of thirty who had regularly gone to the dogs. He wore soft slippers by his own fireside, sported a beard, like a dirty Bolshevik, and wasted his hours translating Slav poetry. His rich uncle, ready for any sacrifice that would allow him to bask in the reflected glory of his nephew's career, was at his wits' end. Was not the misguided young man on the very verge of refusing a fat government job? To him in his despair entered (uninvited) the family friend, Mr. Todd.

Mr. Todd (who comes very near being a genuine creation) is a warm-hearted, irreligious ass, whose hobbies are clairvoyance, sentimentalism and his own infallibility. He knows—not from clairvoyance, but from confidences received—what is the matter with Arthur John. Arthur John has been bruised by life and has ceased making efforts. How has that happened? You perceive the swelling of Todd's bosom as he answers: "Woman!" Forthwith, on a little dream-stage inset in the larger scene, we are shown how A. J. as a schoolboy proposed to the vicar's daughter, who curtly told him she must marry money, to which he then cried, to console a hussie married lady whose husband ill-treatment, and made the mistake of thinking that, when she begged him (as a gentleman) to leave her, she meant it; how finally he engaged himself to a brisk young actress, and broke it off on learning that she had only just off with the old love before getting on with the new. None of this does much credit, it must be confessed, to A. J. No one expects an adolescent to be more responsible for his actions than a patient under laughing gas, but the combination of stupidity and pettiness is surely rather rare. We generally get Penelopi if we miss Mr. Pokker.

Todd now explains that all three of these ladies happen at the moment to be living in London, and proceeds, by methods of "suggestion" as blatant as only he could devise (there is certainly real humour in this Todd), to induce A. J. to dress up and call on them. One of the three, he argues, must marry money. So the lady of the house, the parson's daughter has become a dyed and flirtatious widow; the luscious enchantress is more seductive than ever, and welcomes A. J. with a warmth that suggests far too much experience in that sort of thing since he last saw her; the brisk young actress becomes a keen and successful manageress and needs no vouching to tender her old lover may forget the wrong she did her. Upon Todd, jubilating with the rest of the family on the success of the great experiment, there returns the haggard figure of Arthur John, seeking to smother the last stirrings of his manhood in those tender lips.

But there is a good angel that watches over Todds. In this case her name is Fancy, a poor relative, who (we understand) helps her mother to keep house for Arthur John. She sees through beard and slippers with the clairvoyance of love and would do anything for him. Todd's gift for creating muggles leads him to talk in a way that makes A. J. believe Fancy is going to marry this elderly maniac. Resentment flares up, then jealousy; a delightful little scene follows in which Fancy with trembling audacity holds on to the misunderstanding by giving up the chance of her life, and Arthur John recovers a motive for living. He calls for a top hat worthy of Mr. Nares and announces his readiness to take that job. The curtain must fall on an embrace, of course, but what sends the spectator away with a happy feeling is the thought that Todd in some distant small room is proclaiming once more his infallible methods of cure.

The play then is an essay in the Barrie style, disfigured, like so much of Barrie's theatrical work, by cheap concessions to the sentimentalism of the stalls, but showing that if the author dared to be himself he could write a first-class psychological satire. In fact, in Todd he has done so. Todd at no point infringes on the ideals or prejudices of the stallholders, so Todd is allowed to move as truth dictates. Therefore Todd will save the play, and probably win it a run of some hundreds of nights. If this happens, let Mr. Holman Churke, his impersonator, have the credit he deserves. It is perhaps the least yet done by the fantastic actor, so brilliant when he gets part that suits him, so much at sea when he is given a role that does not. Mr. Fred Kerr is as good in the character of A. J.'s uncle from Manchester, with his robust abomination of Todd and all his works. These two really carry the whole piece through on their shoulders. What there was in Arthur John to tempt an actor of Mr. Owen Nares' intelligence and mystery. Does he feel it a duty to waste himself on these breed-and-butter parts to gratify his admirers? He would have many more admirers if he would do work worthy of him. Miss Lloyd, Miss Polini and Miss Albanesi are all admirable as A. J.'s three kiths; and Miss Marion Lorne, as Fancy, is suggestive of Miss Hilda Trevelyan would have done well with the character. That was exactly what was asked of her.

Correspondence

ART AND THE SCHOOLBOY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am induced by your article on "New Year's Suggestions" (Athenæum, January 2) to relate what I did many years ago for encouraging the love of art and music among my pupils at Eton, where I was a Master from 1860 to 1875.

I travelled much abroad, and generally returned with a number of artistic photographs. I had these simply framed and lent them to my boys to hang up in their rooms so as to displace the commonplace pictures which their taste had chosen. When they left I often allowed them to take away with them any picture which they specially preferred; and I know that this had a considerable effect in forming their taste. One of my pupils was accidentally drowned at Oxford, and when I visited his parents I found that they had hung in their drawing-room the pictures which had adorned his room at Balliol, and they were all works of art of which he had made the acquaintance in my house. Also I was every other Saturday at home to my friends, and provided for them first-rate chamber music played by artists from London. These concerts the older boys were allowed to attend. I knew that a large proportion of my pupils would be wealthy patrons of art and music, and I thought it extremely important that they should be brought up to appreciate the very best in these departments.

This practice was disliked by some of my colleagues, and especially by the Head Master, who thought it effeminate and dull-thinking, and it eventually brought about my dismissal. Looking back after more than forty years, I am quite satisfied with the results, and think that the good I did was cheaply purchased by the loss which I suffered. I hope that others will not be deterred from following my example.

Yours faithfully,

Oscar Browning,

Via Pietro Cavallini, Roma,
January 12, 1920.
THE NEGLECT OF OLD ENGLISH HISTORY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—May I venture to point out a novel, valuable, and interesting feature in the October number of History: the Quarterly Journal of the Historical Association? On its pages from 176 to 180 the main lines of historical research as pursued at three English universities—those, namely, of Leeds, London and Manchester—are indicated; and the titles of the theses submitted, the names of the authors, and the names and titles of the professional directors are given. The period covered is from 1911 to 1918. The total number of theses is 106. The University of Leeds has furnished 20 theses, that of London 67 and that of Manchester 19. Only one university has produced a thesis relating to England before the Norman Conquest. This thesis elucidates the importance of Winchester as the capital city of England from the tenth to the twelfth century. It was prepared by Mr. P. Meadows (M.A., Lond.), under the direction of Mr. Hubert Hall, as long ago as 1911. The position then is—out of 106 historical theses submitted at three English universities in eight years, only one deals with Old English history. This is less than 1 per cent. I will leave comment to others.

In the bibliographical list appended by Dr. R. W. Chambers to his admirable work on "Width" (1912), no fewer than 167 works connected with his subject, or elucidatory thereof, are noted. Out of 29 periodicals consulted, 3 are English; out of 21 editions, 7 are English; of 12 comments or translations without text, 2 are English; and out of 105 editions of O.E. poems and related works, 83 are foreign and 22 English. The period covered is one of eighty-five years. The subject of research is the oldest Germanic poem known, and, as Dr. Chambers pointed out in Transactions of the Royal Historical Society, 1915, p. 158, the only editor who had attempted comment and explanation in the thirty years previous to 1912 was Professor F. Holthausen.

On November 7, 1917, Professor Flinders Petrie read a paper before the British Academy entitled "Neglected British History." He was dealing, it will be remembered, with the history of this island in Brythonic times. His vigorous attack was acquiesced in to a certain degree by Dr. R. W. Chambers, who revealed the fact to us in History for April, 1919, p. 45, that English scholars had been waiting for 330 years for an edition of Geoffrey of Monmouth's "Historia Regum Britanniae," which would not be dependent upon the whims of an sixteenth-century German printer (e.g. Jerome Cromelin of Heidelberg, 1587), which would be reliable; and which would take into account the twenty-seven MSS. of Geoffrey's "Historia," which are in the British Museum and were written in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. As Dr. Chambers said: "This is deplorable." Yet one printed English text is independent of the German edition. Is it to be wondered at that Professor Flinders Petrie should have found occasion to complain of the neglect of British history?

Yours obediently,

ALFRED ANSCOMBE.

30, Albany Road, Stroud Green, N.4.

RENOIR AND THEORIES OF ART

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—The apotheosis of Renoir in your issue of January 23 implies that all the world is prepared to join in the pan. Of course, anybody has a right to publish a personal opinion; but no one has the right to assume that his opinion is shared by everybody else, and to adopt the first-person-plural pronoun and other tricks of style in order to simulate support to the assertion. In a matter like art ideals, such an assumption becomes an offence to those who differ.

The views of the writer of the article are, in fact, shared by an extremely small minority of art-enthusiasts in this country. That perhaps is the occasion of a disingenuous method of vilifying the aims and work of past masters. It is not a matter of the common sense of the writer, which, for his new wares; but it is regrettable in the domain of culture. When one does not count the meaning of the writer's more obscure passages, by tearing aside the verbiage, the falseness of his postulates grows more and more glaring. He talks of an idea and a theory of Renoir’s, but explains them only by invoking a contrast with the ideals of the pure impressionists which he presents as “disconcertingly silly.” He speaks of “that superior necessity of overturning pictorial values”—amazing arrogance! Whose is the necessity? Perhaps it is the necessity of those who are “tired of questioning Nature with the eyes”? If so, let them rest themselves—to the great advantage of all; for those who grow tired are those who cannot succeed. Turner never grew tired. The writer speaks of “the terrible ‘lighting’” of the landscape impressionists. What, one may ask, is a greater factor in the graph of art than “lighting”? If painters are not to bow to any god, it must be to the sun, who alone makes Nature visible, who alone makes effect possible. Yet the author deprecates that in earlier work “the effect becomes the theme.” Certainly it does, and that not only to painters, but to ordinary folk who are moved by the beauties of Nature.

But the apologists of the new “isms” admittently find themselves “tired” of Nature. They therefore fall back upon themselves and their “abstractions.” They have propounded pseudo-metaphysical theories to fit these abstractions, and with them they flood our journals. They claim discoveries. One is “the divine laws of equilibrium” (in which Renoir is said to have collaborated with Cézanne). This, whatever it may mean, has special reference to pictures which show what is claimed as the secret of Nature’s stability, and it does so with “rounded masses” which “roll one over the other.” Comment is unnecessary.

So far from an apotheosis, what would be much more acceptable to level-headed people is a diluge at the advent of this reaction in the world of art; or, to use the author’s own expression, at “the ridiculousness of these after-dinner theories, in which metaphysics often fills more space than painting.”

Having thus wisely apprehended the futility of metaphysics on the part of the older painters, why could not the writer of the article see them also as undesired in the attempts of the new?

The Fine Art of Painting deals with the appearances of things only, otherwise all past work and criticism is wrong. To claim that it can be reduced to what is nothing but expository diagrams of the painter’s turgid introspections is not only “disconcertingly silly”; it is a serious crime against the past and the future of Art.

Yours truly,

F. C. TILNEY.

Walden, Cheam, Surrey, January 24, 1920.

"SCOTS"

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Mr. Erskine of Marr is really quite wrong. Scots is Scots, and Gaelic is Gaelic. Scots is not “a dialect of English,” as Mr. Erskine calls it. It is a language quite as good as English and quite as ancient. Mr. Erskine again is mistaken in writing of the language of Gavin Douglas (my collateral ancestor) and Burns as if they were the same language. Burns wrote what might loosely be described as a dialect of English. He wrote English with a liberal sprinkling of Scots words. Douglas on the other hand, like James of “The King’s Quhair” and “Auld Dunbar,” wrote pure Scots. To deny the existence of “Scots” as a language, quite distinct from Gaelic on the one hand and English on the other, is simply fantastic.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS.

Shelley’s Folly, Lewes, Sussex.


To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—It appears then that Mr. Erskine’s quarrel is not with your reviewer, but with Gavin Douglas and those who followed him in calling their language “Scots”; and he insists upon “the claim of Gaelic to that title” (Athenæum, January 23). But the Gaelic-speaking people no longer want it. “Scots,” or “Gaelics” is not grammatically a Gaelic form, and that people have for more centuries than we need count called themselves Gàidheal or Gaeil and their language Gaeil. It was Lowlanders like Mr. Erskine who persisted in calling them Scots. Douglas and his successors found it desirable to
distinguish their own standard literary language from that of England. Though developed from Northumbrian, it was then just as little or as much of a "dialect" as the literary English developed from Middle English. To mark the difference in the literary languages the Scottish writers, from the name of their country, applied the form "Scots" or "Scote." Or are we to drop the name "Scotish" also, and confine it to the region north of "the Scots Water" of old—the Forth? Or go the whole hog and return "Scotia" to Ireland, which has the first historic claim to the title? There is no reason, even in polity, to reverse a long-standing and convenient usage. For myself, as a Gael, it is a matter of ironic pleasure, of which I may not be deprived, that the northern kingdom should be distinguished by name, dress, weapons, and music borrowed from the people whom the Lowland element once so heartily despised.

Yours, etc.,

W. MACAY MACKENZIE.

Edinburgh.

[This correspondence must now close.—Ed.]

THE FIRST FOLIO POEM INITIALED "I. M."

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sirs,—May I ask in your columns whether a set of coincidences discovered by me in the First Folio predatory matter be a mere chance set, or a purposely arranged set? Until within living memory the general supposition was that "I. M." stands for John Milton, and I happen always to have preferred such supposition to the modern suggestions of James Mabbe or Jasper Mayne. Hence, remembering having come across an arguable reference to a letter-number code in some Marston poem or play, a day I applied several codes to "I. M.'s" poem.

The absurd hyphens in line 2 seemed a conceivable filium labyrinthi. The repetition of the opening word as the first word of line 3 seemed another. The eight lines or chessboard depth of the poem seemed yet another.

I discarded the superfluous hyphens so as to get only lexicon words, found that a three rows deep top could only occur in a letter F, and, as no full chessboard of word-values is obtainable owing to the shortness of some lines, had to experiment with the first four columns of lexicon words as equal to half a chessboard.

With only one code, the positional order of letters, or \( \Lambda = 1 \) to \( Z = 24 \) code, could I get any noteworthy result. But this was really noteworthy.

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Now for the coincidences: (1) Both the "frame" and the F total 990 in word numerical value; (2) in both instances the colour of square division is 439 White and 551 Black when all 32 squares are placed on a chessboard; (3) the cross-sum (for all 92 values, 290) is divided as three top rows 103, five bottom rows 177, while the colour of square vision as regards all eight rows is in exactly similar proportion.

Neither I nor any acquaintance, Sir, can how such a set of coincidences can be explainable as a result of mere chance.

Respectfully yours,

J. D. PARSONS.

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Foreign Literature

A SPANISH TREATISE ON ENGLISH EDUCATION

La Educación en Inglaterra. Por José Castillejo. (Madrid, Ediciones de "La Lectura," 12 ptas.)

EVERYBODY who chanced to meet Señor Castillejo on any of his recent visits to this country must have been struck by the variety of his interests as well as by the alertness of his intelligence. It was manifest that Spain, acting through the Junta de Ampliación de Estudios, was exceptionally fortunate in her choice of an educational representative. Most of the data in the present elaborate volume were already collected as far back as 1914, when war broke out; as the moment was not propitious for publication, there was nothing for it but to await a more favourable opportunity.

It may be said at once that the book was well worth waiting for. Señor Castillejo has given us a very thorough piece of work. Some of it necessarily takes the form of schedules and synopses, and this schematic feature—a synthesis of many of the works noted in the extensive bibliography which occupies double columns on pp. 647-659—is probably regarded by the author as the most valuable part of his compilation. Unquestionably it is the section of the book on which most labour has been spent, and doubtless this will be the verdict of Spaniards who use the volume mainly for purposes of reference. English readers, however, will probably turn with most interest to the Introduction, and to the final chapter, both of which were manifestly written after the body of the volume was completed.

It is not difficult to guess on which side the author's sympathies lay during the recent struggle; his handsome acknowledgment of indebtedness for general inspiration to the late Francisco Giner de los Ríos is tantamount to an avowal on this head. There was, we take it, a moment at the outset when Señor Castillejo shuddered at the possibility that our entire educational system might perforce have to yield to more specialized methods. He is no indiscriminating admirer. Obviously he sees the weak points in a scheme which tends to produce an excessive multiplicity of examinations, and the complete separation which often exists between teachers and examiners. Much as he favours specialism, Señor Castillejo is far too shrewd to ignore the conspicuous advantages of a less stereotyped plan in developing individual character.

Ese es, acaso, uno de los secretos de la civilización inglesa: una gran cantidad de fuerza personal almacenada en cada individuo por una educación liberada, se canaliza para la vida en un estrecho casco con un empiece irrisible.

This (p. 404) is a distinct personal expression of opinion, comparatively rare in the present volume.

The author has aimed at giving us a useful and complete account of our educational position. His success is undoubted in dealing with the past. It may be that one or two expressions towards the end of his Introduction are unduly pessimistic in tone. These, however, are concerned mainly with the future. Señor Castillejo has not the brilliant suggestiveness of M. Max Lecler, but he is nowise inferior to his French predecessor in accuracy of information.

J. F.-K.

"Headmaster" writes to point out that the second sentence of the second paragraph of his letter on "Comparative Greek at Oxford" in last week's Athenæum (p. 152) should have read: "nor is there any reason to suppose that a "modern" professor, a high-class Government official or a retired Headmaster would have any greater knowledge" (not "any Greek knowledge").
M. PAUL BOURGET has achieved a distinction somewhat rare, if by no means unheard-of in the world of letters. That world has not waited till his death to make up its mind as to his position in it. It has decided upon his particular niche, and has set him therein. It has reviewed the product of over forty years, of enormous energy and industry allied to wide culture and a wider curiosity, and has formed a definite opinion of its value, an opinion which posterity is unlikely to reverse. That opinion must, one imagines, bring some contentment to M. Bourget as he looks back upon his work. The wild and extravagant praise of early days may be gone, but there has come in its place something better. He is to-day, as he must know himself to be, already an institution. The niche accorded to him is that of a classic, a minor classic if you will, but still a classic.

M. Bourget owes much to the influence of other writers, and much also to himself for the influence which he has resisted. (O fantômes des temps d'autrefois, fleurs fanées!).

The Place of M. Bourget

Laurence Albani. Par Paul Bourget. (Paris, Plon-Nourrit. 8 ff.)

shows the inspiration of Lamartine and Musset, perhaps also of his contemporary François Coppée. He has studied Balzac faithfully. The Abbé Dimnet has declared that he is the nearest approach to Balzac we have to-day. If that be so, he is a Balzac in little, of the drawing-room. The ideas of Taine have influenced him. Of his contemporaries, he has not escaped the attraction of M. Barrès, his junior by eight or nine years. Few French writers of to-day have. But before M. Barrès had come to power he had resisted a more crude temptation. He had refused to run before the chariot of Zola. A solitary standard-bearer, he had kept flying his standard, on which was emblazoned "le roman psychologique" in face of that then all-conquering banner bearing the device "le roman naturaliste." The school of Zola fell, but M. Bourget continued rebelling on his way.

For forty years he has been analysing sentiments and studying emotions. He has recognized very clearly his own powers and limitations. He is not a creator; he is an analyst. And he has analysed chiefly the sentiments of one class: the high-life, Paris society. He has always been obsessed by sex. That subtle, super-civilized creature that is the Parisienne of the cultured and idle classes—alas for Paris and for us all that the two should be so often synonymous!—he has reflected with the passion of a butterfly-hunter. Her doubtings and passions, her treasons and fits of remorse, he has examined with that patience and enthusiasm of the connoisseur. Her male companion, brilliant and unstable, has interested him only less. He has painted quite a picture-gallery of weak-kneed heroes. He has, in fact, sometimes seemed to suggest that it is men of the finest susceptibilities, such as Hubert Liurian of "Cruelle Enigme" and Vincent La Croix of "La Duchesse bleue," who are most inevitably doomed to failure and disappointment in their contact with the world.

But he has not been merely an analyst; he has dabbled to some extent in politics and propaganda. The Dean of St. Paul's sees the world resolving itself into blacks and reds, reactionaries and revolutionaries. M. Bourget is definitely a black. It would be inapt to ask whether he is a traditionalist because he is a Catholic, or a Catholic because he is a traditionalist; it is a fact that he is both. And because he is both he is, or was—for he may have "rallied" like some other good Frenchmen since the war—a royalist, at least in theory. Royalty represents to him the continuity of tradition. France's worst danger, he thought with MM. Barrès, Maurras, and other disciples of Taine, was forgetfulness of tradition. The religious tradition and the family tradition were alike neglected. So M. Bourget added a device to his standard, and sat down to write "L'Étape" and "Un Divorce." Of them it need only be said that there is no need to go to them for an understanding of French nationalism. "Les Déracinés" is still the first and last word on that subject. But it is perhaps to be noted that with English readers M. Bourget's reputation has suffered owing to the fact that his political ideas are "unfashionable" with English critics at the moment; just as Anatole France has gained additional glory in their eyes for the opposite reason.

In his latest book, "Laurence Albani," there are no politics. Neither is it a novel of the aristocracy, though the slight sketch of an aristocrat in the book, an Englishwoman, Lady Agnes Vernham, is masterly, and in the author's best manner. It is also a portrait that no other French observer could have drawn. M. Bourget has studied the English he has met in London and on the Riviera to some purpose.

Laurence Albani is the daughter of a peasant proprietor, cultivating a few acres of ancestral soil near Hyères. The family had been prosperous and growing in importance before the Revolution, "but whether the boundary between the bourgeoisie and the nobility." But the forced subdivision of property had gradually brought it down. The father of Laurence retains some traces of refinement; her brother and sister are frankly peasants. The girl herself is physically and mentally a "throw-back" to her pre-Revolution ancestry. Her difference from the rest is accentuated by the two years she spends as companion to Lady Agnes, travelling in France and Italy, and at Vernham Manor in England. On the death of her patroness she returns to her family, which she loves genuinely; and very soon, as might be expected, "innumerable little details of the daily life began to grate upon the gueule-de-moisielle that she had become." Her too-fine sensibilities are continually being wounded by her surroundings.

Then comes a chance to return to the life of delicacy and refinement that she has lived with Lady Agnes. She is courted by two men: Pierre Libertat, a rich young bourgeois sportsman, and Pascal Couture, a small cultivator like her father, whom she has known from childhood. Pascal she loves for his gentleness and the poetry in him, but to marry him will be to fasten herself to such a life as her parents'. With Pierre she will be a châtelaine. The struggle is a hard one, but the outcome inevitable. She gives up her dreams.

Elle avait compris que cette délicatesse des choses, tant goûtée par elle chez lady Agnes, n'était que la transposition d'une autre délicatesse: celle du cœur. Cette délicatesse-là, elle la rencontrait, vivante et complète, dans cet humble camarade de son enfance, et, continuant de le contempler avec une émotion attendrie, elle répondait: "Non, je ne t'ai pas préféré. Je t'ai aimé.

The book is a truly delightful excursion into a new field. It will not add very much to its author's reputation. Certainly we do not imagine that it will rank with "André Cornélis" or that charming "nouvelle," "La Dame qui a perdu son Peintre." It is written by a man still in the full enjoyment of his powers, a master of his craft, if ever there was one; but by a man who has done with the ardours of youth and is drawing near to old age. It is written with the polish of great technical skill. There is more action in it than in some of his previous works, and it escapes the risk of dullness, as some of them do not. But M. Bourget's faults and merits are what they were. His danger still is, as Mr. Gosse noted a good many years ago, a dalliance with "interminable psychological reflections until our attention has betrayed us." His supreme merits are imagination and insight into the characters of his age. It is by reason of them that his fifty volumes are definitely a part of French literature.
Exactly thirty-five years ago, on the 9th of February, 1885, M. Bourget dedicated "Cruelle Enigme" to Henry James, between whose work and his own there are so many points of similitude. In that dedication he laid down a formula which he considered every novelist, of no matter what school, must follow:

"Nous tombions d'accord que les lois imposées au romancier par les diverses esthétiques se ramènent en définitive à une seule: donner une impression personnelle de la Vie."

He has been doing that ever since, and his impressions are worth reading.

C. F.

ANTON TCHEHOV

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE (1860-1887)

PART II.*

In August, 1879, Anton went to Moscow to enter the University. He took with him two schoolfellows as lodgers, and this made it possible for the family to take a better flat. At that time, after many vain efforts, Anton's father at last got a job as clerk in the stores of a merchant, for which he was paid forty roubles a month and was lodged free of charge. He came to see his family and children but rarely, and they could not exist on so little money. And so Anton, from the very moment of his arrival, took the household on his youthful shoulders. All worked hard to alleviate the family's financial circumstances. That winter, Anton sent to a humorous paper called The Dragon Fly a story entitled "A Letter to My Learned Neighbour." He was looked upon as the master of the house, and the father. His will was law, his opinion always considered, and "who knows"—writes his brother—"what would have happened to our family in the absence of Alexander and Nicolay, if Anton, had not come at that time from Taganrog?"

"The need for money set Anton writing stories. Nicolay drew caricatures, Ivan prepared to be an elementary school teacher, and little Michael copied lectures for undergraduates. The mother and Marie worked very hard. "It was a tough reunion of all the members of the family, gathered round Anton, and bound together by sincere, sympathetic friendship," writes his brother. "What will Anton say? What will Anton think of it? How will Anton regard it?" became the watchwords of the family. His literary successes and failures were followed with the closest sympathy of all.

In 1884 Tchehov left the University—a doctor, and very soon he began to practise in a Zemstvo hospital in Tchikino, under a well-known doctor-therapeutist, Archangelsky. There he looked after the peasants and grew to know their life and the life of the poor generally. After a few months, Tchehov, at the request of a doctor-friend on temporary leave of absence, became the head doctor of a Zemstvo hospital in Zvenigorod, where he had a mixed medical practice, attended at inquests and was the medical expert to the courts.

The summer of 1885 Tchehov and his family spent at Bakhino with the Kissyelkovs, with whom they had spent three previous summers. The Kissyelkovs were a rare, talented family. The cousin of the well-known diplomatist count, Kissyelkov, such an idol to Marie Vladimirovna Begitchev, director of the Moscow Imperial Theatres. He was an author and an art connoisseur, and the Tchehov brothers loved to hear of his adventures in Russia and abroad. Marie Vladimirovna was also a writer. She and her husband were the friends of Tchaikovsky, Dargomyzhsky and Salvin. There were long discussions in their home on music, literature and the theatre.

Anton's brother Michael thus describes their life in Bakhino: "We used to get up very early. At about seven o'clock in the morning Anton would sit down at his table and begin to write. At that time he contributed to a Moscow paper, Oskolki ("Splinters"), and to the Petersburg Gazette in Petersburg, and in all those stories one would find some scene or other from the life at Bakhino, this or that character, the hosts or guests, or the people from the villages close by. Dinner was served at one o'clock. After dinner the whole company would go off to the Daragonov woods to gather mushrooms. Anton was passionately fond of gathering mushrooms, and while walking in the woods he more easily found subjects for his stories. Near the Daragonov woods there stood a lonely church which always captured his attention. Service was held there only once a year, but at night the sound of the ringing of the bell this or that man rang the hours. That church with the night-watchman's hut by the wayside gave Anton the idea for his "Witch" and "The Evil Deed." Back from the woods, Anton wrote again or played croquet; at eight o'clock supper was served. Afterwards, the Tchehovs would go to the Kissyelkovs' big house in Babkino and Begitchev sat at the table playing patience, the tenor; Vladislavlyev, sang and the governess, Elisabeth Alexandrovna, accompanied him. All the Tchehovs would sit round Marie Vladimirovna and listen to her stories of foreign countries, of Tchaikovsky, Dargomyzhsky, Salvin. I can positively affirm that Tchehov's love of music developed from that particular time. Anton would make jokes, was always gay and talked nonsense. The painter, T. T. Levitan, who was also at Bakhino, drew Crimean scenes in the album, and Anton wrote funny descriptions under them. On these evenings a great deal was talked about literature and art; the names of Tourgeniev, Pisemsky and Schotrin were ever present. With enthusiasm all would deal with them. All the serious periodicals and newspapers were received. Thanks to the cheerfulness of nature and to the charming people, Anton Tchehov was gay. He wrote, he was praised by the critics, they foretold a brilliant future for him, he was well in health. Sometimes during the summer evenings Levitan and he would dress up in Peasant circuiter clothes, and Anton would fall backward, and a perfectly Oriental scene follow. Or, at other times, Levitan would be brought before the court. Kissyelkov was the President, Anton Tchehov the Crown Prosecutor, for which purpose he would wear a proper make-up. Both were in uniform embroidered with gold. Anton Tchehov's presentation speech made the company roar with laughter.

Everything would have been all right but for the scarcity of money. From the Oskolki Tchehov received very little, and had the right to publish only a definite number of lines per month, and the Petersburg Gazette very often withheld payment. That is why Tchehov had very often to remind his editors of his money, since it would be the only work for the money that he had earned.

To these money troubles a new anxiety was added. In 1886 Anton Tchehov had a haemorrhage of the lungs. It meant consumption, but he believed little in it, or consolled himself with the thought that it was once, before his haemorrhage, and he therefore tried to be gay just as usual, going about with his friends and attaching no significance to the state of his health. When he returned to Moscow, his sleep was troubled, he was twitched, he twisted, he twisted, he twisted, he twisted, he twisted, he twisted... Later on, when he lived on his estate at Melikhovo, he used to get frightened at night, dreaming of a "black monk." This dream he used as the theme of a story.

In 1889 Anton Tchehov began writing for the Novoe Vremya, which started a new feature especially for him—a Saturday supplement. From henceforward he attributed no more importance to his work for the Oskolki than for Osokhov as the field of activity had opened for him. Under the influence of Grigorovitch, who was the first to salute his talent, Tchehov began to take his literary activities far more seriously. There occurred a crisis in his literary activity and in his outlook on life; he became more judicious and less and less gay, giving himself completely to literature. He continued to work very much during the night. Still, before he liked to see people round him, could not dispense with them, and would give parties to young people, mostly to Conservatoire and University students.

In 1887 Tchehov took a trip to the South of Russia, and visited his native place; his letters written to his sister on the journey are full of wit. On returning to Moscow, he wrote his play "Ivanov," which was staged by Korsch. With this play the first period of his literary activity ends.

List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-categories being marked, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

*The works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.*

100 PHILOSOPHY.

*Chesterton (Gilbert Keith). The Superstition of Divorce.* Chatto & Windus, 1920. 8 in. 3/ n. 173.1 "The philosophic peculiarity of divorce and remarriage, as compared with free love and no marriage, is that a man breaks and makes a promise at the same time." Marriage is a divine institution. That is the basis of Mr. Chesterton's reasoned attack on legal divorce. Divorce "is not the dissolution of the legal obligation of marriage ... for the simple reason that no such obligation exists." Marriage is more fundamental than institutions and contracts, being a relation established by nature for the renewal of the race. Though Mr. Chesterton hardly adds anything new to the controversy, his book is an interesting study in style. Critics are calling attention to polyphonic prose as something new. He had been doing it.


Redgrove (H. Stanley) and Rowbottom (Jeanne Hélôise). The Indictment of War: compiled from the works of the world's greatest minds. Containing many passages from the works of foreign authors now for the first time translated into English. Daniel, 1919. 9 in. 548 pp. bibliog. index, 10/6 n. 172.4 This book is a notable achievement. It is an ably chosen gathering from the writings of distinguished people of all ages who have condemned war, from Buddha, Aristophanes, and Baccyllides to Thomas Hardy and James Maude Royden. Full references are given, and the authors are arranged alphabetically. Of course an equally remarkable collection might be made of pronouncements in defence or praise of war, men being divided on this subject into two diametrically opposed schools of thought.

Rolle (Richard) of Hampole. The Officium and Miracula. Edited by Reginald Maximwood Woolley. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 97 pp. 3 ill. index, 5/ n. 189.5 The Latin text of these two works of the mediaval monk and mystic is presented here from a collation of the three existing MSS., with variant readings in footnotes, and an excursus on the life of Richard Rolle of Hampole and on the MSS. as an introduction. The "Officium" has been twice printed before, but apparently not the "Miracula." Both works are main sources for records of Rolle's life.

200 RELIGION.


Williams (J. Herbel). Inspiration. Sands, 1919. 7½ in. 267 pp. index, 5/ n. 260 Briefly and clearly the author discusses and explains the position of the Roman Catholic Church in relation to the divine inspiration of the Scriptures. The Church, he says, holds that the books of the Old and New Testaments "have God for their Author and ... are delivered ... to the Church herself." The author’s comment is that this "is Plenary Inspiration beyond any mistaking." He defends also the doctrine of Verbal Inspiration, and states that it is approved by the Church. The book embodies quotations from the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. "Providentissimus Deus," as well as references to some of the opinions expressed by Cardinal Franzelin.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Pormoor (Sir Charles Alfred Crripps, 1st Baron). Paish (Sir George), and others. The Famine in Europe: the Facts and Suggested Remedies: being a report of the International Economic Conference called by the Fight the Famine Council, and held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of November, 1919. Swarthmore Press, 1920. 10 in. 126 pp. app. paper, 4/6 n. 330.6 The impressive report of the Conference convened by the Fight the Famine Council, in which distinguished economists, medical authorities and other persons of eminence took part, sets forth many distressing facts as to the terrible condition of the populations of Central Europe and Russia, where there exists a shortage of food and fuel. With reference to milk, Miss Emily Balch states that in Germany, Austria and Bulgaria there is actual need. Switzerland is short of milk. France has suffered a "most serious and grievously" (Sir George Paish). Italy is in much the same situation as France. In numerous areas there is a paralysis of transport, with consequent dislocation of industry. "In Russia there was a complete breakdown of credit" (Sir George Paish).

The second part of the report deals with suggested remedies for the appalling state of things. The resolutions passed by the Conference, six in number, are given here. Among them is a recommendation that a "world conference of economists, Government representatives, and co-operators should be summoned to deal with the high cost of living, the difficulties of exchange, and the necessity for providing credit for European countries.

Winship (A. E.). Danger Signals for Teachers. Chicago, Funk & Wagnalls, 1919. 7½ in. 204 pp. 1/25 n. 371 The teaching profession is no exception to the general rule that every business or vocation has its special dangers. "The war has placed education on the throne in all democracies; it has made a real demand for statesmen in education ... it will largely have failed if it does not develop these statesmen." Nudging makes a teacher ridiculous. "The nearest short route to control; but leadership is the only sane way." Teachers must remember that there are physical, and social, and emotional changes in every boy and girl every twelve months. The writer discourses at large on "real democracy in education," and drops useful hints such as those quoted above. He also drops curious Americanisms like "dicker" and "putter" which are beyond ordinary English comprehension.

400 PHILOSOPHY.

Ferlin (M.). Il Piccolo Vocabolario: a list of two thousand Italian words arranged in logical groups for sentence building ("Harrap's Modern Language Series"). Harrap [1920]. 5 in. 72 pp. paper, 8d. n. 453.2 Out of a size convenient for the waistcoat pocket, this little vocabulary contains four series of five hundred words each, the words being arranged in groups of ten. The system of classification adopted is excellent.

Pickles (Frederick and John E.). Home and School Exercises in Composition Through Reading: Junior Book. Dent [1920]. 7½ in. 94 pp. apps., 1/3 n. 428.6 Part 1, of a series of books designed to teach the art of composition by the "direct method," i.e., not by the study of grammatical rules, but by careful observation of the works of good writers. The authors quoted include Freeman and Dickens. Each extract is followed by searching exercises.

Roper (A. G.). Album Latium: an easy Latin Vocabulary for preparatory schools and the lower forms of Public Schools. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7 in. 36 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 473 The suggestive and explanatory footnotes to each of the thirty sub-sections into which this vocabulary is divided will be of considerable assistance to the user of the text, and constitute a capital feature of an excellent little book.

500] NATURAL SCIENCE.

*Coward (T. A.). The Birds of the British Isles and their Eggs. First Series. Warne, 1919. 6½ in. 376 pp. ill., index, 12/6 n. 598.2 There is certainly room for this comprehensive, well-illustrated, well-printed, well-arranged handbook of British birds. The
242 coloured illustrations are reproduced from the pictures made by Archibald Thorburn and others for Lord Lilford's "Coloured Figures," and there are 65 photographs by Richard K_carton and others. The illustrations of the eggs are taken from Hewitson. Mr. Coward writes well, and, like a wise man, is not afraid of emphasizing the personal element in his knowledge, and many of his descriptions are of the rare kind which allures not merely the grown-up, but also the boy naturalist. We congratulate the author and the publisher most sincerely on this first part of their work. It comprises families Cordyline to Sulidide.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Barton (Frank Townsend), THE COTTAGE'S PIG: being a practical treatise on pig-keeping for the small-holder and coteage. Jarrolds, 1919. 7½ in. 63 pp. ill. 3/6.4

A useful little manual by a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

Boulnois (Helen), THE DOMINION OF HEALTH ("Rider's Mind and Body Handbooks," 12). Rider & Son, 1919. 7 in. 77 pp. 1/6 n. 615.881

The writer lays stress upon the value of auto-suggestion in the maintenance of good health, and declares that by the attainment of "perfect health" by the power of mind" great benefit results. The remarks concerning the proper way of resting are noteworthy.

Gordon (A. Knuyett), HEALTH IN THE HOME. Jarrolds, 1919. 7½ in. 245 pp. front. apps. index. 5/ n. 613.5

Beginning with the postulate that if we learn something of the way in which maladies attack the human body we shall acquire a knowledge of methods of training and strengthening the defensive powers of the body, and thus become able to prevent numerous illnesses, the author discusses the body as a machine, together with some of the factors which operate as driving forces. He then describes various common symptoms, and states the diseases to which they may each be due. He claims that the cure can be reversed. Cures are not suggested because they are dependent upon an examination of the individual. Nor are school hygiene, surgical first aid, and home nursing included in the scope of the work. There are excellent volumes on these subjects. But there is much in the present book which may be read with considerable advantage.

*Sarsfield (James), INSECT PESTS AND HOW TO BEAT THEM: including notes on plant diseases, soils, and manures. Pearson, 1919. 7½ in. 202 pp. ill. app. index. 3/6 n. 632

The author deals in an interesting and practical manner with farm, garden, orchard, greenhouse, and soil pests; considers them from the small-holder's standpoint; includes much that is useful concerning defensive and offensive measures which may be adopted against them; and discusses fungoid diseases of plants, the chemistry of fertilizers, and the like.

700 FINE ARTS.

Hayden (Arthur), BYE-PATHS IN CURIO COLLECTING. Fisher Unwin, 1919. 9 in. 462 pp. ill. index. 21/ n. 739

This is another of Mr. Hayden's useful books. He classifies a heterogeneous collection of objects in a practical, if slightly unscientific way under such headings as "Boxes," "Man and Fire," "Birds," "Plants," "War and Peace," and might not look immediately for spinning-wheels under the third of these headings; but there is a fairly good index. Mr. Hayden's advice is sound, and his insistence that the function of the curio collector is to rescue works of art is welcome in these days of indiscriminate high prices. The half-tone illustrations are clear.

*Photograms of the Year 1919: the annual review of the world's pictorial photographic work. Edited by F. J. Mortimer. Riffe [1920]. 11 in. 32 pp. 64 pl. paper. 5/ n. 779

The well-known annual attains with this number its 24th year, and is more diversified than ever, and above the average in accomplishment. War-photographs are conspicuously few, though "Day breaks, cold, shrieking, and bloody," by Capt. Bostock and C. W. Bostock, is powerful. Pictorial photography naturally draws its inspiration from the painters; what struck a visitour to the salon most was the number of photographers who manage to convey the style and mannerisms of individual artists.

780 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

Ker [pseud.], The New PATIENCE; or, Solitaire for Two. With rules of play, hints to players, and scoresheets. McIlroy, Nast & Co. [1919]. 7 in. 72 pp. 2/ n. 795

The old games of patience are adapted for two players.


The new edition of this amusing skit on golf and golfers is illustrated by Harry Furniss.

800 LITERATURE.

Cervantes Saavedra (Miguel de), *Schevill (Rudolph), Cervantes ("Master Spirits of Literature"). Murray, 1919. 8 in. 392 pp. bibil. index. 7/6 n. 883.32

It is, perhaps, not altogether remarkable that so few do not remain to us of the youth of Cervantes, for his father Rodrigo, a struggling "medico cirujano," seems to have been a kind of Micawber. However, it is something to know that at the time of the publication of one of the greatest books given to the world, the author was old, that he was a soldier by profession, a gentleman "and poor," and that he wrote a summary of Cervantes' life, and the accompanying critical analyses of parts 1 and 2 of "Don Quixote," of the twelve "Exemplary Novels," and of the master's other works, are of notable interest and value. It is curious that Charles Jarvis' translation of "Don Quixote," published in 1742, is not mentioned in the bibliography, as well as the translations by Shelton and Motteux.

*Darwin (Sir Francis), SPRINGTIME; and other essays. Murray, 1920. 7½ in. 253 pp., 7/6 n. 824.9

See review, p. 172.

Tolstoy (Lyof Nikolaevitch), NOYES (George Rapall), Tolstoy ("Master Spirits of Literature"). Murray, 1919. 8 in. 407 pp. bibil. index. 7/6 n. 891.7

The second volume of this series, of which Professor C. H. Grange's "Dante" was the first. The author deals not only with Tolstoy's written works, but also with what he believes of his life as having a bearing upon the literary output of the "great writer of the Russian land"; and some reference is made to Tolstoy's inculcable moral and religious influence upon the passing and coming generations of society. Pictures are presented of Tolstoy's family and racial environment; and the author brings well into the foreground his intense sincerity, deep interest in education, revolutionary ideas, and love for all men. He discusses very fully Tolstoy's ethical system and theological views, and in the conclusion brings critical analyses of "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," "Resurrection," and other works remarks upon Tolstoy's consistent realism and independence or neglect of technique. The conclusion reached is that Tolstoy "is the master-spirit among all writers whom Russia has yet produced, and that he is the master-spirit among all the masters of the world since the time of Goethe."

POETRY.

A Boy's Absence. Poems by a Schoolmaster. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 61 in. 142 pp. 1/6 n. 821.9

The theme of these twenty sonnets is the affecation of a schoolmaster for a boy in his charge.

A child my own; I never look to feel The homely pleasures that to most men fall  
Yet, having thee, I deem that I have all

A softness, a woolliness of technique, combine with a certain sentimentality of thought to spoil the general effect of the sequence.


Eight new poets are represented in the current number of the Chopbook. Their verses are pleasant enough, but we detect no dazzlingly original talent.
Lowes (John Livingston). CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY. Boston, Mass., Houghton Mifflin (Constable), 1919. 8 in. 446 pp., $1.75 n.

By sprinkling his discourse with colloquialisms such as "we" and "we've," and "the car," and "don't wantonly," Lowes thinks that he is getting in closer touch with his students than if he kept to the style of a formal paper to a learned society; but, even if he talked so, he surely need not write and print expressions that are out of place in prose, and his prose is vigorous enough to do without them, and too good to be wantonly disfigured. The ideas of convention and acceptance which are the basis of his doctrine remind one somewhat of Rousseau and his contract social. Why postulate an agreement to accept certain literary conventions, when it is obvious that poetic meanings are seized instinctively because of the suggestive quality of the words conveying them? Creative intuition cannot and should not assume the authority of poetic faith. The greater part of the book is an instructive though elementary study in the analytics of literature. In the later chapters much importance is attached to the Imagists; but the best part is a discussion of metre, vers libre, and the incursions of prose, in which Professor Lowes comes to much the same conclusion as recent investigators of the actual facts of rhythm, viz., that vers libres are sometimes verse and sometimes prose, and that there is no tertium quid, neither verse nor prose.

Meynell (Viola). VERSES. Secker, 1919. 7½ in. 38 pp., 2/6 n.

There is a certain under-emphasis in Miss Meynell's tone, a certain flatness and dryness in all she says. Reaction against an easy exuberance is good; but we wonder sometimes whether Miss Meynell has not carried the reaction too far. Silence and impassivity are, at certain moments, the most effective gesture; but they are effective only by comparison with the violence of passion. A whole drama pitched in a whisper would end by being simply dull. Miss Meynell's method is excellent when her flatness is made the vehicle of a powerful emotion, as, for instance, in "The Vocabulary." But where there is no contrast, where flatness of language expresses a flatness of thought, the method fails as an authority for poetic faith. Oppressed by the grey quiet earnestness of "The Frozen Ocean" and "Jonah and the Whale," one realizes that sophistications, prettinesses, conceits and over-emphasis have their uses.


808.1

Still another American handbook on the analytics of literature, this time assisting the reader's approach to contemporary poetry. The author explains the pattern of a poem, organic rhythm, images and symbols, and diction. She does this sensibly and in an unexceptionally way, and has been allowed by the authors and publishers to give nearly two hundred poems in full from living poets—including a number who might almost be described as the futurists.

822.33 SHAKESPEARE.

Parsons (J. Denham). THE "READ IF THOU CANST" EPITAPHS AT STRATFORD UPON AVON: a study in coincidences. The Author, Ravenwood, 45, Sutton Court Road, Chiswick, W., 1918. 8½ in. 16 pp., paper, 822.33

The author suggests that the inscription to Shakespeare in Stratford Church embodies a cryptogram setting forth that Bacon wrote the poems and plays; and that the code is a combination of gematria, or signalling by the number-values of the letters making up the words, with the use of the Pythagorean bases or root digits of the words and letters. Empedocles, in this dual process in composition and the supposed cryptogram, Mr. Parsons has discovered coincidences which, he considers, "arguably" point to Bacon as the true author of the poems and plays. Many facts are given in the pamphlet in support of this hypothesis. Most of the figures have been checked by the present writer; and a number of coincidences have come to light that can be said, for almost anything may to appearance be proved by the eclectic and imaginative handling of numbers.

BAIN (F. W.). THE INDIAN STORIES OF F. W. BAIN: vol. 12, THE LIVERY OF EVE. Lee Warner, Riccardi Press, 1920. 9 in. 106 pp. (Sold only in sets, $100 10s. net, 3 volumes.)

The last volume but one of this beautiful edition of Mr. Bain's stories. "The Livery of Eve" was first published in 1917. Mr. Jacob's presswork and the Riccardi type together make these Riccardi Press books the finest examples of contemporary printing that it is possible to buy at the present time.

BEACH (Mrs. William Hicks). SHUTTERED DOORS. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 313 pp., 7/6 n.
The life-story of a girl with a fortune left her by a Boer uncle. "County people" with well-ordered houses, persons whose ancestors were Saxon, or even, possibly, British, an all-pervading duke, an exemplary bishop, and an old lady whose correct and refined manner of dying edifies the reader, chiefly constitute the society of "poise" and tone into which the reader of this book is introduced. The most appealing part of the story is the picture of the clashing of the heroine's mother to her ancient home.

The author has found a remarkable opening for her story: a late evening cruise is seen on an evening walk out of the sea off New Guinea. She is unable to tell who she is or how she came in the water, but repeats the names of three or four islands in the neighbourhood, one of which has a very weird reputation. Having thus gripped the reader's attention, the author retains it to the end as she relates the strange incidents that occur to the party when they reach "the terrible island."

Hamilton (Mary Agnes). FULL CIRCLE. Collins [1919]. 7½ in. 388 pp., 7 n.
See review, p. 179.

See review, p. 179.

*Meredith (George). CELT AND SAXON. Constable, 1919. 9 in. 297 pp., 7/6 n.
A reprint in the admirable "Standard Edition" of Meredith's works. The binding in blue cloth is discreet and dignified, the type clear, and the paper not too woolly. An excellent library edition.

Mr. Muir in these stories and sketches treats the many folk problems of matrimony, and portrays with skill and precision numerous types of wedded existence. Many of the marriages he depicts were failures. The egocentric husband, the wife without a thought beyond dress and a "good time," the marriage that is a union only in outward form, and the contrast between the "owned" or "sheltered" women and those who enter convention for independence—these are some of Mr. Muir's themes.

A cheaper edition of the striking novel of prehistoric times.

To this cheap reprint of his pre-war novel the author contributes a short preface on recent events in Egypt.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.


913.4241
See review, p. 176.

A new edition. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Hungary, and the several Russian States are clearly shown, as well as the present boundaries of Germany.
920 BIOGRAPHY

Croke (Richard).


A brief biographical essay, full of wit and sympathy, on the Richard Croke (1489-1558) who was the first Greek Reader and first Public Orator in the University of Cambridge. Croke was one of the earliest English humanists; a friend of Erasmus, in the printing of whose "Lubrications" he had a large share; the founder of Greek studies in Leipzig University, where he, like other contemporary humanists, lectured to a rapturous audience. We hope that Mr. Sheppard had a like experience when giving this lecture; he deserved it.

Dempster (C. L. H.). The Manners of My Time. Edited by Alice Knox. Grant Richards, 1920. 9 in. 258 pp., ill. 10/6 n. 920

See review, p. 174.

*Kelly's Handbook to the titled, landed and official classes for 1920. Kelly's Directories, 1920. 7½ in. 1773 pp. 20/ n. 920

"Kelly's Handbook" is so comprehensive that it forms a useful supplement to the Peerages and "Who's Who." This forty-sixth annual edition has kept abreast of the changes brought about by the war, as shown by the inclusion of Finland, the Republic of Poland, and the Kingdom of Serbes. Croates and Slovenes among the nations having Ministers and Consuls in London.


This reprint of the first volume of the famous memoirs comes down to the battles of Austerlitz and Jena.

Peel (Lady Georgiana). Recollections of Lady Georgiana Peel. Compiled by her daughter Ethel Peel. Lane, 1920. 9 in. 326 pp. ill., 16/ n. 920

See review, p. 174.


A review will appear.

930—990 HISTORY.

*Abbott (W. C.). The Expansion of Europe (1415-1789): a history of the foundations of the modern world. Bell, 1919. 2 vols. 8½ in. 834 pp. ill. maps, index. 30/ n. 940

See review, p. 175.

Dell (Robert). My Second Country (France). Lane, 1920. 7½ in. 323 pp. index, 7/6 n. 944.09

See review, p. 178.


A succinct history of the Byzantine Empire from the foundation of Constantinople in 330 A.D. to its fall in 1453. Copiously illustrated with excellent photographs of Byzantine architecture, mural decoration, etc.


In M. Hautecoeur’s work, which is in four main sections—"The Crisis of October, 1917," "The Policy of Nationalities, January—October, 1918," "From the Armistice to the Conference (November, 1918—January, 1919)," and "Italy and the Peace Conference (January—June, 1919)"—the causes of the Italian crisis, and of the uncertainty among the Allies concerning the solution of the Adriatic problem, are traced to the hesitations of the Boselli Cabinet, to the disputes between interventionists and neutrals, to the pacifist campaign conducted by official Socialists and others, and to various military considerations. The necessity of the avoidance of disunion among the Allies, and especially between France and Italy, is emphasized.

S-descrist (Frederick C. de). The Making of America—Volume I. King, 1919. 8 in. 344 pp. maps, apps. index, 6/ n. 973

From Columbus’s discovery of America to the Fourth of July celebration in London in 1918, Professor S-descrist writes a short history of the American people, having specially in view the need of making Britons see America’s problems from the ordinary American’s point of view. He is at fault, however, in assuming that the ordinary Briton “cannot realize the effect of the obstinate resolve of George III. to compel the colonist to do what he pleased and nought else.” As one of his own countrymen recently demonstrated, it is the American histories for schools, and not the English, that have inculcated an erroneous view of the early relations between the two nations.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.


This, the sixth and concluding volume of Sir Conan Doyle’s perspicuous history of the late achievements of the British Army in the West, passes in review the wonderful series of victories which were gained after April, 1918, by the forces led by Rawlinson, Horne, Byng, Plumer, and Birdwood; bears unstinted tribute to the gallantry of our Overseas troops; and testifies to the d awakened the American soldiers. The volume closes with a summary of the events preceding the Armistice, and of the principal terms of peace.

Jones (E. H.) and Hill (C. W.). The Road to En-Dor: being an account of how two prisoners of war at Yozgad in Turkey won their freedom. Hodder & Stoughton, [1920]. 9 in. 367 pp. ill. apps., 8/6 n. 940.9

This book is far more than an interesting narrative of the escape of two British officers from Turkey, and of the successful deception of Turkish and other officials by a system of spurious spiritualistic "messages," devised, in the first place for amusement, by the author and artist. The record possesses importance as a piece of exceedingly detailed, first-hand evidence that "intelligent, scientific, and otherwise highly educated men" can be completely deluded by the "arts and methods employed by mediums in general." To have made such an exposure at the present time is to have done a real and lasting service.

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G 57
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**METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF ST. PANCRAS.**

**MALE SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT.**

The St. Pancras Borough Council invite applications for the post of Male Senior Library Assistant, age 23 years or over. The salary is £110 per annum, rising by annual increments of £10 to a maximum of £150 per annum, plus bonus at present in accordance with Civil Service Awards No. 84 and 101, amounting to £25 rising to £40 per annum. Candidates must have practical experience in a public library, and hold certificates of the Library Association in cataloguing and classification. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, and must be returned by February 20, 1920.

C. H. F. BARRETT, Town Clerk.

**KINGSTON-UPON THAMES PUBLIC LIBRARY.**

The Library Committee invite applications for the post of Chief Assistant, to begin July, 1921, to assist in the School of Librarianship. Candidates must have had practical experience in a public library, and hold certificates of the Library Association. Applications, with recent testimonials, and endorsed by the undersigned, should be received at the Library by February 26.

**PORTSMOUTH EDUCATION COMMITTEE (Higher Education).**

**MUNICIPAL SCHOOL OF ART.**

Principal: Thos. T. Nelson, A.R.A.

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The Education Committee invite applications for the appointment of an Assistant Master of special qualifications in Modelling. Candidates must hold a recognised qualification of the Board of Education:—The full Associateship Diploma of the Royal College of Art, an Art Master's Certificate in Modelling, or a University degree in Fine Arts. Applicants must be under the age of 35 years, have a salary of £200 per annum, increasing by £10 annually to £250. The commencing salary in the scale will be fixed according to the candidate's qualifications and experience.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Offices for Higher Education, The Municipal College, Portsmouth, to whom applications should be returned so as to be received not later than noon, Wednesday, the 25th instant, accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials.

H. E. CURTIS, Secretary.

**SOUTHEND-ON-SEA EDUCATION COMMITTEE.**

**MUNICIPAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.**

Required Assistant Master holding Full Art Master's Certificate or R.C.A. Diploma, for general art instruction and design applied to crafts (including metalwork). Salary £200 plus increments for experience up to 10 years on Graduate Scale (maximum now under consideration).

Applications stating qualifications and experience and date when free to be sent immediately to A. J. Connaughton, Esq., Principal, at the School.

H. H. FARLANDS, Director of Education.

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**CITY OF SHEFFIELD EDUCATION COMMITTEE.**

Applications are invited for appointment as Certificated Assistant Masters and Certificated Assistant Mistresses for service in the Elementary Schools of the Authority.

**REVISED SCALE OF SALARIES.**

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- Minimum: £150 per annum.
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- Annual increments: £10.

WOMEN

- Minimum: £150 per annum.
- Maximum: £175 per annum.
- Annual increments: £8.

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In fixing the commencing salary of a Teacher, certain previous experience in a like capacity under other Authorities may be counted as service with the Sheffield Education Committee.

Applications, which must be returned to the undersigned as soon as possible, may be had on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

PERCIVAL SHARP,

Director of Education.


**LANCASTHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE.**

The Lancashire Education Committee are at present organising a Temporary Training College at Lancaster for ex-service men of good general education who desire to be trained in Elementary Schools. It is proposed to open the College after Easter, and to provide a Two-Year Course leading to the Final Examination for the Teachers' Certificate granted by the Board of Education. The Committee invite applications for the following posts:

- (a) A LECTURER IN ENGLISH.
- (b) A LECTURER IN HISTORY.
- (c) A LECTURER IN MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE.
- (d) A LECTURER IN GEOGRAPHY.

Candidates should hold an Honours Degree or other special qualification for the position, and must have had some teaching experience in institutions for Higher Education, but not necessarily from a Training College.

Owing to the temporary nature of the College, the appointments will be for two years only. Salary £100—£300 a year (non-resident), according to qualifications. Further particulars and forms of application (which must be returned before Saturday, February 28) may be obtained from the Director of Education, County Offices, Preston.

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**HULL MUNICIPAL TRAINING COLLEGE.**

WANTED after Easter, a WOMAN LECTURER in GEOGRAPHY. Particulars may be obtained from the Principal, to whom applications should be sent not later than February 21, 1920.
THE ACADEMY [Advertisements] February 13, 1920

Appointments Vacant

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APPLICATIONS are invited for APPOINTMENTS as INSTRUCTOR LIEUTENANTS in the Royal Navy. Candidates must be under 30 years of age, have had a University Training, and have taken an Honours Degree in Mathematics, Science or Engineering; they should also have had some teaching experience.

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For further particulars apply in the first instance to THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY, Whitehall, S.W.1.

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CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

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1. WANTED, after Easter, an ASSISTANT MISTRESS able to develop an appreciation of ENGLISH and if possible of MUSIC (taking class singing) using modern methods suited to girls 16 to 18 years of age.

2. WANTED immediately, an ASSISTANT MISTRESS for ENGLISH and NATURE STUDY. Gardening an additional qualification.

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P. D. INNES, Chief Education Officer.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

COTTERIDGE BOYS' DAY CONTINUATION SCHOOL.

WANTED, as soon as possible, an ASSISTANT MASTER for MATHEMATICS and SCIENCE. A degree (or equivalent) and secondary school experience desirable. To teach boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Salary in accordance with the Committee's Scale for Teachers in Secondary Schools. Forms of Application and Scale of Salaries may be obtained from the undersigned.

P. D. INNES, Chief Education Officer.

BOROUGH OF CAMBRIDGE EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

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E. JENKINS, Secretary.
Education Office, Guildhall, Cambridge.

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WALTER POPPLESTONE, Secretary.

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Meetings

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

The Anniversay Meeting of this Society will be held at the Society's Apartments, Burlington House, on Friday, February 20, at 3 o'clock.
The Fellows and their Friends will dine together at Stewart's Restaurant, 50, Old Bond Street, W.1, at 7.20 p.m. Tickets (15s. each, inclusive of still wines) to be obtained at the Society's Apartments not later than February 18.

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THE FINANCIAL REVIEW OF REVIEWS

6, Grafton Street, New Bond Street, London, W.1.
CRAFTSMEN CRITICS

It used to be said of some primitive people that they lived by taking in each other's washing; and now it is said, by the malicious, that our literary craftsmen live by reviewing each other's books. That is not a whole truth, but it is half true, because most of our young writers have taken over a system long familiar in France and are by way of giving only their leisure or stolen hours to the production of original work. For the rest, in good faith or bad faith, they occupy themselves in writing about what other craftsmen have done in the same or a similar field. There are several reasons for this. One is that neither imaginative nor critical work is well enough paid to provide a whole income for more than a few lucky ones. Another is that, however creative, and however desirous of splendid effort, one cannot be always creating (since the production of original work is more exacting and exhausting than any other kind of activity). And the third is that, just as busmen, on their holidays, used to sit up beside the drivers of other buses on the familiar route, so the craftsman cannot resist the sight of other men's work, and must instinctively approach it in its technical aspect and appraise its performance in the light of his own specialist knowledge. His judgment is not patient and elaborately sympathetic. It may be formed from a single stroke of the brush, or a single sentence. It may be perversely expressed and intolerantly conceived; but it is as rapid as a woman's opinion of another woman, or of her costume. It is as rapid, and as unshakable. And yet it is rarely invalid, for it is technical, and therefore expert, as no considered estimate by the non-practitioner can ever be.

The criticism of the craftsman has its obvious defects. Being so near to the object estimated, it may possibly be deficient in what might be called "horizons," and in those superb generalizations which stagger the mind into acceptance of unfamiliar truth. But the technical attitude is one to which no amateur

can attain, and as it is often expressed in the summary phrases which one thinks of as marginalia it is not well represented in the matter of sustained critical works. The craftsman, as I have suggested above, judges quickly, intimately, sometimes capriciously; and his observations are often too casual and fragmentary to produce conviction in the ordinary receptive mind. To other craftsmen his words may give delight, so that these others incline to sneer at the critic who writes from the outside; but to the majority of people, always some years behind the fashion in aesthetic ideals, and to professorial critics (who are a little long-sighted, and who cannot therefore see anything very near to them), the words of the craftsman are arrogant impertinences. It is as though, fussily, he should tell us what to think of his own products. We condemn his egotism, and turn to the comfortable stretchings of men who live in studies and generalize at ease regarding the decadence of contemporary talent. They at least, we feel, estimate original work as of secondary importance to income and good dinners. They at least understand that art must be disciplined by patronage and maintained in all its abnormality, so that it may remain the preoccupation of the few and the sophisticated.

The craftsman is regarded by the general public as mothers are regarded by the hypothetical State: he is to produce the finished article for the general good, and is not to discuss his organism or his rights as an individual. We do not want to hear about them, although we have a furtive interest in his private life, much as we have in the doings of monkeys, or of those of dirty promiscuous little flies. If he has views on his craft not generally held by those who use the results of that craft as a relief from ennui, he becomes intolerable. He finds himself ruffled and displeased by the general attitude to all but the moral and sentimental aspects of his work. The poor craftsman, resentful and contemptuous though he may be, is firmly told in reply that works and not theories are his part in life. He is hustled back into his pinafore,
and is set again to his last. The professional aesthetic critic, brought out from his study by all the racket, explains to our contentment that the craftsman has never been a good critic, that he has not read Aristotle, Lessing, or the Schlegels, and that his judgment is essentially fallacious and eccentric. The critic becomes eloquent about catharsis, the unities, selectiveness, the mythopoeic faculty. ... We are soothed; our excitement is assuaged; and the critic returns to his study in pardonable complacency. Once more he has been a priest, standing between the mysteries and the rabble—the doctor (or midwife) standing between the enfeebled, recently delivered mother and her inquisitive visitors. He, knowing the aesthetic theories of all the professional critics who have ever lived, alone has the right to enter the holy of holies and reveal such of the truth as seems good to him.

This struggle embitters the craftsman, who thinks the critic, in his turn, a very conceited person. He demands to know what the critic has ever done to put his accumulated theories into practice; and he is tempted to talk arrogantly of the Incomprehensible Secret, of the Artist's place in the Universe, and of his sacred calling. That is very unwise. In fact, he makes a fool of himself. There is no Incomprehensible Secret at all. The craftsman works at the bidding of his temperament; the critic no less. The craftsman often, in all humility, exaggerates his own practice into a sufficient theory; the critic sometimes is a man and a theorist before he is a critic. Ideally, he is receptive to all varieties of the craft he studies, distinguishing their qualities with impartiality: really, it is impossible for him to avoid reacting—not merely to the work, but to the personality which is, or which he finds, behind the work, and to any disturbance of his preconceptions. The limitation which has debarred him from executive work is a very powerful one, and it has its serious consequences upon his mind. Absence of a creative impulse does not imply a greater receptivity. It sets bounds to that sympathy which often enables the craftsman to appreciate talent which is personally detestable to him. The critic cannot love all men, and he is perhaps less ready than the practising craftsman to understand the work of one who sets his teeth on edge by conceit, or rationalism, or different breeding, or persistence in some unwelcome form or colour-scheme or harmonic idiosyncrasy. Ideally, this should not be so: practically, as it is inevitable, it should be allowed for in all counter-estimates.

Roughly, then, we have the imperfect man practising first and afterwards, in the light of his personal aesthetic experience, criticizing others, or the imperfect man criticizing others in the light of established theories without experience comparable to theirs. I may write about the pangs of birth, and by information gathered from books or narrations plus the use of sympathetic imagination may be able to generalize about mother love; but what I write will never have precise authenticity. The case of the critic is not unlike this. He can watch a craftsman at work, can talk to him, theorize, and believe he understands; but as nobody understands why a perception is transfigured in the execution the critic will always be talking about something of which his imagination is finite. He must always be working back from the finished article, and relating his apprehension of the individual work to his general conceptions of the proper course of art. Often he will interpret magnificently; he may sweep the skies with a grandiloquent mental gesture; he is very necessary as a trained observer who focuses one craft and reveals it in its proper relation to other crafts; but the craftsman who reads his words, however grateful for praise or understanding of his own work, will generally be more conscious of the critic's limitations than of his merit. Towards the critic who is only a critic he will always show the intolerance of the professional to the sophisticated amateur.

The modern habit, however, may change all this. I can think now of some craftsmen who are very erratic appraisers of other people's work; but they are men or women who belong by instinct to an older and less self-conscious generation of English executives, who throw off their work as a sort of game, and without aesthetic delight. They are more concerned with "getting it across" than with any higher attribute of their craft. The real craftsmen-critics of the present day are fashioned otherwise. Their danger lies in the opposite direction; for they are almost too concerned with technical problems, and care less for emotions and ideas than for the frames within which those emotions and ideas are exemplified. On the whole, however, I believe that the probabilities at the moment are in favour of good criticism, because where you have a genuine, if not very passionate, creative impulse, and a higher level of artistic educativeness than England has hitherto known, you are likely to get in the craftsman-critic a very great deal of imaginative understanding. The long essay of interpretation has gone the way of the Victorian giants. If it revives it will have been purged. It will not have the solemn wrongness of an essay by one of our older critics. But that will be because we shall have escaped from moral and biographical judgments, and shall care more for the thing that has been created. Technical criticism may have its defects, but at any rate it is more imaginative, closer to the original work, and more pungent and alive than a biographical survey and the kind of floating appraisal which, as a revelation, is just dead. The more people know about art and craft, and the more they can understand of their essential nature, the greater will be the appreciation of art in England. That is why, in spite of the obvious dangers of a sterile art, the day seems to me rather happily in the hands of the young craftsmen-critics. On the one hand they avoid the banal; on the other, pretentious nonsense. The world would be well rid of these refuges of mediocrity, and anything which hastens their oblivion is bound to be healthy.

Frank Swinnerton.

The appointment of Professor W. P. Ker as Professor of Poetry at Oxford will give delight to many even of those who, like ourselves, desire to see the famous chair given occasionally to a poet. For Professor Ker is a scholar and critic of the first rank. His books on the Dark Ages and on Medieval Literature belong to that rare class of works of scholarship which fascinate the general reader, for they are saturated with a sense of reality.
“RIDICULUS MUS”

WHEN Dr. Grainger exclaimed, “Now, Muse, let’s sing of rats!” Sir Joshua Reynolds and his friends burst into laughter, which was not lessened by the discovery that “rats” was an alteration, honoris causa, from the more alliterative “mice.” Yet rats and mice and such small deer are no laughing matter, as we have had abundantly impressed upon us by statisticians, who juggle with figures and compute losses in millions with the airy detachment of a departmental official. And as the Pope once launched the anathema of the Church against flies, so,—but, let us hope, more effectually, the Government have decided to legislate against rats. Up-to-date methods of destruction are being preached,—mainly consisting, apparently, in the widespread scattering of dangerous poisons; but it is possible that we may get a few hints from the practice of our ancestors, especially in the matter of traps, for, as Topsell truly remarks, “it is as necessary, or rather more necessary for most men to know how to take Mice than how to take Elephants” (though, for the benefit of any whose estates are overrun with elephants, I may mention that they can be bird-limed with glue made from certain fish called Osyrinchii, found in the Caspian). The reverend gentleman goes on to describe a number of different traps, including the two following:

Take two smooth boards about the length of thy arm and in breadth half thy arm, but join it so together that they may be distant from the lower part in length some four fingers or little less, with two small spindles or clefts, which must be at every end one, and fasten Paper under them, and put a piece of paste therein, having cut overthwart in the middle, but you must not fasten it nigh the middle, and let it be so bound that it may easily be lifted up betwixt the spindles, that if by slipping it should be altered, it might be brought again to the same form. But the two spindles spoken of before ought to be joined together in the ends above, and beyond them another small spindle to be made, which may hold in the middle a crooked wedge or butten, upon which the which may be hanged a piece of Hogs skin, so that one of them may easily be turned upside down with the skin, and put thereunto a little piece of earth or stick, that the Mice may easily come to it. So that how many Mice soever shall come thereto, and to the meat, shall be taken, always by bowing the Paper into his wonted place.

There is an excellent piece of workmanship to catch Mice; which I will here set down: Take a piece of wood, the length of both thy fists, one fist broad and two fingers thick, and let there be cut off about some two fingers, a little beyond the middle of half the breadth. And that breadth where it was cut out to be more declining and lower, after the manner of this letter A. And you must put to the side of this a piece of wood, half a circle long, bending, and in the middle part of each side holes pierced through, so that this half circle may be strait, and plainly placed to the foundation of the wood, that the trap being made, it may rest upon the same half circle, and upon this half circle let there be placed iron nails very sharp, so that the instrument by falling down may cover the Irons of the half circle as soon as ever they touch the same.

I cannot say that I have used either of these traps myself, so I shall be interested to hear as to their efficacy from anyone who succeeds in making them from these simple instructions: perhaps it should be pointed out that they are intended to catch “the vulgar little Mouse,” and should be made proportionately larger for rats, which are similar to mice except in size, and in the fact that “their tail is very long and almost naked, void of hair, by reason whereof it is not unworthily counted venomous, for it seemeth to partake with the nature of Serpents.”

Another method of getting rid of mice is to catch one alive, feed it for some time on the flesh of other mice, and then let it loose, when it will kill and eat all the others. A diet of hips might be equally effectual, for “Mice and Wolves, if they taste of the wilde Rose and drink after it, do not only die but also fall into madness and bite their fellows, communicating the quality of the disease to every one they bite.” Incidentally it may be mentioned that “the bitings of Mice are healed by no other means but by green Figs and Garlic being mixed and mingled together, and so anointed thereupon.” Even this might not avail against that ravening beast the Shrew, which is so savage that “from the venomous biting of this Beast we have an English Proverb or Imprecation, I beshrow thee, when we curse or wish harm unto any man, that is, that some such evil as the biting of this Mouse may come unto him.”

Against the evil that they do may be set such facts as that “of the heads of Mice being burned is made that excellent powder for the scouring and cleansing of the teeth, called Tooth-soap," and that a very simple remedy for “the disease called the Rhume, which falleth down and stuffeth the nostrils,” is to kiss the snout of a mouse. They are also occasionally useful as foods—rats being a regular article of diet in a beleaguered city; for instance, “whiles Aniball lay in siege before Casilinum a rat was sold in the towne for two hundred Sesterces: the man who bought it at that price lived, but the partie who sold it for greenedesse of money died for hunger.” The moral of this story is excellent and clear, but one cannot help speculating as to the size of the rat. Even in time of peace the Dormouse is a dainty morsel—"sweet and fat like Swine’s flesh.”

The Dormouse is also morally excellent for the singular piety with which it nourishes its aged parents. For the matter of that, even ordinary mice have a quality “which is denied to many men, namely, to love and to be wise together,” as is shown by the way in which, if one of their number falls into the water, the others form a chain, hanging on to each other’s tail, to rescue him. There was once a mouse that fell into a tub of ale when no friends were by to save him, and was reduced to calling to a passing cat for help. The cat, not being hungry, agreed to save him if he would swear to give himself up when called upon; this he did, but when the cat, some days later, went to his hole, he refused to come out, and on her indignantly saying, “But you swore you would!” he replied, anticipating Omar, “Indeed I swore, but was I sober when I swore it?”

L. F. SAIZMAN.

The little green literary magazine called Voices (monthly, ts. net) begins a new series this month. Henceforward it is to be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. One of the great merits of Voices is that it is innocent of any suggestion of episteme; its shortcoming is that it seems to lack a critical programme, so that its contents are often heterogeneous. But every number contains its fair quota of good things. We understand that the prosperity of the magazine is largely due to the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of the editor, Mr. Thomas Monk, to whom we wish every success in his gallant enterprise.
REVIEWS

MR. DOUGHTY’S POETRY

MANSOUL; OR, THE RIDDLE OF THE WORLD. By Charles M. Doughty. (Selwyn & Blount. 7s. 6d. net.)

M. Doughty, whose poem is more than a little disconcerting, makes quite clear to us one at least of his aims in writing it. He is, he says on the opening page of “Mansoul,” one of “Colin’s crew”; and in the final vision of the poem, in which he sees two youths celebrating Chaucer and Spenser, he declares his intention in these unmistakable words:

Chanted his fare an hymn, when this had ceased,
Of Heavenly Beauty: with soft warbling voice.
(How I admired the turning of each verse!)
Of Edmund, my lodestar, the ditty was:
(Whose Art is mine endeavour to restore.)
English poetry degenerated, but a good way
As lavrock doth, which lifted up of Love
In spires exultoth in the Element;
Devoid of all offence of grounding flesh.

The description of Spenser’s achievement in the last four lines is important because Mr. Doughty’s poetic style is in many respects un-Spensarian to an extreme. He makes use, it is true, of many Spenserian words; but the use he makes of them is singular. For instance the word “fere” (companion), which is in the passage we have quoted, occurs, we believe, but four times in the whole of Spenser’s works. In “Mansoul” it appears at least a dozen times. Mr. Doughty is, therefore, deliberately archaizing.

That is the first great difference between Mr. Doughty and his exemplar. Spenser was not in the least an archaist; on the contrary, he was one of the boldest of poetical innovators, in language and in rhythm. His work is strewn with words which he invented and attempted to acclimatize. Mr. Doughty, on the other hand, would have us back not merely to Spenser, after whom, he considers, English poetry degenerated, but a good way beyond Chaucer. He employs Anglo-Saxon alliteration freely: “His fingers formed First fathers of the World; and breath of life, In their clay breasts he breathed.” His language is, in the main, Anglo-Saxon, and though he evidently admires Spenser’s melody, he is generally at some pains not to admit it into his own poetry. The general result is that Mr. Doughty is a good deal more difficult for a modern to read than any part of Spenser. Spenser is limpid, Mr. Doughty (except in certain passages which shall be discussed hereafter) decidedly obscure. He wages a war of extermination against the article, and is quite ruthless in his inversions of the verb.

This obscurity is purely linguistic; once the barrier of archaism is pierced, the sense is plain, and indeed the contrast between the elaborate castellations and the unadorned straightforwardness of the interior is a little curious. In seeking an explanation of this, Mr. Doughty’s conception of Spenser’s genius as a purity undefiled by Chaucer’s grossness— “Yet sooth to say, not all commendable is, That Geoffrey writ: too oft he speaketh full large”—may help a little, and another gleam is shed by his dismissal of Spenser’s successors as lacking “fullness of Vision and diviner’s art.” Evidently, to Mr. Doughty, the substance of poetry is pure and simple, a cool white light rather than a stained radiance. There is a sense, we believe, in which this is true, but it is a sense different from Mr. Doughty’s. The quality he seems to desiderate is the final achievement and not the preliminary condition of poetry; an ultimate lucidity is born of the intensity of the poet’s contemplation of a material which is by no means pure and stainless. It is impossible to submit experience to a preliminary process of sterilization before the poetic spirit works upon it—impossible, that is, if the final achievement is to have the lucidity which is permanently significant.

We suspect that Mr. Doughty’s lucidity is not of this high order. Our suspicion is not based on these opinions of his, but is merely confirmed by them. When we try to look deeper into the structure and the argument of “Mansoul,” we are baffled by the sense that there are no depths. There are fine episodes, but each is a thing apart, strengthening no echoes of what went before and itself awakening no reverberations. This feeling of an underlying jeuness may be due in part to a half-conscious process of the compulsion of the comparison is unavoidable. For Mr. Doughty takes Mansoul into the underworld to confront him with the wise men of the past, from whom he may seek an answer to the riddle of life. Such an apparatus must inevitably put us in mind of the terrific uses to which it has been turned by some of the great poets of the world, and we cannot help being sensible of an alarming shrinkage in the scope of the modern poet’s vision. By the aid of Merlin’s glass Mansoul may see a more exact historical pageant than any of Mr. Doughty’s predecessors, but it is a pageant curiously deficient in the quality of awe, perhaps even of elementary proportion. For breadth of vision seems to have reduced almost to the ridiculous condition of a squint when Kaiser Wilhelm is envisaged as the arch-villain of the drama of the ages:

A mountebank felon, crowned, was their High Captain; Worm I arrogating style, to his mad self; Of Deputy Ruler of Gods Universe. Frown of whose Tamerlanish countenance; He deemed, as he struts forth, should quell the World. Worlds crimes for this long had cherished he rugged close. While-ere, fond childhoods whisper, in false breast; Dark fantasy inflaming his presumptuous youth; And working ever since, in his recantant thought.

There is, we suppose, no reason why patriotism of the more intense and exclusive kind should not inspire high poetry; but an emotion of this kind must be isolated. Unless it can be given the ideal scope of Virgil’s glorification of the Roman imperium or Wordsworth’s vindication of England, it is utterly discordant in a poem which professes to ponder the destinies of humanity.

In short, Mr. Doughty’s epic, considered as an epic with a challenging title, suffers from an essential vacuity. The high argument is never convincing. Instead of feeling, as we are told Minimus, the actual narrator, felt, that we ourselves are vitally involved in Mansoul’s sublime quest, we are too often conscious of him as a vague unimportant, who questions rather shadowy impersonators of great men and receives the monotonous answer “Be good.” From so, it we ourselves know of them, they had something more arresting to say. This is, we admit, a somewhat extreme view of the fundamentals of Mr. Doughty’s poem, and we do not deny that Mansoul’s encounters with the shades often have a different dignity; but the fact that a slightly comic vision of them is sometimes not only possible to have, but impossible to escape, is fatal to the success of the poet’s main intention.

So much for Mr. Doughty’s failure; now for his achievement. That passionate love of England which on the epic plane so desperately distorts the structure of his poem, on the narrative plane inspires passages of pure and lucid beauty, where the deliberate assignment of himself to Spenser has helped materially the miracle.

Firstly, Mr. Doughty’s language becomes clear; an exquisite fitness descends upon it. From rugged and harsh it changes to musical in despite of the author’s impossible punctuation. All his arduous archaizing, which elsewhere attains so spasmodically to success, here has a deep appropriateness, for Latinities have added nothing to the power of our language for
natural description. The style and the matter are beautifully conghous:

And having slaked thereat mine eager thirst;
I slumbered till a turtles' gentle dowl.
That feared not yet Mans shape; folding from flight
Their rattling wings; lighted on vermil feet;
 Jetting, with mingling peace, their slumbering;
 With crooning throat-bole; voice of peace and rest;
All round about me, at that their drinking-place.
Thence faring upward, towards that waters' source;
Which, full of sunbeams, gurgles from hid grot,
In ivy-embovd mossy steep above:
And oft sunk up, reneweth as oft her course;
In channels clear; surging from gilded sand;
I stayed, where want grasy holms impart;
Those streaming waters, bordered all along;
With daphne and willow herb, sweet sedge, laughing robin;
With woodland garlanded and sweet eglantine,
And azureb blue hyacinth;—doubly shallow
Forget-me-nots lift our frail thoughts to heaven.
Broods o'er those thorny eyots drowsey hum.
Bourdon of glistening bees, in mails of gold.
Labouring from sweet to sweet, in the long hours
Of sunny heat; they sound their shrill small clarions.
And hurl by booming dors, gross bee-fly kin;
(Broad girded, diverse howed, in their long pets.)
That solitaire, whose weary light endures,
In Summer skies, each becking clover-tuft haunt.

Mr. Doughty has not one but many passages of this authentic beauty. Power, ease, mastery, the ability to strike the note unerringly—these are his whenever he turns to describe and celebrate the nature in which he delights. In this he may truly claim to be one of "Colin's crew."

And here too, we think, Mr. Doughty fulfils his own Spenserian ideal. He also seems to be "lifted up of love," and certainly he is "devout of all offence of groundless feele." There is a white, austere in his vision of nature, an incisive outline in his pictures of flowers and creatures of the earth, which marks the closeness of his community with the Spenser who wrote:

And each one had a little wicker basket
In which they gathered flowers to fill their basket.
And with five fingers crept fully feathery
The tender stalks on by.
Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet, palfid blew,
The little Daisyl, that at evening closes,
The Virgin Lillie, and the Primrose tow,
With store of vermil Roses,
To deck their Bridgromes posies ...

On this side Mr. Doughty is a true poet sprung of a great line. He is with Spenser as Mr. Hardy is with Shakespeare; with Shelley as Mr. Hardy is with Keats. But on the philosophic side, in respect of that authentic quality of great poetry which Arnold called "criticism of life" and which we call "comprehension," he fails woefully short both of his own ancestors and of Mr. Hardy and his. It might be tempting to trace the deficiency to an appreciation of Spenser that is, in our judgment, as partial as it is passionate; but that is not the order of things. Some essential faculty for truly comprehensive experience has been omitted from Mr. Doughty's composition, and the bias of his mentality has led him to a profound, but exclusive and biased passion for his master. Describing too much of life, he has conceived of too much as non-existent, with the result that "Mansoul" is far from being, as it should be, and as we believe it was courageously intended to be, co-extensive with the soul of man.

J. M. M.

On Tuesday next at 3 o'clock Professor Ernest Wilson begins a course of two lectures at the Royal Institution on "Magnetic Susceptibility"; on Thursday, the 19th, Mr. A. H. Smith delivers the first of two lectures on "Ancient Greek and Roman Life"; and on Saturday, the 21st, Sir J. J. Thomson begins a course of six lectures on "Positive Rays." The Friday evening discourse on February 20 will be delivered by Dr. E. J. Russell on "British Crop Production.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND THE SAVAGE

TOTEM AND TABOO: REMEMBRANCES BETWEEN THE PSYCHIC LIVES OF SAVAGES AND NEUROTICS. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE ordinary Englishman, if his traducers are to be believed, has no use for a theory until it obviously pays. Be this as it may, psycho-analysis as a branch of medicine is now generally acknowledged in this country to be productive of good results; and with the psycho-analytic method the name of Freud is permanently associated. Great pioneer as he is, however, he cannot be supposed to have once for all demonstrated the principles on which the fortunate experiments of himself and others with neurotic patients have hitherto been carried out. The explanation of the psycho-analytic therapeutics is still in the making; and no one could show himself more ready than does Professor Freud himself to recognize this, his investigations being conducted throughout in the spirit of the strictest science. The present work may be regarded as a tentative device by him in order to verify his provisional assumptions by reference to a fresh region of experience. If the laws that seem to hold good in the case of those afflicted by hysteria or by shell-shock are not impugned, but, on the contrary, corroborated, when we pass clean beyond the sphere of the pathological, and study perfectly healthy and normal, if uncivilized human beings, then the proof is advanced as it were by a whole stage. Incidentally, an independent body of workers is consulted, and the effects of such bias as all specialization of training and of the direction of interest must involve are to a corresponding extent eliminated.

The main contentions of the psycho-analytic school of thought may be briefly and untechnically stated as follows. We possess a number of inherited impulses which the conditions of life do not allow us to satisfy impartially, so that there is conflict between them and some are suppressed. Though suppressed, however, these remain latent in the mind, and, so far as the supreme controlling power fails to act, are subject as it were to leakage. Such leakage relieves the tension, and is thus in itself pleasant. But, from the standpoint of the controlling will, which legislates for the whole man, the surreptitious impulse is an escaped criminal. The latter must at least conform outwardly to standards of respectability if he is to be tolerated. Meanwhile, the psycho-analysts form a detective force whose business is to discover the wicked desires and motives behind all those disguises; it being hoped—and from a practical point of view this is the crux of the matter—that such discovery will lead to the removal of the pest. Now certain situations are specially apt to occasion conflict in the depths of our being. Our emotional attitudes towards them is, in Freudian language, ambivalent. We desire and reject, love and hate, at once; though, as such a self-contradictory mood is unbearable, one of the contrasted feelings has to go under and, if we can manage it, stay under altogether. It may easily give us the slip, however, by adopting the mask of a virtue. In that case we indulge in it and are so far vicious without knowing it—vices, that is, from the standpoint of the conscious policy whereby we seek to satisfy our nature as a whole.

Now the savage, like the child, and like the hysterical patient, is easily seen to be relatively deficient in self-control; so that emotional leakages are likely to occur in the case of the individual, and likewise to display their effects in the social life. On the other hand, if savage human nature is weak as regards its inner system of controls, it makes up for it by submitting to a formidable mechanism of external restraints. Custom is king, say tyrant. Moreover, custom abounds in negative prescriptions. Taboo,
nearly, the rule "Thou shalt not, because thou shalt not," invades every corner of private and public life. Meanwhile, such conscious policy as directs affairs is at best purblind, tradition, like a pediatric schoolmaster, insisting needlessly on trilles. "No wonder that "nature will not"—that the injured feelings find a vent, the bad ones being reinforced by many that are good or at least indifferent.

Let us consider, for example, the taboos connected with burial and mourning. The convention is that the dead must be mourned; that the removal of a member of the group must be treated as a loss, even if it be notorious that the deceased was a detrimental. Dislike for the dead being barred as such, can it not discharge itself by some secret channel? Consequently men are led to think of the dead as hateful, as vampires that persecute the living; so that it becomes positively meritorious to hate them. The psychological process involved is that one that Freud would term "displacement by projection," our own feelings being reflected by the object which the phantasy creates. It is a step further if we follow him in his attempt to find the ultimate ground of this ambiguous attitude towards the dead in his so-called "father-complex," according to which father and son are in one aspect of their relation enemies because rivals.

Or, again, we may take the case of the taboos bearing on kingship. Without going far below the surface, we can discover hidden motives why the king should be envied and therefore hated, even while the duty of honouring him as a great man dominates the field of attention. So the primitive king plays the great man at a certain cost of personal comfort. Society sees to that, thereby working off its spite more or less unawares on the object of its ambivalent affections. The Timnes of Sierra Leone according to Sir James Frazer, administers a beating to their elected king on the evening of his coronation. Thus are the seats of the mighty rendered uneasy, literally or metaphorically, throughout the savage world.

Other classes of taboos which this book discusses must be passed over, in order to leave room for some consideration of Freud's crucial instance, namely, the incest-taboo, as embodied in the institution of exogamy and in those curious aversions which obtain among relatives by blood or marriage. Exogamy is treated by Freud in connection with totemism, though he is well aware that many authorities believe the two, even if usually found together, to be in no wise causally connected. The study of certain animal phobias displayed by neurotics leads him to suppose that the totem is the surrogate or substituted equivalent for the father who is the rival for the mother's love. The incest-prohibition is enforced, but the surrogate is sacrificed by way of vicarious vengeance. On the other hand, such a discharge of wicked hate provokes remorse, and this in turn reinforces the incest-feeling, so as henceforth to put group-sisters on the same plane of sacredness as group-mothers. The merits and defects of the theory are to be appreciated only by a careful study of its details. If it appear fantastic, this is perhaps due not so much to the psychological handling, which is masterly throughout, as to the attempt to affiliate it to Atkinson's imaginary picture of the sire of the horde who kicked out his sons at pairing time until at last he succumbed to their combined attack—a "just-so story" which is no better and no worse than many a savage myth on the same subject.

Apart from the particular solutions which it offers, the book will be valuable to the anthropologist as providing him with a new method, or one variant, with an improved method, of analysing those emotional attitudes of the savage which have been long known to involve a dualism—a pivoting, as it were, between impulses that pull opposite ways. On the other hand, whether Freud's application of the notion of infantilism to the savage can be accepted is highly doubtful, more especially where it is mainly a question of comparing the manifestations of the sex-impulse in the very young. The savage may be like a child in some respects, but he is in no sense sexually immature. Hence the analogy—and the so-called recapitulation theory at best provides an analogy—breaks down completely just at the point at which it is needed most. For, stripped of its implications concerning sex, as embodied in the doctrine of the Oedipus complex and so on, the Freudian interpretation leaves anthropology very much where it was before, as regards the ultimate origins of exogamy, totemism and so forth—namely, in the dark. Meanwhile, the psycho-analytic method stands, whether its present results are fully acceptable or not; and, as handled here by a master, can be studied fruitfully by all, whatever value they may attach to the conclusions actually reached.

R. R. M.

OLD HOLLAND

HENRY FOX, FIRST LORD HOLLAND. By the Earl of Ilchester. 2 vols. (Murray. 32s. net.)

FEW politicians have left a more sinister reputation behind them than Henry Fox. In his last years the Livery of the City of London denounced him as "the public detour of unaccounted millions," and though their case fell through from lack of evidence, the slur remained. Just after his death the gentle Gray drew on the recollection of a visit to Kingsgate, Fox's group of architectural monstrosities near Margate, and penned the bitter lampoon beginning:

Old, and abandon'd by each venial friend,
Here Holland formed the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

Castlereagh, it may be, was more actively odious when he died, but subsequent research has gone far to rehabilitate Castlereagh's memory, as regards his management of foreign affairs, at any rate. The dust of depreciation has remained undisturbed on Fox's grave, except for the half-hearted flick of Macaulay'sbroom. "He was," wrote the essayist in 1844, "the most unpopular of the statesmen of his time, not because he sinned more than any of them, but because he canted less." And even with that qualification, Macaulay concluded that: "as a public man he has no title to esteem."

Lord Ilchester has far too keen a sense of historical justice to attempt to whitewash this grimy figure. He makes fairly enough such points as can be made, and on one important point he conclusively acquires Henry Fox. He was not, despite John Wilkes and Alderman Beckford, a public defaulter. "He had nowhere exceeded his rights. The morality of his manipulation of the Pay Office funds can be called in question, but not the legality." He was, in short, what we should call nowadays a war profiteer, made additionally obnoxious because he had executed his own and Lord Bute's vengeance on the Duke of Newcastle by a proscription which, in Macaulay's picturesque phrase, "extended to tide-waiters, to gaugers, to doorkeepers." But even if the outcry against Fox was exaggerated, Macaulay's verdict holds good; he has no title to esteem as a public man. His career may remind some of Fanny Burney's deterioration in fiction from a merry limpidity to the vilest Johnsonese. It may remind others of the decline of Millais from the painter of Ophelia to the facile pot-boiler. At all events, he is a study in degeneration, a degeneration not to be excused by advancing years or indigent circumstances. He merged, so well, one of Walpole's young men, remaining faithful to his chief after his fall, unlike Bubb Dodington and others whose baseness he eagerly resented. Under the Pelhams he
acquired the reputation of a first-class debater (with good temper as a valuable asset) who, as was afterwards said of Peel, could play on the House of Commons like an old fiddle. Then he began to go wrong, and Lord Ilchester has every excuse for hesitating to indicate the precise turning-point. Fox clearly tricked Pitt during the whirl of intrigue that followed Henry Pelham's death, but apart from incompatibility of character, could the pair have acted together to any purpose? They would have had to find a Duke, and though honest mediocrity was available in his Grace of Devonshire, whose resemblance to his more famous successor is so close as to be laughable, they had ultimately to take service under the Duke of Newcastle, the Mazarin of English history.

Pitt, secure in his mastery of foreign and war policy, could use Newcastle pretty much as he pleased, but Fox could not. He had first to act under the Duke as a distrusted and circumscribed henchman, leading the House without authority, and with no voice in that "tickling of the palm" which he so well understood, and next to accept the Paymastership, which meant the end of all his political ambitions. Giving the conditions of eighteenth-century politics, a man of Fox's origin could not hope for independence. Though he eloped with a Duke's daughter, the aristocracy never accepted him as an equal. He was to them "the footman's son"—a gross libel, since his father, old Stephen, had begun life as a page, a different matter altogether—exactly as Canning was afterwards "the actress's son." And so Fox had always to be somebody's "man," first the Duke of Cumberland's, then Newcastle's, then Bute's. No wonder that honourable hopes died within him, and he was content to be idle and grow rich. He might have ended much as St. Alwyn, Goschen and other superintended statesmen has faded out in our time, if Bute had not pitched on him to push through the House a peace which, though reasonable in itself, was unpopular through the glamour of Pitt's influence. Fox brought to the task an efficiency in corruption acquired in the school of Walpole and Old Scrope, combined with a vindictiveness peculiar to himself. There must, as Lord Ilchester remarks, have been a vein of latent cruelty in his composition. Retribution, at any rate, came swiftly upon him in the shape of a bare peering when he had hoped for a Viscountship with, perchance, the Privy Seal as well, and a retirement spent in whin-pairings for an ardent, snears at his enemies, before whom he certainly did not qual, and lamentations over the ingratitude of his associates. To quote Gray one more:

"Ah," said the sighing peer, "had Bute been true.
Nor Mungo's, Rigby's, Bradshaw's friendship vain!"

Only, from the correspondence published by Lord Ilchester, it is clear that for "Mungo" we should read Calcraft, and for "Bradshaw," Shelburne. But stet Rigby. His parting was characteristically brutal. "You tell your story of Shelburne; he has a damned one to tell of you; I do not trouble myself which is the truth." And on he drove.

Holland's groans over the deserters came from his heart. He was a genuinely affectionate man, lavish both with his feelings and his purse. Early in life he offered to hand over half his salary as Secretary-at-War to his brother, Lord Ilchester. The answer was a grateful refusal, and, "Whatever you do save, for God's sake, save it for your children." In the heyday of his wealth he lent money right and left, amongst others to George Selwyn and Edmund Burke, and though the loans were on a four per cent. basis, he seldom troubled about the interest. He reminds one in his open-handedness rather of the Fouquet of Dumas "Vicomte de Bragelonne," a character drawn with close fidelity to history. What is more, Henry Fox had the merit of gathering round him an uncommonly interesting circle of intimates. Among his earlier allies were Lord Hervey, Henry Pelham, Hanbury-Williams, Winnington and Horace Walpole. Lord Ilchester is too much inclined to take our knowledge of these men for granted. It would have been worth while, for example, to distinguish the real Lord Hervey, ill-conditioned creature though he was, from Pope's "Sporus."

And he himself one vile antithesis.

Winnington, by all accounts, was a charming fellow, and Horace Walpole considered him as marked out to be Prime Minister of England. For Hanbury-Williams we have to go far afield to Archdeacon Cox's "History of Monmouthshire." Yet he was a curious combination of wit, free-thinker, diplomatist and writer of excellent light verse. His political squibs are fairly familiar through quotation, but equally pointed are such social skits as the Ode to Henry Fox, containing a once famous attack on the "Milesian race."

"Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence
That beats all understanding."

If, however, Lord Ilchester has somewhat neglected Fox's earlier friends, there was no call for him to say much about George Selwyn, Gilly Williams, as it would appear, and—until the fatal breach—Rigby and Lord Shelburne. We get a not unexpected glimpse of Rigby drinking till two in the morning. Lady Hervey, who was long-lived, seems to run through the whole story; but the eccentric Lady Mary Coke, who might have been expected to make an appearance, does not do so. With her home at what is now called Aubrey House, she was a near neighbour of the Hollands, who gave her some land to round off the little estate on which the shrubs were pulled up by malevolent raiders, and the ducks mysteriously died.?

Kind-hearted man though he was, there was a good deal of the arrisvite about Henry Fox. He ostentatiously patronized art, but it would seem that the evidence of his dealings with Reynolds, Hogarth, Allan Ramsay and other painters has vanished. Hogarth may have taken his portrait twice, since, besides the picture at Holland House, an apparent replica in the possession of Mr. Samuel Ireland was fetched from Hayley's in 1782. In addition to a talent for art, Fox cultivated gardening to a good purpose, with the help of Kent and Charles Hamilton; but his building, as illustrated by Pouncey's quaint view of Kingsgate, vied in atrocity with Sir Francis Dashwood's experiments at West Wycombe. The general tone of Holland House had the profitter's note in it, and "money no object" was written over it all. The parents, or at least the father, deliberately spoiled the children, with the result of dire unhappiness as death drew near them. Lady Holland saw farther ahead than her ppo curante husband, and the sincerity of her warnings comes as a welcome relief to the artificiality of much eighteenth-century correspondence. It is not that one meets there a phrase as "You have already among you had almost our all." Lady Holland, unfortunately, does not seem to have exercised much influence, and the fascinating group danced away to its fate. But what wonderful creatures they are! Lady Sarah Lennox (Lady Holland's sister), having missed a king, leaves her husband for a lover, taking her infant daughter with her. Lady Susan Strangways (Lord Holland's niece) runs away with a handsome actor after a serious attack on Charles's heart. Then there is Charles—but it is needless, after Sir George Frevleyan, to say anything about him—and Stephen; but beyond that he had a virtuosity in the heart of going to the devil it is difficult to say much about Ste. Malalit's maladies, they are not unlike the characters in Mr. Maltby's bright comedy "The Rotters," but with the important difference that they never made the smallest attempt to keep up appearances.

J. S.
THE NAKED MAN

WILLIAM BLAKE THE MAN. By Charles Gardner. (Dent, 10s. 6d net.)

This book is not well written, and it is not a complete success in the attempt implied by the title. It is a readable short biography, not a critique; it is an honest, and not, indeed, a useless book. There is very little to which exception need be taken, and at least it does not set us on the wrong tack. We are not led to believe that Blake was abnormal or hallucinated; we are not encouraged to take too seriously the fact that the infant Blake saw angels in the foliage of Peckham Rye, or to believe that his method of composition was automatic writing. We are left unsatisfied; the book displays no profound analytic ability. But it allows the important fact to appear: that Blake's mind was a perfectly sane mind of abnormal intensity and strong passions, occupied with intelligible objects, and appearing under peculiar conditions, and conditions in some ways peculiarly favourable.

The conception of Blake extracted from Mr. Gardner's book or from any tolerable biography is confirmed by re-reading Blake's poems from beginning to end. If one follows Blake's mind through the several stages of his poetic development it is impossible to regard him as a naif, a wild man, a wild pet for the supercultivated. The strangeness is evaporated, the peculiarity is seen to be the peculiarity of all great poetry: something which is found (not everywhere) in Homer and Aeschylus and Dante and Villon, and profound and concealed in the work of Shakespeare—and also in another form in Montaigne and in Spinoza. It is merely a peculiar honesty, which, in a world too frightened to be honest, is peculiarly terrifying. It is an honesty which the whole world conspires against, because it is unpleasant. Blake's poetry has the unpleasantness of great poetry. Nothing that can be called morbid or abnormal or perversive, none of the things which exemplify the sickness of an epoch or a fashion, have this quality; only those things which, by some extraordinary labour of simplification, exhibit the essential sickness or strength of the human soul. And this honesty never exists without great technical accomplishment. The question about Blake the man is the question of the circumstances that concurred to permit this honesty in his work, and what circumstances define its limitations. The favouring conditions probably include these two: that being early apprenticed to a manual occupation, he was not compelled to acquire any other education in literature than he wanted or to acquire it for any other reason than that he wanted it; and that being a humble engraver, he had no journalistic-social career open to him.

There was, that is to say, nothing to distract him from his interests or to corrupt these interests: neither the ambitions of parents or wife, nor the standards of society, nor the temptations of success; nor was he exposed to imitation of himself or of anyone else. These circumstances—not his supposed inspired and untought spontaneity—are what make him innocent. His early poems show what the poems of a boy of genius ought to show, immense power of assimilation. Such early poems are not, as usually supposed, crude attempts to do something beyond the boy's capacity; they are, in the case of a boy of real promise, more likely to be quite mature and successful attempts to do something small. So with Blake, his early poems are technically admirable, and their originality is in an occasional rhythm. The verse of "Edward III," deserves study. But his affection for certain Elizabethans is not so surprising as his affinity with the very best work of his own century. He is very like Collins, he is very eighteenth-century. The poem "Whether on Ida's shady brow" is eighteenth-century work; the movement, the weight of it, the syntax, the choice of words—

The languid strings do scarcely move.
The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!

this is contemporary with Grey and Collins, it is the poetry of a language which has undergone the discipline of prose; it is not remote from Landor. Blake up to twenty is decidedly a traditional.

Blake's beginnings as a poet, then, are as normal as the beginnings of Shakespeare. His method of composition, in his mature work, is exactly like that of other poets. He has an idea (a feeling, an image), he develops it by accretion or expansion, alters his verse often, and hesitates often over the final choice. The idea, of course, simply comes, but upon arrival it is subjected to prolonged manipulation. In the first phase Blake is concerned with verbal beauty; in the second he becomes the apparent naif, really the mature intelligence. It is only when the ideas become more automatic, come more freely and are less manipulated that we begin to suspect their origin, to suspect that they spring from a shallower source.

The Songs of Innocence and of Experience, and the poems from the Rossetti manuscript, are the poems of a man with a profound interest in human emotions, and a profound knowledge of them. The emotions are presented in an extremely simplified, abstract form. This form is one illustration of the eternal struggle of art against education, of the literary artist against the continuous deterioration of language.

It is important that the artist should be highly educated in his own art; but his education is one that is hindered rather than helped by the ordinary processes of society which constitute education for the ordinary man. For these processes consist largely in the acquisition of impersonal ideas which obscure what we really are and feel, what we really want, and what really excites our interest. It is of course not the actual information acquired, but the conformity which the accumulation of knowledge is apt to impose, that is harmful. Tennyson is a very fair example of a poet almost wholly encrusted with parasitic opinion, almost wholly merged into his environment. Blake, on the other hand, knew what interested him, and he therefore presents only the essential, only, in fact, what can be presented, and need not be explained. And because he was not distracted, or frightened, or occupied in anything but exact statement, he understood. He was naked, and saw man naked, and from the centre of his own crystal. To him there was no more reason why Swedenborg should be absurd than Locke. He accepted Swedenborg, and eventually rejected him, for reasons of his own. He approached everything with a mind unclouded by current opinions. There was nothing of the superior person about him. This makes him terrifying.

But if there was nothing to distract him from sincerity there were, on the other hand, the dangers to which the naked man is exposed. His philosophies, like his visions, like his insight, like his technique, were his own. And accordingly he was inclined to address more importance to it than an artist should; this is what makes him eccentric, and makes him inclined to formlessness.

But most through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse,

is the naked vision;

Love seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite.
is the naked observation; and "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" is naked philosophy, presented. But Blake's occasional marriages of poetry and philosophy are not so felicitous.

He who would do good to another must do it in Minute Particulars. General Good is the plea of the soundest, hypocrite, and flatterer: For Art and Science cannot exist but in minutely organised particulars.

One feels that the form is not well chosen. The borrowed philosophy of Dante and Lucretius is perhaps not so interesting, but it injures their form less. Blake did not have that more Mediterranean gift of form which knows how to borrow as Dante borrowed his theory of the soul; he must needs create a philosophy as well as a poetry. A similar formlessness attacks his draughtsmanship. The fault is most evident, of course, in the longer poems—or rather, the poems in which structure is important. You cannot create a very large poem without introducing a more impersonal point of view, or splitting it up into various personalities. But the weakness of the long poems is certainly not that they are too visionary, too remote from the world. It is that Blake did not see enough, became too much occupied with ideas. But even these poems evince an intelligence more powerful, in its way, than that of, let us say, either Tennyson or Browning.

T. S. E.

FROM THE FRENCH

FLEURS-DÉ-LYS: A BOOK OF FRENCH POETRY. Freely translated into English Verse by Wilfrid Thorley. (Heinemann. 8s. net.)

THERE are certain subjects which the reviewer cannot approach with too much caution. To express a definite opinion on questions of metre, philology, bibliophily or, finally, translation is to run into the dangers that await the mountaineer on a sun-warmed slope of snow: a single step too decisively taken may bring down a whole enormous avalanche. Over the apparently firm surface of these subjects one must walk delicately, non-committally, for fear of the controversies. For it may be laid down as a literary law that the impetus, the weight and the duration of a controversy increase in inverse ratio to the actuality and immediate importance of the subject under discussion. No man will lightly and recklessly let loose those evil passions which a controversy on the spelling of Virgil’s name, on the trochee in English versification, on the derivation of place-names or the translation of classical poetry infallibly unchains. It is, therefore, with modesty and in a tentative, unemphatic way that we venture to comment on Mr. Thorley’s theory and practice of translation.

Plainly formulated in the introduction to the present volume, this is his theory:

The real task of a translator is that of re-creating, and unless he can bring to his original as much as he takes from it, he had better leave it alone. To a strict scholar this definition of translation may appear to be just what translation is not; but though the makers of mere cribs have their uses, they are not such as concern permanent literature, nor do they help us at all to a relish of its savour.

Turning now to practice, we naturally put the question provoked by the foregoing statement of theory: What does Mr. Thorley bring with him to his task? and, more generally, What ought a translator to bring? Clearly, then, he ought to bring not only a sense of verse, a power of self-expression, but also, if, like Mr. Thorley, he undertakes to translate the poetry of different epochs, a sense of history, of the profound difference between individuals and ages. Mr. Thorley brings with him a considerable measure of both these faculties. He has not brought quite enough to save him from occasional failures. His successes—and there are many of them—are remarkable. Here, for example, is his version of Ronsard’s

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle":

When thou art old and bye the fire alone

Bent o’er the candle thou dost twirl the skeine,

Then shalt thou query with bewildered eyes

How Ronsard sung thy loveliness long gone.

Then if thy servant hear my lover’s moan

Though toil doth drowse her, yet at that sweet strain

She shall arise to honour thy dead swain,

And give thy name immortal mention.

I shall be buried and long turned to clay

Under dark myrtle-trees whereby I rest;

Whyte thou beside the hearth with shrunken breast

Bwiffet the love that thou didst spurn away?

Then hearken now to thy true love’s behest:

Gather the roses of thy lyfe to-day.

He has, in these lines, admirably caught that easy, melodious eloquence of which the Renaissance was so lavish. It would be possible to cite plenty of instances in Mr. Thorley’s volume where his power of expression and historical sense have come together to produce a completely adequate rendering. Where he fails, the failure—so it seems to us—is due to some default in the sense of history; a failure to perceive, or at least to render, the specific quality which distinguishes one artist from another.

We will take as an example the translation of Théophile Gautier’s “Terza Rima.” The following nine lines of Gautier—

Frère, voilà pourquoi les poètes, souvent,
Buttent à chaque pas sur les chemins du monde:
Les yeux fichés au ciel, ils s’en vont en rêvant.
Les anges, secoutant leur chevelure blonde,
Penchent leur front romantique et leur tendant les bras,
Et les veulent baiser avec leur bouche rose.
Eux marchent au hasard et font mille faux pas;
Ils cognent les passants, se jettant sous les roues,
On tombe dans les puits qu’ils n’aperçoivent pas—

are rendered thus by Mr. Thorley:

Brother, behold why poets suffer sore,
With feet that falter on the world’s hard road:
For ever on high heaven do they pore.
And angels shaking their gold locks abroad,
Lean over them with sheltering arms held wide
And round mouths ready with a kiss from God.
They follow random ways with random stride,
Bruised by the wheels of fellow farers’ irce.
Or fallen on pitfalls by them unspied them.

Here Mr. Thorley has brought with him a facile sweetness of his own, has imbibed Gautier in the syrup and pulled him out transformed into a very passable English equivalent of Lamartine. We grant that it is impossible to translate literally: “Eux marchent au hasard et font mille faux pas.” At the same time it is necessary to find in English an adequate equivalent. “They follow random ways with random stride” has a vague, “poetic” quality which utterly fails to express the directness of Gautier, the simplicity which is the result of perfect technical achievement. Mr. Thorley’s power of fluent expression gets the better of his sense of history. What he brings with him obscures what he takes. Thus Rimbaud’s

Je ne parlerai pas, je ne penserai rien,
Mais l’Amour insonne me montera dans l’âme,

becomes:

I shall not speak a word, no thought shall fill the heart or head of me;
But love shall flow and fill my soul with its o’erbrimming tide.

The imported element is positively destructive in Mr. Thorley’s version of the “Brise Marine” of Mallarmé:

“I have linked up his ellipses with threads of my own weaving”—with the result that the sense of the original is, at one important juncture, completely altered.

But to harp on Mr. Thorley’s failures is ungenerous. Let us rather express our surprise and admiration that in a volume so large and so varied the failures are not more numerous and more complete.

A. L. H.
WOE FOR THE KINGS WHO
CONQUER!

My Diaries. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.—Part Two, 1900 to 1914.
(Seeker. 21s. net.)

In reviewing the first volume of Mr. Blunt’s diaries (Athenæum, October 3, 1919) we spoke of its sparkles and its radiance, and its occasional flicker of malice. Malice again flickers through the pages of the second volume, and, though the pen and the mind of the diarist show slight traces of the inevitable stiffness of age, they are still agile enough to keep the reader always interested and frequently amused. When, however, one looks back at these 500 pages in the bulk, one feels that “amused” is an incongruous epithet to apply to one’s attitude to them. For fifty pages, perhaps, the book amuses, but the deeper one goes the less is one amused by Mr. Blunt’s little stories and little sketches, little brilliancies and little purple patches. The interest of this volume is mainly social and historical and no one who reads it can fail to feel that he is a spectator of and participant in a tragedy—one of the greatest and most sordid—of human history and society. There seems to be some truth in the old theory that at regular intervals civilizations rise and flourish only to become corrupt, decadent and moribund. Mr. Blunt himself, when he contemplated the daily life of his friend the Duchess, was conscious that he was living in a moribund or lunatic age. “This sort of society cannot last, it will end in Bedlam,” he ejaculates helplessly in 1908. Bedlam came six years later; the inmates for five years passed through the well-known stage of mania, excitement and exaltation, and are now passing into the further stage of acute depression alternating with outbreaks of violence.

A diary, when it is written by a man of Mr. Blunt’s opportunities, capabilities and weaknesses, is a wonderful observation post from which the philosophic historian can watch the mental, moral and material disintegration of a complex society. Mr. Blunt’s entries, recorded from year to year and almost from day to day, are like little windows opening and shutting upon the scenes, and upon the “behind the scenes,” of history. As these little windows perpetually open and shut upon great events and little men, upon great men and their little events, one gets so vivid an impression of the characteristics of our age that one feels that one has not only grasped its external appearance and the springs of its mechanism, but the very taste and flavour of it. Frankly, the taste of it is most unpleasant, though the human palate can, as this book shows, acquire a relish for a decaying and rotten society as easily as for the tainted meat of partridge or deer. It is only gradually that the reader of these pages becomes conscious that he is being given a vision of an era of politically tremendous events in which the chief actors have no ideals, no hopes, no beliefs, no principles, no understanding—one might say, personal ambitions, personal vanities, personal loves and hates. The judgment may seem pompously exaggerated to anyone who skins the stories and gossip off Mr. Blunt’s diary, lingers over the last wish of the dying Queen Victoria “that her little dog should be allowed to jump up on her bed,” or is titillated by the serious questions of the conduct and marriage of Miss de Burgh and the legitimacy of Pepita’s children. But the diarist’s lightness of literary touch and commendable love of gossip cannot conceal the complete hopelessness and belieflessness of our age; and societies when they sink into decay are always without belief and without hope.

It is curious to note that almost the only person who appears in Mr. Blunt’s pages with any passionate belief is Queen Victoria, who, when she was talking about the possibility of meeting the dead in another world, became quite angry at the idea that she might have to allow King David to be presented to her, on account of “his inexcusable conduct to Uriah.” For the Great Queen, and her beliefs, belonged essentially to an age and a society that had passed away. The era 1890-1914 was not deeply concerned with the family affairs of King David, Uriah the Hittite and his wife Bathsheba. One of its main concerns, we can see through Mr. Blunt’s little windows, was politics, and particularly the politics of imperialism. In the nineteenth the kings had conquered, and the result was the swollen, unhealthy, bullying, cowardly empires of Britain, France, Germany and Russia. It was an age of achieved imperialism, and imperialistic principles and ideals ostensibly were the motive power in politics, and certainly dominated them. “Politics are professionally a ‘dirty business,’ but even the most disillusioned might receive a shock from observing in this book the complete divorce between private opinion and public profession among statesmen whose policy ended in the war of 1914. If this applied only to Mr. Blunt’s enemies or pet abominations, like Lord Cromer and Lord Morley, one might conclude that his personal prejudices had coloured the glass of his little windows, but it applies equally to his most intimate friends, like George Wyndham and Mr. Churchill. Now it would have been bad enough if Europe had been in the first decade of the twentieth century vulgarly jingo and blatantly imperialist, but there is some hope for a society which believes in bad things and follows bad ideals. There is no hope for people who pursue evil without even believing in it. Here we have machine-made jingos, and imperialists without the slightest belief in imperialism.

Mr. Blunt on his last page cries, “Woe for the kings who conquer!” and it is probably true that conquest is always the beginning of defeat; but annihilation, not defeat, awaits the king or nation which conquers without belief in conquest.

L. W.

FALL

So quickly the gleaming paths have drawn together and piled riches;
The river-water is ember-colour, where ran starts of flame;
November breathes on its mirror, Chokod are the black ditches,
And soon tree will face tree with light quivers of shame.

Sunk in reverie, I split with uncertain heel
And bare the firm whiteness of chestnuts; I the sole fam

In this rusty emptiness, where no spirits come; the wheel
Of this year’s loaded mystery turns, reluctant drawn.

Surely this is not the time of that puissance, the intolerable
Sob buried in the warm frame of things, that wrestles and urges

For outlet in agony, and the torrent of all imaginable
Desire of centuries, running subterranean with vast surges!

Rather, looms in the palid roll of sky resignation,
Dented a great time ago with many implements of pain,
Though hard against it rises reproachful the faint elation
Of rutilant elm-tops, out of which scatters unwilling rain.

And I know that those who have comprehension and

tearless love

Of this scene are the persecuted life-shrunken, who

narrowly fail;
And I know that I shall find none of them, or the haunts

where they move,
And that the one thing that I ache for with hopelessness

is their measured tale.

G. H. JOHNSTONE
THE NEW "GROWING OLD"

Simplicity
Shepherd's Warning. By Eric Leadbetter. (Allen & Unwin, 7s. net.)

Eli of the Downs. By C. M. A. Peake. (Heinemann, 7s. net.)

The author to-day who chooses to write a peasant novel sets himself a by no means easy task. We have grown very suspicious of the peasant "as he is seen," very shy of dialect which is half prophecy, half potatos, and more than a trifle impatient of over-wise old men, hot-blooded young ones, beauties in faded calico, and scenes of passion in the kitchen while the dinner is hotting up or getting cold. The psychological novel, the novel of manners and what we might call the experimental novel, inspires no such distrust; its field is wide, there would seem to be no limit to the number of its possible combinations, and we have not that strange sense that the author has committed himself to a more or less limited and determined range of experiences. There is, moreover, in the latter case, no temptation to over-emphasize the relation of the peasant to the earth; to make of him a creature whose revolutions are so dependent on the seasons that it is impossible for him to fall in love out of May or to except from the year's end; more difficult still to resist is the inclination to overstep the delicate boundary between true simplicity and false. True simplicity is hard, reluctant soil to cultivate, and the harvest reaped is small, but it wants but a scatter of seed flung broadcast over the false light soil to produce an appearance of richness, of growing and blooming which mocks the patient effort of the honest cultivateur.

Mr. Eric Leadbetter's latest book, "Shepherd's Warning," is, however, an example of the peasant novel wherein these several difficulties are overcome. They cease, indeed, after the first few pages, to have any reality in the reader's mind. In this extremely careful, sincere piece of work, the author makes us feel that he knows every step of the ground he treads, and that his familiarity with it prevents him from wasting time over anything that is not essential to the development of his story. There is not a moment's hesitation; Mr. Leadbetter moves within the circle of his book, easy, confident, and yet in some curious way impressing us as one who is very reticent and not given to exaggeration. He would rather let things speak for themselves, and tell their own tale. What is it all about? It is the life story of Bob Garrett, a farm labourer, from the moment he reaches the top of the hill until—down, down, slowly down—he is an old man with just strength enough to creep into the sun and call his cat. It is an account of how his three orphaned grandchildren, who live with him, grow from little children to young people in the prime of life. It tells how little Sally Dean, whose father murdered his wife because she was a bad woman with wandering blood and wild ways, grew up with the curse on her and went to the bad herself, and, fascinating Bob Garrett's two grandsons, made one marry her that her unborn child, by another man, might have a father. Sally is the wild strain in the book; the thing that can't be accounted for, that seems to be good for nothing; she is the lovely poisonous weed that Bob Garrett can't abide to see growing among his plants, and yet he cannot stamp it out. She feels herself that she ought not to be as she is; but there it is, she can't get away, she can't make herself different, she must live. And we are shown how little by little she is accepted, and with that acceptance she changes in spite of herself; she is no longer an exotic running dark and bright in the hedges for any man to gather.

As the story moves, changes, deepens, gathering new life into it, and yet keeping the old, reaching out toward new issues, and then accepting those new issues as part of it, so the village, Fidding, goes through an identical experience. When Bob Garrett is head ploughman and the finest worker on the farm, it is a self-contained, solid, old-fashioned little place and remote even from the nearest town, Pricheurst. But gradually, like Bob Garrett, it becomes inadequate to the needs of the restless rising generation. They do not sweep it away, but they ignore it until it falls into the background, a small bundle of ancient cottages with nothing but the traces of their former pride and solidity. But what is it there in New Fidding to compare with Old Fidding, where every man could have told you his neighbour's garden down to a row of radishes, and where, in spite of their differences, they were held together by an implicit acceptance of life; but not of "the fever called living"?

"Eli of the Downs" is another novel that has its roots in the English country-side, but Mr. Peake is a writer who has not yet succeeded in putting a rein on his ambitions. In his eagerness to make a great figure of Eli he cannot resist picking him out, even when he is a very small one and scarce more than knee high, and over-loading him with all the ornaments which are handed down as the heirlooms of children preposterous. He hears tunes, sees colours, has a vision in church.

"I did see it, grandam," he ended.

"And what then, deary?"

"I . . . I don't know. I can't. I came back."

Even though years afterwards, in a Japanese temple, his vision comes true, we highly suspect that "I came back." But this fault, which is apparent in the first pages of the book, persists throughout. The author, unlike Mr. Leadbetter, cannot leave his characters to speak their mind; he must speak for them, and even reinforce their statements with a kind of running commentary and explanatory notes which are very tiring to keep up with. He seems, until he carries his simple shepherd overseas and sets him among highly embrowned scenes and persons, to expect our attention to flag. In that he is right, but the chief cause of our fatigue is precisely this habit of endeavouring to capture and to recapture it. But the truth is that "Eli of the Downs" ought to have been a short story of—certainly not more than five thousand words. We do not wish to be unkind to Mr. Peake; but we wish he would be a little less kind to himself, wish that he would play a great many of his sheep and let us have one uninterrupted view of the shepherd.

K. M.

BOOK-PRICES CURRENT

BOOK-PRICES CURRENT, 1919. Vol. XXXIII. Edited by J. H. Slater. (Stock. 32s. 6d. net.)

Nothing new can be said of this indispensable book to everyone interested in either buying or selling old books, and as there are very few scholars who do not at some time or other of their career want to own some rare book, while there are many who would like to know the value of those they have, Mr. Slater's useful handbook to the last season's sales is sure of a good reception. We note that almost all old books which are worth anything at all have risen in value appreciably, though not in proportion to the depreciation of money: but very rare books, or books in great demand, have gone up to enormous prices. "Only those whose business it is to watch the activities of yesterday and to-day can have the least idea of what is likely to happen to-morrow, so far as these old and costly books are concerned." At the same time we must remember that some of these phenomenal prices are due to the existence of one millionaires who means to build up a first-class collection, and that at any moment the bottom may drop out of the market and we may witness a collapse like that of the speculation in Kelmscott books many years ago. Mr. Slater dates the beginning of the present rise as some twenty years old, but we must not forget that even at current prices fine illuminated manuscripts of the best periods are absurdly cheap, and that in their case a further rise is inevitable.
NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, February 6, 1920.

The growth of a more intelligent interest in the cinema has been noticeable in the English press during the past year. Journals which would have scorned to discuss the subject a couple of years ago now possess "movie" critics, and space is given to much argument about the superiority of the infant British industry of motion-picture making. In Ireland, there is a corresponding tendency to apply the principle of Sinn Fein to the production of photo-plays, but the pioneers are not rewarded by the same publicity as their English rivals receive. Unlike Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Vachel Lindsay, none of the intellectuals here has avowed publicly the interest which several have privately confessed in "the silent drama." Neither the Unionist nor the Republican propagandists have realized the possibilities of the camera as a medium for the spread of information and ideas. In the ordinary "picture theatres of commerce," as we shall doubtless be calling them in due course, Irish films are rarely exhibited. When the real "topical events" come round there is usually a small strip of local pictures. These are labelled "Irish Events," and consist, for the most part, of innocent spectacles, games of hurling, or race meetings—uniformly peaceful records with a pleasant suggestion of paradox.

The more ambitious efforts of our scenario-writers and producers have not been a success. Two recent productions, not yet released for general consumption, were a spectacular film of the days of St. Patrick and a screen version of Carleton's novel "Willy Reilly." Like so many of the photo-plays produced on this side of the Atlantic, they are handicapped from the start by the curious prepossessions of the majority of producers outside America. When will it be understood that the art of the screen is not that of the theatre? British and Irish motion pictures are a constant proof that this elementary fact is not realized. Too many of the players are selected because of their success on the stage, as the profits of success are readier and more certain than for the camera.

The conventionality of the Irish films is aggravated in this connection by the fact that not only are the parts played by actors from the theatre, but theatricality is their cult. In spite of Synge and the host of peasant plays and players, country life and country people are reproduced on the screen in terms of picturesque romanticism. The men dress as no Irishman dresses outside the realms of Bouchaud, the women are all "colleens" of the picturesque variety affected by vendors of Irish soap, and the gentlemen who design dust-covers for popular Irish fiction. It seems as if reality—in externals, at least—which should be the greatest advantage in the making of photo plays was entirely lost in the hands of the American producers—a curious departure from the practice in literature, where transatlantic fiction remains in bondage to the most cloying sentimentality.

As you have probably heard more than once, the leaders of Young Ireland to-day are poets and schoolmasters, superior people who are hardly yet aware of the existence of the cinema. It is, I fancy, a commercial rather than an artistic phenomenon, this apparent interest in England in the production of picture plays. Until the potentialities of the camera are as well realized as its evident limitations, the Americans will be left to reap the satisfactions . . . . and the profits. In a couple of years we may not find in all European countries there is a disposition to leave the cinema to purely commercial exploiters and their inarticulate public. In Germany alone is the author more important than the "movie star." for in him is invested supreme control of his work. The producer cannot defy his wishes, and the royalties which they demand are, in many cases, the salaries of certain deities of the American screen. An expert investigator from the United States has recently expressed great amazement at this perversely Teutonic reversal of the supposedly natural order of things. The author's name only is allowed to appear, and to him all honour and profit (elsewhere denied) and, not to think of an attempt to suppress his name in favor of the book, is now the order of the day. If, as an American paper announces, Mr. W. B. Yeats is engaged to play a part in a moving-picture performance of "Cathleen ni Houlihan," this may inaugurate a new phase in the development of Irish films. Then we may look for a new "Celtic Renaissance!"

THE RIGHT SORT OF RURAL LIBRARY

Village Libraries: A Guide to Their Formation and Upkeep
By A. Sayle. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

It gives one a nasty shock, the day after the benefits of the Public Libraries Acts have been extended in a practical way to rural districts, to find a believer in village libraries giving what may be called an Irishman's blessing to the new scheme. The alumna of Newnham College who writes this book, after presiding at the inception and the fourteen years' success of a different kind of rural library, deliberately asserts, "it is, in the writer's opinion, greatly to be preferred before a County Library Scheme"; "it is an experiment in communal effort" by villagers who would never have adopted the Acts or have subscribed willingly to a library rate. Without agreeing unreservedly with her preference, let us advise every member of the Rural Library Committees set up under the new Act to read her book. The one thing to avoid is the infliction of a library, ready-made to however excellent a pattern, on a village that does not want it. The great thing to aim at is to secure the goodwill of the villagers and as far as possible make use of local initiative. Given a democratic committee composed of churchwarden, farm labourer, village carpenter, retired barber, and the sexton's and wheelwright's daughters, prosperity will be assured.

The library of which this is the story was formed in 1906 in a more congenial village in the heart of Counties Down and Armagh. The village library was maintained through outside aid, official or other, without ever the patronage of Lady Bountiful, and on the strict understanding that it should "contain the sort of books they want to read, not books chosen for them by other people." The readers paid first 1d. and then 2d. a week; they elected the committee, provided the workers, and the library became "an integral part of the village life." Full details of its working and expenses are given, for the benefit of any following its example; these we pass over, noting only that the practice of discarding books that no one read was early introduced, and due care taken that it should be a live library and not a mere collection of books it was thought the inhabitants might not read. A modest institution, be it noticed also, establishment and maintenance charges, the bugbear of greater libraries, ate up far more income than could be spent on books, though the chief items of expenditure were only for cupboards, stationery, and the like. But here the balance-sheet compares favourably with that of Steeple Claydon, where the library is run under the Acts.

Trained librarians will be scandalized by the home-made system of classification. One of the original subdivisions was "Children and Cookery," which at first blush suggests the study of cannibalism. Cookery, like poetry and gardening, was considered a defect. The shelves of books here were left untouched, a curious departure from the practice of the Anglo-Irish public, where transatlantic fiction remains in bondage to the most cloying sentimentality.

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Science

THE RELATIVITY DISCUSSION AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY

The reception accorded to Einstein's Theory of Gravitation will, in the future histories of science, appear very much the same as that which has welcomed other great scientific generalizations. Discussion of a new theory is, of course, both inevitable and desirable, and opposition is not always based on mere conservatism. But the discussions which greeted Newton's theories, the controversies which centred about Darwin's Origin of Species, and the present-day objections to Einstein's theory have not been, in all cases, of a purely rational character. Many of the Darwinian controversies were, of course, remarkable for their irrationality, but that was because Darwin laid hands on man himself. Rational inquiry is only permitted on matters in which man has little interest, and it is for that reason that Einstein's theory, being concerned with space and time, and having no obvious reaction on morality or politics, is not generally denounced from the pulpit. It has not escaped moral condemnation altogether; its anti-Christian tendency has been detected by at least one vigilant critic, and we have reason to suppose that it is regarded as incompatible with certain views respecting a future life. On the whole, however, the objections to it have been rational, even when they have not been scientific, and there are, of course, some purely scientific difficulties in the way of accepting the whole theory. There appear, also, to be some philosophic difficulties, for it is better, however, to leave these to the philosophers, since, as Professor Eddington has recently pointed out, they seem to be based on "necessities of thought" from which mathematicians are unaccountably exempt. The recent discussion at the Royal Society, in confining itself to the scientific arguments for and against Einstein's theory, did not, therefore, exhaust possible objections. It embraced nearly all those, however, which are of interest to men of science.

The discussion was opened by Mr. Jeans, who, speaking very smoothly and with remarkable fluency, described the experiments on which the restricted relativity of 1905 was founded. His exposition contained nothing essentially new, but it led the audience, with great clarity and swiftness to his goal, a blackboard covered with space-time diagrams. The equations were enshrined the properties of that non-Euclidean four-dimensional continuum in which Einstein places our material universe. One gazed at them with proper reverence, the effect being perhaps heightened by the fact that they were almost totally invisible at a moderate distance from the platform. So far, Mr. Jeans had been going over familiar ground. Presently, however, he came to the point on which the greater part of the discussion centred—the spectrum effect, predicted but not observed. He became judicial and spoke with hesitation. He was inclined to think, he remarked, that if Einstein's symbols are given a physical interpretation, then his theory predicts a shift of the spectral lines; but that if the symbols are regarded from a purely mathematical point of view, then the spectrum effect is not a necessary consequence. For a moment we eyed Mr. Jeans doubtfully, but his face remained impassive and he presently sat down.

Our mind was still engaged in grappling with Mr. Jeans' mysterious hint when we became aware that Professor Eddington, slim, dark, scholarly, was on the platform. He apparently shared our impression that there had been just a suspicion of something almost occult about the previous remarks, for he emphasized the fact that the space-time interval, whose equation Mr. Jeans had been discussing was a measured quantity. One had some difficulty in following his remarks, as he wholly lacks Mr. Jeans' fluency, but that mattered the less when it became apparent that he was repeating what he had said already in that master-piece of exposition, his Report on Relativity for the London Physical Society. He again drew attention to the remarkable fact that the two great principles of Dynamics, the conservation of energy and the conservation of the moment of momentum, are contained in Einstein's law of gravitation. Professor Eddington suggested that this must be taken as strongly confirmatory of the validity of the Einstein equations. As with those of Mr. Jeans, Professor Eddington's remarks were scarcely intelligible to the non-mathematical members of the audience, but Sir F. Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, introduced a more generally intelligible note into the discussion. He pointed out the very real nature of Einstein's achievement in accounting for the motion of the perihelion of Mercury, and briefly described some of the earlier attempts to solve the difficulty, in particular Leverrier's invention of the planet Vulcan, discussed in The Athenæum, Nov. 21, 1919, p. 1228.

So far the discussion had been favourable to Einstein: Mr. Jeans and Professor Eddington had shown how firmly rooted the principle was, and Sir F. Dyson had emphasized its success in prediction. The next speaker, Professor A. Fowler, a great spectroscopist, opened the opposition. In a dry, unemotional, but extremely competent manner, he contrasted the results of spectrum observation with the effect predicted by Einstein's theory. The observations were made both at the centre and at the limb of the sun, and in neither set was the Einstein effect observed. Even if conveniently compensating phenomena are postulated for one set, that does not explain the negative result for the other set. It is impossible to believe, he declared, in a compensating effect which is rooted in the very different conditions which prevail at the sun's centre and at its edge. His array of measurements was certainly impressive, and it was obvious that he saw no way of avoiding the conclusion that Einstein's theory here experienced a definite check. Mr. Cunningham, who followed, restored the mathematical atmosphere, and sketched a line of reasoning showing the limitations of the Principle of Equivalence (that no experiments can distinguish between a gravitational field due to matter and one produced by a transformation of coordinates). He also put in an ingenious plea for the ether, but it turned out to be a very different ether from that of the standard epochodex. He suggested that all aethers, as many as there are spaces and times, i.e., as many as there are observers, and that the actual ether may, like the four-dimensional space-time continuum, have invariant properties. It was obvious that Mr. Cunningham largely accepted the generalized theory, but that he did not regard it as being as crystal-clear as some people suppose. Professor Newall, a very pleasant and sympathetic speaker, appeared to be in difficulties about some of the paradoxical results of the restricted principle of relativity, and put an elaborate question to Mr. Jeans, which that gentleman answered with a courtesy his questioner seemed to find somewhat disconcerting. In the absence of Sir J. Larmor it was supposed that Professor Lindemann's suggestive remarks on the bearing of quanta theory on relativity would bring the discussion to a close. The President called, however, on Professor Whitehead, who delivered a remarkable speech. He spoke with considerable vigour, and, at times, with something like scorn. He produced an equation which, he assured the assembly, accounted for Mercury's motion and the deflection of light as well as Einstein's. As for the spectrum effect, on Einstein's theory, he said, there should be no shift of the spectrum lines, whereas from his own equation one could not say whether there would be an effect or not, an interesting conclusion which excited some hilarity.
Thus the discussion closed, appropriately enough, in an atmosphere of some mystification. One came away with the impression that Einstein's supporters would feel happier if the predicted spectrum of effect comes to be observed, but that he does not expect it to be sufficiently flexible to be able, at a pinch, to dispense with such confirmation. Whatever happens, Einstein's theory has come to stay for a while yet, a fact that must rejoice those men of science who are also artists.

**SOCIETIES**

ROYAL.—January 22.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.


"The Variations of Wave-Length of the Oscillations generated by Three-Electrode Thermionic Tubes due to Changes in Filament Current, Plate Voltage, Grid Voltage or Coupling," by W. H. Eccles and J. H. Vincent (the object of the investigation was to find the conditions most favourable for the production of continuous oscillations of constant frequency); "Plane Strain: the Direct Determination of Stress," by S. D. Carothers. "An Investigation of the Effects of Electromagnetic Collisions with Platinum Coated with Hydrogen," by H. S. W. Jordan, ascertain whether the Production of Ionization from Platinum is due to Occluded Hydrogen, by F. Horton and Ann C. Davies.


**SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES—February 5.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.**

Mr. R. Garraway Rice, Local Secretary for Sussex, exhibited, on behalf of Mr. J. Howard Cokes, a Palaeadinthe implement and an unfinished neolith found at West Chillingdon, Sussex. The palaeolith, which was of unusual interest, was found in 1916 at 250 feet O.D. It was of peculiar shape and of Late Le Moustier date; the fine patination, one side being light yellow, the other mottled. The neolith was, apparently, an unfinished example of the type known as the 'Thames pick.'

Professor S. Langdon read a paper on a Sumerian figure from Mesopotamia in the Ashmolean Museum. The archaological evidence had thus far been derived almost exclusively from ancient Sumerian cities in the extreme south of Mesopotamia. Mr. Langdon reviewed briefly the bas-reliefs and statues of this region, particularly the collections from Lagash, Nippur, and Uruk. His work is a most important contribution to the dress and physiological characteristics of the Sumerians and the Semites. The statues found in the lower strata at Assur revealed a Sumerian period of occupation and culture before that of the Upper Tigris. The archaeological remains at Astarabad in Persian Turkestan indicated clearly an art and a dress very similar to the prehistoric Sumerian remains of Assur, and of Sumer itself. Philological and other cultural evidence was adduced for proving that the Sumerians of the foundation civilization in Western Asia, belonged to a widely spread agglutinating race, of which the inhabitants of prehistoric Elam, Turkestan and Egypt were, besides the Sumerians themselves, the best representatives. The statue itself which was the subject of the paper was discovered by the 14th Sikh Regiment of the Indian Army, when they were entrenching themselves before the battle of Istarabato. This Arab village was on the right bank of the Tigris, eight miles below Samara. The importance of the discovery consisted chiefly in the region where it was found, for it formed a much-needed link between Southern Sumerian archaeology and the similar remains of the same period in Assyria and Turkestan. The bas-reliefs and statues of Elam of the same period proved a very close relation between the Sumerians and the prehistoric people of Anshan in dress, tureen and physiognomy. The writer defended the Sumerian derivation of the Greek word for fleecy mantle, Tomorrow, from gar-e-nna, gar-e-nu, the probable name of the national Sumerian Semitic and Elamite dress. The word was traced from early Sumerian times through the inscriptions of Babylon and Assyria to the period of Darius and Cambyses, and the passage by Aristophanes, "Wasp," 1131-56, in the Persian mantle survives was discussed. The problem of the relative age of Sumerian and Semetic civilization in Sumur and Akkad was defined, and a solution attempted.

**FORTHCOMING MEETINGS**

Fri. 13. King's College, 4.—"Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture V., Professor P. Deering.

King's College, 5.30.—"Ecclesiastical Music: The Use of Plain Chant in the English Service," Capt. Francis Burgess.

King's College, 5.30.—"Historical Theories of Space, Time, and Movement: The Void—The Old Atomic Theory—Lucretius," Professor H. Wilden Caw.

Fri. 13. University College, 5.30.—"Greek and Roman Commerce," Mr. M. Cary.

Malacological Societies.

Royal Institution, 9.—"The Volume of the Blood and its Significance," Professor W. M. Bayliss.


King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Learning and Science in Poland," Lecture I., Professor L. Tatarczynski.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Apocalypse," Lecture III., Archdeacon Charles. (Schweich Lectures)

University College, 5.30.—"Guillaume de Machaut's Literary and Musical Work," Lecture II., Mrs. Barbara Smythe.

University College, 5.30.—"Our Historical Inheritance," Mr. Hilary Jenkinson.

Dr. Williams' Library (41, Gordon Square, W.C.), 6.—"The Analysis of Mind," Lecture XIV., Mr. Bertrand Russell.

Aristotelian, 8.—"Impulse, Emotion and Instinct," Mr. F. P. Slack.

Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Recent Researches in the Cellulose Industry," Lecture I., Mr. C. F. Cross. (Cantor Lecture)

Royal Geographical Society (Eoolian Hall), 8.30.—"The Spanish Zones in Morocco," H.E. the Spanish Ambassador.


Royal Academy, 4.—"The Animal Anatomy," Lecture III., Mr. W. Frank Calderon.

University College, 5.30.—"The Golden Age in Danish Literature," Lecture II., Mr. J. H. Heaweg.

University College, 5.30.—"Holland and Belgium," Lecture II., Professor P. Geyl.

Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"On the Occurrence of Flint Implements of Man in the Glacial Chalky Boulder Clay of Suffolk," Mr. J. Reid More.

Wed. 18. University College, 3.—"History and Drama in the 'Divina Commedia,'" Lecture IV., Dr. E. G. Gardner. (Barlow Lectures)

Royal Academy, 4.—"Animal Anatomy," Lecture IV., Mr. W. H. Frank Calderon.

Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"English Canals and Inland Waterways," Mr. Sidney Preston.

Royal Meteorological, 5.—"The Problem of Sources for the History of the Nineteenth Century," Mr. Hubert Hall.

University College, 5.30.—"The Changes as shown by Comparative Law in the Rights and Duties attaching to Property," Lecture III., Sir John Macdonell.

University College, 5.30.—"Wergelad, Wellhaven and Collett," Lecture II., Mr. I. C. Gröndahl.

Royal Microscopical, 5.30.


Royal Institution, 4.—"Studies of Photo-synthesis in Fresh-water Algae," Professor B. Moore and T.A. Webster.


King's College, 5.30.—"The Sources for the History of British India in the Seventeenth Century," Lecture I., Dr. S. A. Khan.


University College, 5.30.—"August Strindberg," Lecture II., Mr. I. Björkhamn.

Royal Numismatic, 6.—"The Coinage of Offa," Mr. R. C. Lockett.
Fine Arts
THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB

NOTES ON THE WINTER EXHIBITION

The Winter Exhibition at the Club has no title, nor indeed would it be easy to find any title for so miscellaneous and accidental a collection. There is a peculiar pleasure in such an absence of plan; these accidental confrontations of objects that have never met before are sometimes quaint, sometimes ironical, sometimes humorous. Objects like the Victorian mother-’o’-pearl ornaments that could hardly force an entrance to a full-dress assembly at the Club are free to display their charms on such an informal occasion. This informality and incoherence release me from the need for any pretence to coherence in my remarks, which will therefore imitate the disjointed ejaculations of a visitor to the gallery.

Crivelli—a risen Christ. But for a fair share of the Venetian taste for colour Crivelli might pass for a German. He is as elaborately descriptive, as ingenious, as romantic, and as entirely innocent of any comprehension of what Italian art meant.

Quentin Matsys: "Marriage of St. Catherine."—A charming picture in a dead tempera painting on a scantily prepared canvas giving an almost tapestry quality. Matsys was very rarely so discreet, so tasteful and undemonstrative. He had, too, a certain psychological imagination; a pale Northern reflection of Leonardo’s smile plays over his women’s faces.

Basaiti: "The Descent into Limbo."—An almost literal copy in paint of a Mantegna engraving. Even if the original had been lost, the contrast between the force of the invention and the meticulous, dull craftsmanship of the execution would reveal the work of a borrower.

Guardi—scene in front of SS. Giovanni e Paolo—a purely delightful picture. Taste, in the rather negative eighteenth century sense, and skill could go no further; and what a knowledge of the painter’s craft dictated the transposition of key, so that we get the effect of sunlight on Venetian façades against the sky by a dull brown against a dark greenish-grey!

Fra Vittor Ghislandi—head of a man. Who ever heard of Ghislandi? A few visitors to the Carrara Gallery at Bergamo may remember him, but the name has no resonance, and yet everyone has heard of Murillo. What an accidental affair fame is! For this one head is worth all the work of Murillo and of half a dozen other famous artists one could name put together. If by accident the name of Velasquez had got attached to it, it would be one of the famous works. Ghislandi lived to an old age and must have done other things worth remembering. He was called Paolotto, an old Italian dictionary says, and studied under Bombelli, who turned him to the study of the great masters, making him in particular attentively examine and copy the heads of Titian in order to discover the marvellous artifice of them. And thanks to this exercise he pushed so far in the art of making portraits and characteristic heads for historical pictures, that in that respect he came very near to the great masters of the good period." Evidently Signor Tiepolo, who wrote the dictionary, knew what he was talking about.

Rubens—wooded landscape at sunset. What an enviable artist Rubens was! He must have had so robust an enjoyment of everything good in life, and then that exuberant belief in his own powers which enabled him to say what he felt about it. He had invented such a free, elastic pictorial language that there was nothing which it could not embrace. For in the seventeenth century it was an unheard-of thing to reduce to pictorial terms such a landscape as this, with the setting sun shining through hedgerow elms. And it was not till nearly two centuries later that artists saw their way to taking it up. Here Rubens has already done what Constable did with more continuous study and more thorough observation, but never more brilliantly and never with such easy confidence.

On a table under this picture is a little bronze angel holding a pricket candlestick—a figure for an altar, presumably. It is attributed to the Pisani school of the fourteenth century. To my thinking this is a masterpiece, one of the very finest of its age in any public or country. The simplification of the forms is conceived with extraordinary understanding, and the rhythmical movement of the whole figure is realized with astonishing perfection—the lost profile of the head in relation to the neck and the movement of the arms is a marvel of sensibility—and the design of the drapery, especially at the back, is a great discovery. I daresay the attribution to the school of the Pisani is right. I can suggest no other that seems satisfactory, and yet something in the treatment of the wreath-crowned head suggests to me rather that second and more searching study of the antique that marked the early quattrocento. But I can find no great name that fits it, and I cannot believe that any but a great name will account for such a masterpiece.

At the end of the gallery hangs a large Raeburn of such revolting vulgarity as one thought had hardly been discovered at that date. But Raeburn, alas! was an original man, an inventor whom we could well have spared. Beside him de Hoogh, who was after all a very minor artist, looks tasteful and distinguished; Zoffany, a discreet and innocent gentleman; and Gainsborough, a giant. The Gainsborough is indeed a delightful picture, full of the delicate sensibility with which Gainsborough was endowed. In this early work he exploits this quality more assiduously, more patiently, than he often found time to do in later life.

ROGER FRY.

The sketches of Sir Bartle Frere, at present on view in the Walker Gallery, bear the same relation to professional pictures that an agreeably written letter bears to literature. They are the work of an amateur who has recorded, for his own pleasure and his friends’, various little incidents that he has seen in the intervals of his military duties. In most of them he deals with Egypt, and he brings to that over-written and over-painted land an eye that is both sympathetic and acute. Here are no stately shrines, nor maidens at an academic well, but the actual country as it has presented itself to so many soldiers during the past five years—a humorous and slipshod country, full of dust and odours and tawsewed waste places and muddy-shaped minarets, and of inhabitants whose chief garment was a nightgown and whose chief remark was “never mind.” Most of Sir Bartle’s models—porters, bathers, Bedouin children, loungers on the sea-wall—seem to be saying “never mind.” His landscapes, too, recall most happily their originals: one may instance a delicate panorama of the Nile from Luxor, and impressive sketches of the Nebi Daniel Mosque at Alexandria and of the cemetery at Damanhour. There are also some faithful renderings of flowers. Of course, yet another Egypt exists, as the present tragic situation proves, but none is very grateful to Sir Bartle for recording the Egypt that he saw. Work such as his was commoner fifty years ago, before photography arose and strangled amateur art. The exhibition closes on Saturday in this week.

We regret to record that Dr. Varley Roberts, organist at Magdalen College, Oxford, from 1882 to 1918, died on February 9. A whole generation of Oxford men will remember with regret the rugged but kindly personality of this magnificent choirmaster.
EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK


Mr. Epstein’s portrait busts are superlatively alive. The women who appear before us seem to have been transmuted into bronze by some instantaneous terrific judgment of Heaven. The liquid metal has been poured on to “Petty May,” radiant and defiant at the apogee of sensual youth; it has fallen on the bowed serene head of the artist’s wife, and on the lean hysterial features of “Gabrielle Saome.” About “Lillian Shelley” it is to us an astonishing sensation of momentarily arrested life. Surely romantic realism can go no further than in this beautiful work. Reproduced by another hand, we might doubt the grandeur of the apparition. We might see nothing but theatricality in the majestic attitude, the drooping eyelids, the hang-back hair, the pathetic hands. But before Epstein’s rendering we stand convinced. We believe we are in the presence of a genuine gesture immortalized; we accept the slight contraction of the shoulder-blades as tortured sensibility; we respond to the almost imperceptible tremor of the parted lips. We are convinced, because Epstein was himself conveyed by the emotions of his vision, and by a conception of the modeller’s outlook. They are not flawless, even considered as clay models. We cannot reconcile ourselves to the suggestion of colour in the green wash on “Gabrielle Saome” and in the treatment of the eyes in all the heads; such effects seem to us deplorable concessions to the painter’s vision, unworthy of Mr. Epstein’s power to concentrate on form and his technical distinction.

In so far as his former more sculptural manner is seen at all in this collection it is represented by the “Christ.” The head here is conceived from the point of view of the man with a chisel; but the modeller reappears in the treatment of the hair. In the small manner of the Leicesters we see an astonishment of this discrepancy in approach very evident. In a large gallery or in the open air it would probably be less apparent and the figure would gain in plastic unity. In the confined space it is unified only by the intense quality of the literary content, which reaches us compact and penetrating. A word of praise is due to the directors of the Galleries for the excellent arrangement of the exhibition.

If anyone questions the value of Mr. Epstein’s portraits he would do well to visit the exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters. Epstein’s work compels our attention and respect. If the word “Silence” were inscribed over the doorway we should regard it as merely appropriate. At the Royal Institute Galleries the first impulse is to treat the exhibits with flippantety. We fall to plunging on the title of the group, and speculating on the greater fitness of some other combination of the same words; we toy with the respective merits of “Society Painters of Modern Portraits,” “Portrait Painters of Modern Society” and “Modern Painters of Society Portraits.” When we begin to examine the pictures in detail we apologize for the first inclination. Mr. Ranken’s “Katharine and Letitia” struck perhaps the note responsible for the first admiration. Had this picture been exhibited fifteen years ago above the signature of John Sargent it might have caused a popular sensation. To-day it will presumably pass unnoticed. For this particular brand of virtuosity can no longer cause a thrill. It is an acrobatic turn which has grown old-fashioned.

Mr. Sargent has often given more than this virtuosity; Mr. Ranken himself has sometimes given us more; but we do not see more in “Katharine and Letitia.” Mr. Guevara’s portrait of Mrs. Fairburn dispelled our flippancy. But coming from Mr. Epstein’s scullery his portrait is a charac-

terization. Epstein gives us all that the most searching eye can see, and more into the bargain—the reflex of his own adoration. Mr. Guevara gives us an agreeable decoration made up of original rhythms and rich colour, and executed in a brilliant though not meretricious technique. But what does he tell us of Mrs. Fairburn? That she is young and charming, wears admirably cut clothes, and moves in sumptuous interiors—all of which we might have learned from other sources. More than this he does not tell us. We look in vain for any information about the individual as opposed to the type. The hat comes down over the eyebrows, the coat-collar comes up over the line of the jaw. What appears of the face is indefinite, and subordinate to the large eyes which follow us round the room. We carry away a memory of these eyes, but no knowledge of their structure, and we should be unable to pick out the lady from a hundred others shopping in Bond Street. Mr. Guevara tells us much more of the lady than Epstein (in the un-revised catalogue). Here the arecbasque of the design is less complicated, the composition more conventional, the colour more crude; but we believe it to be the better work of the two. The tone values are much more sharply defined, the drawing is more expressive and the characterization is more illuminating. It is a notable painting, as notable perhaps—though not so successful—as his portrait of “The Editor of Wheels” shown recently at the Grosvenor Gallery. The realism is as sincere as Mr. Epstein’s but it affects us in quite a different way—because Mr. Guevara does not paint on his knees.

Mrs. N. Munro Summers has nearly succeeded in building a personal art on the foundation of a Slade School training and the study of the paintings of Mr. Augustus John. There is considerable charm in the picture of a woman and child against a pale wall lined with books. The artist uses pretty, limpid colours, and shows wit and intelligence in the selection of subjects. There is a pleasant preciseness, too, in the smooth enamel surface of the flowers. But Mrs. Summers’ eye is not yet very reliable. There are vagaries of tone and proportion which appear accidental.

Mr. Také Sato, the Japanese artist exhibiting at the Burlington Gallery, has attempted to absorb the essence of European art in his own manner. The European artists have attempted to absorb the art of the East. A hybrid result is almost inevitable in both cases. What we like about Mr. Sato’s work is Japanese, and we should like it better if it were more completely Oriental in feeling and outlook.

R. H. W.

DUTCH AND VENETIAN PORTRAITS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Room XXVI. at the National Gallery, which was till recently hung with a representative selection of English portraits lent by the National Portrait Gallery, was reopened on Thursday, the 12th inst., to show a number of portraits and portrait groups chosen from the Gallery collections. The North walls are given to the Northern Continental Schools, and the South to the Italian Schools; and the room affords a rough opportunity of comparing at close quarters the methods and periods of some three centuries of European portraiture. Holbein’s “Ambassadors” is shown between the two large “Family Groups” of Franz Hals and of Michae Sweerts (once assigned to Vermeer), the groups being separated by Van de Velde’s “Young Lady,” and Rembrandt’s “Portrait of Himself” as a young man. On the centre of the Italian wall is the Venetian full-length portrait of Andrea Tron, hitherto ascribed to Pietro Longhi, but not in the known manner of either Pietro or his son. Among the smaller pictures are Lotto’s “Proportional Giuliano,” Moroni’s “Lawyer,” Rembrandt’s “Francois van Waterhoven,” (?), Van Dyck’s “Marchese Cattaneo,” and Van Oost’s charming profile of “Boy with a Muff.”
Music

THE RHYTHM OF OPERA

An opera is, or at least ought to be, a symphony, that is, a piece of music. Probably the majority of operatic failures, either from the composer's or from the producer's point of view, results from a refusal to recognize this principle. When I say that an opera is a symphony, I do not mean a symphony in the narrow sense of a composition for orchestra in the classical form of Haydn and Beethoven, nor do I mean that the orchestral accompaniments to an opera are the most important part of it. I mean that an opera must be viewed, by composer, conductor and producer, as a continuous piece of music, designed on a definitely musical plan. It must have musical form of its own, independently of the libretto and the action. The wise librettist, needless to say, should cooperate with the composer in such a way that the words of the play may suggest a structural conception of the music. Many people (some composers among them) are aware that classical symphonies and other familiar concert works are written in forms which have been classified and codified in textbooks. They are less often ready to understand that music may have a sense of form, even if it is not a form recognized by the schoolmasters; and further, that it is no good breaking violently away from the conventional forms unless one can substitute for them a form more significant.

There is a very prevalent idea that in opera, as in songs and other vocal music, it is sufficient to illustrate the meaning of the words as they happen to come along. This is the ruin of dozens of symphonic poems, in which the words are not sung, but printed in the programme for those who can afford to buy it. No opera can ever be a popular success if it is based on such a false principle. It is easy to find many operas which have been popular successes, but it was not owing to their lack of form; they succeeded, if they obtained a success of any prominence, by virtue of such fragments of form as they did possess. It was not their recitatives but their arias and ensembles which saved them. Gluck said that when he sat down to compose an opera he tried to forget that he was a musician. Mozart never tried to do anything so idiotic, and the result is that his operas have lasted very much better than Gluck's.

Composers may be left to take care of themselves. It is the producers and singers in these days who need to be reminded that they are musicians. It may seem strange to offer such advice to singers, who have been taught to concentrate all their attention on their singing, to the neglect of everything else, yes, to the neglect of the music itself. They err sometimes, in fact, by excess of zeal. In their anxiety to be dramatic, they ruin beautiful phrases in which Mozart or Purcell has expressed everything perfectly, if the singers would only leave them alone and sing them as they are. But that generally needs good singing, and good singing is not so easy as hysterical declamation. The prime necessity is rhythmical continuity. The individual singer must realize, if he has an aria to sing, or a stretch of recitative, that it is all one continuous piece of music; that the beginning bears a relation to the end, that the melodic line must never be broken, or else the emotional line in the minds of the audience will be broken; and once that is broken, the whole emotional atmosphere of the opera has to be worked up again from the very beginning.

He must realize, too, the relation of his own part to the whole, not only in a purely dramatic sense, but in a musical sense as well. In ensembles, for instance, there are endless numbers of places where the least deviation from strict time is fatal: on the part of one singer, for however "dramatic" a "reason," will at once bring the whole structure into complete confusion. It may not be that the other singers are put out and an actual breakdown takes place; the performance may proceed without entanglement, and yet the emotional value of an ensemble be utterly destroyed by a hitch in the rhythmical continuity of it.

More important still is the sense of rhythmical continuity in the conductor and the producer. The difficulties vary according to the style of the opera. An opera of Wagner inevitably forces the singer to go on, though most of us have supposed many singers do their best to retain its driving force. And in a Wagner opera the driving force of the orchestra is generally far greater than that of the voice. The singer can rest on the orchestra and be carried on by its current; but it is fatal to get into the habit of yielding to this temptation. Even in Wagner there are moments when the voice must bear the whole rhythmic burden as singly as in any opera of Monteverdi or Purcell. And it is noticeable in modern opera, too, that when the composer has concentrated his musical thought, good or bad, in the voice parts and obliged the voices to be the real creator of the pulse of the music, the opera will grip the audience and achieve success, even though the actual inspiration of the music be on a low level. Yet it is in the older and the more declamatory styles of opera that the sense of rhythmical continuity is most frequently lost in actual performance. They are broken up into recitatives and arias; further broken up, it may be, with spoken dialogue. It is here that the intelligence of the producer ought to come in. Even a recitative is a piece of music. If it is well written, it has its rhythmic outline, its climax, its balance of phrase. Recitative should always be studied initially on a basis of rigidly strict time, and still on a strictly rhythmical basis even when the rigidity of time may be relaxed. All the great examples of recitative will not merely bear this treatment, but will benefit by it. What has ruined recitative in this country is the "devotional" tradition of oratorio. What is really recitative in an opera is not to be confounded with the recitative in an oratorio, if that is music, not reverence but common sense. It is common sense that will help to reconstruct the continuous line of an opera that is broken up by dialogue.

In most opera-houses the singer comes to the footlights and almost seems to announce—or the conductor, like a toastmaster at a city banquet, seems to announce it for her—"Ladies and gentlemen, pray silence for the celebrated aria Non so piu, as sung by Madame Malibran, Madame Patti, Madame," &c., &c. &c. It has ceased to be part of the play, part of the character; worse still, it has ceased to be part of the opera. There are dozens of arias that have suffered in this way, because some singers cannot bear to have another singer on the stage during their number. It is supposed to be talking to Susanna all the time; but Susanna must leave the stage so as not to distract the attention of the audience from Cherubino's voice-production.

In all such cases the producer must insist on some stage device which links up one scene with another. Moreover, spoken dialogue and action with it must be considered as part of the music. They must be rhythmical, whether the work be verse or prose. Lines must be taken up with the same sense of musical rhythm as in an ensemble; gestures must be made and steps taken in definite rhythms, the one movement made in conscious relation to the other. Speech must glide imperceptibly into recitative, recitative into song; and parallel with this, movement and gesture must be more naturalistic or more conventional according as they accompany speech or music. From the rise of the curtain to its fall the rhythmic line must be continuous. Some actors are so anxious to be natural that they purposely ignore the instrumental interludes, which they fill up with business. This is certainly a mistake. One would not wish to interpret Mozart and Wagner in exactly the same style; but both designed their interludes to express something felt by the characters, and the actors must make such movements as will interpret them. Or rather, the actors must make
such movements as will cause the music to interpret their feelings. Herein lies the kernel of the whole problem: the characters on the stage must so sing and so move that the audience are induced to believe that every note of the music, whether sung or played, is created by the force of their emotions. It is not the leitmotiv that produces the gesture, but the emotion which produces both the gesture and the leitmotiv which illustrates it. On the singers, therefore, lies the whole burden of the opera, and it follows that every singer ought to understand the whole opera as intimately as the conductor is expected to do. No wonder that "idealists" is considered a word of opprobrium.

EDWARD J. DENT.

CONCERTS

Miss Sybil Eaton is at present a good violinist by fits and starts. She has some flexibility of style and the right instinct for phrasing, but her tone is not reliable. For a time it keeps at a high level of purity and volume; then something seems to go wrong, and for a minute or two it becomes rough, uneven, out of control. Miss Eaton is a gracious player, and it is well worth while for her to overcome this technical weakness. She was partnered on February 2nd by Mr. Harold Samuel in Brahms' D minor Sonata, but while each played their own part, it is hard to say whether it really suited them. Miss Eaton's grey, austere handling of the violin part hardly fitted the warmer and more romantic playing of Mr. Samuel. The work will bear either interpretation, but scarcely both at the same time.

Mr. Reginald Steggall's new Trio in D minor, played by the London Trio on February 3, is a thing of shreds and patches, mostly cut from an old and austerely magnificent Messrs. Eaton and Nuñez model. The trio is numbered opus 27, so it is time Mr. Steggall was finding his own idiom, if he is ever going to do so. At no time was the playing of a high order: M. Pescak's seems to be short of practice, and his intonation was by no means flawless. But want of rhythm is the real trouble; no member of the trio seems to have any sense of it at all.

The artists at the London Chamber Concert Society's first concert on February 3 were the English String Quartet, and the chief works performed were Debussy's String Quartet and Schubert's Octet. The quartet's playing suffered rather from want of balance; the viola tone was too prominent throughout, whilst the second violin err'd in the other direction. The performance had much about it that one could praise, but showed too clearly that four admirable players may make an equally admirable quartet. In the Octet, naturally, one was much less conscious of this defect, as the additional parts divert a good deal of the attention from the strings, and with the help of Messrs. Hambay (double bass), James (bassoon), Brain (horn), and Draper (clarinet) a very fine and spirited interpretation was given, the tone of the wind being consistently good throughout. In between the Schubert and the Debussy, Mr. Murray Davey sang a group of his own songs, which left the impression that his gifts are of the interpretative rather than the creative order.

Nu pianoforte 'e voce sonata, luntamente . . . One knew that the concert given by Mr. Bertram Binyon at the Zolli Hall on February 5 would be an evening at Naples; one can only wish that it had been more Neapolitan than it was. Mr. Binyon generally limits his repertoire to things which he really likes; his variety of tone is limited, and he is getting a tendency to force certain notes by attempting to take them on the middle register. But in such things as a chamber cantata by Alessandro Scarlatti (Per un momento solo) and in a group of nineteenth-century Neapolitan songs he was admirable, alike in delicacy of expression and beauty of diction. If he sent people away contentedly humming Luna d'argento, lass' o suon, he sent some of his hearers home to read Salvatore di Giacomo. The real poetry and artistic sincerity of di Giacomo, and of the author of Fenestra che lasci si noto luci, showed up well by comparison with some of the other verses. What a pity it is, by the way, that singers of old Italian songs do not get someone to work out the continuo for them in a more scholarly and contrapuntal fashion!

Drama

SOME MORALS AND AN EMOTION

LYRIC THEATRE.—Dryden's "Marriage à-la-mode.”

That delicate appreciator of dramatic values, Mr. Sneer, congratulated the managers because, in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserved two houses in the capital where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining. Our own age seems to have reversed the maxim. We do not mind the conversation on our stage not being moral, but we take remarkably good care that it shall not be entertaining. There is no other way of accounting for the fact that while — and — are playing (we hear) to crowded houses, the "Phoenix" has to produce Dryden's "Marriage à-la-mode" under the conventions of a private performance, and is meanwhile told by representative theatrical organs that it is really a disgraceful institution altogether. This preferential treatment surely cannot be due to the circumstance that Dryden drums into our ears matters which modern writers merely labour to insinuate into our imaginations, for that would come perilously near humbug—a vice from which we, as a nation, have been so mercifully preserved. It must be, then, that we are only allowed to see Dryden in private because he is witty, and perhaps on the whole it is a wise precaution. The shock of the unaccustomed is often fatal.

We have said so much because moralizing are expected of a critic on occasions like the present; and we should have been glad to let the moral question go at that. But we find we cannot get away from the moral issue so easily. Somebody keeps jogging our elbow, and pointing out a moral latent in the comedy which audiences are liable to overlook, and which he is keenly anxious they should not be allowed to avoid. We really believe this insistent ghost is the author himself! The point on which, by every artifice in his power, he fixes our attention is the essential worthiness of those two bad young men, Rhodophil, the Captain of the Guard, and Palamede, the courtier. Like Melantha, we develop a tendre for them. Compared with that fretful, frowning, ferocious tyrant Polydamas, or his crafty counsellor Argaeon, or that shiftless wretch, artisan of her own unhappiness, Amalthea, or that remarkably raw cub of a Prince, Leonidas, how brightly they shine! What sanity, what kindness, and (there is no other word) what decency they display on almost all occasions! How unhesitatingly they plunge into a street row to save the supposed "boy" from his tipsy assailants! How simply they accept the fact that one of them will have to forgo a night's certain pleasure to save the strange lad from further misadventures! And then, when the wine is scarcely tasted, and the exasperating message comes from the Castle that an outbreak is feared that night and they must report for duty at once, how uncomplainingly they take their hats and cloaks, with no more solace than Palamede's shattering couplet beginning, "Let rogues defend religion and the laws!" If one half of what Dryden meant to teach his audience is contained in the Epilogue, where Rhodophil challenges them to deny that all along they have been hoping the risky scenes would grow riskier still, the other half, we think, is contained in that great line. He must all along have had in mind to show how much less base these frail mortals were than the eminently respectable world they were hired to support. "Let rogues defend religion and the laws!" But, alas! it is Rhodophil and Palamede who defend them. They would otherwise
IMPOTENT CONCLUSIONS

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—" Tea for Three." A Comedy. By Roi Cooper Megrue.

The plot of "Tea for Three" can be very briefly told. A gay young wife is married to a plodding, rather dull husband. She seeks to be distracted from boredom by renewing acquaintance with a professional lady's man, who is saved from fatuity by his wit and shrewdness. She gets as far as an evening visit to his rooms, but her husband follows and proposes to her admirer a noiseless duel: the one who draws the unlucky card to make away with himself within twenty-four hours. It is the lover who loses, and he accepts his destiny with well-bred stoicism; but, when his suicide is announced in the paper some hours earlier than was expected, the husband is stricken with remorse, and the wife, divining what he has done, declares in a tremendous outburst that he has robbed her of a fine and innocent friendship—a statement which, whether from the fault of the author or the actress, we cannot possibly believe, any more than we believe in the lover's own disinterested appreciation of the lady, as he expresses it when he first announced his intention to commit suicide, to say good-bye, and ultimately to consent, on the husband's entreaty, to forgo suicide. This is all ample enough, but what follows is positively futile. For it is now made clear in a confidential scene with the wife, that the man never did take the duel in earnest, never for a moment contemplated death, and had the fake report of his demise put into the paper by a friend, in the certainty that it would lead to his being forgiven. He was not willing to give his life, he explained, but he was willing to pay £50 to bring off this coup. The three were last seen settling down amicably to tea, after which, we suppose, da capo.

As has been hinted, the strength of the play lies in its delineation of the trained philanderer, who (up to the last act at least) has a sufficiently manly cynicism not to appear a pure papa. Mr. Stanley Logan does the part every justice, and it is a veritable and an exhausting one. For the husband and wife, more thought seems to have been left to rely on what Mr. A. E. Matthews and Miss Fay Compton can read into the text. To find Mr. Matthews being scored off, instead of scoring off other people, is as much of a shock as it would be to see Sherlock Holmes' pocket picked, and by the way he acts he deeply resents it. It is, however, impossible for him not to put some delicious touches into any parting he essays. Miss Fay Compton displays to the full her delicate comic talent, but we do not think the lady was meant to be all call, and when some stroke of genuine feeling was needed, it was, frankly, not forthcoming. Should not such an inaccuracy be a danger-signal to a rising actress?

Correspondence

The Cost of Living at Oxford and Cambridge

To the Editor of The Athenaeum.

Sir,—The correspondence in several of the newspapers and weekly journals on the possibility of student life at Cambridge or Oxford on £105 (or is it £125?) per year interests me, because I think I am perhaps more vitally affected by the problem than any of the writers know to what decreasing case, I stand for undiminished studentship. An application for University Training and Grant was rejected—in some way or other I slipped through the clinks of the regulations. I have, however, a disability pension of 16s. per week, and on that I carry on. So when I, with my 10 per year, read that the student life is important, I am inclined to calculate that this is surely Grossus planting poverty. Of course, the difference in the irreducible cost is enormous. Yet I feel my position is at all events not so hard as some of the cases, and the question is not what I cannot do, but how far I can get. E. M. W.
the excuse of studenthip I have committed all sorts of crimes against independence, but then it is so easy to sponge on people. One is not assisted by a sufficient general austerity. One even receives gratuitous help. People are too kind. I believe if one did get to the dug-out stage the experiment would take the startling turn of a flourishing provision stall, the details being presentations left furiously in the night by anxious neighbours. Was it Mr. Clive Bell who suggested that the young artist should be granted a sixpenny doss-house bed? But isn't this molly-coddling? Sixpence is a singularly difficult amount to earn.

There is another aspect to this question. The natural result of education is revolution. The brightest students of all time compete for positions on the extreme left. The Government which modernizes and subordinates art essentially to economics. English embryonic Lenin is probably even now at Oxford or Cambridge, costing the Government he is destined to overthrow £165 (or is it £225?) per annum. Genius is a cuckoo—he throws his benefactors out of the nest. Therefore, for the preservation of good manners, and the avoidance of ingratitude, is it not better to refuse help to genius? And if genius should not be assisted, who should?

**SHAKESPEARE'S HAREBELL**

*To the Editor of The Athenæum.*

Sir,—It is quite easy to show that the wild hyacinth was Shakespeare's harebell. A flower of the same name and construction, and he is usually accurate in this respect. There is a probability that Fletcher does the same in the bridal song in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," in which (if I remember rightly) Professor Skeat proposed to read,

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
With harebells dim,
In place of the (to us) meaningless "her bells dim." But it is not necessary to adduce any other proof than is given us by the old herbalists. Gerard figures and describes the English jacinth (hyacinth) as Hare's bell; Parkinson follows him to the same effect, and I am under the impression that others do so too. The first known appearance of the name as applied to the campanula is, I believe, in the Scottish poet Mickle, and later Scottish writers have done much to extend this use of it. But some of our modern poets stick to the older usage. Thus Coventry Patmore,

Touch'd by the zephyr dances the harebell,
Cuckoo sits somewhere singing so loud,
in a poem of the very early spring. As for the reason for the name, Phillips ("Flora Historica") suggests that it is due to the fact that the flower occurs frequently in places frequented by hares. I am aware that the name is now usually given to the campanula, but I believe it is pleasant to hear children in Kew Gardens speaking of "the pretty harebells under the trees." I have omitted to say that there is an old rhyme ("quoted by Folkard") which runs:

About St. George, when blue is worn,
The blue harebells the fields adorn.

St. George's Day is April 23. Shakespeare's birthday. I should add that all my citations are from memory, but they may be trusted, and I could add to them.

Yours truly,

C. C. Bell


**ART AND THE SCHOOLBOY**

*To the Editor of The Athenæum.*

Dear Sir,—Mr. Oscar Browning's letter in last week's Athenæum made me look up the leading article to which he referred, and which I had missed. May I say how much I agree with the writer's plea for combating an indifference to art before it is firmly established, by means of some form of teaching on the subject? But what is the practice of schoolmasters also? But whereas the writer advocates lectures by different types of evangelists, both orthodox and rebellious, and proposes that each should urge his views upon the audience, I would suggest an alternative plan, and one that would be less confusing to beginners. Why not show slides of good and bad versions of the same subject, and leave the boys and girls to decide for themselves what they like? Show them, for example, tree studies by a Sung painter, Claude, Leader, and...
FOREIGN LITERATURE

A DESIRABLE DEVIL

EL DIABLO COJUELO. Por Luis Vélez de Guevara. Edición y notas de Francisco Rodríguez Marín. "Clásicos Castellanos." (Madrid, "La Lectura." 4 ptas.)

EL DIABLO COJUELO. Por Luis Vélez de Guevara. "Colección Universal." (Madrid and Barcelona, Calpe. 30 c.)

VELEZ de Guevara's story has always been a favourite in Spain, and in the eighteenth century it became known to the whole of Europe through the version of Le Sage. The reason for its popularity is not difficult to find. "Cojuelo" is vastly entertaining to read; and it will stand being read in the most perilous conditions to which a classic can be submitted—the actual scene of the story, three hundred years later. I happen to be sitting at a fourth-floor window in the very street to which Cojuelo flew with Don Cleofás, when they perched on the top of a tower and looked down on the most intimate life of Madrid as if the houses had no roofs to them; and I can only wish that some subtle fiend of Cojuelo's tribe would lift the roof from the brains of modern Madrid, so that one could see what was going on inside—and at the same time warm the room a little.

"El Diablo Cojuelo" may not be a work of real greatness, but it has many of the attributes of immortality. It is still interesting to read, and, though not particularly bawdy, has things in it to interest everyone. Do you like the Ballet? Cojuelo boasts that he was the inventor of some of the most famous—or infamous—dances; the Saraband, the Chaconne and the "Bullicucuz." Are you a musician? Guevara is always bringing in music. He gives a diverting description of street musicians, hired to sing madrigals beneath a lady's window, being put to flight by another band hired by someone else for the same purpose. Their performance, he says, cued in "a fugue in four or five different directions." Do you revel in the hectic globe-trotting of Sylvia Scarlett? Cojuelo thinks little of flying over to Constantinople for the night, and pausing in Venice on the way back to chatter with the private secretaries of diplomats in the Piazza. Have you written letters to The Athenaeum in slang in war-time? Perhaps you can explain why it is that all the abuse showered on Cojuelo and Don Cleofás by three strangers at a roadside inn, only the words used by the Englishman are unintelligible? The Frenchman's remarks are in the best traditions of the British soldier, and would be comprehended as they stand by every modern Englishman. But the Englishman in the story, instead of basing his imprecations upon the facts of theology or physiology, merely remarks: "Nitesgut español." It might be thought at first that this wandering "Englishman" was really a German, as indeed is sometimes the case; but Don Francisco Rodriguez Marín (whose learned notes are often as entertaining as Gibbon's) rather pervertedly interprets the phrase as "Nitty (lousy) goose," or even "Naughty Guest." If the Englishman had said "You no bon," he would have been recognizable at once. But "Nitesgut?" Is it not more probable that another explanation is the right one, and that Guevara confounded two unknown Nitesguts in his languages, thinking that Nichts gut would pass for English?

"El Diablo Cojuelo" is connected with a curious piece of literary history. In 1707 Le Sage published "Le diable boiteux," which was taken almost entirely from Guevara, as Le Sage himself admitted. He wrote plays in imitation of Calderon and Lope de Vega, and brought out a shortened French version of the famous picaroon novel, "Don Guzman de Alfarache." His masterpiece was, of course, "Gil Blas de Santillana," which, though
Spanish in form and argument, is undoubtedly an original work of Le Sage. Among the learned Jesuits expelled from Spain in the middle of the eighteenth century was a certain Padre Isla, who had written an amusing book on "The History of the Celebrated Preacher, Brother Gerund," and parodied with exquisite humour the conventional type of sermon to which an eighteenth-century Spanish congregation used to listen with complacency and approval. Some time after the ingenious Jesuit was comfortably settled in Bologna, an unknown admirer in Madrid wrote explaining that he was in want; could Padre Isla possibly send him a book which he might sell como pan bendito, i.e., at a high price, as having belonged to the celebrated and unfortunate author of "Fray Gerundillo"? Padre Isla sent him a Castilian version of "Gil Blas," accompanied by a learned and plausible "preliminary conversation" in which he endeavoured to prove that it was not written by Le Sage at all, but by an unknown Spanish author who had composed it during the ministry of Olivas, but had been prevented from publishing it by the Government. Le Sage, he claimed, had spent many years in Spain attached to the French Embassy, and had made friends with a certain Andalucian lawyer, from whom he received the manuscript of "Gil Blas." Isla's version, which is a free translation of Le Sage, was published at Valencia after his death with the title: "Gil Blas, Stolen from Spain and adopted in France by M. Le Sage, now restored to his native land and original language by a zealous Spaniard who will not allow his country to be made fun of." Padre Isla succeeded in converting a certain number of people to his theory; but there is little doubt that it was really a joke, and from the character of the man and his acute sense of fun, this explanation may be considered the most likely. He was, however, seriously opposed by certain erudite Spaniards and Frenchmen, and in 1818 evidence was adduced to show that Le Sage, though exceedingly well read in Spanish literature, had never been in Spain in his life. Since then "Gil Blas" has been proved to be a patchwork, and the sources from which it was compiled have been fully worked out.

Of the two new editions of "El Diablo Cojuelo," that issued in the collection of "Classics Castellanos," is fully up to the standard set by the earlier publications of "La Lectura," both in type and scholarship. The pocket edition in the new "Colección Universal" is remarkably well printed, and has the advantage that, while it explains some of the more difficult words, it does not distract one's attention from the story.

**TIRED JOURNALISM**

*Le Diable à l'Hôtel: ou Les Plaisirs Imaginaires.* Par Emile Henriot. (Paris, Émile-Paul Frères. 3fr. 50.)

There are many books which are clearly not literature, and are usually described conveniently as "journalism," but the term does not really convey very much. There is no necessary implication of praise or reproach; it is a mere category, a classification, with no descriptive significance. It can be applied with equal justice to a dozen books which have nothing in common but the lack of certain qualities which are usually regarded as essential to literature. As applied to "Le Diable à l'Hôtel" it means something very like hackwork. We do not know if M. Henriot really passed a few weeks at the Hôtel du Consul Septimius at Aix, or if such an establishment in fact exists. We do not know if he really discussed cabbalism with Michel Riom, and conceived a hopeless passion for Miss Doris Dorotheia Curtiss. But we are inclined to believe every word of "Le Diable à l'Hôtel" because it is so convincingly dull. Surely no one could have evoked so clannish and unsatisfactory a holiday from his imagination. This tedious recital is surely printed straight from the note-book of a tired reporter who has found nothing interesting to report—journalism, in fact, in one of its most depressing phases—the phase when it induces a man to write and write when he has absolutely nothing to say. W.

**LETTERS FROM ITALY**

VII. PANZINI*

A FRÉDO PANZINI is a writer who has acquired a great reputation in Italy during the last few years. Born at Sinigaglia in 1863, he became a humble master in a Liceo, and he continues to divide his busy life between teaching and literary work. He leaped into fame a few years ago after a long period of obscurity, but success has not spoiled him. He had already found his way, and he has continued to pursue it steadily and calmly, without unduly forcing his rather limited talent in an attempt to achieve more startling effects.

"Il Libro dei Morti," published in 1893, was his first book. It was followed by "Lepida et Tristia," short stories published in Treves' Illustrazione Italiana; "Piccole Storie del Mondo Contemporaneo," where, among commonplace stories and poems that contains Loreto and Recanati; by "Novelle di Ambo i Sessi," and by a large number of short stories in the daily papers and the reviews.

His Dizionario Moderno sets him clearly before us both as scholar and as artist. The mere erudition of the lexicographer is here combined with an instructive insight into the meanings of words by means of which he is able to give us historical rather than verbal interpretations of them. Unlike most dictionaries, it is quite short, since Panzini confines himself to a few selected words and phrases in general use, and instead of explaining them he allows his character, his humour and his craftsmanship to play round them and suggest a commentary.

If we look up the word "humour," which, as we shall soon see, is a very marked characteristic of the man, we find that he says:

The humourist has his own way of expressing truth—a way that is at once marvelously simple and marvelously subtle. The contrast between actual truth and reality and man's normal activities is so glaring that the strongest of feeling it provokes is an impulse to laugh. Under this laugh there generally runs an undercurrent of pessimism. Simplicity is the first condition, the essence of humour.

We shall return to this subject later. For the moment we will turn to Panzini's best book, "La Lanterna di Diogene" (1907). The plot is, as always with him, very slight—a bicycle trip from Milan to a little village on the coast of Emilia which he calls Bellaria. There is nothing in it that has even a shadow of an adventure or a touch of the sporting outlook. Little incidents of the journey, frugal meals in tiny inns buried among mountains, miles. They are, in fact, mere trifles that would leave the reader altogether cold but for the personality of the author, by means of which they are tricked out in attractive colours. At bottom all these incidents are merely pretexts for setting his mind working, since he requires the stimulus of a material object, of the obvious and commonplace contrasts of everyday life, to enable him to embroil his delicate philosophy upon it.

Indeed, he is continually reminding us that he is a philosopher and likes us to know that he reads the "Phædo" and Homer in Greek. But this he does altogether without ostentation and with a kind of melancholy, as if his scepticism had convinced him that the world would go on much the same without either the philosophy or the poems, and that a knowledge of them will at best cast a shadow of melancholy over human affairs. But as a matter of fact he is anything but a philosopher. Face to face with a world that can stand firmly upon its own legs without philosophy he reaches the conclusion that the ideas of the philosopher and the non-philosopher are very much alike, so that, in the last instance, Plato finds himself in the same boat with the swearing fisherman or the Socialist postman who philosophizes in his own way. The contrasts are not reconciled, as the thinker would have it, but instead, treated with a kindly irony based upon an affectionate understanding of life in all its aspects, each one of which possesses an inherent necessity of its own. At bottom his irony is aimed rather at his own weakness for philosophy than at the attitude of the vulgar.

February

13,

THE ATHENAEUM

1920

Panzini's irony has resulted in his being considered a
humorist in the English sense of the term. It cannot be
denied that his humour often wells up spontaneously, though
But it
at times he exaggerates it to the verge of silliness.
is no less true that it does not form an essential element
in his temperament, which is too easily moved
I might
almost say too romantic to be perfectly at home in the
fetters ot an ironical mannerism adopted as an end in itself.
His humour is merely a cloak for his feelings, a sort of virginal
masculine shrinking from displaying his emotions and his
inmost thoughts to the world. In this he reminds us of
Gozzano, who also shields the deeper places of his soul under

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literature and irony.
But Panzini is better balanced. He
has more of the wisdom of the serpent, and is therefore better
In
able to shelter himself behind the mask of his humour.
La Lanterna di Diogene " there is a special charm about
this reserve, this attempt to conceal himself, his true self,
though it insists on peeping out here and there from behind
the mask with which he has not yet succeeded in screening
himself completely.
But in his later work the fit of the
mask is too perfect, and Panzini's methods have the coldness
of a mannerism, almost of a cliche.
His decadence has begun.
In "La Lanterna di Diogene" he still retains enough of
" Let us be frank
the consciousness of his true self to write
it is easy to sit in an armchair with a pipe in one's mouth
and write a prescription that will reconcile the contradictions
of life
and still more easy to seize upon the ridiculous side
of human life.
True philosophy is better symbolized by
the forefinger upon the lips silence." His honestly sentimental attitude towards philosophy and anti-philosophy,
touched off as equivalents, finds even better expression
Now everyone knows that, for the fool, the Lord is outside
us, while the heir of evolution has taken Him within himseli
all
very attractive, but as we are mere pigmies, things remain
pretty much as they were and we find ourselves terribly alone all
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the same.
But the

essentially romantic character of the man is
brought out even more clearly by his strong feeling for nature,
which finds expression in the numerous lyrics, innocent of
rhyme or metre, that stud his pages. He lets himself go
when face to face with Nature far more completely than
when among his fellows, who always put him upon the
defensive.
And Nature appeals to him not merely in the
freshness of the free, healthy feelings she awakens, but even
more in the spiritualizing of her history. Indeed, he tells

us that in setting himself to relate the story of his bicycle
one of his objects was to see whether his brain was still
elastic, that is, able not merely to receive strong impressions
from the beautiful living things around him, but to see all
the past that has vanished and ceased to live and to feel
the approach of the future. Thus he harmonizes and fuses
his historical sense with his feeling for Nature, creating a
landscape that is profoundly subjective and lyrical, in the
sense in which the artist sees the vast expanse of his own
thoughts reflected in the world around him. This is the
kind of naturalism that harmonizes best with a man of to-day.
It is not a simple feeling for Nature as " alma parens," not
a return of the spirit upon itself, detached from Nature, but
a close union between Nature humanized and made history,
that is the most striking characteristic of the art we see
ripening in the spirit of to-day.
In Panzini, as in Gozzano,
this art is only just beginning
reflection is often superimposed upon Nature, failing to harmonize with it from
the very fact that it remains external to it
the inspiration
flags and becomes intermittent.
But both are upon the
right way. or at least upon the new way.
If we compare
them with D'Annunzio's landscapes, where the lyrical
personality is almost swallowed up in the world of sensations
wliK b it is impossible to reconcile with these historical
landscapes, we shall see that the inspiration is profoundly
We mi^'nt almost be dealing with a return to
imitative.
Canlucu's historical landscapes, although, in saying so, we
are making comparisons that are altogether on the surface,
so different is Carducci's conception of history from that of
these moderns.
In "La Lanterna di Diogene" I'anzmi plumes himself
not a little upon his Hellenism, upon a pagan tendency in his
thought.
Yet nothing could be further removed from
Hellenism than his sentimental, almost morbidly subjective
temperament. And when in his novel " Santippe " (1914)

223

he attempted a Greek subject, the falseness of the result was
hardly concealed by the richness of the humour. It is true
that he chose for his characters a woman so thoroughly
un-Greek as the shrew Xanthippe, and Socrates, the least
Greek of all the great men of Greece, who, in his inward
struggles, foreshadows in no small
degree the subjective
struggles of our own day.
But to set them in their Greek
milieu was a task altogether beyond his power
for although
he knows Greek, he is at bottom a thorough modern, tortured
in spirit and incapable of getting outside himself.
He has
given us a degenerate Socrates, who has become a Panzini
and uses Panzini's irony, though all the time he lacks the
feeling of a modern writer.
The book is pleasant enough
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reading, so long as we forget the historical characters and
see in it nothing more than a pendant to " La Lanterna di
Diogene," a fantasy of the author, who has for the moment
donned the clothes of the Greek philosopher.
" La
Panzini's last books have been his least successful.
Madonna di Mama " is the story of the adventures of a
professor during the war, very thin and of no importance.
" Un Yiaggio Circolare in Prima Classe di un Povero
Letterato," part of which appeared in the Nuova Antologia
in January-February, 1915, and which has been published
in volume form by Treves of Milan, is merely a rechauffe of
"

La Lanterna

Diogene "

—

a journey with impressions
Indeed, of recent years Panzini's
signs of exhaustion. Travelling is
for him no longer an excuse for looking about and meditating
upon himself it has become a mechanical process for
producing books. The true content, the impressions and
reflections, recur again and again in a way that is wearisome
and commonplace. It is obvious that Panzini has written
himself out and has furbished up his old ideas in order to
produce a book for commercial purposes.
It is well to read only one thing by Panzini
his best work
is undoubtedly "La Lanterna di Diogene"
because one
easily tires of him.
We always find the same antitheses,
the same irony, but unfortunately not always the same
lyrical confessions
it is only in his best books that they
relieve the mediocrity of his half -philosophical, half -artistic
humour. But it says much for Panzini that after the deluge
of literary bombast and the orgies of sensuality of the last
few years, he has brought us back to a world of honest
simplicity, in which the taste of the public, now eager for
healthy literature, may have a chance of recovering itself.
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of scenery and people.
artistic vein shows sad

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GUIDO DE RUGGIERO.

trip

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Da

(Rome, La Voce. 3.50 lire.) Piero Jahier.
Italian writers of to-day have not yet
found it necessary to devote portentous volumes to the record
of their schooldays, they are showing a tendency to "reminisce"
at an age when their fathers were thinking of beginning to live.
In one who has fought through the war this is only natural,
for the violent rending of all the threads that linked his early
life to the present must give it a peculiar completeness and
remoteness. Obviously there is much that is autobiographical
in Signor Jahier's " Ragazzo," and once we are through the
first chapter with its sensationally futuristic description of the
boy's feelings at the sudden death of his father, the erring
Calvinist minister, it becomes distinctly interesting, and strikes
that genuine note that is so characteristic of its author. The
mother belongs to the old school. It is not for her to understand her children. Good management, not sympathy, is
wanted to bring up a family of six on a much reduced income,
as at least her daughter realizes, and we get considerable
Is not his weekly struggle
insight into how it is all done.
with the butcher for a good piece of meat for the family
We see something of
among the boy's most vivid memories
his school life, where he first Learns the joy of earning money,
But clearly
if only for doing .mother boy's exercises for him.
it is the village in the mountains whence his ancestors sprang
and where he spends his holidays hat appeals most irresistibly
to Signor Jahier, though when at last tie returns thither ho
se non
finds " nulla, nulla rimasto ferino secondo il cuore
Corse le grandi montagne."

Ragazzo.

Though the young

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In the course of March a furthei sale of twenty-six illuminated
manuscripts and eight fine incunabula printed on vellum from
the Yates-'i hompson collection will be held by Messrs. Sotheby,
The books are of the highest rarity in any form more
especially when on vellum and illuminated, as most of these are.

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List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System; the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.


See review, p. 211.

Sayle (A.). VILLAGE LIBRARIES: a guide to their formation and upkeep. Grant Richards, 1919. 8 in. 135 pp. apps., 5 n. 027.4

See review, p. 212.

100 PHILOSOPHY.


Five years ago, the author says, he felt that the war was part of the vindication of the moral order, part of the needed protest against this "God's world" and not just a complicated and bewildering material machine. Yet now, for lack of moral improvement, we cannot find peace. For most men, Mammon still sits in the seat of God. Yet if God is still there "working His purpose out," according as men supply the conditions, then all we need is faith enough to enter boldly upon this "Way of Peace." Canon Burroughs has founded his chapters on the Benedictus; but his book is no commonplace sermon or text-book of doctrine, and will be read with sympathy and edification.

*Freud (Sigmund). Totem and Taboo: resemblances between the psychic lives of savages and neurotics. Authorized translation, with introduction by A. A. Brill. Routledge, 1919. 9 in. 290 pp., 10/6 n. 132

See review, p. 225.

200 RELIGION.

Hennessy (Theodore Harber). Joel, Obadiah, Jonah and Malachi. Cambridge, University Press, 1919. 6½ in. 130 pp. index, 3/ n. 224.7 and .9

Lucid commentaries for the use of young students. Each commentary is accompanied by the text of the R.V. provided with numerous footnotes.

*Selwyn (Edward Carus). First Christian Ideas. Edited, with an introductory memoir, by his eldest son. Murray, 1919. 9 in. 285 pp. index, 9/ n. 225.6

In this fascinating study Dr. Selwyn endeavours to trace the influence of various passages from the O.T. prophetical writings on the writers of the Gospels. The book abounds in neat and ingenious criticism; many knotty points are convincingly elucidated, and the implications of Dr. Selwyn's main thesis make his book more than an interesting and learned contribution to N.T. textual criticism.


A reprint of Archdeacon Srawley's introduction to, and translation of, the bishop's letters.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

*Barker (J. Ellis). Economic Statesmanship. Murray, 1920. 9 in. 624 pp. index, 16/ n. 390.4

The new edition of this valuable book contains a substantial addition of some 200 pages, in which the author examines the economic position and future of Japan and Russia; the British Coal Problem and the Sankey Report (which is described as a disaster); British Railways, Canals and Roads; the Merchant Marine and the Empire; Land and Housing (the author wisely advocates a simple registration of title); British Industrial Inefficiency (here he produces startling figures concerning the output of the British and the American workman); and Labour Unrest. On this vexed topic the author admits that the interests of Capital and Labour must be made identical; this end he hopes to achieve by a form of profit-sharing, increasing the capital of a concern by 80 per cent. and distributing these shares among the workers. There is still the argument of the supremacy of opportunity. Srawley observes at the present time, when the inflation of capital proceeds apace. One may not agree with all Mr. Barker's conclusions, but there is no doubt that his book is a storehouse of important facts and figures.


The report records the flourishing condition of Bootham School, testifies to the widening of the pupils' mental outlook, and includes an account of the successful trial of a limited measure of self-government among the boys of the upper school.


Mr. Branford makes a great display of italics, and thus conveys an impression of much earnestness. His statements have, indeed, all the force of platitudes, and we wish that he had given us a more detailed study of the ways in which his generalities might be applied to actual problems.


A clear and interesting account of the legal aspect of insurance. Although written primarily for those engaged in insurance business, it may be read with profit by the ordinary person who has taken out any kind of insurance policy. Several of the cases quoted are neat, subtle, and thoroughly illuminating.


The author's starting point is the eighteenth century. Chapters are devoted to the industrial and agrarian revolutions; to the beginnings of banking, credit, and industrial capitalism; to poor-law reform, and the regulations of factory life; to mining, railways, and shipping; and to strikes, the co-operative movement, and modern social and industrial conditions.

400 PHILOLOGY.

Buzza (G. Kessen) et Hure (H. E.), La Langue Francaise: grammaire à l'usage des classes moyennes et supérieures. Murray, 1920. 7½ in. 246 pp. 3/6 n. 445

Succinct and clear explanations are the distinguishing features of this grammar, which has been compiled to meet the requirements of secondary school pupils. The book includes some "exceptions" often omitted from school grammars.


There is no near cut to the Russian language, unless, perhaps, for a very keen-versed philologist. The less fortunate neophyte must be prepared for much spade-work and a great effort of sheer memory. On the other hand, such is the structure of Russian that a thorough mastery of the elements, once laboriously attained, rewards the student with almost instantaneous illumination. Mr. Forbes clears the ground admirably by beginning with the pronouns, adverbs and similar particles round which so much of Russian idiom turns. Exhaustive exercises are appended to each chapter, and the ambitious student is referred to the more advanced publications of the same author.
Grace (Stanley W.). A Primer of French Pronunciation. Methuen [1920]. 8 in. 147 pp. index. 3/6 441.5

A work on “practical phonetics” applied to French, which is offered as an attempt at a logical treatment of the pronunciation of the language, and is designed to be a guide to English teachers of French orthoepy. There are some especially good features in the book, e.g. the chapters upon liaison, H aspirate, final consonants, and words frequently mispronounced.

Segal (Louis). Russian Idioms and Phrases. Kegan Paul [1919]. 5 by 7½ in. 52 pp., 2/6 n. 491.7

An extremely useful book. Our only complaint is that the author too frequently paraphrases instead of giving the strictly corresponding English idiom; e.g., “to live like cat and dog” is just as much an English as a Russian phrase.

600 USEFUL ARTS.


A well-illustrated book, the purpose of which is to explain, non-technically, the business of electric “railroading.”


An able summary, dealing with the origin, occurrence, properties, classification, sampling, and analysis of coal.

*Stone (Gilbert). The British Coal Industry. Dent, 1919. 7½ in. 200 pp., index, 3/6 n. 629.33

Sometime Deputy Head of Production in the Coal Mines Department, Assistant Secretary to the Coal Industry Commission, and Secretary to the Controllers’ Advisory Board, Mr. Stone is well qualified to lay before the public some of the psychological, sociological and material problems which are associated with the coal industry, and to deal with aspects of the controversy between the representatives of Capital and Labour respecting British collieries. The author considers that the operations and financial results of the coal industry should be made fully public.

800 LITERATURE.


The current number of this chameleon-hued and lively periodical contains a fine drawing by Mr. Wymund Lewis, and a brilliantly facetious story by him called “Signs of Life.” But why on earth Mr. Lewis should employ his great literary talent on such a piece of epitaphs passes our comprehension. Mr. T. S. Eliot contributes an able, and, we think, thoroughly sound article on the poetic drama d’apres the recent performance of the “Duchess of Malfi,” and Miss Dorothy Richardson supplies a further incident from the infinite life of Miriam, which lacks incisiveness, but is, on the other hand, more than sensationally coherent. The worst item in the number is an intolerably playful article on “Georgian Poetry.”


In her “Incident of Reflection” of the twentieth century in France this admirable French scholar writes chiefly of the last fourteen years, and in studies all too brief characterizes the personalities and the work of Maurice Barrès, Romain Rolland, Edmond Rostand, Claudel, Jammes, René Boylesque, André Gide, Péguy, Barbusse, Duhautel, and Colette.


In this pamphlet, which agreeably combines liveliness and learning, Mr. Phillimore seeks to refute certain arguments recently set forth by Professor Richmond in his inaugural address to the Humanity Committee. Professor Richmond holds that the four autobiographical verses, restored in the Oxford text of Virgil to the position which Nius was in the habit of saying they had occupied before Varrus’ recension, are spurious, and the work of Nius himself. Mr. Phillimore answers, as it seems to us convincingly, that there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the verses.

Thorp (Joseph). Broken Bridges; or, The Bolshevist: an industrial play in three acts. Grant Richards [1920]. 8 in. 82 pp., 5/ n. 821.9

The author is better at a Labour article than a Labour play. His hero is general organizer of an association of engineers, and in a strike is treacherously menaced with a false exposure for bribery by his employer. He loves the employer’s daughter. All goes well in the end with the workmen and the lovers; not so with the autocratic head of the firm, who gives in all round, and retires a broken man.

POETRY.

Friedlaender (V. H.). A Friendship; and other poems. Country Life, 1919. 7½ in. 72 pp. index, boards, 3/6 n. 821.9

Miss Friedlaender has something to say. That in itself is enough to commend her book to the attention of readers grown a little weary of the emptiness of most contemporary poetic eloquence. She writes of the old, eternally actual themes, love, art, death—and especially death. She has thought about these things, felt them; what she has to say is her own and generally interesting. Her technique is traditional; she handles the established forms with lucidity and precision. At its best her expression is admirable; her weaknesses are due to too easy acceptance of the “poetical” words and phrases of tradition. Thus an otherwise excellent poem, “Art,” is, for us at least, enfeebled by No moment but may have in fee That bright, immortal alchemy.

Rhyne, we know, tyrannical; but nothing except an absolute inevitability of sense and sound can justify the use of a phrase so dead and dry as “have in fee.”

Sackville (Lady Margaret). Selected Poems. Constable, 1919. 7½ in. 141 pp. boards, 6/ n. 821.9

Lady Margaret Sackville is a feminine version of the late Richard Middleton, less vulgar than that luscious poet of paganism, but less securely competent as a technician. Her themes are the themes of Middleton—the gay seasons love and desire with their antithesis of crepuscular quiet, a selected Greek mythology, and the vaguely idealistic “dreams” of the romantics. Out of these materials she makes a bright, easy poetry, which it would be unfair to subject to the test of frequent reading. It is only at rare intervals that something of the permanent quality for eternity remains. Invitatio ad reposes, rises above the level of pleasant facility.


See review, p. 209.


This well-printed volume, the profits arising from the sale of which will be given to the Soldiers and Sailors Help Society, contains some hundreds and twenty war poems. The older generation is represented by such well-known names as Hardy, W. H. Davies, Guion, etc. Many of the youthful war poets are exemplified by poems of Robert Nichols, Sorley, Graves, the arman, Jeffery Day, and many others. Both editor and publishers are to be congratulated on the way in which they have done their tasks.

FICTION.


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Mauro, the illegitimate son of an Italian nobleman, after various adventures undertake to see Florence and enters the service of the younger brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent. He plays an important part in discovering the Plot of the Pazzi
to assassinate Lorenzo and his brother, and the author has thus plenty of scope for stirring incidents. The book is closely printed, but the reader's attention does not flag.

**Dodge (Henry Irving).** _Skinner's Baby_. Jarrolds [1920]. 7 in. 248 pp. boards, 2/ n. $1.85

More than a suspicion of sentimentality is mingled with the mild humour of this American story of a little boy whose sensible upbringing has a wholesome influence on some of his young associates, and leads to more important results.

**Leadbetter (Eric).** _Shepherd's Warning_. Allen & Unwin [1920]. 7½ in. 270 pp., 7/ n.

See review, p. 211.

**McFadden (G.V.).** _The Preventive Man_. Lanc, 1920 7½ in. 304 pp., 7/ n.

The coasts of Dorset, and the beginning of the third decade of last century, form the setting of this story. The brother of Sylvester Clitheroe, a Government servant, has met with foul play in the remotely situated homestead of an aged miser. Clitheroe is attracted by the old man's niece, but a misunderstanding separates the lovers until just before the end of the book. The inhabitants of the district are all interested in smuggling, of which there are graphic descriptions. In spite of improbabilities, the book is well worth reading.

**O'Brien (William).** _When We Were Boys_. Maunsel, 1919. 7½ in. 586 pp. paper, 1/6 n.

A reissue, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, of Mr. O'Brien's novel, which was written during two separate terms of six months' imprisonment inGalway jail.


See review, p. 211.

**Vanardy (Varick).** _The Two-Faced Man_: a mystery story Jarrolds [1920]. 7 in. 254 pp., 7/ n. $1.85

This story is exciting, but many readers will still think it "jib" at the amount of crime and thieves' slang introduced. Robbery, murder, disguises and "automatons" are salient features of the tale. Two of the chief personages are a mysterious New York saloon-keeper, and a man who combines the parts of detective and thief.

920 BIOGRAPHY.


See review, p. 208.

Fox (Henry), first Lord Holland. *Ulster (Giles Stephen Holland Fox-Strangways, sixth Earl of). Henry Fox, First Lord Holland*: His Family and Relations. Murray, 1920. 2 vols. 9 in. 381, 402 pp. il. pors. apps. index. 32/ n. 920

See review, p. 206.


The autobiography of the Provençal poet has been well described as a true romance, and a series of _contes pleins de soleil_ expresses the whole life, the spirit and history of his race.

830-990 HISTORY.

**Goode (W. T.).** _Bolshevism at Work_. Allen & Unwin [1920]. 7 in. 142 pp. po. limp cl., 2/8 n. 947.09

The correspondent of the Manchester Guardian went to Russia last year, interviewed Lenin and Trotsky, and inspected industrial concerns, agriculture, and the Bolshevist system of food control, education, justice, State hygiene, &c. His report is directly contrary to the lurid statements appearing in most English journals. Soviet Russia is apparently as prosperous as could be under blockade conditions, and desires only to be let alone to work out her own salvation. She does not want to carry on propaganda abroad, yet would tolerate British, French, or American propaganda. Education is fostered, and "the materials of a splendid culture" exist in her theatres and collections of art.

**Murro (James).** _A History of Great Britain_: Part 2, 1603 A.D. to 1919 A.D. Oliver & Boyd [1919]. 7½ in. 616 pp. il. 942.06-09

The second volume of Mr. Murro's clearly arranged history begins with the accession of King James I. to the English throne, and the record is brought down to September, 1919. A useful time chart is appended, but it is a pity that there is no index.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Beauchamp (Pat), pseud. _Fanny Goes to War_. Introduction by Major-General H. N. Thompson. Murray, 1919, 8 in. 200 pp., 6/ n. 940.9

Fanny, or F. A. N. Y. (First Aid Nursing Yeomanry), writes a vivid, unconventional, and racy story of her experiences in two and a half years' work at the front, and incidentally tells many amusing anecdotes of things witnessed by the way. She went out in January, 1918, slaved in a hospital for Belgian Tommies, acted as cook in another, drove an ambulance, often under fire, and was at length desperately wounded, and returned home with the Croix de Guerre and silver star—only to find that, not being a man, there was no recognized hospital for her to go to, and the civilian hospitals treated her as a mere nuisance.

Bogishevich (M.). _Causes of the War_: an examination into the causes of the European war, with special reference to Russia and Serbia. Allen & Unwin, 1920. 9 in. 136 pp. apps., 5/- n. 940.9

The author, who was formerly Chargé d'Affaires in Germany, develops the thesis that the Austro-Russian antagonism was the chief cause of the war. The book contains much information supporting this contention.

**Bordeaux (Henri).** _Le Plessis-le-Roye_ (2 Aout, 1914—1 Avril, 1918): un coin de France pendant la guerre. Paris, Plon-Nourrit, 1920. 7½ in. 314 pp. map, paper. 5fr. 940.9

Le Plessis-le-Roye, hard by Lassigny, may well be called a French Thermopylae. About it raged furious battles at the Hamming and the end of the war, and when the Somme battle liberated a large tract of country in March, 1917, the devoted energy of the peasants in reclaiming their desolated lands and homes showed a heroism that responded well to that of the army. M. Bordeaux has made this chronicle of local events a microcosm of the whole struggle on French soil. It relates many thrilling anecdotes of French gallantry, and adds interesting extracts from the diary of a German lieutenant and other personal reports.

**Brownrigg (Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas), Bt.** _Indiscretions of the Naval Censor_. Cassell, 1920. 9 in. 291 pp. 12 pl. index, 12/6 n. 940.9

The title in itself is enough to attract a host of readers, and they will not be disappointed, for Admiral Brownrigg has many amusing stories to tell as well as many momentous topics to discuss. He describes his relations with pressmen, authors, publishers, and cinematographers, and pays a tribute to the press for the discretion it exercised in using the information communicated to it. Sir Douglas had a most thankless position to fill, but showed himself a man of tact and resource.

**Jacomb (C., E.).** _Torment_: a study in patriotism. Melrose, 1920. 7½ in. 378 pp. 6/ n. 940.9

There is too much detail in this book to make it very effective as an account of how real patriotism was discouraged, as the writer believes, by the politician and bureaucrat early in the war, and treated with contempt and neglect when, after the Derby scheme, men were forced into the ranks, and, if wounded, hastily patched up and sent out again. He holds that the Armistice was granted too soon, and that we should have gone on for another month, crushed Germany, and prevented, as he considers, the triumph of Bolshevikism and the troubles in Egypt.

**Lemonon (Ernest).** _L'Allemagne vaincue_. Paris, Plon-Nourrit, 1920. 9 in. 221 pp. paper, 7fr. 50. 940.9

A critical history of diplomatic events during 1917-18 and of the corresponding stages of the war, dealing with both belligerent and neutral countries, and ending with a study of the Conference at Paris and the Treaty of Versailles.
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**Number of Shareholders, about 33,000.**

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
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<tr>
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<th>Position</th>
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<td>London, General Manager, Sheffield Bank Branches.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Col. HERBERT FRANCIS SMITH</td>
<td>London, General Manager, Sheffield Bank Branches.</td>
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**BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1919.**

**LIABILITIES.**

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<td>Cash at Bank of England, and at Head Office and Branches</td>
<td>35,685,652</td>
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<tr>
<td>Money at Call and Short Notice</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>INVESTMENTS:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>British Government Securities (including War Loans taken at Cost Price)</td>
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<td>(Of these £182,639 17s. 6d. is lodged for public accounts)</td>
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<td>Indian and Colonial Government Securities; Debenture, Guaranteed, and Preference Stocks of British Railways; British Corporation, and Water Works Stocks</td>
<td>3,964,841</td>
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<td>Canal, Dock, River Conservancy, and other Investments, including 23,220 Shares of the Yorkshire Penny Bank of £3 each, £3 paid</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lloyds and National Provincial Foreign Bank, Ltd., 12,000 Shares of £5 each, £2 paid</td>
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<td>Bills Discounted, including Treasury Bills</td>
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<td>Advances on Current and other Accounts</td>
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<td>Advances against War Loans</td>
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<td>Liability of Customers for Acceptances, &amp;c., as per Quota</td>
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<td>Bank Promises in London and Country</td>
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**ASSETS.**

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<td><strong>£273,396,337</strong></td>
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**REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL UNION BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD.**

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books at the Head Office and with the Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances, and have verified the Investments held for the Bank, and the Securities held against Money at Call and Short Notices at the Head Office. We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanation given to us and as shown by the Books and returns of the Company.

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WITH the aim of stimulating a critical interest in contemporary English Literature, The Athenaeum has decided to offer a number of prizes for the best Essays on the subject:

English Literature since 1914

Dr. Robert Bridges and Professor George Saintsbury have consented to act, together with the Editor of Athenaeum, as judges in the competition, the Prizes for which will be as follows:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>£50 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Prize</td>
<td>25 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third Prize</td>
<td>10 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Prizes each of</td>
<td>5 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Prizes each of</td>
<td>3 0 0</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Essays for the Competition should approximate, but not exceed 5,000 words in length, and they should be written on one side of the paper only.

The Competition will close with the first post received on Monday, April 19th, 1920, and the result will be announced in The Athenaeum dated June 18th, 1920.

CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION
will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope by the Editor of The Athenaeum.
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Applications are invited for appointments as instructor lieutenants in the Royal Navy. Candidates must be under 30 years of age, have had a University Training and have taken an Honours degree in Mathematics, Science or Engineering; they should also have had some teaching experience. The rates of pay are from £365 per annum on entry to a maximum of £949 per annum as Instructor Commander. Promotion, by selection, to Instructor Captain is also open, with a maximum of £1,277 per annum.

Retired pay to officers over 40 years of age, after 12 years' service, ranges from £300 per annum for an instructor Lieutenant to a maximum of £800 per annum for an Instructor Captain, according to length of service. Service pension is also allowed to officers if invalidated before becoming eligible for retired pay.

For further particulars apply in the first instance to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W.I.

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2. On the Girls' side, next September, a Mistress for Science and Mathematics, able to teach these subjects up to the standard of the First School Examination.

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In fixing the commencing salary, special qualifications will be recognised and previous Secondary School experience will be counted. Application forms which should be returned not later than February 28th, 1920, may be obtained from the undersigned.

FRED. WILKINSON,
Director of Education.

Education Offices, Nelson Square, Bolton.

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Applications are invited for the post of Director of Education. Salary £1,250 per annum inclusive.

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WM. AVERY ADAMS,
Secretary for Education.

Guildhall, Bristol.
February 4, 1920.

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Guildhall, Cambridge.

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**Appointments Vacant**

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(a) A Lecturer in English.
(b) A Lecturer in History.
(c) A Lecturer in Mathematics and Science.
(d) A Lecturer in Geography.

Candidates should hold an Honours Degree or other special qualification for the position, and must have had some teaching experience in insitutions for Higher Education, but not necessarily in a Training College.

Owing to the temporary nature of the College, the appointments will be for two years. Salary £300, £240, £180, £15 to £200, according to qualifications. Further particulars and forms of application (which must be returned before Saturday, February 28th) may be obtained from the Director of Education, County Offices, Preston.

**CITY OF SHEFFIELD EDUCATION COMMITTEE.**

Applications are invited for appointment as Assistant Masters and Certified Assistant Mistresses for service in the Elementary Schools of the Authority.

**REVISED SCALE OF SALARIES.**

**MEN:**
Minimum ... ... ... £150 per annum.
Maximum ... ... ... £350 per annum.
Annual increments ... ... £10

**WOMEN:**
Minimum ... ... ... £136 per annum.
Maximum ... ... ... £238 per annum.
Annual increments ... ... £8

In the case of trained certificated teachers each year spent in a Training College will be regarded for the purpose of fixing the commencing salary of a Teacher as a year of service with the Sheffield Education Committee.

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Forms of application, which must be returned to the undersigned as soon as possible, may be had on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

PERCIVAL SHARP,
Director of Education.


COUNTY BOROUGH OF IPSWICH EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

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The form of application may be obtained from the Principal of the School of Art, High Street, Ipswich, or from the undersigned, and should be returned to the Principal not later than February 28th, 1920.

H. ARMITAGE,
Secretary.

Tower House, Ipswich.
February 14, 1920.

SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

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H. FARRANDS,
Director of Education.
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WM. ALLANACH,
Correspondent and
Director of Education.

Education Offices, 2, Church Street, Southport.
February, 1920.

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JAMES GRAHAM.
Director of Education.

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Applicants must be not less than 21 years of age, and must possess four of the Library Association certificates.

Applications, stating age, and qualifications, and accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must be enclosed in an envelope endorsed "Library Assistant" and reach me not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, March 5, 1920, Canvassing will disqualify.

GEORGE E. HILLEARY,
Town Clerk.

Town Hall,
West Ham, E.15.
February 10, 1920.

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THE FINANCIAL REVIEW OF REVIEWS
6, Grafton Street, New Bond Street, London, W.1.
CRITICAL INTEREST

I n the present number of The Athenæum will be found particulars of prizes which are to be awarded for essays on the subject "English Literature since 1914." Our object in offering these prizes is, as the advertisement says, to stimulate critical interest in contemporary literature. In the phrase "critical interest," as we use it, the emphasis is upon the adjective, for in our own opinion the present age is in danger of becoming definitely uncritical. This may seem almost a paradoxical proposition, for few would deny that the present age is, in the matter of literature, self-conscious to a degree, and there are many to whom the self-conscious and the critical attitude appear to be identical.

We hold that this opinion is radically false. In literature, at least, the critical attitude implies a certain saturation in the literary tradition, and as a condition of this saturation a certain acceptance of the highest literary excellence. At a critical moment—the pun is apt enough to be condensed—there must come a surrender of the self-consciousness to what is excellent. The mere admission that a tradition exists implies a real element of self-submission that is repugnant to an extreme self-consciousness; for self-consciousness, at an extreme point, insists so much upon its uniqueness that it must necessarily be impatient of the suggestion that it does not create its own validity. There is at present abroad a general though unconscious confusion between two categories, those of existence and artistic importance. We can readily admit that any individual consciousness is unique; but that does not in the least imply that it possesses a corresponding rarity value. Before it becomes valuable it must undergo a process of transvaluation, if only for the simple reason that what is unique in the world of existence may be, for that very cause, insignificant in the world of art.

The emphasis nowadays is almost wholly upon difference, upon originality; and apparently the last thing that occurs to a modern mind is to examine whether the difference, the uniqueness, the originality have a value of their own. Instead of applying itself to reducing the element to an essential and inevitable minimum without which the original apprehension would be falsified, the modern mind tends to exploit it. It will wear its rue with a difference, even though the difference ends by making the rue appear like any other herb, or in the end no herb at all, for the end of insistence upon uniqueness, as not a few characteristic modern works of literature show, is complete incomprehensibility.

On the other side, the side of the audience, there is a general abnegation of the critical attitude. Because much poetry is written, the Elizabethan age is returned; because there are many paintings, we are on the threshold of a British cinquecento. The heavens rain superlatives upon the luckless head of young talent; it is bowed with laurels before it has learned to stand upright. And the publishers, who cannot be expected to be immune from the general contagion of ecstasy, announce on the dust-covers of their books that they are masterpieces. Who can blame them? There are so many modern masters and modern masterpieces that it is unfair that the highest excellence should not be shared among all. Is not this a democratic and equitarian age?

Something is wrong; yet the cause is not easy to detect. Since the pontifical days are gone, we hope for ever, it is not incumbent upon us to pretend that we have diagnosed the malady and have the remedy in our hands. Our own nerves are somewhat sensitive, and for our part we could do well with a little less tub-thumping and trumpet-blowing, a little less vulgarity and self-assertion, a little more humility, a few more indications that we are aware we are not such devilish fine fellows. We cannot all be of one mind concerning what is good, but there is room for quite a considerable measure of agreement upon what we mean by "good." Do we mean by "good," in this question of modern poetry for instance, as good as Keats, or Shelley or Browning, or Tennyson, or...
THE DEAD REFORMER

THE light from the green-shaded lamp lit up the porch where a middle-aged man sat reading in a cane chair, with an old-fashioned wooden box at his feet. Heaps of dusty aged papers and note-books lay piled round the chair, a paper fluttering now and again quietly in the faint night breeze that swept in with all the invading breath of the Spring, keen and thrilling from the starlit sky.

On the paved floor, within the yellow circle of lamplight, stood the wooden box, with lid open, encompassed by heaped MSS., docketed memoranda, bundles and bundles of faded Victorian letters, tied with coloured twine, old account books in leather bindings, newspapers yellowed by time, bulky envelopes scrawled and re-scrawled with dates and notes in an angular hand—everything smelling of dead, forgotten lives, and breathing forth the dusty, clinging aroma of museums where desiccated relics and mumified records are preserved piously from the earth's maw that waits to swallow them.

The man in the cane chair raised his eyes from the letter he was reading, and, bending over the wooden box, lifted wearily from it a fresh pile of letters, papers and note-books, diaries, sermons—all the accumulated, hoarded "Literary remains" and personal débris of the Victorian preacher, orator and "reformer," who had died forty years back. Wearily he untied a bundle of blue foolscap papers, and glanced at the first. "The Lease of 3, Chilworth Crescent, Camden Town," fell from his fingers to the floor. He paused, threw the bundle of blue papers on one of the heaps, and lit a cigarette meditatively. Then he raised his eyes and listened.

From the night fields in the plain below came the faint baaing of a lamb floating up the hill, the cry of a fresh life, demanding plaintively its mother's milk. The lamb had struggled painfully into life from the womb in one of the furious March blizzards, it had survived the April snowstorms and razor winds; and now its hungry, asking voice filled the silent fields, while, deeper, stronger, answering, came the anxious bleat of the mother succouring it. Ba-a, Ba-a, Ba-a-a, came the insistent, hungry, pitiful note of greedy life.

The man seized a fresh packet from the wooden box, but while his fingers idly opened it he fell into thought. Sixty years ago this dead man, the Victorian preacher and Radical reformer, was renowned as a great orator. Vast audiences hung on his words; great halls rang with thundering applause, raised again and again when he painted in glowing periods the millennium of Free Trade, Political Reform, Cheap Bread. All that he had written in popular journals on the questions of the day was received and eagerly swallowed by his clamouring generation. And now he was forgotten—utterly and entirely forgotten! The names of his great associates, Cobden and Bright, hung still in the historical firmament, but his was a dim, blurred cobweb in the old Free Trade rafters. He was dead—dead as a sheep long turned into mutton. Nobody ever spoke of him or mentioned his name. Rows of his works, Theological Essays, Addresses to Working Men, Pamphlets, stood unopened on dusty library shelves, or cumbered the two-penny boxes. His writings were dead as he was dead, and nothing could ever bring them back to life. And yet the Victorian reformer in a measure had greatness. He had struggled courageously, with the minority, for his causes before the flowing tide had turned and swept them into triumph. He had fought consistently against sniffing orthodoxy, small-souled tyrannies, high-placed greed. He had never prostituted himself for money or power. But like bigger and smaller men of his time he had draped his propaganda for Education, Knowledge, Self-Improvement, in the thick blankets of moral aims and moral purposes. And all the while the Preacher's flesh, suppressed beneath the broadcloth, had shown that men, his contemporaries, he himself, were not moral animals. And all the dead man's sermons and addresses and lectures were inflated, buoyed up by the great contemporary lie, everywhere preached and disseminated round him, that high purpose and moral endeavour must drive self-seeking greed and craft, ignorance and materialism down into the pit. They had preached it in their journals throughout this age of machinery and steam and furious material energy, while covering the green earth with more ugly buildings and more mean streets and more palls of grimy smoke. Only have high moral aims and unremitting energy and commercial prosperity, only disseminate Free Trade newspapers, and erect Board Schools, and the millennium must come.

And when the Victorian reformer had died, they had thrust his body into a sooty Victorian cemetery, guarded by tall Brunngnern railings from the rows of prim, jerrybuilt mean streets and the gaunt railway embankment, where rolled and bumped incessantly heavy goods trains to and from the Midlands. And everybody had immediately forgotten the Moral Reformer. An aspiring niece had, indeed, planned his "Life"! had made sheaves of notes, had rearranged
the piles of newspaper columns, had corresponded with his old friends, had drawn up chapter headings—and then had died, leaving all the materials to an eminent literary man, who had waited awhile and then died too, in his turn. Fresh efforts had been made, but the "Life" had fallen through. And now after forty years there stood the wooden box, dingy and soiled, and everything in it that held the tale of the Moralist's career, his family, his early struggles, his fame, his speeches, his addresses, his discourses, his letters, his criticisms, his investments, his debts, his unfinished works, his loves, his hates—all was dead and covered with dust. Nobody was interested in him or in anything about him. Even his famous speeches were unreadable. There was no beauty, nothing of the cunning or grace of living Nature in all he had ever written.

Impelled by a feeling of weary exasperation, the man rose from the cane chair, and, seizing the wooden box, turned it upside down on the paved floor. Then, reversing it, he began throwing it into everything pell-mell. He glanced with aversion at an unopened packet of faded letters inscribed in a thin, spidery, feminine hand, "Private Letters from J. L. to E. M.", and dropped it quickly into the box. "Ideal, poetical sentiments, petrified like all the rest!" he muttered. Then he turned his head, gazed into the darkness and listened.

From the little copse halfway down the hill, suddenly the stillness was split by the rising notes of a nightingale, throbbing higher and higher with piercing pain, then passing and bubbling with low, ecstatic trills. It was the answer to the wooden box.

EDWARD GARNETT.

NOSTALGIA

Give me my old coat again
That I have worn through many days of rain,
Whose hue is varied, ripened by the sun
To subtle patterns; give me one
Of my old books to read by firelight half asleep,
Whose effaced memories leave gaps of deep
Conjecture over thoughts that lie in rest
Beneath their placid linen. Let the best
White hands of silence touch me, and the white
Cool hands of rivers soothing through the night
Into the dreams of tranced sleepers—hands
Reminiscent, binding me with scented hands.
The wake of clouds shall touch me, whose pale ships
Pass suavely over; let the whispering lips
Of twilight tell me of dead loves and legend glories,
And let these flames unscroll their golden stories
And fold them with the pinch of dusty fingers.
Ah, in this darkness many a sunset lingering,
And many a dream within this dozing,
Things slow revealed and dimly closing. . .
Give me my old town again
That I have watched through ghostly scarves of rain,
Through fringes of pale lights, and let me see
Her streets that wound into my brain so stealthily
That I hear yet the chant of them that roars
Along their blinded spectral corridors.
Give my old joy and wonder back again,
The adolescent loveliness of pain;
But let me touch them now, and know and bless
With this new love and dawning tenderness.

IRIS TREE.

1919.

REVIEWS

A STAGE FIGHT

THE SUPERSTITION OF DIVORCE. By G. K. Chesterton. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.)

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON is a writer for the young. It is sufficient to look back over one's own experience and to compare it with that of one's friends to find that increase in years brings, amongst other things, a decreasing interest in the views of Mr. Chesterton. For that reason we hesitate to say that the present book is really the dullest book he has written; we content ourselves with remarking that no previous book by Mr. Chesterton has seemed to us so uninteresting.

When we are young we know very little about the world, our limited experience and the youthful desire for vivid contrasts and dramatic destinies enable us to believe quite a number of fairy tales. It is only slowly that we discover the conditions of existence; that we learn to distinguish the oasis from the mirage, and that we realize the melancholy truth that "Man proposes—but God disposes." "Circumstances—I make circumstances!" said Napoleon. That brings a thrill at twenty, but a wry smile at forty. But while we grow older Mr. Chesterton does not, and so the distance between us widens. Mr. Chesterton remains youthful at heart, which means that he is incapable of profiting by experience. Periodically he makes his appearance on the stage; he continues to slay dragons with all his old zest, brandishing his sword against a background of red fire. But we know now that the sword is a wooden sword, that the red fire won't burn anything, and we have our doubts about the dragons. We never see them anywhere else; which raises the suspicion that Mr. Chesterton previously constructs them behind the scenes. There was a time when we thought these combats terrific affairs, although even then, watching the sword-strokes critically, we occasionally wondered whether the dragon were quite as dead as he seemed. But since then we have grown up and, like St. Paul, have put away childish things, amongst them the greater part of Mr. Chesterton's menagerie of mythical monsters, his sinister Jew financier, his still more sinister "modern science," and, ornamented with wings instead of horns, his happy peasant and delightful Middle Ages. Our suspicion is now a certainty: Mr. Chesterton makes these things himself. In all the territory known to us we cannot discover an authentic footprint of any one of them. Of course, these particular creations have been in stock for a long time. During the war Mr. Chesterton has been chiefly engaged in manufacturing nations; he has produced an England, a France and a Germany that we have not met with elsewhere, and sketched the outlines of a Russia which shows traces, however, of the influence of Lord Northcliffe. He has also composed a Pacifist (black with red stripes) and a Patriot (all white), but the same models are on sale everywhere. To see Mr. Chesterton slashing and hewing at three monsters at once, say a Jew, "Modern Science" and a Pacifist, was a really exhilarating spectacle; had it not been for the fact that there was a war on, we could have watched it indefinitely. The spectacle was exhilarating because, supposing Mr. Chesterton's opponents to be real, our sympathies were wholly with Mr. Chesterton. It is for that reason that, when we were too young to know a fancy from a fact, we admired Mr. Chesterton as a great champion.

In the present book, for instance, he has created a Marriage State and a Divorce Movement which raise, respectively, our enthusiastic approval and our hearty detestation. We know, however, that neither of them exists. Marriage, according to Mr. Chesterton, is the
ultimate home of liberty: it is the sole effectual bulwark against the tyranny of the State. It should be indissoluble for two reasons: first, that the granting of divorce means ultimately the enslavement of the community, and second, that it is the expression of a vow, and a vow, for mystical but obscure reasons, must never be broken. The Divorce Movement aims at breaking up this last home of liberty, and is merely another manifestation of the sinister activities of that band of capitalists who are working to bring about the Srvile State. This, so far as we can make out, is Mr. Chesterton’s position. It is not very easy to grasp, because he has, to an unusual degree, indulged his propensity to break his argument in order to comment on anything that occurs to him, and we are not yet clear on some fundamental points—as to what, for instance, Mr. Chesterton understands by a married couple. He seems to attach so much importance to the ceremony as to suggest that he takes the purely legal view. What does Mr. Chesterton understand by breaking the marriage vow? A legal divorce?

The question is important because it bears on Mr. Chesterton’s philosophy of the vow. If the marriage vow consists in saying, “I will never be divorced,” we agree that it is within the power of a man to keep it. But if it consists in a promise to love, and to cherish, it is a promise never to be ill. We think that Mr. Chesterton must intend the purely legal construction, for he says: “The philosophic peculiarity of divorce and re-marriage, as compared with free love and no marriage, is that a man breaks and makes a promise at the same time.” The breaking of the promise here is obviously the act of divorce. Mr. Chesterton’s remark has no other point, for obviously a loveless, but legally married couple may have broken the vow to love one another a week after the honeymoon. In any case, the keeping of such a vow is not a matter entirely within their volition, and such vows, beyond satisfying certain emotional needs at the moment, have no other validity. But, though Mr. Chesterton’s argument shows that this is all he means, he has not got the matter clear in his own mind, otherwise he would not have written his book. If he had realized that all he was defending was a purely legal status, the kind of thing that enables a man to be entered on a census list as “Brown, John; married,” instead of “Brown, John; single,” he would hardly have grown so impassioned in its defence. If, indeed, Mr. Chesterton thinks that the legal tie is all that makes a marriage, then marriage must be defended against him.

As for his other point, that marriage is the last home of liberty, that rests on verbal confusions. Marriage is contrasted with the State: “The State consists of coercion, marriage being an expression of the highest liberty, the liberty to bind oneself. Anyone would think that Mr. Chesterton’s only idea of the State was a ferocious despotism. Even a despotism cannot endure against the will of the people, as the example of Russia shows. But, in any case, the distinction is nonsense. What is the connection between divorce and the franchise? Does a divorced man lose the vote? In a democratic country the coercion imposed by the State is imposed by the people on themselves. It is exactly like Mr. Chesterton’s description of marriage: they manifest the liberty to bind themselves. If Mr. Chesterton replies that England is not democratic, we may perhaps dismiss his argument as the product of the precise degree of democracy that prevails. Later on he develops another argument: the granting of divorce may split society into two camps: those who approve and those who do not. Mr. Chesterton thinks that “it is in this connection, perhaps, that we have to consider most gravely and doubtfully the future of our own country.” It is difficult to suppose that Mr. Chesterton is serious. Of course, there will be people who agree and others who disagree.

There has always been two opinions about everything. Even were divorce as dangerous to England, in this sense, as Christianity was to Rome, does that affect the rights and wrongs of the matter? Would not Mr. Chesterton’s argument apply equally to the reforms he advocates? It is truly an undiscriminating bludgeon that he wields here.

But, indeed, with the collapse of his argument founded on marriage considered, mystically, as a vow, there is nothing in Mr. Chesterton’s book that requires consideration. He has tried to do the impossible. He has taken the Roman Catholic idea of marriage, divorced it from its religious basis, and tried to apply it on its own feet in a rational world. It does nothing of the kind. In common with other articles of the Roman Catholic faith, it forms part of a connected scheme. It rests on certain assumptions, and the acceptance of those assumptions amounts to accepting the Roman Catholic faith. We admit Mr. Chesterton’s dilemma. If he were to expound the Roman Catholic doctrine he would be bound, in fairness, to discuss the Roman Catholic practice—a discussion which, to a writer of his views, might offer delicate difficulties.

The antagonist in Mr. Chesterton’s drama is the wily capitalist working to bring about universal divorce, we find quite as amiable as Mr. Chesterton’s married state.

The masters of modern plutocracy know what they are about. They are making no mistake; they can be cleared of the slander of inconsistency. A very profound and precise instinct has led them to single out the human household as the chief obstacle to their inhuman progress.

Frankly, we do not believe it; not even if Mr. Chesterton assures us that by “masters of modern plutocracy” he means those international Jew financiers. So far as we can see, Mr. Chesterton does not deal with the real case for divorce, and his book leaves the question exactly where it was before.

J. W. N. S.

A PIONEER OF THE RENAISSANCE IN SCOTLAND

Douglas’s Aeneid. By Lauchlan Maclean Watt. (Cambridge University Press, 14s. net.)

The figure of Gawain Douglas, poet, ecclesiastic and political intriguier, is an outstanding one in the literature as well as the history of Scotland, and up to the present he can scarcely be said to have come into his own. So great an authority as the late Professor Hume Brown speaks of Dunbar and Douglas as men “who in any age must have been among the first literary figures of their time.” And there can be little doubt that Douglas’s “Aeneid” has given to its author a rank in literature which very few authors have attained whose “magnum opus” was a translation. Mr. Watt’s scholarly volume can claim to be the most thorough and complete introduction yet written to the personality and work of Gawain Douglas.

To Douglas, as to so many of his contemporaries, the times were grievously out of joint. He was born several generations too late. He was firmly rooted in the old faith, in the political and social outlook of medievalism; but, nevertheless, he had felt the invincible lure of the Renaissance and the mastering charm of the classics. Probably Mr. Watt has done well, and he has certainly meant well, in passing somewhat hastily over the political side of Douglas’s career. Douglas was no worse than many another ambitious cleric; and it was not his fault that he was a victim of that predestination in politics which in Scotland, more than in any other country, has determined the part which one family or another is to play. In other words, he could not help being a Douglas, and being one he played the Douglas game and lost. No more illuminating commentary on the attitude and outlook of
the Scots nobility has been written than Hume Brown's chapter in his posthumous "Surveys of Scottish History," and Gawain Douglas's career can be fully understood if it is judged by the standards of his own age, and not misjudged by those of ours.

Mr. Watt's aim is quite clearly stated in the opening words of his preface:

This is an attempt to elucidate Gawain Douglas's work and to place it in its proper setting, as a literary document, in the hope that, until something better is achieved, this may fill a blank in Scottish literature.

In this attempt he has succeeded. The critical part of his work is certainly carefully done. His chapter on manuscripts and readings will without difficulty convince his readers of the superiority of the manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, which he has treated as being the most authentic. It may or may not be safe to take at its face value the scribe's own claim for his work that it is "the first correct copy next after the Translation": but the manuscript appears to have such strong claims in the matter of apparent date and superiority of readings that, in the absence of any holograph MS. by Douglas, the Cambridge MS. can solely be accorded the preeminent position. Mr. Watt has fairly established his case showing the close association of the three chief MSS., which he describes as C., E. and R. His Appendix, containing numerous variants between the MSS. and the Latin original of Virgil, cannot fail to be of the greatest use to anyone who attempts the somewhat difficult task of editing the actual text of Douglas's "Æneid."

Much has been written—some would say too much—in the way of comment and explanation on the subject of the influence of the Renaissance on the literature of England. This can scarcely be said to be the case with Scottish literature; and it is only gradually that the great masters of Scottish verse and prose, the men who gave to the vernacular its established position, are receiving the recognition which is their due. To the average reader, even the average educated reader, in the South they remain an almost closed book, chiefly because the Middle Scots language is even more unfamiliar than Middle English. Many a reader who could derive real enjoyment from Chaucer without the aid of a glossary, would find himself seriously perplexed if confronted with Douglas or Henryson, or with a monument of prose such as Bellenden's translation of Boccace's History of Scotland. Mr. Watt's account of the man and his work is very sound and interesting, but it might without disparagement be said that a good deal of his literary criticism as applied to Douglas might perhaps have been taken for granted, and was scarcely needed. Similarly it may be questioned in no unfriendly spirit whether it was essential to enter into so much detail as to what constitutes translation, and what its dangers and difficulties are; while such a scholar who has had even the slightest experience of manuscript work—and Mr. Watt's book is one for scholars—will know to his cost all that Mr. Watt has to tell him about the sources of error, and will scarcely need to have examples from Virgil and Shakespeare to convince him of the perplexities which beset the path of anyone who sets out to edit any text, classical or mediæval.

It would have been a useful addition to Mr. Watt's book if he had given us rather more of Douglas's "Æneid" itself—if, for example, he had added a second appendix containing some selected passages which would assist the average reader to form a clearer impression of Douglas's style. It is not unlikely that someone who has ready access to a printed text of Douglas, and some, after reading Mr. Watt's commentary, would very willingly find in the same volume some specimens of the poet himself.

W. W. S.

CHESS AND SUPER-CHESS

My Chess Career. By J. R. Capablanca. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

S enor Capablanca exhibits in his own person a felicitous union of the several aptitudes of Aristotle, Mozart, the Duke of Wellington, Einstein, Sir Eric Geddes, Sir Auckland Geddes, and the Hampshire Wonder. He is a scholar, artist, scientist, historian. Many of the great players of the world did not take up the game till they were on the verge of manhood, and one or two—Tschigorin, for instance—were men of mature years before they took to it seriously. With Capablanca it seems to have formed part of his prenatal experience. At the age of four he found his father playing chess with a friend, and pointed out afterwards that his parent had only won by playing a wrong knight's move undetected:

He asked me how and what I knew about chess. I answered that I could beat him; he said that was impossible, considering that I could not even set the pieces correctly. We tried conclusions, and I won.

There is something very Mozartean about this achievement. At eight he beat Gomayo with odds of a rook. At eleven he played a series of games against the strongest players in Habana, and beat them all except Corzo. At fourteen, Corzo could no longer hold him. We next find him engaged by other activities:

That same year (1906) I entered the University of Columbia to follow the chemical engineering course. In passing my entrance examinations I obtained the high mark of 99 per cent. in algebra, employing only one hour and fifteen minutes of the three hours we were allowed. . . . I relate these facts for whatever deductions the psychologists may desire to draw.

The last touch is characteristic. There is not a trace of boastfulness in the book ("Conceit," he remarks meditatively, "I consider a foolish thing"); Capablanca's passion is for exact scientific truth. If the truth sets his abilities in a consistently favourable light, that is not his fault.

At the age of 21 he took on Marshall—of all people in the world—and beat him 8 to 1, though his book-knowledge was so elementary that he could not even dodge a Ruy Lopez. Had Marshall played Danish Gambits or such things, he opines the result might have been different. We doubt it. He was fairly under way by now and there was no stopping him. San Sebastian he takes in his stride. The big Petrograd Congress he loses by half a point, the result (unless our memory is at fault) of a moment's chess-blindness, the playing of a KR for QR, or vice versa. During the war there is a hullabaloo, presumably he can find no one worthy of his skill. His return to New York in 1918 arouses our interest again, however:

I had not played chess for one and a half years, but an event occurred which undoubtedly will have some influence on my future career. There was in Habana a young girl of from twelve to fourteen years of age who interested me a great deal. Not only was she intelligent and modest in every respect, but . . . But what? We ask breathlessly.

. . . but she played chess quite well. . . . I decided to teach her something of the openings in accordance with certain theories I had had in mind. . . . I had the great satisfaction of finding that my ideas were, as far as I could see, quite correct.

Señor, señor, what a way to use a poor maiden?

Of the games themselves and their annotations it is superfluous to speak. Some memorable ones are included, and our José can be lyrical on occasion. But the general spirit is one of detached and critical self-observation, and his main object is not to dispassionately analyse masterpieces, but to illustrate the successive stages of development whereby one of the strongest players in the world has attained his strength. Altogether, a book of great psychological interest.

R. O. M.
A DANIEL ON EDUCATION

A SHORT HISTORY OF EDUCATION. By John William Adamson, Professor of Education in the University of London. (Cambridge, University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

A BOOK about Education that should be perfectly fair, well informed in fact, and moderate in theory may seem to be a thing always unlikely, and now rather less than more to be expected from every generation till the coming of the Coopergiuruses. Most plain men would agree vaguely—and not a few who have some special knowledge of the subject would agree scornfully or mourduly, according to temperament—with Peacock's more than fifty years old dictum that the nonsense talked on it would outweigh all the nonsenses talked on any others. And it was only yesterday that one of Oxford's most recent losses—a man hardly to be excelled in scholarship, practical wisdom, and general and special official knowledge—gravely remarked: "An educational expert is a person whom I regard with the deepest suspicion."

Let us at once run up the curtain by observing that nobody need regard Professor Adamson's book with any suspicion at all. It is quite possible—the last pages, as is natural, make it not improbable—that one might not agree with some of his opinions; for such difference is incidental to all expression of opinion, and certainly not least to the expression of opinions on education. But he has set himself to write, and he has written, a history, and not a plaidoyer; and one of the first things that occur after reading it is regret that it was not written, up to the point then possible, a good many years ago. For it is quite certain that, in all the setting up and upsetting of educational methods and institutions which the last half-century has seen, solid acquaintance with the past and its lessons has been the thing most conspicuously absent. Theory has flouted experience; or, worse still, the (in a horribly multiplied sense) "simple" notion of reversing the engines and going in the teeth of experience has had its way; while in no subject has the malign influence of party politics been more influential.

All this mist of ignorance and mirage of doubleduneness disappears in Professor Adamson's pages. His facts are, so far as we have been able to test them, most accurately stated, the very few points occurring as worth question being of a kind which practically warrants the rest. For instance, that a Jesuit school was rabbled at the Revolution of 1688 does not exactly prove that "Cowley's contemporaries were in no mind for toleration." It is not merely that Cowley's "Proposition" dates nearly thirty, and his death more than twenty, years before the Revolution. It is that he definitely represents the thought, if not of the style, of the first half of the century, and the men of the Revolution that of the second. But this is the merest trifle. Next to accuracy of fact comes clearness of statement; and here no fault can be found. Authorities are duly, but not cumbersomely quoted; the various threads of English and (less minutely, but sufficiently) Continental theory and practice are kept well in hand; and the style, without the slightest pretension, is thoroughly suitable to the work.

But the special merit of the book, already indicated, is the strictly, but not aridly judicial character of the presentation. The most bigoted believer in the doctrine that from a professorial chair no good thing can come might be staggered by a treatise which contains full recognition of the merits of medieval and of eighteenth-century education. To this day the most frightful nonsense is talked about the first, or rather about its supposed non-existence; while those who are not unjust to the Middle Ages are only too likely to be unjust to the eighteenth century. Again, while Professor Adamson has no bites noires he has no heroes; and hero-worship (a very good thing in its way) has been a great nuisance in educational discussion. Were not Coleridge's friends pestered with "Bell and Ball, Ball and Bell"? Have not we others been "deaved" with Comenius and Sturm and the rest of them? Professor Adamson will tell the average phronimos quite as much as he need know about Sturm and Comenius without deaving him at all. On Milton and Locke, on Basedow and Pestalozzi, on Bell himself and that rather robustus person Lancaster he is not only "informative," as some say, but quite sound. As for Rousseau, it is probably impossible that any two men who have any power of independent thinking should exactly agree about Jean Jacques; but there is little fault to find with what is said of him here.

This equitable and really historical treatment of the older and greater figures, and of lesser, but still important persons like La Chalotais, is the best possible preparation (would that more politicians had had it!) for handling the thornier subject of the last hundred years in England. Professor Adamson does full justice to that "voluntary system" which did so much during the first seventy years of the nineteenth century, and which has been gradually choked out (or almost out) of existence as a reward for its well-doing. It may be supposed rather than positively asserted from this book that he is in favour of the "universal and compulsory," if not also of the gratuitous and secular ideals; but there is no trampling of the coat or trampling on the Tommy whatever. The stories of the process are carefully and clearly indicated. There is perhaps only one point which might have been more dwelt on—it is actually glanced at—and that is the disastrous waste, not only of money, which was made after 1870 by the mania for capitalizing the endowments of the smaller grammar-schools and spending them on new buildings in which boys were to be educated at fees inadequate to carry the thing on. That these endowments had not always been made the most of is obvious. But the clumsiest, though no doubt not the least common, method of reform is to "scrap" an ill-worked machine instead of setting it to rights. And it is clear—though there is not much discussion of debatable points—that Professor Adamson by no means trims his sails merely to catch popular airs. Of the Workers' Educational Association, for instance, he writes that it "shows a notable neglect of natural science and the severer forms of study—a neglect which is not compensated by the attention given to less exact and less exciting branches of knowledge." And it is scarcely unfair to read into the last page of his book, with its hope that "British Universities will more and more surrender the office of schoolmaster," a protest against the present tendency to multiply "schools" that so, by hook or by crook, in this "subject" or that, the largest possible number of persons may be stumped with some sort of "degree." It would be unreasonable and perhaps something worse (for, as has been said, the great merit and attraction of the book is its severe restriction to historical history) to wish for more discussion. But it certainly would be interesting to hear Professor Adamson on such apecies of the subject (some of them prudently left alone by most of the experts above alluded to) as the questions: Whether all persons are, beyond a limited point, educable; whether universal education does not divert an alarming proportion of the population—one, too, greatly exceeding any probable number of possessors of the teaching faculty—into the teaching profession; and (most speculative, but perhaps most really important of all) whether it is possible to dilate education without diluting it; or, in other words, whether the maximum of extension does not involve a minimum of value. But these are things periculis et dolosa; and after all Professor Adamson has done better than talk about them: he has supplied intelligent minds.
with a great many of the data necessary for settling them, or at least forming reasonable opinions upon them. The "History" of any subject is the indispensable, but alas! too often dispensed with basis of its "Institutes."

George Saintsbury.

THE ETERNAL FOOTMAN

"Ara Vos Prec." By T. S. Eliot. (Ovid Press 15s. net.)

Here is Mr. T. S. Eliot, and here once again is the question: What are we to make of him? It is not a question that even the most assiduous (assiduity is demanded) and interested (interest is inevitable) of his readers would care to answer with any accent of finality. For Mr. Eliot, who is a connoisseur in discrepancy between intention and achievement, it is only to himself an example of it. Nothing so sharpens one's sensitiveness to false notes in life at large as experience of them in oneself; so that there is more than a remote chance that even in regard to "Ara Vos Prec." and while we hold it in our hands Mr. Eliot may whisper deprecatingly:

That is not it at all.
That is not what I meant, at all.

Yes, it seems to us sometimes that the inmost vital core of Mr. Eliot's poetry, the paradoxical impulse of his expression, is his determination to be free to whisper that refrain in our ear; it seems that he is like the chameleon who changes colour infinitely, and every change is protective. True, the range of variation is not truly infinite; there are colours which the chameleon cannot compass. But the chameleon, if he were an artist, would make it an essential of his art not to be hired against a background which he could not infinite.

The question for the critic is to determine whether Mr. Eliot—a conscious artist if ever there was one—has at any moment allowed himself to stray beyond his functional limit. That limit is set in the case of Mr. Eliot at the point where discrepancy ceases between intention and achievement, between soul and body, man and the Universe. At a crucial moment in his beautiful—we insist, precisely beautiful—"Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,"

The Eternal Footman sneaks.

Since that day Mr. Eliot has fallen deeper and deeper into the clutches of the Footman, who has come to preside over his goings out and his comings in. The Footman has grown into a monstrous Moloch. All that Mr. Eliot most deeply feels is cast into his burning belly—or almost all.

Yet consider the case of men, and of their more perfect exemplars who are poets. Is it possible when the Eternal Footman has given notice, when no longer

Human voices wake us and we drown,

when we pass out of the limbo of discordant futility, that there comes to us all the crash, the collapse, the ecstasy, the peace of surrender. Mr. Eliot is like us, terribly like us, for all that he is much more clever: the difference is that the Footman clings to his service longer. With the truly aristocratic, as we know, the Footman will stay for fifteen shillings when he would leave Mr. Bleistein and fifteen guineas; and we admit the implication that Mr. Eliot is truly distinguished. Another implication is that it is difficult for Mr. Eliot to talk to us, and difficult (as the present essay proves) for us to talk to him.

The further question arises—we continue to speak in parables on a matter hardly susceptible of discussion otherwise—whether we are to accept that Footman or not. Is it polite of us, have we a right, to seek an interview with Mr. Eliot when the Footman is not there? The rightness of an action is fortunately not measured by its ease of execution, but neither can we accept the dogma that the difficult is necessarily the virtuous path. Have we a right to say in our turn: "It was not that at all," to insist
UNCONVENTIONAL ANTHROPOLOGY

PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN CREEDS: THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING.

By Edward Carpenter. (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)

ARCHAIC ENGLAND. By Harold Bayley. (Chapman & Hall. 25s. net.)

E VERY science tends to be the concern of a guild, which has a traditional procedure involving a certain apprenticeship on the part of those who would share in the work. Even the anthropologists, with but half a century of organized industry to their credit, feel that they have the right to impose a training and a method on all students of the subject, or even of some specialized part of it such as prehistoric archaeology or comparative religion. On the other hand, there is a line of Terence which, freely translated, runs: "I am a human being, and so I may speculate about human origins as much as I please." Whether Mr. Edward Carpenter or Mr. Harold Bayley belongs, or indeed would claim or care to belong, to the anthropological guild, is at least doubtful. Yet neither is to be denied if he has something to say on that topic of common interest, "man, his past history and future prospects." At most, it may be legitimate to point out certain unconventionals in the treatment. Often Athanasius is right, however, and the world is wrong; and right or wrong, Athanasius, one must confess, always commands our sympathy as a man of courage.

Mr. Edward Carpenter has wide reading and, as far as one can judge, no lack of the critical faculty; so that, presumably, he could play the man of science if he chose. But his interest is less in theory than in practice. He looks forward to a new age, and, preoccupied with his vision of the future, searches the present and the past for such promise as they may hold of the fulfillment of his hope. For him self-consciousness is the enemy. It spoils individualism. The altogether primitive man—who, it would seem, is not to be identified with any actual savage known to science, but represents just one stage lower in the scale of evolution—was a social animal in the negative sense that he was possessed wholly by a group-consciousness in which all sense of private interest was but latent. So long as this condition of "simple consciousness," as obtained, was continued only as a mechanical presumptive insight. With the dawn of self-consciousness, however, which is placed right back in the Stone Age, the imaginative power of fear began. As there was now an image of self before the mind, so images of beings who might threaten or destroy that self were conjured up.

Thereupon religion, viewed in its age-long development, is seen to be the attempt to overcome this primal fear by overcoming its cause, the anti-social self-feeling. The sense of sin, which is selfishness, finds its remedy in at-one-ment, in reunion with some mystic whole symbolical of humanity. Not that Mr. Carpenter wishes "to catch Nature and History in the careful net of a phrase," by seeking to define precisely that highest stage of consciousness in which the world is to be consummated. It is not even possible to gather clearly from what he says whether the aid of religion may or may not altogether be dispensed with on this supreme plane of experience. But his main point is that "in this sequence of growth Christianity enters as an episode, but no more than an episode." "Something better than Paganism and better than Christianity" is to come. For the rest, he labours to show that pagan and Christian rites are but using a different symbolism to express much the same set of ideas; and apparently has no quarrel with Christianity except in so far as it claims a monopoly of religious truth. Surely no Christian of liberal views would to-day refuse to concede a large measure of spiritual value to what he would deem natural religion. Besides, the pagan cults are dead, while Christianity is alive; so that a grave-sided tenderness towards the possible shortcomings of the departed can be indulged in without detriment to practical interests. It may be fairly argued, too, that Christianity has in a plain and reasoned way expounded, and incidentally has enabled Mr. Carpenter himself to expound, a doctrine of atonement which at best is but dimly shadowed forth in the ancient religions as we know them from their fragmentary records. Altogether, then, Christianity comes forth from this confrontation with paganism without loss of credit. As for the question whether it will serve as the ideal religion, this may be deferred until it is decided whether there is to be any ideal religion at all.

The unconventionality of Mr. Carpenter, considered as an anthropologist, comes out partly in the fact that he pays a good deal of attention to themes—such as sun-myths and phallic cults—which are rather out of fashion; and, since to be in the fashion is not necessarily to be right, he is at perfect liberty to take a line of his own. On the astronomical side of the subject he is ingenious, if not convincing; but in any case the argument merely relates to the etymology of certain words, such as Aries (equated with Aegus), and does not greatly help out the psychological theory which forms the essence of the book. Again, he is unconventional (but in a wholly commendable way) in trying to enter, poet-fashion, into the feelings of the primitive animist or totemist towards a nature which, for the simple consciousness, has not yet lost its at-one-ness and become matter as divorced from spirit. Here is Mr. Carpenter's own vision of a tree:

It was a beech, standing somewhat isolated, and still leafless in quite early Spring. Suddenly I was aware of its skyward-reaching arms and upturned finger-tips, as if some vivid life (or electricity) was streaming through them far into the spaces of heaven, and of its roots plunged into the earth and drawing the same energies from below. The day was quite still and there was no movement in the branches, and it seemed to me that the whole tree, as a coagulate or separable organism, but a vast being ramifying far into space, sharing and uniting the life of Earth and Sky, and full of a most amazing activity.

This may not be science, but it helps. And some such words will do to convey an impression of the whole book.

And what is to be said of Mr. Bayley? The loose cover of the book proclaims it as "this profound and far-reaching contribution to English Archeology." Presumably this was written by one who has mastered the subject. Frankly, however, we can neither dive into such profundities nor reach so far out into the empyrean without becoming utterly dizzy. But Mr. Bayley has worked hard and honestly. Nine hundred pages, six hundred illustrations, are there to bear witness to his industry. His authorities (if they are all of them authorities) and his facts (if they are all of them facts) are beyond count. Use him as a quarry, and one will find gold and, may be, other things. But how accept his doctrine as a whole? What ethnologist, for instance, will tolerate the suggestion that the British, the Iberians and the Hebrews are all the same, only under different names? Or what philologist can admit the authenticity of those remains of the British language which Mr. Bayley "recovers" from etymologies of place-names and the like based on more or less common sounds belonging to different families of speech? Another book is promised in which it will be shown how the same words will unlock doors in every direction from Burmah to Peru. In the meantime, we are bidden to rejoice in the fact that we are fundamentally Hebrew-Iberian-Britons and not Germans. As the "chic Cretans" loathed the "Magogel," and the Iberians the "ugsome Mongolians," so our race is antithetic to the German; and indeed it seems to stand to reason that what is chic must naturally be opposed to whatever is ugsome. Perhaps enough has been said to show that this is anthropology of no ordinary kind.

R. R. M.
ORCHESTRA AND SOLO

PETER JACKSON. By Gilbert Frankau. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE DARK RIVER. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

In the old untroubled days before the Great Hunting, when London—Heart of Empire—still allowed her sleeping children to be served with meat and drink by spies, murderers, pinups and panders, before the Spirit of England was awake, while yet the Sea, which is England’s mother, and Thames, who is the father of England (“and these twin mates in London Pool for all the world to see”), were the playground of youth, in—let us be honest—the stale old days before 1914, Peter Jackson was a cigar merchant with an almost passionate interest in cigarettes, and Patricia, his wife, was his pal. Not more than that? Reason cried (for she was the daughter of Doctor Heron Baynet, brain specialist, Harley Street, who had taught her to think): “Is not that enough?” Instinct whispered “No.” They had three thousand a year, a house in Lowndes Square, five servants, two children, a governess. Life was made up of family parties, theatre-going, a summer holiday, mornings at home and afternoons at the skating rink, and yet—and yet—all was not well with Patricia. She was thirty, and she wanted something more. As for Peter, he was too absorbed in business to think of Life. He thought in terms of cigars, he dreamed in cigarettes. It was not that money and money mattered so much—it was that Peter Jackson could not bear to be a failure. Weaklings to the wall, to the strong man the fruits of his brain. . .

But while Patricia still unaware of matchless denied, wondered, and the sides in Peter’s affairs rose and rose, the “Beasts in gray, murder, rape and plunder in their swinish eyes,” came out of their lair and roared so that civilization might hear. For a month and three days Peter Jackson refused to answer the “eternal Questioning,” tried to ignore “the khaki blossoming now like a brown flower at every street corner.” But one evening, after dinner, after telling his wife a little of what giving up the cigarettes would mean to him, he made her see—“her eyes kindled at the prospect”—that he must go. And from that moment Patricia’s problem was solved, her cup was full and brimming. For now she loved him utterly, beyond friendship. “At a word she had become his mate, his woman to do with as he would.” But from Peter Jackson these things were hidden.

On the strength of having been at one time Corporal Jackson of the Éton Dog-potters Peter got a commission, and gradually, with a man’s job to his hand, the city faded. He became absorbed in the care of his men.

... These men! For of the officers one does not write. The well-educated, the well-off, the comfortable classes must needs defend the country from which they draw their riches and their education, and he who did not do it—voluntarily, without compulsion or fear of compulsion—whatever his fancied responsibilities to his profession, to his businesses, to his house, to his women or his children, is surely anathema maranatha, the moral leper, the pariah among his kind.

Can we not hear, dear reader, an echo of the applause which the Peters and Patricia’s of that time would have lavished upon such words?

Nevertheless, throughout the year’s training before he left for France, Peter was troubled by business; there was a big drop on the cigars, and, bitternes still, the cigarettes had to go. Patricia saw his suffering.

She suffered, and suffered dammably... She even grew to resent her own children, her perpetual “Daddy’s going to France to kill Germans.” But neither the mate nor the mother in Patricia pinched as pal or as playmate; she did her duty, laughter on her lips, gold head high.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau has called his novel a romance of married life. But why not of war—daardful, bloody, glorious, stinking, frightful, magnificent war? The middle of his novel is, if one examines it, nothing but a roaring hymn in praise of killing, for killing is the Job of Jobs. True, poor bloody Tommy was blown to bits, men went mad, died in their thousands, filled the lamentable night with their shrieks and groans, but according to Mr. Frankau they died a man’s death, and little children to-day, who look with wistful eyes upon their father’s sword, may be taught to hope.

His hero came out of it with shell shock, neurasthenia, the fear of consumption, a broken man, enfant—only but for the time. In the country house that Patricia had “made” for him, thanks to Heron Baynet, brain specialist, he soon recovered, and, cigars and cigarettes thrown to the winds, fell in love with his wife. The war had been unto him and unto that woman whom he took for his mate a cleansing fire. And (courage, mes enfants, courage) in a vision that comes to Peter’s cousin God promises that:

Never while earth endured would the Beast utterly perish: for God had created the Beast (Germany) even as He had created Man (the Allies) to subdue the Beast. Without this menace of the Beast, man’s finest attribute—the very manhood of him—would atrophy. He would become flabby, emasculate and in his flableness he would perish...

Well, Mr. Frankau knows his public and we know it too. “Peter Jackson” will go the round of that vast family the Hun-Haters, and the men will say: “Stout chap, that writing fellow,” and the women: “My dear, it is too marvellous for words—it brings all the old thrill back again.” But we find ourselves wishing that he had kept his talent in a napkin rather than put it to such uses.

To read “The Dark River” is, after so much wind and brass, to listen to a solo for the viola. Running through the book there is, as it were, a low, troubled throbbing note which never is still. Wrote that note more deliberate—not louder, or more forced, but, musically speaking, finer—it would be a great deal more effective. This low, throbbing note is essential to Miss Millin’s novel; and we must be very certain it is there, for though the story plays above and below it, that which gives it significance and holds our attention is the undertone. Perhaps a novel is never the novel it might have been, but there are certain books which do seem to contain the vision, more or less blurred or more or less clear, of their second selves, of what the author saw before he grasped the difficult pen. “The Dark River” is one of these. Very often, when Miss Millin just fails to make her point, we feel it is not because she does not appreciate the point that is to be made, but because she is so aware of it herself that she takes it for granted on the part of the reader. It is a fascinating, tantalizing problem, how much an author can afford to leave out without robbing the characters of the “situation”; but that is not quite Miss Millin’s difficulty; she has rather misjudged a little what she has “put in.”

The scene of the novel is South Africa, and the first nine chapters describe the life of John Oliver, diamond digger. It may seem, as the story unfolds itself and is found to be not so much concerned with John Oliver as with the Grant family, and Alma Grant in particular, that these chapters are disproportionately long, but Miss Millin knew what she was about when she wrote them. They give us a sudden view of a country and of an experience that the Grants could not understand, even though they lived in its very midst. But the heart of the book is Alma Grant and how she, who seemed so made for life, somehow just missed life, just missed the fineness of everything. This girl waiting, at first because she could so well afford to wait—the best was bound to be kept for her—and then gradually realizing that, after all, others had pushed in front of her, they were choosing and taking and sharing, until there was nothing for her—nothing but Van Reede—is an unusual and fascinating character.

K. M.
H OW shall we inaugurate this series of literary notes more suitably than by a few reflections on the species at large, by a literary note on literary notes? The subject is one that suggests many pleasant considerations, moral and psychological; it has a history and a sufficiency of odd and curious interest: in a word, a perfect subject for that peculiar form of literature known as the literary note.

To the man of action, intent on making money or war or mischief of some kind or other, as well as to the philosopher inhabiting the realms of pure abstraction, our literary preoccupations will appear profoundly trivial and irrelevant. They bring in no cash, they reveal no new facet of the eternal Truth. What is the good, then, of your literary tittle-tattle? Money-maker and truth-seeker, combined in unexpected alliance, confront us menacingly with this question. What is the good of it all?

What, indeed! There are many other human occupations for which it would be as difficult to give an adequate moral or rational justification. But for our literary gossip we have at least this justification, not, it may be, of a very exalted nature, but none the less wholly satisfying: that it occupies and entertains the mind. Mental occupation, the comfortable sense of being busy—that is what we are all of us always asking for. Ennui is a haunting terror. At any cost we must escape the anguish of being bored, we must find something to fill our leisure. But at the same time we have no intention of tiring ourselves. The first necessity hurries us forward into spiritual adventure, while the discreet, self-preservative vis inertiae restrains our arduous within reasonably trivial bounds. Thus, we might devote our leisure to reading higher mathematics or philosophy; we might occupy our minds by trying to solve the problems of the universe. But, oh! the agony of trying to think abstractedly, the pain of long-continued mental concentration! Our restraining idleness steps in with counsels of moderation. And so, in the end, we turn to stamp-collecting, to bibliophily, to antiquarian research, to the curiosities of literature. In these we find our antidote to boredom, the sense of being busy without the sense of fatigue.

What occupation is pleasant, what less exacting than the absorption of curious literary information? Leisure, a relishing palate and a moderately efficient memory are all we need bring with us. Thought and concentration are quite unnecessary. And there is a further satisfaction: our reading is not merely entertaining; it is instructive too. We flatter ourselves that we are learning something, we pretend that we are plunged in study, working furiously. Yes, working on "The Anatomy of Melancholy," on the "Curiosities of Literature," or the "Literary Recreations" of Sir E. T. Cook. Working, learning. . . . We have already discovered what was Lord Palmerston's solitary reference to the classics, what name Achilles assumed among the women, who wrote the flattest line in English, and a thousand more delightful, unnecessary facts.

There have been whole ages when this spiritual equivalent of stamp-collecting was the principal form of culture. In the days when Burton's fantastic genius was making the first sweepings of the Bodleian into an immortal book, it was not the man who could compose the finest epic, but the scholar who could write the oddest and obscurer literary notes, to whom the world paid homage. Salmusius had the reputation of being the greatest man of genius of his day, because he had written a commentary on Orosius, stuffed with absurd information from every author who had lived since the invention of writing. Compared with him, Milton, who had only written two or three tracts on divorce, but thinly sown with citations, and a few poems in passably golden Latin, was a man of small note, an impertinent schoolboy. For anyone with a literary turn of mind, those were happy days. He could gain a very decent reputation in science and philosophy by merely indulging his favourite hobby of curio-hunting in the books of the past. Now, since these subjects have become so deplorably hard of comprehension, the literary man contents himself with being frankly literary and nothing more. Let others perform the difficult and ungraceful task of distorting their minds into thinking abstractly. Our business and pleasure shall be, like Cousin Pons, to potter up and down our rich little mental museum, commenting playfully or respectfully on the masterpieces, furnishing up old anecdotes, arranging and re-arranging the innumerable little facts which crowd the shelves, if we play the collector's part with enough industry and patience we shall end by having the reputation of being learned men. And what a respectable reputation to have been won so pleasantly! To reach the same summit of reputation the men of science will have had to sweat and groan as we have never had to do.

To be a true relisher of literary curiosities one must have a nose and palate that can detect the mellow flavour of ridiculousness that lurks in the history of all human affairs. One must further bring a great respect for the fact-in-itself. "Here Nelson fell!" "In this bed Queen Elizabeth may have slept!": if you are left cold by such affirmations as these, if you are one of those perverse persons who are interested in facts in only so far as they support or refute theories, then you will never make a good literary man. The more absurd, trivial and useless the fact, the more tenderly should it be cherished. Of such stuff the choicest literary notes may be made.

Facts-in-themselves, concrete solid little facts that cannot by any conceivable possibility be made to serve a theoretic purpose—what pen will ever describe or explain their charm? Or who will analyse that queer emotion that stirs in every literary heart at the reading of such sentences as these?

"About 1676 or 5, as I was walking through Newgate street" (the speaker is John Aubrey of happy memory), "I saw Dame Venetia Digby's bust standing at a stall at the Golden Crosse, a brasier's shop. I perfectly remembered it, but the fire" (the Great Fire, which had destroyed, among other things, Venetia's "sumptuous and stately monument," from which this bust was a piece of salvage) "had got-off the building; but taking notice of it to one that was with me, I could never see it afterwards exposed to the street. They melted it down. How these curiosities would be quite forgot, did not such idle fellows as I am pull them down!" Autolycus.

THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF AUTHORS,
PLAYWRIGHTS AND COMPOSERS

Major H. Hesketh-Prichard, M.C., D.S.O., owing to ill-health, has been forced to resign his position as Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers. The Committee accepted his decision with regret, but are glad to report that although he felt bound to resign the position of Chairman, as it entailed responsible work throughout the year, with much daily worry and a heavy correspondence, he still retains a seat on the Committee. Canon A. C. Deane, who had resigned the Chairmanship in the summer, has kindly consented to resume his duties during the next few months and assist the Society through a difficult crisis.

The election of members in 1920, and the sum paid in annual subscriptions, exceeded in number and amount the figures for any one year since the foundation of the Society in 1884—the elections numbering 380 members, and the annual subscriptions aggregating £2,564.
LETTERS FROM AMERICA

III. THE LUCIFER BROTHERS IN STARLIGHT

Do not know whether it is the custom in England, as it is here, to keep current statistics of the sales of books. Last month, the "best-sellers"—and to compile from many sources a report on those books, fiction and non-fiction, "most in demand at the public libraries." It is an interesting institution, not without its value for the sociologist. Through its medium curious things come to light. Who would have predicted that "The Education of Henry Adams" was a sensation? a work of a biography, and of a fundamentally sceptical character, should for almost a year compete in sales with the most popular fiction, outlasting indeed, as a "best-seller," many books of that nature? Its success was phenomenal. The publishers stood a little bewildered in a glare of light from so unexpected a quarter. It is presumably to take advantage of this that almost simultaneously two new Adams books have been published: one of them by Brooks Adams, Henry Adams' brother; the other by Henry Adams himself, with a preface by Brooks Adams. It is highly doubtful whether either book will remotely rival "The Education of Henry Adams," but in the human element so conspicuous; in both the passion for theory, for the scientific attitude (particularly when it runs counter to the orthodoxy), is paramount. And of both, it goes without saying, the brilliance is manifest.

The book by Brooks Adams is not wholly new. It is "The Municipalities of Massachusetts," and was, as a matter of fact, first published in 1887: a narrative, extraordinarily vivid and entertaining, of the bitter struggle by which Massachusetts, between 1650 and 1783, threw off a narrow ecclesiastical tyranny and obtained civil and religious liberty: a highly local historical document in point of fact, but in effect, also, a finely proportioned witness to a process which is universal. When first published it made a sensation. Later, it became a "classic," but one with which, somehow or other, few were acquainted. By the present generation, it is safe to say, it had never been heard of. It is now reissued with the addition of a preface which is a book in itself, and which relates to the "Emancipation" only in the most charmingly oblique and inferential of ways.

What connection there is, is disposed of in the very beginning. Mr. Adams, re-examining the book after a lapse of thirty years, finds it excellent as history, but, as concerns its philosophical implications, out of tune with his present convictions. When the book was written he still, by that inheritance and inertia, believed in the post-Darwinian doctrine of the evolutionary perfectibility, or "Ascent," of man. This doctrine now appears to him to be naively optimistic. He now sees the world as a chaos, guided by no simple primary law; a chaos in which man, an automatic criminal, doomed to follow forever the line of least resistance, is despite his idealsisms the "victim of infinite conflicting forces." The motive of the whole preface is the conflict between flesh and spirit. Its conclusion is pessimistic in the extreme, a prophecy of gradual or rapid degradation for mankind, to be reached as much by the gradual as by the abrupt. This note of "degradation," which is ultimately the key-note of the thought of both Brooks Adams and Henry Adams, and which was first clearly struck by Brooks Adams in his "Law of Civilization and Decay," is not, however, stressed in this particular preface. What here concerns him is the essential quality of man's nature—idealism as against physical necessity, self-interest as against the interest of the social organism. This is the recurring bitter theme, powerfully played upon. Our pessimist, self-possessed, undisturbed, humorous, gaily ironic, always gentle, runs the rich gamut of history from the time of the Exodus down to the present President Wilson from Paris. It is an extraordinary survey, amazingly complex in its transitions; as a piece of special pleading it comes close to being overwhelming. Is the case so hopeless? That much, indeed, is open to question, and will be sharply questioned by historians and sociologists, not to say by Churchmen. But of the beauty of the preface as a literary document, or even as a vivification of history, there can be no possibility of doubt.

What emerges most in it is what also occupies the greater part of it in point of space—the study, the analysis, or rather the synthesis (since it is created as much as critical, of the character and achievements of Moses. Mr. Adams seize upon Moses as the supreme type of man, the "victim of infinite conflicting forces." The optimist who believed that in his God he had discovered a source of primary moral power to which it was only necessary to connect his social engine to have it function to perfection; the idealist who attempted also to be practical; the practical idealist who believed that the end (the betterment of man) justified any means, and therefore that the cooperative force of God became less frequent and manifest, more and more of a politician, stooping more and more often to fraud and cruelty; eventually, the politician who had lost faith in his "motor," who succumbed to the chaotic physical forces about him, lost control of his people, and committed suicide, disillusioned. It is a superb portrait, one that defies summary; a relentless, but singularly courteous, even poetic epitome of the nature of man as Brooks Adams sees him, and as, perhaps, he is. And the same principles, under his scrutiny, emerge, brilliantly magnified, in his salient turning-points of history between that time and this. One sees the horror of histories which so distresses Mr. Adams, one sees also, as a kind of counterpart, the perpetual accompaniment for man of certain grim physical laws, against which he struggles hopefully forever, only to be forever beaten down.

And it is more persistently, even exclusively to these laws that we turn in the other new Adams book, "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma." It is a curious farrago—part history, part biography, part autobiography, part—and perhaps, also, a chronicle of the ideas which, in the ten years which again is by Brooks Adams, occupies nearly half the book, and is entitled "The Heritage of Henry Adams." It is followed by three papers by Henry Adams: "The Tendency of History" (1894), "A Letter to American Teachers of History" (1910), and "The Rule of Phase applied to History" (1899). In his preface Brooks Adams faced a difficult task, one in which certain awkwardnesses were inherent. A biography of one who had written the "Education" would be superfluous. What was wanted was a survey of the important influences on Henry Adams, and as these were, in the opinion of his brother, largely, in fact, from his grandfather, Brooks Adams, and the influence of himself, and as the latter was an influence which he no doubt preferred to leave, as far as possible, inferential, it was inevitable that the preface, while ostensibly a unit, would fall, without the author's clear admission, into two parts. In the earlier part the figure of John Quincy Adams rises before us. It is impossible to indicate adequately the wealth and scope of the two longer papers here published, to do justice to them as pieces of literature; or, for that matter, to exag-

* The previous Letters appeared in The Athenæum for October 10 and December 12, 1919.
gerate the skill, perceived in retrospect, with which Brooks Adams has traced, in his preface, the genealogy of the ideas there finally elaborated. The whole book, in this sense, is a genealogy of ideas: John Quincy Adams, Brooks Adams, and Henry Adams figure merely, perhaps, as successive "hosts leading in the "Tendency of Degradation," and the "laws of historical evolution." "The truth and Henry are, we here perceive, the extremes, the most "practical" and the most "speculative" respectively; Brooks is the mean, less "practical" than his grandfather, but on the other hand a good deal less a victim of the sort of volitional paralysis to which Henry's profound negativism at last led him to the "Tendency of Degradation." And Henry speculated on what would happen if "some new Darwin" were to formulate the "laws of Historical evolution." "In whatever direction we look, we can see no possibility of converting history into a science without bringing it into hostility toward one or more of the most powerful organizations of our time. The mechanism by which it overthrows social organizations cannot affect our attitude . . . ." Plainly he foresaw a series of terrible disasters to society as it has for the last two hundred years been organized. And asking himself what course of action the teacher of history should pursue in this predicament, the teacher of history, a science, he remarks: "Beyond a doubt, silence is best.

Nevertheless he found it impossible to remain silent. And his "Letter to American Teachers of History" and "Rule of Phase applied to History" are his own rich contributions toward a demonstration of the laws of historical evolution. The first of these thoughts is entitled "Law of Degradation applied to the Social Organism." That, at all events, is the theme of it. It is an amazing panorama. The first chapter, "The Problem," asks and answers the question whether life should not be regarded as simply a form of energy, whether "vital" or mechanical, and whether, if so, it should not exactly be said to operate in accordance with the laws of thermo-dynamics, and in particular with the second law—the law that, once lost, is lost for ever. This question is elaborately and beautifully argued, and answered in the affirmative. And at once Henry Adams' magnificent engine of pessimism is on its way, carrying with it perfectly nearly everything to which man attaches importance. The solar system is running down like a clock: man, of relatively late appearance in a world already well "degraded," himself low in the scale of life (considered in terms of energy), dwindles progressively before our eyes; brains are developed only in "improvised" organisms; thought is a "dying" and declining institution among men; a society does also, despite periodic "contractions" (as of the sun) or combustion of fresh races flung in (like so much fuel); the decision of the energies of society, of which man's intellectual development has only served to increase the rapidity, will end when a dead level, or rest, has been reached—a change that will ruin society and the progress of man, in whatever sense, is illusory . . . . The impression of gain is derived from an impression of Order due to the levelling of energies; but . . . the impression of Order is an illusion consequent on the dissolution of the higher Order which had supplied, by lowering its inequalities, all the useful energies that caused progress. The reality behind the illusion is, therefore, absence of the power to do useful work—or what man knows in his finite sensibilities as death . . . . This is sufficiently saddening: the conclusion is, therefore, that there is no excuse for history to be anything but a science, one which cannot truly teach anything but the gradual degradation of man. But in "The Rule of Phase" Henry Adams takes another step. Granted that history must be a science, that it will be basically a study of human society from the point of view of "degradation" (in the thermo-dynamic sense), what principles will govern its direction and rate of degradation? . . . Once more the law of the less is at work, and the law given in the first time it is the Rule of Phase, as formulated by Willard Gibbs. Thought is the universal solvent, the index to the life of man: it is also a physical thing, will obey physical laws. Henry Adams proceeds, therefore, to plot its phases, an astounding undertaking, which results in the tentative prediction, mathematically arrived at, that thought will reach its final or 'etherial' phase in 1921. This phase will last perhaps four years, perhaps fifty. After it will begin the long decline.

This meagre summary may serve to indicate the engrossing character of the book: it cannot possibly give an idea, however, of its force and brilliance, of the charm of personality which constantly moves behind it. One puts the book down, as one does also "The Emancipation of Massachusetts," with the profound admiration for a work of great and rare and intensely moving power.

For it is a singular, delicious spectacle, that of these two Adams brothers, these pessimists, negativists, collaborators in the "bible of anarchy," who nevertheless inherit from their Puritan ancestry such love of order that, like a pair of melancholy Lucifers, they rise in starlight, and observe with wondrous horror the workings of an insensate law which, they declare delightedly, is, from man's point of view, inimical and lethal.

Conrad Aiken.

**BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES**

The sale of books being held by Messrs. Sotheby on the 18th, 19th and 20th inst. appeals to a wide variety of interests. The first 177 lots, the property of Mr. Gorsira, are a typical collection of French literature, nicely bound, such as was fashionable at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The next portion of about 300 lots comes from the library of one of the early members of the Roxburghe Club, and includes what must be a very long set of its publications from 1857 to 1895. We notice that no copy of Mr. Watson Taylor's own books included in this auction is a first edition. A number of small octavos in French armorial bindings of the late eighteenth century, formed by Mr. Taylor after the Revolution. A few of them are identified in the catalogue, e.g., Mme. Victoire de France, Marie Thérèse, wife of Charles X., Mme. Sophie Philippe de France, Mme. Marie Addélade de France, Comtesse de Guzman, Duc de Gramont, son of Louis XIV, Empress Marie Amelia, Comtesse du Barry (very rare), M. de Sartine, Duc de Richelieu, Louis XV, Louis Philippe. Others still awaited recognition. The next set comes from the Hamilton Palace Library, and include two first editions of Beckford; a long set of the Bannatyne Club publications: a very rare page of Dryden'senny rare one by Jonson, and some Spanish Armada tracts.

The most interesting part of the sale to a bibliographer is that of Bishop Luxmore, who collected a large number of early Bibles and Reformation tracts. We shall note only the rarest. Two imperfect New Testaments come first—the Holy Bibles of 1538, printed in London, and the 1548 Tyndale, printed partly in England and partly abroad. The excessively rare "Stories and prophecy out of the holy scripture" is unfortunately very imperfect. There are one in the Bodleian, and a more imperfect one in Cambridge. Another excessively rare book is lot 741, which has the fake imprint of "Sammelband," but was reprinted at Antwerp by Martin Meyer in 1531. Copies are in the British Museum and Cambridge. Lot 752, "The Souper of the Lord," is very rare, and is still a puzzle to bibliographers. It is probably an Antwerp book printed in 1538. Its colophon says Nurnburg. There are a large number of quarto and folio Bibles in English, and some books of general interest.

**BOOK SALE**

Thackeray has always made a strong appeal to our cousins across the Atlantic. They appreciated him long before he was known outside editorial circles in this country. Almost from the first they paid him the highest compliment they ever paid any English author in those days—they pirated his writings. While The Yellowplush Correspondence was still appearing in Fraser’s Magazine, Messrs. Carey & Hart of Philadelphia published what had been printed—thus bringing out the first publication in book-form of Thackeray’s works in either country. On the other hand, N. P. Willis, the editor of the New York Corsair, when he visited England in 1839, at once made inquiries as to the identity of the authors of “Yellowplush” and “Galahag,” and was surprised and delighted to find that they were the work of the same man. He at once asked Thackeray to contribute to the Corsair. When Thackeray went to lecture in the United States, he became the hero of the day; everybody, he declared, had read his books, and his lectures would please that a book-stall boy on the train invited him to purchase a volume of his own works. His books sold well there, and there has always been, and there is to-day, a wide public for any book about him and his writings.

Americans have always been enthusiastic collectors of Thackeray’s manuscripts, drawings, first editions. Major William H. Lambert of Philadelphia has undoubtedly the finest collection of these in the world, and the catalogue of the sale of his library after his death is a feast for Thackeray enthusiasts. Mr. van Duzer has followed in the footsteps of Major Lambert, and if his collection is not so strong in manuscripts and letters, it is nevertheless a very valuable and interesting collection. Mr. van Duzer has done what the other did not: he has printed a handsome, well-illustrated catalogue. It is true that this is privately printed, and not on sale; but copies have been presented to the British Museum and other great libraries.

Clearly Mr. van Duzer loves his Thackeray. His catalogue is no mere compilation. He describes his items and sometimes discusses them. His knowledge of his subject is as wide as his enthusiasm is deep. Unfortunately, he has not made his catalogue complete. He has not, he admits, attempted to collect or include the many publications of Thackeray and related periodicals which were published in the United States. He refers the student to the admirable bibliography of his brother expert, Mr. Frederick S. Dickson, which is printed in the late General James Grant Wilson’s “Thackeray in the United States.”

Thackeray’s manuscripts are, of course, in various hands. “The Newcomes” is at Charterhouse School, “Esmond” at Trinity College, Cambridge—appropriately enough, for it was at these places that the author was educated; “Vanity Fair” is among the proud possessions of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Other valuable manuscripts were in the Thackeray library of Major Lambert and have been scattered. Mr. van Duzer has many interesting things to say of the whole of Thackeray’s manuscripts, but the strength of his collection is in his first editions. He has a complete set of the little paper, The Snob, and his successor the Gownsman, issued by Cambridge undergraduates in 1829-39, to which Thackeray contributed; and also of the National Standard (1833-4), owned and edited by Thackeray, who lost in the venture a considerable portion of his patrimony. He has copies of the rare “Flore et Zephyr” (1836), a collection of satirical drawings by Thackeray; and of the still rarer little books “King Glumpus” (1837) and “The Exquisites” (1839), with lithograph plates from drawings by Thackeray, which were probably written by his friend John Borrow. Thackeray’s book has been duly set forth in The Athenæum (February 23, March 2, 9, 1907). First editions of the novels are, of course, in the collection, and Mr. van Duzer has given collations of all the issues, which are of value to other collectors.

The book is one which will be highly prized by students of Thackeray.

Scientifically accurate information regarding mental illnesses and their treatments is crucial. Although Thackeray’s influence remains significant, modern psychiatry has progressed significantly.

MODERN psychology has a distinctly morbid flavour about it, and for the latest views one must often turn to journals and books on nervous and mental diseases. This is due partly to Freud and partly to the war, for Freud has advocated his theories for twenty years and more, but the widespread interest in them dates from the time when the treatment of nervous disorders on a large scale became a military necessity. And although Freud’s psychology arose out of the investigation of abnormal mental states, it has been applied to explain the behaviour of normal individuals in almost every branch of mental activity.

Its conclusions will not please everyone; for it is certainly not on the side of the angels. Our mythology and folk-lore have long been fair play for the psychologists, but the Freudians strip us of every vestige of civilization, and claim that our politics, our views on mathematics or architecture, indeed all the phases of our mental life, are determined by the unconscious strivings of instincts, and in particular of those instincts which lead us to procure our kind. Just as our fathers were disgusted by Darwin’s suggestion that our bodies were descended from the ape, so we feel today some bitterness when our mental structure is shown to have the same origin, and our thoughts are compared to those of a baboon or a herd of cattle. However, it is useless to resist, for although many of the claims of the psycho-analysts are undoubtedly extravagant, yet there is already enough proof to show that the main foundations of the theory are sound.

How far these ideas have taken root in modern psychological literature may be seen from the first chapter in Dr. Read’s book. In it he traces the mental attitude of the soldier through the various phases of his military life. He shows the conflict which precedes enlistment, the struggle between the ego and the herd instincts, between the love of one’s own life and the love of one’s country—the great mother—enforced by the military suggestion of recruiting posters, men in khaki, and later by the whole routine of military training. All these emotional forces help the soldier to act and think as he is told, to forget his civilization and where necessary to behave as one of the pack whose sole purpose is to kill its enemies.

We may object that most soldiers knew what they were about and had good reason for their actions, but the psycho-analysts pay little attention to conscious reasoning except in so far as it serves to reveal our unconscious tendencies. For them our most logical train of thought is mere “rationalization,” the pitiful attempt we make to deceive ourselves into the belief that our thoughts and actions are founded on the intellect, whereas the real determining force is the secret pressure of old and rather disreputable instincts. Unfortunately these instincts do not all press in the same direction and our mental life is a perpetual effort to serve two masters—our ego instincts, which have a strong sexual colouring, and the social instincts fostered by civilization out of the life of the herd. Normally we can solve the conflict with more or less success by diverting the pressure of the opposing forces into less antagonistic channels, so that our ego instincts are satisfied in part by any activity which will make others think well of us. This process is known as sublimation, and the difference between a normal and an abnormal mind is that the former can sublimate successfully when the need arises, whereas the latter cannot. Some fail to satisfy their opposing instincts, or to solve the conflict by sublimation, even in...
times of peace, and these seek refuge in day-dreams or alcohol or in the many symptoms of nervous and mental disease. In war-time the difficulties are far greater, and the need for the complete suppression of the self calls for an effort which is beyond the power of many who are able to deal with the minor conflicts of civil life. But the nervous and mental disorders which result from this failure to adapt in war-time have the same mechanism and the same symptoms as those which arise in civil life in the less robust. As in peace-time, the paranoid mind works up an elaborate theory of persecution to account for the world's failure to recognize its greatness, the alcoholic hears the same threatening voices, and the epileptic finds the same temporary relief in his fits of frenzy.

Dr. Read is fortunately not one of those ardent followers of Freud who accept without proof anything Freud says and anything any other psycho-analyst says. For instance, he confesses that he cannot follow the theory that the victim of alcoholic insanity cuts his throat because throat laceration is connected with the birth fantasy and is the only form of sacrifice which will allay the fear of a more terrible mutilation. Yet he is quite enough of a Freudian to write a very interesting book for the limited, but rapidly growing, audience of medical men who study the problem of the insane. In spite of this and of several other books written from the same point of view one cannot help feeling that in mental disorders psycho-analysis is at best an instrument of diagnosis and research rather than of treatment. Naturally it cannot hope to benefit the vast group of mentally defective patients or those whose illness is due to organic disease of the brain, but even in the forms of insanity which arise from the failure to reconcile our opposing instincts the psycho-analyst can only point the way to solve a particular conflict by a normal instead of an abnormal method of adjustment. This may be all that is needed in a mild case, but as a rule the abnormal method will become a fixed habit and only can be cured only to give place to another, unless indeed the psycho-analyst is prepared to devote a lifetime to the process of recasting his patient's mind.

However, the science is still in its infancy, and in the field of psychiatry its first task must be to unravel the mechanism by which mental disorders are produced; a great deal more must be done on these lines before it will be safe to predict its value as a method of treatment.

**SOCIETIES**

**ROYAL.—** January 29.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.

The following papers were read: "The Genetics of 'Rogues' among Culinary Peas (Pisum sativum)," by W. Bateson and Caroline Pellae, in continuation of a previous communication (Proc. R.S. 89, 1915); "Studies of Synapsis: I. Oogenesis in the Hymenoptera," by L. T. Hobgen; "On a Periodic Structure in many Insect Stains, and the Cause of their Iriscent Colours," by H. Osmow.

**LINNEAN.—** February 5.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

Mr. Leonard John Sedgwick was admitted a Fellow. —The President announced the deaths of the following Foreign Members: Professor W. Gilson Farlow, Professor Ernst H. P. A. Haeckel, Professor Gustaf M. Retzius, Professor Simon Schwendener, and Professor Hermann von Vöchting.—The following were elected Fellows: Professor Sahay Ram Bose (Calcutta), Tribhawan Nath Bhan, Dr. T. Robertson Sim, Frank H. Taylor, and Dr. W. Rashdon Parker.

A paper entitled "On the Existence of Two Fundamentally Different Types of Characters in Organisms," was read by Dr. R. Ruggles Gates, who said that the experimentalist point of view regarding evolution, resulting from the work in mutation and Mendelism, was frankly antagonistic to the views of paleontologists, anatomists, and others who deal with orthogenesis and the inheritance of acquired characters. He wished to show that while these factors bore entirely different relations to evolutionary changes, both were necessary to account for evolution as it has taken place. The President, Dr. J. R. Leeson, Professor E. S. Goodrich, Dr. W. Bateson, and others discussed the paper.

**FORTHCOMING MEETINGS**

**Fri. 20.** Geological, 3.—Annual Meeting. King's College, 4.—"Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture VI., Professor P. Dearmer.

King's College, 5.30.—"Ecclesiastical Music: The Choirmaster," Dr. E. H. Fellowes.

King's College, 5.30.—"Historical Theories of Space, Time, and Movement: The Vortex—Extension as Substance—Descartes," Professor H. Wildon Carr.

King's College, 6.—"La Dynamique de Madame V: L'Armée byzantine," Dr. L. Gresomos.

University College, 5.30.—"The Private Life of the Greeks," Dr. E. A. Gardner.

Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—Annual Meeting. Resumed Discussion on "Recent Advances, in Utilization of Water-Power.

Egypt Exploration Society (Royal Society's Rooms), 8.30.—"The Historical Value of Greek Papyri," Mr. H. Idris Bell.

Royal Institution, 9.—"British Crop Production," Dr. E. J. Russell.


Mon. 23. King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Learning and Science in Poland," Lecture II., Professor L. Tartakower.

King's College, 5.30.—"Outlines of Greek History: The Revival of Culture, 802-67," Professor A. J. Tychybe.

University College, 5.30.—"Guillaume de Machaut's Literary and Musical Work," Lecture III., Miss Barbara Smythe.

Dr. Williams' Library (41, Gordon Square, W.C.), 6.—"The Analysis of Mind," Lecture XV., Mr. Bertrand Russell.

Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Recent Researches in the Cellulose Industry," Lecture II., Mr. C. F. Cross. (Cantor Lecture.)

Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.30.—"Greek Design," Mr. Jay Hambidge.


Royal Academy, 4.—"Animal Anatomy," Lecture V., Mr. W. Frank Calhoun.

Institute of Engineers, 5.30.—"Restoration of a Cyclone-Damaged Breakwater End in Madras Harbour," and "Coastal Sand Travel near Madras Harbour;" Sir Francis J. B. Spring.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Philosophy of Kant," Lecture VI., Professor H. Wildon Carr.


University College, 5.30.—"The Golden Age in Danish Literature," Lecture III., Mr. J. H. Helwig.

University College, 5.30.—"Holland and Belgium," Lecture III., Professor P. Goey.

Wed. 25. University College, 3.—"History and Drama in the Divina Commedia," Lecture V., Dr. E. G. Gardner. (Barlow Lectures.)

Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"Industrial Training," Mr. J. Carr.

Geological, 5.30.—"The Lower Carboniferous Chert Formations of Derbyshire," Mr. H. C. Sargent.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Reconstruction of Russia," Sir Bernard Pares.

University College, 5.30.—"Wergeland, Welhaven and Collett," Lecture III., Mr. I. C. Gröndahl.

Thurs. 26. Royal Institution, 3.—"Napoleon, the Orientalist of Ancient Greek and Roman Life in the British Museum," Lecture II., Mr. A. H. Smith.

Royal Academy, 4.—"Animal Anatomy," Lecture VI., Mr. W. Frank Calhoun.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Sources for the History of British India in the Seventeenth Century," Lecture II., Dr. S. A. Khan.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Christ of the Fourth Gospel," Bishop Gore.

University College, 5.30.—"Italian Literature," Lecture VI., Professor Antonio Cippico. (In Italian.)

University College, 5.30.—"August Strindberg," Lecture III., Mr. I. Björkhamn.

University College, 5.30.—"The Trend of Architectural Thought in England To-day," Mr. F. M. Simpson.

Fine Arts

RENOIR

Next door to Chelsea Old Church the Chelsea Book Club have opened a small gallery where there now hangs a selection of about thirty Renoirs. Though no single picture could be called important, together they afford a more general view of Renoir's genius than has hitherto been offered to Londoners. In these small landscapes, flower pieces and nude studies, Renoir reveals his more immediate and instinctive reactions.

What a lover of the commonplace Renoir was! It is a rare quality among artists. A theoretically pure artist exists no more than a Euclidean point, but if such a being could exist, every possible actual sight would be equally suitable as a point of departure for his artistic vision. Everything would stir in him the impulse to creation. He would have no predilections, no tastes for this or that kind of thing. In practice every artist is set going by some particular kind of scene in nature, and for the most part artists have to search out some unusual or unexplored aspect of things. Gauguin, for instance, had to go as far as Tahiti. When Renoir heard of this, he said, in a phrase which revealed his own character, "Pourquoi ? On point si bien à Batignolles." But there are plenty of artists who paint more or less well at Batignolles or Bloomsbury and yet are not lovers of the commonplace. Like Walter Sickert, for instance, they find their Tahiti in Mornington Crescent. Though they paint in commonplace surroundings, they generally contrive to catch them at an unexpected angle. Something odd or exotic in their taste for life seems to be normal to artists. The few artists or writers who have shared the tastes of the average man have, as a rule, been like Dickens, to take an obvious case, very imperfect and very impure artists, however great their genius. Among great artists one thinks at once of Rubens as the most remarkable example of a man of common tastes, a lover of all that was rich, exuberant and even florid. Titian, too, comes nearly up to the same standard, except that in youth his whole trend of feeling was distorted by the overpowering influence of Giorgione, whose tastes were recondite and astringent. And Renoir, in the frankness of his colour harmonies, in his feeling for, design and even in the simplicity of his pigment, reminds us of these two. Now it is easier to see how an artist of the sixteenth or seventeenth century could develop commonplace tastes than one of our own times. For with the nineteenth century came a gradual process of differentiation of the artist from the average man. The modern artist finds himself so little understood in his aims and methods that he tends to become distinct in his whole attitude to life.

What, then, is so peculiar about Renoir is that he has this perfectly ordinary taste in things and yet remains so intensely, so purely, an artist. The fact is perhaps that he was so much an artist that he never had to go round the corner to get his inspiration; the immediate, obvious, front view of everything was sufficient to start the creative impulse. He enjoyed instinctively, almost animali, all the common good things of life, and yet he always kept just enough detachment to feel his delight aesthetically— he kept, as it were, just out of reach of appetite.

Let me confess that to me, personally, this makes Renoir a particularly difficult artist. My taste for exotic artists such as Cosima Tura and his kin amounts to a vice. Consequently, I am always in danger of not doing him justice, because at the first approach to one of his pictures I miss the purely accessory delight of an unexpected attitude.

The first approach to a Renoir may indeed remind one of pictures that would be the delight of the servants' hall, so unaccountably simple is his acceptance of the charm of rosy-cheeked girls, of pretty poses and dappled sunlight. Not but what one knows well enough that Renoir was as "artful as one could wish. Though he had not the biting wit of Degas, he had a peculiar love of mischievous humour; he was anything but a harmless or innocent character. All his simplicity is on the surface only. The longer one looks, the deeper does Renoir retire behind veil after veil of subtlety. And yet, compared with some modern artists, he was, after all, easy and instinctively simple. Even his plastic unity was arrived at by what seems a more natural method than, say, Cézanne's. Whereas Cézanne undertook his indefatigable research for the perspective of the receding planes, Renoir seems to have accepted a very simple general plastic formula. Whatever Cézanne may have meant by his celebrated saying about cones and cylinders, Renoir seems to have thought of the sphere and cylinder sufficient for his purpose. The figure presents itself to his eye as an arrangement of more or less hemispherical bosses and cylinders, and he appears generally to arrange the light so that the most prominent part of each boss receives the highest light. From this the planes recede by insensible gradations towards the contour, which generally remains the vaguest, least ascertainable part of the modelling. Whatever lies immediately behind the contour tends to become drawn into its sphere of influence, to form an undefined recession enveloping and receiving the receding planes. As the eye passes away from the contour, new but less marked bosses form themselves and fill the background with repetitions of the general theme. The picture tends thus to take the form of a bas-relief in which the recessions are not into the profound distances of pictorial space, but only back, as it were, to the block out of which the bossed reliefs emerge, though, of course, by means of atmospheric colour the eye may interpret these receding zones into distance. This is clearly in marked contrast to Cézanne's method of suggesting endless recessions of planes with the most complicated interwoven texture.

Renoir's drawing takes on the same fundamental simplicity. An Ingres arrived at the simplified statement necessary for great design by a process of gradual elimination of all the superfluous sinuosities which his hand had recorded in the first drawing from nature. Renoir seems never to have allowed his eye to accept more than the larger elements of mass and direction. His full, rounded curves embrace the form in its most general aspect. With advancing years and continually growing science he was able, at last, to state this essential synthesis with amazing breadth and ease. He continually increased the amplitude of his forms until, in his latest nudes, the whole design is filled with a few perfectly related bosses. Like Titian's, Renoir's power of design increased visibly up to the very end of his life. True, he was capable at all periods of conceiving large and finely co-ordinated compositions, such as "Les Parapluies" and the Charpentier family; but at the end even the smallest studies have structural completeness.

Roger Fry.

NOTES ON ART SALES

The pictures and drawings forming the collection of the late C. Fairfax Murray were sold at Christie's on January 30. The Turner drawings, and drawings and pictures by Rossetti, were the most interesting lots. Eight by the former realized £3,968, the chief item being "The Vale of Ashburnham, Sussex," 14 in. by 22 in., (attributed by C. Stadler), for which Messrs. Agnew paid £1,890. The panel painting "Xysteld," by Rossetti, by 10 in. by 18 in., was bought by Mr. Croal Thomson for £378; and the "Monna Rosa," 10 in. by 8 in., by Messrs. Gooden & Fox for £120 15s. Seven drawings by Rossetti fetched £387. "A Valley Scene," by Gainsborough, 17 in., by 27 in., and "Lincoln," by Peter de Wint, 12 in. by 19 in., each fetched £252.
It is impossible to appreciate properly the merits of the exhibitions at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Gravers, the Seneffelder Club, and the Macrae Gallery, although the level of accomplishment in all three places is high, because these collections of heterogeneous art have a bewitching rather than a stimulating effect on the visitor. To group a number of artists of widely different characters because they happen to use the same medium—etching, lithography, or woodcutting—seems to us quite arbitrary. The practice may have certain commercial advantages and be of some service to students of the several crafts, but it is surely indefensible on aesthetic grounds. The work of any artist of consequence in any given medium has more in common with his other work than with the productions of other artists in the same medium. And the attributes of an artist that matter, his point of view and attitude towards life, his method of appeal and so on, remain unchanged by the accident of the medium beneath his hand. These collective exhibitions of work executed in a special medium have, moreover, conduced to the regrettable conception of pictures as mere moneymaking machinery. They are largely the tradition that lithographs and woodblocks are suitable for hall decoration, and etchings for the waiting-rooms of consulting physicians, and they thus indirectly encourage large numbers of men and women to produce insignificant work for markets which demand nothing more than an imitation of the general effect of a framed work in the appropriate medium. The exhibition of attractive woodcuts at the Macrae Gallery is fortunately small, and we can respond in turn to E. M. O'R. Dickey and Edward Wadsworth, Philip Hagreen and Gustav de Smet (brother of Leon de Smet)—four young artists whose work is worth following. The etchings in Pall Mall are more numerous, and the exhibitors cater largely for the waiting-room market. For this reason the few artists with personality are conspicuous. W. Walcot's "The Stadium, Rome," shows the distinction and knowledge which characterize his water-colours. Miss Molly Campbell's "Washing Up" and "The Broken Jar" are among the Cruise's true etchings very promising. Her technical equipment is, however, not sufficient to enable her to succeed in the more ambitious plate "Armistice Day." M. Steinfeld's war etchings impress us less than his earlier drawings of more genial subjects. This able social cartoonist is quite uninfluenced by the modern feeling for pictorial rhythms, and his work strikes us as intolerably ragged in consequence. His characterization moreover, though versatile, is inferior to that of Forain. There is no lack of personalities among the lithographers at the Leicester Galleries. In fact they are in embarrassing numbers. The mind refuses to react to so many points of view with quick succession. Associated ideas seem to crowd from the walls, where fifty or sixty important artists speak to us at the same time. Here we have Goya, Delacroix, Daumier, Manet (showing the complete composition of "The Execution of the Emperor Maximilian"), Gaugin (with several of the Breton series), Bouvard, Vuillard, Signac and Anquetin. Our own artists are there in equal strength: Muirhead Bone, Walter Bayes, Frank Brangwyn, John Copley, Alvaro Guevara, Wadsworth again, and F. Ernest Jackson, who has initiated many contemporary London artists into the technical mysteries of lithography. It seems ungracious to complain of too many good things, but the Seneffelder Club's exhibition is really very like a sorcerer overworked with notabilities.

The Memorial Exhibition of work by Sir Ernest Waterlow gives a very fair résumé of his achievement. He was most at home in water-colour, and is seen at his best in such a drawing as "The Junction of the Severn and the Wye.

R. H. W.
over to see "The Dynasts" at Oxford. Perhaps on future occasions it might be possible to arrange for special trains; but it would be still more interesting if an actual exchange of companies could be effected, so that the O.U.D.S., for instance, might act not merely in a stereotyped manner of Cambridge enthusiasts, but to a whole Cambridge audience. It is for University and local audiences, rather than for West-End theatre-goers, that such productions are in the first instance designed.

Another suggestion offered is that operatic productions should be made an annual event. Our objection to this is that these productions, if they are to be worth undertaking, require more than a year to prepare. It might also be pointed out that most of the people engaged in these are officially supposed to be occupied with very different studies. Tutors of colleges regard these things with a kindly eye, remembering, in many cases, their own triumphant appearances on the boards twenty or thirty years earlier; but if the same persons are to be giving up most of their time to rehearsals during every term of their period of residence, they might well begin to feel either that some restriction must be placed on these activities or that they must be formalized and a regular academic school of opera and drama created. Why not? There are, I believe, Universities in America which possess a professor of "Dramatics," possibly a professor of "Operatics" as well. One of the objects of our own British Drama League is to get drama recognized as a regular subject of the curriculum in schools, colleges and Universities. If drama, why not opera? From the Isle of Dogs Mr. Charles Smith holds out a hand which Professor Allen and Professor Stanford may be proud to grasp.

Let no reader imagine that I propose to outline a scheme for a University school of opera. That is for the younger generation to organize. Here, I will only go so far as to suggest that if a really national school of opera is to be developed, it must have the closest possible connection with those uniquely English institutions, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It must be associated, in some way or other, with scholarly studies in music and with scholarly studies in English. If, as Dryden said, "scenes and machines" are an essential factor in opera, we must have a thorough and academic school of stage designing; and the whole history of opera, especially in Italy, the land of opera par excellence, shows us that scenic designing must be based upon a training that is primarily architectural. In spite of the rather professional tradition of the O.U.D.S., I do not think that either Oxford or Cambridge is the place for the exclusively professional training of actors. It is not the function of those places to give a merely technical education. As in law, medicine and divinity, so in music, and eventually, perhaps, in drama, University education is concerned fundamentally with theory and with principle. To such theory and principle their occasional dramatic and operatic productions must primarily be illustrative diagrams.

Edward J. Dent.

It is proposed to set up a public memorial to Sir Hubert Parry in Gloucester Cathedral, near which he lived, and in which many of his finest works were performed. The scheme has the approval of the Dean and Chapter. Subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Norah Davenport, 29, Oxford Square, W.

The Governors of the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, have made arrangements with the Shakespeare Joint Committee for the annual Birthday Festival to be undertaken by the New Shakespeare Company under the direction of Mr. W. Bridges Adams. The Festival this year will extend for three weeks, commencing on Monday, April 19. The programme will include "Cymbeline," "Richard II," "Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Much Ado about Nothing" and "The Merchant of Venice."

"THE FAIRY QUEEN" AT CAMBRIDGE

At Oxford, one gathers, Mr. Hardy has come forward with a suggestion or two; at Cambridge the shade of Purcell was less accommodating, and the task of Mr. Clive Carey and his devoted helpers has been one of creation rather than of representation. In such peculiar circumstances it would be quite out of place for a critic to start measuring out twopenn'orth of praise here and a hap'orth of censure there; his first duty is to express to those concerned the deep and sincere gratitude felt by all who care to see Purcell rescued from the oblivion of musty bookshelves. That done, he may perhaps venture on one or two suggestions that might be worth bearing in mind when the time comes—as we all hope it will come, and very shortly—for a repetition of the performance.

First, then, as to Shakespeare. One felt him and Purcell pulling opposite ways the whole time. All that is needed in "The Fairy Queen" is a peg to hang the musical scenes on, and Shakespeare is too big a man, and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" too fine a thing, to serve that purpose. One could even understand the point of view of those who found the music just a series of unwarrantable interruptions of the drama, though that was certainly no reason why all Purcell's most delicate effects should have been drowned in the hubbub of laughter and conversation that invariably broke out as soon as the music started, and continued with little abatement until it stopped. It was regrettable to find that as regards theatrical manners the audience at Cambridge were even below the Covent Garden standard. But, to return—would it not be better to cut out Shakespeare entirely, and have a few scenes specially written for the purpose—no matter how slender, provided they serve to string the musical interludes together? It must be remembered that in its present form, even with a decidedly curtailed Shakespeare, "The Fairy Queen" is of somewhat formidable dimensions, though we were hardly conscious of this until our watches drew our attention to it.

Second, as to the Purcell part of it. The only point on which one felt any doubt was the last scene, a good deal of which hung fire, although the splendid conception and performance of the final Chaconne was about the best thing of the whole evening. Until the Chaconne began, one felt a slight recurrence of the tedium one had experienced earlier at the sight of those eternally sprawling lovers. The reason may be partly that the scene is simply a succession of arias with virtually no action to carry it forward, but may it not be also that to interpret Purcell's directions literally is in this instance to falsify his meaning? Purcell's intention here is to present a scene so strange that it will "banish incredulity," and in 1662 a Chinese transformation, carried out on a lavish scale, with all known mechanical resources, was a natural and effective method of achieving that object. But times have changed: here again it might be better to cut out the Chinese business altogether, and find some modern equivalent: anything will do, so long as it is entirely unreal and fantastic. The words would need little or no alteration. May one conclude with a perverse regret that "The Play" was omitted? The reasons for omitting it are of course obvious and cogent: it is long; it is utterly irrelevant; even without it the scene is, if anything, too drawn out. All of which created, in the mind of one listener at least, an impious and (as he has already admitted) a perverse desire to hear it.

R. O. M.
CONCERTS

The Queen's Hall Symphony concert on February 7 cannot be criticized in detail. It must suffice to say that Sir Henry Wood has a sound and straightforward rendering of Beethoven's First Symphony: that Mr. Elwes' singing seems to lack something of its old fire; that even Mme. Suggia cannot make Schumann's Violoncello Concerto sound anything but an extremely dull work; and that we find it easier to like Dr. Ethel Smyth's music when she conducts it herself than when somebody else does.

A violin and pianoforte recital with no hyphenated transcriptions is a thing for which one can be truly thankful; though unless the programme consist entirely of sonatas there is no choice between those Kreisler arrangements and concerto movements with the pianoforte representing the orchestra. Miss Jellicoe d'Arany and Miss Ethel Hobyday made their programmes (at the Wigmore Hall on February 9) interesting and varied by including the Schumann Violin Sonata in A minor, part of Joachim's Concerto in the Hungarian style, and Mozart's Adagio in E for violin and orchestra. There is always a question as to whether the Schumann Sonatas can ever be brought off successfully. Perhaps Miss Hobyday made the Schumann too much of an accompaniment. In her anxiety not to swamp the violin and not to be too emphatic, she was inclined to blur her part and leave everything to the other instrument. This last movement in particular no contrast or meaning. The Joachim movement showed how the most extravagant fireside can be brought to the highest possible point when they are played with breadth and dignity of style.

It was inevitable that someone should compose a Poem of Victory sooner or later, and there was no reason why that someone should not be Mr. Raymond Roze as well as anybody else. In fact, we are well out of it, for the "Poem of Victory" might have been much worse; it is, in fact, quite a feeble and inoffensive bit of work—so feeble that it has to pause for breath every few bars, so inoffensive that one could not help wondering what it had done to deserve its title. It is hardly likely to survive its first performance.

The orchestra—organized by Mr. Roze from ex-service men—does its conductor credit, and we wish it every success, but we hope it will exercise a little more discretion in the arranging of its programmes. To follow up the "Poem of Victory" with a Symphonic Poem by Mr. Josef Holbrooke is to impose a severe test on the good nature of an audience. The most interesting thing in the evening was the singing of the "Vespro di Joseph"—a technical exhibition of a remarkable order, though too exclusively concerned with the exploitation of unusual effects to rank very high as music.

When two young ladies lay themselves out to show us what can be done with two violins in concert, one is surprised not to find the name of Purcell on their programme. The Misses J'Arany and Pugnat have made a symphonic movement of the Purcell Society's edition, and have some of the parts copied out; they could in this way establish a firm hold upon our gratitude, and at the same time free themselves from the necessity of relying so largely on composers like Spohr, Sammartini and Pugnat for their programmes. It must be said in all fairness, however, that the unaccompanied duet by Spohr is in its way a remarkable achievement, and one could name half-a-dozen eminent composers to-day whose technique might be improved out of all recognition if they would set themselves occasionally to work in the same medium. Miss Fanny Davies is always said to be the repository of the German romantic tradition; we wish that a little more romance would find its way into her finger-tips. Sound, solid, and conscientious her playing is, beyond question, but never for one instant does she arouse enthusiasm or awaken curiosity.

MISS LILIAN GASKEll has got the rare gift of knowing her own limitations. At her recital on February 9 there was nothing she attempted that she did not do with apparent ease; if pianists would only realize that this is an essential requirement of the listener, we should be saved much vexation of spirit. Miss Gaskell is not a star of the first magnitude, but her recital was much more endurable than the majority of present-day piano recitals are. She has taste, tact, and discretion.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

The week January 30—February 7 was marked by several musical events of more than usual interest. On the one hand, it might be described as a "Stravinsky week," as, besides the extra performance of "Petrouchka" (redemanded), the Diaghilev troupe produced on February 2, at the Opéra, the new ballet "Le Chant du Rossignol"—music by Igor Stravinsky, choreography by Léonide Massine, curtain, scenery and costumes by Henri Matisse—and on February 7 the Society "Pour la Musique" gave a concert consisting entirely of Stravinsky's latest non-orchestral compositions. These included the "Suite de l'Histoire du Soldat" (1919) for piano, violin and clarinet (first performance), "Piano Rag-Music" (1919, first performance), and the piano transcription of the "Rag-time for eleven instruments" (1918); the String Quartet; three pieces for clarinet solo (first performance); Eight Easy Pieces for Piano (four bars only, 1914—1917); "Priboutouk" (for voice and eight instruments); four Russian songs; and two "Histoires pour Enfants" (first performance).

The "Suite de l'Histoire du Soldat," extremely well played by MM. Beneventi (violin), José Iturbi (piano) and Duqquis (clarinet), was given twice during the afternoon—a good plan when new music is being performed for the first time. It contains some delightful music—a mock-military march, the Devil's dance of triumph, and the soldier's own "petit concert" which he plays on his violin, sitting by the riverside. M. Koubitzky sang the extraordinary "Priboutouk" with expression and animation. Both works are songs "Tribou" and "Les Canaris, les Cygnes, et les Oies..." about which it would be difficult to make any coherent criticism. Indeed, one feels that Stravinsky's music must be accepted as it stands—almost as a natural phenomenon, which you may or may not like, but have to accept.

The subject of "Le Chant du Rossignol" (ballet) is the same as that of the opera "Le Rossignol," but the score is partly new. M. Matisse's curtain and "décors" represent the extreme of simplification. Both consist of a perfectly plain pale blue ground, with here and there a white undulating line or two to suggest a door, etc., and overhead a grinning, white fantastic Chinese Dragon. Mme. Karsavina, all in white, with a little feathered tunic, was the real Nightingale, he, after being ousted by the outrageous mechanical bird, with its great green body and white cockatoos crest (Izidkowsky), magnanimously returns to the languishing Emperor's sick-bed, whence she triumphantly chases the sinistrorse (Gotheby) Solliotree the Emperor to health. The supreme dramatic moment is when the latter (Grigoriev) suddenly rises to his full height from the gloomy, monumental Imperial bed, where he has been reposing in awful isolation, and, letting fall a gorgeous scarlet robe, embroidered with golden dragons, which fills the stage width, borrow piled high with a concert mandarins and mourners who have come to bewail his death.

The choreography is complex and bizarre throughout. It reveals a fresh endeavour to explore all the possibilities of a rhythmic and decorative treatment of human motion, and results in a series of the weirdest contortions and acrobatic posturing, which fall, in the main, to the lot of the male and female "corps de ballet," who acquire themselves of an exceedingly fatiguing task with extraordinary skill.

At a previous concert of "Pour la Musique" (January 30) a number of new French compositions were performed, of which one of the most remarkable is Darius Milhaud's setting of "Les Chœufières" (Eschyleus, translated by Paul Claudel) for orchestra, solo voices and chorus. The music is character-cut and full of a certain rudeness, almost brutality, of texture and of harmony. In one section of the work the composer has carried out, with a very large measure of success, a difficult experiment in the use of noises pure and simple, such as the cracking of whips, hammering, beating on wood, etc, and at one point, the boy play with the rhythm of the part of the chor, to accompany the spoken declamation of the soloist. The effect, combined with the terrible intensity of the most lurid Eschylean choruses, was, it must be admitted, overwhelming, and as the whole thing obeyed a kind of relentless rhythm, it seemed to be much more a mere experiment in cacophony.
THE DYNASTS

THE DYNASTS. By Thomas Hardy. Performed by the O.U.D.S.

The acting version of "The Dynasts" is an interesting, even an absorbing entertainment. It is, however, singularly unlike "The Dynasts" as a whole, and one comes away from the theatre with a very different impression from that which is left upon the mind by that "mental performance" for which, in Mr. Hardy's own words, the play was intended. This difference of quality between the two versions is the result of the almost complete suppression in the acted play of the spirit characters. The elimination of the spirits may have been inevitable; there is no getting over the too solid flesh of living actors and actresses. Still, the slender Chorus of two which actually appears on the stage only very imperfectly takes the place of the Priests and Iromes, the Spirits of Earth and the Years. With their abolition comes a change of focus. The "Dynasts" of the stage is a wholly sublimary affair. The characters act as though they were godlike creatures, weighing motives, choosing good or evil. They act as human beings complacently think they act. The spirits, in the written drama, give the lie to this pathetic self-flattery. They tell us the secret workings of these "flesh-hinged mannikins" and how the jacks click out their reasonings there on earth. The reduction of the spiritual comment to practical insignificance has profoundly altered the whole significance of the play. The stage "Dynasts" is a moving dramatic chronicle of ten of the most extraordinary years in Europe's history. But the written "Dynasts" is also something more; it is a cosmic drama, in which things of more importance than the fate of kings and countries are at stake—the fundamental beliefs of humanity.

We could have wished that the directors of the O.U.D.S. had seen their way to incorporating a little more of the original "Dynasts" into their acting version. As it was, however, they accepted the Kingsway version with only the smallest modifications.

The level of the acting was, on the whole, high, though there were no outstanding brilliant performances. The supernatural machinery was represented, as at the Kingsway, by a Reader and a Chorus of two. Mr. Harris's reading was fairly impressive, and the recitation of Miss Cowie and Mrs. Buckmaster, as Thoerisya and Antistrophe, was adequate, though there were moments when we found Miss Cowie's delivery a little painful, a little too much like the delivery of the regular drawing-room reciter. In the play itself the most remarkable performance was that of Mr. Colbourne as Nelson. He was, at times, perhaps a little too sentimental and stagey; but then, so was the real Nelson. Mr. Colbourne's range of facial expression and the assurance of his gesture and delivery showed him to be one of those in whom the actor is born and not painfully made. Mr. Sich's Wellington had the bouncy life of a caricature. The Duke's coolness, his monumental impassivity, worthy of the English model of a French romantic novel, was exaggerated into a kind of flippancy in the face of mighty happenings. The character of Napoleon, in the acting version of the play, has little chance of developing itself. Mr. Barton did his best with this not very vivid foreshortening of a great rôle.

The comic scenes were excellently done, and there were Second Citizens and Boatmen who gave, within the limits of their parts, what were often remarkable performances.

The scenery, designed by Mr. Denis Markill, was simple; it might have advantage been even simpler. The plain curtains of the Kingsway setting were more satisfactory than the conventionalized landscapes which did service for Wessex or the Peninsula.
Correspondence

SPENSER AND ARCHAISMS

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—Your reviewer’s case against Mr. Doughty’s artificial archaisms (February 13, p. 204) is in general so sound that it seems a pity he should have indulged in one or two statements which can scarcely pass unchallenged. Is it true that “Spenser was not the least an archaist”? He was certainly not a mere archaist, but neither was he a champion of neologisms and “ink-born terms” of the type censured by Wilson, Ascham, and Ben Jonson. Spenser was an inventive archaist, seeking to give his style and diction an old-world air not only by using words from Chaucer (also from Malory and other old authors), but by cherishing words like “ofsoons,” “sithens,” “ywys,” “eki,” and “wight,” which, though used by other Elizabethans, were going out of fashion; and also by manufacturing his own “archaisms,” somewhat as Chatterton did—only, of course, with a much higher skill. Nearly all these words, deliberately coined have an obviously archaic flavour, e.g. “daint” for “dainty,” “jollished” and “derried” for “jolliness” and “dreariness,” “ygoo” for “ago,” “to yeale for “to, go,” and “nigardise” for “neggardiness” (Chaucer has “covetiz,” covetousness, but “nigardye”).

In conclusion, I should like to correct the statement that “phere” (companion) occurs only four times in Spenser. The glossary to the Oxford Spenser gives eight instances of “phere” (also spelt “phere”), and nine of “y-phere,” use

for “together” or “in company with,” and I doubt whether this exhausts the list of occurrences.

Yours faithfully, R. W. KING.

University College of North Wales, Bangor.

MYERS’ “HUMAN PERSONALITY”

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your interesting article entitled “A Persuasive Spiritualist” on the book “Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death” by F. W. H. Myers, in your number of January 16, I note that your reviewer states in the heading that this new abridgment is published at the price of 12s. 6d. Your reviewer was evidently misled by the publishers’ notice at the beginning of the book, which refers to an earlier abridgment considerably less condensed than the edition, just published, which he reviews.

As I am one of the editors of this new abridgment of my father’s book, I should be glad if you could see your way to inserting in your next number a note to let your readers know that this new abridgment costs only 6s. 6d.

Believe me yours truly,

S. BLENNERHASSETT.


THE NEW ART SALON

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—The criticism in your issue of January 30 of the exhibition now being held at the New Art Salon gives the impression that it is written by a musician who, on being forced to write on painting, returns involuntarily to a subject more akin to his intelligence. Such criticisms are easy to write because they do not necessitate a knowledge of painting, but at the same time very harmful, not only for the promoter of the exhibition, but for Art, and the artists, as well. It is for this last reason that I permit myself to request you to correct in your esteemed journal the reproaches contained in the previous criticism.

1. The music referred to does not begin till sunset, that is to say, at a time when the pictures cannot be seen to the best advantage, especially by anyone who intends to write a criticism on them.

2. Only seven or eight pictures on view in the present exhibition, which contains about a hundred and thirty pictures, were exhibited elsewhere, and these were only included because of their importance.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

166, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

February 7, 1920.

ART AND THE SCHOOLBOY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—I have been much interested in late in some letters which have appeared in The Athenæum following upon an article entitled “A New Year Suggestion.” It may interest your readers to know that at this school there is a club in existence devoted solely to the promotion of Art. Its main principles are:

(i.) To purchase all the best Art papers for the use of the members.

(ii.) To hold weekly meetings at which topical artistic events are criticized and discussed.

(iii.) To produce two plays in the winter terms, acted and written (with the help of the members themselves).

(iv.) To hold a terminal exhibition of the works of the members (paintings, poems, essays, etc.).

The idea of forming the club was conceived and carried out last November, entirely owing to the initiative of the boys, several masters being afterwards invited to become honorary members. As yet it has had no Art lecture by any celebrated man, but a leading author and collector has promised to give one.

The whole idea has been a great success, and has already served to improve the artistic feeling of the school.

I remain yours faithfully,

FRED W. MAYOR.

President, Claysmore Fine Arts Club.

Claysmore School, Northwood Park, Winchester.
Foreign Literature

NEW ROME

HISTOIRE DE L'EMPIRE BYZANTIN. Par C. Diehl. (Paris, Picard.)

THIS little sketch of the Byzantine Empire might well be translated into English, for there is not, so far as we know, any work in this language that recounts the principal phases in the history of Christian Constantinople with the same happy combination of conciseness and lucidity. Not unnaturally, M. Diehl is something of a partisan of the Empire about which he has written so much; he objects strongly to the traditional view that it represented nothing better than the decadence of the Empire of Old Rome, and quotes the verdict of Rambaud that it was essentially a new creation, "un état du moyen âge, placé sur les extrémes frontières de l'Europe." In his view that Byzantium was in part (and ought to have been wholly) an Oriental monarchy, with no greater interest than the severance of the cord that bound it to its parent on the Tiber, M. Diehl places himself in sharp contradistinction both to Gibbon and to Gibbon's brilliant disciple, Professor J. B. Bury, who will not even allow it any other title than that of "Later Roman Empire.

This conflict of views as to the true significance and destiny of the Byzantine monarchy is not new; it is as old as the monarchy itself. Although it may be said that the Empire of Byzantium was one of those things that would have had to be invented if its materials had not existed, it lacked a guiding star almost from the first years of its establishment. The imperium Romanum was the product of the conquering energy of the Roman people; it was a national achievement. By the fourth century the Roman Empire was cosmopolitan, and its driving force seemed exhausted. It had become a great machine of administration, the maintenance of which everybody desired, but which could enlist no patriotic or ideal impulse in its service. To find it some better raison d'être than its mere convenience was the problem with which its rules were always struggling and the problem which they never entirely solved. The openings were so various that it was hard to choose from them. Byzantium had always too many iron in the fire.

On the whole, then, it was with true prescience that Constantine I chose a religious cement for his new foundation. In the Christian Church he discerned the sole binding force, outside utility, which could hold together a threatened civilization, and astutely resolved to use it for his purposes. It was an excellent bargain for him, a wretched one for Christianity. But the bishops who thronged to the Council he convoked at Nicea, to find, as Duchesne puts it, the swords that had lately menaced them with martyrdom now forming a ring of protection around them, were pardoned dazzled by the change of scene. They were to learn that the dynasty, forcasting a maxim of Joseph de Maistre's, held it more important that religious strife should be silenced than that any particular truth should emerge from controversy. From this moment questions of dogma are questions of State, and M. Diehl shows with admirable perspicacity the reaction of the one upon the other. From the imperial point of view, the Monophysite question became of peculiar urgency. This heresy, which seemed to glorify Christ by denying His complete humanity, was deeply rooted in Egypt and Syria, and allied itself with nationalistic tendencies that gravely threatened the unity of the Empire. To find some mode of conflict with Monophysism seemed the first dictate of political prudence. They were to follow that line was to renounce the West, which, under the headship of the Popes, held firm to the anti-Monophysite decrees of Chalcedon. The "Henetikon" of Zeno (482) was a measure that seemed to commit Byzantium to this policy, at the price even of schism; but Justinian's ambition to be a Roman Emperor of the old stamp—"le dernier des grands Empereurs de Rome"—M. Diehl calls him—led him to placate the Pope by persecuting his dissident Monophysite subjects. It was, however, beyond the resources of Constantinople to hold West and East permanently beneath its sceptre, and in the seventh century the Emperor Heraclius, who imagined that the definite Graecization of the Empire, proposed a fresh compromise with Monophysism by tolerating the cognate Monothelite doctrine. The change came too late; the problem was destined to solve itself otherwise. Egypt and Syria were lopped from the Empire by the Moslem, and the Emperors were free to return to orthodoxy, which was still done at the second Council of Constantinople. The whole story is a charming object-lesson in the value of State support to religious parties.

"L'orthodoxie," says M. Diehl, writing of the Heraclian régime, "dès ce moment se confond à Byzance avec la nationalité." But "orthodoxy" was already wearing its technical sense of Greek, as opposed to Latin, Christianity. A nationality had been constructed out of a religion, and a religion degraded into a nationality. The disappearance of Monophysism brought no real rapprochement with Rome. The iconoclastic campaign of the Isaurian house cost Byzantium its last suzerainty over the capital of the West, and founded the temporal power of the Papacy. Within another fifty years the Holy Roman Empire of Charlemagne had been proclaimed, after which to the schisms of Photius and Cerularius the road ran straight with no hope of turning aside from it. The Crusades and the outrage of the Latin Empire of Constantinople made the political and religious breach between Eastern and Western Christendom one that could never be healed. Then began the circulation of all sorts of books, like the vision of Macbeth, arose. Among all these claimants to the heritage of the Empire, the Tsarism which was perhaps the nearest by default, it had itself been the protection of Orthodoxy, on which alone New Rome could be rebuilt. In the pages of Dr. Adrian Fortescue's book on "The Orthodox Eastern Church," published not long before the war, we get a graphic picture of this ambition at work. "One has only to look," he wrote, "for the places where the Russian Government wants a sphere of influence, there is the Orthodox Russian faith preached;" it was not easy to blind the eyes of a Latin cleric to the inner meaning of Russian religious policy. To-day all this has suddenly become ancient history—as ancient as the fall of Constantinople. It may even be that 1917 marks the extinction of the Byzantine Empire more accurately than 1453. History is an arch-deceiver, but Islam looks more likely than Orthodoxy to create fresh nationalities. The Constantinian idea at last seems bankrupt.

Messrs. E. Parsons & Sons have issued a very interesting catalogue of fine old illustrated books, a few manuscripts, and a large number of fine bindings, French, English, and Italian. Some of their early woodcut books and incunabula are of the highest value, and the prices, though high, are not unuly so.
A KANTIAN ON HIS CONTEMPORARIES

THE ATHEMENUM FEBRUARY 20, 1920

THE logs sweep down the stream, grinding and crushing. Sometimes one is sunk, held under by the converging pressure of others; sometimes another pushed high above the mass. Then, at a bend, comes a stoppage. From bank to bank the logs are interlocked. A man rushes out across the jam. With an unerring eye he has noted which are the key-logs that hold back the rest. A touch of his pole here and there, and the obstructors are in motion. The logs sweep on once again.

A fascinating rôle is this of the logger in politics and morals and psychology. M. René Gillouin takes it very seriously, and is obviously well content with his prowess, as indeed he has right to be. In this collection of articles written during the course of the war he deals with diverse subjects—the formation of Germanism, the internal problems of Royalism and Socialism, Nationalism and Fascism, Catholicism and Rationalism, with the work of Emile Clermont and M. Paul Claudel, with M. Henri Bergson in a new light, as historian and moralist. And yet, as he claims, these studies are very plainly connected by a continuous current of thought. On all alike he throws a light of reason—and reasonableness. He lives up to the maxims of his preface. The rôle of every thinker who does not feel himself called upon to found a new religion or to lead to the assault some group of ardent ambitions is, he tells us, clear to-day.

Sans s'attarder à de stériles regret d'un passé révolu, au contraire animé d'une ardeur sympathique pour la merveilleuse intensité, richesse et diversité du présent, mais hanté du triste souci de voir tant de trésors sombrer dans l'incohérence et le désordre, il mènera le bon combat de la raison éclairée par l'expérience contre l'erreur, le mensonge et la chimère qui entraînent vers l'alinee cet incomparable torrent de vie.

His paper "The Formation of Germanism" is a model of dispassionate pleading. When one reflects that it saw the light in January, 1915, one acknowledges it to be amazingly restrained and moderate. He shows how since the days of Frederick II, the Prussian State had pressed into its service the three great forces in German life—Christianity, Mysticism and Scientific Rationalism. Religion was the first humble handmaid, and Frederick himself had a good deal to do with her taming. But Mysticism proved an even better servant. In Latin countries mysticism was monopolized to the profit of the Church. In Protestant countries its tendency was partly toward metaphysics, partly toward art, and partly toward the conception of the State. From this last grew the religion of Imperialism that in Germany enveloped and dominated Christianity. From their union was begotten that "old German God" which caused some amusement of late days.

But the structure was not yet built. The bricks were there; good and enduring mortar was wanted. "A self-respecting modern religion," says M. Gillouin, "must be scientific." It is in the science of the modern spiritual guides of Germany that is found the mortar. So we have that conception of the blond race of destiny that snatched the sceptre from the trembling fingers of Rome, and founded a new empire on her ruins. Kant, Hegel, Novalis, Jung-Stilling, Schelling, Nietzsche, each played his part in forming the great conception. And, says M. Gillouin, with his usual honesty, the conception was noble.

En vérité l'Allemagne musicienne, poétique et savante qui enthousiasma nos pères a existé telle ou à peu près telle qu'ils la virent. Même, à vue humaines, elle semblait avoir l'avenir pour elle.

But the State had need of its mortar. From 1870 onwards Prussia was dominant and the noble conception was but part of her armament. Hence "Deutschland über alles," hence arrogance and cruelty and oppression, hence "Kultur."

M. Gillouin cannot here be followed so closely in his dealings with his countrymen, from M. Maurras to M. Bergson, but he is as sane and as stimulating. His study of the Catholic paganism—or is it pagan Catholicism?—of the former is particularly good, and his experiment in literary cookery at this particular is delightfully. Take, he begins, with the air of Mrs. Beeton, the paganisme de M. Charles Maurras, qu'on en déchiffre légèrement l'accent des notions de Raison et d'Ordre vers celle de Beauté et de Volupté, qu'on y ajoute quelques grains de charité baissée de ton, changée de plan, de pitié à base de sensualité, bref d'humanitarisme, et il en est qui ? M. Anatole France.

With M. Barrès he is far less happy. He inclines to beat the air. The critic between M. Barrès and the Church, he points out, is not merely political and philosophical, it is religious. Granted, but there are other departments of thought. The link between M. Barrès and the Church—he has never pretended that it is other than slender—is historical: "La vie militaire et la vie religieuse ont formé l'âme française." And is the doctrine of "la Terre et les Morts" really irreconcilable with the teaching of the Church? We know good Catholics who appear to have no trouble in swallowing them together. M. Barrès the greatest of all the characters whom M. Gillouin discusses, has most reason to complain of his treatment.

This book will be found of particular value to Englishmen interested in French problems and controversies. They fight their battles at such a pace, on the other side of the Channel, that we cannot always follow the movement of the foils or see who has been pinked. M. Gillouin, to put it at the lowest, gives us some exercises in their mode of sword-play which will quicken our eye.

C. F.

THE POETRY OF SENHOR GUERRA JUNQUEIRO

PORTUGAL'S chief poet this year celebrates his seventieth birthday. It is nearly sixty years since he published his first volume of verse, and nearly fifty since "A Morte de Don Joao" (1874), with its thoroughly Portuguese combination of lyricism and satire, placed him in the first rank of Portuguese writers. This naturally indicated a political career, and in 1878 he was duly returned deputy. He has, however, always withdrawn himself from public life, or at least refused to hold office, although for some time after the proclamation of the Republic he occupied the post of Portuguese Minister at Berne. The further great landmarks of his literary fame have been "A Vehicul do Padre Eterno" (1884), "Finis Patris" (1890), "Patria" (1891), and "Os Simples" (1892). Senior Guerra Junqueiro grew up on Victor Hugo, dangerous food for a Southern poet. His satire was directed against the Iusts, against the Braganzas, against England. It is sincere, tremendous and grandiloquent, if often convincing. From Victor Hugo, besides his grandiloquence, he probably derived the great tenderness towards the poor which characterized the author of "Les Misérables" and "Les Pauvres Gens." In "Finis Patria," that celebrated pamphlet of some fifty pages, he hears in the darkness shadows speaking; they are the voices of the miserable dwellings of the poor, peasants, workmen, fishermen, prisoners and hospitals and fallen towers:

THE VOICES OF PEASANTS' HUTS.

Children swarm in the homes of penury
And the land untiled.
No cradle empty: O to see
How God hath shrivelled field and tree
Who the nest doth build!
Wild wind, why dost thou vex us thus,
Whirled, buffeted?
Death's wings o'er cold beds tremulous,
And the empty hearth hath no fire for us,
And the shelf no bread.
The crops are dead and dead the flocks, 
Joy is fled away, 
The sun or to our labour mocked, 
And at our door a spectre mocks 
By night and day, 
Toothless, squint-eyed, half lives, half dies 
A wretched bough; 
And famished birds with gleaming eyes: 
As in hospitals the patients' cries, 
Its walls resound.

The doves are collared, collared, the doves are collared, 
Of dead woe ringing; 
They bury young, they bury old; 
The doves are collared, collared, the doves are collared, 
The gravedigger is singing, 
Sings the gravedigger, sings the priest, 
Sepulchral song:

Sleep on, ye poor, from life released, 
In the graveyard soft beds at least 
To you belong.

Sleep on, sleep on, most light your sleep 
Rest to your bring; 
Ye need no linen sheets to keep 
For the good beds of pine planks deep, 
Nor covering.

Sleep, ye who worn out sink and died, 
In the new beds you have; 
The stars weep in the heavens wide, 
But blessing man and arm beside 
Who for the deliver dug a grave.

Look, look, the emigrants where they go; 
In troops they go, and from their lips 
Along the roads sound wails of woes, 
On quays and on decks where they slow 
The enter the ships in the ships.

Brides, children, aged mothers there 
—Heaven send relief!—

Seeing their sorrow past repair, 
Hands clenched, locks bitten in despair, 
Distracted with grief.

See where they go, in great ships pent, 
Across the sea.

Ah, nights in threshing-floors oft spent, 
Kisses with August's perfume blend 
That the moon no more will see!

Farewell, horizons heavenly, 
That on their eyes have cast a spell, 
Hills gold in the morrow's ecstasy, 
Meadows and fountains fair to see.

For evermore farewell! 
Look where they go, sea fathomless, 
Their fathers and their true loves mourn. 
What far lands seek they in distress? 
Return! But when, sea fathomless? 
Never will they return.

The vines are dead, no grapes they give, 
And the old peasant too is dead; 
In rain-veved hovels where they live 
Ropeless the widows and orphans grieve, 
In want unfortomated.

It is a concern wholly materialistic. Yet in a hot and excellent climate, a fertile and beautiful land, the peasant who has the art to manage and the education to enjoy should be as happy as a king. One can, however, hardly expect a lyric poet to harp on the themes of cleanliness and economy.

There is often a touch of morbidity in Senhor Guerra Junqueiro's work, but when this sincere lover of his country turns to the soil of Portugal and to the peasants his inspiration is genuine and original. It is not the poet's morbidity imaginings, but the use made of the popular quatrains which give charm to the following poem from "Os Simples," the small volume of exquisite lyrics which crowned the poet's work nearly thirty years ago, and made 1892 famous in the annals of Portuguese literature:

A PASSING SONG.

A mist of lilac, opal, violet, 
Red streaks of sufferings and agonies, 
At nightfall hushed asleep the fields begot, 
And sadly sings a voice as the day dies: 
Someone no longer remembers 
In a land beyond the sea, 
O Death, I would give thee my life 
If thou camest to ask it of me; 
O Death, I would give thee my life 
If thou camest to ask it of me.

Now with the sun's kiss on her deathlike face, 
A kiss of blighting pale as kiss of death, 
In fly: ...soon更强 in her sleep through space. 
And in soft song a sad voice murmureth:

I hid my love away 
In a pit beside the sea. 
Love dies as the sun, regret lives on 
As the moonlight lingeringly;

Love dies, regret lives on 
As the moonlight lingeringly. 

The opal cloud drifts onward silently, 
Melting the granite mountains into mist, 
Giants asleep in the moon's ecstasy. 
And a voice weeps as all things sink to rest:

Who weeps, O nightingale? 
Yonder along the sea? 
It is my buried love 
Who weeps through the night for me. 
My love, my buried love, 
Who weeps all night for me. 
The huge, the silver moon, the moon serene, 
All Nature has dissolved, borne along 
As insubstantial spirit of what hath been, 
And sadly dies a voice in a last song:

Sleep on, sleep on, my love, 
In the soft sand by the sea: 
Ere rise the morning star 
I will lay me down with thee, 
Ere rise the morning star 
I will lay me down with thee.

And it is the pilgrim, peasant, emigrant, the shepherd, the tiller of the soil ("O Cavador," translated by Edgar Prefaste in the Yellow Book, July, 1889), the hermitages, the moonlit threshing-floors, that give an eternal magic to "Os Simples," a magic most visible in "A Caminho."

An old man of ninety in his shirtsleeves, ploughing:

Child whose eyes reflect the depth and colour of hope's dreaming, 
Is it to some neighbouring town that thou wanderest? 
Pilgrim: Through the world I wander.

Old man:

Without lance or armour gleaming? 
Child whose eyes reflect the depth and colour of hope's dreaming, 
With sorrows and afflictions wilt thou find thy way oppressed. 

An old peasant woman (further on):

Sir, young Sir whose eyes reflect the light of innocence, 
What sad thoughts are they that thus accompany thy quest? 
Pilgrim: With serpents to do battle, capture monsters go hence. 
Old woman:

Sir, young Sir whose eyes reflect the light of innocence, 
The dragons fierce will surely tear thy heart from out thy breast.

A peasant girl (further on):

Sir, young Sir whose eyes with a strange magic are enchanted, 
Go you to some orchestra in the coming heat to rest? 
Pilgrim: I go to read new destinies and scan the fates unalloyed. 
Peasant girl:

Sir, young Sir whose eyes with a strange magic are enchanted, 
The wizards black will hold you at their wizardry's behest.

A little shepherdess (further on):

Sir, young Sir whose eyes with a keen light are brightly glowing, 
To your wedding you are bound, your gleaming eyes attest. 
Pilgrim: For diamonds and treasures, yea new treasures I am going. 
Shepherdess:

Sir, young Sir whose eyes with a keen light are brightly glowing, 
You will fall a prey to brigands who the woods infest. 

A beggar (further on):

Sir, young Sir whose eyes in hue are as the flame of fire, 
Your eyes are burning, burning like the sun's rays in the west. 
Pilgrim: Now worlds to discover, fame and glory my desire. 
Beggar:

Sir, young Sir whose eyes in hue are as the flame of fire, 
The dust along the highways mounts steep as a wave's crest. 
The Star of Dawn:

Child whose eyes are heavenly blue as flax in flower upspringing. 
For a distant hell thou leav'st thy home and shelter blest. 
Pilgrim: All the stones shall flower as along the rough ways winging. 

Go my thoughts, with gleam of stars and music of birds' singing 
Trembling in my eyes and on my smiling lips expressed. 

Even a poor version must show something of the very haunting fascination of this poem. 

Audrey F. Bell.
List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

200 RELIGION.


The eighty-third annual issue of this useful work of reference, carefully corrected to the latest possible date, and provided with a clear map of the Roman Catholic provinces and dioceses of England and Wales.


An overwhelming case is here made out showing that the Church of England clergy do not, on an average, receive a living wage. This investigation points to a degree of poverty on the part of a (usually) hardworking section of the community which is truly scandalous. The nation may decide, conceivably, that the Church has outlived its usefulness, and agree to abolish the whole clerical class; but until it does so it should at least enable its religious teachers to live in ordinary comfort. The present policy of maintaining a State religion and heavily penalising its officials is unworthy.

300 SOCIOLOGY.


See review, p. 238.


An elementary account of the least attractive parts of arithmetic, with their applications to the elementary problems encountered in business and commerce. That boy would be indeed dull who could not master these subjects after reading through the detailed examples given in the text.


Long hours of ploughing, hoeing, cleaning stables and byres, driving tractors, and doing other exacting and never-ending tasks, with the absence of most opportunities for the life of the mind and spirit, were the lot of the land girl during the war; and the stock girl could not even take a holiday, so relentless were the calls upon her time. Miss Dart relates her own experiences, and makes one realize the loneliness, the hardship, and the monotony of the life endured by so many patriotic women.


Proposals for a supplement to the Education Act of 1917 are put forward here, to provide nursery schools for children between two and five years old—or some later age. The children would have close personal care and medical supervision, and a definite training, bodily, mental, and social. A complete scheme, including equipment, personnel, and provision for inspection and giants, has been worked out in detail. At present schools are not called upon to make special arrangements for very young children.

Parkin (George R.). Round the Empire: for the use of schools in the British Commonwealth. Cassell [1919]. 7 in. 286 pp. il. maps, index, 2½ n. 372.8

A revised edition of Dr. Parkin's notable epito me relating to the British Empire.


Few things are more desirable for young students of both sexes than that they should at an early stage learn something of their coming duties, privileges, and rights as citizens. Mr. Peddie's book will be helpful in this direction. The explanations are notably clear, and the subject is dealt with attractively.


In the notice of this book last week (p. 224) the price was wrongly given as 6½ n. It should have been 4½ n., as above.

400 PHILOLOGY.


The main facts of sentence structure are set forth at considerable length in this book, which deals with syntax as distinguished from accidence, and is primarily intended for the teacher. A new method of sentence analysis is offered by the author.


An exercise book to the author's "English Composition." The examples are chosen from a variety of sources, and are likely to arouse the pupils' interest. The sections dealing with punctuation and sentence construction are especially workmanlike.


Exercises for use in conjunction with the author's "New English Grammar for Junior Forms." These exercises, many of which are bright and interesting, are upon the same plan as those in the parent book, and are drawn from similar sources. They are for class use and homework.

Shuckburgh (E. S.). Passages from Latin Authors for Translation into English: selected with a view to the needs of candidates for the Cambridge Examinations. Cambridge, Bowes & Bowes, 1919. 7½ in. 110 pp. paper, 3 n. 478.7

A second reprint of the fourth edition of Dr. Shuckburgh's valuable selection of passages for "unseen" work.

Williams (Randall) and Ripman (Walter). Continuation School French: Part 1 ("Dent's Modern Language Series"). Dent, 1919. 7½ in. 121 pp. il. index, 2½ n. 448

A well-arranged and practical introduction to elementary French, likely to be of considerable service in day continuation schools.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Baird (David). A First Course of Laboratory Exercises in Physics. Blackie, 1919. 7 in. 88 pp. 1½ n. 530.7

These are useful exercises for young students. Questions are set in the different sections, and answers will be found at the end of the book, which includes also several tables of physical constants.


See review, p. 240.


The revised ninth edition of this work. New matter has been added to bring the book thoroughly up to date.
600 USEFUL ARTS.


Throughout the book the author lays stress upon the capital importance of geology among the studies which help to explain the development of civilization and the localization of industries. In the course of the argument the natural structure of the island, the sources and applications of raw materials, and the grouping of men according to their occupations, are adequately discussed.

The Everyday Cake Book. By G. P. Stanley Paul [1919]. 7 in. 100 pp. boards. 1/6 n. 642

A useful cookery book containing 366 recipes for making cakes, one for every day in the year.

800 LITERATURE.


The author passes in review the various literary forms, giving examples from standard works and adding historical comments. The book should prove useful to beginners. There are minor inaccuracies, however, and the author's literary taste is not impeccable.


For purposes of quick reference and for its avowed aim as a "cram" book, this is a handy and excellent compendium. Mr. Edn. nds is an experienced teacher, and understands the mentality of students. The mnemonic value of his methodical arrangement, well displayed by differences of type, is great, and it will be helpful to those also who can afford the time to read prettily wide, in attaining a bird's-eye view and seeing the wood as well as the trees. Criticism, in the sense of evaluation, is generally avoided, and the laboured and affected patios of the death of Le Fovre should not have been cited as an example of Sterne's best passages.

Gillouin (René). JOURS ET FIGURES D'AUJOURD'HUI. Paris, Grasset, 1919. 7½ in. 271 pp. paper. 5fr. 844.9

See review, p. 254.


In the first two chapters of this enlarged edition Mr. Macpherson lays stress on the need for keeping two points of view—the formal and the psychological—that is, the teacher must not only formulate his material well, but also study it "as a factor in the pupil's growing experience." In the practical chapters that follow he is not so good as here; and surely the statistical method of classifying vowel-sounds in a poem is sheer waste of time.


The novels of Dickens, Reade, and Wilkie Collins are considered, in a thorough and painstaking way, by Dr. Phillips, as the lineal successors of the novels of mystery and terror known at the end of the eighteenth century as Gothic. Bill Sikes and Fagan, with their sensational histories, represent the same melodramatic elements, which were in perennial demand by the multitudinous readers who are the audience—taste, that is, the circulating-library novelists. The relations of demand and supply are studied in the light of statistics of the prices paid to the writers and the circulation attained.

Van Vechten (Carl). In the Garret. New York, Knopf, 1920. 7½ in. 347 pp. 82. 814.5

Music and musicians, painters and their works, the folk-songs of Iowa, Philip Thicknesse the eighteenth-century virtuoso, Oscar Hammerstein, and the Holy Jumpers, an evangelical sect in the Bahamas, are Mr. Van Vechten's subjects, and he handles them lightly, yet critically and not without humor. His account of a religious meeting of the Jumpers is very weird; and there is a really thrilling interest in his chapter entitled "La Tigrasse," on that romantic city New York.

POETRY.


See review, p. 239.

Jones (Frank), ed. THE GOLDEN BOOKS OF ENGLISH VERSE: a graduated course for class study: Book 2. Blackie [1919]. 7 in. 160 pp. index. 2/6 n. 821.08

This, the second of a series of three volumes, contains a selection of poems by Dekker, Herrick, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Campbell, Hood, Clough, and others. Each poem is followed by explanatory notes and useful questions.

*Lawson (Mrs. Alexander and Alexander), ed. A ST. ANDREWS TREASURY OF SCOTTISH VERSE. Black, 1920. 8½ in. 255 pp. notes, gloss. indexes. 7/6 n. 821.08

Among the poems included in this scholarly collection are a goodly number by poets of this generation—one, "The Tinker," by Mr. Charles Murray, appearing for the first time. Not only poems in Scottish dialect, but also interpreting the Scottish spirit, have been the object of the selectors' choice. They give a number of anonymous ballads, but omit many that might be looked for; and among the poets omitted we note Fergusson, Motherwell, William Tennant, and the inimitable James Outram.

*Rootham (Helen), trans. KOSOVO: heroic songs of the Serbs. Introduction by Maurice Baring. Historical preface by Janko Lavrin, Oxford, Blackwell, 1920. 7½ in. 99 pp. front. boards. 4/6 n. 891.821. Mr. Lavrin's historical preface describes the origin of these ballads central in the tragic defeat of Kosovo, and their living influence on Serbian national life for the past five hundred years. Miss Rootham's simple and dignified translation makes it possible for English readers to appreciate the heroic quality of the originals. Students of the language should find the parallel texts in Serbian and English extremely useful.

Sappho.


Mr. Stacpoole's rhymed versions of the fragments of Sappho are pretty and accomplished; but they are not wholly satisfactory. For example, his rendering of 

contains enfeebling expansions of the simplicity and brevity of the original.

Seymour (Alan). SCENES FROM THE MORTE D'ARTHUR. Macdonald [1920]. 6 in. 200 pp. 6/7 n. 821.9

These versions (in couplets and in stanzas) of episodes from the Arthurian legends are remarkable for their high level of accomplishment, originality and elegance. There are no great heights of overwhelming poetry, but there are equally no depths. Mr. Seymour pursues the even tenor of good narrative verse.


Singularly immune, as a whole, from contemporary American influences, the verse contained in this volume derives from the most respectable, the best accredited sources. Browning presides over Mr. Stephen Benét's accomplished laudations, the most advanced in the anthology; but for the greater part we move in the vague poetic atmosphere of a diction and a habit of thought formed by the reading of all the hundred best poems.
FICTION.

De Boleyn (Mrs. N. M. Chastel), THE SONS OF THE SETTLERS. Hurst & Blackett, 1920. 7½ in. 284 pp., 7s 6d. The different members of a family of Natal farmers named Bland, originally from Yorkshire, have prospered in the rich pasture country beyond Greytown, and have become permanent settlers. Their peace and happiness are in great measure destroyed by the advent of a fascinating Irish squire and his adventurers-wives. But the dawn of a happier period comes before the ending of the book.

Frankau (Gilbert). Peter Jackson, CIGAR MERCHANT. Hutchinson, 1920. 7½ in. 400 pp., 7s 6d. See review, p. 241.

*Grossmith (George and Weedon). THE DIARY OF A NOBOD; with illustrations by Weedon Grossmith, and a memoir of the two brothers by B. W. Findon. Bristol, Arrowsmith [1920]. 8 in. 320 pp. pors. ill., 7s n. It is a pity that an otherwise presentable reprint of what Lord Rosebery well terms “that small classic” should be disfigured by plates that show bad signs of resurrection.


Kaye (Michael). THE KING'S INDISCRETION. Stanley Paul [1920]. 7½ in. 256 pp., 7s n. A capital story of the days of Louis le Bien-Aimé, whose conscience at "l'affaire Broglie," a wild-cat scheme for invading England under a dag of truce, has been followed by the detention of incriminatory papers in dangerous and disreputable hands. The documents are recovered by the gallant Etienne de Lavanne, the hero. His affection for an English girl is a pleasant foil to the more exciting passages of a narrative which from beginning to end has verve and interest.

Macnamara (Brisley). THE CLANKING OF CHAINS. Muthes, 1920. 7½ in. 241 pp., 6s n. Obscure towards ideas, but carried away en masse by the flowing tide—the Volunteer Movement, the Dublin rebellion, and the excitement that followed the election of Count Plunkett—the people of Ballycullen in this Sinn Fein novel bring their would-be leader, the young patriot who would emulate Robert Emmet, to despair. He resists distrust and unpopularity by his enthusiasm, and at the end there is nothing for him but to leave the country.


Nichols (Beverley). PRELUDE. Chatto & Windus, 1920. 7½ in. 303 pp., 7s n. Mr. Nichols gives us an able study of the inner life of a public school, as well as some admirable psychological analysis, in the characterization of Paul Trevelyan, the hero. The boy’s aestheticism, hypersensitive nature, and adoration for his beautiful mother are extremely well depicted. Less finished, but striking, are the portraits of some of Paul’s school friends; and the impression of the head of the House, “one of those muscular Christians in whom the muscles are so highly developed that they almost obscure the Christianity,” is actual to the reader. Paul’s unhappiness and difficulties until he finds friends are drawn as if from life. The scene of the breaking down of the barrier of reserve between Jack and Paul, whose mutual love has so long been stifled, is good work, and really moving. Mr. Nichols has no difficulty in showing that some of the arrows of criticism which are shot at public schools might be directed also, or instead, at society in general. In the end, Paul Trevelyan learns that what matters is life: not “art for art’s sake,” but “art for life’s sake.” The book shows freshness of treatment and view.

Paine (Ralph D.). THE CALL OF THE OFF-SHORE WIND. Constable [1920]. 8 in. 373 pp., 7s 6d n. 813.5

In his tale of the latter days of the Maine schooners and shipbuilding yards Mr. Paine describes the gallant fight put up by the hardy old captains against the steamships that were outwisting them. The usual love-affairs are combined with adventures afloat.

Patrick (Diana). THE WIDER WAY. Hutchinson [1920]. 7½ in. 304 pp., 7s 6d n.

Miss Diana Patrick is a new aspirant to the chorus of young authors who live in the hope of writing their way into the great heart of the public. Whether she has any original talent, whether she will one day find herself playing a small part, remains to be seen. In The Wider Way her behaviour during the moment of departure from the accepted behaviour of all the other young aspirants: it is harmless and pretty and silly.

Walton (George Lincoln). OSCAR MONTAGUE, PARANOIC. Lippincott, 1919. 8 in. 304 pp., 6s n. 813.5

Dictionaries inform us that a “paranoiac” is a person suffering from mental derangement in the form of chronic hallucination. In short, this is an attempt by Dr. Walton to portray a narrative form some of the mental traits he has previously dealt with in a more professional way. There is the paranoiac himself, “a victim of environmental dislocation,” who “cannot find his place in the band; but wants to play trombone on the drum”; his mother, “a worrier”; his father, “a degenerate scion”; and so on. They are clearly drawn, and are thoroughly lifelike people, whose lives, without anything brilliant or startling, are full of quiet interest, humorous or pathetic. The author considers also the question of their mental improvement and of the legal aspects of their foibles.

920 BIOGRAPHY.


Acceptable biographical and other notes are appended to this convenient abridgment of “Boswell.” There is also a useful introduction.

Rye (Walter). THE FALSE PEDIGREE AND ARMS OF THE FAMILY OF BACON OF SUFFOLK, THE ANCESTORS OF Sir NICHOLAS BACON; OF Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam), and of the present Premier Baronet; critically examined and approved by Walter Rye, Norris, Roberts & Co., Ten Bell Lane, 1919. 8 in. 58 pp. apps., indexes, paper, to subscribers 5s n. 929

The author’s thesis is that the Bacons of Bacoithorpe and the family of the Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, are quite distinct. None of the lands which the Bacoithorpe family held can be traced to the Lord Keeper’s Suffolk ancestors. The father of Sir Nicholas, says Mr. Rye, was only the sheep reeve to the Abbot of Bury; and it was not until Nicholas “had become a very big man indeed” that he thought of tacking on to the old Norfolk family, and getting a grant of their arms under cover of a fictitious pedigree.


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930-990 HISTORY.

Buxton (Noel) and Leese (C. Leonard). BALKAN PROBLEMS AND EUROPEAN PEACE. Allen & Unwin [1920]. 7½ in. 135 pp. index, 4s 6d n. 949.7

This clear and interesting little book on Balkan political problems falls into three parts: (1) a history of pre-war European politics in the Balkans; (2) the policies pursued during the war by the Entente and Allied Powers, with particular reference to Bulgaria; and (3) the probable future of the Balkans. The book displays considerable knowledge, and the matter is well arranged.

*Petrie (William Matthew Flinders). SOME SOURCES OF HUMAN HISTORY. S.P.C.K., 1919. 8 in. 128 pp. biblog. index, 8s n. 900

"Unwritten History," that is to say, the vestiges of primordial life: “Byways of Written History," that is, Egyptian and Mesopotamian checks upon chronology, records of life in distant epochs in India and China, and coins and
other objects shedding light on customs and manners; and, finally, Habit, Custom and Law," the historical data to be found by analysis of social systems at different epochs—these are the three groups of materials recommended and displayed for study by Professor Petrie.


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UNORIGINAL SIN

A certain section of the press is, at the present time, full of demands for the punishment—aggravated by the face of a predetermined trial—of various German generals who failed to realize the journalist's touching belief that War is a beautiful and Christian practice, calculated to bring out all that is best and noblest in mankind. These demands are usually padded out with high-flown references to the chivalrous traditions of the past. But what is surprising is that even among those who might be expected to know something of History, this pathetic belief in the beauty of bygone warfare should survive.

Listening recently to a debate at the Cambridge Union, I was slightly surprised to hear the Duke of Northumberland refer to the war as having been "waged with a savagery unparalleled in history.

If a nobleman whose title and political ideas alike date from the Middle Ages is so little conversant with the facts of military history, it is to be presumed that many who cannot claim descent, even on the distaff side, from a long line of pugnacious barons, may be equally ignorant. Memories are short in England—which is one reason why no Englishman can understand the Irish—and the horrors and other circumstances of war have come to most with a shock of novelty. As a fact, in no department does history repeat itself with more depressing lack of originality than in war; and in the late war there was practically no novelty, except in the medical arrangements (and even those showed grimly medieval features in Mesopotamia) and in the scale of operations. Grenades, bombs and the machinery for throwing them were admittedly reversions; and shrapnel helmets can be seen in scores of early manuscripts. Inventors of "tanks" were as numerous in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as now; and even "gas" was anticipated by stick-bombs and by such devices as were employed at Maestricht in 1579, when the defenders rendered the Spanish mines untenable by filling them with smoke from burning faggots, driven in with the organ-bells from the church. It may be noted in passing that many of the Maestricht sappers were women—though none of them seem to have anticipated modern precedent by writing a book on their adventures; while at Haarlem there was a corps of women as fully organized for fighting as the famous Russian battalion.

Aeroplanes have the most obvious claims to be considered novelties, but the same fourteenth-century manuscript that contains the earliest picture of a cannon contains also a sketch of a method of bombing towns by means of kites. An even earlier example of aerial warfare, of a kind, was the exploit of King Germund, who burnt Cirencester by means of sparrows with lighted brands tied to their feet. It must have been the memory of this legendary exploit that led the sheriff of Essex in 1267 to collect all the cocks he could lay hands on to use in the same way for an attack on London, though Simon de Montfort does not seem to have adopted the ingenious suggestion.

There are a number of points in which, mutatis mutandis, extraordinarily close parallels to the Great War can be drawn from the sixteenth century. In
1554, when the French were ravaging round Brussels, burning the villages, capturing the men of wealth and destroying the harvest, they carefully refrained from entering Flanders for fear of war with England, as, by a treaty of 1542, the English were bound to help the Emperor if these provinces were invaded. Still more remarkable parallels occur in connection with the war between the Pope and the Emperor in 1556, of the responsibility for which the Pope declared: "Those accursed of God, who were seeking an opportunity, armed on the borders and increased their forces constantly, with the intention of doing what they have done. It is manifest to everybody, who will the war and who commenced it. They now talk of peace to put to sleep those who are interested in the matter and in the meanwhile to play their own game." In this campaign Cardinal Caraffa was appointed controller of grain and fats, which were found to be short; and we also hear that large numbers of "Knighthoods of the Lily" were distributed to merchants and others in return for gifts of corn. Even more familiar is the sound of the Venetian ambassador's remarks on the Pope's mercenary soldiers: "The Germans live according to their detestable custom," though it is an antichlimax to find that his only accusation against them is "eating meat every day without distinction."—instead of fasting like good Catholics; while of the Gascons he reports that they "do not cease from acts of larceny, stripping people of their cloaks, taking bread and wine by force, and choosing to be masters of the women." It was, however, a German army that forty years earlier had laid waste the Friuli, torturing and slaying, and at Mozana, by command of Count Christopher Frangipani—who bore more of Christ in his name than in his nature—had gouged out the eyes of a hundred innocent maidens and peasants.

In nothing, unhappily, does the history of war repeat itself with more unflagging regularity than in tales of cruelty and suffering. From the days when William the Conqueror so ravaged Yorkshire that the scanty survivors were fain to eat the bodies of the dead, to 1739, when the wars in Prussia had "turned Christians into cannibals" and General Arnehem reported that the boors of Brandenburg had killed and eaten a justice of the peace, the peoples writhe in the dust and the warriors ride over them—and ride unrebuked. At the banquet at which Edward III. decided to claim the throne of France, Sir John de Faukemont declared: "If the English king enters the district of Cambrai, I will go and set fire before him, and I will neither spare church nor altar, neither woman nor child that I can find, who shall will to grieve King Edward." And those who heard this bloodthirsty ruffian calmly observed, "Such a man is to be loved, who would increase the honour of his lord." So also the poet says of "gude Wallace" that when he had burned and harried all the English border he came home again

With his triumph with honour and great gloir, 
And great loving of ilk man, less and moir—
one of the exploits with which he is credited by some writers being the burning of a church full of schoolchildren.

Often the cruelty was a definite policy of frightfulness, as the French in 1389, when at war with Ghent, mutilated all their prisoners, gouging out their eyes and cutting off limbs, and sent them back to Ghent; or as that mirror of chivalry, the Black Prince, in 1355 ravaged the district round Narbonne, unscreened, for eight weeks, successfully terrifying many nobles into joining his party. But quite as often it was the savagery of revenge, as in the Black Prince's massacre at Limoges, where "was no pytrie taken of the poore people who wrought never no maner of treason, yet they bought it derer than the great personages, suche as had done the yvell and trespace." Terrible as it is the story of the German atrocities, there is nothing in it equal to the sack of St. Quentin in 1557, of Zutphen in 1572 or of Maestricht in 1579; and few incidents worse than the sacking of Badajos in the Peninsular War, of which the soldier historian, Hamilton, can only say that such things always have been and always will happen in similar cases—in which he echoes the words of another historian four hundred years earlier, recording the capture of Pontoise by the English in 1418, "where, according to the usual custom in conquered cities, they committed innumerable injuries."

No! Atrocities and frightfulness are no new things. What is new is the almost universal spirit of condemnation with which they are regarded, so that even their perpetrators are forced to disown them. Thanks to the press, the world at large has now supped full of the horrors of war which were formerly known only to the student of history; and we may hope that the time is coming when men will say that history shall not repeat itself on these lines ever again.

L. F. SALZMAN.

THE WINDS OF CARNE

Soft are the winds of Carne that fill the elms
On Lamarth height with sound of waveless seas,
Manaccan a near voice, till Silence whelmns
The silver fields, the hill of mysteries,
Her birthplace; of her realms the first and fairest these.

O voice, by my lull'd sense so breath'd on, so
Remembered, even as the rose-crimson there
In thy dark alley'd path; when shall I go
Thy way again? till the last shadow wear
My day of life to no darkness—if thee I hear,

One of tumultuous voices from the lawn
Of mirag'd harvest; gold in heaven appears
The sign of Ceres' virgin marriage, dawn
Chilling the seas. Are these her bright comperees
In sullen pageant drawn, with the unchielded years?

But not for Beauty's requiem dimmed these eyes
Looking for news of earth, when Love's last word
Fell like his earliest-spoken symphonies.
Fair Land! how near unbirthing I heard
That branch of paradise and nest of singing bird!

How fares the moon of Carne to-night, that fills
His glade with stars, his valley with sea-streams,
With ghoesty reapers all his harvest hills?
The tide is out, and on the shore messeems
A stumbling reaper spills the harvest of his dreams.

V. LOCKE ELLIS.
THE CRY IN THE WILDERNESS

ROUSSEAU AND ROMANTICISM. By Irving Babbitt. (Boston, Mass., Houghton, Mifflin; London, Constable. 17s. net.)

W e have, in this remarkable book by Professor Irving Babbitt, to deal with a closely argued and copiously documented indictment of the modern mind. We gather that "Rousseau and Romanticism" is but the latest of several books in which the author has gradually developed his theme; and we regret exceedingly that the preceding volumes have not fallen into our hands, because whatever may be our final attitude towards the author's conclusions, we cannot but regard "Rousseau and Romanticism" as masterly. Its style is, we admit, at times rather harsh and crabbed, but the critical thought which animates it is of a kind so rare that we are almost impelled to declare that it is the only book of criticism worthy the name which has appeared in English in the twentieth century.

By endeavouring to explain the justice of that verdict we shall more easily give an indication of the nature and scope of Professor Babbitt's achievement. We think that it would be easy to show that in the last generation—we will go no further back for the moment, though our author's indictment reaches at least a century earlier—criticism has imperceptibly adopted a way of thinking which we may call appreciation. The emphasis has been laid upon the uniqueness of the individual, and the unconscious or avowed aim of the modern "critic" has been to persuade us to understand, to sympathize with, and in the last resort to enter into the whole psychological process which culminated in the artistic creation of the author examined. And there modern criticism has stopped. There has been no indication that it was aware of the necessity of going further. Many influences went to shape the general conviction that mere presentation was the final function of criticism, but perhaps the chief of these was the curious contagion of a scientific age. The word "objectivity" had a great vogue; it was felt that the spiritual world was analogous to the physical; the critic was faced, like the man of science, with a mass of hard, irreducible facts, and his function was, like the scientist's, that of recording them as comprehensively as possible and without prejudice. The unconscious programme was, indeed, impossible of fulfilment. All facts may be of equal importance to the scientist, but they are not to the literary critic. He chose those which interested him most for the exercise of his talent for demonstration. But that choice was, as a general rule, the only specifically critical act which he performed, and, since it was usually unmotivated, it was difficult to attach even to that more than a "scientific" importance. Reasoned judgments of value were rigorously eschewed, and even though we may presume that the modern critic is at times vexed by the problem why (or whether) one work of art is better than another, when each seems perfectly expressive of the artist's intention, the preoccupation is seldom betrayed in the language of his appreciation. Tacitly and insensibly we have reached a point at which all works of art are equally good if they are equally expressive. What every artist seeks to express is his own unique consciousness, as between things unique there is no possibility of subordination or comparison.

That does not seem to us an unduly severe diagnosis of modern criticism, although it needs perhaps to be balanced by an acknowledgment that the impulse towards the penetration of an artist's consciousness is in itself salutary, as a valuable adjunct to the methods of criticism, provided that it is definitely subordinated to the final critical judgment, before which uniqueness is an impossible plea.

Such a diagnosis will no doubt be welcomed by those who belong to an older generation than that to which it is applied. But they should not rejoice prematurely. We require of them an answer to the question whether they were really in better case—whether they were not the fathers whose sins are visited upon the children. Professor Babbitt, at least, has no doubt of their responsibility. From his angle of approach we might take their ranks with a cross-fire of questions such as these: When you invoked the sanction of criticism were you more than merely destructive? When you riddled religion with your scientific objections, did you not forget that religion is something more, far more than a nexus of historical facts or a cosmogony? When you questioned everything in the name of truth and science, why did you not dream of asking whether the conclusions of men's minds were capax improrti in man's universe? What right had you to suppose that a man disarmed of tradition is stronger for his nakedness? Why did you not examine in the name of that same truth and science the moral nature of man, and see whether it was fit to bear the burden of intolerable knowledge which you put upon it? Why did you, the truth-seekers and the scientists, indulge yourselves in the most romantic dream of a natural man who followed instinctively the greatest good of the greatest number, which you yourselves never for one moment pursued? What hypocrisy or self-deception enabled you to clothe your statements of fact in a moral aura, and to blind yourselves and the world to the truth that you were killing a dragon and feeding the care of a portentous hydra, whom you benevolently loosed? Why did you not see that the end of all your devotion was to shift man's responsibility for himself from his shoulders? Do you, because you clothed yourselves in the shreds of a moral respectability which you had not the time (or was it the courage?) to analyse, dare to denounce us because our teeth are set on edge by the sour grapes which you enjoyed?

But this procès-verbal, it may be said by a modern critic, deals with morals, and we are discussing art and criticism. That the objection is conceivable is precisely the measure of our decadence. For the vital centre of our ethics is also the vital centre of our art. Moral nihilism inevitably involves an aesthetic nihilism which can be observed only temporarily by an insinuation upon technical perfection. Neither the art of religion nor the art of religion is an adequate statement of the possibilities and purpose of art, but there is no doubt that the religion of art is by far the more vacuous of the two. The values of literature, the standards by which it must be criticized and the scheme according to which it must be arranged, are in the last resort moral. The sense that they should be more moral than morality affords no excuse for accepting them when they are less so. Literature should be a kingdom where a stern morality, a more strenuous liberty prevail—where the artist may disgrace if he will with the ethics of the society in which he lives, but only on condition of revealing a deeper insight into the moral law to whose allegiance man, in so far as he is man and not a beast, inevitably tends. Never, we suppose, was an age in which art stood in greater need of the true law of decorum than this. Its philosophy has played it false. It has passed from the nebulous Hegelian adulation of the accomplished fact (though one would have thought that to a generation with even a vague memory of Aristotle's"Poetics;" "The Philosophy of History" would have been an evident danger signal) to an adulation of a science and of instinct. From one side comes the cry "Man is a beast;" from the other, "Trust your instincts." The sole manifest employment of reason is to overthrow itself. Yet it shall be, in conjunction with the imagination, the vital principle of control.

Professor Babbitt would have us back to Aristotle, or back to our senses, which is roughly the same thing. At
all events, it is certain that in Aristotle the present generation would find the beginnings of a remedy for that fatal confusion of categories which they would call the "reckon." It is the confusion between existence and value. That strange malady of the mind by which in the nineteenth century material progress was supposed to create, _ipso facto_, a concomitant moral progress, and which so plunged the world into catastrophe, has its counterpart in a literature of objective realism. One of the most admired of contemporary works of fiction opens with an infant's memory of a mackintosh sheet, pleasantly warmed with its own water; another, of almost equal popularity among the cultivated, is filled with such reminiscences of the heroine as the paste of bread with which she filled her decaying teeth while she ate her breakfast. Yet the young writers who first sat at the nest of an anarchic moral proponent of the present day consider Professor Babbitt's indictment of themselves and decide whether they have no sin:

"If I am to judge by myself," said an eighteenth-century Frenchman, "a man is a stupid animal." Man is not only a stupid animal, in spite of his conceit of his own cleverness, but we are here at the source of his stupidity. The source is the more evident, the Buddhists, with his almost infallible sagacity, defined long ago. In spite of the fact that his spiritual and, in the long run, his material success, hinge on his ethical effort, man persists in dodging this effort, in seeking to follow the line of least or lesser resistance. An energetic material working does not mend, but aggravate the failure to work ethnically, and is therefore especially stupid. Just this combination has in fact led to the crowning stupidity of the ages—the Great War. No more delusive spectacle has ever been witnessed than that of hundreds of millions of human beings using a vast machinery of scientific efficiency to turn life into a hell for one another. It is hard to avoid concluding that we are living in a world which has gone wrong on first principles, so that, in spite of all the warnings of the past, has allowed itself to be caught once more in the terrible naturalistic trap. The dissolution of civilisation with which we are threatened is likely to be worse than some romances of that century or those to come. More, indeed, the success which has been obtained in "perfecting the mystery of murder." Various traditional agencies are indeed still doing much to chain up the beast in man. Of these the chief is no doubt the Church. But the leadership of the Occident is no less a problem here. The leaders have succumbed in greater or less degree to naturalism, and so have been tampering with the moral law. That the brutal imperialist who brooks no obstacle to his lust for domination has been tampering with this law goes without saying, but the humanitarian, adrift with brotherhood and profoundly convinced of the loveliness of his own soul, has been tampering with it also, and in a more dangerous way, for the very reason that it is less obvious. This tampering with the moral law began at that moment when man conceived the idea that the veto power in man, has been largely a result, though not a necessary result, of the rupture with the traditional forms of wisdom. The Baconian naturalist repudiated the past because he wished to be more positive and critical, to plant himself on the facts. But the veto power is itself a fact—the weightiest with which man has to reckon. The Rousseauistic materialist threw off traditional control because he wished to be more imaginative. Yet without the veto power imagination fails to sheer anarchy. Both Baconian and Rousseauist were very impatient of any outer authority that seemed to stand between them and their own perceptions. Yet, the veto power is nothing abstract, nothing that one needs to take on hesitantly, but is very immediate. The naturalistic leaders may be proved wrong without going beyond their own principles, and their wrongness is of a kind to wreck communities.

We find it impossible to refuse our assent to the main counts of this indictment. The deanthropocentrized universe of science is not the universe in which man has to live. That universe is at once smaller and larger than the universe of science: smaller in material extent, larger in spiritual possibility. Therefore to allow the perspective of science seriously to influence, much less control, our human values, is an invitation to disaster. Humanism must reassess itself, for even we can see that Shakespeares are better than Hamlets. The reassessment of humanism involves the re-creation of a practical ideal of human life and conduct, and a strict subordination of the impulses of the individual to this ideal. There must now be a period of critical and humanistic positivism in regard to ethics and to art. We may say frankly that it is not to our elders that we think of applying for its rudiments. We regard them as no less misguided and a good deal less honest than ourselves. Of is among our anarchists that we shall look most hopefully for our new traditionalists, if only because, in literature at least, they are more keenly aware of the nature of the abyss on the brink of which they are trembling.

J. M. M.

DIPSYCHUS

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. By James Ingsley Osborne. (Constable: 8s. 6d. net.)

A CONSPICUOUS failure invites our attention until it is explained; after that it becomes instructive, and, quite properly, we tend to lose interest in it; for are not the tigers of wrath wiser than the horses of instruction? It may be surmised that Arthur Hugh Clough will continue for some time to come to provide a strong irritant of this nature. It is, with one certain and a few doubtful exceptions, his only claim to remembrance; his literary output, save for these, is interesting chiefly in its reference to the personal problem. The doubtful exceptions are the well-known lyrics—doubtful, for they are much more reflective than passionate, much more generally pathetic than individually poignant. The certain and very notable exception is the delectable "Bothie of Tober-na-Volich"; it is not the least of Clough's manifold contradictions that one of the most disastrously introspective of men should have written one of the most buoyant veined imaginatively in the language.

Introspection restores its sway in the next poem, with its misleadingly frivolous title, "Amours de Voyage"; and in "Dipsyclus" rages in all its destructive fury. At a length of some 1,500 lines Dipsyclus and the Spirit converse in their heavy yet jerky way, with lyrical interludes of slight merit. Dipsyclus has an itch—he names it a burning thirst—for action; he has, too, a notion that it is his duty to act; but, curiously enough, is obsessed by the impunity which, he conceives, must cling to anyone who stirs in a muddly world. The Spirit encourages him to action by diluting on the pleasantness of mud.

It is dreadful for a refined person to contemplate the necessity of losing his Virgin, and none the less dreadful for him because the dread is ridiculous. If, as in the case of Dipsyclus, he should have the misfortune to identify refinement with moral integrity, the absurdity verges on the tragic. But the hero of a tragic theme is the last person to handle it successfully as a work of art, until he has mastered the situation, or, at least, escaped from it. And in "Dipsyclus" we have Clough thinking aloud as he writes in the clutch of his particular fiend—not, to be sure, the Spirit who talks to Dipsyclus, and has so much more of the goose than of the devil in him.

Mr. Osborne deals acutely and searchingly with "Dipsyclus"; incidentally he disposed, though perhaps rather too concisely, of the claim of "Dipsyclus" to be the "English Faust." Of course, Clough borrowed from "Faust," and Mr. Osborne might have pointed out to what
extent he has spoiled in the borrowing: we refer particularly to the annoying Spirit, who answers to the name of Mephistophiles.

It is surprising that Mr. Osborne, having sought in "Dipsychus" for an answer to some of the perplexities that beset the study of Clough, should not have availed himself of the further, perhaps much fuller, self-revelation Clough has given us in "The Mystery of the Fall"; he does not, unless we are mistaken, even refer to this interesting fragment, which is pregnant with suggestion of Clough's later development. We are assuming that it was written after "Dipsychus." Waddington, in his monograph, is unable to date the poem; but internal evidence strongly suggests that it was written towards the end of Clough's life. In any case, it represents an approach to the problems of existence in a bolder spirit, a spirit less preoccupied with its immutability. Adam's curiously iterated admonition to Cain: "Be not over scrupulous, my son," is a comprehensive criticism of the pangs of Dipsychus: the treatment of the murder episode gives one a sense of three-dimensional solidity and freedom, compared with the plane, the mere surface-tension, on which Dipsychus skates so dreamily. The sex-problem, balefully implicit in the other poem, is attacked more directly here; and though still treated chiefly with the narrowest personal preoccupation, it has a braver and more human aspect.

Clough troubles us with his contradictions. He cast off deliberately and courageously so many trammels without winning freedom of spirit; he is so large and bold in intention, somehow so cramped in effect; he went so far, and failed so egregiously to get anywhere. The fact that the "Bottles" believes the above assertions only makes him a little more contradictory. And it is reasonable to ask, on being confronted with a new study of him, whether it brings us nearer to a solution of the problem he presents. Mr. Osborne has the problem in mind, and analyses his works and life with discrimination and acuteness with a view to answering it. The investigation has not, perhaps, been as thorough as it is clear-headed. He concludes that Clough had many elements of success: "a strong and steady will, the best of training and friends, and a wealth of good sense"; but that the training was not suited to Clough's particular temperament (at Rugby, Clough was exposed to the utmost intensity of Arnold's principles of influence): that he had, moreover, "a nervous system that had not simply not enough organized, not delicate enough, to delight and gloriously to succeed in creative effort"; that "a disproportionate share of the good sense rested on merely vicious experience"; and that "the determination was too contempt to remain determination, instead of removing the need for itself." While agreeing in the main with the first two counts, we may point out that the last states, but does not explain the real difficulty: why did his determination fail just where determination becomes effective, at the brink of action? That it was "content" to do so is presumably but a figure of speech, for there is little contentment in "Dipsychus." The inadequacy of his nervous organization for creative work accounts for his failures as a poet, but leaves the personal problem, which looms so hugely in his writings, unsolved. Perhaps it must remain so, unless some rare blend of the literary critic and the psychologist (preferably Freudian) should be attracted to the task of unravelling this tangled web of repressed complexes.

F. W. S.

Steps are being taken to provide reproductions in collotype, postcard size, of objects in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Fifty subjects are at present available, selected from the collections of Italian sculpture, ceramics, metalwork, textiles and woodwork. It is proposed to increase the number of subjects early in the spring, and to make additions to the series from time to time. The postcards are Id. each, and may be obtained at the Museum or through the post.

RESTFULNESS

Serenity: Essays and Reflections. By the author of "Peace of Mind." (Melrose. 4s. 6d. net.)

To that large class of people which is tormented by the desire to write, just to write, the rambling essay must provide the most convenient outlet. The desire to write, when it exists in the pure form, is unmixed with any desire to say anything that is pertinent to some other interest. The activity is a self-satisfying activity; the subject-matter is indifferent, since anything, it is found in practice, will start the pen on its course of tracing sentences on the page. One is reminded, in reading such essays, of the "associations" examined by the psycho-analysts. "Bottle—Gin—Alcoholism—Lower Classes—Labour Unrest," and behold, a quaint and amusing essay on "Bottles and Sociology." The great pre-requisite is to do as one is told to do in the thought-reading games at Christmas parties: "make your mind a complete blank." Then any object which swins within the field of a mind so prepared, a bluebottle, the leg of a chair, Jones' moustache, will start a train of associations which can be made into an essay. Such writers rely on what they call the charm of their personality to lure the reader through these meaningless mazes. Unfortunately it is only at these moments when one's own mind is a "complete blank" that one can succumb to the charm. There is another type of essay whose genesis is essentially the same, but where the point of departure is not chosen at random. The objects of discussion are chosen from the common store: Friendship, the Decline in Literary Taste, etc., subjects which, like lamp-posts, belong to the community as a whole. The reflections awakened by the object may also be common to the whole community; they may consist, in fact, of commonplace ideas. Such essays convey a feeling of restfulness. Their physical equivalent is a hammock on a warm summer afternoon; the function of both is the same—to make the passage from wakefulness to sleep pleasant and imperceptible.

The present collection of essays has all this drowsy charm. The hammock swings gently, one notices no cracking of the ropes, and presently, idyllically content, one lets the volume slip from one's nerveless fingers. Something of this soothing effect can be experienced from a short extract:

It is sometimes forgotten that the highest kind of criticism is constructive, creative. Like the mechanical, theoretical critic, the creative critic has his likes and dislikes; but whereas the former responds as a stage of a picture of the book, it goes without saying to certain critics that he has been taught and has accepted, the creative critic can, does, make the work he approves or condemns an opportunity for a statement of basic principles which the highest art has taught him. And so creative criticism, in its highest examples, is illuminating and educative, and has claims to be considered literature, whether it be the criticism of pictures or of books. Any other criticism is of value only in the elementary stages of art.

It can be seen that, as we read on, this pleasant murmur will become fainter and fainter, until at last we reach the condition which is perhaps the nearest approach to serenity this troubled age allows.

Lord Rosebery has presented to the British Museum two unique books of drawings. The one is a velum book of 30 leaves, of which 28 are covered on both sides with drawings in pen and ink made c. 1490 by an artist probably influenced by Mantegna, to whom the book was attributed by Francesco Novelli, who engraved the drawings in 1795. The technique suggests an engraver standing in a relation to Mantegna similar to that of Mocatto or Nicoletto da Modena. The other is a little oblong sketchbook by Nicolas Berghem filled with studies of animals in red and black chalk, with a few pages of landscape. Both books were discussed at some length in a scholarly article in the Times of February 17.
WHERE THERE IS NOTHING

THE STRONGEST. By Georges Clemenceau. (Eveloeigh Nash, 7s. net.)

TRUE happiness consists in giving rather than in receiving. Riches are useless without love, and those who acquire them suddenly often spend them ostentatiously. Jews are very rich and very cynical, and cannot be trusted owing to their Oriental origin. The poor, ground down by captains of industry, must not expect help from the Church, which has greatly deteriorated since the days of her Founder. Much the same is true about Art. Art should be simple, even in a woman's dress. Imagine if the masterpieces in the Louvre were overloaded with ornaments! Old age approaches despite powder and rouge. Then what is our duty? Not to be faint-hearted. Every cloud has a silver lining, and life will lead us back through suffering to love. The battle is indeed to the strongest, but "strength" does not necessarily mean "material strength," indeed, rather the contrary.

Not Martin Tupper, not Mrs. Markham, not even the late Lord Avebury, is taking the field. We are in unmedian valley. The sentence is at twenty, the shafts of the afternoon sun fall upon a little tea-table, but in the tremendous council chamber of one who has known the world, and shaken it to its foundations, and who is certain of his place in history. Unborn generations will remember the name of Georges Clemenceau, nor can his contemporaries pronounce it without awe. His immortality is assured, whether in paradise or in the infernal ice, and he won it by his own efforts, not by the complacency of circumstance. At the Last Judgment vast and solid is the material that such a man will provide. The triumph of France and the misery of Europe will be piled—into which scale we know not, but with the sound of thunder the opposing scale will kick the Heavenly Hosts stand attentive. But at the last moment one of the subordinate angels—she who looks after art—will come up with "The Strongest" and one or two other novels in her lap, and Michael will raise them to his starry forehead, rapidly to absorb their contents. He will apprehend the foregoing maxims and the following plot:

Henri au Grand Sérieux (the name is not printed thus, but Michael naturally knows characters by their real names)—Henri au Grand Sérieux, after a turbulent and aristocratic youth, falls in love with the wife of Monsieur Parvenu, his friend. That love is returned and a girl born, whom Parvenu, immersed in his commercial schemes, is deceived by the Doctor into accepting as his own, although at first he exclaimed "Impossible!" Madame Parvenu dies, and imagine the pathos of Grand Sérieux's position now! A father and a Frenchman, he has to watch his own daughter growing up in surroundings that he cannot approve, for it is terrible, the condition of the workpeople in Parvenu's paper factory, and his taste is bad and his ideals coarse, and worst of all, he destines his supposed child for a brilliant marriage which shall consolidate his position in society. Things come to a crisis with the arrival of the fascinating but corrupt Comtesse des Intrigues, whom Grand Sérieux has known in his unregenerate days and whom Parvenu hopes to wed. She interests herself in finding a mate for the Doctor and for the rich merchant, and is transferred to Paris and conducted with the heartlessness so characteristic of that capital. The countess is surrounded by her allies—Baron Cynico, the international financier, Quai d'Orsay, the gilded diplomat; Madame de Mimonde, the Abbé Tartuffe, and a host of others; and she leads the rout until the inexperienced girl is intoxicated. In vain does Grand Sérieux put forth his own candidate, an honourable Frenchman who has travelled in India, but seldom speaks. He is outmanoeuvred, and his daughter decides at the same moment that she will marry the diplomat and that strikes must be put down by force. She reaches these decisions against her better judgment, which she stills by injecting morphia, so that at the final scene she is a trifle dazed. That scene, like the rest of the book, does not repay quotation, but "I, not you, am her father" is its theme, and its concluding sentence is "Now I will live for forgiveness." The Archangel Michael, and tosses the volume into the appropriate scale. But while it lasts, we who have not the sense of eternal values, may with propriety ask ourselves another question. Was the volume written sincerely? Say "no," and nothing else need be said; the Tiger in 1898 was off his feed, so he turned out a novel. But say "yes," and some interesting considerations ensue. The great and successful statesman whose iron will has modified history is giving us his impressions of the world where he was so active. The book now becomes as precious as the Confessions of Aurelius or the poems of Frederick the Great. France, Clemenceau's lodestar, for whom he would have died, for whom he has urged millions to die; France, for whose sake he has outwitted humanitarians and capitalists, and ruined Europe—France is about to re-emerge from his ashes; the ends of the world are in question. One reads with an awe which seems to have sustained most critics to the end. But at last a new emotion asserts itself: boredom; France and its contents appear to be dead. Pinch the book where you will, and it does not move. Not only are the characters "dead" in the technical sense, being mere bundles of qualities, but the scenery, the social face of Paris, is also defunct, which is most surprising, considering the writer's career. He, to whom all sections of society must have been open, reads as if he had never been anywhere or seen anything. Compare his account of a costly evening party with Miss Daisy Ashford's, or, if this test be too severe, with anything out of Alphonse Daudet or Thackeray. His writing transmits neither vague rhetoric and clumsy satire are all that he achieves, until one cannot believe that Georges Clemenceau was ever invited to any evening party, costly or cheap. The chapters about the factory and the modiste's are equally extinct, and the pall is provided by the cloud of sentimental morality of which specimens have already been given, and which envelops the whole affair. Is it thus that he conceives our civilization?

The obvious reply is "No. He conceives it otherwise, as his actions prove. Do not make so much fuss. He happens not to be a good novelist, and there the mystery ends." But does it end? May not Clemenceau have correctly transcended his limitations, and his books and his life be one? Human nature is so eerie that the possibility must be contemplated. The Paris he sought for may be the Paris he depicts. The Justice he talks about may, like the Justice he writes about, be nothing but the moral perspiration that is incidental to an elderly man. His acts, like his art, may be built round a void, and if we could enter his mind, we might find in it only the feeblest image of the world that we love. Little is known about the psychology of "greatness," for, naturally impressed by the men who rule our fortunes, we adopt in all ranks a modest attitude towards them. We assume that a statesman who feels strongly about France feels a France that is fine, and that his sensations are more vivid than our own, although he may not be able to express them artistically. Yet hints to the contrary occur, and "The Strongest" confirms them. Its mediocrity is so complete as to suggest that Clemenceau sees our lovely and tragic earth as a half-lit picture where youths kill one another and emperors fall and boundaries are readjusted in terms of universal insipidity. All is relative, and of course his Germany is less valuable than his France. But is his France as valuable as one's own Germany? And at the last Judgment a strange miracle may occur.
"The Strongest," though thrown by an angelic hand, may fail to reach either pan of the scales for which it is destined. It will be too light, lighter than air; it will float in the final sand and be blown into the dunes of the sea. The deeds of the novelist, the blood and the tears that he caused, the victories that he won for his country—they will remain, and by them he will be judged and assigned to his appropriate eternity. But when the search is extended to the central sanctum where he says to himself, "I did this," and also "I am I," nothing may be found in it except a pinch of dust.

E. M. F.

FEEBLE-MINDED AND OTHERS

Psychology of the Normal and the Abnormal. By Henry Herbert Goddard, Ph.D. (Kegan Paul. 25s. net.)

Dr. Goddard's book mingles two different elements. On the one hand, it is a very excellent text-book for those who wish to know the most prevalent modern view with regard to thought, feeling and their physiological conditions; on the other hand, the book embodies Dr. Goddard's extensive experience of the feeble-minded, and uses this experience to throw light upon the mental processes of those who have not yet been convicted of feeble-mindedness. The writer is modern in all things. For example, he has two chapters on "Thot"—not, as we at first supposed, an Egyptian deity, but the American phonetic spelling of "thought," the spelling being presumably adopted to economize "thot."

The author places himself frankly at the standpoint of observation rather than introspection as the method of obtaining psychological data. He points out that so long as introspection is the method employed, it is necessary to begin the study of mind with an exceedingly complex and advanced instance, namely, the mind of the psychologist, whom by the method of external observation it is possible to adopt the procedure of every other science, and begin by studying the simplest cases. From this point of view, of course, the study of animal psychology should precede that of human beings, and the careful investigations which have been made of the amoeba's behaviour should be put at the basis of the science. In the study of specially human psychology, idiots and the feeble-minded have many advantages (as subjects) over people of normal intelligence, because their mental processes are simpler.

There is one respect in which Dr. Goddard does not go so far as some others of the school to which he belongs. He continues, that is to say, to speak of "consciousness." We find statements such as the following: "Just how consciousness results from nervous action—whether that action be in the cortex or elsewhere—is not known." So long as consciousness is not analysed to the point of being analysed away, there will remain an appearance of mystery in the supposed transition from neural to mental processes. The extrusion of "consciousness" as one of the fundamentals of psychology was begun by William James, and has been carried further by his successors, with great profit for the unification of science. But Dr. Goddard has, we feel, a certain desire to avoid whatever is still very startling and polemical, especially in the region of pure theory. To have adopted a revolutionary view of consciousness would no doubt have distracted his readers' attention from less doubtful matters which he is more anxious to emphasize.

Dr. Goddard is exceedingly interesting on the subject of the emotions, in regard to which he, in the main, follows Angelo Mosso, while taking full account of the epoch-making researches of Cannon. The nervous system is twofold, being divided into what is called the central nervous system and the sympathetic nervous system. Mosso's view, as quoted by Dr. Goddard, is that "the seat of the emotions lies in the sympathetic nervous system." Cannon and others have shown that the emotions are likewise intimately connected with the ductless glands, secretions from which appear to be the causes of rage and fear, and probably of many other emotions. Large extracts are quoted from Cannon's observations on the adrenal gland, and on the effects of its secretion, which is called adrenalin. The James-Lange theory of the emotions was a step towards such observations and theories. It is interesting to find that the part of it which was at the time most objected to, namely, the physiological causation of emotion, is the very part which has proved most solid. It is also interesting to find that, as regards physiological causation, it may be possible to make a real distinction between the emotional and cognitive parts of our mental life, since the former is connected, if Mosso is to be believed, with the sympathetic nervous system, while the latter finds its physiological antecedents in the central nervous system.

The other aspect of Dr. Goddard's book is his use of material derived from the feeble-minded. He regards feeble-mindedness as merely arrested development, and classifies the feeble-minded according to their "mental age." That is to say, he regards the mentality of a feeble-minded adult as essentially the same as that of a child, younger or older, according to the degree of feeble-mindedness. Above those who are technically classified as feeble-minded there is a very large class of persons called "morons," of less than the normal mentality, but yet able to cope with life in fairly easy circumstances. Various tests are given by which the degree of feeble-mindedness can be measured, and brought into relation with the development of normal mentality. It is shown that our mental capacity (as opposed to attainments) ought to increase up to about the age of twenty. But as we read a horrible suspicion grows upon us, just as it does when reading Swift's "Voyage among the Houyhnhmns." Just as there we began by regarding the Yahoos as quite distinct from ordinary human beings, and gradually find this belief being undermined, so Dr. Goddard allows us to suppose at first that the feeble-minded are a comparatively small section of the human race, while as we read we find that they grow gradually more and more numerous, until at last hardly anybody is excluded, except the directors of institutions and captains of industry. The present reviewer must confess to having many of the characteristics distinctive of the feeble-minded, such, for example, as forgetting the day of the month, and being incompetent in the manipulation of mechanical models. We gather (though this, of course, is not said explicitly) that a wage-earner must be feeble-minded, since otherwise he would have had enough skill to become a capitalist. It follows, of course, that the wage-earners ought to be willing to accept the guidance of the capitalists in all those higher questions of politics which they cannot hope to understand. We see in this suggestion a most hopeful line of inquiry, which no doubt our millionaires will perceive the wisdom of endowing.

Apart, however, from this very natural enthusiasm of the specialist, Dr. Goddard's book is to be highly recommended. Psychology in its highest reaches has hitherto been a matter of very few books, and Dr. Goddard's book is, we think, one of the very best and most readable. If we do not agree with his views, we feel the book has done us a great service in bringing this branch of science within the reach of a larger circle. We see in this the first step towards the unification of science in a large sense.

There is likely to be another increase in the price of new novels shortly, says the Booksman's Journal. The general price of new novels to-day is 7s., and this, it is stated, is insufficient, owing to the high cost of production. The new price may be 8s. or 9s. for the novel of average length.
**Through a Glass Darkly**

**REALITIES OF WAR.** By Philip Gibbs. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)

The war writing of Mr. Gibbs presents an interesting problem. He appears to be a reasonably sensitive observer, he has had exceptional opportunities for observing, and he writes with considerable fluency. Why, then, does his writing affect us so little? Why is it that when his narrative paddles in blood and viscera we feel so little horror, and that when he describes the heroic gaiety of the fighting man we listen, puzzled and without understanding? We are unmoved, as at the performance of a bad actor; the analogy is not a good one, however, for we feel no discrepancy between Mr. Gibbs’ intention and his achievement. His writing, which, while not particularly rich in clichés, does usually follow the line of least resistance, is nevertheless adequate, we feel, to what he has to say. It is in this direction that we find the solution of our problem. Mr. Gibbs’ style has no definite and unique outline; it is, as it were, a composite style, his voice has the indistinctness of the voice of a crowd. The style is adequate to his purpose because his sentiments have something of the same quality. They furnish, as it were, the Greatest Common Measure of the more intelligent opinion and the more decent feeling about the war. It is for this reason that Mr. Gibbs does not move us. He is at the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere; we have no shock either of heat or cold. It is doubtless for the same reason that he was so successful a war correspondent; his pictures were always within the focus of the average intelligence and imagination. But all this is now amongst our “et cetera.” We accept it as we accept the statement that Great Britain is an island. In each of Mr. Gibbs’ war books he seems to perform a fresh circumnavigation, and comes back with the information that—Great Britain is an island. We do not deny that Mr. Gibbs has been prominent amongst those who have given us our elementary education in these matters; we are prepared now, however, for a larger measure of the truth. Mr. Gibbs makes it clear that he intends to hide nothing of the truth in his present book. But as we read on we find nothing that is not perfectly familiar to us; on many points, indeed, we feel that Mr. Gibbs’ perception of reality, as revealed by the war, lags behind our own. How else are we to account for a passage such as the following?

My own belief is that the war was no proof against the Christian faith, but rather is a revelation that we are as desperately in need of the spirit of Christ as at any time in the history of mankind. But I think the clergy of all nations, apart from a heroic and saintly few, were discredited their faith, which is a gospel of charity, to national limitations . . . . The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Cologne, and the clergy who spoke from many pulpits, in many nations, under the Cross of Christ, still stoked up the fires of hatred, and urged the armies on fighting “in the cause of justice,” “for the defence of the Fatherland,” “for Christian righteousness,” to the bitter end. Those words are painful to write, but, as I am writing this book for truth’s sake, at all cost, I let them stand . . . .

“At all cost.” Surely this note of tragic resolution is a little unnecessary. That the clergy were as undistinguishingly “patriotic” as the purely worldly leaders of the people is surely a commonplace. Mr. Gibbs’ dismay points to an unattractive innocence that does not inspire confidence in his grasp of the “realities of the war.” We have supped full of worse horrors than this.

We suppose it is due to the same innocence that certain feelings are described in a way which seems to us—well, unnecessary.

The Commander-in-Chief read out a speech to us, thanking us for our services, which, he said, had helped him to victory, because we had heartened the troops and the people by our work. It was a recognition by the leader of our armies that, as chroniclers of war, we had been a spiritual force behind his arms. It was a reward for many mournful days, for much agony of spirit, for hours of danger—some of us had walked often in the ways of death—and for exhausting labours, which we did so that the world might know what British soldiers had been doing.

Mr. Gibbs is curiously averse to letting things be taken for granted, even when they are well within any reader’s imagination:

Curses and prayers surged up in my heart. How long was this to go on—this massacre of youth, this agony of men?

As an onlooker, I was overwhelmed by the full measure of all this tragic drama. The vastness of the horror appalled me. I went to my billet in an old monastery, and sat there in the darkness, my window glimmering with the faint glow of distant shell-flashes, and said, “O God, give us victory to-morrow, if that may help us to the end. O Christ, have pity on our boys!” Then to bed, without undressing.

I hated it all, with a cold hatred; and I went on hating it for years that seem a lifetime. I was not alone in that hatred, and other men had greater cause, though it was for their sake that I suffered most, as an observer of their drama of death . . . . As observers, we saw most of the grisly game.

Mr. Gibbs leaves us in no doubt as to his personal sensitiveness. Doubtless there were some who did not appreciate the tragedy of the war; it is evident that Mr. Gibbs was not one of these. And yet, as we have said, his narrative moves us but little. His descriptions of the initiation of the new armies, of the terrible winter of 1915, of the battles of the Somme, of the last great German assault, are all, in a curious way, vague. Specific incidents are described briskly enough; it is the accompanying reflections, the emotional nexus, which blurs the effect. Whether he is writing about a battle, a hospital, or a conversation in the trenches, we have the same odd expression of unreality, of inadequacy, of indistinctness. We cannot see the trees for the wood. Mr. Gibbs deals in massed effects, and uses a vocabulary of general terms, with the result that we are merely confused. He is like a poet who uses the poetic vocabulary and deals in “poetic” emotions. “Horror,” for instance, cannot be communicated, but only a particular emotion which may be horrible. Thus, in describing the despair which attacked some individuals during the battles of the Somme, Mr. Gibbs says this despair was “deep as the wells of human tragedy in many hearts,” a phrase which conveys nothing whatever.

But it is for his descriptions of actual “events” that Mr. Gibbs’ book will be read. There are plenty of these, both grave and gay, for, as he says, he wishes to illustrate all sides of the war. As a guide to the inner “events” of the war, those that happened in the minds and hearts of men, their hopes and their sufferings, we find Mr. Gibbs less satisfactory. But it is in these inner events that we find the realities of the war.

J. W. N. S.

**ANYTE**

“Why in the leafy Greenwood lone
Sit you, rustic Pan, and drone
On a dulcet resonant reed?”

“So that yonder cows may feed
Up the dewy mountain passes,
Gathering the feathered grasses.”

Flansdean Anthology, 231 (Didot).

**ISIDORUS /ÆGEATES**

This mound’s a grave; pull up your pair
Of oxen, you, and lift your shafts:—
The earth you turn is ashes; here
Scatter no seed, but shed a tear.

Palatine Anthology, vii. 289.

**MNASALCAS**

Where the low land is wet with salt sea sprays
We’ll stand, to gaze
Upon the close of Cyprus of the Sea,
The poplar-tree
Shading the fount, and russet halcyons dipping
Their bills, and sipping.

Palatine Anthology, ix. 333.

R. A. Furness.
DIVERSIONS OF A FOLK-LORIST

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY; AND OTHER LITERARY PIECES. By Sir James George Frazer. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

ONE of Browning's best-known passages celebrates the attraction of pieces of work done out of the usual vocation of the worker; and this would of itself recommend any volume of purely literary essays by the author of "The Golden Bough." Not, indeed, that Sir James Frazer has managed to keep anthropology and comparative religion out altogether. The "Biographical Sketches" which occupy just half the volume show the dyer's hand most. If the motto Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum " is not actually inscribed on the longest—that on Cowper—one reads it at least constantly between the lines. That on Robertson Smith is positively disappointing, for Sir James's personal reminiscences of that most interesting and many-sided scholar would have been much more welcome than fresh incantations of the undoubted fact that "sacramental conceptions are not confined to Christianity." The third paper, devoted to the Australian anthropologists Fison and Howitt, is lighter and more varied.

But there is nothing, even in this part of the book, that detracts from its general pleasantness; and the whole of the rest of its contents deserves to be called very pleasant indeed. To some of us the Latin dedication to Mr. Wiseman, "still more the Latin postscript Ad Libellum Suum," have and will have by no means the least pleasing effect. One may clear one's mind of all mere prejudice to the uttermost; but the fact remains that, for what may be widely called epigraphy, there is nothing like Latin. However, only three or four pages thus insult the pure modernist; and he may browse, unhindered by learned languages, on all the rest. The first sixty pages, generally headed "Sir Roger de Coverley," may perhaps require, to some very "pernickity" readers, a slight preparation. Neither in the initial "Visit to Coverley Hall"—a supposed reconstitution of Sir Roger's home as it appears to-day—nor in the following pseudo-quaint or literary papers, does the writer make the least attempt to write in the manner of his model. It is Washington Irving, and good Washington Irving. And if the others have any, it is certainly not the famous paper with which Henry Esmond half deceived Beatrix. They are all very good reading, especially Sir Roger's visit to Bentley (though hypercritics may object that that formidable Master, though he used to act in tyrant's vein, spoke and wrote rather in a bantering vernacular) and his rescue of a woman from the Mohocks. "Much might be said on both sides" as to Sir James's version of the Perseus story, under the title of "The Quest of the Gorgon's Head." So distinguished a folklorist ought to know the good points of a good story; and there are few better stories than this. Perhaps he should take the judgment of some reader who does not know either Ovid or William Morris; for here Perseus has no wings and no Andromeda, and the fates of Atlas, Phineus and Polydectes jointly furnish forth the death of the last-named only. But "unobtrusive, unmissed."

The "Miscellaneous" at the end of the volume include, among other things, some verse: a translation of Mérimée's little masterpiece "The Taking of the Redoubt"; and a noteworthy "Contrast of Italy and Modern Greece," in which the lamentable breach of continuity in the Greek case, caused by the absence of any worthy memorials of medieval and earlier modern existence, is strikingly brought out, though perhaps Sir James's condemnation of the Byzantines might have been a little relieved by mentioning what they did for the novel.

Last of all comes a group of the shortest, but not the least interesting papers of all. "My Old Study" is a record—happier in prose than Tennyson's much laughed-at and soon cancelled rapture in verse—of that curious affection for a "room" in which one has thought and felt and dreamed. "A Dream of Cambridge" announces itself, and justifies the announcement; while "Life's Fitful Fever" and "Beyond the Shadows" are two little passages of what one may perhaps, without offence, call agnostic bibliolatry, which are at least not too far below Newman's famous avowal of homesickness on the same subject.

It is a great thing to say that the attraction of the book is enough to make us forgive one appalling statement—that "the memory of John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, even if its frigid conceits and harsh numbers of his verses were forgotten, would live in the book and the book in us." For I think that this year we can not be angry—only sad. That pure fire should seem cold, and pure nectar harsh, to a deserving human fellow-creature is very sad; but, after all, it is no such uncommon experience.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

JAPANESE NAMES

JAPANESE NAMES AND HOW TO READ THEM: A MANUAL FOR ART COLLECTORS AND STUDENTS. By Albert J. Koop and Higotaro Inada. Part I. (Eastern Press. 6s. complete.)

The Chinese say "a good critic does not look at seals and signatures till he has examined every other part of the picture; a great critic will have no need to look at seals and signatures at all." But the Western study of Far Eastern art has not yet reached a stage where it can dispense with subsidiary clues. Signatures have at any rate a historical value. A painting that bears a third-rate nineteenth-century artist's name is not likely to be of earlier date. In the case of European works of art such questions only arise in connection with deliberate forgeries: critics do not in general discuss whether a picture belongs to the eight or fifteenth century. Very few disputations are there of the kind of "signa-

nisseurs." Frequently paintings, Japanese or Chinese, which have been sold as originals, are found to be actually labelled and inscribed as late copies.

Against these and other impositions the collector (where instinct fails) must arm himself by a study of native writing; and for the deciphering of Japanese inscriptions no better aid than "Japanese Names" could possibly have been devised.

The dictionary of "characters used in names" (which forms the central feature of the book) is arranged on a novel plan, designed (we quote the author's Preface) to make reference to them a matter of the utmost ease and dispatch. Many other new and original features distinguish the work, among which may be mentioned the giving of the "Kanji" or Japanese "General Names," the handy lists of Japanese characters and dates, and the articles on the formation of Personal Names and Titles, particularly the "ninari" and "zoka miko." The beginner is specially catered for in a chapter on Typical Signatures and a list of the commoner characters with their chief readings in names, dates and the like.

In many ways it is more difficult to read Japanese than Chinese. In the case of each character it must be decided whether it is to be read with its native Japanese pronunciation or in the Sinico-Japanese way, i.e., as a Chinese loan-word; and if as a loan-word, which of the three Sinico-Japanese readings is to be preferred?

It will be seen that the meaning of a Japanese sentence may be understood by one who could neither read it correctly out loud nor properly transcribe the personal and place-names occurring in it. But Japanese poetry abounds in proper names, using them decoratively as the Greeks did; and it cannot be read with pleasure, or even scanned properly, unless the collector is prepared to know the value of this book to students of Japanese literature.

As for the collector—it may not be true that "collecting" is (as has been suggested) the last resource of feeble intelligences; but the authors have taken especial pains to convey their information in the easiest manner possible. Henceforward many who have regarded the deciphering of Japanese inscriptions as a kind of miracle will have less respect for the thumaturge.

A. D. W.
MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE

THE DEATH OF MAURICE. By Barry Pain. (Skeffington. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE ANCIENT ALLAN. By H. Rider Haggard. (Cassell. 8s. 6d. net.)

I

n the publishers' announcement which accompanies "The Death of Maurice" there is a suggestion that the reader may well be surprised to find that a humorist is capable of writing a really well-designed and cleverly worked-out mystery novel. But we should have thought that humorous writing depended almost entirely for its success upon the author's sense of design, and his ability to give adequate expansion of all with whom he cannot afford to leave anything en l'air, anything to the imagination, for it is not to the imagination that he makes his appeal, but to the reader's sense of fancy and delight in invention. With all due respect we might liken him in the world of letters to the music-hall artist in the theatrical world, whose performances appear to be spontaneous, accidental almost, whereas there is not an action, movement, glance which is unrelated to the expert whole. "The Death of Maurice" is a very good example of the high level of Mr. Barry Pain's technical accomplishment. From the opening chapter it might almost be said to "play itself," so easy and sure is the author's touch, and yet he has guarded against monotony by giving us a great deal more of real characterisation than is usual in light stories. Who killed Maurice Carteret is never a tragic question; it is not even a startling one. A moment or two after his death, his friend, while he waited for the man-servant to fetch the police, heard, beyond the garden, someone playing the flute—a fragment of "Solveig's Song." It was a still, clear night. Maurice lay dead on the garden path, and then there came the sound of the flute. Who killed Maurice Carteret? Who could it be playing the flute? It is not that these questions seem to fall hard on one another in the mind of the reader; but they seem to be of precisely equal importance and interest. They suggest that there is, in either case, a little problem to be solved, and, if you are sufficiently interested in human nature to care to study the widely different reactions of a certain circle of people to either of these questions... "come with me, dear reader," says Mr. Barry Pain.

Thus, very cleverly, the author keeps us in two minds. While we accompany him on his search he presents each character in so intriguing a way that we forget what we are after until, the moment our curiosity is fully roused, we are made aware that, after all, our real business is to find the murderer. Is the murderer ever really found? And who was it, finally, who played the flute? Some readers will find a perfectly satisfactory answer to both these questions, but others will be left wondering.

"The Ancient Allan," Sir Rider Haggard's new novel, is a far simpler variety of the pastime novel. It opens on a familiar note:

Now I, Allan Quatermain, come to the weirdest (with one or two exceptions perhaps) of all the experiences which it has amused me to employ my idle hours in recording here in a strange land, for after all England is strange to me.

This is the kind of thing to settle down to when the destination is Devonshire, if it is not Cornwall; but, alas! it needs—it dreadfully needs—the flying interruptions outside the carriage window—the mysterious interruptions of people's sandwiches—the indignant emotion aroused by the tea-basket, and the blissful sight of the train making a great tcplop round the blue edge of the sea—to enable us to swallow such a very dusty dose of ancient Egypt.

There is battle, murder and sudden death, wheels within chariot wheels, villains and heroes and black slaves, who in their land were kings; here is the mighty battle with the crocodile, the torture of the boat—all the ingredients that once upon a time, only to get a whiff of, knew us hungry. But nowadays, to read of how one was placed in an open boat and another boat put on top, so that only the head and hands remained outside—to be launched on a river and allowed to linger—awakes no response in us at all.

K. M.

A PARTY

UNCLE LIONEL. By S. P. B. Mais. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

H

as it ever happened to the reader to be ushered into a room where there are a large number of persons who know one another so well, so incredibly well, who are upon such charming, familiar terms that he would imagine they had been at one golden time all babies together in a common nursery, leaping about in the firelight while good Nanny prepared their baths? It is not the most comfortable experience for the stranger. Man may be an adaptable creature, but to slough off a skin, acquire a protective colouring, equip himself with a hood and sling or velvet paws, is not an affair of five minutes. The only possible adjustment in the circumstances is to adopt an air of keen animation and plunge—listening, taking in all, turning it all inside out. The reader to whom this has happened will remember, perhaps, how he smiled until he felt himself in yellow stockings cross-gartered; how, finally, he was conscious of that air of animation withdrawing from him, beam by beam, until it set in his bosom like a declining sun.

"Uncle Lionel!" puts us in mind of this experience, but with the difference that this time we are buttonholed by the person who really does know more about everybody else than they could know about themselves, though he is for ever telling us in the same breath that this world is not his world any more than it is ours. This estrangement is valuable because it frees him from the necessity of explaining why. These are the facts of their affection to which you please—and if you must have a Kaiser to hang, there is always the modern spirit lurking over there in the corner and calling the tune.

So we find ourselves in the midst of Patricia and Michael and Joan and Renton and Phyllis and Wreford and Helene and Trefusis, and where they met each other or how long they have known each other we cannot make out. Suffice it that they are all talking at once and squabbling and going off with one another, and falling in and out of love for no earthly reason we can discover. There is no plan, and Michael and Patricia are only more prominent than the others because they are more extravagant. Who is Patricia?—A collection of ugly, shrewish, slangy remarks delivered at Michael, who adores her, and has the habit of disappearing—to be discovered by Uncle Lionel in surroundings that are of a decidedly Russian blend. But they have no more body or soul than the rest of their "set." Again we find ourselves wondering at the author's patience—nay, it is more than that—at the ease with which he can amuse himself, for that he is roundly, soundly amused from cover to cover is plain to see. For him there are still traces of dew upon the old story of innocent little Phyllis taken to Brighton by the villain, only to find out at the last possible moment that his bedroom key is the same as her bedroom key. It is sorry fun to watch Mr. Mais gathering thisショップ with old and new and putting it in his pages. But we should have been prepared by the remark of a minor heroine a little earlier:

"Helene," snotred Beatrice, "do preserve some sense of decency."

"But I shall. We've threshed it all out. We're going to have strings and strings of babies..."

It is a nice question which of these two emotional moments is the more faded.

But come, let us slip away. The party is still going on. The party is going on for ever; but so, thank God, are the sky and the moving sea.

K. M.
MARGINALIA

O

f all the peculiar phenomena observable in recent French literature the plays of M. François de Curel are probably the most peculiar. M. de Curel, who in private life is a millionaire and a mighty hunter of wild boars, first loomed on the dramatic horizon in the nineties of last century. Since then he has proceeded from triumph to triumph, until now he has his place on the repertory of the Comédie Française and his name is in the Academy. But his success is not merely one of academic esteem. M. de Curel is popular. In Paris, a week or two ago, no fewer than three of his pieces were being given simultaneously. “La Nouvelle Idole” was playing at the Comédie Française; “La Fille Sauvage” had been revived at one of the theatres on the Boulevards, and a new piece, “L’Amé en Folie,” was drawing unprecedented crowds to the Théâtre des Arts.

What is the secret of this drama which enraptures equally the professors and the great public? We ask in some bewilderment, and, like an oracle, a voice out of the past replies:

The first that broke silence was good old Ben, prepared before with Canary wine.

And he told them plainly he deserved the bays,

For his were called works, where others were but plays.

M. de Curel’s secret is revealed: “His were called works, where others were but plays.” One had only to listen to the remarks of the audience in the ent’actes of “L’Amé en Folie” to be made certain that this was the correct answer. “C’est bien, n’est-ce pas? Ça vous fait penser,” M. de Curel makes you think; that is why he is in the Academy.

M. de Curel has been wittily described as an “aristocrat autodacte”; and on reading or seeing one of his plays one does distinctly get the impression of a man who has suddenly found out that there exists a world of ideas and is intoxicated by his discovery. Like those Sunday speakers in Hyde Park who tell one such wonderful things about Hebrew and Herbert Spencer, M. de Curel is chiefly preoccupied by the conflict between science and religion. In endless dialogues, in set speeches of prodigious length and couched in Swellingly noble language, he thrashes out the Problems of the Universe, “Ca vous fait penser!”

The audience listens earnestly. At the most sublime moments people feel as though they were in church. The plays—no, we apologize, the works—of M. de Curel are the Parisian’s substitute for Sunday service. Everybody is satisﬁed: the actors feel themselves honoured and uplifted at having been made the mouthpieces of Thought; the public is equally proud and pleased at being taken seriously by a Thinker and at being able to understand every word he says.

Let us look at “L’Amé en Folie,” M. de Curel’s last work. The hero and principal mouthpiece of Thought is a rough and rugged country gentleman living in complete seclusion on the fringes of a vast forest. He divides his time between country sports and meditation. His wife is a good simple soul, incapable of following her husband’s mental flights, content with her housekeeping and her religion. Their sylvan quietude is disturbed by the arrival of an actress niece, the budding Bernhardt of the day, and a young dramatist of genius. The niece has fled from Paris in order to escape from the dramatist; the dramatist, who is in love, pursues. Now comes the hero’s opportunity; he begins to talk, at immense length, about love. Period after period of eloquence rolls forth. Love is fundamentally a physical passion. Horrifying discovery! Darwin tells us that we are related to the animals. The conduct of the niece and the dramatist may be precisely paralleled by the conduct of the hinds and stags of the autumnal forest. Nature drives them irresistibly together. The niece, it seems, has Platonie feelings towards a middle-aged man of genius; she doesn’t want to yield to the dramatist. But nature will be too strong, she won’t be able to help it. And sure enough the hero’s prophecy comes true; nature is too strong, she can’t help it, and in the end they go back to Paris together. Meanwhile the huge and formidable Venus of Lucretius has even assailed the hero’s wife. Without being in love with the young dramatist, she feels violently attracted towards him. But the hero had foreseen it all, and pursues his stag-on-the-mountain analogies unperturbed. However, the play could not be allowed to finish on this low Darwinian level. And so, in the last act, M. de Curel gives his plot a slight tilt upwards and the arguments suddenly shoot off into higher, mystical realms. The wife, whose âme we had left very much en folie, succumbs to heart failure. But she takes half-an-hour to die—time enough for a new and unexpected mouthpiece to take up the thread of the argument. A skeleton, illuminated by green light, appears before the dying woman’s eyes, and in a blood-curdling stage whisper imparts to her the revelation of a higher truth than ever her husband, with his deplorable stag-complex, has guessed at. We human beings are nearer to the angel than to the stag. For there are angels, there is a soul and a future life. The mad soul recovers its sobriety in time to take wing towards the better worlds of the skeleton’s revelation. And the curtain comes down upon tumultuous applause.

We do not remember ever having witnessed a more fantastic entertainment. For all its oddities, however, it was extremely enjoyable. For there was something so sincere about the whole thing, the mouthpieces methoded in such simple good faith, that we were completely conquered. M. de Curel obviously believes with passion in his Great Thoughts. His faith is infectious; that is why he “makes you think” and why his plays succeed.

As plays they are grotesque. There probably never was a successful dramatist so totally incapable of constructing a play. Most of his works exist in two version, an original and a revised, and his incapacity is proved by the fact that the revisions are quite as unstitched as the first drafts. M. de Curel has enough lack of cleverness to make it possible to believe him a great man.

M. Cocteau, on the other hand, has so much cleverness that we can be perfectly certain that he is not a great man. His new play, “Le Bouc sur le Toit,” which is to appear at the Théâtre Femina, promises to be the usual mixture of the amusing and the tiresome which we have learned to expect from him and from the members of his school. The principal rôles in “Le Bouc sur le Toit” are to be played by the three Italian clowns who act under the name of the Fratellini. At the Cirque Medrano, the original home of our exquisite Grock, the Fratellini are admirable. Will they, we wonder, retain their charm in the surroundings of extreme sophistication and of “snobisme” into which M. Cocteau is introducing them? M. Cocteau further intends to produce a version of “Romeo and Juliet,” entirely revised by himself, with, we suppose, the Fratellini playing the principal parts.

It is a nice point to decide whether this should be more amusing than tiresome or more tiresome than amusing.

AUTOLYCUS.

The remaining works of Walter Crane, who died about four years ago, will be exhibited at Messrs. Bromhead & Cutts’s art galleries in Cork Street, during April and May. The exhibition will include about 150 pictures in oils and tempera and a number of drawings; among them will be a highly finished picture in tempera of “The Sleeping Beauty,” and Crane’s last work, which shows St. George attacking the combined monsters typical of Germany and Austria.
OXFORD NOTES

On Tuesday next the final stage of the Statute for the reform of Responsions is taken. The opponents of the Statute have seen fit to summon the non-resident members of Convocation to a meeting of Emergency. Though they have issued a moderately worded manifesto to members of Convocation presenting their case. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of these documents is the fact that, whereas of the 179 members who have lent the support of their name to the Statute almost all are actively engaged in teaching in the University, and are in touch with the students, at a time when Greek has ceased to form part of the normal curriculum even at the large public schools. If they do not have to prepare the best men go increasing numbers to a University which has adjusted its curriculum to that of the schools. Those who do not wish that contemporary to come to Oxford to support the Statute on Tuesday, at 2 o'clock.

It is possible that some may not think it important to record their votes, since the signatories of the opposition manifesto have pledged themselves to press for the introduction at the earliest possible date of a Statute which will give relief to passmen and honours students as well as to the academic teaching-staff, to retain Greek as a compulsory subject for the first part of the mathematics, and to make the students and pass-men at a time when Greek has ceased to form part of the normal curriculum even at the large public schools. If they do not have to prepare the best men go increasing numbers to a University which has adjusted its curriculum to that of the schools. Those who do not wish that contemporary to come to Oxford to support the Statute on Tuesday, at 2 o'clock.

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Michael MacDonagh: Mr. Forrest Reid's new novel, "Pirates of the Spring," and "Eight Short Stories," by Mr. Lennox Robinson. The selection of a professor of Queen's University, Belfast, to write a history of the rise and growth of Sinn Fein, was an experiment worth making. I shall be surprised if 'The Evolution of Sinn Fein' does not attract some attention in England. The book is just what one would not expect from North-East Ulster, and what one could not expect from any shade of Nationalist south of the Boyne.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The chief interest of Messrs. Sotheby's sale on the 4th and 5th of March is as much literary as bibliographical, being a number of rare and valuable books from various libraries. One of them is the copy of "The Life of Sir Daniel (Garrick's Myrrour of the Theatre)," which was originally purchased by Lord Bannatyne; and one of the most interesting is the 1767 copy of "The Travels of Robinson Crusoe," which has been in the library of Sir Charles Dickens. The sale also includes a number of rare and valuable books from various libraries.


THE early history of the plant groups which now cover the world with vegetation is the province of a science but little known to the general public, namely, Paleobotany, or Fossil Botany. To many the subject might seem drearily dry, the impressions of fern-like leaves broken and fractured on the shales and limestones appearing to be of less interest than the dried specimens in a herbarium. Nevertheless, the trained scientist has, from material often fragmentary, reconstructed the history of many of the most important plant groups of to-day in such a way as to throw a flood of light on their distribution and origin. Furthermore, the material on which he works is sometimes much less obscure and fragmentary than it at first appears. Owing to the subtleties of chemical deposition, the cell-walls even of the finer tissues of plants are often replaced by permeating mineral matter, silica or carbonates of various sorts. The plant is thus embalmed in stone, when thin slices of it reveal its microscopic structure and hence its affinities. Extinct forms thus come to light, and details of their cell structure can be studied almost as completely as those of living material handled to-day in a laboratory. And what is quite as interesting as the extinct forms, it is found that species the same as or closely allied to those now living are discovered in places remote from those which they to-day inhabit. For instance, the unique genus Cryptomeria, to-day only endemic in Japan, was in the Tertiary epoch an inhabitant of Europe, and the world-famed Ginkgo, now native only in the Far East, in the Mesozoic epoch lived all over Europe and has been found far north in Scotland in considerable abundance; while Araucaria, the typical Australian form, was one of the most prolific and widespread of the plant genera forming the Upper Mesozoic and Tertiary vegetations of these islands.

Problems of distribution in space, the wanderings of plants and animals, derive their best and most reliable data from the palaeontological records. It is important, therefore, for all who are interested in the wider problems of evolution, as well as for those who study in particular botany and geology, to have available a reliable text-book of the science of Paleobotany. Such a text-book is afforded by Professor Seward's "Fossil Plants," which, begun many years ago, has now reached its fourth and final volume.

The present volume deals with the Ginkgoales and the horsetails, Gnernosperms. In the book are the descriptions of all reputable species and genera, some few of them new, but in a text-book covering the whole science most of the data naturally are based on facts already presented in various memoirs in many languages. The advantage of having even a short précis of all this scattered information brought together is very great, and the fact that a volume of this size is required to deal even so briefly in each instance with what is known of the fossil Gninomospermas alone is an indication of the extent of the material for the expert student.

Sometimes the material is in the form of foliage impressions which are often very difficult to identify satisfactorily, owing to the tendency which isolated species of one family may have to mimic another and
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February 27, 1920

quite remote species. Some things, however, like the seed scales of the Araucaria, are unmistakable. The best remains of the fossils of these groups are portions which have been permeated by mineral and of which the cell tissues are destroyed. These three greater bulk are woods, and the detailed study of petrified wood is a highly technical branch of science, which is well handled in this volume.

Some of the illustrations give a hint of the marvellous perfection of the petrifactions, but for the general public more might have been made of the illustrations. They suffice, however, for the expert, who, knowing the beauty of the material available, is content with illustrations of specific details.

For the help of those who would study the subject still further the volume contains a comprehensive list of the literature, with references to nearly all memoirs of any importance bearing on fossil Gymnosperms of every age.

The flora of the world to-day consists very largely of flowering plants, and in our modern landscape these bulk preponderantly. It may seem strange, therefore, that the early history of vegetation, which these four volumes completed by Professor Seward give us, is concluded without any reference to the flowering plants. The reason for this is that though the flowering plants, like man himself, are comparatively recent denizens of this world, their fossil records are very incomplete. Flowering plants only become conspicuous as fossils in the Middle Cretaceous, and are most numerous in the Upper Cretaceous and Tertiary, deposits in which it chances that well-preserved and favourable material is rare. The identifications of the fragmentary dicotyledonous leaves which are very numerous a'lord but problematical results. Professor Seward has therefore decided to complete his text-book, which is based on comparatively recent investigations, by this great field of exploration into the early history of the Angiosperms. One cannot wonder at it, although one greatly regrets that the world is still without a general account of the history of flowering plants, which would be most useful from several points of view.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—February 12.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.


BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.—February 16.—Mr. Falconer Madan, President, in the chair.

Dr. Henry Thomas read a paper on "The Output of Spanish Books in the Sixteenth Century." He pointed out that Spain was at the beginning of the period not yet a political whole and that five languages (including Latin) were catered for by the book-trade in the Iberian Peninsula. The strong regionalism which survives in Spain to this day has led, in the production of a number of local bibliographies, which form some kind of basis for estimates of output, while the ancient kingdoms of Castile and Aragon may be taken as convenient divisions. In Castile, Madrid, Alcalá de Henares and Seville head the list with over 750 books each; probably Seville should really rank above Madrid, where printing did not start until 1566. Salamanca (about 700 editions, with a large proportion of theology) comes next; then, at a great interval, Valladolid and Logroño. The number of books attributed to Granada was 360. Of the output of the chief centres the British Museum possesses from 25 to 30 per cent., a very good average. The grand total for Castile was estimated by the lecturer at upwards of 5,000 editions. In Aragon, Barcelona (350 books, 360 in Valencia, and Barcelona (650) are the outstanding centres, the grand total being about 2,500. Allowing for omissions and lost editions, the probable figure for all Spain is about 10,000. To these Portugal adds about 200, Sardinia and other islands about 250 Spanish editions, Italy another 200, Antwerp and the Netherlands about 300, France about 600, the number of books printed abroad being far greater in the case of Spanish than in that of any other language. The quality of Spanish printing remained high until about 1525. The paper was followed by an animated discussion.

GEOLOGICAL.—February 4.—Mr. G. W. Lamplugh, President, in the chair.

Mr. F. Alleyne Marr and the Rev. Benjamin Oriel were elected Fellows.

The following communication was read:—"Geological Sections through the Andes of Peru," by H. II. Swift and J. H. Mollendo to the Inambari River," by Mr. J. Archibald Douglas. The paper gave a description of a geological section across the Andes of Southern Peru, from the port of Mollendo to the Inambari river. From the Memoirs of the Society. Mr. J. W. Evans, Professor G. S. Boulger, Mr. W. Campbell Smith and Professor W. J. Solas took part in the discussion of the paper.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—February 12.—Col. Crotty Lyons, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. G. S. Crawford exhibited a collection of flint implements and Bronze Age and other antiquities. These included a peahole from high ground between the Emborone and Kennett valleys, a stone Celt which might be assigned to the Dolmen period, and some comments on the latter. The discussion of the bronze barrow. Among the Bronze Age antiquities were a bronze dagger, some celts, a razor, and the remains of a bowl, possibly used as a water-clock. Mr. Crawford also exhibited a bronze surgical instrument of Roman date and some finds of early Christian. February 19.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

The Rev. F. H. Hodgson exhibited the silver chalice and paten belonging to Clifford Chambers Church, Gloucestershire, both of which were bore the London date-letter for 1491.

Mr. R. A. Smith described two bracelets of the Bronze Age from Cornwall, exhibited by Mr. G. Penrose on behalf of the Royal Institution of Cornwall. The bracelets, which would appear to belong to the first period of the Bronte Age, are ornamented with incised markings, done after casting. No exact parallel to them has so far been noticed.

Mr. Somers Clarke communicated a paper on the excavations at Sharps Lane, which were brought to light mainly in the early Moslem occupation of Cairo, including house-plans of a type different from that usual in the Moslem East. He also drew attention to the danger to which the remains at Fostat and the tombs of the Caliphs were liable, owing to town planning schemes.

ZOOLOGICAL.—February 10.—Prof. E. W. MacBride, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. R. I. Pocock read a report on the additions to the Society's menagerie during November and December, 1919.—Mr. A. J. Elwes recorded a letter received from the collections of the British Museum in Yellowstone Park.—Mr. D. Seth-Smith read a letter from Messrs. Tullis, Russell & Co., drawing attention to an interesting case of response of sparrow to colour.—Mr. R. I. Pocock exhibited and made remarks on two photographs of a Chinese serow (Capreolus argyrochetos).

Mr. E. G. Boulenger, Curator of Reptiles, exhibited living specimens of a remarkable new land-tortoise, Testudo levisjecta recently discovered by Dr. G. H. Evans, of the British Museum, of the Eocene period, of Dodoma, East Africa, and described by Dr. G. A. Boulenger. This tortoise differs from all previously described land-tortoises in the carapace being quite flat, in the so-called "shell" being perfectly soft, and in the complete absence of ribs, costal, and neural bony plates. Mr. Boulenger stated that quite young examples differed from the specimens exhibited, their carapace being dome-shaped and possessing ribs and all other bones present in previously described tortoises. In reference to its habits, it was stated that the animal, having been deprived of the protection of a bony "shell," had taken to living much after the manner of a lizard, inhabiting holes in the rocks, and that, according to a report brought by a local inhabitant, was caught in the ground whilst feeding. He mentioned that tortoises of this type are common at all levels, owing to its habit of distending itself, and thereby wedging itself firmly in the rock-cavity.

Mr. F. Martin exhibited some remarkable micrographs of Acari from the lungs of Macacus rhesus, illustrating the larval, nymph, and adult stage of the Acari. He stated that both young and adult Rhesus monkeys appeared to be infected, but so far as his observations had gone, the presence of the mites in the human host in no case had been the cause of death.—Mr. H. R. Burne exhibited some skeletons of feral mammals prepared by taphodous, and drew attention to the possible advantage of such a method over the laborious preparation by hand.—Dr. F. S. Sowerby exhibited and made remarks on a series of blackboard drawings and lantern-slides illustrating several unusual features in the peritoneum of a raccoon.

Mr. H. H. R. Hogg read a paper entitled "On Some Australian Opinions," and pointed out that the genera and species described belonged to the suborders Palpatores and Laniatores.—Dr. C. F. Sonntag communicated a paper on the "Larynx and Geosphenus of a Common Macaque, exhibiting several Unusual Features."
THE CASE FOR QUEEN VICTORIA

O

F all the bugbears of enthusiastic youth the worst is, perhaps, the bourgeois mind. Sleepy, smug, complacent, suffocating, it hems us in like the Boyg.

"Go roundabout," it says; "don't be in such a hurry; take your time: your father thought quite differently: what would your poor mother have said?" And to our violent minds the thing seems purely evil. It is constantly in the way. Although it moves, it is so slowly that we hardly perceive the motion, and our pricks and insults cannot stir its vastness. It is a very long time before we can recognize any good in it, or acknowledge that its restraint may possibly have saved us from some extravagances.

The bourgeois mind may be seen at this moment at its work of unconscious benevolence. At the Ideal Home Exhibition the battle is even now being waged between habit and tradition on the one side, and novelty and innovation on the other. The shouts of the combatants—metaphorically speaking—are so deafening that it is difficult, except from a distance, to see how the fight is going. One's first impression is of colour and pattern run mad. This turns out, on second thoughts, to be a little unjust. It is hardly fair to judge show-rooms by the standards of daily life. But, with all allowances made, a more unrestful and wearying effect than that of most of the furnishing shown can hardly be imagined. And the better things are ridiculed by their imitations. Eccentricities that have a charm and grace of their own are belayed by their caricatures; every fault is italized and underlined till the original beauty is lost. The makers of furniture are the worst sinners. And it is appalling to find that that dreadful creation of the late nineties, L'Art Nouveau, did not, as one had confidently believed, die barren like a mule, but has left a multitude of descendants, differing certainly from their parent, but recognizable of th family. Some of the furniture, indeed, might have been made from prize designs in the great days of the Studio competitions, although disguised in the blues, oranges and blacks of to-day. Lampshades, too, seem to be difficult to be either original or satisfactory.

But it is not these which attract the crowds. Good or bad, they are mostly left with a glance, and one can almost pick out by face or dress from among the others the one or two who will stop and show some interest in them. The exhibits which draw are the practical ones, and the suites of rooms, furnished in styles familiar, but with just that stimulating hint of novelty.

Here we may profitably consider for a moment what happens in the bourgeois mind. Slow it is, and stupid it is, but it has the power of resistance and of selection. One would say off-hand that as it ignored the Art Nouveau movement, so it had ignored other and healthier influences which have been turned upon it; as it is, to all appearance, engaging the attacks of the Futurists to-day. Yet it is impossible to deny that the general standard of taste in the homes of the middle classes has risen enormously within one's own memory, while the extravagances have had their little day and left no mark. Vigorous resistance kills all but the really vital things about a new movement, retaining only those elements which are suited to their soil—the tastes and instincts of the race. And who is there to resist and select? The artistic mind is a weathercock, sensitive to every change of wind; the literary mind lives in an unreal world of its own. There remains for our protection the blind, intuitive mind of the herd, obeying the law of slow growth and development along lines suited to it.
We may see an instance of the same thing in the galleries upstairs, mainly devoted to the household and to "labour-saving devices." Here we find the British Matron in mass-formation—interested, bored, envious, dimly desirous; sometimes gazing, sometimes gazing elsewhere, with one eye on the Real. Vacuum Cleaners, for instance, which thrill one by the ease with which they pick up "vegetable down, very adherent, madam," from the carpet; how discouraging that the demonstration should end with "Sixteen pounds ten!"

But the really instructive feature is the selection our Matrons make. It is not, as one would at first suppose, the real novelties that attract them. These are too remote—too far from the world of every day. What interests housewives is an improvement of an existing method, an easier and better way of doing a traditional thing. It is an improved Washer; an economical kitchen-range; a simpler way of sweeping the carpet. You cannot look at the crowd—and a more typical one was surely never collected—and picture any one of them living in that charming invention, "Touchebution House," sitting by its Magicoal fire. Nor, if it comes to that, could you live in it yourself. Be frank with yourself, and you will acknowledge that you could never be easy in a room full of this electric, hygienic, labour-saving apparatus—in a perfectly sanitary, Wellsian super-house, like a hybrid between a swimming-bath and a surgery. Mr. Mandragon the Millionaire lived, you will remember, this kind of Simple Life. Our wives and mothers with a sound instinct reject it. It will take a long time for them to bridge the interval between the open fire and the electric cooker. The Red Indian of the story books wonders, no answer to a message of importance till he had eaten, slept, and eaten again. The primitive in us still keeps a touch of the Noble Savage.

But let us leave these middle-class mothers to their labour-saving. Here are the Royal Nurseries. Here, if anywhere, we shall find again poetry, romance, detachment from vulgar cares. Royal children belong of their very nature to fairyland and the society of elves, and who but their mothers should know the right setting to provide for them?

Disappointment at the very outset. Surely the Dutch child for whom the Queen of Holland designed her nursery was either blind or had nerves of iron. No normally constructed child could stand that riot of pattern. Not an inch of the room but shouts or chatters; not a foot of plain space gives the harassed eye a rest. Get out of it quickly and try again.

Belgium: characterless and dull. A blend of New Art detail and Old Ark animals.—Norway: very good up to a point. Bold and pleasant in colour, but decorated with people of so dominant a personality that no child could forget them for an instant night or day.—Sweden: the best too far. Very cool and light and simple; a good background for a child's mind. Alice: much the best of the set, largely for its negative qualities. To judge by this design, we in England have the rare privilege of being truly represented by our Royal Family. Amusing and comfortable; and not fussy, not affected, not "arty" and not visibly "hygienic." Odd that this should be the highest praise one can fairly give. And yet it confirms the theory of the protective value of inertia. Set this room against the best nursery of the new school of furnishing, and decide which you find really more appropriate as surroundings for a child in the most impressionable years of its life. One would hardly hesitate. Surely one should avoid prejudicing a child's eye as one would avoid prejudicing its mind. The more broad-minded its mental environment and the less "pose-y" its visual environment, the better.

Out of the nurseries again, and back to the searchers for the Ideal. Many of them have given it up, and sit simply in the big armchairs in the Paris Lounge. You're queer to look at them; and to realize that most of them are slaves to some Home or other; that they have come here to look for some charm, some magic that will lighten their task; some Tom-Tit-Tot to spin their skeins of flax. They look dull enough as they sit there, and in the half light they take on a look of that Boyg again. "Go roundabout: you can't convince me: what do we want with your ideas? It was good enough for your father, and it's good enough for me."

Is it a bad beast, or a benevolent? Who shall say?

Winifred Roberts.

THE NEW ART SALON

ANYONE, caring for art, who neglects to visit once a month or so the New Art Salon (160, Shaftesbury Avenue) makes a great mistake; for here is to be seen a periodically changing collection of modern French pictures, amongst which one may be sure of finding works by the best of the contem-

porary painting. The exhibition of the moment is particularly interesting because, besides the work of such well-known people as Derain, Picasso, Braque, Marchand, Friesz, Lhote, Modigliani and Kisling, it contains good and characteristic things by some of the more interesting of the less-known men. But, to begin with, there are six Derains, of which two at any rate are important. I do not know where I last saw them; but, as works together, as many works by this almost unprociable master—certainly not in his studio. Derain amazes me more and more: his power, his fertility, his delicacy, the desperate energy of his research and the cunning of his hand seem to increase daily. It will be many years, I fancy, before he has said his last word. Here we catch him at an interesting moment in his career.

Picasso is not so well treated: all that we are shown belongs to the blue period or thereabouts: it is the sentimental period—the one that pleases me least. Marchand, on the other hand, appears to great advantage, and his flower piece is one of the finest things in the room. What a satisfactory artist Marchand is! His solidity, his serenity, his high seriousness all give one an extraordinary sense of security. Several living painters possess greater gifts; but does anyone know better how to make the most of what he has? There are here works of pictures that can be treasured; and it is the way between the starter's flag and the winning-post, and when they win they are said to win "all out." I often think of that expression when I look at a picture by Marchand.

Braque contributes one really fine picture—better, I daresay, than any of the Picassos; and the rather Cézannesque landscape by Friesz is also first-rate. Like Marchand, Friesz is a thoroughly satisfactory artist; and the patent sincerity of his work may seem to cast a shadow of doubt over the two very brilliant things by Corneau that were hanging beside it. (The exhibition, I understand, has been rehung since I was there.) I have praised Vlaminck in my time, and he deserved it; but Vlaminck is some danger of becoming a bore. A cook who could do an omelette to a turn would be a treasure; but should he take to serving up omelettes daily, for breakfast, lunch, dinner and tea, and between whiles into the bargain, one might easily begin to wish that he had never attained to such self-satisfying perfection.

I am glad to see that interesting painter Kisling better represented in this show than the last. To my mind his bouquet is the best of his pictures; but all are worth looking at. In his figures it is curious to notice, concealed beneath a more thorough treatment and robust painting, the influence of Modigliani. About the latter I have always been a bit fussy; I have really no regret it not seeing his untimely death, his prices, they tell me, are what the newspapers call "soaring": which notwithstanding, I adhere to my original opinion that he is a fine draughtsman, but no great painter. And, having begun to think commercially, I naturally go on to speculate as to which pictures by the younger, and cheaper, men might be suitable for "laying down."
I suppose, is quite unknown in England: he must be under thirty, has been influenced by Modigliani and Derain, and is now gone, at the instigation of Lhote I surmise, to school with the painters of the late Renaissance. He is most attractive. Durey is still terribly imitative; but Feder seems to be getting something of his own—the sense of a curious, romantic temperament—into his landscapes. Lhote, by the way, who is certainly anything but unknown, remains admirable as ever. His Harbour" is charming, his "Tulips" remarkable, and some of his water-colours are delicious. Marquissé Fournier, Favory, and Halleux were four young artists who took my fancy last summer, and their sendings to this exhibition agreeably confirm my first impressions. Guerin, on the other hand, for all his reputation, I have always thought a poor painter, and I think it still. Krog won't do.

C. B.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

THOMAS AGNEW & SONS.—Water-Colour Drawings by Artists of the Early English School.

GOUPIL GALLERY.—The Monarro Group.

HAMPSTEAD ART GALLERY.—Water-Colour Drawings by Frances Hodgkins.


MANSARD GALLERY.—Decorative Wood Panels by A. J. Rowley.

MCELAN'S GALLERIES.—Water-Colour Drawings by Helen Donald-Smith.

TWENTY-ONE GALLERY.—Paintings by Darvie Japp.

ADELPHI GALLERY.—Etchings by Ruby M. Hare.

The outstanding feature of Messrs. Agnew's exhibition is the set of some thirty-five drawings by J. M. W. Turner. The name of Turner is still, unfortunately, associated in our minds with Ruskin. Between us and the artist there stands the coarse and pompous figure of the impresario beating the big drum and calling upon us to "Walk up, walk up, and see the Wonder of the World." Those of us who take no pleasure in this kind of oratory have been tempted to hurry past the booth and keep our sixpences in our pockets. Turner's reputation has, in fact, suffered from Ruskin's chauvinism; but it cannot suffer permanent eclipse from so accidental a cause. For he was, after all, a most original artist and one of great historical importance. His earliest drawing in this exhibition, "Bishop Islip's Chapel, Westminster Abbey" (1796), is a link between the serene and beautiful art of Malton (represented here by two drawings of Bath and "Old Palace Yard, Westminster") and the work of his own middle period (1820-1835). The Abbotsford series are characteristic of the first part of the middle period, and "Yarmouth, Nelson's Monument" (1827), already absorbed in the history of the British Navy, has a decided interest in form in favour of light. "Lucerne: Moonlight" (1843), "Zurich: Brilliant morning light" (1842), "Lake of Lucerne: The Red Rigi: Sunset" (1841) and the famous "Dawn after Wreck" (1841)—with the dog barking at the sea—are all first-rate examples of Turner's mature art. We have but to compare them with the drawings by other artists in the exhibition to realize that the man who painted them stands in the main stream of development. Rossetti and Millais stand palpably in a backwater. Turner, with all his faults, was capable of inspiring his successors to achievement. Such a sketch as A. W. N. Pugin's "Elvaston Lodge, Durnham: a Grey Day," would have been impossible without him. And we must not forget that Impressionism, which absorbed the most vital art of the half-century which followed Turner's death, was primarily interested in the very problems which fascinated him in the last years of his life.

Impressionism, the school of the day, is reflected in the first exhibition of the Monarro Group. The artists who compose this group acknowledge a debt to Claude Monet and Camille Pissarro, and enshrine works by these masters—together with a portrait by Degas—in the place of honour on the walls. The principal members of the group are Siganco, Lucien and Paul Emile Pissarro, Léon de Smeter and Andre Bonnard, whose "Prairie avec Chevaux" is the most satisfying picture in the exhibition. It is not unpleasant to contemplate the work of these artists who still daily in the green fields of Impressionism. Modern Art demands a stern discipline of its devotees, and we often miss the Impressionists'

light-hearted approach in the products of the younger painters. But as we study the exhibits at the Goupil Gallery, we feel convinced that the sterner discipline is worth while. Possibly this is why Boudard and Signac are so susceptible to the new influences, move us more than their fellows.

There is evidence of the new discipline in Miss Frances Hodgkins' water-colours at the Hampstead Art Gallery, which are far above the average of women's work. For Miss Hodgkins has unusual enthusiasm, a sense of two-dimensional composition, and considerable skill in synthetic drawing. Her brush moves with great rapidity, but it rarely fails to suggest form. Occasionally Miss Hodgkins falls into the favourite vice of the water-colour painter; she allows the colour to run and achieve accidental effects behind her back. But the passages which appear to have happened while the artist was slacking her interest are the exceptions. The majority of the lines and colours are the result of definite and intelligent intention. Mr. Frank Rutter, in a foreword to the catalogue, refers to the "virility" of Miss Hodgkins' work. The application of the term to a woman's work gives food for thought. Space forbids a consideration of its aptness in the case of this particular lady artist, but we hope to be able to return to the subject after visiting the exhibitions of the Society of Women Artists and the Women's International Art Club. At any rate, the newly founded Hampstead Art Gallery is to be congratulated on this exhibition, which maintains the standard of the Wolmark and Bayes collections which have preceded it.

At the Grafton Galleries the British School at Rome are exhibiting the works selected for the final competition for the Rome Scholarships, together with works by a certain number of the rejected candidates. The task of awarding these scholarships is not an easy one. It raises the question of what constitutes a "promise" in a student. Are the grandiose dreams of the school really more promising than the bad boys? Is the student who makes patient drawings from nature in a traditional technique more promising than the student who shows imagination, but is evidently impatient of routine work? Is the student who appears to admire Pierre della Francesca more promising than the student who shows an aptitude for Maurice Rovandson? The question has the fascination of the problem of the chicken and the egg. Even if this general principle be decided one way or the other, the judges of these Rome Scholarships are still not out of their difficulties. For the selected candidates are to be introduced forthwith to the aristocracy of art. They are to meet all the giants in quick succession. The judges must decide which students are most likely to profit by such an experience at an early age. And here the vicious circle reappears. If the student has originality, is he likely to be killed by this plunge into the society of the old masters? If he has none, will he not inevitably be drowned in the tumult of his superior? As for the other hand, he never meets the giants, how can he acquire his standards? Truly, the judges have a heavy responsibility.

Mr. A. J. Rowley has been experimenting in marquetry for some years. He uses a great variety of woods and does not hesitate to dye them. He has thus a large range of material, and shows intelligence and enterprise in the utilization of the various grains. He has, however, not yet discovered the right designer. At present the artists who work with him set out to design decorative pictures, which Mr. Rowley executes as best he can in his coloured woods. This is, of course, simply putting the cart before the horse: it is not in himself distinctively true that such a craft should have ideals of its own, quite disconnected with pictorial ideals. The most successful exhibit is Mr. W. A. Chase's large basket of flowers. There is no competition with painting in this work, and there is considerable appreciation of the medium.

Mr. Holtz's Diorama, well exhibited in the framing of her water-colour drawings. She favours a heavy black frame and discards the conventional mounts. This may be an advantage for dramatic drawings of the type of Ticcoldy Circus:—"Night," but the frames are certainly too heavy for the drawings executed in a lighter key. Mr. Darvie Japp's paintings are admirable, of course. He has a keen eye, courage, and a genuine feeling for the sea. In "Gull Rock," "Sea Pinks" and "Gala Cove" he has given—by sheer moral determination—the basic contrast between moving water and the solid rocks. All three sketches are very good indeed.

K. H. W.
Music
THE SECOND PERIOD

A_n intelligent foreigner who, in a hurried visit to London, desired to obtain some representative acquaintance with English music and English musical taste, could not have done better than to go to the Queen’s Hall concert last Saturday afternoon. He would have seen the most representative of English conductors, he would have heard one of the finest of English singers, he would have heard three native works and three foreign classics which appeal perhaps more to English audiences than to those of any other country. Mme. Kirkby had, for instance, evidently suffered from severance in her heart, gave a noble rendering of "La Fiancée du Timbalier." Yet it was not the rendering of a Frenchwoman, in spite of her admirable diction. It was too deliberately dignified, too impersonal for that, too much preoccupied with the pageantry of the spectacle, with the constructive beauty of the music itself. For an English concert-room it was probably the right interpretation, for it presented with conscious and restrained art just what a Frenchwoman, singing to a French audience, would have taken for granted and almost ignored. The other two items were in themselves appropriate to the programme. Dvořák has always enjoyed a notable popularity in England, and the "New World" is the most popular of his works. It has exercised a remarkable influence on English composers for the last twenty years. As for "Parsifal," it might almost be ascribed to an English composer. If English composers have been indebted to Wagner, it is pre-eminently to the creator of "Parsifal," "Meistersinger.",

The three English names in the programme belonged neither to the definitely old nor to the still young. Delius, Bantock and Vaughan Williams are all in what Beethoven's biographers would have called "the second period." Perhaps a later generation will say that the two novelties heard on Saturday marked a transition to the third period; but such distinctions are hardly for a contemporary listener to make, at any rate, before the first hearing. It is also interesting and gratifying sign of the times that an ordinary symphony concert programme in London should include as many as three English works on a large scale, two of them being performed for the first time. To attempt to find any specifically English quality common to all three is unprofitable. There are certain qualities common to each, but the analysis of them would be too technical for these pages, and it may be doubted whether the common element be not the expression of the composers' age rather than of their nationality.

Professor Bantock has been a revolutionary in his day, but he is fast settling down into a classic. He has all his life set forth in quest of poetical adventure, yet he has seldom found it, for it was at his own door all the time. Persistently he has tried to forget that he was a musician, yet a musician he always remains, and he has only achieved beauty and poetry when he was content to be a musician and nothing more. He should have written symphonies in the pure academic tradition, for his technical accomplishment as a composer is unequalled among his contemporaries. He has prostrated himself before Juggernaut and all the idols of the East, but at the bottom of his heart he has hearkened to the still small voice of Mendelssohn. He has followed the alluring note of the Hebridean siren, but her language is as unintelligible to him as it is to all other Saxons, and what he has written is just music, and very good music at that. Goeson is a descriptive. His new "Hebridean Sea-Poem," as it is called, "The Sea-Reivers," is a well-made and thoroughly effective piece of music. It has nothing of that Celtic atmosphere which Mr. Bax so successfully standardizes. What stood out conspicuously from its woful of sound were recollections of Rimsky-Korsakov and Beethoven. They were not the ordinary reminiscences of the forgetful and uncritical writer, but real points, absorbed into the composer's mind and woven consistently into the texture. That is not plagiarism, but the development of the Russian tradition. They brought the listener into contact not with a Hebridean sea, but with the great ocean of music. Professor Bantock's "Hebridean Symphony" had the same characteristics on a larger scale. What was impressive about it was not the wild poetry of its folk-song themes, but its massive construction, its deliberate and determined working-out of purely musical ideas in a purely musical way. Perhaps, after all, Professor Bantock is merely amusing himself at the expense of his audiences when he gives his works these fantastic titles. They call up no pictures, and there is no reason why they should. Yet, if there is any picturesque value in such music, it is in the hope not that it should bring the scene before us, but that the scene itself should recall the music.

Dr. Vaughan Williams, too, has gone to the East for inspiration, but to that east which is utterly unromantic. He shows us what the real poet can see in the despised fen country. He has not the technical skill of Professor Bantock, but he can give us more to remember. His folk-song rhapsodies owe a great deal to Stanford's Irish models, but as Stanford absorbed Irish music into his own blood, so Vaughan Williams has absorbed that of East Anglia. He is the one living English composer for whom the folk-song idiom is a natural language that can be extended indefinitely for the expression of ideas that are not local but universal.

Mr. Delius has experimented with folk-song in his early days, but one cannot help feeling that he did so not so much from a love of folk-song as from an admiration for Grieg. It was not the nature themes that were important, but what Grieg did with them. As time goes on Mr. Delius clarifies his style and becomes, in the best sense, more and more classical. His new concerto for violin and violoncello may have produced on some listeners the impression that it was as essentially harmonic and non-melodic as Bantock's "Sea-Reivers." If so, it was not the composer's fault, nor yet the conductor's. Our intelligent but hurried foreigner, if he noted nothing else, would certainly have remarked the two ladies who played the two instruments. How intensely English he might have murmured to himself, that graceful nonchalance, that lily-like reticence, that serene indifference either to passion or to thought! Was it possible in any other country for two solo players to efface themselves so completely in a work whose every phrase breathed poetry and beauty, accompanied by an orchestra in which every player from the flute to the harp delivered his fleeting messages with phrasing and expressiveness that was at once a lesson and a reproach?

Edward J. Dent.

The twenty-third number of the Journal of the Folk-Song Society (Third Part of Vol. VI.) is devoted to Irish folk-song, and contains the first part of the large collection in the possession of Mr. A. M. Freeman. The second part will be issued as Journal No. 24. It was hoped to publish these in 1916, but, owing to the collector's absence on service, publication had to be postponed until now. In each case the Irish words are given, together with a translation by Mr. Freeman, who explains the principles on which the editing has been carried out, and also gives an interesting account of the Irish singers "at home." The number, like its predecessors, is printed privately for members of the Society, whose offices are at 19, Berners Street, W.1.
PARRY THE MAN

MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

M. Jean Cocteau, author of the Ballet "Parade," introduced last year to London audiences by the Diaghilev company at the Empire, is entering in his efforts to find a new and completely satisfactory artistic formula, which, by the nature of its style or "stylization" of natural gestures and language, is to go as far as possible from mere "repetition" and "imitation," and as far from "impressionism." His latest "manifestation," in which he has been aided by the advanced group of young composers who share his artistic theories and aspirations, has taken the form of a series of "Spectacles-Concerts," the first of which took place on February 21 at the Comédie des Champs Elysées. The composers who have collaborated with him in the production of this "spectacle" are the following: Erik Satie, Darius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc, and Georges Auric. The "modernism" of this group may be said, roughly speaking, to consist in a reaction against the excessive impressionism which, since Debussy, has tended to dominate French music, in favour of the cruder realism of the music-hall, with its clowns, acrobats, and American Ragtime melodies. Refinement is now abandoned for the more esoteric emotions to be got from what is intentionally crude and gross, but the success of such methods, one feels, must depend on a higher degree of suggestiveness being attained than would be possible by the plain, unvarnished tactics of the music-hall; in other words, traditional positions should be the object aimed at. It is precisely in this particular that M. Cocteau does not always succeed, with the result that certain acrobatic dances, for example, which he has invented, and for which M. Georges Auric has composed a delightfully reminiscent "Fox-Trot" ("Les Enfants, New York") — they were exceedingly skillfully performed by the excellent clowns Footit and Jackey—do not, in their performance, carry one much further than would an ordinary un-sophisticated acrobatic dance in a real music-hall.

In "Le Bouf sur le Toit," "The Nothing-Happens Bar," "M. Cocteau has imagined and executed a worldless "foxe," in which the action is largely directed by punch-tippers, wearing enormous cardboard head-and-mask shoulders, representing types such as: The décollée Lady, The Red-Haired Lady, The Harman, The Policeman, The Negro Boxer, The Jockey, The Gentleman in Evening Dress, and the Negro who plays billiards. The "action" centres in the implosion of a Policeman (American style) into a bar, which causes the disappearance of all "drinks" as if by magic, and the substitution of innocent bowls of milk. The Policeman is then decapitated by the ventilating fan in the ceiling, and after the Red-Haired Lady has sketches a short parody of a "Salome dance" round the head, reposing in a silver obelisk as the customers go away, and the Barman rescues the Policeman to life by pouring gin into his headless trunk. M. Cocteau, in an explanatory note which he read before the curtain, and which contained some extremely sound and illuminating truths, expressly warned us not to look for any symbolism in his farce. This was scarcely necessary; in any case the search would have been laborious and, let us hope, unfruitful.

It is indeed difficult to see the reason for such a performance at all, which, though amusing in a certain degree, did not seem to suggest all that its author, whose sincerity is undoubtedly, would have wished to suggest by supplementary factors, research for the endless trouble and pains bestowed upon the production in every detail. M. Darius Milhaud's accompanying score, however, is a most ingenious evocation of the whole atmosphere of American Bars and Ragtime rhythms, and lent itself admirably to M. Cocteau's choreographic experiments from the point of view of the parrots.

The programme also included the first performance of Erik Satie's "Trois Petites Pièces Montées" (for orchestra). These three little pieces are immediately pleasing and full of a discreet charm.

M. Cocteau's three eccentric "Cocardes," which have been elegantly set by M. Poulenc to the accompaniment of a violin, cornet à piston, trombone, side drum, and triangle, were sung by M. Koubatzky. Both words and music are most ingeniously reminiscent of all the vivid ingredients of the Parisian "vie populaire," and succeed admirably in giving the impression, desired by the authors, of a "fausse musique populaire."

R. O. M.

R. H. M.
Drama

“OTHELLO” AT THE NEW THEATRE

WHATEVER the reservations we may make in the course of this discussion, let it be clearly understood that “Othello,” as interpreted by Mr. Matheson Lang and Mr. Arthur Bourchier at the New Theatre, is a glorious entertainment. It is the old formula, seldom tried, yet infallible: Shakespeare and competent actors, not obsessed by their own idiosyncrasy, nor lost in the mists of ideal interpretation and precious production. The delighted applause of the audience was in the main thoroughly deserved, and we felt towards Mr. Lang and Mr. Bourchier an impulse of real gratitude for what must have been an exacting labour, even if a labour of love. To Mr. Lang, moreover, we believe, belongs much of the credit for a very remarkable series of realistic scenes, wherein the designers have steered with an uncommonly steady hand between the Scylla of opulent vulgarity and the Charybdis of aesthetic affectation.

In short, it was a production of “Othello” of the kind which leaves the critic free to criticize. We feel that we can argue with Mr. Lang and Mr. Bourchier inter pares; and, exhilarated by an opportunity so infrequent, we proceed to do so. They would both, we are sure, admit that the problem of performing “Othello” is to establish an exact relation between one actor’s Othello and another’s Iago. They are absolutely equal protagonists. Neither can be permitted to set the pace for the other. Each possesses, as it were, an irreducible element of idiosyncrasy, and the unity of a performance must be imperilled by any attempt of the actor of the one part to impose his method on the actor of the other. Interpretation by common consent is the only way.

The Moor presents the simpler problem. Shakespeare defined him so clearly as to offer no possibility of error to the actor of intelligence:

Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplexed in the extreme.

A simple enough conception, but one by no means easy to realize. The actor who can make that speech inevitable and true after his own previous performance deserves well of the commonwealth. Mr. Lang not only did this, but he delivered the crucial lines that follow:

And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban’d Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog
And smote him, thus—

magnificently, triumphantly. The authentic thrill of great dramatic poetry ran through a spell-bound house. For Mr. Lang had given himself scope enough. He had played his Othello throughout with the necessary margin of melodrama, so that the full gesture of his speech was not cramped at a crisis. Yet he never lost the line through momentary indulgence in rododomata.

Mr. Bourchier’s Iago was more questionable. To be in keeping with Mr. Lang’s Othello, he had also to preserve a melodramatic margin; he had to be something of the Renais-
sance monster not merely by the implication of his actions, but in his manifest self. Iago wears a mask of bluntness, and wears it easily, but the mask should surely be only thick enough to deceive Othello; the audience does not need to be deceived also. Yet when Iago said to Emilia,

Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible,

he seemed for a dizzly second not to be committing a supreme monstrosity, but to be uttering a self-evident truth, so com-
plete was the illusion of a hail-fellow-well-met Iago that Mr. Bourchier had produced; by that time, indeed, he had become a second Falstaff. From this angle it was, indeed, a remarkable piece of acting, and we were once more amazed at Mr. Bourchier’s superb ease in carrying out his own conception. But an Iago who almost sets us wondering whether he is not after all engaged in a practical joke which is being carried a little too far is surely a little too original. In such an atmosphere one could not but forget Iago’s declarations of motive. How could this man hate the Moor? It is not possible.

Thus the sheer weight, the dramatic driving force of Iago’s monstrous cynicism was dissolved away. The difficulty of fitting the man to his mask in such a way that we shall be always conscious of the man is, we know, inordinate; but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Bourchier has allowed himself too easily to slide along the path of his own polished perfections. To be sure, his method has what seems the advantage of making the cozening of Othello quite inevitable. This Iago, as we have said, cozenes the audience also. But this apparent advantage reacts detrimentally on the very nerve of the dramatic argument, for not merely a love-exalted Othello would be caught in such toils as these, but the most astute man of the world could hardly escape the persuasions of Iago’s bonhomie. Shakespeare did not ask so much of his Iago. He gave him to play upon only a simple soldier of alien race, and a young blood, Roderigo, who was simple almost in the pathological sense; otherwise there would have been little meaning in Othello’s loving “not wisely, but too well.” And, indeed, what wisdom in love could have availed him against Mr. Bourchier, who thus unwittingly added an impossible villainy to Iago’s long score? For he robbed Othello not merely of his occupation, his peace, his happiness, and Desdemona, but of his tragic eyegoria also. An Iago has somehow to betray enough of his implacable malignity that only an Othello could fail to discover him. Even the ass Roderigo, who is in some sort a caricature of Othello, a nincompoop alter ego of the Moor, becomes more than half-suspicious of his Mentor.

Desdemona is on any showing of secondary importance. In the present case Miss Hilda Bayley’s shortcomings combined with the deep interest of Mr. Lang’s and Mr. Bourchier’s renderings to relegate her completely into the background. At least it may be said that Miss Bayley’s Desdemona could by a stretch of the imagination be conceived as the occa-
sion of so great disasters. Regarded as a symbol this Desdenoma will do, in spite of the fact that in Miss Bayley’s hands she is a 1920 ingénue, well acquainted with jazz and Murray’s. But there is a great deal more to be made of Shakespeare’s Desdemona than a symbol, and that, if Miss Bayley had known it, on the lines parallel to those of her unconscious interpretation. Desdemona is ingenious, but she is also a Venetian aristocrat, and this element in her can be exploited to show cause why Iago can call her “a super-subtle Venetian” without talking manifest nonsense, and Othello ultimately take the conception for his own:

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.

Instead of feeling that Othello had been overwhelmed by an aristocratic ingénue whom he could never really understand, we felt at times that a soldier in his dudgeon had succumbed to a minx from the Café Royal. The reason, of course, is that the part is at present completely beyond Miss Bayley’s range.

With Desdemona the debatable characters end. Mr. Murray Carrington’s Michael Cassio was beautifully finished, and his restrained realism in the drunken scene perfect. Miss Hutin Britton, as Emilia, was admirably thorough. Mr. Hignet, as Roderigo, and Mr. Ernest Bodkin, as Brabantio, were both good.
Mr. Cyril Scott composed special music for the performance. As the opening scene of Act III., where there is actually music in the play, was cut, he was confined to the intervals. So long as going to plays is a pleasure, and not a penance, people will talk in the intervals, and the composer must take that into his reckoning. Mr. Cyril Scott did not, and that is a condemnation of his music; the few bars which we managed to hear conveyed to us an impression of that preciousness which we deprecate in the modern attitude to Shakespeare. Shakespeare meant himself to be an entertainment; between Blackfriars and Bayreuth there was, and there still should be, a difference.

Correspondence

THE PHOENIX SOCIETY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—The Phœnix Society, which has recently produced a play of Webster and a play of Dryden, is appealing to its subscribers, of whom I am one, to endeavour to secure more subscribers at reduced rates for the remaining three performances of the season. It appears that the receipts from subscriptions have been inadequate to the expenses of production.

The so-called cultivated and civilized class is not expected to relieve the necessities of either literature or painting. It is assumed that poetry only pays if it is bought by thousands of people who have never heard of it; and that painting only pays if it is bought by some rich people whom one is not otherwise anxious to know: but a Society like the Phœnix can appeal only to the intelligensia, and at a price quite within the intelligensia’s means. Here then was an opportunity for the intelligensia to declare its convictions: but the sounds are forced, and the notes very few. He also the performers, if not good, has nothing to do with the matter. Apathy is more flagitious than abuse; we can almost condone the offence of Mr. William Archer, whom we never supposed to be a member of the intelligentsia; we cannot excuse the torpor of people who would despise Mr. Archer. The performance of Dryden’s play seemed to me praiseworthy, and the actors had devoted hard work to a production which certainly could not add to their popular notoriety. But the point is that Dryden is a great poet and a great dramatist, and the Civilized Class has not supported the people who would support him, the Civilized Class has not supported Dryden against Archer. If, at the next performance of the Phœnix, the Civilized Class has not taken advantage of the reduced rates, I shall no longer be able to stifle my suspicion that the Civilized Class is a myth.

I am, Sir, your obliged obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT.

EXPERIEN'TA DUCIT—STULTOS

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—It is perhaps a just and reasonable tradition which bids us “suffer in silence” before the reviewer; and at any rate I am not, for the moment, concerned with the justice or injustice of J. W. S.’s notice of Mr. Chesterton’s “Superstitio of Divorce” (Athenæum, February 20, pp. 235. 236). But I find there a generalization which surely provokes comment: “Mr. Chesterton remains youthful at heart, which means that he is incapable of profiting by experience.”

Who does profit by experience, if not youth? Do the biasé, the cynical, the war-wear, the pessimist, and the decadent? Do capitalists and proprietors? Do judges and Prime Ministers? Do establishment, vested interests, traditions and dogmas? Do a fine old crusted temper and inherited gout? Do Darby and Joan?

Youth is receptive, impressionable, spiritually sensitive, open-minded, alert, alone really listens to argument, respects reason, and welcomes a new idea. His is the true repentance, the genuine conversion, the serious resolution to do better next time.

Who can possibly learn anything really worth learning from his experience but the man who has kept young? Verily a king of men. It is we others who twist and turn our experience to false issues, shut our eyes to its lessons, blink at truth, and follow our old formulas.

I had an impression that our young people had learned something from the war.

Yours faithfully,

K. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

UNIVERSITY OPERA

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—I have read with interest Mr. Dent’s article in The Athenæum of the 20th of this month, but is it not rather unjust to “West-End theatre-goers”?

Mr. Dent appears to have overlooked the fact that “those uniquely English institutions, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.” are in fact, as his description implies, public institutions and the heritage of the English nation. Therefore even those who have not enjoyed the teaching of Mr. Dent and his confrères may yet be permitted to take an intelligent interest in the University’s achievements—or failures.

For an artistic and technical failure the recent production of the “Faery Queen” must unfortunately be acknowledged to have been—and Mr. Dent, in his apology, practically admits it. It was only the genius of Purcell which justified the faith of one at least of those West-End pilgrims who made the journey to Cambridge.

Apart from the obligation which Mr. Dent, as producer, owes to the public, could he have forgotten that there might be among the “West-End theatre-goers” present at Cambridge some at least who, having reaped the benefit of “theory and principle” so richly taught at Cambridge, had deserted the narrow limits of the University and yet were not quite intellectually deficient?

That the wider education thus assimilated has taught at least one West-End theatre-goer to be critical is natural. It has also taught him that Mr. Dent by his writings is in danger of intellectual snobbishness—and unfortunately in this case attempts to drag Cambridge with him.

Yours, etc.

B. A. AND WEST-END THEATRE-GOER.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—May I beg the hospitality of your columns for two announcements? First, the Sociological Society is moving from the London School of Economics and Political Science to a house of its own at 65, Belgrave Road, Westminster, S.W. I. The Society hopes to get installed there by the beginning of March.

The second is that the Society’s new house affords more accommodation than the Society itself can use, and we should be glad, therefore, to lease from congruent societies or organizations which might desire to rent one or more rooms. The present housing pressure is, we understand, putting not a few societies into considerable difficulty as regards accommodation.

As to the situation, the new house of the Sociological Society is about five minutes’ walk south-east from Victoria Station. It is just over a mile in a direct line from Charing Cross, and two bus routes (24 and 21a) cross Belgrave Road within a couple of minutes’ walk of the house.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

T. J. C. Fraser Davies, Secretary.

THE ESSAY COMPETITION

A number of applications for the conditions of The Athenæum Essay Competition have reached this office without stamped addressed envelopes. We wish to point out that no replies can be sent unless stamped envelopes are enclosed for the purpose.

Several intending competitors have written to us to ask for a definition of the term “English Literature since 1914.” It includes all books written in English by English-speaking authors, and published for the first time in England after January 1, 1914.

No correspondence of any kind can be entered into with regard to the Competition.
Foreign Literature

CONTICUERE OMNES


M. Dottin's book will be interesting and valuable to students of Celtic philology as a convenient summary of the known facts concerning Gaulish, understood as the language spoken by the inhabitants of that tripartite Gaul of our schooldays. He excludes from his survey except for purposes of comparison the closely similar dialects distributed in the last centuries of antiquity and the early centuries of the Christian era sporadically over Europe and bither Asia, from Britain in the West to Galatia in the East. In the fourth century A.D. (if St. Jerome's statement may be taken as reflecting a contemporary experience) the Galatians, though they spoke Greek, had a second language which resembled the speech of the Treveri in Gaul. The language of Britain was practically identical with Gaulish. And, scattered across Europe between those two points, place-names still surviving bear witness to the passage of the Celts. The European war began with an ultimatum presented at a city that once had a Celtic name, Belgrade (Saxigundunum); it came to one of its great crises at Verdun (Virodunum), which has the same second element still discernible; and ended in North France and Belgium in territories thick-sown with Celtic names. All these places and many others have the Celtic chariots laden with women and children and baggage passing on their migrations, have known the warriors going into battle crowned with flowers as for a feast and singing as they charged, and have heard the bards intoning their eulogies and their satires to the accompaniment of "instruments like to lyres." But of all this what remains? Those place-names, many personal names, a quantity of inscriptions, a Calendar, a number of isolated words and phrases embedded in Greek or Latin texts, some casual and fragmentary notices in classical writers, and such conclusions as we may draw from the Celtic languages and literatures surviving in a later age on the last shores of Europe.

M. Dottin puts together these remains for the Gaulish area, supplies material for a skeleton phonetic and morphology (necessarily somewhat conjectural), studies the constituent elements of place and personal names, and arranges the surviving vocabulary in an alphabetical series with appended explanations. The Celtic philologist will find his account in the book, although he will question a statement here and there. M. Dottin has the unfortunate habit of using Middle rather than Old Irish as a term of comparison. Thus on p. 289 he connects with a Gaulish *tego* the Irish verb *combige*, "I build." If he had considered Old Irish forms like the 3rd singular, present indicative, *combiga*, he would have seen that the root here is *di-n-*g-; and that his comparison falls to the ground. But an occasional error of this kind does not affect the value of the book as a sober and cautious description of the actual extent of our present knowledge of Gaulish.

Another section, in which M. Dottin traces the history of Gaulish studies, shows us how necessary such caution and sobriety are in this branch of research. The Celtic languages have been constantly exposed to the assaults of the à priori people who deal in insms. Patriotism, romanticism, mysticism and sheer sciolism have all done their worst here. We are justly suspicious to-day of the vast edifices of theory which scholars and half-scholars and no scholars at all have raised in the past on the shakiest foundations of fact. And we are correspondingly grateful for precise and conservative statements of what is actually known at a given moment. From the known it is possible to estimate what is likely to be known in the future. For the possibilities of a subject are governed by the nature of the available material.

All that we know in detail of the literature and history, the social and individual life, the religion and education of the Celts comes to us through Greek and Latin writers. It is true that for the study of their religion we have a considerable number of dedicatory inscriptions, but these again are made difficult of interpretation by the assimilation of Gaulish to Greco-Roman deities. The Gauls, indeed, accepted Latin too readily and too finally to admit of any literary composition in the vernacular. Long before the conquest Roman merchants had been active in Gaul, and very soon after the conquest schools of Latin rhetoric began to flourish. The language flickered out imperceptibly, and with the language all the living tradition of the past.

All languages, once the breath is out of them, pass into the region of ghosts. But, if they have been written down, they continue to haunt the world where once they lived "where breach to melt lies through the memories of men." Then, as Odysseus in the shades by a sacrifice of blood restored a living voice to the simulacra, so we by the sacrifice of a portion of our lives may call back some semblance of that perished breath and hold an uncertain communion with the past. If the means of that incantation cannot be found, then we may believe what we will about the past—and men have believed strange things—but we cannot enter into any real communion with it. M. Camille Jullian, the veteran historian of Gaul, relents against this iron law. In a preface to the present book he admits the scantiness of the material, but yet has hope. To understand the past only by its remains, he says, is to kill it a second time. The Celts thought it nobler to speak, to listen and to remember than to write. And it has been said that spoken languages often possess beauties lacking in written speech. He proceeds:

Toutes les formes de la littérature étaient représentées chez les Gaulois : la rhétorique où excellaient tous leurs chefs de guerre ; les épiphanies cosmogoniques, historiques ou ethniques, composées par les druides ; les poésies lyriques ou les chants satiriques des bardes. Je vous assure qu'il y avait chez eux l'équivalent de l'Iliade ou de la Genèse, des Atelanes ou des odes de Pindare. Je vous assure que cette littérature était aussi riche, plus riche même que celle de Rome avant Ennius. La langue gauloise rendait beaucoup à ceux qui s'en servaient.

M. Jullian is quite safe in assuring us of all this, for we cannot absolutely deny the possibility any more than we can say positively that a given country churchyard does not contain a mite, inglorious Milton. We assert nothing about Roman literature before Ennius. But we can say that, since Homer and Pindar and their fellows have come down to us,

Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of war.
Based on the crystal sea
Of thought and its eternity.

And, because the Gaulish equivalents of Homer and Pindar have not come down to us, the Gauls are but the shadow of a shade.

On a wall in the dead city of Pompeii there is scribbled among other graffiti a Virgilian phrase, incomplete, but saying all. Conticuere . . . . . Reading this book and trying by its aid to figure to ourselves what manner of men were the living Gauls, we have come to the same sad conclusion of mortality. They have all gone down into silence. Conticuere omnes.

R. F.

The Bach Festival will be given in the Central Hall, Westminster, beginning on Friday evening, April 16. There will be a concert of canctatas on that evening. On April 17 there will be an orchestral concert with vocal and instrumental solos; on April 19 unaccompanied motets with vocal and instrumental solos; and on April 20 the Mass in B minor.
GERHART HAUPTMANN'S LATEST STORY

GERHART HAUPTMANN will always be remembered first as a dramatist; in prose fiction he has hitherto achieved no really enduring success. His novel "Atlantis," he is true, had a very large circulation in Germany, and in an English translation it gained enormous popularity in the United States during the year before the outbreak of the war. The same is true of his story "Der Narr in Christo: Emanuel Quint," which continues to be issued in new impressions of its original German edition and is still circulated in translations. But the first of these was, frankly, very much inferior to Hauptmann's dramatic work; its remarkable popularity— as is not infrequently the case—was not deserved. Of the second, a modern Christ-story, it may be said that, although competently written—anything from Hauptmann would at least be that—its striking subject, not its intrinsic value, was the main reason for the very large circulation it attained.

This latest story, "Der Ketzer von Soana," has a good claim to be considered as Hauptmann's masterpiece in narration. In subject it is not very original; it is the story of a priest's struggle against the allurements of the senses and the temptations of passion, to which he eventually succumbs. The priest, Raffaele Francesco Vela, is a young and earnest man, placed in charge of the small parish of Soana, a village of the Ticino, situated on a height overlooking the Lake of Lugano. It is necessary to note these geographical particulars because they form an important part, an essential part, of the story. Soon after their revival Francesco makes the acquaintance of a strange, wild man, who seeks him out one evening. This unkempt creature is found to be almost incapable of speaking the language of the district, or any recognizable human language at all; and further inquiries, zealously pursued by the priest, show that the man lives higher up the mountain, shunned and abhorred by all the people of the parish. The village gossip ascribes him to a life of peculiarly repellent sinfulness, and he with the woman he calls his wife and the children born of that unnatural union are scarcely ever seen in the parish, or, when seen, are jeered at and stoned. Naturally the story appeals to the priest's religious fervor, and he determines to do his best to reclaim these ignoble creatures and prepare them for religious instruction.

With this object he makes his way to the hut or cave in the mountain where the family of Lucchino Scarabotta— for that was the wild creature's name—lead their isolated existence. The road ascends the Monte Generoso, and Hauptmann, with his account of the young priest's journey, has given us one of the best pieces of Alpine description to be found anywhere in modern literature. Although he is too earnest and too much absorbed in his mission to his flock to be a lover of nature, the gorgeous appearance of the landscape at the end of March makes a new and deep impression on Francesco's mind. This turns to terror as he progresses; signs of primitive nature-worship are seen on the hillside, idolatrous images whose meaning he could only dimly divine from his early reading of the classics. And the conduct of Lucchino Scarabotta, when at last he arrives at the dwelling-place of that abandoned creature, confirms his belief that this country is full of demons. For the almost speechless, shaggy, wild half-animal throws himself at the young priest's feet and kisses them like a dog. Lucchino's wife, more coherent, comes forward and makes a confession, assuring Francesco that she is innocent of the sins she is charged with by the gothesses of the parish below. Finally the eldest daughter is presented, a creature of natural beauty and artlessness. This is the beginning of the temptation, to which at length, in spite of fasting and discipline and the advice of the bishop of the diocese, he ultimately falls, to be thereafter an exile from the parish.

The form of the story is worth noting. What has just been summarized is put into the mouth of a goatherd, living apart from his fellows on the slopes of the Monte Generoso, to whom the writer of the tale chooses on one day, after learning strange rumors about him in the valley. The goatherd is, of course, Francesco himself, and his narration his own story. This kind of reduplication is not a new device in fiction, particularly in the genus, the "Erzählung" or "Novelle," to which Hauptmann's work belongs. But it is employed with undeniably fine effect; as a well-planned piece of narrative the story can have few rivals in contemporary German fiction. Its other remarkable characteristic has already been hinted at. This is the wealth of description it contains.

Picture after picture of extraordinary beauty is brought before us; the whole story is infused with the colour of the region in question. The Picchione mountain is, as it were, itself made to play the part of a character in the tale, a background to the staging symbolizing the luxuriance of Nature, its uncontrollable beauty. And into the scene thus arranged Hauptmann has fitted, with perfect naturalness, the figure of the outcast goatherd, symbolizing in his turn the primitive man, unpolished but also unspoiled by convention, the type which the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil impressed for ever on the imagination of the world. Rarely in prose German literature has the classic spirit been so finely recaptured as in this story.

BLACK AND WHITE

LETTRES FAMILIÈRES. Par Laurent Tailhade. (Paris, Ollendorff. 5fr.)

The "Open Letters" in this book are addressed to personalities who have played leading parts in the world-tragedy, and for this reason they cannot fail to suggest serious thought. M. Tailhade is a hero-worshipper, and as such is prone to accept the posture of his heroes as their true being. He hailed Kerensky, for example, as the Napoleon of the Russian Revolution. He did not realize that Kerensky's fiery rhetoric, concealing a cautious and calculating soul, would fail when pitted against the statistics of Lenin, which concealed a fiery and fanatical spirit. As becomes a hero-worshipper, M. Tailhade is also a good hater—so good that he seems to believe hate sufficient in itself as inspiration for literature. It may be; but it is not enough to inspire history. And it is history above all things that we require to-day. The moment for patriotic ecstasy, for emotional legislation, for propaganda and recrimination, is past. The time has come when we can and must think of our fellow-mortals as not necessarily black or white, but as most probably grey. M. Tailhade is colour-blind to this tint. This defect of vision conduces to the spirited tone of the book, but it invalidates it as a contribution to truth. The future may very possibly endorse his estimates of William H. of Germany, Constantine of England, Pope Benedict XIV, and M. Clemenceau. But it will not see them as isolated figures. Their blackness will be found to be organic, with roots in vast fields of night. They will appear relatively powerless puppets who developed feebly along the line of least resistance; not leaders of men, but figure-heads interpreting group thought behind them. We imagine of Germany any thing like "Kultur" as of Italy for many years before the war. It was known that he looked forward to a war, that he thought it would be great, and that he represented a solid body of opinion. But no general European machinery existed to restrain him: Europe waited and hoped for the best—and the worst happened. Can we ever exonerate Europe? Or take the case of M. Clemenceau. France—or the section of France temporarily most articulate—dramoured for a tyrant in the last years of the war, and thrust forward M. Clemenceau. Can we blame him if he played the part too well?
List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.


See review, p. 271.


This little book contains a clear and elementary discussion of the philosophic ideas which serve as a basis for the mystical view of experience. There is much, of course, about intuition, but the author avoids, as a rule, the vague statements usual in writers of this school.

200 RELIGION.


See review in last week’s Athenæum, p. 240.


Together with a general introduction, this book contains the Greek texts of seven letters written by the Bishop of Antioch during his journey to Rome, there to be thrown to the beasts in the amphitheatre. These epistles are comprised in what is usually called "the short recension." They are addressed to the Ephesians, Magnesians, Trallians, Romans, Philadelphians, Smyrneans, and to Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna. Each text is accompanied by a short protracted English "argument." It is of interest to note that in the letter to the Smyrneans occurs the first mention of the "Catholic Church," and also that the "word 'Christianity,' like the word 'Christian,' comes first from Antioch, for Ignatius uses Χριστιανός as a contrast with the Pauline word 'λόγος.' (Magn. x.).

300 SOCIOLOGY.


Surveying funeral customs and observances in all ages and all countries, and pondering over the long-continued practice of burying with the dead something that would be of use to the living, the writer concludes that graves were originally refuges for the living. His illustrations of this thesis are drawn from Tylor's "Primitive Culture" and "Folk-Lore.


378.541

The six volumes before us ("Evidence and Documents") comprise general memorandum and oral evidence, as well as classified replies to the Commissioners' questions 1-23. A considerable number of valuable information concerning Indian university training is epitomized in these books.


A number of chapters on such subjects as Politics, Government, Sexual Hygiene, etc., vaguely related to Theosophy.

The sentiments are, for the most part, irreproachable, and the connection with Theosophy seems quite irrelevant.

Jennings (J. G.). Addresses to Students, 1918. Blackie, 1919. 8 in. 118 pp. boards, 2/8 n. 378.854

Address delivered in 1918 by the Vice-Chancellor of Patna University. "Reading," "Stoicism," and "Organization" are some of the subjects. A specially suggestive discourse has the title "Take Pains."

The People's Year-Book, and Annual of the English and Scottish Wholesale Societies, 1920: a volume of useful information prepared by the Co-operative Press Agency Manchester, Co-operative Wholesale Society, 1 Balloon Street, Glasgow, and Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society, 95, Morrison Street, 1920. 8½ in. 400 pp. ill. pors. index, paper, 2/ n. 330.6

The volume before us is the third issue of "The People's Year-Book." Much information relating to co-operative activities, Labour, finance, housing and the like, will be found in this book, which should be of considerable use to students of, and writers or speakers on, industrial, political and social problems.


The author deals first with the principal defects in the administration of United States law "which work in effect a denial of justice to the poor or the ignorant," namely, delay, court costs and fees, and the expense of counsel; and, secondly, with agencies supplementary to the existing machinery, whose object is to remedy these defects. Among the agencies passed in review are those for conciliation and arbitration, and the legal aid organizations.


It is now twenty-two years since the first play centre in England was opened. Here we have the history of the movement and an explanation of its principles and objects. There are now some two hundred centres, and the movement has reached every large city or town, not only influencing the children and their future, but also indirectly benefiting parents, teachers, police, and other classes. This account of the invaluable work done should help materially in the progress of the movement.

400 PHILOLOGY.


See review, p. 286.

Kastner (L. E.). Select Passages in Prose and Verse from Modern and Contemporary French Authors: Intermediate Course—Senior Course. Hachette, 1919. 2 vols. 7½ in. 176, 222 pp. indexes of authors, 4/6 n. each. 448.7

Extracts of medium difficulty from writers of the seventeenth to the twentieth century, chosen and annotated for the use of upper and middle forms in secondary schools, and for junior university classes. Richépin, Fusel de Coulanges, Béranger and François Coppée are among the authors represented in the Intermediate Course. The Senior Course includes extracts from Saint-Simon, Diderot, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Verhaeren and M. Henri de Régner.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Furniss (A. D. Sandersen) and Phillips (E. Marion). The Working Woman's Housekeeping Guide. Swavannah and Richmond, 1920. 7 in. 84 pp. plans, ill. paper, 1/6 n. 643

Two years ago an inquiry was organized by women of the Labour Party into the kind of house a working woman wants, and then the Women's Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Reconstruction took up the inquiry of which the results are published here. Architects' plans, suggestions
for central heating. water-supply, the arrangement of rooms, stairs, etc., cupboards, the inter-oven, and other new features, and a collection of answers to a questionnaire, illustrate the proposals: and the third part of the book has suggestions on co-operative housekeeping.

Lowry (Edith B.). **THE WOMAN OF FORTY.** Chicago, Forbes, 1919. 7 1/2 in. 203 pp. 
$1.25
618 Woman at the "dangerous age" has come to the turning-point of her existence. Dr. Lowry impresses upon women of this age the need for putting their bodies in such a perfect condition that theills common to the majority may be avoided. Definite plans for the future should be formed, for upon such depend the happiness and success of the latter half of her life.

*Read (C. Stanford). MILITARY PSYCHIATRY IN PEACE AND WAR. H. K. Lewis, 1920. 10 in. 175 pp. tables, charts, 10/6 n. 613.851 See review in last week's ATHENÆUM, p. 245.

700 FINE ARTS.


780 MUSIC.

Parry (Sir C. Hubert Hastings), Bt. **COLLEGE ADDRESSES DELIVERED TO PUPILS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.** Edited, with a recollection of the author, by H. C. Colles. Macmillan, 1920. 7 1/2 in. 301 pp., 7.6 n. 780.7 See review, p. 283.

790 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

Capablanca (J. R.). **MY CHESS CAREER.** Bell, 1920. 9 in. 228 pp. ill. por. index to games. 7.6 n. 794 See review in last week's ATHENÆUM, p. 237.


800 LITERATURE.

Erlande (Albert). **LA TRAGÉDIE DES EMPIRES.** Paris, Editions du "Monde Nouveau" (Cross-Atlantic Newspaper Service), 1920. 10 in. 151 pp. paper, 8.6 n. 842.9 Three hundred years ago Barclay's *roman à clef*, the "Argenis," depicted the secret diplomacy of the wars of Europe under mythical, but transparent names. This drama represents the affairs of the last five years in a similar fashion, making international events turn upon personal ambitions, and departing from history by allowing the Kaiser, Magnus Empereur d'Auxonie, the dignity of suicide.

Firth (Col. Sir Robert Hamlitt). **MUSINGS OF AN IDLE MAN.** Bale & Sons, 1919. 7 1/2 in. 371 pp., 7/6 n. 824.9 A collection of essays on very diverse subjects, the author occasionally touches a point of view which promises to be interesting, but the promise is seldom fulfilled. The slight essay has its function, but the majority of these essays are rather too slight.

*Frazer (Sir James George). SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY; and other literary pieces. Macmillan, 1920. 8 in. 331 pp., 8.6 n. 824.9 See review, p. 273.

Inge (Charles). **FLASHES OF LONDON; and other reflections.** Allen & Unwin, 1920. 7 1/2 in. 182 pp., 6/ n. 824.9 Mr. Inge presents us with a few queer creatures from the vast menagerie that is London. He points out to our attention Among the crowd all specimens of men, Through the crowd the colours which the sun bestows, And every character of form and face: Malayas, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese, And Negro ladies in white muslin gowns.

(Wordsworth, too, enjoyed and appreciated his London.) Mr. Inge has made use of a form approximating to that employed by the Character Writers of the seventeenth century. It is an agreeable form which lends itself to a pleasantly epigrammatic and "metaphysical" treatment. Mr. Inge's characters of London and its inhabitants are very readable. Our only complaint is his sentences have a distracting way of turning into blank verse. "Sallow-faced evil men, with cruel eyes, mutter their angry warnings or commands into scared women's faces blotched with tears." The rhythm gets on our nerves, and we find ourselves trying to fit every phrase we read into the Procrustean bed of the decasyllable. Only too many slip in without the least necessity to rack or chop.


POETRY.

Britton (Herbert E.). **DIANE; and other poems.** Stockwell [1920]. 7 1/2 in. 80 pp. 3/6 n. 821.9 Mr. Britton suffers from one of the mortal diseases of the poet—facility. If he wrote more painfully, he would, one feels, write better. As it is, his overloading vocabulary of poetic words and the case with which he rhymes and modulates his various measures are fatal to his chances of being more than an accomplished performer on the musical glasses of verse.

Burns (Robert). **SELECT POEMS BY ROBERT BURNS, arranged in kindred groups ("Plain Text Poets").** Blackie, 1919. 6 in. 96 pp. por. limp cl., 1/ n. 821.67 A commendable gathering of many of Burns's best-known lyrical poems.

*Cromwell (Gladys). **POEMS.** With an introduction by Padraic Colum. New York, Macmillan Co., 1919. 7 in. 123 pp. index, boards, $1.50. 811.5 Miss Cromwell was not one of those young poets who accept without question the traditionally "poetic" themes and prattle, without a sign of conviction, of love and springtime and the picturesque beauties of nature. She wrote of real spiritual experiences, of what she had herself thought and felt. "I must have peace," she writes:

Oh, not a temporal winter, not
A fitful sleep;
But such a lasting winter as
Dark oceans keep.
Beneath all tides there sleeps a depth
Of cold and faculty,
A zone that spins and spins a fine
Transparency.
There must be such a wintry zone
For teeming thought,
Where forms all the midnight ray would crush
Are slowly wrought.

These lines attest a profound insight into the workings of the spirit. At such moments of vision Miss Cromwell showed herself a poet of marked power and originality.

Cuthbertson (David). **POEMS OF THE WEST.** Aberdeen, Univ. Press, 1920. 7 1/2 in. 83 pp. 6/ n. 821.9 In this volume we prefer the poems in which Mr. Cuthbertson casts off the starchy restraint of traditional forms and lets himself go in Scots. "Dwynnin' awa" and "The Restless Wean" are excellent in their kind.


FICTION.

Clemenceau (Georges). **THE STRONGEST.** Nash [1919]. 7 in. 317 pp., 7/ n. 843.7 See review, p. 270.

Conquest (Joan). **DESERT LOVE.** Werner Laurie [1920]. 7 1/2 in. 256 pp., 7. n. There is a novelty in the theme chosen by the author. Jill Carden, who has been brought up in 'England's best society,' is of an unconventional disposition. She seeks adventure, and finds it in Egypt, where she makes the acquaintance of an extremely wealthy Arab, called Halumed, the Camel King. The two fall in love, and are married in Cairo. Then Jill leaves Western ideas behind her, and goes with her Arab husband to an oasis, where he has built a
luxurious palace. The pair live very happily, save for a temporary misunderstanding. The book contains beautiful portrayals of life in the desert and in Cairo.


This very conscientious version of a book which, as our readers know, we consider to be, with its companion volume "Vie des Martyrs," the finest of all the war books, deserves a measure of praise. Mr. Conwil-Evans’s appreciation of the niceties of M. Duhamel’s idiom is not, however, quite as fine as we could wish. His method of translating Parisian turns of accent and language into impeccable and rather colourless English is not quite satisfactory, and his expurgation of his original in "Revaud’s Room" gratuitous. A typical instance of the translator’s method is the rendering of "Il sait des tas de bricoles" by "He’s a fellow that’s up to a few tricks. It is not wrong, but it’s not right." "He knows a thing or two and could be much better. It is this touch of préc which prevents us from acknowledging the English version as worthy of the French original. But to those who are unable to read French with fluency—and to those only—we can honestly recommend Mr. Conwil-Evans’s rendering of a book that should be read and pondered by all.


A detective story, the hero of which is the brilliant M. Dupont of the French Secret Service. He solves the mystery connected with some hideous murders which have been committed in France, America, and England. The plot and incidents are arresting and exciting.

Gaunt (Mary).* The Threnody. Other happenings. Waverly Lanier [1920]. 7½ in. 263 pp. 7/6 n.

These eleven short stories are admirably representative of the author’s skill in characterization and in describing stirring episodes. "The Temple of the Great Beneficence" and "White Wolf," tales of risings in China; "Captain Pettifer and the 'U. Boat';" and the title story (which is set in West Africa), are among the most notable items.

Griffith (Mrs. L. W.).* Arthur, Routledge, 1920. 7½ in. 234 pp. 5/6 n.

A sentimental story about a little boy who is left in the charge of his cousin and guardian, Captain Maurice Arlington. Because of Arthur’s resemblance to his mother, who in earlier years was loved by the Captain, the boy, though tiresome and unruly, is a great favourite of his guardian. The latter saves Arthur’s life at the risk of his own.

Haggard (Sir Henry Rider).* The Ancient Allan. Cassell [1920]. 7½ in. 318 pp. ill. 8/6 n.

See review, p. 274.

*Jacobsen (Jens Peter).* Niros Lyhne. Translated from the Danish by Hanna Astrap Larsen ("Scandinavian Classics," 13). New York, American-Scandinavian Foundation (Milford), 1919. 8 in. 8/6 n. 839-83

An attractively designed and readable translation of this famous Danish novel.

Maier (S. P. B.).* Uncle Lionel. Grant Richards, 1920. 8 in. 313 pp. 7/6 n.

See review, p. 274.


The too susceptible hero is, in turn, a clerk in a railway office, a member of a provincial theatrical company (the delicate and petty shits of which are well depicted), one of a pietist troupe, an employee in an assurance office, and the proprietor of a musical agency. He is too readily attracted by one woman after another, and eventually marries one who is possessed of a formidable undoing. Unfortunately he underrates a really lovely her, and is led to commit bigamy.

The story ends abruptly and unsatisfactorily.

Pain (Barry).* The Death of Maurice. Skeffington [1920]. 7½ in. 288 pp. 7/6 n.

See review, p. 274.

Winston (G. McLeod).* Station X ("Splendid Library"). Jenkins, 1920. 8 in. 317 pp. 2/6 n.

A cheap reprint of a marvellous story, based on the success of attempts to get into communication with Mars and Venus by wireless.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.


Greece and Latin versions are considered very fully in this, the latest instalment of M. Laurand’s valuable and scholarly work, which includes a discussion of the latest theories of French and other savants, a noteworthy table of the metres used by Horace, and sections relating to numerous specialized branches of study, of importance and interest to the philologist. The bibliographies are of particular value.


Considering the small size of this book, the English or American reader for whom it is intended will be surprised at the amount of information which the pages convey.


Early Christian sepulchral inscriptions may be seen in the ancient cemeteries of Rome and other cities, in museums such as the Vatican, and in the collections of inscriptions made by pilgrims to Italy during the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, before the originals were destroyed. Most of these are printed in the second volume of De Rossi’s "Inscriptiones Christianae." Some of the oldest inscriptions in situ are in the cemetery of Priscilla at Rome. In the inscriptions set up by the early Christians there is nothing morbid or gloomy. On the contrary, a spirit of peace and hope prevails, and there are few signs of the trials through which the Church was passing. Mr. Nunn in nearly all cases adds English renderings to the Latin and Greek texts.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Clough (Arthur Hugh).* Osborne (James Insole).* Arthur Hugh Clough. Constable, 1920. 9 in. 195 pp. index, 8/6 n.

See review, p. 268.


Mrs. Fels has written an admirable sketch of her husband—a remarkable man who was in advance of his time. Born in Halifax County, Virginia, the fifth, and fourth surviving, child of Lazarus and Susannah Fels, Joseph in 1875 bought the business of a Philadelphia soap manufacturer. He is said to have been "one of the frankest types of good fellowship with his own workers," and to have had "no sympathy with the policy of drive; he did not believe in making the worker the accessory of the machine." Mr. Fels was never strongly drawn to the service of the synagogue, but devoted himself to practical reform. He regarded as erroneous the view that high profits naturally derive from low wages, and was of opinion that wise employers see that "high profits more naturally derive from high wages, plus efficient organisation." Joseph Fels strongly advocated a tax upon the value of land apart from all improvements, was greatly interested in the cultivation of vacant land, and keenly supported women’s suffrage. He died on February 22, 1914.

Maud (Constance Elizabeth).* My French Year. Mills & Boon [1920]. 9 in. 284 pp. ill. 10/6 n.

Very readable narratives of experiences in France during 1917 and 1918 are embodied in this volume, the author of which describes, among other matters, the aspects of some of the devastated regions, the sorrows and privations of the French soldier, life in Paris, and the remarkable work for the Red Cross accomplished by the various associations of French, English and American women. An interesting section of the book deals at some length with the music of César Franck. In 1919 the author came to the conclusion that, highly as the war work of English and American women has been valued by our Allies, yet the women of France "the better it will be for the growth of that delicate plant, the Entente Cordiale."

The writers of these interesting and appreciative letters include Sir Sidney Lee, Messrs. John Masfield and John Drinkwater, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. G. F. Watts, Mrs. Holman Hunt, Miss May Morris, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir Gilbert Parker. The portrait is excellent.

4909 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.


A diary which opens with operations in Gallipoli, and then deals with those in Egypt and Palestine. It thus constitutes an informal history of a large part of our Eastern campaign. Capt. Adams has a readable style and an attractive sense of humour: "Of course, it is a dead secret, and France is referred to as 'Another Front' or 'A Different Scene of Activity', prefixed by the sort of noise a grandfather clock makes before it strikes. The whole thing is given a picnic air.


Already an Army doctor, the writer was mobilized on August 5, 1914, and worked in various capacities which he describes in detail. He criticizes the management of various departments, and especially the red-tape folly that set experienced surgeons and physicians filling up forms when they were in grievous demand for important work. The R.A.M.C., he sums up, is admirably adapted for peace, but requires to be decentralized and made more elastic for service in war.


Major Gibbs describes the life of the subaltern during the war, and supplies one of the best and most realistic accounts of the way they tackled their job and managed their men, during training, in the trenches, and on the battlefield, and how they felt and behaved towards the superior powers. It is a racy, slangy, and outspoken record, without any moralizing, and Major Gibbs's brother undertakes to supply the "philosophy" which is supposed to be essential.

Mure (A. H.). WITH THE INCOMPARABLE 29TH. Chambers, 1919. 7 in. 212 pp., 5/6 n. 940.9

Yet another account of the Gallipoli campaign by an eyewitness. Major Mure writes of his soldiers with a love and admiration which are really moving. One account—a charge by the Australians—is particularly vivid, and shows us once more to what heights of heroism men rose in those days. The author's style is a little crude; he is fond of alliteration and the obvious climax, but his book is vigorous and alive.

Trigo (Felipe). CRISIS DE LA CIVILIZACION: LA GUERRA EUROPEA. Madrid, Ramoncino, San Marcos, 42, 1919. 7 in. 273 pp., 4 ptas. 940.9

The second edition of Señor Trigo's work.

J. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Davidson (Gladys). MORE TALES FROM THE WOODS AND FIELDS. Wells Gardner [1919]. 61/4 by 122 pp. il. boards, 19 n. 940.9

A red stag, an otter, and a badger, with other "small deer" in the shape of birds and butterflies, relate the chief events of their lives—ostensibly for the benefit of their young ones, and incidentally for the entertainment of Children.

Gibbs (May). GUM-BLOSSOM BABIES. GUM-NUT BABIES. WATTLE BABIES. Words and pictures by May Gibbs. Sydney, Angus & Robertson (Australian Book Company of London) [1919]. 9 in. 24 pp. each, paper, 1/6 n. each. J. 741

These three booklets contain a number of quaint drawings of babies. Incidentally they will teach British children something about nature in Australia. Miss Gibbs is to be complimented on her fancy and ingenuity.


Capt. Gilson has provided a stirring story of adventure and exploration, telling how three Britons traced a mysterious African river, and released the natives from the thralldom of a Portuguese slave-trader whom they had come to look on as a "Fire-God."

Lanei (Henry W.), ed. THE BOOK OF BRAVERY: being true stories in an ascending scale of courage. Bickers [1919]. 8 1/4 in. 344 pp. il., 7/6 n. 940.9

Among the heroes and heroines of famous escapes, Mr. Lanier tells about Cesar Borgia, Benvenuto Cellini, Cortes, Don Carlos, and Mrs. Scott; the famous treasure-seekers include Morgan the pirate, Admiral Phips, Cortes, and Cecil Rhodes; the soldiers are Horatio, Richard the Lion-hearted, Marshal Ney, Charles XII of Sweden, and Wolfe; the sailors, Grenville, Nelson, Paul Jones, Decatur, and Farragut; and among "Famous Deeds of Discipline" are retold the stories of Thermopylae, the Anabasis, the Old Guard at Waterloo, and Balaclava.

SHRINKAGE OF CAPITAL AND INCOME

Way Out of the Difficulty

Everyone seems to be getting an increase in income commensurate with the increased cost of living—except the investor. He—or she—watches the prices of everything rising higher and higher, while the Income remains the same, or, if lower, may become lower. Before the war the dividends received constituted an Income sufficient comfortably to meet the outgoings. Now there is not enough to do more, perhaps, than secure the bare necessities of life. There is not a penny to spare for even simple luxuries; while pleasures that before could be frequently enjoyed are now entirely things of the past.

The sacrifice of these amenities of life is not the easier with advancing years. The need of rigid economy does not make for prolonged life. Financial worries are harder to bear the older one gets. They prey on the mind; and this is bad for the health.

But what is the man or woman to do whose income depends on dividends or a small fixed rate of interest? Sell his other stocks or shares and purchase with the proceeds a Sun Life of Canada Annuity!

There is the simple solution to the whole problem. There is the way out of the difficulty! The plan has been adopted by retired professional and business men, clergymen, doctors, and by widows, in ever-increasing numbers during the past few years.

Through this plan many of them have doubled, in some cases more than trebled, their income. One man, for instance, aged 65, obtained an Annuity of £200 7s. 8d. instead of the income of £125 he had previously received from his investments. A widow, age 65, whose Capital was only £1,200 when realised, obtained an annuity of £24 4s., whereas before she had pinched and scraped on an income under £60 a year.

It must also be remembered that Sun Life of Canada Annuities are fixed and guaranteed for life. They will neither rise nor fall according to the state of the market. They are unaffected by Political disturbances or labour troubles. They are absolutely secure.

There are annuities to suit every individual case,—Immediate, Deferred, Joint, Educational.

The Sun Life of Canada has Assets of over £23,000,000,000 under strict Government supervision. Write for full details, stating exact date of birth and amount at disposal, to the Manager, J. F. Jenkin, Sun Life of Canada, 10, Canada House Norfolk-street, London, W.C. 2.
ESSAY COMPETITION

WITH the aim of stimulating a critical interest in contemporary English Literature, The Athenæum has decided to offer a number of prizes for the best Essays on the subject:

English Literature since 1914.

Dr. Robert Bridges and Professor George Saintsbury have consented to act together with the Editor of The Athenæum as judges in the competition, the prizes for which will be as follows:

First Prize - £50 0 0
Second Prize - 25 0 0
Third Prize - 10 0 0
Ten Prizes of 5 0 0
Ten Prizes of 3 0 0

ESSAYS for this Competition should approximate, but not exceed, 3,500 words in length, and they should be written on one side of the paper only.

The Competition will close with the first post received on Monday, April 19th, 1920, and the result will be announced in The Athenæum dated June 18th, 1920.

CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION

will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope by the Editor of The Athenæum.

THE ATHENÆUM
10, Adelphi Terrace,
London,
W.C.2
Appointments Vacant

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION FOR IRELAND.
NATIONAL MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART, DUBLIN.

THE POST OF TECHNICAL ASSISTANT in the Botanical Section of the above Museum is VACANT. Remuneration, including present temporary war bonus, £6s. a week for a man, and £4s. a week for a woman.

Applications should be submitted not later than March 20, 1920, to the Secretary of the Department, Upper Merrion Street, Dublin, on a form which may be obtained from the Department.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF STOKE-ON-TRENT
EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

WANTED for April 19:

1. An ASSISTANT MISTRESS with an Honours degree in History for Advanced Course work with the girls. Teaching experience is essential. Salary according to scale, and commencing salary dependent upon qualifications and experience.

2. An ASSISTANT MISTRESS for Geography with the girls. Salary according to scale. Forms of application (which should be duly filled up and returned to the Director of Education not later than March 10, 1920) may be obtained on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from DR. W. LUDFORD FREEMAN, Director of Education.

Education Offices, Town Hall, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.
February 25, 1920.

BOROUGH OF
ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

1. WANTED for BOYS' SECONDARY and for TECHNICAL SCHOOL a HANDICRAFT INSTRUCTOR (Woodwork and Metalwork), well qualified in Engineering Subjects; part day and part evening work.

Scale of Salary, £180 to £340. Commencing salary will depend on qualifications and experience.

2. WANTED for GIRLS' SECONDARY SCHOOL, an ASSISTANT MISTRESS qualified in Mathematics and French (or German). Scale of Salary, £200 to £280 for Non-graduates, or £180 to £250 for graduates. Commencing Salary will depend upon qualifications and experience.

Applications to be sent to J. E. Pickles, Director's Office, York Road, Leamington.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION—MEN'S DIVISION.

SIX TEMPORARY ASSISTANT LECTURERS will be appointed for the session 1920-21, at salaries of £300 each. If admissions justify it, the appointments may be continued for the following session 1921-22, and it is hoped that one or two at least may be continued permanently.

Applicants must be trained graduates with good teaching experience. Well qualified women applicants might be considered. Particulars from the Registrar, to whom applications should be addressed not later than March 20,

Appointments Vacant

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOUTHPORT.
EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

NEW SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
HEADMASTERSHIP.

The Governors of the above school invite applications for the POSITION OF HEADMASTER.

The school will be commenced in temporary premises at the "Woodlands," Lord Street, pending the erection of a new school with accommodation for 500 boys, which is to be proceeded with immediately on a site of 15 acres on the sea front.

Commencing salary, not less than £300 per annum.

It is intended that the school shall be conducted as far as possible after the manner of a Public School for Day Boarders, for which purpose the new school buildings are being specially designed, and it is therefore desirable that candidates should have had some Public School experience.

An Honours Degree of a British University will be looked for.

The School will be grant-earning and be conducted under Articles of Government formulated in accordance with the Board of Education's Regulations.

Applications, endorsed "Headmaster, Secondary School," accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials should reach the undersigned on or before Tuesday, March 9, 1920.

WM. ALLANACH,
Correspondent and
Director of Education.

Education Offices, 2 Church Street, Southport.
February, 1920.

MALVERN GIRLS' COLLEGE, WORCESTERSHIRE.

1. WANTED, after Easter, an experienced MISTRESS to teach Divinity in the Middle and Senior Schools. Churchwoman essential. The post is a resident one, and a good salary is offered to a suitable candidate.

2. A BOTANY SPECIALIST to teach Botany from Form III upwards. Geography subsidiary a recommendation.

3. WANTED, in September, an ASSISTANT MISTRESS to teach Geography on modern lines. Good qualifications and experience essential.

Initial salaries £150-£250 according to qualifications and experience, rising £20 per annum to a maximum of £350. If resident a deduction of £50 is made for heating and residence. Apply, with full particulars to the Vice-Principal, Ivydene Hall, Malvern Girls' College.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

THE NEXT PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATION will be held 10-18th May, 1920, in London and at other centres in the provinces and abroad. 10th May, Classification; 11th May, Cataloguing; 12th May, Library Organisation; 13th May, Library Routine; 14th May, Literacy History; 15th May, Bibliography. Candidates wishing to enter for this examination must already hold I.A. Certificates, have passed the Preliminary Test, or else hold certificates approved by the Education Committee. Fee 5s. for each section. Last day of entry 10th April.

The Preliminary Test will be held on Wednesday, 12th May, 1920. Fee 2s. 6d. Last day of entry 10th April.

Copies of the Syllabus (price 1s. 6d. post free), together with all particulars, can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Library Association, Caston Hall, Westminster, S.W.1.

The Examination for this year only will be held according to the Syllabus of 1915-16.
Art Exhibitions

The MALVENS—Landscape Impressions by Leonard Richmond.


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LITERATURE, THE ARTS

JOHN CLARE

EST the eternal impulse of poetry should seem mere superstition, unelemental, superinduced, and man-handled; lest poetry itself appear to belong solely to the region of education and mental refinement, from the highways and byways of the land at times have come and shall come signs and utterances to prove its natural origin. There is to-day a profusion of poetic composition; there is surprising command of form and diction, there is brilliance and purpose, and little besides. With a few notable exceptions, we know precisely the level on which the modern poet feels himself to be competent, whether his preference be to describe leaves as "green" or to describe them as "wooden." The new canon may be thus expressed, "You can't put that"; and so while actual bathos is missing, outflash is likewise carefully checked. Well might the cynic of to-day, weary of the search for the real daring of straightforwardness with all its imperfections, return to Cowper's condemnation of "a mere mechanic art"; or to that finest apologia, "In 'Endymion' I leapt headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice." And thus direct was John Clare.

Born two years before Keats, John Clare was by nature and force of circumstances an unquestioning believer of his creed, "Beauty is Truth." In a dismal overcrowded Northamptonshire cottage his tragic life began, and wretched as were the conditions of farm labourers then, Clare's father was deprived by recurring illness of what small livelihood he had once obtained. Accordingly the little boy, who at his birth "might have been put into a pint-pot," was at the earliest age sent out to mind geese and cows, to help with his own miniature flail at corn-threshing, and worse, to follow the plough in heavy soils. There was already something about him which caused the village folk to shake their heads. The horizon puzzled him not a little, and one day he wandered miles and miles to reach it. Rounding up his cows in marshy ground, he always looked fearfully over his shoulder, for there were ghosts in ambush waiting to attack him. Further, he was well known to be fond of an old gipsy-woman, who taught him folk-songs and weather-wisdom. And soon, while jobbing at the Blue Bell, burning lime, or serving in the militia, he made himself at home with reading and writing, and on scraps of paper tried his hand at ballads of his own.

And now his life became complex indeed. Poetry and love constantly beset him with exaltations and depressions, and made him so unsatisfactory a day-labourer that he could afford neither of them. With vast trouble, it is true, he hoarded together a pound and distributed a proposal for publishing by subscription "A Collection of Original Trifles"; but his first sweetheart, who was to him as Fanny Brawne to another John, was forbidden by a hard-headed father to take any further notice of this wild-looking, verse-making, out-of-work whopstraw. This blow was at length the main theme in the tragedy of John Clare.

But good came out of the poetical prospectus, and in January, 1829, the publishers of Keats issued the Poems of John Clare, a Northamptonshire peasant, with a remarkable introduction and a glossary of words "not to be found in Johnson." Now for a time the shadow seemed to lift from Clare; he married, he became fashionable, visitors picked their way through the mud of Helpstone to find his cottage, and a public fund reached such a success that Clare was ensured a sort of annuity of £30. Next year "The Village Minstrel,"
by "The Northamptonshire Peasant," appeared, and increased the popular admiration, and Clare had made the acquaintance of most of the literary lions of the day, particularly those of the London Magazine.

But, just as the lime-kiln owner had found the poet a poor lime-burner, so now and henceforward Clare found himself a failure in practical matters. Attempts at smallholding came to nothing, and presently the faint praise and fainter sale accorded to his third book of poems overcast his outlook entirely. He wrote for the annuals, which mostly omitted to pay him; and of such a peculiar cast was his nature that he even refused anything like generous remuneration from his great friend Allan Cunningham, who was always glad to use his poems. Meanwhile he was half-starving himself so that his growing family might not go hungry; and wandering dejectedly through the fields he began to encourage hallucination. With a sort of double personality, he saw the tragedy of John Clare and his lost first love Mary, and, as a third person, before his own wife would talk of the troubles of John Clare, to a Mary whom he alone could see. He was at last taken away to a private asylum in Essex, but escaped home, crawling along with bleeding hands and feet, and eating grass. Not even this terrible journey availed him. His last book had appeared, and was scarcely noticed; and then John Clare was condemned, for the stated reason of "having spent years addicted to poetical prosings," to spend his remaining years in the madhouse at Northampton. Almost thirty years afterwards he crept to the window to look on the sunny meadows for the last time.

It cannot be said that Clare's poetry ever had fair play, even while he was alive and sane. His publishers were responsible for the selection and final re-touching of his poems, and doubtless aimed at suiting the taste of the moment rather than the essential Clare. His very rank in life, which brought him such success over his earliest book, eventually darkened his light; for the public, having bought his juvenilia with glibness so readily, soon reckoned him a mere literary curiosity, and left his later, finer work unopened. After his death, more of his poems were edited, in the offensive sense, of the word, by his biographer J. L. Cherry; and then at last Clare, having palely survived the nineteenth century in mild gift-books of the "Sabbath-Bells-Chimed-By-The-Poets" sort, was given a fresh hearing by Mr. Arthur Symons, who was fortunate in recovering from MSS. several astonishing poems. A vast quantity of Clare's manuscripts, however, lies derelict still, and offers the fascination of a treasure-hunt.

Of the poems published up to the present, it is curious to notice that the earlier ones are largely meditative, those written in the asylum chiefly lyrical. Throughout, in happy intimacy with village life and field life, Clare far excels any other English nature poet; indeed, his very variety of detail sometimes makes him monotonous to the less observant reader. Grandeur impressed him less than his customary walk in a swampy pasture; and in his power of making "an old mill and two or three stunted trees" rich and beautiful he is a sort of Ruysdael. He blinks at nothing. Colour and odd sound are natural to him:

"twas sweet, to list
The stubbles crackling with the heat,
Just as the sun broke through the mist
And warm'd the herdsmen's rusty seat;
And grunting noise of rambling hogs,
Where pattering acorns oddly drop;
And noisy bark of shepherd dogs,
The restless routs of sheep to stop;
While distant thresher's swingle drops
With sharp and hollow-twanking raps;
And nigh at hand the echoing chops
Of hardy hedger stopping gaps...

This is the earlier Clare, and it would seem impossible for him ever to exhaust his ruralities. As he wrote more, he took a hint from his kindly critic Lamb and "tempered that rustic slang of his"; and further he gained in intensity. His pictures at length become unsurpassable in their kind:

Where squats the hare, to toors wide awake,
Like some brown clad the harrows failed to break, or again, of house-fies in a mild February,
With feeble pace, they often creep
Along the sun-warmed window-pane,
Like dreaming things that walk in sleep.

His finest work in his contemporaries volumes of verse—let no one insist on damning him for his many failures after Burns and "Grongar Hill"—is contained in sonnets and other brief pieces conveying (like Bewick's tailpieces) momentary impressions of nature with startling power. Of these crystallizations Clare is prodigal; and somewhat akin to them are the longer and more personal or more analytical poems, such as "The Flitting," "Taste," and "Remembrances." The rhythm of the last-named poem of childhood is quite wonderful:

Summer's pleasures they are gone, like to visions every one. And the cloudy days of autumn and of winter cometh on.

There is another important aspect of this truest and unluckiest of poets. As a lyric poet purely, he never really achieved an authentic note until "the shipwreck of his own esteems" had tortured him into a new being. Then came the bursts of song, utterly unspoiled by his old slavish echoing of Burns; nor in his tragedy did he merely moan and cry, but of his happy loves, his childhood in the green land, the warm colour and bright tumult of nature, he would ring out rich and wild as a blackbird. It is true that he often ends in a sob:

I am! yet what I am who cares or knows?—
but the glorious buoyancy of Clare in the madhouse is one of the finest things in human history. When he poises, as sometimes he does, on the verge of joy and sorrow, his poetry is the most moving:

now he writes an Adieu!—

I left the little birds,
And sweet lowing of the herds,
And couldn't find out words,
Do you see.
To say to them good-bye,
Where the yellowcups do lie:
So heaving a deep sigh,
Took to sea...

now he grieves for a little child (perhaps the same for whom he wrote those merry songs "Trotty Wagtail" and "Clock-a-Clay"):
THE HUMANITY OF TCHEHOV

LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS.
Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. (Chatto &
Windsor, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE case of Tchcnev is one to be investigated again
and again because he is the only great modern
artist in prose. Tolstoy was living throughout
Tchehov's life, as Hardy has lived throughout our
town, and these are great among the greatest. But they are
not modern. It is an essential part of their greatness
that they could not be; they have a simplicity and scope that
manifestly belongs to all time rather than to this. Tchehov
looked towards Tolstoy as we to Hardy. He saw in him
a Colossus, one whose achievement was of another and
a greater kind than his own.

I am afraid of Tolstoy's death. If he were to die there
would be a big empty place in my life. To begin with, because I have
never loved any man as much as him. Secondly, while
Tolstoy is in literature it is easy and pleasant to be a literary man;
even recognizing that one has done nothing and never will do
nothing is not so dreadful, since Tolstoy will do enough for
all his work is the justification of the enthusiasm and expectations
built upon literature. Thirdly, Tolstoy takes a firm stand; he
has an immense authority, and so long as he is alive, bad tastes
in literature, vulgarity of every kind, insouciant and lachrymose
all the hard realities will be in the far background,
in the shade.

(January, 1900.)

Tchcnev realized the gulf that separated him from the
great men before him, and he knew that it yawned so
deep that it could not be crossed. He belonged to
a new generation, and he alone perhaps was fully conscious of it.
"We are lemonade," he wrote in 1892.

Tell me honestly who of my contemporaries—that is, men
between thirty and forty-five—have given the world one
drop of alcohol? . . . Science and technical knowledge are
passing through a great period now, but for our sort it is a flabby,
stale, dull time. The causes of this are not to be found
in our stupidity, our lack of talent, or our insolence, but in a disease
which for the artist is worse than syphilis or sexual exhaustion.
We lack "something," that is true, and that means that, lift the
robe of our muse, and you will find within an empty void. Let
me remind you that the writers who we say are for all time or
are simply good, and who intoxicates us, have one common and
very important characteristic: they are going towards something
and are summoning you towards it, too, and you feel, not with your
mind but with your whole being, that they have some object, just
like the ghost of Hamlet's father, who did not come and disturb
the imagination for nothing. And we? We! We paint life as it is,
but beyond that—nothing at all. . . . Flog us and we can do more! We have neither immediate nor remote aims,
and in our soul there is a great empty space. We have no
politics, we do not believe in revolution, we have no God, we are
not afraid of ghosts, and I personally am not afraid even of death
and blindness. One who wants nothing, hopes for nothing, and
feels nothing cannot be an artist.

You think I am clever. Yes, I am at least so far clever
as not to conceal from myself my disease and not to deceive myself,
and not to cover up my own emptiness with other people's tags,
such as the ideas of the 'sixties and so on.

That was written in 1892. When we remember all
the strange literary effort gathered round about that year
in the West—Symbolism, the "Yellow Book," Art for
Art's sake—and the limbo into which it has been thrust
by now, we may realize how great a precursor, and, in
his own despite, a leader Anton Tchehov was. When
Western literature was plunging with enthusiasm into
one cul de sac after another, incapable of diagnosing its
own disease, Tchehov in Russia, unknown to the
West, had achieved a clear vision and a sense of perspective.

To-day we begin to feel how intimately Tchehov belongs
to us; to-morrow we may feel how infinitely he is still
advancing us. A man will always be the product of a
talent, and in so far as we are concerned with the
genius of Tchehov we must accept the inevitable.
We must analyse and seek to understand it; we must above all

When Autumn came, and blasts did sigh
And bare were flower and tree,
As he in ease in bed did lie
His soul seemed with the free,—
He died so quietly.

Fate has not ceased to pursue Clare since his death,
and not only has his published work been neglected—
notoriety, for instance, the callous and spiritually
grotesque article in the "Dictionary of National
Biography"—but also his asylum manuscripts, which
probably contain his utmost achievement, and number
five hundred poems, have long since gone astray. Is it
too late to hope that they somewhere exist, and that
the genuine, spontaneous, affectionate poetry of Clare
may at last be recognized as one of the rarer possessions
of England?

EDMUND BLunden.

ROMANTIC RELAPSE

Now is come the season of tranquil retrospect,
Meditation among the tombs of ancestors.
Accepted by those old spirits, I reject
This too crude world and all its groanings and errors.

Out of a clash of azure and scarlet and yellow,
I have come into a region of ivory and old gold.
There are soft edges to things, the air is fruity and mellow.
Smoothly waggle the dusty beards of the graciously old.—

"Welcome, my son. Repose yourself just here, my son,
On this delicious piece of Chippendale I place
Exactly here, that you remark the lines that run
Between the mantle-piece and the larger bookcase.

Every evening I read in great-grandfather's books.
Taste and great-grandpapa are synonymous for me.—
Here a Fragonard, I believe—nymphs pursued by pastry
cooks:
The plumpest nymph a little gnawed by rats unfortunately!"

Old men go home in ripeness; their least gesture
Is weighty, thoughtful, significant and sage.
They are sober and harmonious in their vesture.
Old men, I envy your notable gift of age!

I will eagerly grow old, surround myself with antiques,
Move with severe men to a settled plan.
Before Time can whiten my hair and hollow my callow
cheeks,
I shall be older and graver than any old man!

J. J. Adams.

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER

In old, dim days—nay, passionate, poignant, true—
Love-drunken Werther raved, despairsed, and died.
The other day I read it all anew,
And, ere I shut the covers, stepped inside
And found good Albert making from the room,
A little puzzled, busy, narrow, trim;
And Werther crouching in ecstatic gloom
While Lotte played that magic air for him,
Young, modest, generous and fair were they.
And when the little melody was played
He kissed her hand and wept—how cool it lay
In his, impassioned, hers, all unafraid!
Their twilight falls. Our insolent daylight shows,
(Bright feathers in the cold desert nest),
Her pretty ribbons and her turbulences,
His curious long blue coat and yellow vest.

F. W. Storck.
realize that since Tchekhov has written and been made accessible to us a vast amount of our modern literary production is simply unpardonable. Writers who would be modern and ignore Tchekhov's achievement are, however much they may persuade themselves that they are devoted artists, merely engaged in satisfying their vanity or in the exercise of a profession like any other; for Tchekhov is a standard by which modern literary effort must and measured, and the writer of prose fiction who is not sufficiently single-minded to apply the standard himself is of no particular account.

Though Tchekhov's genius, is, strictly speaking, inimitable, it deserves a much exacter study than it has yet received. The publication of this volume of his letters hardly affords the occasion for that; but it does afford an opportunity for the examination of some of the chief constituents of his perfect art. These touch us nearly because—we insist again—the supreme interest of Tchekhov is that he is the only great modern artist in prose. He belongs, as we have said, to us. If he is great, then he is great not least in virtue of qualities which we may aspire to possess ourselves; if he is an ideal, it is to which we can refer ourselves. He had been saturated in all the disillusions which we regard as peculiarly our own, and every quality which is distinctive of the epoch of consciousness in which we are living now is reflected in him—and yet, miracle of miracles, he was a great artist. He did not rub his cheeks to produce a spurious colour of health; he did not profess beliefs which he could not maintain; he did not seek a reputation for universal wisdom, or indulge himself in self-gratifying dreams of a millennium which he alone had the ability to control. He was and wanted to be nothing in particular, and yet, as we read these letters of his, we feel gradually forming in our souls the conviction that he was a hero more than that, the hero of our time.

It is important that, in reading the letters, we do not consider him under the aspect of an artist. We are inevitably fascinated by his character as a man, one who, by efforts which we have most frequently to divine for ourselves from his reticences, worked on the infinitely complex material of the modern mind and soul, and made it in himself a definite, positive and most lovable thing. He did not throw in his hand in face of his manifold bewilderments; he did not fly for refuge to institutions in which he did not believe; he risked everything, in Russia, by having no particular faith in revolution and saying so. In every conjuncture of his life that he could trace in his letters, he beheld him merely by himself, and, since he is our great exemplar, by us. He refused to march under any political banner—a thing, let it be remembered, of almost inconceivable courage in his country; he submitted to savagely hostile attacks for his political indifference; yet he spent more of his life and energy in doing active good to his neighbour than all the high-souled professors of liberalism and social reform. He undertook an almost superhuman journey to Sahalin in 1890 to investigate the condition of the prisoners there; in 1892 he spent the best part of a year as a doctor devising preventive measures against the cholera in the country district where he lived, and, although he could do no writing, he refused the government pay in order to preserve his own independence of action; in another year he was the leading spirit in organizing practical measures of famine relief about Nizhni-Novgorod. From his childhood to his death, moreover, he was the sole support of his family. Measured by the standards of Christian morality, Tchekhov was wholly a saint. His self-devotion was boundless.

Yet we know he was speaking nothing less than the truth of himself when he wrote: "It is essential to be indifferent." Tchekhov was indifferent; but his indifference, as a mere catalogue of his secret philanthropies will show, was of a curious kind. He made of it, as it were, an axiomatic basis of his own self-discipline. Since life is what it is and men are what they are, he seems to have argued, everything depends upon the individual. The stars are hostile, but love is kind, and love is within the compass of any man if he will work for it. In one of his earliest letters he defines true culture for the benefit of his brother Nikolay, who lacked it. Cultivated persons, he says, respect human personality; they have sympathy not for beggars and cats only; they respect the property of others, and therefore pay their debts; they are sincere and dread lying like fire; they do not disengage themselves to arouse compassion; they have no shallow vanity; if they have a talent they respect it; they develop the aesthetic feeling in themselves... they seek as far as possible to restrain and ennoble the sexual instinct. The letter from which these chief points are taken is a monument of sympathy and wit. Tchekhov was twenty-six when he wrote it. He concludes with the words: "What is needed is constant work day and night, constant reading, study, will. Every hour is precious, guard it." In that letter are given all the elements of Tchekhov the man. He set himself to achieve a new humanity, and he achieved it. The indifference upon which Tchekhov's humanity was built was not therefore a moral indifference; it was, in the main, the recognition and acceptance of the fact that life itself is indifferent. To that he held fast to the end. But the conclusion which he drew from it was not that it made no particular difference what anyone did, but that the attitude and character of the individual were all-important. There was, indeed, no panacea, political or religious, for the ills of humanity; but there could be a mitigation in men's souls. But the new asceticism must not be negative. It must not cast away the goods of civilization because civilization is largely a sham.

Alas! I shall never be a Tolstoyan. In women I love beauty above all things, and in the history of mankind, culture expressed in carpets, carriages with springs, and keenness of wit. Ach! To make haste and become an old man and sit at a big table!

Not that there is a trace of the hedonist in Tchekhov, who voluntarily endured every imaginable hardship if he thought he could be of service to his fellow-men, but, as he wrote elsewhere, "we are conceived with phases alone." Since life is what it is, its amenities are doubly precious. Only they must be amenities without humbug.

Pharisaism, stupidity and despotism reign not in bourgeois houses and prisons alone. I see them in science, in literature, in the younger generation. That is why I have no preference either for gendarmes, or for butchers, or for scientists, or for writers, or for the younger generation. I regard trade marks and labels as a superstition. My holy of holies is the human body, health, intelligence, talent, inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom—freedom from violence and lying, whatever forms they may take. This is the programme I would follow if I were a great artist.

What the "most absolute freedom" meant to Tchekhov his whole life is witness. It was a liberty of a purely moral kind, a liberty, that is, achieved at the cost of a great effort in self-discipline and self-refinement. In one letter he says he is going to write a story about the son of a serf—Tchekhov was the son of a serf—who "squeezed the slave out of himself." Whether the story was ever written we do not know, but the process is one to which Tchekhov applied himself all his life long. He waged a war of extermination against the lie in the soul in himself, and by necessary implication in others also.

He was, thus, in all things a humanist. He faced the universe, but he did not deny his own soul. There could be for him no antagonism between science and literature, or science and humanity. They were all ples; it was men who quarreled among themselves. If men would only develop a little more loving-kindness, things would
be better. The first duty of the artist was to be a decent man.

Solidarity among young writers is impossible and unnecessary. We cannot feel and think in the same way, our aims are different, or we have no aim at all, and so there is nothing on which this solidarity could be securely hooked... And is there any need for it? No, in order to help a colleague, to respect his personality and work, to refrain from gossiping about him, envying him telling him lies and being hypocritical, one does not need so much to be a young writer as simply a man...

It seems a simple discipline, this moral and intellectual honesty of Tchekov's, yet in these days of conceit and coterie his letters strike us as more than strange. One predominant impression remains: it is that of Tchekov's candour of soul. Somehow he had achieved with open eyes the mystery of pureness of heart; and in that, though we dare not analyse it further, lies the secret of his greatness as a writer and of his present importance to ourselves.

J. M. M.

NEW PROSPECTS

Science and Life. By Frederick Soddy. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is surely a great merit in Mr. Soddy's book that it awakens in us once more the feeling of adventure. The war, amongst other things, gave us a surfeit of adventure; the quest of the new, the strange, the thrilling, here suffered a kind of reductio ad absurdum, for we came to see, all too clearly, what weary, stale, unprofitable realities underlay all these dazzling appearances. The world has become old. The great thoughts of the sages, the inspired utterances of the poets, can now stir but a languid interest; we know the ideal does not shape the real. As the war-mongers said, the war brought us back to realities. It did; and we are bored to impotence by them. Even travel books have lost their charm; we remember the words of the great Abbé: "Les postillons nous disent que voici Montbard. Ce lieu m'est inconnu. Néanmoins je ne crains pas d'affirmer, par analogie, que les gens qui vivent là, nos semblables, sont égoïstes, lâches, perfides, gourmands, libidineux. Autrement, ils ne seraient point des hommes..."

Being brought back to realities, and finding that they are purely "material," we can discover hope of essential change only in a profound alteration in the material basis of life. Mr. Soddy's book is exciting because this is exactly what he promises. He implies that the "spiritual" forces, philosophy, literature, the arts, have had a good innings, and that the results they have achieved do not inspire confidence. He suggests that we turn to science and makes it the chief reason for effecting the change. He accepts the intended reproach that science is materialistic. In a civilization which is at the point of disaster for purely material reasons he thinks the first place should be given to that activity which promises the richest material results. The reproach of science has become its glory: its title to immortality now justifies its claim to be regarded as the savour of the world. But this is not all. The choice is not between recognizing and ignoring science; it cannot be ignored, and the choice is between a friend and an enemy. If we do not allow it to build the world, it will infallibly blow it to pieces.

Let us suppose that it became possible to extract the energy which now oozes out, so to speak, from radio-active materials over a period of thousands of millions of years, in as short a time as we pleased. From a pound weight of such substances one would get about as much energy as would be obtained by burning 150 tons of coal. How splendid! Or a pound weight could be made to do the work of 150 tons of dynamite. Ah! there's the rub. Imagine, if you can, what the present war would be like if such an explosive had actually been discovered instead of still being in the keeping of the future. Yet it is a discovery that conceivably might be made tomorrow in time for its development and perfection for the use or destruction, let us say, of the next generation, and which, it is pretty certain, will be made by science sooner or later.

As Mr. Soddy shows, such purely materialistic considerations are extremely pertinent to human welfare. A community which could liberate the energy of the atom could gain wealth surpassing the dreams of avarice. And by wealth Mr. Soddy makes it clear that he means control of nature, ensuring, almost as by-products, food, raiment, health and leisure. Mr. Soddy says that some of the elements of scientific education affect to despise such considerations and that he therefore addresses his remarks primarily to the Labour Party. If the opponents of Labour allow it to monopolize this programme Labour will indeed sweep the country. Practically the whole of Mr. Soddy's book is concerned to emphasize this point that science can no longer be neglected, that it is the potential master of the world, and that even those devotees of the old culture who oppose it do so against their own interests, for science, and science alone, can effect that material reconstruction of society which is necessary if their activities are to endure. But since the opposition exists (Mr. Soddy's remarks on the diversion of the Carnegie funds reveal an interesting case of it) there is the danger that the endowment of science may be made a political issue. That Mr. Soddy is quite alive to this danger the following passage shows:

"The war being now over, it is not out of place to add that an even greater danger than neglect awaits the scientific investigator, the danger that he along with every other creative element in the community will be remorselessly shackled and exploited to bolster up the present discredited social system. But in the meantime the community somehow must contrive to rule through its creative elements, rather than to allow the non-creative elements to rule the creative.

Exactly! But Mr. Soddy does not tell us how this problem is to be solved. Any solution must depend upon an estimate of the morality and intelligence of the average man; this will determine whether or not we can be optimistic about the future. The problem is sinister in view of the fact that science presents two aspects. Those radio-active bombs, for instance, could doubtless make many hideous factories and slums unnecessary; they would also serve excellently to support a tyranny. In the long run, therefore, the future rests, as always, with the will of man. Science only makes the alternative more violent: it points to a brighter heaven or a blacker hell. And because Mr. Soddy emphasizes this alternative and shows us how real and insistent it is, how unprecedentedly great are the possibilities that our actions will make real, he has reawakened in us the spirit of adventure.

J. W. N. S.

MARCH: A SHAKESPEARE READING

Closely the formal hedges close us in,
The real white clouds look down on us to see
How very in many we all begin
To read a trag' dye.

There at our feet like little china toys
The hyacinths many-coloured stand and stare,
Utterly inattentive to this noise
Of quarrel in the air.

The "Duke of Bedford" in a crimson rage
To "haughty Bolingbroke" has given the lie,
When gently slips above his patter: page
An early butterfly.

And there we plead and stammer and get hoarse,
Basking in sunlight, while the breezes bring
Down from the common with the scent of gorse
The laziness of spring.

DOROTHEA SUMNER.
PRINTING AND BOOK PRODUCTION

Printing: A Practical Treatise on the Art of Typography.
(Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Jacobi's handbook shares with the two works of Southward and Powell the task of meeting the needs of those who require a text-book on letterpress printing, and they are many. The ambitious apprentice and young journeyman, striving to get a wider view of the trade than can be obtained practically, through the subdivision of labour in the printing office, particularly if he is out of reach of a technical school, must have recourse to a text-book. The buyer of a printing and reading books must have recourse to the text-book in order to get an insight into the production of this very technical commodity. Type, paper, illustration, and format; the essentials of good workmanship—on these points and many others he needs light and guidance. Mr. Jacobi's handbook deals with these matters, though of course, owing to his restricted space, by no means fully. His volume gives a general view of all that relates to practical printing, but each section is little more than introductory. Under these limitations his method is excellent. His presentation of alphabets of various types facilitates comparative study, which, added to the practice of formal pen lettering, is the way to obtain a critical knowledge of the various designs. Unfortunately, he has not revised the section of his earlier editions, with the result that he retains a type like "Grange," and omits the all-important "Cheltenham" series. The recent types that show a close relation with pen lettering are not noticed. True, they are of antipathetic origin, but the designs are of British derivation, and every opportunity should be taken of pointing the moral to the British type-founder.

In dealing with paper Mr. Jacobi gives an excellent and most instructive selection of samples. If the qualities and appearance of these samples are thoroughly mastered, they will prove a sound foundation for a knowledge of paper in its relations to printing. On one point I offer a suggestion. Speaking of "Yellow Wove," Mr. Jacobi says that it is a "Light tint of 'blue wove'—a technical anomaly." If a sample of, say, "blue laid" was added, the comparison would make the anomaly less bewildering.

Another excellent feature of Mr. Jacobi's text-book is the Glossary Index. It does not, however, seem to have been revised, e.g., "American hard packing" can scarcely be said to be in contra-distinction to the normal style adopted in England in these days of half-tone printing, whatever it was when the passage was first written. The definition of "Antique type" is not the sense in which that term is used in the printing office, where it signifies a thickened form of the roman letter (cf. the examples on pp. 20 and 21), and this sense should be noted. "Beard" is not synonymous with "bevel" in general usage, but includes the flat part of the shoulder below the letter; "Counter," in the sense of the whites of a type made by the counter-punch, is not given. The term "Old Style" ought certainly to be referred to the type cut by Miller & Richard, after the revived old face of Caslon.

It is a pity Mr. Jacobi has not seen his way to add a chapter on the productions of the Chiswick Press, "quorum pars magna fuit." It would be a most valuable contribution to the history of printing in this country, for the Chiswick Press has clung tenaciously to the older traditions of the days of the hand-press—traditions that were carried on into machine printing, but have been ousted by the changes consequent on the introduction of half-tone process blocks. The Chiswick Press did much to keep alive a sense of craftsmanship in printing, and has been in touch with that other important chapter in printing history, the rise of the modern private presses, such as the Kelmscott Press and the Doves Press, as well as being closely associated with the late Mr. Proctor's attempt to revive fifteenth-century standards in Greek type design.

The history of printing in England during the last thirty years is, broadly, an account of the work of the private presses; of the renaissance of formal writing and its wide and deep influence on lettering; of the development of the half-tone and three-colour processes; of the growth of advertising, and the effect of men of greater culture and critical powers taking it up as a career; and of the growth of technical schools, particularly those forming part of an arts and crafts school. Schools of this type are far more valuable in developing the artistic side of a trade such as printing than Monotechnics, or even similar schools in Polytechnics, owing to the invaluable intercourse with classes in lettering and illustration; nor would the same purpose be served by setting up such classes in a Monotechnic; for, in their turn, these classes need the fertilizing influence of the main streams of artistic activities.

The private presses of to-day have mostly gone back to the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries for their models, and interpreted them in a way that has set a standard for good book-work. The early books needed this interpretation, for their accidents made them seem entirely remote from modern work. We have learned that the scale, as well as the design of a type, is very important, and this has been entirely obscured for us by the perverse ingenuity that aimed at microscopical fineness, cf. Johnson's "Typographia," 1824. We have learned to value the texture as against the surface of a paper, simplicity of arrangement of the text, unity of type and illustration, and parsimony in our range of types.

The revival of formal handwriting has given us a standard of letter form, as opposed to the "elegance" so admired by earlier sentimentalism and wayward or grotesque fancy (cf. Stower's "Grammar of Printing," and typefounders' specimen books passim, for the latter constitute the limbo where the queer old types can still be found lingering).

Half-tone printing has developed the technique of printing to a deadly perfection, and the engineers have done their worst to give us perfect machinery. Gone is the honest old hand-press, a little clumsy, perhaps, but never attempting to imitate, in the flatness of its impression, work taken from the lithographer's stone. The sparkling wood-engraving has given place to the scratchy line-block or the vapid half-tone—though occasionally there is a strong reaction—even in colour work.

The technical schools have brought systematized instruction within the reach of the learner, in place of the hand-to-mouth method of "picking up the trade" which obtained in many printing offices. The Day Technical Schools have gone further, for they select boys according to a certain standard of attainment—by no means an ideal selection, but better than the mere drift that brought boys into the trade hitherto.

Advertising has influenced printing enormously—formerly in the direction of extreme vulgarity; but, during this last twenty years or more, with an ever-rising standard. For advertisers have shown themselves sensitively responsive to the improved taste in typography, and, in their turn, have spread this improvement in ever-widening circles. The advertisement, which was formerly a medley of types, is now often an admirable piece of design or pattern, restrained, and in excellent taste: the other kind of taste is still abundant.

In conclusion, let me again emphasize the importance of the work of the private presses; for the Kelmscott Press

* The small type, of which there is a good deal, is about seventeen lines to an inch.
re-established the standards of good paper and ink, of sound design and generous scale in type, and set an example of joyous decoration that fairly exulted in laborious workmanship, and scamped nothing. The Doves Press set a standard of beautiful and austere typography—undecorated except for its large initial letters and words, yet to some of us, in its plain elegance, adorned the most. The Chiswick Press, almost alone amongst the commercial printing offices in London, has, meanwhile, kept alive a high standard of general workmanship in book production.

J. H. Mason.

DEMOCRACY

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY. By Ivor J. C. Brown. (R. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s. net.)

Mr. Brown has been irritated by the newspapers. It is an emotion that most of us have experienced, although our reactions to the irritation may have been very different. Some of us, self-conscious intellectuals, have accepted the claim of the newspaper to represent the ordinary man, have decided that so muddle-headed and powerful a creature will inevitably ruin civilization, and have developed a class consciousness. We no longer believe that the great banner of the arts and sciences will lead mankind to a better world. We have fueled the great banner, and each of us waves a little pocket flag for the melancholy interest of seeing how long he can wave it. Mr. Brown has reacted in a different way. He thinks that the newspapers represent, not the ordinary man, but the enemies and exploiters of the ordinary man; that they continually tell the ordinary man that he has achieved democracy in order to prevent him from achieving it. As a counter-blast he proposes to show what democracy really is and leave the ordinary man to decide whether he has got it. He has produced an excellent little book.

He is no doctrinaire: he avoids the mistake made by stupidly logical people of pushing principles to their logical conclusions. We must deal with things in the rough, for the simple reason that we are dealing with great numbers of people. This is his defence of the democratic doctrine of equality, a doctrine which is obviously false, but whose alternatives are unworkable. The more people we deal with, the less practical it becomes to distinguish between them. The seats in omnibuses are designed in the light of this principle, with the result that exceptionally long-legged people are greatly inconvenienced. But any other method is uneconomical and unpractical.

Having established the principles of democracy in this common-sense way, Mr. Brown goes on to consider how democracy may be practically ensured. Large populations mean representative government. Representative government means a certain amount of injustice to minorities. How can this be made a minimum? Mr. Brown here refers the reader to Proportional Representation, the Alternative Vote, and so on. He does not discuss them; his purpose is to show what point in the general theory these schemes come in. The community of equal persons having, on one method or another, elected their representatives, there remain the knotty problems of controlling the never-ending audacity of elected persons, and, more difficult still, of supervising the administrative officials. Again we must be practical. "The ship of State must be steered between the Scylla of pettifigging obstruction and the Charybdis of an autocratic bureaucracy." He proposes committees like those of the French Chamber. But at this point a doubt, which grows more insistent as the argument advances, occurs to him. All this supervision on the part of the electorate means a lot of vigilance and hard work. Will not the ordinary man find this rather tiresome? As Mr. Brown grows more and more detailed, so the ordinary man has to work harder and harder. We see him changing under our eyes. He becomes more and more public-spirited, he grows wiser and more educated, his interests change, and we see the white dawn of the millennium. The consciousness of this worries Mr. Brown a little. He sticks to his guns, however; if democracy is to be a success the ordinary man must take it seriously. "Of course, if mankind refuses to be interested, and prefers beer to ballot papers and backing winners to watching officials, the task is hopeless. We are lost." "But Mr. Brown prefers to believe that mankind will respond. To make the response easier he has to introduce Guild Socialism, of which he gives a very persuasive account. Even now the chief inducement he offers is the pleasure of striking "the bound of an uphill journey with the prospect of a fine view ahead." So we come back to Montesquieu's saying that the principle of democracy is virtue. We shall interpret this as a promise or a warning according to our estimate of the ordinary man.

IN LAVENDER

FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND. By Lady Ritchie. (Murray. 6s. net.)

"What wondrous visionary estate do I not owe to my good friend!" says Lady Ritchie in the story that ends this book, speaking through the lips of a poor teacher in Kensington who lives on her memories of the Highland castle which is the home of one of her pupils. In the author's own case the "good friend" was life, and "the visionary estate" she received from it was boundless and full of charm. It is not, as she paints it, a rugged or romantic landscape; its colours are nowhere dazzling; but it is always a land of peace and sober beauty. If at times, in spite of its delicate artistry, the narrative grows a little prim, there is usually a twinkle of humour to light it up again before many lines are past. Our old-world hostess is too skillful to let us get dull.

As in an agreeable conversation, her good things come out pell-mell, without much plan or sequence. Now we get a subtly amusing sketch of the Tennyson's friends. Mrs. Cameron, a true Victorian grande dame, with her kindly-meaned despotism and her ocean of correspondence; now we hear Liszt replying to an impertinent question of Mme. Metternich about his profits, "Je laisse les aînées aux banquiers et aux diplomates"; now we read of the dignified, but somewhat awe-inspiring, old age of Fanny Kemble, the most lovable, perhaps, of all the tragedy-queens of our stage. While Lady Ritchie tells us of the mature woman, our thoughts fly back to the girl who offered to retrieve the family fortunes by appearing straight from school as Juliet at Covent Garden, and to the picture she has left of herself, waiting tremulously in her dressing-room before the ordeal, with her aunt silently renewing her rouge as the tears steal down her face. Then we wake to find that Lady Ritchie has gone back to the vanished Rome of the fifties, and is telling how "monks in their flapping robes and sandals walked the streets in those days; so did cardinals, followed by their attendant footmen: the Pope himself used to go by, blessing the kneeling people, his great coach following at a little distance." And presently, when travel memories are exhausted, she goes to her esctoir and brings out early letters of her father's, in which the future author of "Esmor" laments, his inability to paint grimy canvases of the Rape of the Sabine Women.

It will be seen that Thackeray's daughter at least knew that to justify a book of reminiscences it was not enough to remember the frocks she wore at children's parties, or how ill she felt when she first crossed the Channel. She was too scrupulous an artist to yield to that temptation. "O si sic omnes!"
A VISION OF THE PAST

WILLIAM SMITH, POTTER AND FARMER. By George Bourne.
(Chato & Windus. 6s. net.)

ONE of the numerous horrible results of the recent war—or rather, perhaps, their total in its effect on the imagination—is the illusion of a gap in the continuity of things. It is as though in and after August, 1914, this unfortunate universe had scraped over a celestial reef, and become permanently damaged—as though little remained for us but to man the pumps and watch the water rise about us. Of course, the catastrophe was, in fact, a much more profound affair, and even if it should prove to have shaken an over-rated civilization to pieces, there is yet no observable deterioration in the colours of sunset, and the reed-beds shake in the wind and sunlight as ever before. That is the really important point—that the elements of beauty are safe for ever.

But, except at indefinable and incalculable moments, the important things, whether of nature or of human nature, lie beyond our ken. We are obsessed by the partial successes and failures of life, by the things that float on the surface—just now particularly by the political scum. Hence a peculiar feeling of gratitude at this time towards a book that draws us away from the surface to the quiet undercurrents of life, and, reminding them of things unnoticed in the past, suggests that depth and motion ensure their own continuity, however strangely the course of the stream may be altered; for it is the depth and motion of the tides of human life.

It may have happened to anyone walking in English country to turn aside, knock at a farmhouse door, and ask if he can be served with tea; to be then admitted to a homely kitchen, and watch the housewife preparing the meal, laying the table, setting twigs to kindle on the sunken fire; and if children be there, dividing their interest between these activities and the occasion of them, he may have wondered how the picture into which he has stepped must appear to those who grow up in familiarity with it. One of the children has grown up, has learned the more complex speech which serves to communicate impressions and memories, and tells us here (Part I.) how the Farmhouse looked to his childish eyes. He was an inmate of Street Farm only at Christmas and in the summer; his mother lived at Farnham, seven miles away. But he belonged to it by kinship, and the house, the outbuildings, and the adjacent grass-land had for him the close, vivid familiarity of happy careless days; and something of this he conveys to us. This is but prefatory matter, however, though charming and essential to the theme he develops in the Second Part of his book: the life of the generations which preceded him at the Farm, as evoked by him with pious skill from his own impression, and from the memory of those whose childhood had lain in the first half of the nineteenth century.

William Smith was born in 1790, and after a career at school which lasted three days, he assumed the dignity, or a share of the dignity, of bread-winner to the family of his newly-widowed mother; this, maybe, at the age of ten or thereabouts. He became a potter's apprentice, and at the age of nineteen bought the pottery business at Farnborough. He added a farm to it as business improved, fostered by his skill and enterprise, and the capital which a second marriage brought to it. At the farm he established himself and his family in a position of stability and comfort, which entailed cares, indeed, and constant occupation, but in its balance of activities, its full use of opportunities within a limited range, its freedom from barren dissatisfactions and ambitions, presents a picture of human development almost ideal in its adjustment to its surroundings.

These surroundings are sketched slightly, but convincingly. Farnborough, set amidst the Surrey and Hampshire heaths, lay off the main road, and over a great part of the time recorded the railway did not cut into its immediate neighbourhood. William Smith, whose business took him not infrequently to London, was something of a travelled man, even in the eyes of the local gentry. The latter did not intrude unduly into the life of the inhabitants of the farm; though Lady Palmer or a friend of hers found it necessary to call and ask for an explanation, having met one of the daughters of William Smith, who had failed to perform the expected curtsey.

"She couldn't think what had come over Ellen—such a nice girl. But—" How the interview went I never heard; but after it Ellen gave out that she wasn't going to curtsey to Lady Palmer. I can believe that she never did; she was my own mother.

It would be interesting to learn William Smith's comment on this occasion. It is not unlikely that it took the form of ironical persuasion, that he recommended Ellen to reconsider her decision, and was well pleased when she abided by it. His children were more than a little puzzled by an ironical turn or vein of dryish humour he had—witness their distress when he threatened to go to church in his "smocked frock," instead of the comely glory of top-boots, drab waistcoat and the rest—a black beard. That he wore. He crowned all; and once he purchased a white one, which must have completed an impressive appearance.

The successive clergymen, too, seem to have had little contact with village life, with the exception of Mr. Eckersell, who, during his eighteen years' residence in the parish, appears to have won the villagers' hearts by a human interest in their concerns, and had warm friends at the farm. His successor, Mr. Clayton, left the villagers to his wife's care; she made a hobby of district-visiting and regarded her husband's flock somewhat as a collection of amusing pet lambs. She was perhaps not thoroughly disliked, in spite of the widespread exasperation which she caused.

William Smith and his family were too busy to be much concerned with the doings of the gentry. The farm and the pottery provided worthier occupation. Not the least interesting chapters are those which deal in some detail with the latter industry, and perhaps the most enthralling pages in the book are those that relate how a rotten elm stump near the kiln brought the potter within an ace of financial ruin, and the curious discovery that saved him. The course of work was relieved by the year's festivals, and by occasional homely junketings with those families whose interests were akin to or interwoven with their own; the rural feasts referred to here and there in the book have an almost poigniant effect on the reader in these days of adulterated foods and rationing.

William Smith dominated his surroundings. He is a slightly enigmatical figure, perhaps because his children, from whose memory this chronicle is made, did not wholly understand him. On returning home late at night from his business excursions to London, he would get his little children out of bed to dance reels with him on the floor; in winter, he was not above sliding on roadside ponds. On the other hand, there were outbreaks of temper that frightened the children; and those recorded, taken in conjunction with a certain fastidiousness that characterized him (in the choice of words, for instance), seem to point to a marked fineness of nervous balance. He annoyed his daughters by scaring the rooks with the potent word "Shiarlup" on the way home from church. It is pleasant to learn that William Smith, with most of his neighbours, not improbably believed in fairies, and almost certainly in witches.

F. W. S.
THE ANTHROPOLOGY OF THE GRAIL

FROM RITUAL TO ROMANCE. By Jessie L. Weston. (Cambridge, University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

MISS WESTON writes for scholars, nay, for the kind of scholar that goes by the barbarous name of "specialist." This she is entitled to do for at least two good reasons. First, she is herself a leading authority on the sources of medieval legend and can command the respectful attention of the erudite. Secondly, she has elsewhere dealt with the story of the Grail in a popular fashion. Thus the lay reader has already had his due in the form of a partial enlightenment, and cannot complain if he no longer goes on to experience the initiation manqué of a Gawain. Even so, however, those of us who are no experts are here enabled to understand clearly enough both the nature of the problem attacked and that of the proposed solution.

The Grail legends in their extant literary shape belong to the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries of our era. As might be expected, all the versions agree in being more or less Christian in tone. In no case, however, do they quite rise to the level of contemporary orthodoxy, as indeed was soon pointed out by puritanical critics such as Jacob van Maerlant; while in their most naive and presumably earliest forms the folk-lore element is very near the surface. Meanwhile, for the student of origins, the question is, not so much how beauty and truth have been evolved out of rude materials, as what those materials are and whence they have been derived. The mediaeval author was not likely to draw on pure imagination for plot or incident. Granted, then, that a tradition of the folk-lore or pagan type is at the back of these stories of a mystic quest, what is the content of this tradition, and what the conditions of its historical development? Such is Miss Weston's theme.

Now, in the first place, it ranks by this time almost as commonplace among scholars that there are echoes in the Grail legend of some fertility cult of the type familiar to readers of The Golden Bough. To Miss Weston belongs the honour of having propounded the definite thesis that effect some years ago in the pages of Folk-Lore; and, indeed as she tells us there, very similar conclusions had long before been reached by certain German authors, even though they lacked the definite clues that Mannhardt and his disciple Sir James Frazer have since given to the world. We must not be deterred from pursuing this promising trail by scurrilous jests about "the Covent Garden school of mythology." No doubt it is possible to ride a willing horse to death, to allow a legitimate hypothesis to degenerate into a stupifying obsession. Just as the sun-ray of the totem has mesmerized some minds, while even the twills of cowry-shells may in moments of speculative abandon seem to provide a key to all the creeds, so the slain god, taken in his sympathetic relation to the weather, the crops and the birth of children, may easily overmaster the critical faculty of the student of comparative religion. But it would be fatal on this account to fly to the opposite extreme and deny the validity of the theory altogether. Shall the excesses of a few cause the multitude of moderate thinkers to go dry?

It is impossible here to do justice to the intricate argument whereby Miss Weston makes good this part of her contention. Suffice it to say that the versions teem with references to a king either dead or sorely stricken in regard to his virility, with weeping women and a wasted land somehow incidental to the matter. The very fact that the narratives are one and all utterly incoherent in their allusions to these topics amounts to proof positive that we are in the presence of a survival, a decayed folk-memory; for spontaneous creation would be bound to achieve greater lucidity. Now this complex of incidents obviously corresponds to that ritual drama of the death of the year which pervades primitive religion. As Miss Weston shows, not only our "Aryan forefathers," whoever they may precisely have been (to tell the truth, we imagined them as so described to be a little out of date), but all sorts of other agricultural peoples, from Nilotic negroes upwards to Syro-Phoenicians and Sumerians, were addicted to like "revivalist" practices. Perhaps she is wise to limit her search for parallels to the more or less "adjacent" anthropologies; but even among the hunting folk of the most rudimentary character the same motif of dying to live as a mystic mode of increasing the procreative energy of nature and of man could be shown to prevail widely. Meanwhile, the complementary half of the rite, the resuscitation of the effete year, the transference of the mana from the old to the new vessel, is but vaguely suggested, if at all, in the Grail stories as we have them. For the rest, the Grail itself—a baffling notion, since the very derivation of the word remains obscure—is at all events the vitality-giving symbol in chief, and, so far as it may be identified with the cup that goes together with the other prominent symbol of the lance, may well have phallic associations. That reminiscences of a fertility ceremony should survive in Wales, the geographical centre from which the Grail stories were probably propagated, is not remarkable, seeing that we need look no further afield than our own country for the mummies' play and folk-customs of similar import.

In the second place, however, there seems to be more in the Grail legend than the echo of a mere agricultural ceremony of a public and exoteric character. Miss Weston is convinced that the atmosphere of mystery in which the whole experience of the hero is involved implies an esoteric application of the fertility idea, a revelation to the individual by way of some kind of initiation that seeks to give him insight into the very sources of the life divine. Nor is it hard to show that such application was familiar in various forms to classical antiquity. Miss Weston lays great stress on a secret document of the Christian-Gnostic type, the Nag Hammadi dating from the second century A.D., which has been recently published by Mr. G. R. S. Mead in his translation of the Hermetic writings. Here Christ, Attis and Adonis are syncretized in a transport of whirling words. But, granted that some subjectivist and salvationist rendering of the rustic theme of "seeing the new year in" might naturally develop wherever the individual note in religion had a chance of being heard, it is quite another thing to explain the actual process by which the emotional quality of a "conversion" has been imparted to the Grail story—a conversion, however, which somehow seems to stop short of fruition, as if the novice failed to complete his rite de passage. Miss Weston has to bridge over a millennium of unwritten history by means of guesswork, and boldly postulates that Oriental faiths which followed in the track of the Roman legionaries had lingered on among the Welsh hills. It may be so; but, unless we accept the definition of the cynic that a truth is a conclusion based on such evidence as would not be accepted in a court of law, we are bound to suspend judgment. At most we can say that transmission is more likely than independent origination, and transmission by Romanized Britons than recent importation from the East by Crusaders. In any case, Miss Weston plays the game, never dogmatizing nor declaiming, but arguing. It is scholarly, scientific work through and through.

R. R. M.

The Times is informed that the family of the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain have entrusted Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the Observer, with the task of writing his biography.
AN OLD HAND

THE TRIUMPHS OF SARA. By W. E. Norris. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)

Nowadays a great deal of fuss is made of the younger generation of novelists—nearly so much fuss, in fact, as they make of themselves. They belong, we are told, to the new school; they have ideals; they are misunderstood; they are profound; they are very important people. And somehow—we do not quite know how—we are made to feel that they are of an altogether different and more reputable kind than a number of very respectable practitioners who were born twenty years before them. These are the tradesmen; the others are the artists, the prophets.

It is all very perplexing, not least because it seems so often to amount to this: that a man who writes a prolix story badly is ipso facto to be preferred to one who writes a readable story well. Perhaps this is a little exaggerated, and we could more accurately state the difference in the form of advice to the budding novelist thus. If you wish to be taken seriously, spend less time on your novel than on your lecture on the aim of The Novel. Do not worry about the verisimilitude of your characters; the important thing is that they should seem to be in the latest things—a taste of the Russian blend, the sublime unimportance of marriage—and above all be incomprehensible in parts. Thus you will most easily and persuasively achieve by writing of things you yourself do not comprehend.

In truth, we cannot for the life of us see why such competent, practised writers as Mr. Norris and a hundred others we can think of should not one day turn upon their pontifical successors and rend them. Mr. Norris, for instance, should have a pretty reviewing style, and there are plenty of indications in such a book as "The Triumphs of Sara" that he can tell a whale from a stickleback. We like especially the indigently ironical tone of the chapter which begins:

"To be misunderstood is no rare affliction if one may judge by the incessant plaints in speech and print to which it gives rise; and no doubt those who are unable to make themselves intelligible to their neighbours deserve some pity. Still, for compensation, they can conclude (indeed they generally do) that if the average mortal cannot make head or tail of them, it is because they are a little above the average mortal's grasp; so that perplexity becomes an unconscious tribute to superiority. What is really dreadful is to discover that you have been understood by inferior beings while it is you yourself who have been the dupe of a false estimate.

No, Mr. Norris is not talking of the relation between the mere novelist and the new novelist. He is merely sticking to his theme, and we have no reason to suppose that the disfigurement of the high-minded and aesthetic Estelle Furness by the matter-of-fact and philistine Sara has any symbolical intention. But it very well might have.

The real point, however, is that Mr. Norris has conceived an interesting story and written it well. It will not shake the stars; and it was not meant to. As a natural, readable story of attractive people, with a good deal of unobtrusive but real psychological penetration, it could stand comparison very comfortably with a great many of the prophetic books with which the younger generation vex ourselves and stimulate the critics to a flow of superlatives. "The Triumphs of Sara" has the merit of not pretending to be high art and being bad craft. After all, in a novel the story is the thing. If you are a big man, you will make your story significant in some comprehensible way; if you are a smaller one, you can at least make your story interesting. But you cannot get significance by neglecting the story; you will merely make those who are weary of the fashions of the hour suspect that you are incapable not merely of achieving significance, but of writing a story at all.

The publishers tell us that it is forty years since Mr. Norris published his first novel. We confess that we had no idea he was such a veteran. We can but congratulate him on his latest book and express the mild hope that a few of his successors will master the technique of novel-writing as well as he has done.

AN UNPUBLISHED ESSAY BY SHELLEY

An important prose work by Percy Bysshe Shelley, entitled "A Philosophical View of Reform," which was composed in 1820 and has remained in MS. ever since, will shortly be published by the Oxford University Press. Writing at the close of a long period of warfare, and amid conditions of turmoil, social unrest, soaring prices and shattered finance closely resembling the situation at the present day, Shelley discusses the necessity and the true nature of political reform, and proposes plans for its execution. The MS. remains unfinished, having reached about half the length originally intended, but, as Professor Dowden observes in his "Life of Shelley," it tells us more of that side of Shelley's mind which was presented to politics than any other document we possess. It fills about 200 pages of a vellum-covered note-book which was decorated by Sh. Jey with a remarkable and beautiful drawing, of which a facsimile will be given in the present number in preparation. The text has been transcribed and prepared for press by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, who will furnish a short introduction. The note-book came into Mr. Rolleston's hands on the death of the Rev. Stopford Brooke, who had it from the late Lady Shelley, daughter-in-law of the poet.

POETRY AND COMMONPLACE ("Warton Lecture on British Poetry"). By John Bailey. (Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)—The commonplace, the universal, should be the basis of all poetry, and is, in fact, the basis of all existing great poetry: this is the theme of Mr. Bailey's lecture. We feel, however, that Mr. Bailey might have pointed out that the commonplace, the universally true, very frequently changes. It was once a commonplace that the earth stood still, and that the planets went whirling round on crystal spheres; it was once universally true, for Europe at least, that a fiery hell existed somewhere beneath our feet. Most traits of length originally intended, which to their contemporaries were true and commonplace are incomprehensible to us, unless we invoke the aid of scholarship. One wonders what critics five hundred years hence will think of our contemporaries—five hundred years hence, when the inevitability of death may very likely have disappeared; when the assurance of a new order, which to-day, has disposed of all our current ideas about morality and the soul; when sexual love, by that time (who knows?) entirely divorced from matrimony, will have assumed a singularly different aspect from the passion of to-day and yesterday; when many things unthinkable more peculiar have been brought about by that terrifying demon of science whom we are now beginning to let loose from his long-sealed bottle.

In "The History of the Christian Church" (Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark. 1s. net) Professor William Walker, of Yale University, has performed a difficult task of selection and compression with much success. Seeing that, for the purposes of this volume, he gives no narrower definition of "Church" than the whole complex of bodies claiming the Christian name, it is obvious that the sagacity of the historian lies in his selection. In this respect some 650 pages was an achievement calling for considerable skill. What is especially admirable in Professor Walker's book is the way in which he has avoided the temptation to drop into mere cataloguing; he may not have Duchesne's command over the picturesque phrase, but (parlously, we think, because of his lack of the expository gift, with which there is a singularly readable ecclesiastical historian. To compile a handbook free from "tendency" on this subject would, of course, be impossible, for Church history, being always modern history, is always the topic of controversy. In Professor Walker's chapters the Harnackian flavour is often pronounced, but he does not obtrude this element upon his readers, nor, allowing for the obscurity which still hangs over so much of the field of Christian origins, can he fairly be said to misread his facts through devotion to his theory.
MARGINALIA

"EARTH"s oldest inhabitants probably cannot remember a time when there were so many poets in activity, when so many books of poems were not only read, but bought and sold, when poets were held in such high esteem, when so much was written and published about poetry, when the mere forms of verse were the themes of such hot debate. There are thousands of minor poets, but poetry has ceased to be a minor subject. Anyone mentally alive cannot escape it. Poetry is in the air, and everybody is catching it. Some American magazines are exclusively devoted to the printing of contemporary poems; anthologies are multiplying, not 'Keepsakes' and 'Books of Gems,' but thick volumes representing the bumper crop of the year. Many poets are reciting their poems to big, eager, enthusiastic audiences, and the atmosphere is charged with the melodies of ubiquitous minstrelsy."

Our quotation is from the latest work of Professor Phelps of Yale, who, from tunnelling in the very minor romantic poetry of the eighteenth century, has now turned his attention to contemporary verse. "The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century" presents us with the results, never—it must be confessed, absorbingly interesting—of his explorations.

In what way, we naturally ask, has English poetry "advanced" during the nineteen years and a month or two since the century was born? To the question inevitably provoked by his title Professor Phelps gives only the vaguest answer. The most conspicuous sign of progress to which he can point is the increase in the quantity of poetry. Earth's oldest inhabitants, he proudly tells us, have never seen so much poetry in all their lives before. We may sincerely hope that earth's youngest inhabitants will never see so much again. Sixty years hence, when we are aged men sitting in the chimney corner, shall we tell our grandchildren of these extraordinary days? And will they, who will not have had the luck to be hatched in a nest of singing birds—will they believe our tales? We shall tell them of the men and women we knew, and how, out of the whole circle of our acquaintance, there were only three persons who did not write and publish verse. We shall enumerate the magazines devoted to the printing of poetry, and all the clubs, parties, and conciliabules of poets and poetry-lovers. We shall lay before them statistics proving that the number of volumes of verse published in the second decade of our century exceeded the figure for any other fifty years of the world's history. But when they ask us to tell them something about the quality as well as the quantity of this flux of minstrelsy, it may be that we shall find it hard to talk with such enthusiasm about the advance of poetry in the twentieth century.

There are signs that the tide of verse has now begun to decline. The output from the publishers, enormous as it still is, is perceptibly smaller than it was two years ago. Poetry is less fashionable, and poets, grown as common as white butterflies in June, have as much or as little attention paid to them as journalists or solicitors. In a few years more it may be hoped that the shouting and the factitious excitement will have died down. Genuine poets will wisely go about their business in this serene atmosphere, and the others, chilled by a little well-directed critical discouragement, will cease to hanker after publicity.

The quantitative advance in poetry, being necessarily only temporary, is of only the slightest interest. It is a curiosity of social history, and has almost no relation to literature. What has Professor Phelps to say of the advance in poetical quality? "Every poet," he tells us, "lives in his own time, has a share in its scientific and philosophical advance, and his individuality is coloured by his experience. . . ." Shakespeare was surely a greater poet than Wordsworth; but the man of the Lakes, with the rich inheritance of two centuries, had a capital of thought unpossessed by the dramatist, which, invested by his own genius, enabled him to draw really from nature, undreamed of by his mighty predecessor. "This is surely sufficiently axiomatic. Nobody expects Dante to grow enthusiastic about a solar system of which he had not heard. A twentieth-century writer naturally knows a good many things of which his seventeenth-century predecessor was ignorant. It is the fact of its up-to-dateness that often makes us prefer a contemporary to an ancient work of possibly higher literary quality. Anyone who has had occasion to confine himself exclusively, for a fairly long period of time, to the study of the literature of some past epoch knows how refreshing, how sympathetic and intelligent seems the first contemporary book, albeit of comparatively slight value, with which he breaks his fast. But the almost unavoidable process of coming up to date can scarcely be called an advance. And yet this and the increase in quantity are the only advances of which Professor Phelps gives us a hint."

An advance in poetry, if it signifies anything, means the discovery of a new subject-matter, with a new method for expressing it. Poets who have made really important advances are very few. One thinks of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Donne, Vaughan, Blake, Wordsworth, and possibly Browning. Which of the poets mentioned by Professor Phelps can be said to have made an advance comparable to that made by the least of these men? It is absurd to talk of Stephen Phillips, Alfred Noyes, William Watson, John Drinkwater, in connection with any advance in poetry. One may or may not like what they write; but their most ardent admirers could not say that their poetry is an advance on previous English poetry in the sense that Blake's or Wordsworth's poetry was. For any advance in the poetry of this century one must look elsewhere. Mr. Hardy's poetry is an advance of considerable importance; Mr. de la Mare's is an advance on a very much smaller scale. Another small but interesting advance has been made by Mr. D. H. Lawrence. The Irish poets have made an advance of a kind; and on the narrowest of fronts, only a few hundred lines wide, Mr. T. S. Eliot has advanced (and this we may say with all due respect to Professor Phelps, who remarks: "There is such a display of cynical cleverness in the verse of T. S. Eliot that I think he might be able to write almost anything except poetry."). Professor Phelps's book would have been more valuable if he had cut out all the superfuous names and confined himself to analysing the work of the few poets who are responsible for whatever advances the art of poetry has made during the twentieth century.

AUTOLYCUS.

THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE SOCIETY (whose headquarters are at 5, York Buildings, Adelphi) has recently effected an amalgamation with the Curtain Group, which is giving its farewell subscription performance at the Lyric Opera-House, Hammersmith, on Sunday, March 14, at 3 o'clock, when a new play by John Galsworthy, entitled "Defeat," will be produced for the first time.

The next production of the Stage Society will be "From Morn to Midnight" ("Von Morgens bis Mitternacht"). a modern play in seven scenes by George Kaiser, a young dramatist whose work, long forbidden by the German censorship, was set free by the revolution of November, 1918. "From Morn to Midnight" has been produced successfully by Reinhardt in Berlin. The English version (to be published in book-form by Hendersons, Charing Cross Road) is by Major Ashley Dukes. The dates of performances are fixed for March 28 and 29, Sunday evening and Monday afternoon.
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

One of the surprises collectors are always receiving from old country-house libraries is about to be offered for competition by Messrs. Sotheby on March 23, at the close of the sale of the second portion of Mr. Yates Thompson’s manuscripts. It is a little stained and soiled volume measuring 5 by 3 inches, bound in vellum with a gilt line border and a centre fleuron ornament, stamped by some owner with the initials G. O., but its price will be very great indeed. It comes from the library of Mr. Richard F. Burton, of Longaer Hall, near Shrewsbury, and contains five pieces: a 1599 “Passionate Pilgrim,” not quite complete; the 1600 “Lucrece”; Thomas Middleton’s “The Ghost of Lucrece,” hitherto unknown; “Emardicula,” a sonnet sequence by E. C.; and the 1599 “Venus and Adonis.” The “Passionate Pilgrim” is of especial interest, as it can be shown to be made up of two impressions, one identical with the Britwell copy, the other differing both by misprints and by “make-up.” Messrs. Sotheby incline to think that they are different editions of the same year, but it seems more likely that the work was printed at two presses at once, as would be done if there was a large number required rapidly. We know that there were definite trade rules as to the number of impressions that could be taken off from one setting of type, though this number varied according to the cost of casting and plating, and there is definite proof that two presses and two type-sets were used when certain documents were required to be issued quickly in quantity. Of the third edition of the “Lucrece” no other copies are known other than those in the Bodleian. Middleton’s poem is of no great importance as literature, but it is unique; and of the E. C. sonnets only one print is known. The device on the title-page of the 5th edition of the “Venus and Adonis” is not in McKerrow, and the printer does not seem to have been John Harrison. Altogether, the volume is one of the greatest interest to bibliographers, who should certainly preserve Messrs. Sotheby’s very careful description of it.

We have received from Messrs. Sotheran no. 774 of their catalogue, which contains a large number of works from the libraries of Sir Luke barbey, Mr. Michael Fessett, and his sister Christina. Many of them are presentation copies, and there are a few interesting autograph letters. The books are offered at very low prices, considering the recent rise in value all round of second-hand books, and many are of much rarity.

BOOK SALE


Science

PATIENT FLOGGERS

It is a melancholy fact that the estimable qualities of patience and industry do not, by themselves, enable their possessor to attain eminence in the arts. There is very good reason to suppose that character particularly a certain simple type of integrity and sincerity, is necessary to great artistic achievement, but it is certain that such gifts are not sufficient; they must be allied with very unusual mental qualities. In the sciences, however, we often find work of very great importance being performed by men of quite average intelligence, but of exceptional tenacity. A pure heart seems to be all that is necessary. This is not true, of course, of the mathematical sciences—mathematicians, like musicians, are "born"—but it is very obviously true of what are called the "observational" sciences. A history of Astronomy, in particular, is interesting from this point of view. The fact that the whole of our knowledge of the heavens comes through the sense of sight, and that we cannot experiment, in the ordinary way, upon the heavenly bodies, means that the patient observer, by merely accumulating observations, is performing an absolutely essential function. There is no other subject which yields such rich rewards to mere patience. There is no other subject which has so long a record of valuable discoveries achieved by purely average ability. It is interesting to notice how often a telescope and a capacity for sitting still have made the owners immortal. In the region of stellar astronomy the minuteness of the phenomena which may be observed has narrowed possible competitors to those possessing large instruments, and that usually means public institutions and professional astronomers. But the history of our knowledge of the nearer heavenly bodies, the sun, the planets and the moon, owes much to the industrious amateur. No history of planetary and lunar discoveries would be complete without mention of Schröter, the "Oberamtmann" of Lichtenhal, who watched the moon and planets incessantly for thirty-four years with a patience only equalled by his enthusiasm. He invented a "brilliant invention," a French astrology, for after firing, on the night of April 20, 1813, the Vale of Lilies and thereby destroying, amongst other things, the whole of Schröter's books and writings, the French army under Vandamme broke into and pillaged his observatory. The old man, then sixty-eight years of age, had not the means to repair the catastrophe, and, deprived of his one great interest, he died three years later, leaving, amongst his published works, some of the most long-winded and entertaining observations in the history of astronomy.

But although Schröter is undoubtedly the most amusing of all amateur observers, he has had his prototypes in all countries. Francis Baily, the "philosopher of Newbury," is a good example of our more sober English product. We may have doubts as to what sort of chief magistrate old Schröter was, but we know that Baily took his profession of stockbroking with the utmost seriousness. He did not allow astronomy to interfere with business. Beginning in 1799, he remained on the Stock Exchange in London for twenty-four years, devoting his leisure largely to solar observations, particularly those connected with eclipses. It is with two of these phenomena, the first annular, a ring of the sun being visible round the moon, and the second total, that Baily's name is particularly associated, in each case for the vivid and accurate account he gave of what he witnessed. The first phenomenon is a ring of bright points extending round that part of the moon's circumference which has just entered on the solar
disc, is merely a consequence of the lunar edge being serrated with mountains. These "Baily's beads," as they were called, were successful, however, in stimulating interest in the physical aspect of eclipses, with the result that the next total eclipse, that of 1842, was looked for with an unprecedented degree of enthusiasm. Astronomers like Airy, Otto Struve and Arago travelled to Central or Southern Europe to observe the eclipse, and the indefatigable Mr. Baily accompanied them. He fitted up his telescope in an upper room of the University of Pavia.

The result was magnificent. At the instant of totality the sun appeared decorated with a glorious aureole, the famous corona. It was not, of course, an unknown phenomenon, but it had never before excited so much attention. Mr. Baily, in particular, was moved to write a most eloquent description of this flaming object. He calls it splendid and astonishing, but continues: "Yet I must confess that there was at the same time something in its singular and wonderful appearance that was appalling; and I can readily imagine that uncivilized nations may occasionally have become alarmed and terrified at such an object . . . ."

Besides being a specialist on eclipses, Baily was an untiring editor of the catalogue of sun-spots, and also made no fewer than 2,153 laborious experiments, on Cavendish's method, to determine the density of the earth. He was indeed a zealous worker in what Sir John Herschel called the "archaeology of astronomy." He was noted for his unvarying health, undisturbed equanimity and methodical habits.

Another testimonial to the importance of such qualities in astronomical discovery is furnished by the career of Heinrich Schwabe, of Dessau. In the hope of escaping his fate as an apothecary he bought a small telescope in 1826, and began to observe the sun, being advised to do so by a friend. He continued to observe the sun daily (weather and health permitting) for forty-three years. Every day he counted the number of spots visible on the surface of the sun. It was a simple occupation, but it led to important consequences. His immense record of sun-spot statistics showed that the increase and decrease in the number of sun-spots did not occur in a random manner, but fell into periods, maxima alternating with minima, a complete period occupying about ten years. This figure has been modified since, but the fact of sun-spot periodicity is established and is at the present time one of the most suggestive and probably far-reaching of solar phenomena. Schwabe displayed no striking quality of mind or character beyond an almost incomprehensible patience. He was, however, in his spot-counting; however, by the hope of discovering a planet between Mercury and the sun, and in order to distinguish between the tiny disc of the planet crossing the face of the sun and a sun-spot, he found it necessary, in virtue of his instrumental equipment, to count the spots. When he found that, as a consequence of this pastime, he was world-famous, he likened himself to Saul who, going forth to seek his father's asses, discovered a kingdom. His magnificent serenity of body and mind enabled him to attain the age of eighty-six.

Part of his mantle fell on Richard Carrington (born 1826), who built an observatory at Redhill with the intention of devoting himself to a study of sun-spots throughout a complete cycle. He failed to finish the cycle completely, as the death of his father made it necessary for him to divert his energies to controlling a brewery. He achieved results of great importance, however. His observations were concerned with the positions and motions of the spots, and from a series of 5,290 such observations he was enabled, amongst other things, to clear up the uncertainties attending the period of rotation of the sun. Galileo, apparently not appreciating the importance of the matter, had said that the sun rotated in "about a lunar month," and a number of other observers gave figures varying from 27 to 25 days. Carrington illuminating this darkness by remarking that there is no single period of rotation for the sun. The polar regions rotate more slowly than those in the neighbourhood of the equator; the equator rotates in a little less than twenty-five days, while in latitude 70° the period is twenty-seven and a-half days. Thus the mystery was cleared up and a fresh direction given to solar investigation.

It is difficult to say whether Astronomy still offers such rewards to industry. It is probable, however, that it still yields more to character, as distinguished from ability, than any other science, and incomparably more, alas! than the arts.

S.

THE ENDOWMENT OF MEDICAL RESEARCH

Mr. Balfour, in his capacity of Lord President of the Privy Council, received a deputation on Tuesday last from representatives of the British Medical Association and the British Science Guild on the subject of pensions for medical and scientific researches. The proposal which is put forward is that a sum of £20,000 a year should be voted. This would be divided into a number of pensions, some of £1,000, and others of £500 a year.

It is scarcely necessary for us to say how whole-hearted is our support of these proposals. Nothing throws a clearer or more illuminating light on the teaching of our civilization than the fact that, although there is every probability that cures for cancer and tuberculosis could be discovered within a reasonable time at the price of a Dreadnought aipie every year, no Government, and, as far as we know, no political party, has ever seriously thought of making such provision. One hundred millions have been poured out in the past year on an unnecessary war with Russia, yet what chance is there of our seeing one million earmarked for medical research? One would hardly need to be a cynic to define civilization as that condition of mankind in which unlimited wealth is available for the destruction of human lives and none for saving them.

The necessity of endowing the useful sciences is urgent and obvious, and perhaps we must be content for the time being if that peremptory demand is duly satisfied. But the case for providing men of letters and artists with pensions is in reality just as peremptory, though it may be less obvious. The disinterested worker in the arts is no less a true civilisation than the disinterested worker in the sciences. When that truth is recognized we shall feel that the work of The Athenæum is within sight of being accomplished.

The Council of the Royal Society have decided to commend for election into the Fellowship of the Society the following fifteen candidates: Dr. E. Frankland Armstrong, Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, Dr. Robert Broom, Professor E. Provan Catheart, Mr. A. Clouston Chapman, Dr. A. Price Chattock, Mr. A. W. Hill, Mr. Cargil Gibbon Knott, Professor F. A. Lindemann, Dr. F. H. A. Marshall, Dr. T. R. Merton, Dr. R. C. Lyotyn Perkins, Professor H. Crozier Plummer, Professor Robert Robinson, and Professor J. W. Watson Stephens.

Under the Charrick Trust three public lectures on "Military Hygiene in Peace and War," by General Sir John Goodwin, K.C.B., will be given in the Lecture Room of the Royal Society of Arts on Sundays, March 5, 15 and 22, at 5.15 p.m. Immediately preceding the first lecture the Charrick gold medals and prizes of £100 will be presented to the two naval and military officers who are considered to have distinguished themselves the most in promoting the health of the men in the Navy and Army. The recipients of the prizes on this occasion will be Surgeon-Captain Edward H. Ashman, R.N., and Brigadier-General W. W. O. Beveridge, C.B.

Sir John Cadman's postponed lectures at the Royal Institution on "Modern Development of the Miner's Safety Lamp" and "Petroleum and the War" will be delivered on Monday and Wednesday, March 8 and 10. The Friday evening discourse on March 5 will be delivered by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue on "Military History," and on March 12 by Mr. W. W. Rouse Ball on "String Figures."
SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—February 19.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.


ARISTOTELIAN.—February 16.—Miss Beatrice Edgell in the chair.

—Mr. Alexander F. Shand read a paper on "Impulse, Emotion and Instinct.

The paper specially treated the relation of the primary emotions to the instincts. It started from the conclusion reached in Book II., chap. i., of the author's "Foundations of Character"—that the emotions are not rightly regarded as essentially involved in the operation of instincts, and what are essentially involved are the "impulses"; i.e. the primary emotions being commonly aroused when there was delay or obstruction in the way of instincts—this is not the only cause of the excitement of emotions. If this be true, the question is, What is the difference between emotion and impulse, and what value has it? While under statical analysis impulses bear a superficial resemblance to emotions—both containing within them a group of elements, constant, feeling, and will—emotions are common to all mental facts—the principal differences emphasized by the author centre in the functions which impulses and emotions are severally destined to fulfil.

(1) The "primary" impulses, like the instincts, of which they are a part, are exclusively concerned with biological ends; the "primary" emotions, while still pursuing such ends, are confined to them, because, in man at least, they acquire other ends.

(2) The primary emotions have more general ends than those of the primary impulses: thus the impulse connected with an instinct of concealment is to escape by means of concealment; but the end of the emotion of fear is to escape.

(3) The primary emotions have several instincts organized in their system for use in different situations; the primary impulse is limited to the one instinct of which it is the impulse.

(4) Hence the primary emotion has a variability of behaviour; the primary impulse an invariable nature of behaviour.

(5) The primary emotion has a superior form of organization to that of primary impulse.

Can we then regard the dispositions of the primary emotions as complex instincts? Like instincts, they are hereditary structures; but they cannot be identified with instincts because they possess a variability of behaviour, both in respect of their means and ends, which distinguishes them from instinct. Can an instinct as having, not merely some power to support it in difficulties, but an emotion which distinguishes it, vaguely or definitely, from all other instincts? This theory breaks down when applied to the web and nest instincts, the locomotory instincts of different animals, and to many others.

LINNÉAN.—February 19.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

The President announced that intelligence had been received that morning of the death of Professor Pietro Andreo Saccardo, thus causing another vacancy among the Foreign Members (see ATENÆUM, February 20, p. 246).

Mr. J. S. Huxley, Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Mr. D. F. Leney exhibited living specimens of sexually mature axolotls metamorphosed into the Amblystoma form by feeding with thyroid gland, and of Urodèle larvae precociously metamorphosed by treatment with iodine solution. A discussion followed in which the President, Professor E. S. Goodrich, and Lieut.-Col. J. H. Tall Walsh, Dr. W. Bateson, and Dr. J. R. Leeson engaged, Mr. Huxley replying.

Mr. H. C. Gunton read a paper entitled "Entomological-Meteorological Records of Ecological Facts in the Life of British Lepidoptera." He believed that interesting facts would be obtained by recording and plotting the results of observations made by entomologists in various localities in a scheme exhibiting them derived from his notes from February to December, 1919, within the radius of four miles from Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, which includes oak and beech woods, heath, marsh, and cultivated land. Special signs were used to denote the occurrence of macroscopic Tenthredines on sallow-bloom in the spring, ivy in the autumn, sugar, and light. Thirty-five species of butterflies and 246 species of moths were tabulated and correlated with meteorological data. The diagram placed many facts before the eye, as the long continuance of certain species, the presence of more than one brood, and the like. Sugar hardly appeals when honey-dew is abundant; and artificial light is ineffective during bright moonlight.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 5. King's College, 4.—"Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture VIII., Professor P. Dearnmer.

King's College, 5.30.—"Ecclesiastical Music: The Choir and the Congregation," Mr. C. Hylton-Stewart.

King's College, 5.30.—"Historical Theories of Space, Time and Movement: I. The Order of Co-existences—Leibniz," Professor H. Wildon Carr.

King's College, 5.30.—"La Dynastie de Macedoine: Le Gouvernement et l'Administration," Dr L. Economics.

University College, 5.30.—"The Social Life of the Greeks," Professor E. A. Gardner.

Philological, 8.—"Leicestershire Place-Names," Mr. A. C. Wood.

Royal Institution, 9.—"Military History," Hon. J. W. Fortescue.


Royal Geographical, 5.—"Army Hygiene prior to the Recent War," General Sir John Goodwin. (Chadwick Lecture.)

King's College, 5.30.—"Portugal: I. Why Portugal went to War," Professor George Young.

King's College, 5.30.—"Light in Pentateuchal Problems," Lecture II., Dr. A. S. Yahuda.

King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Learning and Science in Poland," Lecture IV., Professor L. Tatarkiewicz.

King's College, 5.30.—"Outlines of Greek History: Consolidation, 867-963," Professor A. J. Toynbee.

University College, 5.30.—"Guillaume de Machaut's Literary and Musical Work," Lecture V., Miss Barbara Smythe.

Aristotelian, 8.—"Is there a General Will?" Mr. Morris Ginsberg.


King's College, 5.30.—"The Philosophy of Kant," Lecture VIII., Professor H. Wildon Carr.

King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia: VI. The First Two Dumas, 1906-7," Sir Bernard Paré.

University College, 5.30.—"The Golden Age in Danish Literature," Lecture V., Mr. J. H. Helweg.


Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"Gas in relation to Industrial Production and National Economy," Mr. L. H. Thornton.

Geological, 5.30.—"The Lower Palaeozoic Rocks of the Arthog-Dolgelley District," Professor A. H. Cox and Mr. A. K. Wells.

University College, 5.30.—"Wergeland, Welhaven and Collett," Lecture V., Mr. I. C. Gröndahl.

University College, 5.30.—"English Intonation," Lecture II., Mr. H. E. Palmer.


University College, 5.30.—"August Strindberg," Lecture V., Mr. J. Björkhamn.

University College, 5.30.—"Favolavogli con la sua famiglia de Trioni, di Fiesole e di Roma," Professor Cesare Faligmo. (In Italian.)

Child-Study Society (90, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 1.)—"Educational Needs of Adolescence," Dr. M. Jane Reaney.

Fri. 12. King's College, 4.—"Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture IX., Professor P. Dearnmer.

Arts Lecture Service (Big School, Dean's Yard, Westminster), 5.30.—"A Method of Developing an Understanding of Art," Miss Bulley.

King's College, 5.30.—"The History and Theories of Space, Time and Movement: II. The Modern Relativity—Einstein, Minkowsky," Professor H. Wildon Carr.

University College, 5.30.—"The Social Life of the Romans," Professor H. E. Butler.

Malacological, 6.

Royal Institution, 9.—"String Figures," Mr. W. W. Rouse Ball.
Fine Arts

WILCOXISM

To return from Paris, full of enthusiasm for contemporary art, and find oneself forced immediately into an attitude of querulous hostility, is surely a melancholy thing. It is my fate; but it is not my fault. Had I found our native quickness—to use a slightly less excitable humour, had they dashed a little less over their imperial painters at Burlington House, had they made the least effort to preserve a sense of proportion, I, for my part, had held my peace. But, deafened by the chorus of hearty self-applause with which British art has just been regaling itself, a critic who hopes that his country is not once again going to make itself the laughing-stock of Europe is bound at all risks to say something disagreeable.

In that delightful book "The Worlds and I," for bringing me acquainted with which I shall ever be grateful to The Athenæum, nothing is more delightful than the chapter in which Mrs. Wilcox takes us through the list of the great writers she has known. We are almost as much pleased by the authoress's confident expectation that we shall be thrilled to learn any new fact about Miss Aldrich, who wrote "one of the most exquisite lyrics in the language"; about Rhoda Hero Dunn, "a genius" with "an almost Shakespearean quality in her verse," or about Elsa Barker, whose poem "The Frozen Grail," "dedicated to Peary and his band," is an epic of August beauty," and whose sonnet "When I Am Dead" "ranks with the great sonnets of the world," as she would be surprised to discover that we had never heard of any of them. Mrs. Wilcox believed, in perfect good faith, that the crowd of magazine-makers with whom she associated were, in fact, the great figures of the age. She had no reason for supposing that we should not be as much interested in first-hand personal gossip about Zona Gale and Ridgeley Torrence, Arthur Griscom (first editor of the Smart Set), Judge Malone, Theodosia Garrison and Julie Opp Faversham ("even to talk with whom over the telephone gives me a sense of larger horizons") as we should have been in similar gossip about Swinburne and Hardy, Henry James and Mallarmé, Laforgue, Anatole France, Tolstoy, Tchechov or Dostoevsky.

And, as Mrs. Wilcox had no reason for supposing that her friends were not the greatest writers alive, what reason had she for supposing that they were not the greatest that ever lived? Without the taste, the intelligence, or the knowledge which alone can give some notion of what's in art, she was obliged to rely on more accessible criteria. The circulation of her own works, for instance, must have compared favourably with that of most poets. To be sure there was Shakespeare, and the celebrated Hugo—or was it Gambetta? But what grounds could there be for thinking that she was not superior to the obscure John Donne or the obscurer Andrew Marvel, or to Arthur Rimbaud, of whom no one she had ever heard of had ever heard? Mrs. Wilcox was not dishonest in assuming that the most successful writer in her set was the best in the world; she was not conceited even; she was merely ridiculous.

It is disquieting to find the same sort of thing going on in England, where our painters are fiercely disputing with each other the crown of European painting, and our critics appraising the respective claims of Mr. Augustus John and Mr. John Nash as solemnly as if they were comparing Cézanne with Renoir. It is more than disquieting; it is alarming, to detect symptoms of the disease—this distressing disease of Wilcoxism—in The Athenæum itself. Yet I am positive that not long since I read in this very paper that Mr. Wyndham Lewis was more than a match for Matisse and Derain; and, having said so much, the critic not unattractively went on to suggest that he was a match for Leonardo da Vinci. Since then I have trembled weekly lest the infection should have spread to our literary parts. Will it be asserted, one of these Fridays, that the appetizing novels of Mr. Gilbert Cannan are distinctly better than Hardy's Wessex tales, and comparable rather with the works of James or Joyce?

To save ourselves from absurdity, and still more to save our painters from insinuatingly that trickle of fatuity which wells from heads swollen with hot air, critics should set themselves to check this nasty malady. Let them make it clear that to talk of modern English painting as though it were the rival of modern French is silly. In old racing days—how matters stand now I know not—it used to be held that French form was about seven pounds below English; the winner of the Derby, that is to say, could generally give the best French colt about that weight and beat him. In painting, English form is normally a stone below French. At any given moment the best painter in England is unlikely to be better than a first-rate man in the Paris Salon. As second-class men are the best chance for Renoir, Degas, Seurat and Manet; but Whistler, Steer and Sickert may profitably be compared with Pissaro, Sisley and Jongkind. And though Duncan Grant holds his own handsomely with Marchand, Vlaminck, Lhote, de Segonzac, Braque and Modigliani, I am not yet prepared to class him with Matisse, Picasso, Derain and Bonnard.

Having bravely recognized this disagreeable truth, let us take as much interest in contemporary British painting as we can. I will try to believe that it merits more enthusiasm than I have been able to show, provided it is not made a point of patriotism to excite oneself about the Imperial War Museum's pictures exhibited at Burlington House. As a matter of fact, the most depressing thing about that show was the absence of the very quality for which British art has been most justly admired—I mean sensibility. Mr. Wilson Steer's picture seemed to me the best in the place, just because Mr. Steer has eyes with which, not only to see, but to feel. To see is something; Mr. Steer also feels for what he sees; and this emotion is the point of departure for his pictures. That he seems almost completely to have lost such power as he ever had of giving to his vision a coherent and self-supporting form is unfortunate; still, he does convey to us some modicum of the thrill provoked in him by his vision of Dover Harbour.

These thoughtful young men, on the other hand, whose works have been causing such a commotion, might almost as well have been blind. They seem to have seen nothing; at any rate, they have not reacted to what they saw in that particular way in which visual artists react. They are not expressing what they feel for something that has moved them as artists, but, rather, what they think about something that has horrified them as men. Their pictures depict, not from a visual sensation, but from a moral conviction. So, naturally enough, what they produce is merely "anecdote." This, perhaps, is the secret of their success—their success, I mean, with the cultivated public. Those terrible young fellows who were feared to be artists turn out after all to be innocent Pre Raphaelites. They leave Burlington House without a stain upon their characters.

This is plain speaking; how else should a critic, who believes that he has diagnosed the disease, convince a modern patient of his parlous state? To just hint a fault and hesitate dislike (not Pope but I split that infinitive) is regarded nowadays merely as a sign of a base, compromising spirit; or not regarded at all. Artists, especially in England, cannot away with qualified praise or blame; and if they insist on all or nothing I can but
EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK
SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.—The Society of Women Artists. The general level of the pictures at the Suffolk Street Gallery is not appreciably lower than that of the recent R.B.A. exhibition in the same gallery. The two collections are indeed most remarkably alike. But this very similarity makes the women's exhibition infinitely more distressing than the men's, because in an R.B.A. exhibition we do not expect to find anything more than a heterogeneous collection of third-rate paintings. In the present exhibition we have a right to expect something more definite, something which would neither merit nor obtain from the most generous critic more than a passing word of perfunctory encouragement.

Clive Bell.

THE LATE M. MODIGLIANI
The death of the young painter and sculptor Modigliani leaves the same kind of gap in the ranks of the younger artists of the modern school as was caused by the death of Gauclier Breslau. Modigliani worked in Paris, but was of Italian, presumably Jewish, origin or descent. He was primarily a sculptor, but his interest was determined by the human figure, and he devoted his life to the endeavour to study the large rhythms implicit in its structure. His early drawings were conceived with a pure sculptural vision. The lines flow in large simplified curves round ample forms; a tone of red chalk or some other soft medium suggests the depth of the continued planes; the attitudes presuppose execution in solid substance, there are no flying wings, no holes in the design. Many of the figures have the triple twist of Michelangelo, but the extreme simplification of the contours restrains the action and invests it with something of the calm of Mailou. Modigliani executed a considerable number of small drawings, many of great beauty, and sold them, we understand, for a few francs apiece on the Boulevards. Later, possibly owing to the expense of sculpture, he turned to painting, and a set of his pictures, recently exhibited at the Mansard Gallery, are now at the New Art Salon. As a painter Modigliani achieved somewhat more success in his attempts to visualize a combination which does not quite succeed. He retains his sculptor's preconception of the human head as a solid egg-shape-form and at the same time he opens his sensibilities to immediate impressions in other parts of the picture. A disquieting lack of consistency results. Possibly he would have made an artist of himself had he endeavoured the momentary flashes of his idiosyncrasy.
Music

OPERA AT THE SURREY

It is a long time since "The Flying Dutchman" was seen on the stage in London. For, although the obvious allure of the "Ring," the "Tristan" and "Meistersinger," was a period when no one dared profess an admiration for Italian opera, and the old-fashioned Italian style which permeates a good deal of "The Flying Dutchman" used to make ardent Wagnerites feel a little uncomfortable. The opera always remained popular in Germany, where the traditions of Weber and Marschner were deeply rooted in the affections of the general opera-going public. That public, too, always professed to despise old-fashioned Italian opera, but it had a sneaking affection for it, especially when the style was adopted by composers of German birth, such as Flotow and Nicolai.

To modern audiences the weakness of the early Wagner operas lies not in the Italianate quality of their melodies, but in the lamentable fact that Wagner never could manage to write a really strong Italian tune. His model was always Weber rather than Bellini, and in his attempts to give harmonic interest to tunes of a Bellinian cast he, like Weber, fell between two stools and produced such things as the "Evening Star," which both in harmony and melody are awkward and inexpressive. There is another tune of a very similar type in the first act of "The Flying Dutchman," and one of the most horrible examples occurs in the last act of "Der Freischütz." The anti-Italian tendencies of the last century led singers of Wagner to try to disguise the purely vocal ideals of much of his early work. The singers whom Wagner himself trained for Bayreuth were real singers who had been educated in the great Italian tradition; Vogl, the ideal Loge, was also the most finished exponent of Don Ottavio. It was after Wagner's death that the exaggerated declamation of the typical modern German Wagner-singers took the place of bel canto. We are now gradually beginning to realize, as Wagner's music recedes into the distance of past history, that Wagner, even the later Wagner, must above all things be sung. It is an appropriate moment at which to revive the early act of "The Flying Dutchman," and the intensely serious-minded singers, who devoted themselves to the cult of Wagner at the time when such devotion was indeed necessary, thought it incumbent upon them to interpret the early operas in the spirit of the later ones, and hence did their best to pass off the essentially vocal writing of much of his early work as Sprachgesang, with deplorably unsatisfactory results. The only thing to do with early Wagner is to sing it, and sing it with an even more exuberantly vocal delivery than is customary in the performance of Donizetti and Bellini. Such parts as those of Erik and Daland in "The Flying Dutchman," very easily become tedious, for Wagner's melody is very fluent and often limps painfully after the harmony which supports it. Hence the singer must do all in his power to disguise not so much its tunefulness as its lack of a really firm vocal line. An exaggeration of the declamatory style and an undue emphasis on such leading motives as may occur in the orchestra inevitably make these parts patchy and incoherent. There must be no waiting, no impressive pauses; the singer must simply get over the awkward ground as quickly and as smoothly as he can.

Masters Fairbairn and Milner have been remarkably successful in securing good singers for their revival of "The Flying Dutchman." Their company consists almost entirely of young people who have had very little experience. They have what is perhaps more valuable, intelligence and enthusiasm, together with youth and freshness both of voice and of person. The presentation of Senta was a real revelation of the character. The part is generally sung by a dramatic soprano with a heavy voice and figure to correspond. Miss Maryan Elmar, who took the part at the Surrey, looked about seventeen. That romantic attachment for the picture of the legendary Dutchman which always seemed so ridiculous and incredible on the part of a lady obviously old enough to know her way about the world became suddenly intelligible and natural in a Senta who was all girlish impulsiveness and enthusiasm. But Miss Elmar has a great deal more than youth and good looks to bring to the Surrey. She has a voice of beautiful quality and knows how to use it; she is also a most capable actress. Her restrained but always convincing movements and gestures bore witness to the excellence of Mr. Fairbairn's careful training.

The Dutchman was sung by Mr. Augustus Milner, who has for some time been a member of the Zürich Opera. He has a very commanding presence and a well-though-out conception of the character. It is on these two parts that most of the burden of the opera rests; but it must be added that the small parts were all well filled. Even the slight and episodical part of Mary was acted by Miss Myra Munsen with real intelligence. Mr. Frank Webster sang very agreeably in the ungrateful part of Erik; and Mr. Philip Vallentine, though hardly able to compete vocally with Mr. Milner in the duet of the first act, was a very capable Daland. The choruses were full of life, and the costumes and stage setting thoroughly effective.

The orchestra is at present a little rough. It is complete, but hardly strong enough in the strings for a Wagner opera. Mr. Herbert Ferrers understands that prime necessity for an opera-conductor of making the whole thing go ahead, whatever happens on the way, but he must endeavour to restrain the energies of his brass a little. The management have certainly taken a wise step in not cutting down the band.

The advantage of having a complete orchestra was very noticeable in "Maritana," which is an opera that is seldom thus honoured. As given at the Surrey, with another notable soprano, Miss Frances Hall, in the title part, it became a serious opera that entirely justified the popularity which it has always enjoyed. Those musical intellectuals who never miss a new work of Stravinsky, but have never even seen our historic English classics, may be recommended to go and hear "Maritana" at the Surrey. It is a landmark in the history of English opera, and without a knowledge of "Maritana" it is impossible to enter into the full understanding of Sullivan. Moreover, if really English opera is ever to develop a school of its own, neither Sullivan nor Wallace is a composer whose lessons contemporary musicians can afford to neglect.

Edward J. Dent.

CONCERTS

The brunt of the work at the London Chamber Concert Society's third concert on February 18 fell upon the Philharmonic Quartet, who played Beethoven's D major Quartet, and were joined by other instrumentalists as required in Julius Harrison's Quintet, Ravel's Septet, and Dr. Ethel Smyth's "Chrysilla" (in which some sporting passages for flute and triangle hardly compensate for the peremptory quality of the harp and double-bass writing). The playing of the Quartet was marred by frequent roughness and careless intonation on the part of their leader. Lady Maud Warrender appeared as the vocalist of the evening, but we could find no adequate reason for her doing so.

The native music of America is little known in this country. Judging from the example of Red Indian folk-songs sung by Mr. Wright Symons at his recital on February 20, the com-
Drama

EMOTIONS

Lyric Theatre.—"John Ferguson." By St. John G. Ervine.

If the merit of a play is measured by the success with which it raises harrowing emotions in the bosoms of the spectators, then "John Ferguson" must be counted as a drama of the first importance. Mr. Ervine knows how to apply the *seme forte et dure* with the practised skill of a Grand Inquisitor. It is a pleasure, even in the height of the agony, to see with what skill and agility he skips about the torture-chamber, tightening a thumb-screw, hammering a fresh wedge into the boot, tweaking another muscle with the pincers. Here, you feel, is a man who knows his business very well. Everything has been thought out, the effects all calculated to a fraction, nothing left to chance. There was only one episode in which Mr. Ervine's skill seemed for an instant to fail him, and he was betrayed into something that looked very much like a mistake, and that was the scene where the imbecile beggar, Clutie John, eggs on young Andrew Ferguson to murder the man who had tried to violate his sister. There was a lack of verisimilitude in this, a failure to reveal a motive, which stood out the more strikingly from the plausibility of the rest of the play. And how plausible it all is!—old John Ferguson, too sick to be able to work, but uncomplaining in his trust in God; the mortgaged farm; the villain threatening to foreclose; the daughter consenting to marry Jimmy Caesar, whom she does not love, in order to save the farm; her revolt against this unholy contract; the bad man's assault upon her; Jimmy Caesar threatening to FILL the villain and then too much of a coward to do the deed; Jimmy Caesar arrested for the murder that was finally committed by Andrew Ferguson; Andrew's determination to confess, and his parents' agony of mind; and finally, the mad beggar, Clutie John, who provides the distinctively "Irish" atmosphere, with those phrases about the "wee stars shinin' in the sky" and all the "poetical" things that an English dramatist is not allowed to say. How plausible it is, and how well the agony is sustained! And yet one comes away with a sense of dissatisfaction, with a feeling, very definite, albeit not articulate, that "John Ferguson" is not the real thing. It is not enough to take a situation and exploit it, however well, for its emotions. The point is to do that and to do it in such a way that the tragedy may be of more universal import. "John Ferguson" is simply a situation in the void; one is moved by the emotions which are wrung out of it; but it has no real relation with life in general as one knows it.

Mr. Ervine is supported by a very effective troupe of actors. Miss Maire O'Neill and Miss Moyna MacGill gave remarkable performances as Sarah and Hannah Ferguson; Miss MacGill's emotional acting was at moments quite admirable. Mr. Rea delivered the pious sentiments of John Ferguson himself with conviction and dignity. We should like to see him in a part devoid of pious sentiment in which he could completely shake off the haunting presence of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Miles Malleson made a lively Clutie John, though it must be admitted that, for the most "Irish" of Irish mad boggars, he talked very much as though he had been born and bred within the sound of Bow bells. It was curious to note that in Clutie's speeches, and in the lubrications of Jimmy Caesar that were set most definitely in an Irish mode, the audience was often quite uncertain whether it ought to laugh or cry. The key was too unfamiliar.

A CONCERT of madrigals and other old English music, given on February 28 by Miss Flora Mann, Miss Winifred Whelen, Miss Lilian Berger, Mr. Steuart Wilson, Mr. Clive Carey and Mr. Cuthbert Kelly, showed clearly that music of this type is much better suited to the English ear than to a German. The best choristers never achieve the lightness and suppleness which it demands. The six singers at this concert succeeded admirably in obtaining a well-blended tone without loss of individuality, and thus were able to bring out with delightful clarity the subtle emotional points, as well as the exhalation and hallucination, of Elizabethan composers. It was a most instructive demonstration in the art of interpreting old music; for all the performers, without the least exaggeration or over-emphasis, sang in a perfectly straightforward and natural style, as if the poetry and music of the sixteenth century were their normal and habitual language.

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DRAMEDY
LITTLE THEATRE. — "Mumsée." By Edward Knoblock.

In the choice of the title "Mumsée" the author has shown a certain frankness and has, to some extent, warned the audience what sort of thing to expect. It is doubtful, however, if even the hardened theatre-goer knows quite how much of the nondescript state of tears and sentimentality is to be thrust upon him at a sitting. The present performance at the Little Theatre opens with a furore of over-emphasis, the usual jokes, the usual broken English, the Dickensian tone carried to bathos which Dickens never attains, the dreary slowness of the first act, the usual inability of the English emotional actress to produce the effect of Frenchness, the heavy pathos, the sermon preached by said actress facing the audience, tears, tears, and a parody of every cliche of the feuilletons: "Men are cruel." Answer: "All the world is cruel,"—thirty-five minutes of it before there comes the first gleam of real humour; and in the whole of the first two acts not enough patter to carry a second-class "turn" through its first five minutes at the Palladium. This is, we presume, "modern drama" as descended or re-descended from Shaw and Ibsen to the earlier and possibly permanent level. There is talk of French conventions, wherein the sweet young things are at once left à deux for narrative and then sentimental gush; there is the Hun cad, there is the char-ring young Englishman, and Mr. Pusey has very little chance, and the curtain goes down with a tempest of applause which can mean only one of two things: either it is the last fading and hesperal flicker of British intelligence or it implies a lifelong and ineradicable devotion to Miss Eva Moore.

The language is one's chief diversion: "Over there under those Southern skies... the stars... seemed clearer than ever." Also, "a charming young Englishman, of course has lost this and many another pearl of precious speech." He took me out to that cursed Casino." Immortal words like these, witty lines that Marlowe never penned, a splendour of imagery such as is known only to the faithful readers of "Sexton Blake" and "Forget-me-not," exude from the interstices of the play between a cinema plot and slices of kittenishness. "Divine men, these who have pierced the secrets of eternity." "Well, I do so with all my heart." "So it is really true." "Yes, what a change!" "Somehow it is the sort of death one would have wished him, among his beloved treasures." There are also bits of "speedy" polish.

There is, in the trade sense, construction, i.e., the author has proved his "long-apprenticeship," he shows us how to do it, the recipe being: portions of chocolate nougat with increasing frequency during the two acts, then some hysteria in the third. He flouts the economy of great art, and to screw up his heroine to the really pathetic sobs of the third act he throws his all into the melting-pot: the town is being bombarded by airplanes, her eldest and boldest son has just sold information to the Boche, he is discovered, he is r-r-revealed; his shame is made known to the super-Charles-Grandison English colonel, who takes this opportunity of declaring his hopeless but honourable passion for the respectable mother whose dear, but elderly husband is soon to be wiped out by bomb-salvation. The traitor leaps on a bicycle, which apparently the colonel cannot ride, and this daring action plus death wipes out the shame of the family. The acts run: 1913, Englishman's Home in France, of course it can't happen, no one has dreamed of it. 1914, July, of course it is most unexpected, 1918, The retreat, 1919, the armistice, the prayer before the crucifix (audience need not be nervous: nothing, absolutely nothing is left out), the colonel with barehead, the lovers' meeting, the pitiful wounded, even though Aeschylus did spare us Agamemnon's bath towels without decreasing the tragedy of the play or making the death less real. But to the ingrained sentimentalists nothing is too sacred for presentation; there is no subject which is, in his eyes, unfit to sandwich in between a joke about Peter the cat and a flapper's desire for caramels.

We sympathize with thehabu who said there were three sorts of plays: Comedy, tragedy and dramey. We now think we know what he meant; but on the whole the cast deserves a better fate than this play. If the use of language is obsolescent among us, the cinema remains; there is also the alternative tradition of the Commedia dell' Arte, and if authors wish to present simple stock figures they might return to the old custom of giving wordless scenarios, for even among monosyllabic conversationists each human being has some trace of personal utterance, some small idiosyncrasy of diction which makes their speech real. And even a second-rate gag would be more vital than a succession of pasteboard sentences of the sort here provided the actors.

T. J. V.

Correspondence
THE PHOENIX SOCIETY

Sir,—Will you kindly allow space for one of the thousands of people one has never heard of, to protest against the careless arrangement of the intelligentsia contained in Mr. T. S. Eliot's letter on the Phoenix Society? Surely Mr. Eliot, of all people, cannot be in danger of forgetting that in order to arrest it is not necessary to be unjust.

Without being a disciple of Mr. Archer, one may consider that the production of plays by Webster or Dryden is not an essential of culture. And it does not argue a strong faith in the greatness of Webster or Dryden to suggest that they need support against Mr. Archer, or even to imply that their greatness can be in any way affected by the production or non-production of their plays in London.

It is difficult to understand why the cultivated classes should not be expected to support the necessities of literature, since nobody else is likely to do so. Mr. Eliot, quite rightly, makes it a point of honour for the "Civilized Class" to expend their usually not too ample means on the support of art, but he does them an injustice when he implies that they are unwilling to do so. It would be a stronger salve to the consciences of many, after reading Webster and Dryden, to purchase and read the excellent, though unadapted, and it is to be feared little read, dramatic poetry of our many contemporaries—for example, of "Michael Field" or Mr. Herbert Trench or Mr. James Wadig.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
H. P. COLLINS

ITALIAN BOOKS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

Sir,—In view of the fact that you are the compilers of the most valuable list of weekly publications, may I suggest that the same bibliographical accuracy be adopted in the matter of reviews appearing in the other part of your journal? The discrepancy which now exists between the system adopted in these two heads in the case, for instance, of Italian books, to the commision of grammatical errors, which should not be allowed to pass in so serious a review, is the title of the book is always placed before the title of the book, a formatting which is to me a matter of taste, but that employed above is grammatically incorrect, nor is it possible to translate the English by with a da, a di or a per. In this case "Da Pietro Jabier" means from Pietro Jabier, which does not convey the sense. Moreover, if the price is
to be quoted in Italian, the "lire" should precede and not follow the figure.

I beg to remain, Sir,

Taylor Institution,
Oxford.

[We are perfectly well aware that in Italian reviews and book-lists the name of the author is invariably put first and also that in giving prices "lire" is placed before numerals.

As, however, The Athenæum is an English, and not an Italian, journal, foreign books have to be brought into line with English books. The difficulty might have been got over by keeping the word by "in English, but for the sake of uniformity, "da" was adopted as, on the whole, the nearest Italian equivalent.—Ed.]

THE FIRST FOLIO POEM INITIATED "I. M."
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Will you permit me to append an important postscript to the letter of inquiry so kindly inserted on my behalf in your issue of February 6?
The cross-sum section of the set of word numerical value coincidences described by me has been submitted, entirely by itself, as thus presenting a clean-cut mathematical problem—that of a three-top-row cross sum of 103 and a five-bottom-row cross sum of 177 being by mere chance or purpose arrangement duplicated as a division, when the numbers involved are placed on a chessboard, by the colour of square division, for all eight rows of 103 White and 177 Black to one of our foremost mathematicians, Professor Andrew R. Forsyth, F.R.S., the Chief Professor of Mathematics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology. And Professor Forsyth replied as follows:

"If digits alone were of importance, precisely the same result would follow from

\[
\begin{array}{ccc|ccc}
4 & 96 & 4 & 65 & 6 & 36 \\
5 & 85 & 5 & 17 & 7 & 52 \\
4 & 59 & 28 & 22 & 1 & 85 \\
3 & 23 & 39 & 83 & 3 & 23 \\
6 & 86 & 75 & 77 & 6 & 77 \\
8 & 5 & 9 & 9 & 4 & 8 \\
3 & 8 & 5 & 9 & 6 & 9 \\
9 & 1 & 89 & 89 & 9 & 8 \\
\end{array}
\]

In the next place, when the sum of the digits on the white squares is 103, the sum of those on the black squares as taken from your table (or mine) is bound to be 177; for the total sum of all the digits is 280. I have thought enough to see that the chances against the mere chance would be multiditionally overwhelming. .

But now for a more important suggestion to you. The impression left upon me is that you are in the presence of one of those cryptograms so dear to some minds through many ages."

I had long before suspected the existence of a cryptogram. Moreover, a belief therein is strongly supported by the fact that the code used, the Elizabethan A=1 to Z=24 code, allotting both I and J the value 9, and both U and V the value 20, happens to give 103 as the equivalent of "Shakespeare," and 177 as the equivalent of "William Shakespeare." But any such cryptogram cannot be limited to a single letter and its frame. And it would be interesting to have the views of readers as to its full extent and correct interpretation.

Respectfully yours,

J. D. Parsons.

45, Sutton Court Road, Chiswick.

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—I have been waiting for some better qualified mathematician to question the claim of Mr. J. D. Parsons that he has discovered sub-surface signalling in the First Folio (see your issue of February 6, p. 190).

True, his figures and coincidences are correct—on the assumption of Ben Jonson in his "English Grammar" that J is by an alternative form of the 9th letter I, and U but an alternative form of the 20th letter V. But surely anyone who looked out for such coincidences in any set of word numerical values could find comparable coincidences.

Moreover, no meaning is assigned by Mr. Parsons to the supposedly signalled letter F. So it is a fair assumption that no satisfying meaning can be assigned by him thereto.

Yours truly,

February 20, 1920.

Robert Little.

WILSON KING'S "GERMAN FREE CITIES"
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—May I ask your readers' attention to the fact that the stock of Mr. Wilson King's "German Free Cities" is almost exhausted, and that any who wish to procure this useful work, covering ground so little and so rarely touched in English, should communicate quickly with the publishers (Messrs. Del, London)? Soon it will be impossible to buy this book "first-hand."

Yours faithfully,

6, Arthur Road, Edgbaston.

THE HOLY JUMPERS
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—May I point out a small error in your issue of February 20 (p. 257)? Your note-writer seems to think that the Holy Jumpers, described in Mr. Van Vechten's new book, is "an evangelical sect in the Bahamas."

It happens that I published my description of this sect in the Bahamas (calling it, as he does, Holy Jumpers) before Mr. Van Vechten issued his impression of them as seen there, and I was "jumped " upon very stiffly by the native population for my ignorance, in not knowing that these so-called Holy Jumpers are a large sect in America and elsewhere, who practise a sort of primitive Christian Science, and call themselves, with the utmost dignity, the Pentecostal Brethren.

One finds in the Bahamas other sects which seem to us new, but which have a large following in parts of America—as, for example, the Seventh Day Adventists. There are in the seven or so miles around the capital of the Bahamas, about nine different sorts of Christianity, and perhaps twelve different kinds of religion are there represented!

Yours truly,

Amelia Defries.

CHARLES NODIER AND THE ENGLISH
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—I have not seen "La Jeunesse de Charles Nodier," by Léonce Pingaud (reviewed in The Athenæum of Jan. 16 by Professor Saintsbury), and cannot say whether it contains any allusion to Nodier's well-known intimacy with members of the English colony in France during the later Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods. This forms, as far as English readers are concerned, the most striking episode of the real "Jeunesse de Charles Nodier." P. L. Jacob in an article entitled "Charles Nodier chez Lady Hamilton" contributed to the Bibliophile Français (year 1869) gives an interesting account of his experiences as "collaborateur, ou plutôt de teinturier, anciennement, devenu traducteur, et de "ghost" author in the service of her ladyship. He was introduced by her son-in-law, Etienne de Jouy, the author of the "Hermite de la Chausée d'Antin (a once popular French imitation of Addison's Spectator)."

Chaque matin, il consacrait deux ou trois heures à cette corvée quotidienne, et chaque soir il lisait à Lady Hamilton le produit de son travail journalier. Lady Hamilton était la plus heureuse des femmes ou plutôt des auteurs; elle se persuadait sans peine que tout ce que Nodier avait écrit pour elle et sous son nom n'appartenait qu'à elle seule, et se trouvait en gerne dans les mains de ses échasses manuscrites.

The first novel, "La Famille de Popoli," was dedicated to Sir Herbert Croft with a lengthy "dédicace que Lady Hamilton n'avait fait que signer." Charles Nodier, however, did not remain long in the service of Lady Mary Hamilton (née Leslie-Melville, the daughter of the Earl of Leven and Melville). She married first a Mr. Walker, and afterwards Captain Hamilton, a relative of the Duke of Hamilton. She was born at Edinburgh in 1739, and died in Paris in 1816, the same year as Sir Herbert Croft.

Il est bien fâcheux pour vous que vous ayez perdu votre secrétaire, disait M. de Jouy à sa belle-mère Lady Hamilton; avec le concours de ce diable de Charles Nodier, vous auriez fait des chefs-d'œuvre sans doute fini par devenir membre de l'Académie Française.

Yours faithfully,

Andrew de Ternant.

36, Somerleyton Road, Brixton, S.W.
Foreign Literature

RAINER MARIA RILKE

RAINER MARIA RILKE. By Robert Faesi. (Zürich and Leipzig: Amalthea Verlag. 4 M.)

THIS volume, by a well-known Swiss novelist and poet, does somewhat tardy justice to one of the most noteworthy figures in contemporary German poetry. It is a little difficult to see why Rilke has been so much neglected. Some ascribe this to the supreme genius of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, others to the exceptionally retiring nature of Rilke's talent. But of the unjustified obscurity in which his name has remained until a comparatively recent date there can be no question. Thus there is a well-known German "History of German Lyric Poetry during the Last Fifty Years," published in 1905, which does not even mention him; his name is equally not to be found in M. Maurice Merot's "History of Contemporary German Literature," which was published in 1907, subsequent to the issue of two of Rilke's finest and most characteristic works. And to-day, although no longer unknown in Germany and on the Continent generally—his position in modern German literature is probably quite as honored as Hugo von Hofmannsthal's—he is still somewhat in the background. This appreciation, the first full-length study we have seen, is therefore all the more sure of a welcome from those who take an interest in German poetry of the past twenty years.

M. Faesi rightly judges that the relations between Rilke's poetry and his life and personal experiences is more than usually intimate, and he first devotes himself to a biographical study. The task was probably not easy, for until M. Faesi attempted it very little was known of Rilke's descent, education and early life generally. He came of an old Carinthian family which had been compelled to leave its ancestral estates and settle in Prague. It was in this city that in 1875—the year after Hugo von Hofmannsthal—Rilke was born. Critics have often pointed out the evident connection between Hofmannsthal's lyrics and German folk-song. In Rilke's first poems the relationship is openly avowed. The poet's early surroundings made a profound impression on his imagination, and although, after a few painful years of study in a military academy and then at the university, he was to leave his birthplace and thereafter be on his travels for most of the rest of his life, it is to Bohemia that he constantly looks back. Thus his first volume, "Larenopfer" (1893), conveys its character in its title. The poet describes the scenery of Bohemia—note, in particular, the poem entitled "Böhmische Landschaft"—thinks sorrowfully of home, and echoes the songs of his childhood. Wistfulness, a certain dreamlike quality, a plaintive music, mark Rilke's ripest work. These first poems of nostalgia are a foreshadowing, as are those contained in the next volume, published two years later and entitled "Traumgekrönt."

But Bohemia was not Rilke's only home. One of the first foreign cities he visited was Moscow, of which he declared that it was "the city of his oldest and deepest reminiscences.... It was home." This deep sympathy with Russian life has led certain critics to look for traces of Slav ancestry in Rilke. M. Faesi, although remarking that there seems to be an extraordinary affinity between Rilke's genius and that of the Russian, does not make the attempt. And, in truth, it would have been rather superfluous. Russian influence there certainly was, but the principal feature of Rilke's poetic genius seems to us of the very stuff of German romanticism. It is Sehnsucht which characterizes the second and most important period in the poet's imaginative development, which came at about the turn of the century. In dealing with this M. Faesi might very well have quoted Matthew Arnold, who in his "Essay on the Study of Celtic Literature" makes the well-known comparison between German Sehnsucht and Celtic "melancholy." "German Sehnsucht," he says, "is wistful, soft, tearful, longing," which sums up Rilke's poetry pretty accurately. M. Faesi conveys the same impression in a passage of much greater length, elucidated by characteristic selected lyrics.

Rilke's next volume, "Das Buch der Bilder," was published in 1902. It gives some explanation of his philosophy, and contains his most striking example of his theory and practice of poetry. Technically, Rilke, who knew contemporary French literature intimately and for some years resided in Paris as private secretary to Rodin, on whom he wrote an extremely good book of criticism, was very much under the influence of the French Symbolists, and of Maeterlinck in particular. "Music transformed to pictures, or pictures transformed to music, is the summing-up of a German critic on this volume. It is precisely the ideal of Symbolism, and the faithfulness with which Rilke served it places him in the same group as Hofmannsthal, Stefan George and all the other German or Austrian disciples of Mallarmé and his school.

Rich as are so many modern German poets—Hofmannsthal, for instance, whose variety and beauty of rhyme and rhythm, there are few who can show skill equal to that revealed in "Das Buch der Bilder." The fineness of workmanship is everywhere remarkable. It is true there are echoes from the poet's favourite writers, but there is an individuality, very closely resembling Hofmannsthal, as M. Faesi points out in an excellent passage of comparative criticism, but with distinct features of its own. Both Rilke and Hofmannsthal are the poets of foreboding, of twilight and atmosphere, of tender early spring, of lobe-leaved autumn, of shy longing and vanishing memories, of dreams and possibilities; they are the artists of the unreal.

Chronologically "Das Buch der Bilder" marks little more than a beginning in Rilke's most notable poetical work. Yet little more remains to be said. There are few innovations in "Das Stundenbuch" or in the "Neue Gedichte," the two most important succeeding volumes.

"Das Stundenbuch" was published in 1905; it is in three parts, written at different times, and entitled respectively "Vom römischen Leben," "Von der Pilgerschaft" and "Von der Armut und dem Tode." The whole book is the imaginative expression of a Russian monk's search for God—it was commenced in Russia —and shows, what was not so apparent in "Das Buch der Bilder," the character of the poet's religious and mystical ideas. It is in these ideas, perhaps, that we find the chief distinction between Rilke and Hofmannsthal, from whose work there is by no means so plain a philosophy to be deduced. "Das Stundenbuch" has been called a "prayer-book." Its basis is a kind of philosophy of immanence. "Beside me," says the poet, addressing God, "Thou hast no home in which warm, familiar words may greet Thee.

Rilke's fame rests on his poetry. But he has also written prose stories and attempted the dramatic form. Both activities are also faithfully dealt with by M. Faesi, whose book, both as a carefully-written and necessary piece of biography and as a study of a poet by a poet, should certainly be read by all who wish to study modern German poetry. A Rilke is not just a writer whose reputation may be transitory; his work seems certain of a permanent place in twentieth-century German literary history. If this proves to be so, M. Faesi's study will deserve to stand beside it.

We are desired by the Committee for the Summer School of Theology, which is to be held in July at the School of Theology, Oxford, to call the special attention of our readers to the interdenominational character of the meeting.
A GLIMPSE AT MEDIAEVAL ISLAM

MARRAKECH DANS LES PALMES. Par André Chevrillon. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy. 4fr. 90.)

W

E in England know M. Chevrillon best by his English studies. We have a tenderness for him because he has paid us more attention than any other living French author, and because, apparently, the more he examines us the better he likes us. We know him as the critic of Sydney Smith and Ruskin, and, what interests us considerably more in these days, as the author of the best study of Mr. Rudyard Kipling that has yet appeared. We remember his flattering pictures of our army organization in war.

But M. Chevrillon has always had another "line," the East, and particularly Islam. To this he now returns in "Marrakech dans les Palmes." The scene of his new study is not, in fact, the East; for Morocco is actually, though it is not easy to realize it, further West than Land's End. It is the Western outpost of Islam, and the last stronghold of pure African Islam, untouched by Europe. M. Chevrillon has played the part of an intelligent and enterprising reporter. He paid in March, 1913, a long visit to Marrakech, which had been taken by the French six months before, seizing his opportunity to examine a society of which Madame had returned it to the zenith of Moorish power in Spain, that had remained unchanged ever since, and that was now inevitably to undergo a transformation. He returned to it towards the end of the war, to note that the transformation had already commenced, though one of the greatest administrators of modern times, General Lyauty, had done all that was in his power to save the old civilization.

M. Chevrillon has gone to his task in a fashion as painstaking as enthusiastic. He has pictured for us in minute detail that arrested world, its architecture (including the famous Tower of Kootoubia, sœur illustre de la tour Hassan, de Rabat, et de la Giraldal, de Séville 1), its music and dances, its literature, its commerce, its daily life, from that of the great Moorish chieftains, like the barons of "Ivanhoe," to the holy beggars squating in the sunshine. He has a most vivid power of description, a brilliancy and softness of style that recall that of M. Pierre Loti discussing similar themes. Hear him, for example, on the gardens of the Aguelal:

Plus rien que le soleil et l'azur, et les peuplés de beaux oliviers, et les palmiers surgiants, et l'arôme embaumé des étoiles de cire, entre les rangs et les rangs des clairs feuillages vernis ; et le feu des jeunes fleurs promettant les grenades, et aussi les chants, les trilles, les subites querelles des grives et des merles. Et, pardessous ces changeantes sonorités, tout est présent, comme une âme évanouie dans du bonheur, et qui flotte avec les nappes de parfums, la rumeur endormie des invisibles colombes 1.

On a retrouvé la prime jeunesse du monde ; et quelle paix, quelle sécurité, quel pur oubli de tout : on oublierait ici la mort, dont l'ombre n'a jamais passé sur ces lieux. Seulement la perfection de la vie, de son moment suprême : jeunes floraisons, frais éclats, beauté, volupté. Et ce divin moment, on dirait qu'il est fixé pour toujours, que cet enchantement, rien ne viendra le dissiper ou le rompre.

But it is Loti with a difference. M. Chevrillon is in some sort an apostle of French Imperialism. He turns from the beauties of Marrakech to contrast the French power with its rather hard eyes the rise of French power. Regretful that certain grave splendors must pass, regarding with horror the ugliness and debauchery of Casablanca, where European civilization is installing itself with such unpleasant companions, he has yet small sympathy for the efforts of the Moroccans to preserve their world from the Roumi. He records without comment how the wretched defenders of the city of Morocco, armed with a few Winchesters and many charms, were mown down, line after line, by the machine-guns. But the citizens of Morocco, according to

him, are well content with the new régime. At least they have accepted it as easily as every other dynasty in their history. All Government comes from God. The only point to be considered in their eyes is the relative severity or gentleness of the ruler, and they have found Lyauty the most just and indulgent they have known. They relate with pride how the Resident General, in the midst of the feast at the feast of Moual Idries, placed twenty-five gold pieces in the brass mouth outside the sanctuary; how he received a special invitation from the Imans to cross the sacred threshold, and how he refused it.

It was by this decent respect for the feelings of her subjects, coupled with the cool audacity of her Pro-Consul, that France held Morocco throughout the war with a handful of men.

C. F.

M. MAX JACOB

LA DÉFENSE DE TARTUFFE. Par Max Jacob. (Paris, Société Littéraire de France.)

"EXTASES, Remords, Visions, Prières, Poèmes et Méditations d'un Juif Converti"—this is the qualifying sub-title of M. Jacob's book. It is a collection of odds and ends, of fragments thrown out by the spasmodic eruption of a very peculiar mind. Here we have a piece of self-confession, here a poem, here a vision, here a loud snigger, and here the Christian penitent's spasm of remorse. In M. Jacob we find the curious phenomenon of a mystic, passionately sincere, but who cannot help perceiving that, seen from certain angles, religion can look very like an enormous joke. "Quand l'oeil gauche me dérange, je crois que j'ai mort.; tout à l'heure, j'ai eu une crise de larmes au Sacré-Cœur et pourtant l'oeil gauche me dérangeait; comment dire cela au Père?" How indeed? We are not surprised when we read a little later on: "Mes amis prennent ma conversion pour une farce un peu plus corse que les autres. Mon parrain dit qu'il m'appellerait 'Fiacre.'" And so it goes on, this spiritual drama, so important, so tragic and so very nearly a farce of gigantic proportions. It has its moments of thrilling intensity. Here is one of the scenes, curiously nightmarish and disquieting:

L'orgie est au Sud! L'orgie est à Montparnasse! dans un atelier est l'orgie de Montparnasse. Qui est là? Ouvrez! C'est le professeur! C'est la bavure. Ils ont traversé l'escalier, ils se sont rangés au fond. "Qui est là?—Ouvrez! C'est le bon Dieu!" Tout le monde est plein d'effroi! Entrez, mon Seigneur. Or ce n'était que le commissaire de police, un vilain moustachu avec sa ceinture.

One could go on quoting indefinitely, picking out a fragment here and there from the heap; and indeed this is the only method by which we can criticize M. Jacob's work. For the book cannot be considered as a whole: it is a conglomeration of isolated units. And it is here that one perceives the inherent weakness of M. Jacob's talent—his incapacity to keep up an ordered train of thought, to conceive on a large scale, to build, to compose. We must take him for what he is, a spasmodic thinker, a poet of lyrical fragments, but fragments that are often of a remarkable beauty.


"Max Jacob, enchanteur et poète"—the phrase is André Salmon's. When one has read "La Défense de Tartuffe" one cannot help feeling that in some queer, rather grotesque way M. Jacob deserves the title.
LETTERS FROM ITALY

VIII. HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL STUDIES

In order to vary these letters of mine, I shall leave literature alone for a while. I have still to speak of a number of other writers, of Deledda, Papini, the Futurists and the more recent playwrights, who will return later. At the moment I propose to give the British public some account of movements of a more scientific nature. I shall begin with history.

"La Storia della Storiografia in Italia nel Secolo XIX.," which Croce has been publishing in La Critica since 1915, affords a rich novel, a novel of investigation. The identity of philosophy and history, which Idealism claims as its greatest mental conquest—or which is at least the height of its aspirations—is here put into practice in a conception of the writing of history that coincides absolutely with the development of philosophy, and indeed appears as something inseparable from it.

The appearance of Positivism in Italy in the second half of the nineteenth century resulted in a strange mixture of history and anti-history, of enthusiasm for facts and of the passive acceptance of theological tradition. The last idealist school of history, the Neo-Guelphs, had perished in the general downfall of thought. But the Positivists, with which it dealt and the ideals that inspired it were handed on to the pioneers of the new movement. Ferrari, who, in many ways anticipated Positivist history, or who is at least a link between the Guelphs and the Positivists, modelled the negations and antitheses of his "Histoire des Révolutions d'italie," his "History of Italy," on the Guelphs. He substituted Fatality for Providence as the dynamic power in history, and he imagined the course of human events to be influenced by "fatal antipathies," natural and invincible as the dyads in systems of theology. But there was no God, either as beginning or end of the process. The Guelph and Ghibelline system, a theological phantasmagoria, became a science in the professional and impersonal meaning of the term. Two opposite tendencies, which are none the less identical in their very opposition, mark both the historical and, generally, the philosophical work of the age of Positivism. On the one hand, there was the desire for a detailed investigation of the bare facts, rejecting all assistance from ideas and all contact with actual political interests; on the other hand, thought, humiliated and discredited in vain, indulged in fantastic system-building, setting up a theology and idolatry of facts, and exchanging with them empty, abstract chimeras. Marselli, in his "Scienza della Storia" (1873), followed in the footsteps of Comte, and distinguished the theological phase, metaphysical phase, and finally a scientific phase of history. Antonio Spaventa elaborated Positivism, with which this triad, which had little that was scientific or Positivist about it, lost the different phases of history-writing on an a priori basis. Other writers, on the contrary, while avoiding assumptions that were too obviously theological in character, timidly inserted their reflections among the events, and, being unable to fuse the two into a whole, they delivered abstract judgments, condemnations or acuittals on humanitarian, moral or Catholic principles, which they waved like banners over the grey fabric of their bald narrative.

In the earlier period, when party feeling, whether Neo-Guelph or Neo-Ghibelline, humanitarian or Federalist, ran high, historical subjects had been clearly defined and kept within the radius of actual political interests. But they now became extraordinarily varied and chaotic. The investigations of the new generation of scholars were inspired by no higher purpose than literary curiosity for the unpublished document a desire to utilize and display their skill and training in research, which had then become the touchstone by which all literary ability was tried. The ideal of these ploughmen of thought was to break up as many fields as possible, preferably those which had been least cultivated, to reap the scanty harvest they promised. But though this purely philological method often produced results that were strange and inconclusive, the work of the new generation possessed at least one sound characteristic—a characteristic that gave Positivist philosophy, in spite of its obvious inferiority in culture and equipment as compared with other contemporary movements, the originality which brought new life and an element of progress to the study of philosophy. This was the essential immanence of the thought, the tendency not to go outside the data, but to explain them by themselves. This element, freed from the coarse accretions of Positivism, left the germs of a higher philosophy of Positivism, and, even under the cloak it then wore, it made a firm stand against the abstract and arbitrary tendencies of the metaphysical systems of the day. As Croce well puts it, the detailed rules of philosophy, the refusal to allow a man to write on a historical subject without being acquainted with its literature, were mere "the translation of an historical character into the historical character of thought and of every form of activity, which becomes more truly original, free and individual, the closer it is linked to the work of others and the work of the past."

The upholders of this philological method, the so-called "pure historians," may be divided into two generations, a division which possesses not merely a chronological, but also a mental, significance. The first generation adopted, or rather imposed, the philological method—writers who had already fought under other flags and brought to the new school, often in their own despite, a sense of the great problems that had taken their rise in the earlier philosophical education. Thus Villari, Malfatti, De Lava and Comparetti succeeded in relieving the dullness of pure historical Positivism because they had been brought up in a richer and more varied school of thought, and a profession of philological realism gave a new sense of concrete solidity and reality. But the second generation of pure historians was born amid different surroundings, in the philological schools founded by the earlier generation. More thoroughly purged of all extraneous influences, it is also drier and more colourless. Its unrelied nakedness reveals the defects of a purely philological method cut off from all organic conceptions of life. Thus from De Lava to his pupil Cipolla, from Comparetti to Graf, from Malfatti to Crivellucci, we are rushing down an ever steeper decline. As history rejects every element of history, we find ourselves on one side the bare facts; on the other, superimposed and almost forced upon them, the comments. The dreary moralizing and the Catholicism of Cipolla, the scholarly and academic outlook of Graf, the reduction of history to sterile negations by Pais, combined with the learned and detailed philological equipment of these writers, show the detached and scattered results of a lifeless analytical method working on lines diametrically opposed to those of true history.

Alfredo Oriani led a lively, spirited reaction against this colourless philological method during the last decade of last century. His attitude in historical, and, generally speaking, in moral and political, science is very similar to that taken up by the English, and by Francesco De Sanctis in aesthetics and literary criticism towards the same enemy. Like the two great Southerners, the Romagnol writer passed almost unnoticed in his own generation, which was ill fitted to understand him. This affected not only his fame, but also the organic development of his thought, upon which the alien character and the indifference of the world around him rested like a dead, stifling weight. Hence the endless intricacies, the inequalities, the uneven and emphatic method of progress, which generally characterize men who are before their time—that is, all those who fail to establish a satisfactory mental balance, and who are incapable of a sympathetic and intelligent intercourse with the world around them. Such men are condemned to a wearing work of self-criticism and to an excessive expenditure of mental energy upon the purely negative task of resistance.

To be continued.

Guido de Ruggiero.
List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first number in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.


In six courageous essays the author makes suggestions which, starting as they must prove to some, demand early and serious consideration. Denouncing the reckless and disastrous marriages which are a feature of the time, and wishing to maintain the dignity of true marriages, in which the husband and wife are joined together in sentiment and thought, Mrs. Hartley not only urges that marriage in the first place should be conditional upon the man and the woman having been engaged for a fixed and sufficiently long period, but also advocates free divorce by mutual desire and arrangement, after sufficient deliberation, if the union should prove to have been a failure. The proposal in the sixth essay, that there should be an "open recognition of honourable sexual partnerships outside of marriage," will probably meet with greater opposition, but the author's arguments are forceful. The suggestion in the penultimate paper, that illegitimate children should be protected by being placed in the same position of advantage as they would have had if legally born, will find a large number of supporters. So also will some of the recommendations in the fourth essay, relating to "regulation and protection in suppressing prostitution." The book is well worth reading.

Kelly (Alfred Davenport). The Claims of Spiritualism: can they be harmonized with science, morals and religion? Wells Gardner [1920]. 6 in. 96 pp. app. (bibliog.) paper, 1/6 n. 133.9

A concise and temperate summary and review, by a clergyman of the Church of England, of the arguments for and against spiritualism. Mr. Kelly believes that the arguments for spiritualism "are unsatisfactory," and declares that "Christianity and spiritualism are in the long run mutually exclusive."


A series of well-written and thought-stimulating essays by the Vice-President of the Theosophical Society. The substance of several of them has appeared in the Nineteenth Century, the Theosophist, Lucifer, and elsewhere.

200 RELIGION.


In this, the second Memorial Lecture on the Arthur Davis foundation, under the auspices of the Jewish Historical Society of England, Mr. Herford discusses the fact of the continuous existence and influence of Judaism; shows that the human race in general, and Christianity in particular, "would have been much the poorer if there had not been that presence and influence," and proceeds to the conclusion that for the benefits which have been wrought by Judaism during all the centuries of Christian ascendency "the world is indebted, directly or indirectly, to the Pharisees."

*Hope (Sir William St. John) and Atchley (E. G. Cuthbert F.). An Introduction to English Liturgical Colours. S.P.C.K., 1920. 7 in. 91 pp. app. index, 3/6 n. 247.7

A succinct treatment of the subject which was fully dealt with by the authors in their larger work, published in 1918. At the end of the present volume is a table of liturgical colours, setting forth what, in the judgment of the authors, represents "the general usage of the Church of England in pre-Reformation days."

Williams (Michal). Christian Symbols. Talbot & Co. [1919]. 6 in. 93 pp. ill. index, 2/6 n. 248

In this exceedingly useful elementary handbook such Christian symbols as the lamb, lion, nimbus, vesica piscis, the various types of crosses, the labarum, and the dove are described clearly and succinctly. Numerous examples of uses of the symbols are cited; and there are 77 illustrations.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Blackie's Complete Course of Manuscript Writing. Blackie, 1919. 8 in. 24 pp. il. paper, 4d. n. 372.5

This and Miss Golds' "A Guide to the Teaching of Manuscript Writing" (see below) are companion works.

Fairgrieve (J.) and Young (Ernest). The Old World ["Harv. Geographer", Book 8]. Philip & Son, 1919. 7 in. 178 pp. ill. maps, 2/ n. 372.8

"Facts have been chosen to illustrate principles, and not to compile a juvenile gazetteer." This sentence from the introductory note well conveys the basic idea of the authors of these excellent geographies. The illustrations are as admirable as the text.


The system described is "an attempt to revive, in a simplified form, the beautiful manuscript writing of bygone years." The results depicted are exceedingly attractive; and it is stated that by the methods suggested young children can learn to write without any undue effort.


Written down during a period of two years with the A.I.F., this record of personal experiences attempts to show how other people's minds work in the insulated world of active military service, and illustrates the human side of a soldier's life, which embraces many tasks, some of which call for sterling qualities of character, if not for courage. The illustrations are by Bombardier M. M. Waller.


Mr. Hendy, who is Head of the Department of Training in the University of Oxford, explains in this lecture how the system of training must be reorganized to meet the situation created by the Education Act of 1918. The Continuation Schools will require teachers who possess, besides academic qualifications, a knowledge of the industrial conditions under which their pupils, who will already be wage-earners, pass their lives when not at school. A great number of Secondary School teachers will also be called for. Mr. Hendy lays down the principles on which the training of teachers should be based, and gives some details of the organization of training in the University.


The first of a series of three books, this volume is intended to cover the arithmetical work of the second, third, and fourth grades. The three main principles which have guided the authors are the selection and organization of subject-matter, derivation and application, and motivation. The numerous illustrations are very helpful.


Socialism, said the late Jack London, writing these studies in 1905, is based not upon the equality, but upon the inequality of men. It demands no new birth into spiritual purity. It deals with what is, not with what ought to be; its material is the "clay of the common mould." The last chapter gives the reasons for the author's conversion to Socialism. He compares United States conditions with those of Britain, and in "The Tramp" paints a heart-breaking picture of the sweating system.

The cases are accompanied by a scholarly introduction, extending over more than a hundred pages, and divided into two parts, the first of which deals with the Council as a court, its jurisdiction, procedure, and the like. The second part consists of notes on the cases. Mr. Leatham having died, the work has been completed by his American colleague.

Stocker (R. Dimsdale). What's Wrong with the Middle Classes? Palmer & Hayward [1919]. 7 in. 55 pp. paper. 6d. n. 323.32

Whether the Middle Classes will listen to and digest the homily addressed to them by their candid friend the author is very doubtful, but it would do them a world of good. "If you have anything to lose except your job, depend upon it you are a member of the Middle Class." The Middle Class has arrived at the parting of the ways. Hitherto it has been a hanger-on to the fringes of the aristocracy and a creature of Capitalism. It has found temporary salvation in Conservatism, or justification in Liberalism of an individualist cast. Too snobbish hitherto to seek safety and a social destiny in the Labour Party, it must now make up its mind to be merged in one thing or the other.

*Weston (Jessie L.). From Ritual to Romance. Cambridge, 1919. 9 in. 209 pp. index. 12/6 n. 398.2

See review, p. 365.

Young (Filion), ed. The Trial of Hawley Harvey Crippen. Edited, with notes and an introduction, by Filson Young ("Notable Trials Series"). W. Hodge & Co. [1920]. 9 in. 247 pp. il. por. apps., 10/6 343.1

Much of the evidence in this painstaking case presents points of interest to tocollogists. In the introduction it is shown that Dr. Crippen was once thought to have murdered his wife; and that one of the children whom he was suspected of having murdered, had in fact never been abroad with the accused husband.

The editor remarks that "most honest men, finding themselves in the situation in which he (Crippen) ultimately found himself, for whatever reason, and tried by the tests by which he was tried, would be glad to come out of them half so well," and, further, that "acts of gross moral obliquity may march with conduct above the ordinary standards—conduct which, if we wish to be just, as we hope for justice to ourselves, should be remembered and recorded no less than the crime."

500 Natural Science.


An elaborate descriptive monograph, with 156 beautiful plates.


A piece of work emanating from the Oxford School of Forestry, and published with the assistance of the Development Commission, this will no doubt be accepted as the standard book on the subject. Mr. Hiley has investigated the diseases of the common larch, especially the larch canker, which has ruined many plantations, and he puts forward many remedies. He gives excellent advice on soils and the treatment of larch plantations, and the plates illustrating the book are first-rate.


This paper (read December 13, 1917) was a preliminary study of the experiments and results set forth at greater length in "The Palaeolithic Man," noticed in The Athenæum of January 2 last.


See review, p. 301.

800 LITERATURE.

Blackie's French Plain Texts. Blackie [1919]. 6½ in. 26, 40, 35, 28, 37, 23 pp. paper, 4d. each. 840.8

Several editions of the following and other famous French works, suitable for school use: La Fontaine, "Shorter Fables"; Dumas, "Jaco, ou le Brigand"; Michelet, "Jeanne d'Arc"; Balzac, "Un Épisode sous la Terreur"; and A. Daudet, "Lettres de mon Moulin: Contes Choisis," and "La Dernière Classe."


The editors' idea is to give boys a grasp of Caesar's work as a whole, by providing a translation of about two pages of Caesar into English for every page left in Latin. Considerable portions will thus be read in English, and pupils who are struggling with the difficulties of the language will become accustomed with Caesar's story. The English passages, moreover, may be useful for translation into Latin prose.


The papyri of which this volume contains translations are the oldest Jewish writings in existence, apart from the Bible and one or two inscriptions. They come from a "hitherto unknown colony" of Jews at Elephantine and Syene, and cover practically the whole of the fifth century B.C. These texts are of special interest, and a remarkable feature is the complete silence as to some of the fundamental facts of Jewish history and religion. For example, there is "not the faintest allusion to the Sabbath, nor to the Law."


The Australian padre has kept this amusing record of the game competitions, contests of skill and other pastimes with which his Aussies entertained themselves at the front. The best, to our taste, are the twisted proverbs, such as "Never put off to-day what you must put on to-morrow—sleep in.""


An officer, half-modernized by the life in the trenches, treats the lady who wants to break off their engagement as Fielding's Lord Fulham tried to treat Sophia; but the lady still holds out, and seeks safety with her Socialist lover. But "the Dawn," "the Revolution," "the Future," offer no truer freedom for her woman's soul than the time-honored conventions; and there ensues a Shavian conflict between the idealist and a more human lover, in which the latter wins. It is a clever pamphlet play, but there is more speculating than dialogue.

Jacob (Max). La Défense de Tartuffe. Paris, Société Littéraire de France, 1919. 6½ in. 215 pp. 844.9

See review, p. 318.


"Much learning ahead of experience makes the person a public nuisance." "Mirth is the human passion heaven loves..." The most disturbing sound to the ear of God is "the laughter without a mirth; it was the noise the devil made when he was turned out." "Faith is the sublime attitude of the soul face to face with the impossible." These are samples from this small collection of thoughts.
Mencken (H. L.), A BOOK OF BURLESQUES. New York, Knopf [1920]. 8 in. 237 pp., $2. 818.5

Strikingly miscellaneous in form, but less so in matter, is this set of dialogues, dramas without words, extracts from memoirs of the Devil, short stories, mock aphorisms, and skits on musical programme-makers. Mr. Mencken is a clever and witty satirist, with an encyclopedic knowledge of the latest crazes and imbecilities, particularly of his countrymen and countrywomen. Cheops, in "The Visionary," is a shrewd hit at the modern world. "My idea was to make it the boss pyramid of the world. The king who tries to beat it will have to get up pretty early in the morning. . . ." But the hero of one, first and last, a three thousand and set me back at least six months." He is referring to one of the strikes that broke out at intervals. And after recounting what he had done for labour, the ancient captain of industry repines: "People will think of Cheops as a heartless old rapscallion—me, mind you! Can you beat it?"


Sound literary taste and considerable charm of style are the characteristics of these essays. Miss Wordsworth elaborates a contrast between Dante and Goethe. In "Behind the Scenes" she tries to correct the popular idea that the real life of the actor is often a painful antithesis to what he appears on the stage. She sums up admirably the refined art of Jane Austen, and shows how Browning's "Fra Lippo Lippi" expounds the aspirations and artistic canons of Andrea del Sarto. Other essays are on Ruskin, flattery, the English character, etc.

POETRY

Alcock (J. A. M.). PRIMAL AIRS. Allen & Unwin, 1920 7/1 in. 56 pp. paper, 3/1 n. 821.9

Mr. Alcock's poetry is a thing of solemn thunders. Sometimes the thunders have the genuine Olympian or Sinaetic ring; but at others something seems to go wrong, and we become aware that it is no thunder that we are listening to, but the rumbling of a drum perished at the west end.

Wouldst thou with lumbering satyrs in dures
Decline once more in anguish unannealed?

Under that stroke the drum's eastward end also threatens to give way.


See notice, p. 306.

Clark (Alfred). THE MAGGART BOOK. Lane, 1919. 7/1 in. 201 pp., 5/1 n. 821.9

"Peter, who tells his own tale (in italicized prose), has been in love with Margaret since she was a child, and now, a convalescent from trench-fever, is staying at her home, where they become engaged and married before he returns to France. Margaret writes down what he dreams in his delirium, and this and other material yields a quantity of fluent, sentimental, and fancifully humorous verse.

Field (M. G.). AMBUSH AND SONG. Heath Cranton [1920] 7 in. 36 pp., 4/6 n. 821.9

The first line of the first poem in Captain Field's book may be taken as a cleft mark that tells us the key in which the whole volume has been tuned:

When fleecy cloudlets blush athwart the sky . . .

An adagio opening; but the music brightens up later, and we get an allegretto of elves and fairies:

How they skip and pass
On the velvet grass.
Footing it in and out so sprightly!

The diapason closes full with three poems entitled "Death," "Evening" and "Vale."


This is a short bibliographical account of the quarto "Fugitive Pieces" (Newark, 1806) and the small octavo, "Poems on Various Occasions" (Newark, 1807), which are now exceedingly rare, the impression having been recalled by the poet when exception was taken to the fourteen stanzas entitled "To Mary."

Sappho.

Way (Arthur H.), tr. SAPPHO; AND THE VIGIL OF VENUS. Macmillan, 1920. 7/1 in. 36 pp., 3/6 n. 884.2 and 874

Dr. Way's version of Sappho is marréd—so it seems to us—by occasional unnecessary amplifications of the original. Thus where Sappho simply wrote: "The moon has set, and the Pleiades too; midnight: time passes, and I lie alone," Dr. Way translates as follows:

The moon has dipt into the sea:
The Pleiads' westerning flight is flown:
Deep midnight's pall hangs heavily:
The time fleets by: and I—ah me!—Lie on my couch alone, alone!

This rather overrich form of expression is more suitable to the translation of the "Pervigilium Veneris" which follows the fragments of Sappho. There are fine things in Dr. Way's version. We could wish, however, that he had found a better rendering of "Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit crus amet," than "To moron who ne'er hath loved shall love, and who hath loved shall love tomorrow."

Sedgwick (Henry Dwight). DANTE: A LECTURE [Sic] ON THE DIVINE COMEDY. New Haven, Conn., Yale Univ. Press, 1918 (siz.) 7/1 in. 201 pp., 6/6 n. 885.15

In this fact for the times Mr. Sedgwick leaves learning on one side, and concerns himself with Dante as a poet and a believer in eternal righteousness. What book can claim the second place for Western nations except the "Divine Comedy?" In height, depth, and amplitude of thought, in ethical, philosophical, and religious interest, in intensity and variety of thought and drama, no other poem or other work of literature can match this of Dante's. The author endeavours to put the reader in imagination by Dante's side, and enable him to comprehend the hopes, beliefs, and passions of his time.

Wolfe (Humbert). LONDON SONNETS ("Adventurers All," 27). Oxford, Blackwell, 1920. 7/1 in. 64 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 821.9

The London Sonnets which give this book its title are for the most part dramatic monologues in Cockney. After reading them one is left wondering why Mr. Wolfe should have chosen this particular form. "Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room," but old-clothes-sellers and fried-fish-shop-men find it hard to do themselves justice within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground. Mr. Wolfe's most successful poem is an essay in the manner and matter of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," which he calls "The Dead Man in the Pool." "Sometimes when I think of love" contains some charming lines; and there are felicities of expression in some of the sonnets on love and war which fill the second half of the volume.

FICTION.


This characteristic study of a fine nature revealed to its depths by the ordeal of a slanderous charge first appeared in 1912.


"Now for the first time published," this readable story deals with incidents in the career of one Paget Kingsley, an emigrant to Sydney, who becomes a partner in various triumphs of a well-known trainer, wins an exciting hurdle race, and marries the widow of a reprobate, whose violent end the reader cannot bring himself to deplore.

Kavanagh (Colman). THE SYMBOLISM OF "WUTHERING HEIGHTS." Long [1920]. 7/1 in. 30 pp. paper, 9d.n. 823.89

No doubt Emily Brontë did find inspiration in such truths as "To know all is to pardon all," and "Love is heaven, and heaven is love"; but the author of this well-written paper goes rather far in discovering a whole scheme of symbolism and moral probation in her "grand prose poem."
March 5, 1920

**THE ATHENÆUM**

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*Maindron (Maurice).* LE TOURNOI DE VAULPLASSANS ("Bibliothèque Plon"). Paris, Plon-Nourrit [1920]. 7¾ in. 234 pp. paper. 2fr. 84.39

A cheap edition of this brilliant novel of adventure in the sixteenth century, in the times of the Huguenot wars.


It is extremely sad that, at the early age of 41, a fatal disease should have struck down the author of this charming delineation of a little boy's outlook upon life. A peculiar subtlety and directness of touch, art which is transmutable into arsness, and a deep insight into the psychology of the young child are shining qualities of "Running Wild." Bertram Smith clearly recalled his early boyhood; and the book is obviously by a man "who knew." Strikingly well-founded, for instance, are the remarks as to the inanity of "many grown up people's" ponderous and patronizing jokes with children: "But these jesters were profoundly wrong. There is nothing comic about being a child. The very first necessity is that he should be taken seriously. If you are going to treat him like a monkey or a kitten, you are lost, even while you are proclaiming how fond you are of children. And, far from being easy to amuse him, it is an event so rare and precious that if you have once succeeded in it you have taken a long stride toward winning the great possession of his confidence."

The little boy's meditations upon Santa Claus, his views of "Reformation," and the account of "The Little House that I Found" are delightful. So are the chapters on "Relations" and "Competition." The latter is especially true to life.

Mr. Smith's work will be missed by readers as greatly as his personality is mourned by his friends.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

*Butler (Samuel).* ALPS AND SANCTUARIES OF THE CANTON TIICINO. Fifield. 1920. 7½ in. 335 pp. il. index, 7½ n. 914.94

The second impression of Mr. Fifield's new edition of this delightful book. We have seldom found ourselves so wholly in agreement with the opinions on the dust-cover as in this case. We confirm our own previously expressed opinion that "it is as good as the "Note-Books""; we agree with the Times that "anyone who wished to make Butler's acquaintance should begin with this book," with Sir W. Robertson Nicoll that "it is perhaps Butler's best book," with the Observer that "it is the best of travel books since 'Etohn.'" Only the Pall Mall Gazette with its verdict "as full of laughter as 'Hudibras'" in its notice of the reviewer had ever read "Hudibras." Something is wrong in that comparison. There is laughter in "Hudibras"; there is laughter in "Alps and Sanctuaries"; but never were two laughters more different. In spite of this, we greet with satisfaction the evidence of a steady demand for one of the finest livres de chevet in the English language.


See review, p. 318.

920 BIOGRAPHY.


Mrs. Agassiz's greatest work was her part in the growth and development of the college for women which became known as the "Harvard Annex" and later as Radcliffe College. In memory of Anne Radcliffe, afterwards Lady Mowbray, a seventeenth-century pioneer of higher education for women. Of this flourishing institution the widow of Professor Louis Agassiz was for many years the honoured President. Mrs. Agassiz wrote her husband's biography, and died at a very advanced age on June 27, 1887. She was a great and experienced teacher of girls, and, according to Professor W. W. Goodwin, possessed "almost unerring practical wisdom" and "unfailing common sense."


Turnbull (William Peever). Turnbull (Herbert Weston). SOME MEMORIES OF WILLIAM PEEVER. TURNBULL, ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S INSPECTORS OF SCHOOLS. Bell, 1919. 9 in. 228 pp. por. index, 10/6 n. 920

Second Wrangler, Second Smith's Prize-man, and holder of a second class in the Classical Tripos, William Peever Turnbull was well qualified to fill the post he held, that of Chief Inspector of Schools for the N.E. Division of England. Modesty, detachment from convention, and breadth of vision were notable elements in his character. A genius for friendship was another. Mr. Turnbull, who died in 1917, witnessed the riots at Mitchelstown in 1887, was a Liberal in politics, was strongly opposed to the South African War, "and, it is to be hoped, is not a Bolshevik." The memoir preceding these extracts from Mr. Villiers' correspondence, and the letters themselves, show that he was a combination of the mystic and the "born soldier." He was a cheerful, amiable, and imbued with the spirit of renunciation. The words "a Christian and a good soldier" well describe him. Mr. Villiers (whose father was Sir Francis Hyde Villiers, now British Ambassador to Belgium) was born in 1886, and educated at Wellington College and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he graduated with double honours. He lost his life while taking part in the capture of Bourlon Wood by the 40th British Infantry Division.

930-990 HISTORY.


Princess Cantacuzène, who was a personal friend of the Romanovs, relates—conscientiously, and, as she believes, without prejudice or bias—the story of what she herself witnessed (July, 1914—1917). In Raspoutine she sees symbolized the worst, and in the Grand Duke Nicholas the best, of Old Russia. Raspoutine she calls the first example of the mentality that triumphs in Russia to-day. He was a tool of conspirators, and she regards the Bolshevism as the tool of the infernal demons.

Hobson (H. W.). A SURVEY OF MODERN HISTORY. Blackie, 1919. 8 in. 294 pp. maps, appx. index, 6/6 n. 940.9

A bright and vigorous book, dealing with the century which began at Waterloo. It often disposes of difficult questions in a manner that suggests the style of Lord Fisher, but it has some of the best maps for educational purposes that we have ever seen, and its general conclusions are brevy and wholesome.

J. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.


A stimulating short narrative of the life of Elizabeth Fry, whose work in prison reform bears fruit to the present day. The pleasing portrait is one drawn by Muried S. Marshall's brother "her boy." Lady Petty Balfour contributes the foreword to the book, which is the first of a series of similar biographies for young readers.


These biographical studies of Iboe, Anselm, Edward I, Sir Walter Raleigh, Wesley and Wilberforce, Reynolds, Watt, Nelson, Conden, Bright, Nurse Cavell, and others form an interesting and inviting introduction to the study of citizenship.
GEORGE ALLEN and UNWIN, Ltd.

The Philosophy of Speech
By GEORGE WILLIS. 7/6.

"Should engage the attention of those who have made some progress in, and those just entering upon, the study of philosophy. Mr. Willis is always interesting, ingenuous, and suggestive."—Spectator.

Arrows of Desire

"A charming book... the whole subject is delightfully treated."—Edinburgh Review.


Pagan and Christian Creeds
Their Origin and Meaning.
By EDWARD CARPENTER. 10/6.

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THE ECONOMICS OF IT

A WEEK ago we had occasion, while heartily endorsing the proposal that the Government should establish substantial pensions for pioneers of medical research, to allude to the desirability of equally substantial pensions for men of letters. Such a suggestion is not, we are regretfully aware, practical politics in the present state of society, in which the man of letters is conceived as an amiable idler who can not only perfectly well live on air himself, but support a family on the same wholesome element. But to play even for a moment with so eminently reasonable a suggestion is to invite the shock of contrast which the view of the actual condition of men of letters at this moment affords. We think it well that our readers' attention should be drawn to it.

Men of letters are shy of revealing their economic affairs, however much they may be fond of spiritual autobiography, and we believe this to be the first time that a direct reference has been made to the fact that literary journalists at the present moment receive precisely the same payment for their work as they did before the war. Is there any other profession or trade whatever in a similar case? If there is, we have not heard of it. Moreover, of all his journalistic colleagues, it is precisely the reviewer who has to suffer most. His position never was a particularly happy one; his livelihood was never absolutely secure; he has always been paid by the piece. But although his condition in the years before the war was by no means enviable, he managed to rub along. If he was lucky he might make five pounds a week. But the reviewer who was lucky to make five pounds a week in 1913 needs a good deal more luck to make five pounds a week in 1920. Obviously, since the rate of payment remains the same, he must persuade his editor to print the same amount of his work. And this is precisely what the editor cannot do. He cannot give the same space to book reviews that he did in 1913, for the simple reason that he has not got the space to give. If anyone were to compare the total space given to book reviews in the daily and weekly press before the war with the space given to them to-day, he would, we think, find that the total for 1920 is not more than one half what it was for 1913. Thus the reviewer who made five pounds a week before the war is fortunate if he can make four pounds a week now. And probably he has to do now just as much work for his four pounds as he had to do then for his five. He is expected to read and criticize as many books as then; but his reviews must be shorter than they were. Any reviewer knows that it is not writing about the book that takes the time, but reading it. The conclusion is inevitable. The book-reviewer is being crushed out of existence; and the longer he survives the worse will his work become. No man can do good criticism with the prospect of absolute economic disaster in front of him.

The immediate remedies are two, and neither is possible. Either the pay of the literary journalist must be doubled, as all other wages have been, or he must find some more remunerative literary employment. First, then, we may consider the possibility of doubling his wages. There is a general impression abroad that to be the proprietor of a journal is a short road to a fortune. No doubt that in some cases it is; but it depends upon the character of the paper. We may say quite categorically that no journal which devotes considerable space to criticisms of the highest quality it can get, irrespective of the
name of the writer, is in any danger of becoming a gold mine for its proprietor. The price of paper has quadrupled, the wages of the printers have more than doubled, the cost of replacing machinery is anything up to six times what it used to be. As a set-off to this the advertisement rates have increased perhaps by one-half, and the selling price in the case of a daily newspaper may have been doubled. On an average we may say that the expenditure has increased twice as much as the revenue. A journal of the kind we are considering, where the editor makes it a point of honour to devote an adequate space to the best criticism he can obtain, cannot command the enormous circulation necessary in order that the advertisement rate may be advanced automatically pari passu with the increased expenditure. It is an unfortunate fact, which has nevertheless to be faced, that the number of people who will pay, say, twopence a week solely for criticism which they consider good is at the outside about fifty thousand. If it costs one shilling a week the figure would drop immediately to the neighbourhood of ten thousand. It is certainly not by the quality of its literary criticism that “big circulation” is made for a newspaper.

Thus it is that the proprietors of a newspaper that prints literary criticism worthy the name cannot afford to pay double for it. A good literary page is merely, as the honest editor only too well knows, an encumbrance in the struggle for circulation. If he is a truly modern editor he will discard it altogether and devote it to personal paragraphs about heavy-weight boxers, prominent divorcées, and an extra column of racing tips. In that way he stands a reasonable chance of increasing his proprietor’s dividends and his own salary at least. Fortunately not all the editors are of the truly modern brand yet; but very probably the whole of the next generation of editors will be. The weakest go to the wall; and it would be merely obstinacy that could close our eyes to the fact that among all journalists, sporting, religious, political and the rest, the literary journalist is the one who provides the commodity for which there is the least demand. The wages of any other journalist are likely to be doubled before his. It is a question of economics.

Let the second remedy be applied. Our bankrupt reviewer shall write novels. Unfortunately he has gained in the exercise of his profession, not indeed a very exalted idea of the novels that are generally written, but a fairly high one of what he may permit himself to write. In short, he is handicapped at the outset; he is that untractable fellow, a conscientious novelist. Now, the publisher stands in the same relation to him as novelist as the editor did to him as reviewer. Here, too, we have a sprinkling of truly modern publishers; but on the whole it may fairly be said that the publisher is anxious to publish any work that seems to him worthy. Our conscientious novelist’s novel is indubitably worthy. The publisher casts back in his mind. Ten years ago he took on just such another conscientious novelist who is now enjoying the sound circulation (very remarkable for a conscientious novelist) of two thousand five hundred copies. The publisher can count on a profit of fifty pounds from him now, against which he has to set small but steady losses in the eight or nine years before. He shakes his head; he would have tried it gladly ten years ago, but now—the risk is too great. Politely and regretfully he bows our conscientious novelist out, and completes his list with a new sex novel by a sex expert of acknowledged standing and circulation to match. After all, the man must live, even though he is a publisher, and he can live only by supplying a marketable commodity. Nowadays one unsuccessful first novel will swallow up the profits of two moderately successful ones; before the war one moderately successful novel would fairly float two unsuccessful. The weakest to the wall. Of all novelists, sex, sporting, detective, sentimental, and the rest, the conscientious literary novelist is the last to cover his printing bill.

There is no remedy short of a change in society itself. Unless the public can be induced to discover in itself a vastly increased liking for conscientious literary work the man of letters is doomed to suffer hardships even more serious than those he now endures. And here we seem to be involved in a vicious circle. The appetite for good literature and good criticism is created by good literature and good criticism; there is no other way. AS the literary journalist is slowly dragged under by the clutch of the economic factor, the opportunity of remedying his condition grows less and less. At all costs this process of accelerated degradation must be prevented. Those who have it in their power to prevent it are the few who are faithful to good work in literature and the arts. They must set themselves to make proselytes, not for this journal rather than any other, but for any journal which treats literature seriously and makes a real effort to provide honest and enlightened criticism. They would not have the man of letters work for a starvation wage; it lies with them to help remove the disgrace from our so-called civilization, in which many a man who has given the very best that is in him to the cause of literature would be glad to receive the wage of a newspaper compositor.

M.

DE QUINCEY’S MOTHER

Cornelia, Lady Byron and Queen Victoria would have had a great deal in common; their sons not quite so much. But supposing relations to have become strained they would have had one unfailling topic on which to fall back—their mothers. They both had good mothers. So strong is the maternal instinct that most women, unless they actually drink or run away from their husbands, are good mothers. There is a certain family likeness between them.

If ever a man had a good mother it was De Quincey. She had the best attribute of a good mother—the power of producing first-rate children out of apparently commonplace material. She herself, though a vigorous, clear-headed woman, was from all accounts entirely conventional, unimaginative, Philistine. Of her husband little is known. He was consumptive, lived abroad, "travelling in search of health," for the greater part of his married life. He only returned to his family a few weeks before his death. He died at the age of 38, when his eldest surviving son was only 12.
De Quincey therefore tells us very little about his father, but that little is not promising. He was a Manchester merchant, and left an "unburdened estate producing £1,000 a year." De Quincey describes him as a "plain, unpretending man," literary to the extent of having written a book. This work, entitled "A Tour in the Midland Counties of England," appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine of 1774.

Yet the wife of this "plain, unpretending man" bore him eight children, whose collective genius, but for the extraordinary fate which overhung them, should have made the solid, comfortable house at Greenhay famous as the shabby rectory at Haworth. But fate was even more cruel to the house of the De Quinceys than to that of the Brontës, and only one of its marvellous children is remembered.

Thomas De Quincey stands out alone of his name famous in English literature, and on his own particular mountain without a rival. But no one who has read those amazingly little read "Autobiographical Sketches" will doubt that he was one of eight children — all unusually gifted, of whom two, if not four, were gifted richly as himself. De Quincey's word is not of course the best possible evidence. One may perhaps feel a little sceptical about the "premature intellectual grandeur" of De Quincey's eldest sister, "thou dear noble Elizabeth," who died in her ninth year, "whose head for its superb development was the astonishment of science." But no reader of the "Opium-Eater," "Levana" or "The Avenger" will suspect their author of having invented the characters of William and Richard De Quincey. All the important events in Richard's marvellous career are confirmed by the "De Quincey Memorials," drawn from sources quite independent of De Quincey's own writings. As for William, if De Quincey invented the character of that young man, then Bacon wrote "Hamlet," and a monk the "Odyssey." No, these wonderful children were the fruit, not of the drugged fancy of Thomas, but of the respectable womb of Mrs. De Quincey.

They were well brought up. Mrs. De Quincey achieved that combination of dignity and unworldliness peculiar to British matrons. As her son says:

No mother can ever have lived who was more vigilant to see that we received to the last fraction every attention due to our manners, to our health, or to the proprieties of our dress. It is as good as a comedy in my feeling when I call back the characteristic scene which went on every morning of the year. All of us were for some six years marched off or carried off to a morning parade in my mother's dressing-room. As the mail coaches go daily in London to the Inspector of Mails, so we rolled out of the nursery at a signal given, and were minutely reviewed in succession. When this inspection, which was no mere formality, had travelled from the front rank to the rear, when we were pronounced to be in proper trim or, in the language of the guards, "All right behind," we were dismissed, but with two ceremonies that to us were mysterious and allegorical—first our hair and faces were sprinkled with lavender water and milk of roses; secondly, we received a kiss on the forehead.

Mrs. De Quincey's care for her children's physical welfare increased rather than diminished as they outgrew the nursery, or, rather, in her eyes they never did outgrow the nursery. To Thomas, aged 16, returning from school with his younger brothers, she writes: "I must repeat, do not let Henry go from you for a moment, and let Pink [Richard] mind the luggage. Keep Henry from leaning against the coach door, or over the side of the boat." A merciful Providence hid Henry from her sight on half-holidays. Four years later, when Thomas is an undergraduate, she writes to him at Oxford: "Enclosed I send you two half 5s notes. Mind to join the right halves together when you get them."

She continued to send her son's money long after they left College. They suffered from that inability to make a living so common in talented families. Their mother at the end of her life sent nearly half of her income to her sons. She spared neither time nor money in "cures" for her daughter Mary.

But this was not all. Mrs. De Quincey was no worldly mother—absorbed in the health and material prosperity of her children. She was the fine model of a British—not a Roman—matron, a woman of Evangelical piety. Religious ladies moved into the vicinity of Chester in order to have the benefit of her conversation for themselves—her example for their daughters. Bishops, priests and deacons dined nightly at her table. "We shall miss you very much at the Bible Meeting Thursday next," writes Hannah More from Barley Wood.

Her piety burned with a clear, almost a scorching flame. Infidelity—levity—ever apparently innocent light-heartedness, fled from before her like the devil before holy water. "Speak to mistress," said a lively housemaid on being asked why she did not appeal to her mistress in a case of supposed wrong. "Speak to mistress—would I speak to a ghost?"

Terrible indeed was the one occasion on which infidelity raised its head in Mrs. De Quincey's own house—lifting its voice at her very table, choking the good seed sown in the ears of her servants at family prayers. It was not Mrs. De Quincey's fault. The Hon. Antonina Dashwood Lee was introduced into her household by her daughter's governess—a Miss Wesley, a niece of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. It was known that she was a "bold thinker," and that for a woman she had an "astounding command of theological learning." Miss Wesley's recommendation and the theological learning prevailed over the bold thinking, and the neighbouring clergy were invited in large numbers to meet her. The results were disastrous. All too soon it was discovered that this "bold thinking" was infidelity of the most militant type, the theological learning the deadliest weapon in its armoury. The Rev. Mr. Clowes, Rector of St. John's Church, Manchester, was rendered speechless. "Horror, blank horror, seized him upon seeing a woman, a young woman, a woman of captivating beauty whom God had adorned so eminently with gifts of mind and person, breathing sentiments that seemed to him fresh from the vintage of hell." As for Mrs. De Quincey, "For the first and last time in her long and healthy life she took to her bed—the victim of an alarming nervous attack."

It was not likely that a woman who took her duties as a hostess thus seriously would treat her spiritual functions as a mother lightly. She did not. Her conception of the maternal office was terrific. "I have an awful account," she writes to Thomas at school, "to give as a parent. My charge is one of the talents I must render up with improvement, or meet the just punishment of its neglect or abuse." Her
moved among her children “as ever in the Great Taskmaster’s sight,” preparing to meet this awful day of reckoning. Her children reacted accordingly. “It may seem odd,” writes Thomas, “according to some people’s ideas of mothers, that some part of my redundant love did not overflow upon me. But she delighted not in infancy—not infancy in her. The very greatness of some qualities in her mind made this impossible.”

Still the “awful account” had to be rendered. How was Mrs. De Quincey to prepare it? To begin with, the human heart was desperately waked, and the sooner the children realized their own innate vileness the better. As Thomas writes:

Usually mothers defend their own cubs, right or wrong; and they also think favourably of any pretensions to praise which these cubs may put forward. Not so my mother. Were we taxed by interested parties with some impropriety of conduct? Trial by jury, English laws of evidence, all were forgotten; and we were found guilty on the bare affidavit of the angry accuser. Did a visitor say some flattering thing of a talent or accomplishment by one or other of us? My mother protested so solemnly against the possibility that we could possess one or the other, that we children held it a point of filial duty to believe ourselves the very scum and refuse of the universe.

Any spontaneous ideas were probably the sprouts of original sin—and must be promptly suppressed. Mrs. De Quincey writes to Thomas: “We have very few sentiments of union between us—and [if Thomas lived at home] the whole task of suppressing opposing ones would fall on me.” This task of suppressing the “opposing opinions” of seven unusually clever and high-spirited children was obviously too much for one woman—however devoted and energetic. The boys were sent early to school.

D. Hussey.

**WILDERNESS**

On lonely Kinton Green all day
The half-blind tottering plough-horse grieves,
Dim chimes and crowings far away
Come drifting down the wind like leaves;
And there the wood’s a coloured mist,
So close the blackthorns intertwill—
The blackthorns clung with heapan soles
Blue-veiled to weather coming cold
And ruby-tasselled shepherd’s rose
Where flock the finches plumed with gold,
And swarming brambles laden still
Though boys and wasps have ate their fill.

Here shining out on lubber boughs
The lantern crabs loiter and light
The smoke that smouldering leaves unhause
Like stars in frost as sharp and bright;
And here the blackbird deigns to choose
His blooded laws by ones and twos.

Cob-spider runs his glistening maze
To murder doddering hungry flies,
Curt echo mocks the mocking jays,
The partridge in the stubbles cries;
And Hob and Nob like blind men pass
Down to the Bull for pipe and glass.

Edmund Blunden.
in bitter conflict of some sort—such groans escape him now and then, and the lean, wire-drawn face, with the tightly closed lips and the anxious eyes, wears such an expression of nervous apprehension. Once, when he was driving with his old friend Colonel Crawford, he sat silent hour after hour, and the Colonel, reaching home, wrote in his journal: "He demanded a weapon of "consol," which in another would have demanded sword or pistol. "It is too foolish," exclaimed poor Coutts; the truth was merely that "my spirit's gone, and my mind worn and harras'd," and "I am now rather an object of pity than resentment."

But whatever secret anguish compelled the richest man in England to drive hour after hour in silence, there were also amenities and privileges attached to his state which lightened the office gloom and tinged the ledgers with radiance. The reader becomes aware of a curious note in the tone in which his correspondents address him. There is an intimate, agonized strain in all their voices. His correspondents were some of the greatest people in the land; yet they wrote generally with their own hands, and often added the injunction: "Burn this Letter the moment it is read" . . . "Name it not to my Lord," this particular document continues, "or to any creature on earth." For royal as they were, beautiful, highly gifted, they were all in straits for money; all came to Thomas Coutts; all approached him as suppliants and sinners beseeching his help and confessing their follies as if he were something between doctor and priest. He heard from Lady Chatham the story of her distress when the payment of Chatham's pension was delayed; he bestowed £10,000 upon Charles James Fox, and earned his eulogistic gratitude; the Royal Dukes held their secret consultations in his rooms; the Duchess of Devonshire, confessed her gambling losses, called him her dear friend and died in his debt. Lady Hester Stanhope thundered and growled melodiously enough from the top of Mount Lebanon. Naturally, then, Thomas Coutts had only to say what he wanted, and some very powerful people bestowed themselves to get it for him. He wanted introductions for his daughters among the French nobility; he wanted George the Fourth to bank with him; he wanted the King's leave to drive his carriage through St. James's Park. But he wanted some things that not even the Duchess of Devonshire could procure. He wanted health. He wanted a son-in-law.

There was, Mr. Coleridge, says, "a singular dearth of suitors for his daughters and his ducats." Was it that Mrs. Coutts had in her household days thrown soapscuds over Lord Dundonald? Or was it that the presence of madness in the Coutts family showed itself unmistakably in the frequent " nervous complaints" of the three sisters? At any rate, Sophia, the youngest, was nineteen when she became engaged to Francis Burdett; and heeresies presumably should be wearing their coronets years before that. Then her two elder sisters pledged their affections suitably enough. But love always came among the Coutts, wearing the mask of tragedy or comedy, or both together in greatest combination. The two young men, thus singled out, against all advice and entreaty rushed the Falls of Schaffhausen in an open punt. Both were drowned. Two years later Susan recovered sufficiently to marry Lord Guilford, and after mourning for seven years Fanny accepted Lord Bute; but Lord Bute was a widower of fifty-six with nine children, and Lord Guilford fell from his horse when in the act of presenting a basket of fruit to Miss Coutts, and so injured his spine that he languished in bodily suffering for years before, prematurely, he died.

But from all those impressions and turns of phrase which, more than any statement of facts, shape life in biographies as they do in reality, we are convinced that Thomas Coutts loved his daughters intensely and sincerely, pitying their sufferings, devising pleasures and comforts for them, and sometimes, perhaps, wishing to be assured that when all was said and done they were happy, which, upon the same evidence, it is easy to guess that they were not. Even in these days Sir Francis Burdett caused his father-in-law some anxiety. The following extract hints the reason of it:

"Going to Piccadilly yesterday at twelve o'clock, I met Mr. Burdett . . . I asked him where he was going . . . I asked him if he had been under any engagement to Mr. Whiteford, upon which, to do him justice, he blushed—and, with great signs of astonishment, confessed that he had entirely forgotten it, though he had particularly remembered it a day before . . . To us, except people, these things seem strange. Probably Mr. Burdett was not altogether surprised to find that a man who was capable of forgetting an engagement could defy the House of Commons, sit in a house, be taken forth by Life Guards through a crowd shouting "Burdett for ever!" and suffer imprisonment in the Tower. Later, Coutts had to insist that his son-in-law should leave his house; but on that occasion our sympathies are with the banker. Like most people, Sir Francis lost his temper, his manners, his humanity, and everything decent about him when he was in danger of losing a legacy. But for the present the legacies were secure, and the surface of life was splendid and serene. Mr. and Mrs. Coutts lived in the great house in Stratton Street; they travelled from one fine country seat to another, the guests of a Duke here, of an Earl there; their wealth increased and increased, and Thomas Coutts was wont to make a secret note of all by Prime Ministers and Kings. He acted as ambassador between the House of Hanover and the House of Stuart—almost equally to his delight, he transmitted winter petticoats from Paris to Devonshire House.

But the splendid surface had deep cracks in it, and when William the Fourth dined with the Coutses, Mrs. Coutts—so he declared—would always whisper to him on the way downstairs, "Sir, are you not George the Third's father?"

"I always answered in the affirmative," said the King . . . "there's no use contradicting women, young or old, eh? She was losing her wits. For the last ten years of her life she was out of her mind. But old Coutts would have her lead the King down to dinner, and would tend her faithfully himself when doctors and daughters besought him to put her under control. He was a devoted husband.

At the same time he was a devoted lover. During the ten years that Mrs. Coutts was going from bad to worse and being tenderly cared for by her husband, he was lavishing horses, carriages, villas, sums in the "Long Annuities," upon a young actress in Little Russell Street. The paradox has disturbed his biographers. Leaving to others the task of determining how far the relation between the old banker and the young woman was immoral, we must admit that we like him all the better for it; more, it seems to prove that he loved his wife. For the first time he hears the birds at dawn and notices the spring leaves. Like his Harriot, birds and leaves seem to him innocent and fresh.

You who can look to Heaven with so much pleasure and so pure a heart must have great pleasure in viewing such beautiful skies . . . eat light nourishing food—mutton roast and boiled is the best—porter is not good for you . . . I kiss the paper you are to look upon and beg you to kiss it just here. Your dear lips will then have touched what mine touch just now . . . The estate of Otham, you see, I have enquired about. Your 3 p. c. Consol and Long Annuity . . .

So it goes on from birds to flannel nightcaps, from eternal devotion to profitable investments; but the strain that links together all these diverse notes is his recurring and constant adoration for Harriot's "pure, innocent, honest, kind, affectionate heart." It was a terrible blow to his father and son-in-law to find that at his age he was capable of entertaining such illusions. When it came out that, four days after Mrs. Coutts was buried, the old gentleman of seventy-nine had hurried off to St. Pancras
Church and married himself (illegally, as it turned out, by one of those misadventures which always beset the Coutts family when they were in love) to an actress of no birth and robust physique, the lamentations that rent the family in twain are bitter in the extreme. What would become of his money? As they could not ask this openly, they took the more roundabout way of “imputing to the servants” at Stratton Street that Mrs. Coutts was poisoning her husband and was in the habit of receiving men in her bedroom when half undressed. Coutts replied to his daughters and his sons-in-law in bitter, agitated letters which make painful, though spirited reading after a hundred years. How they tortured him! How they grudged him his happiness! How grateful he would have been for a word of sympathy! Still, he had his Harriot, and though she was only gone into the next room, he must write her a letter to say how he loves her and trusts her and begs her to come to him in the house, as they say about her. “Your constant, happy, and most affectionate husband” he signs himself, and she invokes “My beloved Tom!” Indeed, Harriot deserved every penny she got, and we rejoice to think that she got them all. She was a generous woman. She was bountiful to her stepdaughters; she was always burying broken-down actors in luxury, and putting up marble tablets to their memories; and she married a Duke. But every year of her life she drove down to Little Russell Street, got out of her carriage, dismissed her servants, and walked along the dirty lane to have a look at the house where she had begun life as a “poor little player child.” And once, long after Tom was dead, she dreamed of Tom, and noted on the first leaf of her Prayer Book how he had come to her looking “well, tranquil, and divine. He anxiously desired me to change my shoes,” which was, no doubt, true to the life: but in the dream it was “for fear of taking cold, as I had walked through waters to him,” which somehow touches us as if Tom and Harriot had walked through bitter waters to rescue their little fragment of love from all that money.

V. W.

THE ITALIAN PEASANT

Among Italian Peasants. Written and illustrated by Tony Cyriax. (Collins. 12s. 6d. net.)

ONE is inclined to approach an English book on Italian peasants with suspicion, but a few minutes with Miss Cyriax set one’s mind at rest. Her title does not belie her. This is not a book about Italian peasants. From the very first page we are, as she promises us, among them, in the heart of the little Northern village of Campià, sharing their lives in every detail and in the greatest intimacy. Perhaps one of the reasons why she is so successful in creating the illusion is the completeness with which she is able to exclude the outside world. She is absolutely absorbed in the life around her, and the England she has left behind hardly ever intrudes except when the delightful idle little Riccardo, who is so persistent in securing the leisure he requires from the endless impatience upon him of his family and his workers whose taste for work he cannot share, comes to demand a kiss from the Sì’ora before he will deliver up her letters, or when she nearly misses the train that is to carry her away because either her host or her hostess—she could never make up her mind whether it was Bartolo or Rosina—had put the clock back half an hour to compel her to stay another day.

Miss Cyriax took her first plunge into the village life at the dance at the inn, where she made the acquaintance of most of the little world which she came to know so well; and as the inn belonged to Nino, of course the carabinieri raided it and found the door open after hours, though luckily the dance was over. Nino seems to us to embody most of the tragedy of the life of the Italian peasant to-day.

It is true he was the unlucky one of the village. Indeed, in South Italy he could not possibly have escaped a reputation for possessing the Evil Eye. But perhaps Campià lies north of the zone of the Malocchio. If there was a storm, it was sure to be his that suffered most, and he would be equally sure to inform the insurance agents of the damage too late. His agricultural methods may help to explain some of the ill-luck that dogged his footsteps. He would take a handful of seeds and scatter them on the ground, then break up the soil with a pick. He admitted that it might be better to dig it over first, but he had too much land and too little time to be able to afford to be particular.

Yet it was only in degree that he differed from the rest of the village. They were all—or at least all those who worked on the land—living on a starvation margin; and yet they were, as always, patient and hard-working, simple and hard-swearin. Miss Cyriax gives a number of amusing instances, typical throughout agricultural Italy of the combination of Italian and American profanity. Vines and olives are still the standard crops even in these mountain regions, though each year there is the same gamble with the hail. Miss Cyriax was living in a little mountain cottage with the De Marchesi, one of the more aristocratic peasant families of the village, when the inevitable hailstorm arrived. So severe was it that they all knew at once that it meant ruin to most of them. The one hope of salvation lay, in the departure of another batch of the best manhood of the village for a period of years across the Atlantic. It never occurred to them to try a change in their agricultural methods or to undertake to obtain relief at home, and the Signore of the place seemed astonished that Miss Cyriax should mention such a thing, speaking of America as the natural consequence with the utmost indifference. One is reminded of that Slovak peasant song which runs on Canada and attributes to it both the milk and honey of the land of Canaan and the miracle of Cana—the land of all promise, though no Italian will ever make more than a temporary sojourn in America if he can help it. And poor, one-eyed Nino’s only way of avoiding the doctors and reaching his promised land in Buffalo lay through Canada, though even in the States he was still pursued by his ill-luck. The woman’s hardships appear in the description of Rosina and her cavalieri, as she called the silkworms. After forty days’ incessant work, which at last went on almost continuously day and night and made her temper unendurable, she possessed 56 kilos of silk, for which she received 4 lire the kilo.

But it is unfair to dwell on the gloomy side of the picture, for Miss Cyriax takes these hardships as part of the natural course of events, as do her peasants, and by no means allows them to spoil the fun of it all. We are introduced to the scandals and love affairs of the village, and learn that even a De Marchesi will use the broomstick freely upon her daughter’s shoulders in order to guide her towards a marriage of interest rather than that of love. The only chance for a daughter to get her way is apparently to threaten the danger of a scandal. No wonder the peasant women gloved with enthusiasm on hearing of the prowess of the militant Suffragettes; and even the men were with them.

Miss Cyriax was at pains to see every side of village life from the lime and charcoal burning to the life in the cattle-huts in the mountains. And it was not long before the people opened their hearts to her, once they realized how genuine was her sympathy and interest. The book is, perhaps, a little too long and the return from the mountain to the village, brought its disillusionments, especially about the honesty of Rosina. For ourselves, we prefer Miss Cyriax’s pen to her brush or her pencil.

L. C.-M.
PARIS IN FICTION

THE PARIS OF THE NOVELISTS. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

The streets of London would be appreciably the duller without those white-lettered plaques of blue or red which bear witness to the one-time presence of greatness within the houses to which they are affixed. It is pleasant, to be reminded at time one goes to lunch in Soho that Hazlitt was born, or lived, or died in a house just opposite one's favourite restaurant; pleasant to know that next door to the London Library is a maison that has been inhabited by three Prime Ministers; while every time the bus rattles down Baker Street one shoots out myopic glances in the hope, never fulfilled, of discovering who it was that lived in the be-plaused house near the Underground station. Who is responsible? Is it the Society of Arts or the County Council. We are grateful to the commemorators, whoever they may be. Many a tedious walk has been cheered by the sight of one of those round halos of greatness let into a stucco wall.

Mr. Maurice carries the plate-sticking process a step further. All the great men and women of real life have already been commemorated. And so, finding it necessary to satisfy that sense of pietas, that feeling for old sentimental associations which characterizes our American cousins, Mr. Maurice has made it his business to go round marking the houses that have belonged to the great men and women of fiction. He has already blazed his literary trail in New York. Now he descends on Paris with a trunk full of memorial tablets: " In this house Vautrin was captured by the police"; " Here Trilby lived"; and so on with a thousand names from all the novels one has, or ought to have, read. Travellers who love sight-seeing for its own sake will find his book a new source of joy and interest as they visit Paris. Personally, we find we have quite enough to get through in the way of museums and ancient architecture. Your true sightseer is born, not made; and we are not among the congenitally rubber-necked.

On our last visit to Paris there was only one fiction-hallowed spot that we tried to locate, and that was a certain petite plate-forme au pied d'une grande cheminée marquée d'une aigle impériale on the roof of the Louvre where César Capéran lay outstretched in the May sunshine with his pipe and a bottle of his own home-grown wine of Barbazange. We wish that Mr. Maurice had found a place for this enchanting character, the solitary but perfect creation of one of the many French writers whom the war destroyed, Louis Codet. Capéran is worth all the Maupassant heroes, all the personages from the pages of Sue and Paul de Kock and W. J. Locke and Booth Tarkington, whose haunts Mr. Maurice has been at such pains to locate.

Being, as we have said, no sightseer, we should have preferred it if Mr. Maurice had plunged rather deeper into his subject. What an interesting chapter might be written, for example, on the myth of Paris, the fabulous prestige that has made it, partly to its own profit and partly to its detriment, the centre to which all the civilized world has gravitated! The novelists have had their share in creating and fostering the myth. There is Balzac, for instance, with his romantic belief that there were certain things that could only happen in Paris and nowhere else. There is, for Balzac, "ce souvire particulier aux gens de Paris," there are certain mots affreux of which only the fashionable Parisienne knows the withering secret. And then the cynicism of Parisian morality! " A Paris, une belle vertu a le succès d'un gros diamant, d'une curiosité rare"; or again: "Comme tous les Parisiens, Molineux éprouvait un besoin de domination." Other things may happen in Touraine or even in benighted London, but for the real excitements there's no place like Paris.

Or, again, one might have drawn from the novelists of recent years an admirable chapter on the character of modern Haussmannized Paris. Here in England the most important streets are always the narrowest and the crookedest, and have a pleasant habit of leading nowhere at all. In Paris they have run to the opposite extreme, multiplying round-points and stars and vast open places till the life of the pedestrian in these later days of the taxi and omnibus is never out of danger; they have carried the passion for noble vistas and long perspective to the pitch of planting the Trocadéro, rafish and abandoned, to grime between the straddling legs of the Eiffel Tower, down the whole length of the Champ de Mars, at the massive solemnity of the Ecole Militaire.

There are plenty more chapters that Mr. Maurice might have written. As it is, however, he has chosen to confine himself to a more modest, more immediately guide-bookish form. To any one who wants to give his fiction actuality and would like at the same time to enliven his walks in Paris, we can commend Mr. Maurice's volume as a storehouse of amusing information.

A L H

A CHEERFUL LADY

MISS EDEN'S LETTERS. Edited by her Great-Niece, Violet Dickinson. (Macmillan. 18s. net.)

HOW interesting life is! The mere reflection of its most insignificant aspect from a polished surface is delightful. Or is it the surface we admire? But it is inopportune to grub here round the very foundation of existence, and were we not close upon an inquiry about the Thing-in-itself? In this instance let us content ourselves with the polished surface of Emily Eden's mind, and its reflections. They will stimulate metaphysical questions in things only in a very irritable subject, and then by reaction.

She moved in that great world which is so curiously simplified by the exclusion of almost all facts save those relating to well-connected people. A world of this kind takes a long time to produce, and can be kept rolling only at considerable expense; most people have to be satisfied with cheaper methods of ignoring the bulk of reality; but on a comparison of methods, that of the little group of people to which Miss Eden belonged will prove among the most comely.

Emily, having accepted in her sensible way the fiction in which she was brought up, troubled herself no more about it, and turned her very keen and intelligent attention to the people and things about her. She found them amusing, and especially she found it amusing to exist among so many heterogeneous objects, to take them up one after another into her clever consciousness, and then write letters about them. And it is remarkable that she should have found it amusing, since her consciousness really was clever. For the impression conveyed to us, while we enjoy her letters, is that the experience on which they are founded presents, in the handsome binding of an édition de luxe, the plain text of social amenities among commonplace people, with which we are all familiar in one of the popular editions. She was saved from boredom by her humanity; its quality may be gauged partly by the fact that while finding diversion, and only gently ironical, in these surroundings, she had a rich appreciation of solitude, of gardening, and of reading.

If you are in the habit of writing intelligent letters, intelligent correspondents become urgently necessary. These she found in Miss Villiers (Lady Theresa Lewis) and in Pamela, Lady Campbell. These two, and her brother, Lord Auckland, met the imperative need of friendship she had, with all her capacity for pleasing and finding pleasure in a large circle of acquaintance and kin.
Up to 1835, her thirty-eighth year, when she left England with Lord Auckland, who was appointed Governor-General of India, her life was uneventful, so far as we can judge by the letters. Keeping house for her brother, on a small and a great scale, as his fortunate career progressed, alternated with visits to her friends. In either phase we are struck by the absence of general ideas; it is clear that she moves in an atmosphere singularly unruflled by intellectual disturbances; even her interest in politics resolves itself mainly into an interest in personalities: "I have never had a thought of my own, and I do not believe any of us can, in the way we are all educated."

But if she has no ideas about things in general, she has a perpetually renewed interest in the immediate; it is this, with the firm, easy texture of her style, and a delicate oddity of perception, which makes her letters so eminently readable. It is this, but something more; for of all the qualities named she is perhaps fully conscious; but she appears admirably unconscious of the qualities of heart and character she has, and leaves us the pleasure of discovering for ourselves that, for instance, she is unselfish, or that she is capable of a plain seriousness of outlook when occasion calls for it.

She mentions literature only incidentally, but her appreciation of Shakespeare, and still more of "Pride and Prejudice" and of "Puckwic," is of good omen. "Puckwic" is "the only bit of fun in India." "I have not read it through in numbers more than ten times, but now it is complete I think of studying it more correctly."

The letters afford here and there an amusing glimpse into the domesticities of eminent persons. The subject of Lord Goderich to the caprices and tantrums of Sarah his wife is documented with much particularity. Lady Goderich was the stepdaughter of Eleanor, Countess of Buckinghamshire, Miss Eden's sister. "Only to think," exclaims Miss Eden in 1827, "of Lord Goderich being Prime Minister . . . And if he is Prime Minister, what is Sarah? Queen of England at least." Miss Fitzgerald contributes a lively picture of the Lansdowne household at Bowood, where a happier state of things prevails than in the Goderich menage, "for the Wilt woman [Lady Lansdowne] liveth bounden in subjection and loving obedience unto her husband, and filleth her time duly in catering and ordering for her household."

Not the least delightful part of the book is that containing the letters of Miss Pamela Fitzgerald (afterwards Lady Campbell) to Miss Eden. They are especially frequent in the earlier pages, and for a time they eclipse, by their brilliance, vitality and humour, the more sober colouring of Miss Eden's style. Apart from the intrinsic merit of the correspondence, we admire in it a record of undeviating affection. As Lady Campbell puts it . . . "You know, Emmy, we do belong to one another upon some Geometrical System of fitness that we cannot well describe."

The years spent in India removed Miss Eden from the surroundings best suited to her quiet contemplative curiosity, thrusting her into circumstances of pomp and ceremony which she bore a little impatiently. On the whole, the experience proved too large and complicated to be recorded successfully by the delicate mechanism.

Of the remaining years of her life (from 1832 to 1869) we obtain but an imperfect notion from the fifty pages given to her letters over this period. And we miss here perhaps something of the charm of the earlier correspondence, though to the last page she exemplifies the principle with which the book fittingly concludes: "... Please do not spoil them [your children]," she writes to her niece. "Life does not spoil anybody, and so teach them early to take it as it comes—cheerfully."

F. W. S.
ERASMUS AND LUTHER

ERASMUS AND LUTHER: THEIR ATTITUDE TO TOLERATION, BY

It is, perhaps, rather a pity that Dr. Murray, in choosing a title for this very learned and interesting book, did not content himself with the first three words. For the fact is only that it contains a good deal about its two name-givers than a mere discussion of their "attitude to toleration," but that impatient persons, who have to wait for more than half the volume before that attitude makes a definite appearance in the discussion, may make the well-known and always dangerous inquiry, "When are you going to begin?"

This is the more likely in that the book—though, as we have called it, interesting, and even extremely interesting when you are well engaged with it—shows, at the beginning especially, its learning more conspicuously than its interest. One has sometimes of late years heard complaints that books of real learning—of plentiful citation, of footnotes not excursive or decorative, but giving half a hundred authorities of source and comment for half a dozen words of text—are now sadly to seek. To such complainers, if they happen to be sincere, this book may be cheerfully commended. But, except to people who cannot take an interest in serious matters at all, there is no class of readers to whom it need be discommended. For its subject in period and its subjects in personage are such as must maintain a perennial interest for all whose range of interest itself is not brutishly (the word is used in its proper meaning) contemporary. You can hardly find anywhere two such strikingly contrasted and conditioned examples of the eternal types of the active and the contemplative man as Luther and Erasmus. There is hardly a century in history where the world is more often to dispute in all history than the latter part of the sixteenth century and the early part of the sixteenth. With such subjects the more each generation feels itself confronted with its own problems, the more important it is for it to compare and comprehend these others. To Erasmus, indeed, a good deal of attention has for some time past been paid in England, from Froude's characteristic dealings with the Lile to Mr. Allen's masterly handling of the Letters. We have not had quite so much about Luther lately, and just now it is perhaps as well that he should not be too vulgarly handled. It is impossible for anyone who is a critic of literature not to admire him as a man of letters, and to consider the handwriting in which his controversial and the humanum in him: but, to adapt Matthew Arnold's phrase, his composition certainly gives a good many opportunities to anyone to abuse the German paste in it.

Dr. Murray's book—which is, in fact, an extremely minute and admirably documented analysis of the attitudes of the two men not merely to toleration, but to all the mighty quarrels of the time in which they took part in such curiously divergent ways—is a sort of literary history of that quarrel, with pretty frequent apergus of a directly historical character, and not infrequent glances outside the period, which add to the interest. One can be least complimentary to the author on his method, which does too often recall the hackneyed saying about wood and trees. But even in this respect careful reading—at any rate for those who have some knowledge of the subject—will discover clearings and "rides" of thought which make the confusion not quite trackless.

To Luther Dr. Murray is perfectly fair throughout, though, like most people perhaps, he finds his hero's behaviour over the Peasants' War a stumbling-block. He rather "looks through his fingers" (though through shocked fingers) at the condonation of bigamy, and merely mentions the "marriage with Catherine Bora" without any discussion of it or her. He does lay regretful and repeated stress on Luther's encouragement of what has been more recently called "Prussianism," but one is not quite certain to what extent he recognizes the intimate connection of this with the reformer's views on Free Will.

It is on this point that Dr. Murray seems to us not quite so fair to Erasmus, though he analyses the "Diatribae" with just praise. He seems to think that the scholar's view was mainly that of a scholar and a humanist influenced by ancient philosophy and respect for the ancients generally—that it was not so much with him a matter of Christian theology. Now no one would regard Erasmus as first of all a theologian; but it is certain that there are points of view purely Christian—Theological, and not to be found in the classics at all—from which the doctrine of servum arbitrium might be regarded as a sheer "sin against the Holy Ghost." However, that need not be dwelt upon here. Erasmus is undoubtedly a more difficult person to be just to than Luther, except in the case of those for whom "Martin" is either a devil incarnate or a fifth Evangelist miraculously doubled with a second St. Paul. His genius in using the vernacular may be balanced by Erasmus's wonderful command of Latin; the enthusiast who said that, if all Roman literature had perished, it would be worth while to learn the language in order to read the "Colloquies" was not quite a madman. But Erasmus has nothing to match Luther's vivid and exuberant humanity, if he also escapes the Yahoo degradation of that humanity to which Martin sometimes too nearly succumbed. One can understand, and in a way sympathize with, the pathetic "Can you let it—and me—alone?" which the great scholar is always saying to himself, and not infrequently to other people; but it is certainly difficult to make a hero of him.

Besides the two most famous persons, and of their somewhat distant friendship and their very decided enmity, and the things that conditioned and caused these, and of the circumstance and atmosphere of their time, Dr. Murray has written, as has been said, not, perhaps, with absolute clarity, but with satisfactory abundance, and every now and then with a dominating survey which is more satisfactory still. That the Reformation "drifted without statesmanlike guidance" is the absolute, if also the unfortunate truth; and from the results of that misfortune the world has suffered to this present day.

The period is so rich that, though Dr. Murray has cast his net widely, he has only been able to give us glimpses of the whole. Not the least fortunate of these, perhaps, is his account of Melancthon and something of Erasmus's numerous correspondents. The ever-beloved Obscuri are, of course, mentioned, but not much more; and, indeed, they came a little before the main time of the tale. The references to Rabelais are not infrequent, and are judicious; to Ulrich von Hutten Dr. Murray, like some other people, seems rather kind. And we get, once or twice, glances at that most refreshing controversialist, Coelhau.

Besides abundant bibliographical matter (there are more than a dozen pages of it at the beginning, and more than two dozen at the end) there is a very remarkable appendix (fifty pages of smaller type than the main text) on "The Conception of Progress in Classical and Medieval Writers." It is practically a separate work, and might well form the subject of a separate review, though, of course, the connection of the subject with a discussion on Toleration is much more than fortuitous. But to review it adequately would take space nearly as ample as its own, for one would have to deal not merely with classical, medieval, and Renaissance writers generally, but more specially with Seneca, St. Augustine, Roger Bacon, Postel, Bodin, Montaigne, Machiavelli, Rabelais again, Campanella and Francis Bacon, to all of whom Dr. Murray gives special attention. Now there are not many of these on
THE CASE FOR THE CENSORSHIP

SIR EDWARD COOK puts a good case. He does it by the very powerful and popular method of invoking general principles. Do you agree that, in a country at war, a censorship is desirable? You can scarcely be daring enough to say "No," but in case you do, Sir Edward explains the probably disastrous consequences of unlimited free speech. Sooner or later you must give in; you are opposed by such a phalanx of distinguished military men, of awful examples drawn from history, of distressing anecdotes furnished even by the present war, that finally, if you have any respect whatever for specialist opinion and the teachings of history, you must concede Sir Edward his first premise. But having done this you have delivered yourself bound into the hands of those same specialists. It is implicit in the argument that they, and they alone, know what should be censored. No matter how much their particular decisions revolt your intelligence—you have admitted the preliminary hypothesis that, in all cases, they know better. But Sir Edward very graciously tries to loosen the knots of your bondage a little by pointing out that you still control your censors. It is incredible but true. For in every case the censors are bound by the Defence of the Realm Act, and the object was made by—i.e. the persons of your representatives, naturally. It is perfectly legal and aboveboard. You may object that in practice the censorship did several things which were flagrantly unjust or obviously idiotic. Perhaps you are a journalist and have some particular case in mind. The answer is, Not at all. You are referred to Reg. 27, in which occur the words (endorsed by you) "spreads reports or makes statements intended or likely to cause disaffection to . . . ." That is the general principle. If you object to the particular application, you must remember you are not an expert. Thus you are neatly impaled on the other horn.

The fact is that, if you accept Sir Edward's assumptions, then, like the simple schoolboy entrapped by Euclid's axioms, you must accept the rest. The question is, Is victory the first consideration for a country at war? May you lie, suppress the truth, commit injustice, inflame bad passions, deny your religion, if any or all of that gives you a greater chance of winning? May you lose your own soul to gain the world? If you say "No," then where do you differ, logically, from the conscientious objector? What half-way house is there between that depraved object and the patriot who says, "My country, right or wrong"? But we are not a logical people—there is no such thing as a logical people. A people at war is not a collection of logicians, it is a community of individuals torn by conflicting instincts. Consequently, we are neither pacifists nor out-and-out "patriots," and as a further consequence the censorship was both felt to be necessary and fiercely condemned.

Sir Edward, arguing his case as a logician, has no difficulty in concluding it to a triumphant conclusion. But he does not meet the objections to his case, for they were not logical. There is no contradiction in his case for the censorship; the contradiction was in those who were called upon to suffer it.

GEORGE SAINSBURY.
Marginalia

The rewards of literature—there is something deliciously round and episcopal about the

phrase. Interested with this swelling title, the

thin occasional guineas assume an air of importance—

fictitious, alas! For when the guineas come to be turned into

food and clothing, they prove to be just as scarce and as

meagre as they were before their ennoblement. For us—

poor, but honest, or, rather, intelligent and therefore poor

—it is adding ironic insult to injury to call the sweated

wages of literature "rewards." But the real rewards of

literature, the thousands and ten thousands of which we

enviously hear tell, are they inevitably unattainable?

After all, we tell ourselves, we are intelligent enough,

we have a sense of humour. Why shouldn’t we be able
to beat the authors of best-sellers at their own game?

It ought not to be insufferably difficult to turn out a few

“wholesome love stories” or a volume of Wilcoxian gems.

It is only a question of trying.

The genius, whose “genial” works are despised

and misunderstood, and who earns his living by

writing best-sellers, is not an uncommon character

in fiction. But, in real life, does he exist? We

have some doubts. There are plenty of people who

can counterbalance third-rate journalism with a passa-

ble novel; there are few, or none that we know of,

who can produce simultaneously works of genuine merit,

and works of genuine popular badness. Would it

have been possible for Henry James to have made a fortune

by throwing off, in his leisure moments, the novels of Nat

Gould? Or could Mr. Yeats have paid for the luxury of

being a poet by writing “Laugh and the world laughs

with you”? We can hardly be certain that, however

hard he had tried, he would have found the task impossible.

But genius is exceptional; it has nothing to do with the case

in point, which concerns only poor, but honest men of

letters like ourselves, who are neither geniuses nor Garvices,

but simply educated persons with a certain measure of

intelligence, even of talent. Surely we might, by the

expense of a little patience and ingenuity, hatch from our

brains the literary geese that should in their turn lay a

few golden eggs. But no; if nature has made it impossible

for the man of genius to be pompier, education has done

the same for the honest man of letters. Do what he may,

he will never be able to write those wholesome love stories,

his play will never run for a thousand and one nights, his

rhymes will never be sold in cheap editions.

Readers of M. Proust’s enchanting novel will remember

how Swann, in what is perhaps the finest episode in the

book, finds himself drawn by his unfortunate love affair

into a social system revolving round the dinner-table of

the Verdurins. The Verdurins—how well we know their

English equivalents—are rich, more than circles that are

not the highest, and have intellectual pretensions. Lion

hunters excluded from the best-stocked game preserves,

they have collected a menagerie of the mangiest specimens

—a second-rate man of science, a professor or two, an

indolent infant prodigy, a bad painter, with a few members

of that section of the bourgeoise which believes itself to

be the intelligencia. Into this dismal coterie Swann’s

deporable weakness for the fair sex has lured him—Swann,

the exquisitely cultured, Swann, the aristocrat, Swann, whose

intellectual refinement is as sensitive as that of the princess

who could not sleep for the crumpled rose-leaf under her

mountainous feather-beds. M. Proust has, naturally, spent all

his delicate and elaborate art in describing the discomforts

of the situation. We are shown poor Swann faintly and

painfully smiling at the Professor’s puns, trying not to be

too ironic at each exhibition of bad taste, wincing at the

crude (compared with the half-words, the mere

suggestions by which his own over-cultured intimates are

in the habit of communicating their thoughts) of completed

statements, repetitions and the labouring of obvious

ideas.

In the presence of what is really popular in literature

and drama, most of us feel rather like Swann among the

Verdurins. We suffer from the education which it has

been our fortune, or, perhaps, our mischance, to receive.

Accustomed to all manner of reticences and restraints, we

are constantly and profoundly shocked by the immodesty

of the best-sellers and the stage successes. Our delicate

intellectual constitutions are appalled by the crudest send-

iment; we shrink as the obvious is rubbed into us, like

salt into an open wound. It may be, indeed it almost

certainly is the case, that our susceptibilities are too tender.

It is true, as Wordsworth said in his Preface to “Lyrical

Ballads,” that “the human mind is capable of being excited

without the application of gross and violent stimulants;

and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty

and dignity who does not know this, and who does not

further know, that one being is elevated above another,

in proportion as he possesses this capability.” But it is

also true that a human being may become so much elevated

above his fellows that he will finally shrink, not merely

from familiar and violent stimulants, but from the

occasional primary emotions of whatever sort. He will, in fact,

become a highbrow. At the present time we see only

too many of these persons, self-elevated to an enormous

height above the ordinary level of humanity.

But this is a digression from our theme. What we

have to ask ourselves is this: Is it possible for a Swann

to imitate a Verdurin well enough to escape detection?

Can a person of high, or even of medium brow suppress

his natural susceptibilities, overcome all his disgusts

and write a best-seller? It seems very doubtful. For even

if he has successfully made the moral effort, has braved

an ordeal which will cost him as much as for a sly man

it would to take off his clothes in the street, even if he has

brought himself to handle the unpleasant slush of popular

sentiment, will he be able to prevent a cloven hoof of

irony from peeping through? No; to be done well, these

things must be done with love and conviction. And

within their category these things must be well done, or

else, to the great credit of those who buy, they will not

succeed. Love and conviction work together; and precisely

the things that the highbrow cannot, by any possibility, put

into it. It looks, alas! as though those glittering rewards of

literature were fated to remain for most of us a mirage on our

horizon, seductive and unattainable.

Autolycus.

The Public Library Rate in Scotland

The exclusion of Scotland from the advantages of the new

Public Libraries Act—particularly as regards the removal

of the rate limit—has been very disappointing to Scottish public

library authorities, many of whom find the institutions for

which they are responsible verging on bankruptcy. The

Scottish Library Association has repented to the Secretary

of Scotland that the needs of Scottish public libraries are

no less urgent than those of similar institutions in England

and Wales, and their work of no less importance, Scotland

should receive, without delay, equality of treatment in this

matter.

At the request of the Committee of the Sandeman Public

Library, Perth, the Council of the Scottish Library Associa-

tion has invited all Public Library Committees to send dele-

gates to a meeting to be held in the Council Chambers, Perth,

on Thursday, the 18th inst., to discuss the question of urging

upon the Government the claimant need of immediate

financial relief for Scottish libraries.
NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, March 5, 1920.

There was a little too much optimism in the reference made here a fortnight ago to the Thomas Davis Society of Trinity College. It appears that, although the Society has not yet been "founded," the members are not allowed by the College authorities to meet in the University. It was, therefore, in a hired room in the city that an audience came together to hear Lord Dunsany when he lectured last week on "Drama in Ireland." Ignoring the existence of every Irish dramatist except Synge, the lecturer's work is to demonstrate that we do not appreciate our dramatists in this country, and held up America as a reproach to both England and Ireland. One gathered that his personal experiences in America recently have convinced him that in one case, at least, the verdict of America to-day will be the verdict of posterity in these islands too-morrow. Yet two of his plays were produced at the Abbey Theatre before his work had ever been seen in London or New York.

In the current number of the London Mercury there is an appreciation of the Misses Somerville and Ross which illustrates most appropriately that divergence of English and Irish opinion regarding Irish literature to which these notes alluded a few weeks back. In the first place, the writer of the article in question, while clearly aware that criticism in Ireland does not agree with his unreserved enthusiasm, has failed to understand it. We do not deny the many fine qualities of humour and observation which distinguish the authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." from the more obvious qualities of the Irish Romantics. Unlike Mr. Orlo Williams, we agree with the writers of "The Real Charlotte" in considering that book their best. If, as he says, we accuse them of "following in the brightened footsteps of those who have given us the dreary horror of the traditional stage Irishman," it is not because their work is equally bad. At the same time, we have not forgotten that the chief patrons of those "dreary horrors" remarkably resembles the varied classes of the admiring public which Mr. Williams describes. This fact has a significance which seems to have been overlooked by him, when he so confidently guarantees that we shall find in the pages of Somerville and Ross a part of the Irish heart "pulsing with true Irish blood and throbbing with truly Irish emotion."

It is this admission that "a part" only of the Irish heart is revealed which is important. The question is: Which part? And in the answer lies the whole explanation of the difference which is insinuated in conflicting estimates of Irish literature in and outside Ireland. An intimate knowledge of this country is necessary to a proper understanding of the relationship of what may be called the R.M. class to the majority of the Irish people. To describe in terms of politics that relationship would be to transgress the hospitality of these columns. Let it be sufficient to say that, apart from the serious and facile sentiment which make up the popular novels of Miss Somerville and her collaborator, there is no point of decently human contact between the minority and the majority. They are divided, not only by the usual social distinctions, but by deep national antipathies. These majors and horse-women may be "delightfully Irish" to outside observers—many of them, indeed, are more thoroughly Irish in race than the prominent leaders of the Nationalist movement; but so far as the nation to which they belong is concerned they are alien. The writings of those who have been almost exclusively preoccupied with the superficial aspects of what is, to the majority of the Irish people, a tragic problem, cannot be regarded in Ireland with the literary detachment of Mr. Orlo Williams and others.

This is no doubt a barbarous confession of aesthetic blindness, an example of the incurable Irish habit of dragging "politics" into everything. You will notice the same lamentable tendency in the occasional attacks in the review columns of the newspapers which is, Hansi's "Professor Knatschke" is the only form of humor which an Alsatian could reasonably be expected to appreciate in a comapatrict attempting to deal with the lighter side of life in a community without self-government. If any Pole or Dane, reconciled for personal reasons to the régime from which Schleswig and East Prussia have been liberated, had written humorously of the feudal charm of the relations between the governing class and the mere natives, he would expect more applause in Berlin than in Copenhagen or Strasbourg. His all-too-human compatriots would be prepared to risk the accusation of having neglected a masterpiece. Without attempting to belittle in any way the art of Miss Somerville and the late Miss Martin Ross, within its strictly defined limits, Irish criticism will prefer such stories as Thomas Kelly's "The Weaver's Grave," a perfect little masterpiece of real Irish humour. For the rest, nous en avons vu d'autres!

THE LATE A. H. BULLEN

The sudden death, at the age of 63, of Mr. A. H. Bullen, on February 20 last, at Stratford-on-Avon, where he had established the Shakespeare Head Press, reminds us of the finest of Elizabethan scholars, and certainly the one to whom students of Elizabethan literature owe the debt of deepest gratitude. Bullen's scholarship was devoid of any tinge of pedantry, and refined to the highest purposes by an exquisite appreciation of his author. His emendations of the text of Marlowe are a conspicuous example of his gifts.

His published works began with the edition of the works of John Day (1881) and the now rare "Collection of Old English Plays" (1882-5). This was followed by "A Christmas Garland" of carols and poems from the fifteenth century onwards (1885), from the volume which had the general public, and exercised an indubitable influence on the development of modern poetry—"Lyrics from Song Books of the Elizabethan Age" (1886), followed by "More Lyrics from the Song Books" (1887) and "Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age" (1891). His standard editions of Marlowe, Middleton and Marston, and "England's Helicon" had meanwhile appeared (1885-7). Once more he reached the larger public by his edition of "The Works of Dr. Thomas Campion" (1889), a revelation of a neglected genius, for which the gratitude of English men of letters was admirably expressed by Mr. Edmund Gosse in a memoir on the poet, who followed the lover of literature under a still greater debt by beginning the publication of that invaluable "Muses' Library" from which so many have derived a part of their knowledge of Elizabethan poetry. Bullen, indeed—and this is the highest praise—was infinitely removed from the mere bibliophile. Throughout his laborious career he was dominated by the desire to make the Elizabethans accessible to the widest possible public, and he lavished himself and his none too generous means on this object. His foundation of the Shakespeare Head Press at Stratford-on-Avon was his final effort towards this aim, and it is devoutly to be hoped that a way will be found to maintain this institution, if only as an adequate memorial to one who has deserved supremely well of lovers of our literature.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Science

EMPIRICISM

"Experientia docet."

Science as a study and a method grows daily in importance. Its progress has become proverbial, and its discoveries fill the world with wonder, for we live in a scientific age. We are led to review our lives and habits in the light of knowledge gained by the scientific method, and in the appeal that Science makes to reason we are sometimes forced against our will to discard long-cherished beliefs and well-established practice. The aim of Science is to establish the truth of material things, and the method employed is that of observation, record and analysis. The most complex processes, even life itself, are reduced to their component units; the relation of unit parts to one another in any complex process is determined by observing the result of varying one unit while other variables are kept constant or eliminated. That the result is due to the introduction of a single variant is proved by a "control" experiment in which identical circumstances are reproduced, but without the introducing of the single variant whose effect is to be determined. The repetition of any sequence is expressed in terms of Cause and Effect, and, given identical circumstances, any sequence is capable of repetition. Following this process of analysis comes a process of synthesis by means of which related sequences find expression in general terms, while generalizations of greater significance are recognized as "Laws of Nature."

This presumptuous phrase realizes the dogmatism of Science. Scientific results brook contradiction only by results obtained by scientific method, for its observations are those of fact, its sequences are based on experiment, and fallacies are avoided by "controls." We may hesitate to accept in the light of knowledge gained by the scientific method, and in the appeal that Science makes to reason we are sometimes forced against our will to discard long-cherished beliefs and well-established practice.

We are tempted to inquire then if there is not an alternative method to that of Science by which material truth may be established, if indeed there are not criteria by which the validity of scientific conclusions may be judged. We have an alternative method in Empiricism, which may be defined as practice based on experience.

"Empiricism" is a word which the medical faculty have so successfully usurped that it has come to mean a method employed in the treatment of disease, based on experience as opposed to experiment. So great is the vogue of Science that empiricism is coloured with a sense of quackery, and to this extent its meaning has some slight reproach. But there is a broader meaning to the word than is contained in its common application to a sect in medicine.

Empiricism is a method based on mass observation, as much as Science is a method based on detailed observation; it is for the most part unconscious, whereas Science is largely experimental; its material is so vast and its period in time so long that it may be simply summed up in the word "experience." Action based on empiricism is as direct and simple as any action that scientific conclusion may lead to, but as its premises are less definite, so its teaching is neither positive nor dogmatic. Science is the child of a recent age, empiricism is as old as all ages, and so it is not a wonder that empiricism is in advance of Science in the discovery of many truths; often empiricism runs alone, and only when Science comes in second is it realized that there was a race; or, from another point of view, we see in scientific results an explanation of what has long been known as fact.

As an illustration of this, let us consider the menu of an evening meal. The order is: Hors d'oeuvre, soup, fish, meat with vegetables, sweet, and savoury; variations occur, but in the main outline this sequence is followed among all civilized people who eat a dinner of many courses. It is an empirical order based on experience, and we are hardly interested in discussing the reason of it. It is like the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not, and to that extent more stable than a Law of Nature, such as that of Gravity, which an Einstein may throw doubt upon. For those who care for a reasoned order of things, Science has lately supplied the reason for this sequence of dishes that form an evening meal. The hors d'oeuvre by sight and smell stimulate the cerebral cortex which promotes secretion of saliva, and in themselves they attain a balance of spicy taste and oil that sets all digestive juices in the length of the alimentary tract into an ordered activity. The meat extractives in soup reinforce the stimulatory effect of the hors d'oeuvre on the secreting machinery of the stomach, while the liquid of the soup dilutes any excessive irritability that might result from the spicy food. All is now prepared for the meal, which begins gently with easily digested fish. Meat, largely proteid, with its modicum of fat, balanced by potatoes, largely carbohydrate, and bulked by green vegetables, which also contain some essential foods, forms the pièce de résistance of the meal. The sweets that follow require little effort in digestion, for they are assimilated without need of much internal preparation. The nicest touch in physiology is given by the savoury; this may be a taste of anchovy or kipper, designed to stimulate the appetite again and brush away the feeling of repletion, or in the form of egg and cheese it may give the coup de grâce to an appetite that refuses else to be appeased. This pretty explanation is no fairy tale. We know it all as fact, and it is the result of exact and most intricate observation and experiment, forming as it does one of the most brilliant chapters in the record of physiological research of the last thirty years.

Another example of empiricism confirmed by Science comes from the land of Paraguay, where there are snakes whose bite is poisonous at one time of the year and harmless at another. It is a native custom to catch these snakes and to be bitten by them at a certain time of the year, for the natives thus escape the ill-effects of their bite if they chance to be bitten at a time of year when they are poisonous. In this native custom we have an example of the efficacy of preventive inoculation discovered in a land where the scientific method is unknown. The history of vaccination against smallpox illustrates the same point, for Jenner's work, based on the scientific method, only established and confirmed the empirical knowledge of the day. In the succeeding years, with the discovery of the causative organism of various diseases, preventive inoculation has found increasing scope, and the war has made us familiar with its value. More recently, scientists have discovered that the absence from our dietary of certain essential food factors termed vitamins leads to wasting conditions and to distinct diseases, such as Beri-Beri, Scurvy, Rickets and Pellagra. It is therefore suggested on scientific grounds that wasting conditions should be treated by giving these vitamins, and that Consumption, for instance, in the light of this present knowledge would be best treated by giving cod-liver oil and butter, which contain the fat soluble factor that prevents Rickets, while olive-oil and margarine, which do not contain these constituents, would be valueless. And this in fact is the long-established treatment of Tuberculosis, founded on
experience, ignorant of the reason why, which scientific method but tardily comes forward to explain.

These are but three illustrations of knowledge gained by the empirical method, knowledge which is gained by observation in mass, made almost unconsciously and spread over so great a period of time that it is recognized merely as experience, which does not spring from direct inquiry or controlled experiment, and often in empirical knowledge the truth contained is so fundamental that it is not lightly to be cast aside. In fact, in empiricism we have the necessary criterion by which some claims made by Science may be judged when they affect us too nearly; it gives us some standard of comparison when Science speaks dogmatically or hastens foolhardily to interfere with customs or habits that have been evolved through the ages. "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis," and "Festina lente" are two proverbs that stand well side by side in the margin of articles that tell the tale of progress in Science.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—February 26.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.


PHILOLOGICAL.—March 5.—Sir I. Gollancz in the chair.—Mr. A. C. Wood read a paper on "Leicestershire Place-Names." There is little evidence for the forms of Leicestershire place-names before Domesday Book, the Leicestershire charters in the collections of Kemple and Birch being late copies, even when they are not forgeries, as a large proportion are. For the Middle English period there are many authorities, the most interesting being the Leicestershire Survey of 1244-6. — The Leicestershire, and the Leicestershire Subsidy Roll of 1327. The Scandinavian element in the county is very important, especially in the east and north-east. During the discussion after the paper the President called attention to the very primitive Scandinavian forms which some of these names show. A special feature was made of modern popular pronunciations of names, and forms were quoted from sixteenth- and seventeenth-century documents to illustrate their development.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—March 1.—Sir James Crichton-Browne, Treasurer and Vice-President, in the chair.

The Chairman reported the death of Dr. Emerson Reynolds, a late manager of the Institution, and a resolution of condolence with the relatives was passed. — Professor W. H. Lang, Mr. W. Carter, Mrs. Stanton Cott, Major-General T. M. Corker, Mr. J. F. Crowley, Sir Charles Cust, Mr. C. F. de Ganah, Mr. K. Gray, Miss Kershaw, Miss Kinnair, Miss McGhee, Brigadier-General E. Makins, Capt. H. G. Mason, Dr. C. G. Morrell, Lady Rayleigh, Mr. W. B. Saville, Mr. K. R. G. Vaizey, Miss Wagner, Professor F. Womack, and Lieut.-Col. V. Wright were elected members.

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL.—February 18.—Mr. R. H. Hooker, President, in the chair.

Captain C. J. P. Carev read a paper on "The Status of a Meteorological Office and its Relation to the State and to the Public." — A paper by Mr. W. H. Dines, entitled "Atmospheric and Terrestrial Radiation," endeavoured to follow the flow of radiant energy, other than solar, both upward and downward across any horizontal plane in the atmosphere.—Mr. D. Brunt read a paper on "Internal Friction in the Atmosphere."

The meeting passed a resolution stating that the Society were of opinion that before the future constitution of the Meteorological Committee and the status of the Meteorological Office were finally settled, it was desirable that an inquiry by a representative Committee should be held.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—February 19.—Prof. C. Oman, President, in the chair.—Dr. G. H. Abbot and Messrs. A. C. Montagu and J. R. Thomas were elected Fellows. Mr. Percy H. Webb read notes on a find of late third-century Roman bronze coins from Egypt, a portion of which he exhibited. Mr. G. C. Brooke read a paper by Mr. R. C. Lockett on the "Coinage of Offa." The date of the earliest pence of Offa was certainly before 760-91 A.D., the date of Jaenberht's death. It was probably late in the reign, as a large number of Offa's moneys also struck coins for Coenwulf. The most reasonable suggestion for the date of the beginning of the Mercian coinage was after the battle of Oxford, in 727, when it might be as well as the Council of Chelsea, 786. The mint was probably Canterbury, as seven of his moneys struck coins for Coenwulf, and three of these also worked for Eadberht, Cuthbert, and Aldred. Cuthbert's name appears in the Eadberht's coinage were probably to be attributed to Eadberht, Bishop of London 772-87. Another penny with a name hitherto not read satisfactorily should probably be attributed to Hubert, Bishop of Lichfield, who was archbishop in 806. The coinage of Offa was evidently struck in Offa's lifetime, either as a complimentary issue or in a period of regency during Offa's absence. A classification of the pennies of Offa was proposed, based on their affinity to the coinage of Jaenberht and Aethelheard.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 12. King's College, 4 p.m.—"Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture IX., Professor E. Deaner.

Arts League of Service (Big School, Dean's Yard, Westminster), 5.30 p.m.—A Method of Developing an Understanding of Art," Miss M. Bulley.

King's College, 5.30 p.m.—"Historical Theories of Space. Time and Movement: The Modern Relativity—Einstein, Minkowski," Professor H. Wildon Carr.

University College, 5.30 p.m.—"The Social Life of the Romans," Professor H. E. Butler.


Mon. 15. Society of Arts, 5.15 p.m.—"Army Hygiene during the Recent War," General Sir John Goodwin. (Chadwick Lecture.)

King's College, 5.30 p.m.—"Portugal: II. How Portugal Helped in the War," Professor George Young.

King's College, 5.30 p.m.—"New Light on Pestanevel Issues," Lecture III., Dr. A. S. Yahuda.

King's College, 5.30 p.m.—"The History of Learning and Science in Poland," Lecture V., Professor L. Tatarkiewicz.

King's College, 5.30 p.m.—"Outlines of Greek History: The Militaristic Emperors, 963-1025," Professor A. J. Toynbee.

University College, 5.30 p.m.—"Guillaume de Machault's Literary and Musical Work," Lecture VI., Miss Barbara Smythe.

Royal Institute of British Architects, 8 p.m.—"The Planning of American Departmental Stores," Mr. H. Austen Hall.

Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m.—"The Dodecanese," Professor J. L. Myres.


Royal Statistical, 5.15 p.m.—"The Philosophy of Kant," Lecture IX., Professor H. Wildon Carr.

King's College, 5.30 p.m.—"Contemporary Russia: I. The Tsard and Fourth Dynas," Sir Bernard Pares.

University College, 5.30 p.m.—"The Golden Age in Danish Literature," Lecture VI., Mr. J. H. Helweg.


Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15 p.m.—"The Ovia Secret Society," Mr. N. W. Thomas.


Royal Meteorological (Royal Astronomical Society's Rooms), 5.30 p.m.—"Clouds as seen from an Aeroplane," Capt. C. R. M. Douglish in 757. Cynethrith's coinage was evidently struck in Offa's lifetime, either as a complimentary issue or in a period of regency during Offa's absence. A classification of the pennies of Offa was proposed, based on their affinity to the coinage of Jaenberht and Aethelheard.

Thurs. 18. Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—"The Spirit of America after the War," Mr. Stephen Graham.

Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.—University College, 5.30 p.m.—"August Strindberg," Lecture VI., Mr. I. Björkhamn.

Royal Numismatic, 6 p.m.—"The Amphilph Coin of Coins of Henry II.," Mr. L. A. Lawrence.
Fine Arts

TITIAN AND GIORGIONE


THERE is a peculiar fascination about the problems raised by a certain relationship between two individual artists; a relationship that can be found more than once in the history of art, when at a critical moment some supreme genius follows close on the heels of a man less richly endowed than himself, and yet at the same time his true precursor, the originator of some far-reaching change in method or in outlook that only finds its full expression at the hands of a greater successor. It seems probable that this relationship subsisted between Giovanni and Nicolo Pisano, between Jan and Hubert van Eyck; it is certain, to take an example from yet another art, that this was how Shakespeare stood to Marlowe. But no more characteristic example of such a relationship could be found than that of Titian to Giorgione. From Vasari onwards it has been recognized by the generality of critics that Giorgione belongs the credit of introducing into painting that new manner which was to replace the technique of Giovanni Bellini and his kin. His romantic reputation, his tragically short life, the enigmatical glamour as well as the rarity of his pictures, have combined to enhance his glory; and yet his place in the hierarchy of painters is for ever below that of Titian. There is an inevitable tendency to over-estimate the claims of the precursor. The very hesitations of his art make it all the more attractive. And when, as in the case of Hubert van Eyck and Giorgione, the problems raised by the attribution of most of the pictures concerned are intricate, the temptation to indulge in such a tendency becomes very strong indeed.

A large part of M. Hourticq's new book is the expression of a reaction against this in the case of Giorgione. Some years ago the same author wrote a short and excellent book about French art in that series of "Ars Una" which belongs to the vanished days when simultaneous editions in the various languages of Europe were a matter of practical politics. It must have required a good deal of self-discipline to compress so much, illustrations and bibliography and all, into four hundred or so pages of a pocketable size. And there is another book to his credit which covers with much discretion and some originality the history of painting in Europe from the shadowy Old Masters of ancient Greece down to the end of the sixteenth century. Since then M. Hourticq has walked much and meditatively in the Louvre, backwards and forwards in the old Salon Carré that we shall never see again. And now, escaping with an almost audible sigh of relief from the Procrustean bed of that pocketable series, he has let himself go over the large paintings of Titian. The book is by no means negligible. It contains a good deal of independent thinking and observation, and nobody who is studying Titian's early work and the vexed problem of his relation to Giorgione would be well advised to ignore it. But taken as a whole it is perhaps hardly what might have been expected from a French art critic of standing; the best French art criticism is the best in the world.

To begin with, it hardly pretends to furnish a connected treatment of its subject. Each chapter reads like a detached essay; the subject-matter of one chapter has indeed appeared with little change as a "Promenade au Louvre" in the Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne for 1912. The same material often recurs with a wearisome and disturbing effect of repetition. And the chapters themselves tend to an inordinate diffuseness which obscures the argument and makes the book uneasy reading.

One of them (it is perhaps characteristic, the third and not the first) deals with the correctness—or rather the incorrectness—of the accepted date of Titian's birth. Now it happens that this subject has been discussed in some detail by Mr. Herbert Cook, and his two articles are reprinted as an appendix to the second (1904) edition of his little book on Giorgione, together with a reasoned reply by Dr. Gronau. The arguments in favour of believing that Titian habitually overstated his age in the ad misericordiam appeals of his later life, and that his birth-date has in consequence been fixed ten or twelve years too early, are strong; and Mr. Cook has stated them effectively. He has converted M. Hourticq. But the disciple is not above his master in persuasive force.

The first chapter is devoted to an attempt to prove that the famous "Concert" or "Fête Champêtrée" in the Louvre is by Titian and not by Giorgione. There are passages in that most lovely painting which have led others to doubt whether it is, at any rate in its entirety, the work of Giorgione's hand, although—for readers of English—Rossetti's sonnet and Pater's essay have made it the very symbol and touchstone of his art. But it would require much stronger evidence than M. Hourticq can bring—he relies largely on the very questionable assertion of a drawing in the Malcolm Collection at the British Museum—to persuade most people that Titian painted a picture so strangely dissimilar in colour and atmosphere from the rest of his early work. There is a whole world between the sultry languor of the "Concert" and the fresh warm air of the "Sacred and Profane Love." For this latter point of view, by the way, M. Hourticq finds yet another explanation, based upon a passage in the "Hypnerotomachia," not more convincing than the scores which have preceded it; less so, indeed, if he would really persuade us that the sculptured marble trough in which Cupid dabbles his little hand is filled not with water, but with blood. There is a good deal to be said for leaving the picture its absurd old title. How many mothers and daughters, Baedeker in hand, have stood in front of it in the Borghese gallery, discussing whether the lady with next to nothing on was intended to be sacred or profane?

Perhaps the most valuable parts of the book are those dealing with the identification and interpretation of the pictures from the Mantuan collection now in the Louvre (though many of the names suggested are based on quite unsupported conjecture), and with the genuine and often overlooked religious feeling expressed in Titian's work. But the general effect is spoiled not only by diffuseness, but by a disquieting carelessness as to details. The Crespi portrait (p. 62) has been for years in the Cook collection; Titian would not have taken it as a compliment to be told that the "Christ appearing to the Magdalene" in the National Gallery (p. 110) suggests the atmosphere of a summer evening; and when Ridolfi published his "Meronighe" in 1648 the Mantuan pictures (p. 188) were still in England. But these are trifling points. It is less excusable to support an argument by the suggestion that the Kingston Lacy "Judgment of Solomon," with its only two obvious hesitations and "intentiments" is the copy of a fresco (p. 42); to linger over an idea so wildly improbable as that the rather gloomy allegory of "Religion succoured by Spain" once represented "Women Bathing" (p. 26); or to base confident ascriptions on such trivial correspondences of pose or landscape as must inevitably abound in pictures produced under the studio conditions that prevailed in Venice at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century.

E. M.
EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

ALPINE CLUB GALLERY.—War, Peace Conference, and other scenes; paintings by Augustus E. John.

ELDAI GALLERY.—Pastels by Leonard Richmond, Brabazon, John, Conder, and others.

Compared with Mr. Sargent, Mr. Augustus John is not a professional portrait painter. He is not primarily a portrait painter at all. He made his great and merited reputation in quite other fields, and he developed the art which made him famous under conditions and in surroundings quite different from the conditions and surroundings of the professional portrait painter. For the purposes of his art he surrounded himself with a world of his own creation, composed of enthusiastic young artists (who copied, of course, the superficial features of the master's art), pretty Slade School girl students in flowered frocks, half-caste gipsies, and the beautiful lady whom the public knows as "The Smiling Woman." In this world the artist was as beguiling as he was marvellous. He was a king in a milieu of which the raison d'être was the creation of his pictures. As a result of the success achieved by the pictures painted under these conditions, the world of wealth and fashion invaded his studio and offered him their patronage in the usual form—the form of portrait commissions. Mr. John now found himself plunged into a new world which, artistically speaking, was quite foreign to him, and which had quite other raisons d'être than the providing of material for his pictures. It was impossible to graft the new world on to the old; great ladies and Cabinet ministers could not be persuaded to join the devoted troupe; they had neither the time nor the inclination to recognize or patronize then outside activities, and so the master's favourite stance. Mr. John soon found that, so far from being willing to dance attendance upon his moods, they expected him to dance attendance upon theirs. He was thus faced with an entirely new proposition, which the experience of his previous work in no way helped him to solve. He had to engage in a fight where for equipment he had nothing but his marvellously keen eye, his marvellously trained hand.

There were only two courses open to him—unless he was prepared to send the invaders back to Mayfair and Belgrave. He could either acquire a serviceable formula and fit all his sitters into it—become, in fact, a professional portrait painter like Mr. Sargent and the rest—or he could submit himself to the influence of each sitter in turn. He chose the latter course. He approaches every portrait as if it were his first picture, and the sitter the first man or woman he had ever seen. He opens his sensibilities to receive a single instantaneous impression, and he uses his great technical accomplishment to transform his impression into a canvas with the utmost dispatch. The moment the picture corresponds to the impression he leaves it—even if only half the canvas is covered. In contrast to portraits by Mr. Sargent, his portraits reflect not himself but his sitters. Everything in them is suggested by the men or women they portray; not only the attitudes and arrangement of the figures, but even the technical features such as the handling of the paint and the quality of the surface, are determined by the surface character of the sitter.

This method of approach makes a certain proportion of failures inevitable (though it does not excuse or explain such a lapse into mere picture-making as the portrait of La Duchesse de Gramont), and when the artist is Mr. John it guarantees a certain number of works which will compel our admiration. The latter class predominates in the present exhibition. The Canadian soldiers are beautifully seen and powerfully expressed; they have that pathetic appearance of clumsy gentleness and that bewildered expression in the eyes which one notices so often in young soldiers during the war. They are fearless caracterizations in the contrasted social types, "Lady Ottoline Morrell" and "La Marchesa Casati"; and we are convinced by the portraits of Lord Colwyn, Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Massey, and a number of others.

The central piece at the Eldar Gallery's collection of pastels is, by a coincidence, an early pastel by Mr. John, formerly in the Judge Evans collection. It is a spirited and accomplished little drawing possessing few features in common with the bulk of the artist's later works: at first glance it suggests a French genre painting of the late nineteenth century. It is flanked on one side by Charles Conder's "At the Keyhole," an attractive little study, and on the other by Albert Moore's "The Pink Mill." Paintings by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, "The Metal Workers," by Frank Brangwyn, which hangs opposite, contains passages revealing Mr. Brangwyn's powers as a stylistic draughtsman. But we can only see this artist at his best in drawings made with a hard point. The softness of pastel tempts him into those dramatic effects of tone which make his oil paintings and engravings often so obvious. The softness of the medium proves a snare also for Mr. Leonard Richmond, who shows a number of landscape drawings in this gallery. They lack definition of form, without which it is impossible to make even the most romantic of landscape effects intelligible to the spectator. The Brabazon "Sketch in Italy" is as slight as Mr. Richmond's least elaborate drawings, but there is far more form in it and a much subtler sense of colour.

R. H. W.

ADDITIONS TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

The Department of Paintings and the Department of Engraving, Illustration and Design at the Victoria and Albert Museum received several important bequests and gifts during the past year. Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E., presented 100 of his mezzotints, aquatints and etchings in memory of his late Captain Leonard Short, who was killed in action on June 3, 1916. This gift, in addition to prints already in the Museum, makes the Museum collection of Sir Frank Short's work probably the largest and most complete in existence. In memory of Sir Charles Holroyd, R.E., late Director of the National Gallery, two of his water-colours and 43 etchings were given by Lady Holroyd, again making the Museum collection of special value to students. Shortly before her death in 1919, Mrs. Merrick Head—to show her appreciation of the historical collection of water-colours in the Museum—presented 17 water-colours and 13 etchings by Samuel Palmer, who, at the beginning of his long career, was in close association with Blake and Calvert. A set of the drawings bequeathed to his honeymound tour through Italy in 1849-50, and belong to a period of the artist's finest work, not hitherto adequately represented in any public collection. Bernard H. Webb, the architect, was always a warm friend of the Museum, to which, at his death in 1919, he bequeathed all his collections. Among these are a large number of water-colours, pastels and drawings by the British School; a considerable collection of drawings by Old Masters, and a large series of modern drawings, etchings and woodcuts. The family of the late Captain Guy Baker, in accordance with his expressed wishes, presented 27 water-colour drawings by Mr. Wyndham Lewis. This collection is representative of the artist's work in the years preceding the war, and strikes a modern note among the Museum collections. The same remark applies to a series of drawings presented by Messrs. Ezra Pound and C. Lovat Fraser, showing different phases of the work of H. Gaudier-Brzezka, who died on active service in France at the early age of 24. A selection from these gifts and bequests is on view in the East Hall of the Museum, and among other gifts there are water-colours and drawings by J. Baverstock Knight, H. Etridge, John Glover, Burne-Jones, C. A. Hunt, A.R.W.S., Romilly Fedden, Blamire Young, R.B.A., John Wright, A.R.E., and Lovat Fraser. Among some purchases on view is a series of 4 studies by Degas for his oil painting in the Ionides Collection of the Ballet scene from Meyerbeer's "Roberto il Diavolo.

It is hoped shortly to place on view in Room 132 a large number of other gifts and purchases made during 1919.

ETCHINGS AND DRAWINGS

On Monday, February 16, Messrs. Sotheby sold modern etchings and drawings, the property of Sir Henry Peto, Sir Herbert Raphael, and the late Mr. Lawson Thompson, the chief prices being: Monet, Landscape, £85, and Impression of a Circus in War-Time, £85; Demolition of St. James's Hall, interior, £5s. Anders Zorn, Zorn in a Fur Cap, £7s; The Swan, £6s; Mona, £15s; The Letter, £6s; Vicke, £80. D. F. Cameron, Palazzo Dario, £95; Robin Hood's Bay, £422. Sir F. Seymour Haden, Shermil Pond, £82; Sunset in Ireland, £50. C. Meryon, L'Abide de Notre Dame, £210.
Music

THE PROBLEM OF "DON GIOVANNI"

There is no opera which presents greater difficulties to a producer than "Don Giovanni." In most of Mozart's operas, as in practically all works of Mozart, the interpreter may be sure that as long as he sings or plays his notes accurately in time, in tone and in phrasing, the composer may be trusted to do the rest. If there was ever a musician who knew exactly what he wanted, and how to get it, it was Mozart. With Gluck or Moussorgsky the whole work is so unfinished and untidy that it cannot be put on the stage at all until it has been trimmed and straightened up and licked into shape. They were not quite sure what they wanted to do, and often very vague as to how to get their results. With Mozart, all one need do is to begin at the beginning and go straight through to the end without making the slightest alteration. The one great exception to this rule is "Don Giovanni," and it is curious that this in some ways most unsatisfactory opera should have been acclaimed universally as Mozart's greatest work, even as the greatest of all operas. Perhaps it is so indeed, in that its greatness has survived all its accidents and misfortunes.

Da Ponte, the librettist, began the trouble. He was in a hurry and overburdened with other work, so instead of writing out a new libretto of his own, he borrowed an old one and rearranged it. As the composition of the opera progressed, it was further rearranged by Da Ponte or by Mozart himself, and after the first performance at Prague, further alterations and additions were continually being made. Finally, after Mozart's death, there came the Romantic movement which misinterpreted the opera from beginning to end and saddled the nineteenth century with a thoroughly-false tradition from which it has hardly ever been set free.

The first thing of all to remember is that "Don Giovanni" is a comic opera, not a tragedy. But it is a very queer kind of comic opera. It originated with that favourite old-fashioned type of burlesque, the rehearsal of a serious but ridiculous drama. Its ancestors are "Pyramus and Thisbe," "The Rehearsal," "The Critic." The opera from which Da Ponte borrowed his libretto was not just a Don Juan opera; it was a Don Juan opera within the framework of an opera dealing with the absurdities of operatic singers and managers. Da Ponte dropped the framework, and Mozart, in some queer spirit of devily, set certain episodes of the story with a terrifying seriousness of inspiration. It is hardly likely that Da Ponte ever read Shadwell's play 'The Libertine'; but to see "Don Giovanni" makes one consider what might have happened if Da Ponte had come across the plays of Webster and had suggested 'The Duchess of Malfi' or 'The White Devil' as a comic-opera libretto for Mozart to set.

The Romantics loved everything that was grim and grizzly, and they yielded easily to the temptation to believe that while men were often wicked, perhaps all the more attractive for their wickedness, women were always virtuous—if not in fact, at least in intention. There is no doubt whatever that Da Ponte and Mozart both intended Don Giovanni himself to be fascinatingly attractive; but it was an attractiveness that, so far from being derived directly from his wickedness, was calculated much more to distract all attention from it. Donna Anna has been exalted into a heroine, but really poor affectionate Donna Elvira is much more heroic, for in spite of all Don Giovanni's ill-treatment of her, she is the only one of his lady friends who stands by him loyally up to the end. But it is clear from the construction of the play that none of the ladies is more than 'a woman of no importance.' Da Ponte's predecessor provided Don Giovanni with four of them; but probably the Prague company could not raise more than three competent singers. It does not much matter what their names are, or what their characters may be—Handsome, ugly, all are women.

Oh, the Spring, the Spring, the Spring!

Yet there are many people still who refuse to admit that "Don Giovanni" can be a comic opera. Rape, murder and sacrilege are to them very serious matters, and they are incapable of realizing the force of what is really the most convincing and incontrovertible proof, namely, the musical structure and style of practically the whole opera, and most especially of the ensembles. It is no use telling them to compare "Don Giovanni" with "Idomeneo," which is a real opera seria, because "Idomeneo" is utterly unknown in this country, and is hardly ever performed even in Germany.

There was a performance of "Don Giovanni" given a few years ago in London at a popular theatre which, in spite of very rough singing and playing, did at least present the work continuously as a comic opera. At the Surrey last week it was almost a comic opera, but not quite. Mr. Milner's conception of the hero was too romantic. It suggested Baudelaire rather than Da Ponte, and both his first costume and the make-up reminded one oddly of the Flying Dutchman. The Flying Dutchman is in fact the German romantic presentation of the Latin Don Juan type. The whole production was more or less on conventional lines. But it had several features which deserve to be noticed. To begin with, there was a notably good singer as Elvira. As the opera proceeded it seemed that it would have been more appropriate to cast Miss Maryn Elmar for Anna, and Miss Ida Cooper for Elvira; Elvira demands the more emotional type of singer, whereas Anna must always be hard and severe. But the point to be observed is that Elvira is a part which requires an actress of real personality, and that at the Surrey that requirement is fulfilled. Another part which generally comes off badly was also very well filled—Don Ottavio, very convincingly sung (and it is by no means easy to make Ottavio convincing) by Mr. Lyon Munro. The two things about the Surrey performance was the courageous attempt to tackle the recitativo secco in English. It was not sung throughout, but the singers all showed that they were quite capable of it. It had the real quality of recitative; it was not oratorio singing, and the dialogue was delivered so pointedly and vivaciously, that the late Lady Macfarren's translation began to appear a good deal less insipid than it has generally been reputed.

Taken all round, there was much in the performance that was makeshift and unfinished; but it was clear from the outset that it could be gradually pulled together and polished up. An intelligent makeshift performance of this type is far better than a complete and unalterable production on fundamentally wrong principles.

Edward J. Dent.
MORE ÄSTHESSICS
The Foundations of Music. By Henry J. Watt, D.Phil. (Cambridge, University Press. 18s. net.)

"THE earlier part of this volume," says Dr. Watt, "is more or less a careful and straightforward (‘dogmatic’) exposition of the fundamental notions of the psychology of tone. I think the musician should find it both useful and helpful." We wish we could agree with Dr. Watt, but, after brooding a good deal over these pages, we have to confess that our own feeling is one of complete bewilderment. To illustrate our perplexities is out of the question; it would involve quoting virtually the whole of the second, third and fifth chapters. So let us pass at once to Chapter X., from which point onwards the general drift of Dr. Watt’s argument is fairly clear, though frequently clouded by a needless obscurity of style.

The main thesis of the musical part of the book may perhaps be summed up in a single sentence of the author’s own wording: "All music is primarily and essentially paraphonic, and only in the second place polyphonic," or has paraphony for its foundation. "As the term ‘paraphony’ is probably unfamiliar to many musicians, it may be as well to explain that, for the purpose of classifying intervals, Dr. Watt borrows the old Greek terms ‘symphony,’ ‘paraphony,’ and ‘diaphony,’ which he substitutes for the ordinary text-book headings of Perfect Concord, Imperfect Concord, and Discord. He establishes his thesis by induction, based mainly upon an ingenious tabular investigation of the principle underlying the prohibition (in varying degrees of vigour) of certain familiar consecutives. He has no difficulty in disposing of explanations hitherto offered for these prohibitions. The line of argument he substitutes for as follows: (1) Symphony means a momentary loss of dissonance, a unit in the chain of confusion (it would be simpler to say that in the former case the tones blend too perfectly, in the other they refuse to blend at all). (2) These effects of symphony and diaphony are, of course, more pronounced when two intervals of the same species follow one another than when there is only a single one of them. (3) Hence sequences (or, as we call them, ‘consecutives’) are forbidden, the suggested reason being confirmed by a comparative study of the different formulations put forward by various theorists, which agree in making the strictness of the prohibition vary directly as the degree of symphony or diaphony concerned, the stringency being greatest when the interval of octave has preceded, second in the order of importance, the interval of the perfect fifth, third in the order of importance, the interval of the perfect fourth, and so on. This being established, it seems easy to follow Dr. Watt to the further conclusion that ‘Paraphony is the basis of music,’ or, as he expresses it elsewhere, ‘For the proper flow of simultaneous melodies intervals must either be themselves actually paraphonic or they must be used paraphonically.’ There are, however, two considerations that make us hesitate to accept Dr. Watt’s argument.

First as to the conclusion itself. It will be observed that intervals need not themselves be ‘actually paraphonic,’ provided they are ‘used paraphonically.’ It is what this modification really means that we have to determine. Dr. Watt devotes a special chapter to this purpose, and the chief modifying factors admitted by him are (1) contrary and oblique motion, (2) melodic cogeny in any of the parts, (3) duplication of parts, and special spacing of harmonies that becomes possible as the number of parts increases. This is all right as far as it goes, but we do not think it goes far enough. Dr. Watt trusts too much to the ‘absolute’ view of concord and discord. From the physical point of view (which he disclaims) this is no doubt correct; from the psychical, or ‘tones-as-they-are-heard’ standpoint, it is surely necessary to admit that discord is susceptible of degree, and depends to some extent on the context, and possibly (this is more dubious) on aesthetic convention. The whole course of musical history supports this view, yet Dr. Watt will have none of it;

On our interpretation, all this line of speculation is completely cut out. The series of fusions has its neutral point—or its region of natural ease and familiarity as it were—in the middle, in the thirds and sixths. Once we have found the true system of functions of intervals, the false motive suggested by the apparent course of history entirely loses its value. Here many musicians—we cannot speak as to psychologists—will join issue with Dr. Watt. "Admit the relativity of discord as one of your modifying factors," they will say, "and we can accept your principle; otherwise we cannot. It does not leave us scope enough for the enlargement of our musical vocabulary, and we think that your rejection of our amendment rests on a failure to distinguish physical from psychological truth; whereas your whole book is supposed to be the outcome of your recognition that purely physical truths are not in themselves of any assistance to us."

Apart from this, however, is it so certain that Dr. Watt has found the ‘true system of functions of intervals’? Our own inclination is to accept Dr. Watt’s conclusion (subject to the reservation made above) as being in accord with what we might call aesthetic common sense, but to reject entirely the chain of reasoning by which he arrives at it. There has been (and is) an enormous amount of humbug and hypocrisy mixed up in this matter of prohibition. It must be remembered that consecutives are only forbidden if they occur between the same pair of voices. No one has any objection to their harmonic occurrence. Palestrina does not hesitate to place two triads of the CEG type in juxtaposition, even in three-part writing, provided they are not in the same voice at the same time (which is the true prohibition by shading the parts. (A good example is found at the end of the 8th and beginning of the 9th bar of the first ‘Kyrie’ in the ‘Missa Brevis.’) The prohibitions, therefore, imply the ability of the listener to follow two or more melodies simultaneously as melodies, and from our own experience, and from the inquiries we have made of others, we are doubtful if this power exists, except in abnormal cases. No doubt you can be vaguely conscious that they are melodies, and not mere harmonic filling-up; but that is a very different thing from tracing each melodic curve in absolute detail. It is enormously difficult to do that, even when two parts only are going (to read two melodies simultaneously, even the higher has the power) and of course the difficulty increases with each additional part that comes in to claim a share of the attention. The apprehension of a fugue is largely harmonic; each entry gives a clue, from which the melodic continuations (in the middle parts at any rate) are inferred by the mind rather than heard by the ear. If you choose to concentrate on one of the inner parts, no doubt you can follow it melodically (though with increasing difficulty as the texture thickens); but as soon as you do this you find your apprehension of the outer parts becomes blurred.

For the time being, therefore, we are inclined to suspend judgment as to the soundness of Dr. Watt’s argument. It must be recognized, however, that musicians are bound to tire sooner or later of mere harmonic exploitation, and the next step forward will probably be the development of the power of simultaneous melodic apprehension. That should lead us to a simpler type of musical art, which is much to be desired both on aesthetic and economic grounds. The whole question of these prohibitions (present virtually in abeyance) will then very likely be raised again, and Dr. Watt’s explanation of them will have to be reconsidered. Even now it may well be historically correct, for in pre-harmonic days (when these
prohibitions arose) the power of horizontal apprehension was conceivably greater than it is to-day. In the meantime it would be premature to take the book as gospel, though much of it is suggestive and stimulating in a high degree.

R.O.M.

CONCERTS

Miss Muriel Hughes, who gave a vocal recital on Feb. 25, is evidently a keen admirer of Mr. Phanket Greene, for she faithfully reproduced some of his interpretative mannerisms. Her voice is, at present, rather uneven in quality, and her diction more energetic than easy, but she sings with much initiative and with charm, especially in songs of a slow and sustained character.

Mrs. Anne Thursfield's programme of songs on March 2 ranged from Handel and Scarlatti to Negro Spirituals. She is equally at home in all styles, and her pure singing and delicate enunciation never fail to charm her audience. There were few modern English songs in this recital, but the one small group included a very poetical and beautiful song of Arnold Bax, "To Eire," and a song by James Lyon, "Wild Geese," the restraint and simplicity of which were more effective than many more up-to-date ingenuities. Miss Daisy Backstrook contributed a notable share to the success of the recital by her admirably playing of the accompaniments. Her clear and elastic touch was especially valuable in the older music.

At the London Trio's concert the same day a Trio in D major by Serge Tanéiev was played, but like most of the composer's works it proved a very dry and uninspired work. Mr. Pécskai gave a fine performance of Bach's Chaconne, and Mr. Amendt sang magie songs of Fauré and Duparc with real understanding. He also sang Brahms' "Immer leiser" in French; but he may rest assured that London audiences are now quite happy to listen to German songs in their original language.

Miss Vivien Hughes, who played the Violin Concertos of Beethoven and Saint-Saëns with the London Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall on March 2, has a delightfully broad and free style of bowing. The dignity of her phrasing is almost excessive; Saint-Saëns gained considerably in weight, but Beethoven would have been the better for a little more jollity, and even as for considerably less of Leopold Auer's cadenzas. Between the concertos Mr. Hamilton Harty conducted a good performance of the Love Scene and Scherzo from Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette."

Some songs by a new composer, Alec Robertson, were introduced on March 4 by Mr. Douglas Marshall, whose extremely intelligent playing of the accompaniments showed them off to the best advantage. Mr. Robertson has set several poems from the Chinese, but he writes very much better music when he associates himself with contemporary English poets. Miss Ethel Walker played two preludes and fugues of Bach in a very neat and musicaally style.

The return of Richard Strauss to the Queen's Hall programmes was the occasion of a great demonstration of enthusiasm last Saturday afternoon. "Don Juan" was placed last on the list, presumably in order to allow those who disapproved to make their exit. The concert was on the whole a dull one, and the orchestra were hardly at their best, but they suddenly woke up for the Strauss, and gave a most exhilarating performance of it. The programme included also Mr. George Dyson's fantasias "Sienna," inspired by the Festa del Palio. Its opening promises more than it performs.

The beginning and the end suggest that Mr. Dyson might have painted a vivid Italian picture after the manner of Tchaikovsky's "Procesion del Rosario," but he is unable to keep up the interest, and there are frequent lapses into a sadly English dulness and sentimentality.

The first performance of the new season of the Independent Theatre, which has now revived its activities, will be given on Sunday, March 21, at the Civic Theatre, Hammersmith. The programme will be "The Deluge," by Bernard Shaw; "The Glittering Gate," by Lord Dunsany; and "Et Puis Bonsoir," a mime play by Ruby Ginner. The cast will include Milton Rosmer, Suzanne Shelton, Mona Limerick, Gordon Bailey, Allan Jeayes, Hector Abbas and Arthur Phillips.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

The announcement of the reapparition of Isadora Duncan attracted an enormous audience to the Trocadero on March 6, and the immense hall was not only full but overloading when the dancer appeared on the platform, against a background of grey-blue draperies, and illuminated by an orange "tint," to give her interpretations of Strauss' "Salome." It must be said at once that the whole performance was singularly ineffective. The almost complete immobility of the white-draped figure was only disturbed by an occasional step, forwards or backwards, or by a slight variation in the elevation of the outstretched arms. One can imagine the effectiveness of a statueque immobility adopted for a brief moment, and in contrast to rapid, or, at least, continuous motion; but Isadora Duncan's series of slowly changing statuesque (or rather stained-glass-window) poses, coupled with the desolating "longeurs" of Schubert's music, produced an impression of almost intolerable horordon, and not at all one of Consolation, which Miss Duncan, in her message "To the Public," declared it was her intention to communicate. The second part of the programme consisted mainly of Tchaikovsky's sixth symphony (the "Pathetic"), in which the dancer accompanied the orchestra (or was it vice versa?) throughout. Here again we were invited to seek "consolation" in Tchaikovsky's "sobs," (to quote the "message" once more), but that crying found our associates with "pathetic" music in general, and Tchaikovsky's in particular, refused to be driven away, and was probably intensified by the stifling heat of the overcrowded hall and the general demeanour of the audience.

The latter, one felt, were assisting at a ritual rather than a purely artistic ceremony, and many of those present would probably never have crossed the street in order to see Pavlova dance, or the Russian Ballet perform works of art. But cults exist in Paris, as in London, and elsewhere under the sun, and after all they never do anybody much harm. Only, it is pleasant afterwards to get out under the night sky and breathe the real fresh air...

The "S.M.I." gave their sixty-third concert on the 4th, and the programme was made up, as usual, entirely of first performances. Incidentally, Lord Berners' "Poison d'Or" was played for the first time in Paris. It did not arouse much enthusiasm, which is, perhaps, scarcely astonishing. Honegger's "Sept Pièces Brèves" for piano solo, on the other hand, aroused, if not enthusiasm, various other emotions of a lively kind, some of the audience being moved to laughter, others to audible indignation (someone had provided himself with a whistle), and a third section to a state of mild amusement tempered with boredom. A fourth contented itself with applauding loudly in order, we suppose, to show its appreciation of the pianist. "Seven Pièces" as a whole being very original, and on the whole uninteresting. Inghelbrecht's new "Sonatine" for Flute and Harp (published by Lesse) was also played, and proved very pleasing in a cool and refreshing way. A series of twelve melodies on Tuscan popular songs by Castellnuovo Todesco contained real musical interest.

Busoni is back in Paris, and will give three recitals during March.

The printers' strike has had the effect of slowing up the publication of almost all the magazines, and the chief musical monthlies have not been able to appear.

R.H.M.

From the Year-Book Press come a Magnificent and Nunc Dimitiss for double choir (4d.), another for four voices set to the metrical version of Sternold and Hopkins (4d.), a motet for six voices "Hoc Dies" (4d.), and "Expectans Exspectavi," a short poem by Charles Sorley set as an anthem, all by Dr. Charles Wood. The last seems too personal and intimate for a choral setting, but the others are excellent models of that dignified and austerely formal style which Dr. Wood has always so gracefully recommended to be the only appropriate one for the services of the Church.

The 26th James Forrest Lecture will be delivered at the Institution of Civil Engineers on Tuesday, April 20, at 5.30 p.m., by Sir Douglas Clerk, the subject being "Fuel Conservation in the United Kingdom."
Drama

IN THEIR DEGREE

TAGORE

THE semi-private performances of a "dramatic society" should not, perhaps, be exposed to the full rigour of public criticism; yet the milk-and-water mystery plays of Rabindranath Tagore, presented with very amateur talent diluted or made lurid by a touch of musical-comedy stock, bore one less, just a little less, than the standardized drama of commerce. Tagore has practically no ability as a dramatist; in his descriptive passages such phrases as that about the snipe "wagging their tail" lead one to believe that there may be something fresh, or at least first-hand, in the idiom of his Bengali, even though there be no distinction in the English translation. Moreover, he has, in our opinion, been shamelessly exploited—exploited until we are weary of him, and annoyed that praise given to what his first admirers divined to be the possible charm of his lyricism in his own tongue, of the metrical intricacy and finesse of his prosody in his own tongue, should be paraded as an estimate of increasingly unmeritorious versions in English.

Neither "Autumn Festival" nor "The Post Office" had either a dramatic merit in making, or a technical stage efficiency in presentation, equal to, let us say, "Puss in Boots," as done by Miss Morris' juvenile company, yet the plays were less of a bore than various "successful" pieces now running at the commercial theatres. This is due, possibly, to the fact that even the very mild infant-school didacticism of Tagore's religion is a more mysterious urge than the equally simple avarice, the unutterably patent desire to get gate receipts, which prompts the "creation" of the "normal" commercial play.

We cannot promise the public any reward for attending these plays of Tagore. But Nissanka Mendis (alone out of both casts) managed to play his small part with such unaffected feeling that one could discern, faintly, the possibility that a full company of Indians might create an illusion of reality if they tried the play in Bengali.

SHERIDAN

THE Old Vic, welcomes one with at least the aroma of a place dedicated to the Muses; here, at any rate, plays may have been played before Semitic luxuries had wholly dominated the scene and before the light of Belasco had emphasized the errors of Columbus.

"The Rivals" is an excellent argument for our quixotic belief that the dramatist should contribute something to the general effect of the play.

The text is feminist, it was at its first performance, perhaps, as didactic as Shaw; it is an anti-duelling play, it advocates slightly better education of women, it is a "revel of youth" play; and, despite these sins against utterly-utter aestheticism, it has escaped the corruption of time.

The construction is correct, though the joining is not so close that in a modern farce-comedy by Mr. Maltby, Patter and wit have preserved it, as they have preserved the atrociously unconstructed "Merchant of Venice" (not that the present critic professes an ability to sit through the horrors of Mary Gray's Portia and a Potash and Perlmutter Shylock).

Sheridan's text is so good that the play holds even with rather moderate acting. Mr. Warburton, Mr. Montague Shaw, and Mr. Hawkins sustain their roles; Mr. Shaw's Capt. Absolute is sympathetic; Miss Carlton has stray moments of charm in the first act. O'Trigger is defective, he is the stage Irishman without a brogue; Absolute's imitation is not of him, but of what he ought to be.

Lydia's age is several times stated to be "seventeen." As Sheridan reiterates this specification, he may have intended it to have a functional value in the play. What is pardonable impulsiveness at this tender age is dangerously near to seeming like ineradicable and idiotic repulsion if the stage heroine appears twenty-five. In fact, this discrepancy between the stated and the apparent age of Lydia in the Old Vic. performance is enough to throw the whole play out of scale; and we may open discussion as to the very different "value" of Absolute's little trick if we suppose him to be nineteen or twenty indulging in a schoolboy lark, or twenty-five or six, genuinely fond of Miss Languish, and deceiving her for her good, or merely a fortune-hunter.

Mr. Montague Shaw's interpretation was, on the whole, the best in the play; and, indeed, a very good way to take the character. The art of play-writing from Shakespeare to Moliere, and from Moliere to Sheridan, is the art of making a certain number not of wholly empty "types" nor yet of absolutely "solid" individuals; but of, as it were, half-hollow, half-transparent, reservoirs into which the actor can pour his colouring interpretation.

Every company of players now in London might play "The Rivals," and we should still have a different play at each theatre—we should, indeed, have a set of plays considerably less monotonous than the series to be found in the "Entertainment Index" for this morning. We come to comment, and not to reform, but an edict ordering the same Sheridan or the same Webster play at all theatres would expedite the rebirth of drama.

In detail we noted that Acres, despite attributing a Cockney accent to his unspecified rural district, made good in his scene with Absolute, before sending the challenge; Faulkland made a good curtain in Act III. sc. iv. The performance would be improved by shortening the intervals between scenes, and by shortening Lydia's skirts; this latter abbreviation might be an anachronism, but it would help her to feel her true age.

RUSSIAN MATINEES

BULL - BAITINGS, loins and extremities have given place to the arts of the theatre, and the spectre of Bolshevism has driven the Spectre of the Rose and the Russian aesthete to London. We have, therefore, a chance for honourable exploitation of the sorrows of Moscow and "St. Petersburg." Messrs. Comisarjevsky and Rosing have opened their season a little before they are really ready, but the venture is a brave one, and deserves support on the quite selfish basis that if they go on they can quite probably purvey very enjoyable programmes.

For the moment Mr. Rosing himself is the only "unique attraction," the only "one and original" of their repertoire; but given the "high" ideals, the definite and visible intention to refuse nothing because it is "too good for the public," the Russian Matines of the Duke of York's should serve as a foil for much of the known and latent talent in London—talent that is for scene, for ballet-invention, for music-drama, and for both decorative and poetic devices.

The devotees of ballet of the Pavlova-Nijinsky period will for the moment find their pleasure in the current bill, though Miss Bedells is a nervous rather than a sinuous dancer, and though her capacity seems limited to an expression of the "lighter emotions"; and though she has a playful girlliness, a rather faintly coloured eroticism, none of the Slavic "surge and thunder," none of the "Oriental" richness of the old Russian performers. She is, in brief, one to dance Dobson rather than Swinburne, but able to captivate her audience in the old story "False Caprice," and certainly able to fill a good quarter of the
afternoon if not called upon to be the mainstay of three quarters.

She had a sympathetic rôle in the second ballet, though we have as yet no authentic communiques to fortify the implication that Dutch costume has been adopted in Riga, Vladivostock, or any other typically Russian or Slavic seaport.

The corporation needs enriching; it needs more brain, new inventions, old bits of “Swan” and “Bow and Arrow” can sink into memory. Dolls also have been somewhat fully exploited; Comisarjevsky’s performance contains, however, some novelty, and Margot Luck has just the touch of personality which might “make” a dancer. The doll movements are not maintained with the consistency which solidified “La Boutique Fantasque.” If this laxity gives a chance for some pretty moments, it is, nevertheless, a weakness of aesthetic; it leads nowhere, and cannot, in the long run, succeed.

The kidnapping of the smallest doll child by the ogre at the end of Scene Two leads nowhere at all; it is merely a piece of byplay having no structural function. There are probably better-written ballet scenarios lying in various juvenile desks.

But the important thing, and what might, with a reasonable measure of success, become even a significant thing, is that an art theatre has been started, under some auspices other than imbecile. Here is a company to whom the finest perceptions are welcome rather than unwelcome. This potentiality should not be neglected.

Of the announced programme for next week, two items have already been performed at the Lahta (Russian art society). The Nursery is frankly a bore, but the Russian Folk Scenes were an up-to-the-minute success on the restricted Wigmore Hall platform, and should gain greatly by their transfer to more commodious quarters, providing M. Rosing continues to act as “The Showman.”

T. J. V.

Correspondence

MR. CLIVE BELL AND “WILCOXISM”

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

Sir,—Since so much of Mr. Bell’s “querulous hospitality” (ATHENÆUM, March 5, p. 311) appears to come into my direction, you will perhaps allow me the publicity of your correspondence columns to pay him a compliment he has more or less deserved; that is, to examine his pronouncements.

First of all, Mr. Bell has discovered that “the Imperial Painters at Burlington House”; and the whole warlike array of painters marshalled before that mighty Empire is the monster before which he abusively struts. He is concerned for the honour of his country. The military character of the spectacle is alone sufficient to vex and disturb him; and, of course, he had no hand in marshalling it—not even that of the non-com. barking at its heels.

But Mr. Bell knows as well as anybody else that this vast display does not represent the serious painting being done in England, any more than a promiscuous exhibition of the same extent and nature in Paris would represent that of France. Furthermore, had Derain, Matisse, Vlaminck and those painters of his choice working in Paris been employed by a similar authority in France, they would have been unlikely to produce work at all comparable to the best of their independent and unconditioned work.

It must be admitted at once, however, that beneath his parade of dishonesty and effrontery, Mr. Bell is really a sincere, if hallucinated, soul. For he regards Paris with something of the awe-struck glee and relish of a provincial urchin at the sight of a Cockney guttersnipe. Is there anything that almost any artist with a little prestige in Paris might not tell him that he would not swallow unhesitatingly? He is, almost, you might say deliberately, the comic “Anglais” of French caricature. He is a grinning, effusive and rather servile Islander, out on his adventures among French intelligences. Besides, when you consider the five long years he has been exiled from France it is no wonder that he should give proof of an almost ecstatic contentment at being able at last to get there again.

As regards the details of his conceit, “Wilcoxism”: to write one week that his friend Mr. Grant is greater than William Blake or Hogarth, and the next to your contributor R. H. W. asserting that “Mr. Lewis possesses certain affinities with Leonardo,” is just a droll essay in impudence. R. H. W. does not, as far as I can find, say that “Mr. Lewis was a match for Leonardo”; so Mr. Bell has, not unutterably, indulged in a little dishonest shuffling of words.

To write, “Mrs. Wilcox has no reason to suppose that her friends were not the greatest writers alive,” is to challenge the reflection which must come to anyone’s mind that, if ever it were so, Pot is calling the Kettle black; and calling it black with the full consciousness that those conversant with the tenderly sympathetic attitude of Mr. Bell and his friends to each other would say either, “What charming effrontery on the part of Mr. Bell!” or “Mr. Bell is overreaching himself!” according to their attitude of mind with respect to that gentleman.

But already a method is apparent, directing Mr. Bell’s utterances. Any offence Mr. Bell indulges in this week we must expect to be allowed by him during the course of the following week. Any vice of mind that is essentially Mr. Bell’s you can wager he will attribute to you at the first opportunity, with many a sly shake of the finger, and splutter of the mouth.

So when he writes, “To talk of modern English painting as though there were the rival of French painting is silly;” it is a silliness that Mr. Bell would be far more likely to be guilty of than anyone else. With his “French colts 7 lb. below English;” “English normally a stone below French;” and all the rest of his Winstonian sporting parallels, does he not show himself, indeed, very apt at such stupidities, only the other way on! For Intellectual champions are of more individual growth than physical ones. There are always a few good artists in every country. A country can have a monopoly of general taste, as it can of general athletic efficiency, for a time: but hardly of individual triumphs of the intellect. Supposing a Brazilian of genius or a talented Turk see the light; must he settle in Paris in order to take his place beside an ineffable Four, who, alas! (Mr. Bell “bravely recognizes the disagreeable truth”) are even more compelling than Mr. Duncan Grant!

But Mr. Bell mixes Empire with Art, and Art with Sport, in his excitable nature. And moth-like he returns without cease to the “Ville Libre.” But has it never occurred to Mr. Bell that, to undertake such a comparatively comfortable task as that of critic of Art, a permanent residence in Paris may be essential? Is the critic in this more privileged than the painter? Or is Mr. Bell’s calibre as a critic to be reckoned only as minus avoido? However this may be, his “return from the flanks” which pulls itself out more and more, until it has made him one of the most ridiculous figures we possess.

At least in this little matter of the comic Mr. Bell’s unfortunate provincial native land is not a stone, nor yet 7 lb., behind her seductive and so “artistic” neighbors in France. This should be some consolation to Mr. Bell’s distressed patriotism.

Yours faithfully,

26a, Campden Hill Gardens.

JOHN CLARE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

Sir,—Every lover of nature and of poetry will be grateful to you for giving him Mr. Edmund Blunden’s article upon John Clare. May I refer to the Editor of the Atheneum, perhaps more particularly to correct it? If the world is to be reminded of a great and neglected man, it is surely desirable that its information should be accurate.

The treasure-hunt to which Mr. Blunden refers is, I think, almost ended. He and I have located the treasure, and we hope soon to give to the public poems from Clare’s unpublished manuscripts. For our discovery we cannot claim much credit: the trail has all the way been very clear; it seems curious that hardly anyone has followed it through before.
And now to correct the article in a few minutes. "Almost thirty years afterwards," though we call it a round number, is a misleading exaggeration. From his admission till his death Clare was in the madhouse twenty-two years. Nor is it only to quieten the insatiable admirers of Birket Foster that Clare has been anthologized. Poems of his are included in at least three anthologies of the Clarendon Press, in Mr. Ernest Rhys's companion to the "Golden Treasury," and, I don't doubt, elsewhere.

This brings me to the third objection, the only objection of importance. It saddens me to find Mr. Blunden quoting from the version of "I am" given in J. L. Cherry's book, and reprinted by almost every subsequent editor. There is, it happens, a version of infinitely higher poetic worth, equally well authenticated. For the benefit of those who have the "Oxford Book of the English Verse" or the "Oxford Book of Victorian Verse," why I call attention to the more important differences of reading?

In J. L. Cherry we have

the living sea of waking dream,
Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest,

The last couplet he gives as

Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie,

The grass below—the vaulted sky.

In the Annual Report for 1864 of the Medical Superintendent of Saint Andrews the first passage is given as

the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
But the vast shipwreck of my life's estemes;

And 'n the dear—on the two and talk of "the shipwreck
of his own estemes"?

Yours truly,

Queen's College, Oxford.

ALAN PORTER.

THE FIRST FOLIO POEM INITALLED "I. M."
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—Were I to leave unnoticed the criticism by Mr. Robert Little to the effect that quite evidently "no satisfying meaning can be assigned" by me to the supposedly signalled letter F, it might be held that my silence gave consent. As a matter of fact I have ready for publication, in the event of being called upon therefor, and of being allowed the requisite two columns or so of space, a tentative completion of the cryptogram, uniting a certain other letter with the F, and explaining the details of each letter in accordance with a common plan that is mathematically "satisfying."

The bother is, that it might not be deemed sentimentally "satisfying"! And my position is that of a student who, wishing to advance matters a stage with as little obstruction of a so far insufficiently debated personal opinion as possible, has submitted in public, and to readers of the leading literary journal, fewer particulars of a supposed cryptogram than he has more or less privately submitted to certain unrespective authorities, and only so much as can easily be shown to be beyond reasonable dispute purposed coincidence, in order that other readers, cleverer than he, may provide (if they can) a solution of the extent and interpretation of the cryptogram that shall be "satisfying" sentimentally as well as mathematically.

Respectfully yours,

J. D. PARSONS.

43, Sutton Court Road, Chiswick.

SIR A. E. GARROD, recently appointed Director of the Clinical Unit at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has been recommended for appointment to the Regius Professorship of Medicine at Oxford University in succession to the late Sir William Osler. Sir A. E. Garrod is also well known in his capacity of Consulting Physician to the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children.

The principal item in the January number of La Critica (Bari, Lateran & Figli, 3 lire) is Professor Crocke's essay, in four parts, dealing with Corneille; and there are reviews of M. J. Roger Charbonnel's "La Pensée italienne au XVie siècle et le courant libertin," Señor D. Miguel Asín Palacios's "La Escatología musulmana en la Divina Comedia," as well as of other works.

For the FLAUBERT TRADITION

DANSONS LA TROMPEUSE, Par Raymond Escholier. (Paris, Grasset 5 fr.)

"DANSONS LA TROMPEUSE" is a delicate and beautiful novel. It has no plot, no love motif, no dramatic action; but the reader who could put it down unfinished or fail to take an interest in Mme. Lestelle, the central figure, would reveal himself abnormally insensitive to art and abnormally insensitive to life. The rhythm of the life which animates the pages of this book is extremely simple; its fluctuations are almost imperceptible; it is gentle, continuous, inevitable, like the rhythm of human life itself, and the art which controls it is perfectly balanced. M. Escholier's method is the method of Flaubert, and the result is the same.

Mme. Lestelle, like Mme. Bovary, is a provincial woman who might have found the stimuli necessary for her happiness in the minor diversions of town life. But she is condemned to languish in solitude in her remote country house. When we first meet her she is a childless widow of fifty, still attractive after a few minutes' work before the mirror and terribly afraid of old age. She tries again and again to persuade herself that the dreaded day when she must confess herself old is still remote but, in her heart she suspects that it has in fact already dawned. A series of small incidents, falling upon her like little poisoned darts, convert this suspicion into a relentless certainty. Basilisse, her peasant servant, blurts out the truth with "Quand on commence à entrer dans l'âge," the Abbé Roumens rolls it forth in well-meant attempts at consolation, the Marquis de Sénaboug delicately barbs his dart. Then comes a sudden fatigue at a ball, the sight of lovers locked in an embrace, the departure from the country of her one man friend, failing health, financial worries—the shower of darts becomes thicker and thicker. In vain she attempts to restore her moral by pathetic little expedients: by clothes, by increased care at the dressing-table, by renewed interest in a collection of breg-a-brac which projects her imagination into a distant past. Her spirit succumbs to a heavy lassitude, and she bows her head to the knowledge that she is now a poor lonely old woman who can barely afford fire and food. Quietly, unabtrusively, undramatically, the sands of her life run out.

M. Escholier tells the pathetic story with great skill—so great that we do not at first realize the degree of his artistry. But only an author very sure of his art could succeed in the frail barque between the rocks of the capriciousness of Sentimentality and Tedium. M. Escholier has, however, the necessary confidence in the power of art to synthesize. He throws the action back to the eighties, discarding telephones and motor omnibuses and the thousand and one stage properties of the soi-disant realistic novelist. He has no use for actualities or obvious realism. He stands a little aloof from life, out of range of its multitudinous small appeals, in order to focus his selected subject in perspective. But he never gets out of earshot of Mme. Lestelle or misses the significance of her most trivial gesture.

We congratulate M. Escholier on this charming work in a severe tradition.

March 12, 1920
O RIANI'S ideas, which lie scattered among novels and books of general literature, are strongly philosophical in character, and are specially prominent in two books of more than usual importance: "La Lotta Politica in Italia" and "La Rivolta Ideale," in which he expresses, as one writer from its title, a description of the political struggles of his own day, but a historical introduction on broad lines—too broad, perhaps, for a mere introduction, since it begins with the mediæval origins of modern Italy. As, however, Oriani's promised inquiry into the real struggle was never forthcoming, the introduction stands by itself as a history of Italy, the only one we possess that is worthy of the name. It is sharply divided into two parts, differing widely in originality of outlook and in adequacy of treatment. The first part, from the Middle Ages to the Nineteenth Century, is hurried, and to a great extent modelled upon the works of earlier writers, especially on Ferrari's "Storia delle Rivoluzioni d'Italia." From this he derives the two categories of Unity and Federation which form the arbitrary framework of the whole story. Oriani is obviously ill at ease here. His material is not well digested, but he did not dare to neglect it on account of the naturalistic belief that the sources of a movement must be sought in its environment. If this be true, then the history of Italy cannot possibly be written without going back to the Middle Ages, Rome, and perhaps even the far-distant pre-Roman period, round which eighteenth-century writers had spun so many fables. But the moment he turns to the true history of Italy, which begins with the first revolutionary movements stirred up by his nation, his subject becomes very different, and in a couple of volumes he gives us a rich, vivid, well-ordained picture of our Risorgimento.

Here the guiding principles of Unity and Federation acquire the concrete character of the facts among which they move, and which shape them and are in their turn shaped by them, whereas in the earlier period they are being applied to a material that rebels against them, and therefore the recurrence is merely a wearisome and mechanical interplay of antitheses. Indeed, the whole historical outlook of the author, which had formed itself on the fruitful soil of these ideal contrasts, enters bodily into the struggle for unity, and when it at length emerges, it does not stand delivering abstract judgments in isolation, but appears almost as the conscience of this historical movement, critical, and essentially a part of it.

The most profound historical experiences of the "Lotta Politica" are collected in the "Rivolta Ideale," which is a work of Oriani's mature years. Its outlook is wider, but as it is in a historical narrative, it is more monotonous and abstract. Here history is presented, the biography of the human race, still young after all these thousand years, and not having reached even yet a world-embracing consciousness. The first century which has approached such an ideal is the nineteenth, the "century of individualism, and therefore the most world-wide of all in its outlook, the century that was to initiate the greatest period of universal history." Individualism and universalism centre in Europe, whence the new history of the world radiates; all the conquests of civilization outside Europe are, in fact, European in spirit and impulse. Africa especially is the supremacy of the highest achievement of the history of Europe in the Nineteenth Century. This work does not bear the name of a man or a people because the greatest creations are anonymous. "Genius can sum up that of which a people is unconscious, but it cannot stamp its own likeness on the consciousness of a people."

Its ideal character is expressed even in the two philosophies representing its triumph and its degradation:

After Hegel's vast dazzling philosophy, which summed up the whole of the ancient world and opened the way to the modern period, degeneration became rapid. Hegel had raised the world to the status of a living being, while Pitti's destructive ideas in the facts. Their philosophy was the only one suited to an industrial period that isolated individuals, levelling them instead of unifying them. The unknowable, the instinctive interpretation of which is the idea of life, giving it its grandeur, was pronounced useless. History ceased to look for revelations of the past in great ideas.

* Part I. appeared in last week's Athenæum.
RICHH. DEHMEL

The death of Richard Dehmel, which took place on February 8 at his home at Blankensee, near Hamburg, where he had lived since the year 1902, has deprived contemporary German literature of one of its outstanding representatives. It would not be correct to speak of Dehmel as a leader. He had no such profound influence on the other writers of his generation as that exerted by, say, Stefan George or Paul Ernst. Except Alfred Mombert there is no important modern German poet who can be called in any way one of Dehmel's disciples. His actual fertile literary influence has been comparatively small and his work has stood alone, an individual achievement of interest to the readers of poetry rather than to its writers.

Dehmel was born on November 18, 1865, in Wendish-Hermsdorf, in the district of the Spreewald. His father was a forestry student at the University of Berlin. He went to Leipzig, where he obtained his doctor's degree with a thesis on insurance. This was his qualification for becoming, shortly afterwards, secretary to an insurance company. It was at this time, about the years 1891 and 1892, that he began to write poetry, and to contribute literary essays to various periodicals. In 1895 he gave up his position and entered definitely upon a literary career. Three volumes of his poems had appeared: "Erlebnisse" ("Reminiscences"), "Aber die Liebe" ("Love's Chaoz"), and "Lebensblätter" ("Leaves of Life"), Of these the first and second attracted much attention. In verse of a rhythm which revealed the influence of Heine, Dehmel set forth the dynamic, individualist philosophy of Nietzsche, which was to be the dominant intellectual influence upon him for the rest of his life. On its technical side his poetry, particularly these early volumes, and above all "Aber die Liebe," owed much, in addition to Heine, to Detlev von Liliencron, Dehmel's friend for several years.

Side by side with the Nietzschean influence just mentioned there was also, in Dehmel's not very clear or consistent philosophy, a strain of intellectual socialism. This is worth a reference, not only because it did not accord with his otherwise intensely individualistic temperament, but because certain recent commentators appear to have given it too much prominence, and to have spoken of Dehmel as if he were the poet of the German working-class. That he was read in that class is not to beoubted, and at least one poem, the familiar "Arbeitsmann," with its beginning Wir haben ein Bett; wir haben ein Kind, Mein Arbeit,
was a commonplace of Social Democratic clubs in all parts of Germany. But to place Dehmel among the Socialistic poets on account of a few poems such as this would be ill-proportioned criticism. He remains, in practically all his most important books, a poet whose artistic inspiration came first from his own interpretation of an individualistic philosophy carried into literary form in his own conceptions of passion and revolt. This is true not only of his greatest work, the sequence "Zwei Menschen" ("Man and Woman"), but of the erotic poems collected under the title of "Die Verwandlungen der Venus" ("The Transformations of Venus"), as of his drama, "Der Mittmenschen" ("The Fellow-Man"). It may be remarked that, with the exception of this last, a "pantomime" entitled "Lucifer," a tragi-comedy, "Michael Michael," a prose-drama, entitled "Die Menschenfreunde" ("The Friends of Humanity"), written during the war—-with these exceptions and two volumes of critical reflections, all Dehmel's work was in verse.

The content of Dehmel's work is not of great importance. It is too much "dated"; already we feel its doctrine of non-moral unrestrained passion, self-realization as the highest virtue—we feel that this is well on the way to the lusub room where the crude atheism of the eighteen-eighties has been banished forever. Yet for this, however individual and solid poetic value remains. The technical mastery shown in "Zwei Menschen," which consists of thirty-six poems, each of thirty-six irregular lines, is unequalled in modern German poetry, and in our own might be held to challenge Swinburne. The varying passages of description and impression of natural scenery add to the charm of the individual, and the particular episode in Dehmel's passionate story—this is an achievement one can appreciate for its own sake.

List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

These works in the list which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIA, MAGAZINES, &c.

*Cook (Sir Edward). The Press in War-Time. Macmillan, 1920. 7* in. 200 pp., 7/6 n. 070

See review, p. 338.

Peisker (J.). Geschichte und Verwaltungstechnik eines zweifach buechenden Bibliothekssystems. Graz, Leykam, 1919. 9* in. 37 pp. paper. 025.8

The pamphlet issued by Dr. Peisker, Director of Graz University, describes a method of stocktaking employed at the University of Prague. It is carried out by three officials using three lists, viz., an alphabetical card-catalogue by authors, the catalogue of the 38 classes into which the library is broadly classified, and a catchword catalogue on cards. The method is worth the consideration of libraries in this country.

100 PHILOSOPHY.


See review, p. 337.

O'Donnell (Elois). The Menace of Spiritualism. Werner Laurie (1920). 8 in. 220 pp., 5/ n. 133.9

It is a little bewildering to find Mr. O'Donnell, who has written about haunted houses and the like, and has repeatedly asserted his belief in spontaneous ghostly manifestations, taking up the cudgels against spiritualism. However, he delivers some shrewd blows, and in a popular manner sets forth a strong case against spiritualists and their operations. Occasionally his criticisms are directed against theosophy; but the two systems or cults are for the most part, we imagine, widely dissimilar in essentials.

200 RELIGION.

The Coming Catholicism. By Six Anglican Priests. R. Scott, 1920. 8 in. 79 pp. app. paper, 2/6 n. 283.0

These addresses by the Revs. N. E. Egerton Swan, S. Proudfoot, Gordon Milburn, A. E. J. Rawlinson, Harold Anson and Harold Buxton (some of whom are members of the Liberal Catholic Union, the body responsible for the volume) have as an introduction a brief paper by the Dean of Manchester and Bishop Designate of Lincoln, who points out that the six essays illustrate three "characteristic features of the religious thought of to-day," namely, that religious truth is a living and growing thing; that concern for the Kingdom of God is for increasing number of people, as urgent as their concern for personal salvation; and that we are learning to emphasize the social character of the Gospel and the ethic of Christ.


Contains, with other matter, noteworthy papers entitled "Bail-dog, or Bail-dock" (A. Neave Brynshaw), "London Year Meeting during 250 Years," "Presentations in Episcopal Visitations, 1662-1679" (Professor G. Lyon Turner), and "Life and Letters of Jean de Marsillac," part 4 (Norman Penney).

Kane (Robert). Worth: lectures. Longmans, 1920. 8 in. 238 pp. boards, 6/6 n. 294

In these thoughtful addresses, some of which were delivered at the Church of Corpus Christi, Maiden Lane, Strand, the author at first deals with general principles, and discusses true and false standards of worth. He then treats of person
ality, intellectual excellence, the evolution of the soul, the worth of patriotism, and other topics.


This edition, revised and enlarged, of this simple and altogether admirable exposition of the Friends' religion, life, and polity.

300 SOCIOLOGY.


At the present time any authoritative discussion of the subject of Labour is sure of careful attention and study. Professor Hammond in this volume depicts the social background in England before the outbreak of the war, and the state of English industry and labour after hostilities had begun. He deals with the relations of the Government and the trade unions; the supply, distribution, dilution, and hours of labour; wages; the cost of living; welfare work, and the like. Industrial unrest and reconstruction are also discussed by the author, who refers at some length to the housing question.


The greatest lesson the author learned on the battlefields of the great war was to think earnestly and ruthlessly, and he offers the results of his observations and reflections, limited and fragmentary though they be, as first-hand information to American readers on the state of mind of European Socialists. He served on the Belgian, British and Roumanian fronts, and went on a mission to the Russian revolutionary Government, and on another to the United States. He had been a prominent labour leader, but refuses to label himself as either Socialist or Bolshevik.

400 PHILOLOGY.


When M. de Beafront, the enthusiastic leader of the Esperanto movement, submitted his suggestions for an international auxiliary language to the committee of delegates in the Collège de France, they were unanimously approved, and referred to a permanent commission for the settlement of details. This has few grammatical rules and these have neither exceptions nor irregularities: it is a neutral language of ideal simplicity and can be acquired with a minimum of brainwork. This is a complete manual for learners.


Although so small as to be convenient for the waistcoat pocket, this dictionary comprises, in addition to ordinary matter, useful grammatical notes and conversational phrases.


The art of writing a lucid and concise summary of a document or series of documents is described by the author, whose clear explanations are followed by numerous examples of matter suitable for condensation, and by a series of exercises.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Coleridge (Hon. Stephen). *The Idolatry of Science.* Lane, 1920. 7 in. 100 pp. 3/6 n.

Mr. Coleridge adopts towards science the attitude of the Augustan writers of the early eighteenth century. Butler and Shadwell had begun the game with their "Elephant in the Moon" and "Virtuso": Pope and Swift perfected it by the invention of Laputa and Martinus Scriblerus. It is not a difficult game to play; the specialist absorbed in Hexamethyleneetramine can be made to look a fool by any literary man of moderate intelligence. Mr. Coleridge's fire of rhetoric and irony is effective; the Aunt Sally he has chosen to set up and call the Man of Science is knocked to pieces by the coconuts of his eloquence. It is an amusing performance; even the scientists will admit that if they have sense and humour enough not to take the book too seriously.


A simple introduction to the elementary facts of chemistry, physics and biology. The book is well illustrated, and should be useful to those who have no previous knowledge of any science. Theoretical principles and practical applications are treated together, a method which will probably be successful in stimulating interest on the part of the young student.

600 USEFUL ARTS.


Although the author in one chapter considers different theories of sleep, and puts forward one based on vibration to which he has given several years' consideration, his book is mainly practical. By reforming certain habits and practises both the quantity and quality of our sleep may be improved. He touches also upon dreams and their causes, sleep-walking, sleep-working, why some are light sleepers, and such-like topics.

Whale (George). British Airships, Past, Present and Future. Lane, 1919. 7 1/2 in. 244 pp. 24 pl., 7/6 n.

629.17

A useful account, well illustrated, of different types of British airships, with a discussion of their relative merits. Useful suggestions are made for the employment of airships to help in solving some of the problems of the future.

700 FINE ARTS.


Four partial translations of Hegel's "Aesthetik" in English, and one in French, are known to Mr. Osmaston, who states in his preface that the present version is the first complete translation in English of the three volumes devoted to the subject in the collected edition of Hegel's works (Berlin, 1885).


759.5

See review, p. 343.


In an announcement at the beginning of this catalogue it is stated that no permanent arrangement of the pictures can be completed until all the portions of the Gallery which were lent to the Government are again available; and, owing to the need of certain structural alterations, "some two years may elapse before all the rooms can be reopened."

800 LITERATURE.


824.4

This brochure is an example of comedy typography executed on paper of fine quality and adorned with happily-inspired artistic designs.


822.9

A serviceable and skilful adaptation, for dramatic purposes, of Bunyan's allegory, with verses by Vaughan, Heber, Faber, and others added, as well as illustrations by Mr. Harold Copping.
The old story of Admetus and Alcestis is retold in a dramatic trilogy—Apollo in Hades, the Death of Alcestis, and the Doom of Admetus. The plays are all written in the heroic couplet, and follow the classic traditions of tragic sternness and simplicity.

Mencken (H. L.) and Nathan (George Jean). Helio

The authors of this play have carried the Shavian method of brightening up the classics to its logical conclusion. The characters speak the language, not of the modern European drawing-room, but of the modern American saloon. Helio
gabalus and his eleven wives, a tiping admiral, two doctors, and a pair of Christians, male and female, revolve in an agreeable manner, part the poems included that Puritans and Pussyfoot reformers of every sort are unpleasant and disgusting creatures. We could wish that these two talented writers had combined to produce something rather more ambitious than this bufoonery. It is too easy.

**POETRY.**


In this volume Miss Betham-Edwards has given us versions of a number of those pleasantly sentimental pieces beloved by the French reciter. A few of the classical great have been admitted; but by the most part the poems included are by such minor writers as Nadaud, Delpil, Paul Drouëlée, Florian. In these versions Miss Betham-Edwards has been too often content with a rather vague à peu près. Thus, she translates the first verse of Fabre d'Eglantine's enchanting "'Il pleut, il pluit, bergère," as follows:

The rain is falling, shepherd maid.
A storm is rising fast;
Let's hasten to some friendly shade
For shelter till 'tis past.

This is not really good enough: the precision and simplicity o: the original have disappeared, and something slightly stilted and "poetical" has taken their place.

Low (Benjamin R. C.). The Pursuit of Happiness: and other poems. Lane, 1919. 73 in. 136 pp. boards, 5/ n. 811.5

Mr. Low is perhaps the most interesting of the traditionalist poets of America. The sonnet sequence which gives its name to the volume shows a remarkably high level of accompl
ishment, and is illuminated by frequent felicities of expression. The theme of the sequence is stated in the opening lines of the first sonnet:

There is a beauty, after all is said,
Unachieved for ever;
and through the remaining fifty sonnets Mr. Low pursues this unachievable loveliness in all its Protean changes. He writes his sonnets with a happy appearance of ease. There is a certainty, an assurance, about such an opening as:

Words are to dreams a wired and golden cage
Wherein, made captive, some enchanting bird
Is listened to for music that is heard
In wooded freedom only;
which many less articulate poets may envy. At his worst Mr. Low is too articulate; some of his last lines, for example, are too triumphantly neat and conclusive to be quite spontaneous.


Some of the most poignant of these careful pieces, such as "Sheep-Shearing," "The Common Round," and "At Sea," are short, direct, unelaborated expressions of the pangs or the joyous thrills of some typical contingency of the common round. More lofty in aim are such things as the dramatic "Return of Alcestis" and "Dedicata," the latter a lyrical picture of the sacrifice of a Joan of Arc.

**FICTION.**


Of these nine stories "The Headsman in the Courtyard" (an episode of the Terror), "The Invisible Marquis of Gallanique" (dealing with a penless youth's succession to estates squandered by his father), and "The Castle of the Four Outlooks" (a somewhat humorous account of a baronial feud), have France as a background, and are the most consp
uously imaginative. The other tales are chiefly set in the New World.

Bretherton (Ralph Harold). Two Sisters. Allen & Unwin [1920]. 7 in. 302 pp., 7/6 n. 823.09

Mr. Bretherton has chosen the contrasted characters of two sisters as the theme of his story. Ethel, the elder, considers herself a model of propriety, and her husband thinks her perfect; but she wishes everyone to conform to her standards. She puts the worst construction on the conduct of her younger sister, who is fond of music and gaiety; and she calls her brother a "slacker." The testing time comes, however, when misfortune overtakes her father and mother.

Escholier (Raymond). Dansons la Trompeuse. Paris, Grasset, 1919. 73 in. 240 pp., paper, 5 fr. 843.9

See notice, p. 350.


The authors discourse pleasantly and informatively on such novelists as Meredith, Gissing, Henry James, Hardy, Bennett, Wells, Conrad, etc. A distinctly scrappy chapter is devoted to "The Younger Generation." We have the impression that the authors regard each writer as "good of his kind," but they tell us nothing about the relative values of the different "kinds."


Whether this detective yarn is meant for children is not clear; it will hardly do for anyone else. Lady Betty Baltimore does up her glorious hair, burgles the houses of rich war-profiteers, and with the proceeds founds an orphanage for five hundred children, and incidentally gets married.


Philip Kane, the hero of this novel, is a journalist who arrives at the conclusion that only in human brotherhood is there any hope for the future of the world. Among his associates are Anne Drummond, a delightful girl from whose "make-up" snobishness has fortunately been omitted, and Ivan Smirnoff, an idealistic Russian genius and a convinced supporter of the proletarian revolution. Ivan believes that Vladimir Oulianoff will be the new leader of men—the coming deliverer. The book contains much scathing criticism of war. Ivan, Philip, and Anne (who becomes Philip's wife) are all internationalists and pacifists; and the last-named dies a martyr in the cause of human solidarity. Mr. Goldring's story is arresting and stimulating.


A translation into Spanish of J. K. Huysmans' "En Rade."

Reid (Forrest). Pirates of the Spring. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), 1920. 73 in. 356 pp., 7/ n. 843.9

See review, p. 338.


These further passages in the thrilling career of the "Lone Wolf" deal with a German conspiracy of such magnitude and importance that all the waters to be crossed by a certain limer, on board of which is a British agent conveying intelligence of the secret to America, are punctuated by U-boats and sown with mines. It is unmasked by the acumen of the brilliant hero; and at the end of the tale he receives a great and unsought-for reward.
THE WAY TO FINANCIAL COMFORT.

Hundreds of men and women over 55 years of age doubling and, in some cases, trebling their income from investments.

Much attention has been given in the papers lately to a fact which has made itself painfully apparent in the home—the alarming decline in the purchasing power of the pound.

The hardest hit are those whose only source of income is from investments. There are cases, almost without number, where the income was just comfortably sufficient before the war. Now it is hopelessly inadequate. Food costs more than double; many other essentials are three and four times their old price. And the income remains the same!

What is to be done?

The case calls for drastic treatment. One per cent, increase will not do. Yet the investor dare not plunge into speculative ventures. He dare not risk losing all. It would, indeed, be the height of folly to do so.

What, then, can he or she do?

Follow the example of hundreds of retired professional and business men who have sold their stocks and shares and purchased with the capital a Sun Life of Canada Annuity. One case just closed was that of a man, 61 years of age, who obtained an annuity of £305 2s. with only £3,000 of capital. His income last year from this same amount was well under £150. Another case also recently closed was that of a widow, 67 years of age, whose income was about £80 a year—certainly not enough in these times to keep body and soul together. Acting on sound advice she sold her shares and bought a Sun Life of Canada Annuity, amounting to £166 16s. This means financial comfort where before was penury.

It must also be remembered that these people have exchanged an income which was not absolutely certain for an annuity which, besides being very, very much bigger, is guaranteed for life. The Sun Life of Canada has assets of over £23,000,000 under strict Government supervision. The future income is, therefore, drawn from a source which is as safe as anything in this world can be.

Everyone with money invested, whatever their age, should get in touch with the Sun Life of Canada, through the Manager, and find out something more of the many financial advantages offered by this great and progressive Company. Investigation does not commit one in any way whatever, and it may be that the information supplied will be a boon to the inquirer for the rest of his or her life. Write in confidence, stating exact age and amount of money at disposal, to F. F. Junkin, Sun Life of Canada, 10, Canada House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.2.

PLEASE HELP

THE

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Its EVANGELISTIC BRANCHES include TRAINING COLLEGES for evangelists and sisters; evangelists and sisters working in hundreds of town and country parishes; 70 MISSION-VANS itinerating the country districts; Missions of many kinds, including those in PRISONS, WORKHOUSES, and SLUMS; and many others.

For Men still serving it has RECREATION CENTRES in Rhineland, and in France and Belgium.

FOR EX-SERVICE MEN it has a flourishing EMPLOYMENT BUREAU, HOSTELS for the LIMBLESS AND DISABLED, and for men learning trades or seeking work; care of SOLDIERS’ MOTHERLESS CHILDREN, &c., &c.

Its SOCIAL BRANCHES include Hostels, Homes, Clubs, &c., of many sorts for men and women, boys and girls, relief of DISTRESS by non-pauperising methods; uplifting DISCHARGED PRISONERS; OVERSEAS SETTLEMENT, and many others.

Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1 will gladly give all information and gratefully receive gifts towards the heavy expenses; cheques being crossed "Barclays', ½ Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile.

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Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION: MEN'S DIVISION—SIX TEMPORARY ASSISTANT LECTURERS will be appointed for the session 1920-21, at salaries of £800 each. If admissions justify it, the appointments may be continued for the following session 1921-22; and it is hoped that one or two at least may be continued permanently.

Applicants must be trained graduates with good teaching experience. Well-qualified women applicants might be considered.

Particulars from the Registrar, to whom applications should be addressed not later than March 20.

COUNTRY BOROUGH OF WEST HAM.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

SENIOR ASSISTANT.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of SENIOR ASSISTANT at the CANNING TOWN LIBRARY (open access), at a salary of £91 per annum, rising to £120, with a further £10 upon obtaining two of the following I.A. certificates, namely, Classification, Bibliography, or Zerary History.

In addition to the above, a war bonus on the scale of the Civil Service, with a maximum of £101 8s., on the initial salary, and £101 8s. on the maximum, will be paid.

Applicants must not be less than 21 years of age, and possess four of the Library Association certificates.

Applications, stating age and qualifications, and accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must be enclosed in an envelope endorsed "Library Assistant," and reach me not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, April 6, 1920.

Canvassing will disqualify.

GEO. F. HILLIARD,

Town Clerk.

THREE CITIES OF BRADFORD.

THE Libraries, Art Gallery and Museums Committee are prepared to receive applications for the post of DEPUTY CHIEF LIBRARIAN. Salary £550 per annum and war bonus (at present £88 per annum).

Practical experience and capacity in Public Library organization and administration are essential. Applications, endorsed "Deputy Chief Librarian," stating age and qualifications, accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, must be delivered to the undersigned not later than March 29, 1920.

N. L. FLEMING,

Town Clerk.

STORE NEWINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of MALE ASSISTANT. Salary £150 per annum, including War Bonus. Public Library experience essential.

Preference will be given to candidates holding Library Association Certificates, or who, by reason of service in His Majesty's Forces, have been prevented from qualifying for these Certificates.

Applications endorsed "Assistant" to reach me not later than March 24, 1920.

GEORGE PEECE,

Librarian & Clerk.

Appointments Vacant

EAST SUFFOLK COUNTY EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

WOMAN INSTRUCTOR AND INSPECTOR OF PHYSICAL TRAINING.

THE COMMITTEE invite APPLICATIONS from WOMEN for appointment as INSTRUCTOR AND INSPECTOR OF PHYSICAL TRAINING. The applicants must be prepared to devote the whole of their time to the work. They must have full knowledge of Swedish Drill and of the requirements of the latest syllabuses issued by the Board of Education. The selected candidate will be required to organise and inspect Physical Exercises in Secondary and Elementary Schools maintained by the Committee and to give instruction to teachers and children of such Schools. Salary will be at the rate of £250 per annum, rising by £10 to £900, with travelling expenses according to scale.

Applications, giving full particulars of qualifications, including experience in similar positions (if any), and stating age, together with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must be sent to the undersigned not later than March 31, 1920.

W. E. WATKINS,

Secretary.

MANCHESTER EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

1. ASSISTANT MASTER is required to take charge of the work of the Design Section, and to assist in the general work of the School.

Candidates must hold recognised qualifications. It is desirable that candidates should have experience in the teaching of design and allied subjects.

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2. An ASSISTANT MASTER is required to assist in the Design and Crafts Section and in the general work of the School.

Candidates must hold recognised qualifications.

Commencing salary £250, rising to £350.

Particulars and forms of appointment for the above appointments may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications must be returned by March 31, 1920.

S. Y. PERLEY,

Director of Education.

BALSHAW'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

L Leyland, Lancs.

WANTED May 1, 1920, FORM MASTER, honours degree, to teach science. Salary according to Lancashire County Scale allowed for not more than seven years' previous experience. Evenings work likely at some time. Apply E. Jackson, M.A., Headmaster, Tom Dodd, Clerk to the Governors, 47, Lime Street, Preston.

BALSHAW'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

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TEMPORARY TEACHER OF MATHEMATICS, Master or Mistress, Wanted at Once. Salary according to Lancashire County Scale.—Apply E. Jackson, M.A., Headmaster.

THOS. DODD,

Clerk to the Governors, 47, Lime Street, Preston.
Appointments Vacant

NORTHAMPTON COUNTY BOROUGH EDUCATION COMMITTEE.
SCHOOL OF ART.

THE EDUCATION COMMITTEE invite APPLICATIONS for the APPOINTMENT of PRINCIPAL of the SCHOOL OF ART. Applicants should be qualified as required by the Regulations of the Board of Education, Salary £400 per annum, rising by yearly increments of £25 to £500 per annum.

Further particulars and a form of application may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications should be lodged not later than 1st April, 1920.

HERBERT C. PERRIN, Acting Secretary to the Committee, Borough Education Offices, 4, St. Giles' Street, Northampton.
March 6, 1920.

HUDGERSFIELD TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

Principal: J. F. Hussey, M.A., B.Sc.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following posts:—

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BRADFORD GIRLS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

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SOUTHWELL, MINSTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

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COUNTY BOROUGH OF DERBY.

EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

MUNICIPAL SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

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F. C. SMITHARD,
Secretary to the Education Committee.

Education Offices,
Becket Street, Derby,
March 6, 1920.

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WANTED, for September, to meet increase in numbers at the Bournemouth School for Girls, FOUR MISTRESSES.

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Appointments Vacant

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H. G. STEAVENS, Town Clerk.
March 11, 1920.

EAST SUFFOLK COUNTY EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

STOWMARKET COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL.

ASSISTANT MISTRESS (Graduate preferred) wanted May 4, to teach History and English to the lower forms and assist with Physical Training of girls.

Scale salary—Graduates, £175 to £300; Non-Graduates, £150 to £240. Commencing salary according to experience.

Apply not later than April 10 on Form 23, copy of which may be obtained from W. E. WATKINS, Secretary, County Hall, Ipswich.

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THE RESPONSIBILITY OF DIARISTS

THERE are (as the fashionable comedies like to say) two sorts of people—those who keep diaries and those who do not. While there is little enough in a general way to be said for such arbitrary classifications, perhaps there is something to be said for this one. One either does, or one does not, keep a diary, and if one does not one cannot imagine one's self beginning. The distinction is as profound and as firmly based upon temperament as another distinction, that between the people who are, and who are not, letter-writers. One kind of person sets his identity upon paper (without prejudice to other expressions of it) for the benefit of a correspondent as naturally and spontaneously as another kind of person gets on with existence and keeps epistolary silence. The first writes letters because he likes writing them; the second writes them not as occasion but only as dire necessity arises—and not always then.

While it may be said that the diarist is in general the letter-writer, the converse by no means follows. The letter-writer finds his satisfaction in the simple act of addressing an audience. He puts himself upon paper as he is (or wishes to be thought to be) at the moment, and that is an end of the matter until he responds to the impulse to put himself upon paper again. The essence of the diarist is that his satisfaction in self-expression is cumulative, and is to be enjoyed in the future. Was there ever a diarist who threw his sheets over his shoulder with the rapidity of Count Fosco, and who never wished, at least, to see them again? One hardly thinks so. One thinks that the consciousness, "This is my diary; one day I will read it all through," must always be present in the diarist, and must be his principal stimulus in the formidable task on which he is engaged. The war, for those who took part in it and survived it, was a good school of experience, and in the war one saw the diarist at his simplest and, as we should be inclined to say, his most heroic. How many were the little books that (contrary to regulations) were kept; and how sublime the faith that what was written to-day would be added to tomorrow, and that what was written in all the days would be enjoyed at the finish!

But diarists who have not gone west with their little books with them have also failed sometimes in their intention of revision, and it is the responsibility of the diarist as such that is in question here. The point has recently been raised with regard to a contemporary who has kept a diary and who has published it in his own lifetime. Mr. Scawen Blunt has enjoyed great social advantages, and if there is one thing more likely than another to make a man a diarist (although, if he is born one, he will stand in need of no temptation) it is the knowledge that the figures and events he moves among will be the certain object of interest to posterity. Mr. Blunt has been reproached for publishing his diary in his own lifetime and in the lifetime of many of those who figure in it; but this, we should have thought, was a matter on which he ought rather to have been felicitated. To publish a work is to assume responsibility for it, and to publish one's diary is to afford at least presumptive evidence that its cumulative effects have been considered. Besides, Mr. Blunt is still here, and the authenticity of his records may be challenged. If Mr. Belloc wishes to explain that he was not seriously disappointed of a peacetime at the time of the House of Lords crisis, but was indulging Mr. Blunt in a faculty of credulity, he has only to write to the papers. If Mr. Churchill does not relish some of his earlier table-talk it is open to him to announce that he finds Mr.
Blunt’s report of it marked by the extreme of terminological inexactitude. In these, and in any other cases, the denial or the qualification, if made, would at least be on record as well as the assertion; and both would be equally before that portion of posterity which is likely to be interested. How much better, how much more responsible a proceeding, to publish one’s diary in one’s lifetime, than to go on accumulating it, to go on promising oneself that one will revise it, and then to die, with one’s daily jottings unrevised, but safely secured of immortality.

The truth of this has recently been brought home to us by some investigations we happen to have made into a diary so preserved, whose least word, since it was once written, is indestructible. It is there, in its thirty-five or so leathern-covered notebooks, covering a period of fifty years, and every word true of course, or at least to be reckoned with, because it is there! Great is the responsibility of diarists. To give one instance only. A hundred years ago in England political feeling ran high, not without good reason; and a certain man of letters succeeded in conveying with peculiar point and incisiveness in a footnote, his opinion that a certain other and more famous man of letters was, in respect of the political influence of his later writings, and in spite of his poetic merits, no better than a turncoat. The second man of letters, being of an extreme probity, was justly enraged; and happening to be called upon immediately by our diarist, who was in the state of receptivity induced by recent and flattering acquaintance, he threw out in the latter’s hearing the “true reason” for this attack upon him. It had nothing to do, it appeared, with differing sympathies or convictions of a public character, expressed over an independent career of twelve years’ standing; but was entirely owing to the circumstance that, early in youth, the first man of letters had committed himself to a moral indiscretion within the cognizance of the second man of letters, a misfortune which the first man of letters had been unable to forget or to forgive. The details followed, and, running home to his little book, pop (as Bayes would say) our diarist: flapped them down. He flapped them down, with obvious verbal slips, with little blanks and vacancies, that still stare and wink at us from the yellowing page; and the next day he was off after new events, and the next after still newer ones, and so on until the age of more than eighty, when he died with his diary written up to the angel’s knock, but with his promised plan of revision in essentials unattempted. To keep a diary is a matter of temperament and habit, but to read one’s diary after one has written it calls for an independent act of resolution, as well as for more time perhaps, in spite of his intentions, than the really born diarist ever finds upon his hands.

Diaries, we think, which are so important to history if they are written, and so unimportant to history if they are not written, should be read in the light of the evidence they afford as to whether their writers have found time to read them. For what, after all, is the subject-matter of diaries, save that personal information which most of us hear to-day and hear essentially qualified to-morrow? The subject-matter of diaries, as it circulates in club-rooms, has been very well treated in a chapter of a contemporary satire, Mr. Mackenzie’s “Poor Relations.” Rumour is a lying jade, but her words, when written and preserved for long enough, take on a strange and incontrovertible dignity. Of this process the diarists and the letter-writers are the handmaidens. It is the consolation of those who are neither that if they do not add to posterity’s rewards, at least they abstain from adding to its labours.

P. P. H.

DE QUINCEY’S MOTHER

II.

THERE was talk at one time of sending Thomas to Eton. Thomas, a shy, studious and somewhat effeminate boy, made inquiries among his aristocratic young friends, and came to the conclusion that the discipline and discomfort of a public school would not suit him. These are the words in which he dissuades his mother from her project: “Eton is certain you will not like. From all I hear, the discipline of the school is certainly not what one would expect, and surely not what it should be. Westport and Dominick Brown his cousin have told me enough to make me sure of that; and the morals of the place are evidently at a low ebb.” De Quincey was not sent to Eton, but, as every schoolboy knows, to Manchester Grammar School. Every schoolboy also knows that he ran away from the Manchester Grammar School. His correspondence with his mother during his last term at school is not so well known—and is instructive.

This running away from school was no mere act of boyish caprice. He was 16, a singularly gentle and studious boy, a born scholar, recognized as such by masters and schoolfellows alike. The régime of school (which, indeed, to the twentieth century appears little short of homicidal) did not suit his health. He suffered from a series of slight, but almost perpetual liver disorders, and their consequent agonies of depression. He wrote to his mother a perfectly sensible and respectful letter, explaining his sufferings, and begging to be allowed to spend the eighteen months which must elapse before he entered College at home, instead of at a school which had reduced his health and spirits to a level at which study was impossible.

Such a letter to a mother of Mrs. De Quincey’s means and position at the present day would normally result in visit to a specialist and a prescribed course of holiday, diet and exercise. Morality and religion would have about as much to do with it as if the boy complained of short sight or rheumatism.

With Mrs. De Quincey the physical side of the case was soon dismissed: “Your misery I sincerely lament, and with tenfold concern because it is produced by your sick mind, which no earthly physician can cure.” But Thomas was not left even to the care of an “earthly physician,” but to the care of a mere apothecary, who “with sublime simplicity confined his treatment to one horrid mixture that must have suggested itself to him when prescribing for a tiger.” Thomas took two doses, but the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself and prevented his taking a third.

His mother concentrated on the moral aspect of her son’s case, and indeed his proposition revealed a state of mind which, in her own words, “filled her with
anguish and amazement." She saw in it a deliberate design to revolt—to renounce not merely the authority of a "living parent," but to trample on the last wishes of a dead father. His opinions had probably been suggested, certainly swelled into importance, by the advocates of early emancipation and other preposterous theories. It was the result of Thomas's overweening pride, "the spirit of heathenism; and if any one temper of mind may singly be put to describe the whole anti-Christian character, it is self-glory—and its monstrous adjuncts are independence and pride, which cast angels from Heaven—where such tempers are no more admissible now than then."

At the same time it was the result of a purely childish desire to idle away his time at home—free from the disagreeable accidents of school. It would damage his material prospects, and lose him the chance of an exhibition of £100 a year at Oxford. In short, Mrs. De Quincey was "well assured that a year spent at home in desultory reading without an object is an evil of such incalculable extent that I shall never consent to it, except to avoid something very dreadful to be escaped in no other way."

So Thomas was to remain at school, not, however, without spiritual help for his "sick mind."

As your parent, my very dear child [writes his mother], I command you, in the name of that God whom you must serve or lose, that you do conscientiously read every day at least a chapter in the Gospels and Epistles; there you will learn, at any rate you may learn, to know yourself, your end, your duty. Ask of God to enlighten your understanding to receive the truths of His Word. Let your daily reading be the works of men who were neither infidels nor Jacobins: read history; it will show you the corruption of human nature and the overruling power and providence of God.

This remedy Thomas treated as he had done the apothecary's pills, and, this time taking his case into his own hands, ran away from school. After wandering for nearly a year in London and Wales, enduring all the horrors of destitution, Thomas was finally reconciled to his mother and guardians, spent the remaining months which elapsed before he could go to Oxford in the desultory reading so much to be dreaded, and went up to Oxford without an exhibition. He thus gained by open defiance everything which had been denied to his reasonable request, and in addition a constitution shattered for life.

The lesson which Mrs. De Quincey seems to have drawn from her dealings with Thomas was the necessity for an increased severity in the upbringing of her sons. This is exemplified in her dealings with her second surviving son, Richard.

Richard, known in his family as Pink, was four years younger than Thomas, equally gifted and far more attractive. As a boy he was constantly put to shame by the ladies of Bath who stopped and kissed him on his way to school. But for all his exquisite, almost feminine beauty, he was strong, high-spirited, even aggressively manly as the toughest of his schoolfellows.

He was originally put to school under a clergyman in Lincolnshire, a gentle, learned reclusson, under whom Pink was both happy and well taught. Mrs. De Quincey soon discovered that this man's yoke was too mild and easy for her son, and Pink was removed to the care of one better fitted to counteract the latent evil of his disposition. This man was an active, bustling bully, with the ideals and methods of a horse-tamer.

He not only thought that physical coercion was the sole engine by which man could be managed, but, on the same principle, he fancied that no pupil could adequately or proportionately reverence his master until he had settled the psychological proportion of superiority in animal powers by which his master was in advance of himself. Strength of blows only could ascertain that.

Pink was not exempt. In De Quincey's own language, "Pink the beautiful, but also the haughty, the proud, he beat, kicked, trampled on." In less than two hours' time Pink was on the road to Liverpool. He was discovered in an inn, and taken to an uncle, who restored him at once to the headmaster with the stipulation that he was not to be thrashed in future. No inquiries were made. The uncle was, if anything, mildly amused at his nephew's exploit. As soon as he had gone, the master took his revenge in a second thrashing more brutal than the first. Pink again set out for Liverpool.

Pink could profit by experience, if his elders could not. This time, avoiding public inns and high roads, he made straight for the docks. He was taken on board a merchantman. His family heard nothing of him for three years. They did not see him for seven. At the end of that time he reappeared among them, by an extraordinary combination of good luck and industry, as a midshipman in the Royal Navy. But for seven years he had passed through the horrors of shipwreck, piracy, and constant confinement with the most brutal and degraded characters. His health was completely ruined and his spirit broken.

The stories of Pink and Thomas would have given most mothers pause. For Mrs. De Quincey they were full of instruction. The lessons which she drew from them are shown by a letter written to her youngest son Henry when she had just heard news of Pink:

Thus, my dear Henry, you must see to what lengths a rebellious spirit can carry a person. A boy with Richard's pride, who fancied himself equal to the first in society, and was disgustèd with the thought of the condition even of his own family, and of everything in the shape of rule, voluntarily sinks himself to be the companion of common sailors, submits to the very tight discipline of a ship, and the orders of a coarse captain but a few, if any, degrees above his own crew. And again, oh Henry, your brother's sufferings have been so great, and I fear are likely to be so that they might well deter others from like rebellious conduct.

Of such exhortations Mrs. De Quincey was never weary. As she writes to Thomas:

In this letter I purpose faithfully to point out to you where you are departing from the rectitude of your first principles, and I charge you that no science, no aim, no destination under the sun can ultimately be good which grows out of a dreadful fallacy. . . . The increasing love of a mother is figuratively used as the most immutable of human things, to express the absolute unchangeableness of God to His children. My tenderness shall follow you through every change and period of life. If the world forsakes you (a probable thing, though not in the catalogue of your present expectations), I cannot.

She did not. At every stage in her children's career she is ready with appropriate exhortation, advice and reproof. Never did she fail in her sacred duty of pointing out to her children the error of the way in which they were walking. To Thomas, a man of fifty, the father of three children and of established literary reputation, she writes:
I must now enter on some very painful subjects.

1st. I have heard and noticed before, though you replied not, that you are still an Opium Eater, and this dreadful Drug thus acts upon you.

2nd. That you write in a disreputable Magazine, and in a spirit afflicting, as I hear too, to your real friends.

Another report I rejected as quite incredible, namely, that your children’s education is neglected.

Having thus performed its last duty, the maternal pen was laid aside for ever. One cannot but pity her. She may not have been a wise or sympathetic mother, but she was a devoted and most unhappy one. “I can see at the bottom of your calamities no better hope than that which has ever cheated my unfortunate children,” she writes on one occasion. Truly she suffered in the sufferings of her children.

Of her eight wonderful children, four were tubercular, two ran away from her in childhood, three died before the age of 16, and only two survived the age of 30, and of these one after sufferings so hideous that, in comparison, his brothers and sisters were happy in their early deaths.

“Wilt thou bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?” The cry is exquisitely pitiful. There is nothing of which we can remind ourselves which will harden our hearts against it.

D. HUSSEY.

A VISION
In a paradise I lie of leaves and flowers:
Long boughs hang from above in luminous showers:
Rose-scented the warm air.
A hidden water mingles its lisping sound
With the sultry music of bees, and the sense is drowned
In a pool of warm delight. But as it drowses
Deep and to outward things serenely closes,
Some freak of the uncharted mind lays bare . . .
No richer summer, deeper-hearted roses,
But greyness, rain, and ruin, and in the air
A flying sorrow as some forlorn shell whines
From silence into silence over the still
Brown deserts of torn earth, and the charred stains
Of shell-bursts, and the scrawled unending lines
Of battered trench where, blackening in the rains,
The dead lie out upon the naked hill.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

THE LOVER
Under the silver thatch, where dwells my love,
About her dormer window, in the straw,
The sparrows build and with their morning talk
Often awaken her.

And by the lattice climbs a crimson rose,
Who, if you could but see my dinky dear,
Before her loveliness, so wonderful,
Would pale with jealousy.

When the first glow of honeysuckle dawn
Cuddles her cottage in the dayspring light,
I pass upon my woodland road to work
And whistle as I come;

And if she hear and twinkle out of bed
To wave a kiss, then all my toil goes well;
But if she heed me not for weariness,
How long the working day!

EDEN PHILLPOTTs.
Street is awakening to the indisputable fact that while
circulations steadily increase, political influence is steadily
on the decline." Such a conclusion, with its related facts,
might be taken to show that this great journalist has an
argument to make out of his intimate evidence. But is it so?
For turning again in perplexity to his book, one
sees it is not any of his confessions, his exposures of the
gear of newspaper stunts, his casual admissions, his sporadic
business axioms, which prove to us that our war is entirely
right about the popular press. It is in the aroma
of the book—the native quality which made it and per-
vades it. It is no doubt true that the influence of the
press on the trend of common political thought is rapidly
decreasing and may now almost have gone; though the
brightness of our own faith lights no such ultimate good.
But the five years' war-work of the press, with the aid of the
official censors, in giving public opinion that shape,
through the doctoring and suppression of the facts, which
the men in control of us and our fate thought most suitable
for their purposes, about the war, about its origins, its
conduct and progress, and the factors which should deter-
dine its length and outcome—or, in other words, its work
in shaping circumstances which certainly have the
appearance to-day of the wreckage of European indus-
trial society—that work of the press on public opinion
is indisputable. We know its readers were eager; the
material was willing and plastic. Yet to what a profound
sense of responsibility that helpless plasticity should have
moved those who had the moulding of it! Did their
own limitations ever caution those responsible men? For
they knew well enough how scrappy was their knowledge
of the foundations of our complex society when they were
so casually shifting its traditional beams. Well, examine
this book, and remember that, though its author retired
in 1912 from what control he had of that publicity machine
which (when Lord Northcliffe was at his height and set the
pace, yet that it worked to his design, and was the one which,
it can claim, gave the main weight to the popular vote.
Now listen to this:

"Don't forget you are writing for the meanest intelligence,"
was a favourite maxim of mine.

When we have appraised to what degree of responsibility
that instruction would work on a leader-writer, reporter,
or sub-editor who had news or a message to give the
public, we may consider this:

"You must remember," I replied [to John Morley] "that you
left journalism a profession. We have made it a branch of
commerce."

Having advanced in our knowledge of newspaper inspira-
tion to that stage, we are now ready for this:

What sells a newspaper? ... The first answer is "War,"
War not only creates a supply of news, but a demand for it. So
deep-rooted is the fascination of war and all things appertaining
to it that I am persuaded, despite the League of Nations, wars
will not cease until human nature has radically changed ... Only a dream has to beat a trend which is so strong and so going,
that bring people to their windows, and a paper has only to be able
put on its placard "A Great Battle," for its sales to mount up. The
effect of the French war on popular thought, is evident to everyone.
Notwithstanding the Census, it brought back "The Times" from a
penny to three pence, and restored its old prestige and prosperity; it
destroyed the halfpenny sneer at the popular dailies, and by
doubling their price, improved equally their finance and influence.

Could the most joyous whoop tell us more? Indeed, the
book, in a sense, is a whoop. It is the sweep of the
revenues of the lucky realization that one is addressing, not
only the meanest intelligence, but the great-grandchildren of
those who used to gape at old women in ducking-stools? Is
there any danger to the community when that quality of
Fleet Street can give Downing Street just that support
it needs in the public opinion which precedes war, which
helps in conducting war, and supports the makers of that
sort of peace which is merely 'the interlude to war'? Of
course there is danger, and an excellent thing
too, for, as Mr. Jones doubtless would admit, the danger
makes the money.

"So deep-rooted is the fascination of war and all
things appertaining to it." All things? Let a soldier,
though not of the meanest intelligence, examine the files
of the great dailies from August, 1914, to the end, for news
of those matters which to him were the things appertaining
to war that were predominant in it, and obscured all the
rest. How much of them will he find recorded? A
battle was never so described in any newspaper
during the whole war, nor since. But, as Mr. Kennedy
Jones knows full well, there was a sound reason for that
omission. The fascination of war might have lost its
"deep roots"; and those roots are so intermingled, as he
himself declares, with that other root which is said to be
the radical of all evil.

And is there any release for the community from a
press which is inspired by such a concept of its duty?
Not much of a chance of release. The book points out
that the modern press enjoys, by reason of its costly
organization and upkeep, its hold on the advertisers, and
its control of the means of distribution, what amounts to
a monopoly of the public ear. It would be almost im-
possible for a newspaper with a different inspiration to be
successful. So now, thanks to Mr. Jones, we shall know
where we are when to-morrow and afterwards we pick up
our favourite newspaper.

H. M. T.

"GOING IN FOR GOD"

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY. By Harold
Begbie. 2 Vols. (Macmillan. 42s. net.)

WHEN General Booth, by living long enough, had
took Cecil Rhodes and Lord Loch down to Essex
one day to see the Salvation Army Farm Colony at Hat-
leigh. On the way back, in the railway carriage, Booth
laid his hand on Rhodes' arm and said: "I want to speak
to you about yourself. You're a man with much depending
on you just now. Tell me, how is it with your soul?"
Mr. Rhodes said that it was not quite so well with his soul
as he could wish, and, in answer to a further question
that he did not pray quite so often as he should. The
General then said: "Will you let me pray with you—
now?" Mr. Rhodes consented, and the two knelt down
together in the railway carriage, and 'the Salvationist
prayod that God would guide, direct, and save the soul
of the South African Colessee.' Meanwhile 'Lord Loch
turned his face away and looked out of the window.'

In reading Mr. Harold Begbie's book we often found
ourselves in the position of Lord Loch: we felt a great
desire to turn our face away and look out of the window.
But that is not the right way to treat this phenomenon
of William Booth. The world, indeed, may be divided into
two classes, who pray with General Booth, people who are
angry with General Booth, and people who turn their face away
and look out of the window. Mr. Begbie, unfortunately,
seems to have considered that it was necessary for his
official biographer to pray perpetually with the General,
and his 1,000 pages of biography even conform to the
tradition of prayer in their repetitions, vagueness, and
verbosity. But the only right way to treat the Salva-
tionist would be with cold and sympathetic, scientific
analysis, and, as a social and psychological phenomenon,
the General is worthy of such treatment and investigation.
In the narrow confines of a review it is, of course, only
possible to indicate in the roughest and most inadequate
outlines the fascinating path which the scientific historian
would have to follow.

William Booth was one of those rare persons who really
believe what they think that they believe, and who act
upon their beliefs. Being an Englishman born in the first half of the nineteenth century, nearly all the important beliefs inculcated into him in infancy dated from the first century A.D. He believed, for instance, in a personal God and a personal Devil, and he believed that every infant is born in original sin, so inherently corrupt as to be predestined, except upon one condition, to eternal damnation. The one condition is conversion, or the giving oneself to God, and this conversion is a sudden and revolutionary psychological and physical experience, in which the Devil (if cast out) and the spirit of God enters the human being. The best description of such a conversion may be found in an account by Ballington Booth, one of the General's sons, of a "Holiness Meeting" of the Salvation Army held in England, designed to induce the spirit of God to enter sinners. Preaching, prayer, and singing go on for many hours, until an intense excitement is manifested among the audience in weeping, groans, and cries. People shout, sing, laugh, cry, dance, roll on the ground. Then in ones and twos they are "smitten," converted. Soon the spirit of God enters them in ones and twos, but in sixes and sevens.

"Everyone," [says Mr. Ballington Booth] "was overpowered by the Spirit. One young man, after struggling and weeping for nearly an hour, said: 'Glory! glory! glory! I've got it! Oh! Bless God!' ... Another brother said: 'I must jump.' I said, 'Then jump,' and he jumped all round.'

Such were the fundamental beliefs, on the universe, life, and society, of William Booth, who had in him what he used to call a "queer thing, Booth blood," but who also had in him something as queer as Booth blood, namely, Jewish blood. Chance brought him into contact with the Methodists and revivalists, and at the age of fifteen he was himself "converted" during a service in the chapel. Being a man who really believed what he believed, he gradually came to see that it followed from his beliefs that everything else in life should be subordinated to the saving of other people from the appalling fate of eternal damnation which, if they were not converted, inevitably awaited them. Experience with revivalists showed him that with the help of oratory, singing, and noise it was not difficult to get the spirit of God to enter a considerable number of sinners. During the day he worked as assistant to a pawnbroker; his evenings and his Sundays were devoted to his new beliefs; and of his own beliefs eventually drove him to give up his worldly ambitions for wealth and to devote himself entirely to, what he himself called, "going in for God."

"Going in for God" meant, at first, for William Booth, becoming a Methodist clergyman and rushing up and down England converting sinners. But he not only acted on his beliefs, he was a man of enormous and indomitable energy. The Methodists shared his beliefs, but he began to go in for God too fast and too whole-heartedly for any respectable Church in England. If conversion were the supreme thing in life, and if noise was a powerful stimulant to the spirit of God and to conversion, it followed that noise would be a co-conspirator in a phenomenon destined to be a mistake to imply that Booth reasoned in this way, because he had an instinctive dislike of reason: he never did reason; he hopped, like some gigantic sparrow, from one belief to another belief. At any rate he developed, as a Methodist preacher, the method and ritual with which the world subsequently became familiar in the Salvation Army, and which had as its ultimate object "conversion." But his methods, his restless energy, and his autocratic temperament proved incompatible with the respectability of a Church or sect, and at the age of thirty-five Booth found himself outside all the Churches and without an occupation. But he always had one and only one occupation: the salvation of sinners by conversion, and this he continued to pursue by his own peculiar methods in a Mission in the East End of London. This Mission he transformed, when he was already fifty years old, into the now highly organized, disciplined, and sensational Salvation Army.

Such was the psychological phenomenon of William Booth; as a social phenomenon he is even more interesting. There are hundreds of pages in this biography filled with his letters, diaries, and other writings. There is no evidence in them that he ever had an original thought, or, indeed, that he was capable of thinking at all. He believed in God and conversion, and any other mental operation was unnecessary. His love letters, speeches, diary, books, are all indistinguishable from his prayers. Thus one of his first letters to Catherine Munford ends: "I pray for your entire consecration, and believe in you." Young in the Army meeting hall, spirit and body, for time and eternity, for earth and for Heaven, for sorrow and for joy, for ever and ever. Amen. William."

A man in that frame of mind, and with such a belief, has no need of thought. William had a profound mistrust of thought, and would have nothing to do with it throughout his life. When he was nearly thirty he suddenly went to a Theological College and tried to learn Greek, but his effort was short and unsuccessful, because he was often found "on his face in an agony of prayer when he ought to have been mastering Greek verbs." So, too, he never allowed any breath of reason or thought to enter his public organization or social activities. One of the wise rules which he made for Field Officers of the Salvation Army was:

In dealing with infidels, or any other unbelievers, the F.O. should not argue. ... It is his business to convert him, and not to refute him.

It was probably due to this fact that the Salvation Army was at first so extraordinarily successful in converting sinners among the poorer classes, and appeared to be so dangerous to orthodox Churchmen and the Church, to the Liquor Trade and publicans, and to atheists and agnostics. It is remarkable now to look back at the hatred which Booth and his Salvation Army roused among these classes when it seemed possible that he really might convert large numbers of the population to sobriety and a belief in Christianity. The press fomented, and the police protected, organized bands of roughs and hooligans who created disturbances in the same way in which pacifists are treated during war. Bishops and famous scientists gave their authority to the most lying rumours about the honesty of the General or the sexual morality of his Army. Charles Bradlaugh is said to have died repeating the words: "General Booth's accounts, General Booth's accounts," hoping against hope that the public inquiry would convict the General of embezzlement. In the eighties General Booth was the most disreputable and unpopular figure in England. Before he died he was one of the most popular men in the world, was received in audience by Edward VII. and all the crowned heads of Europe, and was presented with the freedom of the City of London. The most important change was, we suggest, two. Personally General Booth accomplished what, in England, always confers immense popularity: he became very old; he took his place by Queen Victoria, Gladstone, and " W.G."; he was 83, and still "not out." But he and his organization also became popular and respectable as soon as it was seen that they were not really dangerous. The drums beat, the people were converted, General Booth still went about saying: "We must shake the world in some way. Oh that I knew how!" But he did not know how. The shums still continued, and the public-houses, and science, and the Church of England. And the Bishops and publicans, the Times, the police, and the Professor Huxleys soon saw that there was no danger from General Booth. So they opened their arms to him and to the Salvation Army.

L. W.
THE MOSQUE

MOSLEM ARCHITECTURE. By G. T. Rivoira. Translated by G. McN. Rushworth. (Oxford, University Press. 42s. net.)

MOST of us see our first mosque at Woking. As the train slackens a small bulbous building appears among the fir trees to the left, and perhaps someone in the railway carriage says, "That’s Oriental." Our attitude is vague; and years afterwards, despite visits to the East, the vagueness remains. Whereas a Christian church or Greek temple wakens definite sentiments, a mosque seems indeterminate. We can recall its component parts, but have no architectural concept. It can make a pretty picture of it against the blue sky, but its central spirit escapes. And before we grapple with the late Commendatore Rivoira’s book it may be worth while to do what he would scarcely think of doing: to question our memories, and through them the mosque itself, and to listen to what it has to say.

"I was built," comes the answer, "in the first place at Medina, where I was a courtyard, and if you would understand me to-day you must still think of me as a courtyard, decorated by the accidents of history. Attached to the Prophet’s house, I was the area to which he proceeded when he would worship God, and where his companions joined him, summoned for this purpose by a cry from the top of my wall. I contained no sacred edifice, but the whole was one part of me more holy than another. Near me was a well for ablution; in me was a fallen tree where the Prophet stood to preach; and against my north wall lay a stone to indicate the direction of Jerusalem, city of the prophets Abraham and Jesus. My inmates prayed northwards at first, but afterwards turned south, their aspiration being Mecca. Before long I was built at Mecca also, but (strange though this may sound) you should not think of Mecca if you would understand me, because there, contrary to my spirit, I enclosed a sacred object and became a shrine. Dismiss the Caaba with its illusion of a terrestrial goal. Recall the courtyard of Medina, construct upon its wall a tower for the crier, raise a pulpit upon its fallen tree, contrive from its well a lavatory or tank, and enclose the sides of the courtyard, in particular the side that indicates the direction for prayer. Then you will see me as I am to-day at Cairo, Mosque of Ibn Touloun.

In the above reply the Mosque sets itself against a profound tendency of human nature—the tendency to think one place holier than another—and this is why it is rather a vague and unsympathetic object to a Westerner, and why its own architects have tended to modify its arrangements. It does not fail what is to most of us the function of a religious building: the outward expression of an inward ecstasy. It enjoys no crisis, leads up through no gradation of nave and choir, and employs no hierarchy of priests. Equality before God—so devoutly proclaimed by Christianity—lies at the very root of Islam; and the Mosque is essentially a courtyard for the Faithful to worship in, either in solitude or under due supervision. In the later centuries, under the influence of idolatrous surroundings, the original scheme was overlaid, and it is instructive to glance at the changes. The Mosque that the Emperor Akbar built in 1560 for his new city near Agra is a good example. It has moved very far from the Medina model, and its air is almost that of a temple or church. The prayer niche, usurping the functions of an altar, has become the core of a vast and gorgeous building to which the eye and heart naturally turn, while the uncovered part of the courtyard sinks into the unimportance of a cathedral close and is dotted with tombs. When we leave the courtyard and pass through the "west door" of the façade and through the smaller and darker apertures in the red sandstone beyond, we seem to near a sanctuary; and when the prayer niche at last appears and our eyes discern the ravishing but delicate colours that adorn its chamber, we have emotions appropriate to Canterbury or Chartres, and should not be surprised if priests arrived from the subordinate chapels on either hand, to mediate between the world and God. The emotion in such a Mosque is religious, but scarcely Islamic; we do not experience it in the buildings of earlier date.

It is with the early mosques that this sumptuous but intractable volume deals. The title "Moslem Architecture" is misleading, for in the first place the survey is carried down only to the twelfth century, thus excluding most of the Persian and Indian work, and much of the Egyptian, and in the second place, half the book is about churches in Armenia and Spain. The early mosques are examined with thoroughness, but the method is bewildering, and though scholars will doubtless find their way about, the layman had better retire to the comparative clearness of Saladin’s "Art Musulman," where he may pick up some notion of the five main architectural schools of Islam. From every point of view the book is difficult to read. The translator praises the author’s knowledge of English, but between them they produce sentences that have neither form nor colour, and they load the text with matter that ought to be dropped into the footnotes. For example, it is hard to understand why, after a complex account of the Mosque of Walid in Damascus, we find ourselves wandering among the Pustem temples, and being asked to wonder which of them should be more properly called the Temple of Neptune. And the illustrations, though magnificent, only increase our confusion. We spring from the colonnades at Baalbek into an Indian cave and thence to the Cathedral of Aachen, while the pages are still headed "Damascus." For the book is of the controversial type. All the buildings of Asia and Europe are shuffled together for an architectural deal, and though the author duly makes his tricks, one feels that the result would have been different if another player had done the shuffling—Mr. Havill, for instance, or Professor Lethaby. Rivoira has many antagonists. He is opposed to the "Indian" theory of Moslem Art, which not only finds in India the origin of certain architectural forms (e.g., of the horseshoe arch), but which also believes that Indian craftsmen built many of the early mosques. Then there is a "Spanish" theory, which likewise makes trouble with the horseshoe arch, declaring that it was used in vast quantities in Visigothic churches before ever the Moors arrived—an error, due mainly to a mistranslation of a passage in Isidore of Seville. Then there is the theory of Strzygowski, which exaggerates Oriental influence, and the "Egyptian" theory, which attributes too much to the Copts. Rivoira’s own theory, not unnaturally, is of the Roman colour. When in doubt as to the origin of an architectural feature he finds it at Rome, and he keeps the rotundas and baths of the Imperial city rather busy, making domes and niches for Islam. A Catholic in sympathy and an expert by temperament, he regards the Mosque as a grounded for architectural jousts rather than as a place of emotion, and he brings us no nearer to the spiritual or aesthetic understanding of it.

Since the edifice under consideration is a courtyard and not a shrine, and since the God whom it indicates was never incarnate and left no cradles, cots, handkerchiefs, or nails on earth to stimulate and complicate devotion, it follows that the sentiments felt for his Mosque by a Moslem will differ from those which a Christian feels for his Church. The Christian has a vague idea that God is inside the Church, presumably near the east end. The Moslem, when his faith is pure, cherishes no such illusion, and, though he behaves in the sacred enclosure as tradition and propriety enjoin, attaches no sanctity to it beyond what is conferred by the presence of the devout. Such mystery as accrues
is the work of men. A Tunisian who visited Cairo in the
thirteenth century found the famous Mosque of Amr
there littered with dirt; “nevertheless,” he adds, “I
experienced in it a soft and soothing influence without
there being anything to look upon which was sufficient to
account for it. Then I learned that this is a secret influence
left there from the fact that the companions of the Prophet
(may God accept them) stood in its court while it was
building.” He was conscious of an atmosphere which,
though supernatural, was not divine; men had produced it.
And whereas men may perfume some Mosques, they
may defile others; for example, the Mosque
which Anrangezeh built upon the ground of his murdered
brother Dara, and which is reckoned unfavourable for
prayers. Legends such as these, though they lapse from
the spirit of Medina, do not oppose it. Islam, like Chris-
tianity, is troubled by the illogical and the idolatrous, but
it has made a sterner fight against them. The Taaba,
the worship of saints, the Mecca-position, do not succeed
in obscuring the central truth: that there is no God but
God, and that even Mohammed is but the Prophet of
God; which truth, despite occasional compromises, is
faithfully expressed in Moslem Architecture, and should be
remembered by those who would understand it.

E. M. F.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

A BRAZILIAN MYSTIC: BEING THE LIFE AND MIRACLES OF ANTONIO
CONSELHEIRO. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. (Heinemann.
15s. net.)

IMAGINE a remote upland region, where day and night
alternately burn and freeze; cattle roam over a light
soil, which changes with the seasons from choking
dust to mud; the tropical forests, which crowd impenetrably
on the lower slopes, are replaced here by scrub. This is
the Brazilian Sertao, with a thinly-scattered, half-wild
population of breeders and tenders of cattle. It is separated
from the civilization of the coast by tracts of difficult
country; inland, a range of mountains bars the way.
In a lost corner of this far-off world, a desolate countryside
backed by wild hills, there existed in 1893 a small village,
named Canudos, nestling beside the reed-grown banks of
a river.

In that year its stagnation was violently moved by the
appearance of a band of fanatical wanderers, led by a
guant, fiery-eyed, elderly man. Antonio Maciel, known as
Conselheiro, the Councillor, having brought his followers
so far, elected to dwell with them at Canudos. Within
five years a city of some 15,000 inhabitants had sprung up
in the wilderness, and had been swept out of existence
again. In its flourishing time it was a labyrinth of reed-
built hovels, dominated by a vast church of stone, never
completed. In this Cyclopean fane Antonio preached his
dangerous doctrine. The end of the world was at hand;
the faithful must prepare for the new dispensation by
repentance, prayer and fasting; they must resist to all
extremity the decrees and forces of the Republic, in whose
liberalism and innovations the visionary eye could easily
discern the baleful characteristics of Antichrist’s reign.
This teaching was received with ecstatic fervour; Antonio’s
other-worldliness had caught the imagination of the
dwellers of the Sertao. They were a race of mixed breeds,
European, African and South American blending to form
strains at once emotional and tenacious, tempered by
hardships in a climate of extremes to an almost incredible
pitch of physical endurance. Whatever had been their
former course of life—and with many it had doubtless been
outrageous—they repented now, and turned for salvation
to the utmost rigour of religious observance, inspired by
their leader’s precept and example. It is reported,
presumably by their enemies, that their fasting, singing
and praying alternated with furious orgies; it is not clear
that this accusation was supported by trustworthy evidence;
in any case, it was not extended to the founder of the sect.
The Republic, openly defied, sent, one after another, four
expeditions against Canudos. The approach to it was
rendered difficult by the nature of the country; the town
was fortified by a system of trenches; but the defenders
were ill-armed, and it was thought at first that a small
force would speedily settle the difficulty. The first
expedition consisted of a hundred soldiers of the line and
the ill-equipped militia of a small town. The last expedi-
tion, before it attained success, numbered over 10,000, with
cavalry and artillery; the siege of the town lasted four
months; in it perished the Councillor and all but an
insignificant remnant of his followers.

Here was a theme for the flame and thunder of Carlyle’s
pen. Antonio Conselheiro was one of those who impress
their fellows as standing in direct communication with the
Divine, as being charged with a message from it. His
message has no clear meaning for us; it led the faithful to
disaster; but can it be held that his career and influence
were of other than portentous and absorbing interest?
In the process by which one man’s faith becomes the life
of ten thousand there is a mystery that touches nearly
the heart of our humanity. “Every new thing was at its
starting,” says the Lecturer on Heroes, “is precisely in
a minority of one . . . One man alone of the whole world
believes it; there is one man against all men.”

Mr. Cunningham Graham gives us the story with a
certain graphic effect and some picturesque detail.
Unfortunately, the picturesque detail is not chosen so as to
throw light on the points that are most obscure and of
deepest interest. The relation of the Councillor to his
followers, his methods of organisation (which appear to
have been so effective), his manner of life, especially during
the sojourn at Canudos—these are but faintly presented.
Insufficient records may be to blame, but more probably
the historian neglected to investigate these points simply
because they did not interest him. He enjoys the general
aspect of the movement, the fighting, the wild setting of
the incidents, the physical prowess of the Sertao horsemen;
and we enjoy these with him. But to the inner significan-
cence of the events he brings nothing beyond a half-hearted
rationalism, and a flimsy superficial comparison of the
Conselheiro following with early Christian sects.

It is a pity that the value of a book containing so notable
a record should be impaired by grave defects of style and
taste. Mr. Cunningham Graham treats English syntax
with a disregard which would appear slyly in a private
letter, and which at times involves simple statements in
annoying obscurity. This confusion extends to the order
in which he presents his subject. He begins his Introduc-
tion. More serious is the frequent intrusion of
commonplace reflections. Worst of all is an occasional
pretentiousness, which cannot be too much deplored;
it appears in peculiarly virulent concentration in the
expression “Centaur’s before the Lord” applied to expert
horsemen, which occurs twice. When his narrative is
running at full flood, these blemishes tend to disappear.
He has a gusto for adventure, a genuine appreciation of
certain aspects of experience, of the movement, colour,
freedom of open-air life. With the power he shows at
times of swift and adequate narration, he might, had he
undertaken his task more simply and humbly, have
presented this tragic history with tenfold effect.

F. W. S.

The fifth annual Henriette Hertz Lecture on a master-mind
will be given by Mr. A. Clutton-Brock on “Raphael,” on
Wednesday next at 5 p.m. at the rooms of the Royal Society,
Burlington House. Sir F. G. Kenyon, President of the
British Academy, will preside.
THE MINERS’ CASE

NATIONALISATION OF THE MINES. By Frank Hodges: (Leondard Parsons. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Hodges has obtained a reputation, not confined to members of the Labour Party, for clear-headedness. If we may judge from his book this reputation would seem to be deserved. He has arranged his matter in a logical sequence, he confines himself to essentials, and he writes throughout with, at least, an appearance of scientific detachment. His case, briefly, is, that there is inevitably waste in the production, in the consumption, and in the distribution of coal under the present system of private ownership. He insists that the coal industry should be regarded as a whole; that the accidental frontiers of private ownership are not geological frontiers; that the prime consideration of an industry developed by shareholders’ capital, namely, that a certain monetary return should be obtained within a certain time, is not compatible with the most efficient and scientific development of that industry; and that different and competitive systems of distribution involve needless expenses for superfluous labour. His conclusions are based on facts, and the figures are taken from Government reports. We are already familiar with most of them from the evidence laid before Mr. Justice Sankey, and Mr. Hodges’ book is, in essentials, an exposition of the case then brought forward by the miners. We cannot withhold our opinion that it is a very strong case; Mr. Hodges’ points are really salient points. His argument is, in fact, the old argument that one great trust controlling a whole industry can work more efficiently and economically than a number of small and overlapping concerns. From the economic side, and as confined particularly to the development of such natural products as coal and oil, we believe the argument to be sound. So far as the legal part of his argument is concerned, it points, as Mr. Hodges admits, to an amalgamation of all the present coal-owners in one great trust.

But here he develops his second argument. We have to consider the psychology of the miners. Rightly or wrongly, they are now reluctant to work for the purpose of creating private profit. No system of profit-sharing will content them; they insist on a radically new status. They insist on the dignity of being regarded directly as servants of the community; they have lost all faith in the divine right of employers. That is why the country, and not a trust, must own and develop the coal-mines. Mr. Hodges does not deny the validity of the employers’ complaint that the nationalization output. He denies, however, that the men slacken their efforts in obedience to a conscious policy; it is a manifestation of their dissatisfaction with their present status—they have no heart in their work. And here Mr. Hodges changes from an economist to a miners’ leader. This, he informs us, is going on. Either nationalization or—more wages in order to reduce the employers’ profits. Mr. Hodges knows the figures; he admits that a stage can easily be reached when the present profits are wholly swallowed up by wages increases. Well, he says, and what then? Will the community pay more for coal in order to provide profits for the employers? Will they continue to pay more indefinitely? The miners are determined that the employers shall not have those profits. In other words, Mr. Hodges now says that the choice is not between nationalization and present conditions, but between nationalization and completely unworkable conditions—that is, in view of the temper of the miners, there is no alternative at all. Abuse of the miners is useless, for, as Mr. Clynes says in his foreword, their strength lies in the fact that “however much we may mowr the demands which they make, we will not go down the pits to take their place.”

ON THE ROAD

PILGRIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCE. By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)

"PILGRIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCE" is Mr. Burgin’s fifty-ninth novel. We have not read the fifty-eight which preceded it, but, if we may judge by this one, the author is not concerned with anything more serious than to amuse, or, perhaps it were truer to say, to distract his readers. For a long acquaintance with popular novels forces us to make the distinction between amusemen and distraction. By far the greater number of them aim at nothing more positive than a kind of mental knitting—the mind of the reader is grown so familiar with the pattern that the least possible effort is demanded of it, and yet this ravel of wool is just enough to keep one from facing those grim uncomfortable creatures who are only too ready to stare one out of countenance.

O Life! why is it that so many of thy children are homeless, for ever doomed to have a little time to spare between the stages of the tedious journey? What can they do? They cannot spend time staring out of windows. Is there nothing to go to see or hear or buy? Are there no books? Up and down the miles and miles of bookstalls range the unworldly dwellers. There are so many books that the cities are darkened, the country is buried, the sky is blotted out by them. And somewhere on the shelves there are Mr. Burgin’s fifty-eight novels, and a hand hoppers, slipping in the fifty-ninth.

"It must be wonderful to write novels," says somebody. "It must be the most wonderful feeling, even if you don’t take it desperately seriously, to be able to sit down and first create a small world of your own, where anything can happen that you choose to let happen, where the most enchanting beings can meet one another. There needn’t be a soul in it whom you don’t want; you can just, being God, remove people by one of those dreadfully unfair ‘Acts of God.’ I think the moment you sit down to a fresh notebook and decide whom you’ll have and where you’ll put them must be more thrilling even than sitting down to a Bulb Catalogue...." Well, let us see whom Mr. Burgin, after fifty-eight essays, has chosen: the comic landlady, the swerving parrot, the ranting old actor roaming of Shakespeare and whiskey glasses, the handsome young man whom the bright girl loves, but whom the reckless beautiful woman, married to a brute of a husband, adores.

"Mrs. Pipples, I’m not sure, but I think I’m on my legs again." "I’m glad to hear it, sir. And though I’m a widow woman as says it, you don’t often see such legs as yours, sir." "Polly screaming another comprehensive oath that would have delighted the soul of a buccaneer. "... Said the Wreck sarcastically... "I have a devilish thirst upon me which is but partially slaked." She turned for a moment, faced him, then walked slowly down the mossy path, an occasional sunbeam filtering... upon her beautiful face and curly, beautiful hair. "...Take me away from him. I would be your slave, your mistress, anything to get away from the awful degradation of my present life." Breathes the reader who, furnished with these quotations, could not imagine "Pilgrims of Circumstance" for himself? But that is not the question. Come, let us begin at the beginning and go on to the end, and then stop. Let us discover that there are even two comic landladies and the second is called Mrs. Wanks, and she lives at daggers drawn with Mrs. Pipples. Let us hear how the parrot uses "un’ly language" to the butcher. Softly—softly, dear reader, and perhaps by the time we have finished, and if we are still waiting, Mr. Burgin will have made the grand choice again, and his sixtieth volume will be ready for our empty hands.

K. M.
AN UP-TO-DATE ANTHOLOGY

CAMBRIDGE READINGS IN ITALIAN LITERATURE. By Edward Bullough. (Cambridge University Press. 8s.)

WE confess that we had not ventured to hope that the revival of interest in the study of Italian would have so speedily resulted in a volume of selections of this kind. Anthologies of the less-known literatures have a way of plodding stolidly along the beaten track, stopping only at the recognized halting-places. They make no attempt to put us on familiar terms with a whole period by introducing us to the smaller men, who often give a clearer insight into it than the great men who habitually represents it in the parliament of literature. Mr. Bullough realizes that if this revival of interest in Italian studies is to have any significance, it must do something more than increase the number of students of Dante or Petrarch or Manzoni, and that nothing short of a long residence in Italy can help to bring an Englishman into touch with the Italian of to-day so successfully as a familiar knowledge of contemporary Italian literature. Hence his book should find its way into all classes of advanced Italian. He does not waste space on the great names, nor does he seek to reverse the verdict of time in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. He has concentrated his energies on the writers of the last sixty years in Italy, and has wrestled with the difficulties of copyright with such success that he has been able to include almost all living writers of importance, even young men like Prezzolini and Papini, Govoni and Luigi Siciliani. Such a method has its dangers. Time will doubtless winnow these authors. We doubt, for example, whether Aldo Pallazzeschi, though certainly the ablest of the Futurists, has any real importance except as a specimen of that strange intellectual influenza which has now virtually worked itself out in the land of its origin.

We are glad that Mr. Bullough has not neglected dialect poetry, though we are sorry to miss Salvatore Di Giacomo, and also that he has snubbed Belli, who has so often been chosen to represent his less polished brother provincial in histories and anthologies. But surely the dialect poems should have been provided with notes. Nor do we often quarrel with the specimens given. A peculiar interest attaches to Niccolò Tommasso’s poem on Dalmatia, over the interpretation of which the Italian Nationalists and the Yugo-Slavs have split untold quantities of ink. Is it Mr. Bullough’s cunning that makes him regret in his preface his inability to find room for a number of writers, most of whom could not really claim a place in such a collection, interesting though they undoubtedly are, in the hope of inducing his readers to taste them independently? For ourselves, the most interesting poet in the book is Roccagagliata-Ceccardi, who appears to be little known even in Italy and to whose work our author was introduced by Eleonora Duse. We shall look forward to the promised edition of his poems, for the specimens before us display a depth of thought and feeling that promises much.

Mr. Bullough has, on the whole, succeeded in his attempt to “present a picture of Italian thought in the nineteenth century,” though passages from philosophers like Spaventa or Croce are bound to be something in the nature of bricks as samples of houses. For one thing we are particularly grateful, and that is that he has taken the trouble to give us some specimens of modern Italian inscriptions. The traditions of the art of epigraphy have been handed on without a break from classical days through Papal Rome to our own time; and when we remember that Italian is not a language that seems at first sight to lend itself to the conciseness of the epigraphical style, we would earnestly commend these inscriptions to the attention of those responsible for our own public monuments.

L. C.-M.

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE

In supplement of the brie obituary notice printed in last week’s Athenæum, it seems right to mention one or two other publications which entitle the late Mr. Coleridge to more than the transient gratitude of the reading public. In 1888, his “Poems,” a third volume, but of definite charm and quality, more resembling the work of Hartley his uncle than that of his grandfather Samuel Taylor. There is, however, constant reference to that Priest of invisible rites behind the veil of the senses; and one of the most beautiful of these poems begins:

What if we gained a summit, you and I,
Who step by step his wandering footsteps trace,
And high on sunny Quantock, suddenly,
Met Coleridge in a vision face to face?

Twenty years later, during the European war, he was rare courtesy, in answer to a communication regarding Coleridge, sent a stranger four additional stanzas:

Or by the moonlight we may find him still,
In Halford Glen, beside the ash-tree dell,
Wandering alone and at his own sweet will
In visionary quest of Christabel.

Or where the beeches climb the heathery steep
Or 'mid the hollows on Alfoxden's knoll
Shall we not find him wrap'd in converse deep
And call him by his own dear name, 'Dunstan and one soul'?

And we shall know him by his dusky hair
And eyes that flash with one wild inward light,
And he would talk with us—Oh, joy it were—
The live-long day and half the babbling night.

But ah! my fancies fail, for thou art fled
To those great shades! to-morrow I must go;
But yet the fume will bloom on Quantock's head,
And in the glen the hidden brook will flow.

Such verses are a fair example of the grace, melody, and human kindness combined in his best work; and it is to be hoped that, if more of them remain in manuscript, they may presently be collected and brought to light.

Mr. Coleridge won wider recognition as editor than as poet. If his great edition of Samuel Taylor Coleridge has not superseded that of Dykes Campbell, it is at least wonderfully thorough and practical; work at once able and affectionate. A small selection produced by him in 1905 was in every way admirable; his object being “not to do justice but to give pleasure—to gather the choicest blossoms in the garden, as if for a flower-glass or beaupart.” In 1907 he brought out a magnificent edition of Christabel with a colotype of the author’s portrait and his name surmounted and his inscriptions. In these volumes, as in all his critical work, Mr. Coleridge has surpassed all his rivals in keeping green the fair fame of S.T.C. It was with reason that he wrote two years ago: “I doubt if by me or anyone else a much fuller or bigger edition will be attempted for many long years to come.”

Theology as an Empirical Science. By D. C. Macintosh, Ph.D. (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.)—The title of Dr. Macintosh’s work recalls a saying of Professor Santayana in criticism of the a priori philosophy: “Why any reality—such as God, for instance—should not be just as empirical as the other side of the moon, if experience suggested it and reason discovered it.” If Kant never tells us and never himself knew.” Dr. Macintosh, appealing to no other criticism than experience and reason, endeavours to find a justification for the postulates of religion in mankind’s “personal experience of the divine Reality.” This psychological treatment of the religious problem is one that is likely to inspire much popular discussion. It is true, Dr. Kant never tells us and never himself knew.”

E. B.
MARGINALIA

I

WAS summoned a few days ago to attend one of those grand assemblies of specialists, general literary practitioners, enthusiastic and curious amateurs who come together periodically for consultation round the bed of the moribund drama.

At the last gasp of Shakespeare's latest breath, When, his pulse failing, Drama speechless lies, Revive goes sniggering round the bed of death, And Repentance, losing up his eyes—

Now if thou wouldst—

that is the pious ideal (it is hardly as much as a hope) of the medicine men—

Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over, From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

"Thou" in this case is the younger generation, to whom we all look for the miraculous transformation of the death scene into one of triumphal birth.

The cure, then, according to the most expert authorities, is that all the younger generation should take to writing plays which the existing play-producing societies, or combinations of them, or new societies of the same nature should perform. It is certainly possible that if great masses of youthful aspirants could be got to write in the dramatic form—and they would need more solid bribes than can be offered by single-performance societies—it is possible that buried talents might be unearthed. But the thing is by no means necessary and inevitable. Take, for example, the case of the novel. Young men have every inducement to write novels, and they do write them, in large numbers. But among these masses of novels the good ones are extraordinarily few. The same is true of our much advertised renascence of poetry. After all, when we come to look at it dispassionately, what has the whole amount to? Precious little. Is there any reason, then, to suppose that something quite different will happen when the younger generation sets to work on the drama? Will the health of the drama be materially improved when the Stage Society receives, not ninety, but nine hundred manuscripts a year? To these questions we can only doubtfully shake our heads.

The fact is that good work in any branch of literature is always scarce. There is no relation between the quantity of output and its quality. Ten thousand playwrights might write and not a single good play be produced. The good play will only be written when chance sends us some man of genius who feels disposed to express himself dramatically. And after all, we have not very much to complain of. There have been periods in English history when the drama sank to levels far lower than that to which it has now declined. The eighteenth century produced no tragedy which it is possible to take seriously—unless one excepts the heartrending and edifying "George Barnwell"—and, after Vanburgh's death, surprisingly few comedies. The nineteenth century was yet more sterile. The Cambridge historians of literature were reduced, to talk about such masterpieces as "Box and Cox."

Compared with these two periods, our age can count itself hugely fortunate in the possession of such playwrights as Shaw and Synge. Furthermore, it has seen a marked rise in the average level of dramatic efficiency. (Not that that makes much difference; for a bad play is always bad, and will always ultimately be recognized as such, however thickly veiled by good technique.) We possess as many great dramatists as we do novelists of genius, that is to say, none (Mr. Hardy belongs to an older generation). And if talented and interesting playwrights are not so plentiful among us as talented and interesting novelists, that is simply due to the fact that it is less of an undertaking to print a book than to produce a play. Make it easy and moderately profitable to produce plays, and we shall soon have as many reasonably good playwrights as novelists. If this be a consumption devoutly to be hoped, then, by all means, let us work at it. Perhaps, in the end, for interesting and improving the public taste, it will be found that the theatre will certainly be a rather more amusing place than it is at present. At the same time, we have to remember that reasonably talented and interesting playwrights will no more be geniuses than the many novelists of the same class whom we possess to-day. To lure the intelligent into writing plays the various societies which exist for this purpose can only offer the fleeting glory of, at the most, two performances, and, in place of material rewards, a few phrases about art for its own sake. Nobody can be surprised that the intelligent prefer to spend their time in some employment more lucrative than the writing of plays which only the societies will perform. If the play-producing societies really want to discover new dramatists, let them found a dramatic club with large and sumptuous premises in St. James's, where members might eat, drink, sleep and read the papers as comfortably as at any other club. The club buildings would contain a small and well-appointed theatre where performances could be given at least once a week. To step from the dining-room into the theatre, and from the theatre into the smoking-room; to be able to see the play in comfort and without risk of catching cold or disturbing digestion by the post-prandial scramble for the cab—one could become almost lyrical about the delights of such a club. The immense prosperity which it could not fail to enjoy would make possible a moderate generosity. Authors would be tempted to write. And the public, in turn, would have the opportunity of experimenting free of charge. In a word, the whole scheme sounds so Utopian that one cannot help suspecting the presence of some hopeless flaw.

But enough of this. There is a passage in Tchehov's letters where he speaks of an article on Tolstoy, a passage which every literary journalist ought to hang up like a text over his writing-table. "It's a good article," says Tchehov, "but it's strange. One might write a thousand such articles and things would not be a step forward, and it would still remain unintelligible why such articles are written." Perfectly unintelligible! It is enough to chide the gayest, the liveliest fluency.

BOOK SALE

On Thursday, March 4, and the following day, Messrs. Sotheby sold books and manuscripts. The chief prices were:


The following came from the Rowfant Library, and in many cases were presentation copies from the authors or illustrators:

- R. Browning, Panaceus, 1833, £50; Stradford, 1837, £70; Bel's and Pomegranate, £45-6, £429; Dickens, A Christmas Carol, 1843, £150; Kate Greenaway Almanacks, 21 vols., 1884-97, £240; Grimm, German Popular Stories, 2 vols., 1823-5, £175. The Humourist, 4 vols., 1819-22, £50. G. Meredith, Poems, 1851, £15. W. Morris, Love is Enough, 1874, £80. R. L. Stevenson, Child's Garden of Verses, with MS. poem, 1885, £60. Swinburne, Rough Sketch of Act I. of Bothwell, n.d., £67. Tennyson, Poetical Works, 1869-72, £90; Poems, 2 vols., 1852, £50. The Lover's Tale, 1808, £78; Idylls of the King, 1890, £70. M. Corker, The Skibbereen, Prof. impressions of the plates to illustrate the Fairy Library, 1853-64, £100. The total of the sale was £11,572.
Science

A POPULARIZER OF SCIENCE

Silvanus Phillips Thompson, D.Sc., F.R.S.: His Life and Letters. By J. S. Thompson and H. G. Thompson. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)

There are men who impress us as having gifts, but no gift—as having, that is to say, exceptional abilities, but no one predominant ability. Such men may achieve distinction in more than one direction: usually, however, the mental accidents of circumstance narrow their life to one mortal career, and they become specialists, but with an unusual number of “outside” interests. The late Dr. Thompson, Principal of Finsbury College, was a man of this type. In the public mind he was classed as a “scientist”: amongst other scientists, while in scientific circles he was regarded as an authority on Technology, particularly the technology of dynamo-electric machinery. He was known to be an exceptionally good lecturer, he was known to have an exceptional knowledge of the history of the physical sciences, and it was generally admitted that his linguistic and artistic achievements could not be matched amongst his colleagues. It was always felt that there was something a little unusual about his position in the world of science, or, rather, in the world of scientific men. There seemed to be a discrepancy between his reputation and his purely scientific work. It must be frankly admitted, as is done by his biographers, that his scientific research work was not of a very high order. If we compare it with that of some of his contemporaries, Lord Kelvin, Sir George Stokes, Rayleigh, we see that no real comparison is possible. Compared with the work of such men it is doubtful whether his own was even second-rate. Yet he stands out much more prominently than the score or so of comparatively undistinguished men who were doing work of equal value.

It might be thought that he followed the well-known second path to official eminence—that he was a great administrator. It is true that he was a good college Principal, but he never had to administer on a large scale. Here also his actual achievement could be paralleled by many men who lived in comparative obscurity. The solution of the puzzle is to be found, we think, in the fact that Thompson was not predominantly a scientific man at all; he was that much rarer thing, at least in his own circle, a cultured person. Having no particular itch, having an active mind, and living at the time he did, for him a certain interest in science was inevitable. He had the scholar’s mind, he was a good student, he liked lecturing, and it is therefore not surprising that he decided not to be a painter, but to embrace the surer and equally interesting livelihood offered to a science teacher. From the very beginning he took a keen interest in the technique of teaching. As a mere boy he writes that Tyndall pleased him, but was quite eclipsed by Huxley. His efforts to make himself a good lecturer were remarkably successful, and shortly after his appointment as Lecturer in Physics at Bristol he was in great demand as a popular lecturer. A popular audience was, in fact, precisely the audience best suited to his peculiar gifts. He had no temptation to enter into obscure technicalities, and his knowledge of painting, music, the literatures of six languages and of the frequently entertaining oddities belonging to the history of his subject, enabled him to deal with such topics as “The Rainbow in Science and Art,” “Colour,” “Ancient and Modern Science,” in a way that could interest the most unscientific mind. Later on he became fascinated by the practical applications of science, particularly the applications of the electric phenomena discovered by Faraday, and he made himself a genuine authority on this subject. His purely scholarly leanings, his interest in history, the attention he paid to prose, combined with his capacity for lucid and simple exposition, enabled him to write a number of text-books which enjoyed remarkable success, edition succeeding edition with a celebrity a novelist might envy. The labour of bringing these successive editions up to date was sometimes very considerable, and was a recurrent task throughout the rest of Thompson’s life.

On his removal to London, as Principal of the Finsbury Technical College, Thompson’s activities increased. He sometimes had to give as many as ten lectures per week, besides doing his administrative work. Nevertheless, he still found time for detailed historical research, for travels on the Continent, where he lectured in German and Italian, and for painting pictures of the Alps, which were exhibited at various art shows, including the Royal Academy. He produced more than one elaborate monograph on William Gilbert, the Elizabethan investigator of magnetism and electricity, translated Huyghens’ Treatise on Light, gave courses of lectures at the Royal Institution and wrote an elaborate Life of Lord Kelvin. At the same time he continued to publish occasional papers on original research work, but this activity, the raison d’être of the truly scientific man, perhaps the least important of all Thompson’s activities. That this was not the result merely of his versatility is seen when we turn to the career of Maxwell, a man whose versatility was quite comparable with that of Thompson, but who also did the most important original work in Physics that was done during the nineteenth century. Thompson’s interest in science was that of a cultured man; he was not, except in official position, a specialist. The letters to Thompson from other scientific men are interesting from this point of view. Kelvin writes:

I have looked in vain in encyclopaedias and text-books for something that everyone doesn’t know regarding the phosphorescence of luminous paint. Cantor’s phosphorus, etc.; so, as you know more than the encyclopaedias and text-books put together, I apply to you.

The application was quite successful. Thompson was always able and willing to supply out-of-the-way information, to give useful hints on lecture experiments which even experimenters of the calibre of Sir Oliver Lodge found useful, and to act as interpreter and general master of the research ceremonies, at international gatherings. In the very best sense of the word, he was a popularizer of science, and the fact that his great contemporaries were pursuing their researches rather over his head, as it were, merely means that he was not a genius. He touched three worlds, the scientific, the artistic and the “practical,” and he did his considerable best to make them better acquainted with one another. As was fitting, he was an internationalist in politics. It was his function to be an intermediary between grown men and to be a wise and enthusiastic teacher of youth. In each of these ways he accomplished work of permanent value, although it is probable that none of his work, in the narrower sense, scientific or artistic, is destined to immortality.

Societies

Royal.—March 4.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.

The following papers were read: “The Protoplasmic Factor in Photo-synthesis,” by Dr. F. F. Blackman,—”The Beginning of Photo-synthesis in the Green Leaf,” by G. E. Briggs,—”Sunlight and the Life of the Sea: Studies of the Photo-synthesis in Marine Algae: (1) Fixation of Carbon and Nitrogen from Inorganic Sources in Sea-water; (2) Increase of Alkalinity of Sea-water as a Result of Photo-synthesis and as a Measure of that Process; “Relative Photo-synthetic Activity of Green, Brown, and Red Seaweeds in Light of Varying Intensity,” by Dr. Benjamin Moore, E. Whitley, and T. A. Webster.
THE ATHENÆUM

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 19. King's College, 4.30.—“Ecclesiastical Art,” Lecture X., Professor F. Dearmer.
University College, 5.30.—“Greek Religion,” Professor E. A. Gardner.
Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—“Exact Data on the Performance of Mechanical Stokers, as applied to ‘Lancashire’ or other Narrow-Flued Boilers,” Mr. D. Brownlie.
Egyptian Society (Royal Society's Rooms), 8.30.—“The Study of Egyptian Art,” M. Jean Capart.
Royal Institution, 9.—Leonardo da Vinci,” Mr. Edward McCurdy.

Mon. 22. Bibliographical, 5.—“Colard Mansion,” Mr. Seymour de Ricci.
Societies, 5.30.—“The Future of Army Hygiene,” General Sir John Goodwin, (Chadwick Lecture.)
King's College, 5.30.—“Portugal: III. Portugal and a Permanent Peace,” Professor George Young.
King's College, 5.30.—“New Light on Pentateuchal Problems,” Lecture IV., Dr. A. S. Yahuda.
King's College, 5.30.—“The History of Learning and Science in Poland,” Lecture VI., Professor I. Tatarkwicz.
King's College, 5.30.—“Outlines of Greek History: The Militaristic Emperors, 963-1025,” Professor H. O. Coates.

Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—“The Work done by Railway Troops in France during 1914-19,” Col. D. Lyell.
King's College, 5.30.—“The Philosophy of Kant,” Lecture X., Professor H. Wildon Carr.
Paraday (Chemical Society's Rooms), 5.30.—“Discussion on ‘Rassenlehre’ and its Application to the Biology of Man,” Mr. Bernard Pares.
British Academy (Royal Society's Rooms), 5.—“Raphael,” Mr. A. Clutton-Brock.
Geological, 5.30.—“On Two Pre-Glacial Floras from Castle Eden, Durham, and a Comparative Review of Pliocene Floras, based on the Study of Fossil Seeds,” Mrs. E. M. Reid.
University College, 5.30.—“Wergeland, Welhaven and Collect,” Lecture VII., Mr. I. G. Grundal.
University College, 5.30.—“English Intonation,” Lecture IV., Mr. H. E. Palmer.

Thurs. 25. Royal Institution, 3.—“The Hope for Russia,” Mr. Stephen Chesterton.
University College, 5.30.—“August Strindberg,” Lecture VII., Mr. I. Björklund.
Child-Study (90, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.), 6.30—“Adolescence and the Continuation Schools,” Mrs. E. Sloan Chester, M.I.

Fine Arts

BONNARD


In France, where even amateurs of painting enjoy a bit of rhetoric, for two or three days after the death of Renoir one could not be long in any of their haunts without being told either that "Renoir est mort et Matisse est le plus grand peintre de France," or that "Renoir est mort et Derain etc." Also, so cosmopolitan is Paris, there were those who would put in the query: "Et Picasso?" but, as no Frenchman much cares to be reminded that the man who, since Cézanne, has had the greatest effect on painting is a Spaniard, this interjection was generally ill-received. On the other hand, those who quivered: "Et Bonnard?" got a sympathetic hearing always.

M. Léon Werth deals neither in rhetoric nor in orders of merit. Bonnard is his theme; and on Bonnard he has written thirty-six pages without, I think, pronouncing the name of one rival, leaving to his readers the agreeable task of putting the right heads in the way of such blows as he occasionally lets fall. Of Bonnard he has written with a delicacy of understanding hardly to be matched by the panegyric of the poetical critic. He has sketched exquisitely a temperament, and if he has not told us much about its fruits, about the pictures of Bonnard that is to say, he can always refer us to the series of reproductions at the end of the volume.

What M. Werth would say to the distinction implied in my last paragraph I cannot tell; but I am sure it is important. Certainly, behind every work of art lies a temperament, a mind; and it is this mind that creates, that causes and conditions the forms and colours of which a picture consists: nevertheless, what we see are forms and colours, forms and colours are what move us. Doubtless, M. Werth is right in thinking that Bonnard paints beautifully because he loves what he paints; but what Bonnard gives us is something more significant than his feeling for cups or cats or human beings. He gives us created form with a significance of its own, to the making of which went his passion and its object, but which is something quite distinct from both. He gives us a work of art.

To consider a picture by Vuillard, whose work is often compared with that of Bonnard, might help us here. Vuillard loves what he paints, and his pictures are attractive, as often as not, chiefly because they represent lovely things. A picture by Bonnard, for all its fascinating overtones, has a life entirely of its own. It is like a flower, which is beautiful not because it represents one of, something beautiful, but because it is beautiful. A picture by Bonnard escapes from its subject, and from its author too. And this is all-important because it is just this independent life of its own that gives to a work of art its peculiar character and power. Unluckily, about this detached life, about a work of art considered as a work of art, there is little or nothing to be said; so perhaps M. Werth has done well to confine himself to the task of giving his readers a taste of the quality of an artist's mind. This task was difficult enough in all conscience; the mind of Bonnard is subtle, delicate and creative, and it has needed subtlety, delicacy, and not a little creative power, to give us even a glimpse of it.

The first thing one gets from a picture by Bonnard is a sense of perplexed, delicious colour: tones of miraculous subtlety seem to be flowing into an enchanted pool and chasing one another there. From this pool emerge gradually forms which appear sometimes vaporous and sometimes tentative, but never vapid and never woolly. When we have realized that the pool of colour is, in fact, a design of extraordinary originality and perfect coherence, our aesthetic appreciation is at its height. And not until this excitement begins to flag do we notice that the picture carries a delightful overtone—that it is witty, whimsical, fantastic.

Such epithets one uses because they are the best that language affords, hoping that they will not create a false impression. They are literary terms, and the painting of Bonnard is never literary. Whatever, by way of overtone, he may reveal of himself is implicit in his forms: symbolism and caricature are not in his way. You may catch him musing on himself, "That's a funny-looking face," he will never say, "That's the face of a man whom I expect you to laugh at." If you choose to take his "Après-Midi Bourgeoise" (which is not reproduced here) as a sly comment on family life you may: but anyone who goes to it for the sort of criticism he would find in the plays of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Barker is, I am happy to say, doomed to disappointment. What amused Bonnard was not the implication, social, moral, or political, of the scene, but the scene itself—the look of the thing. Bonnard never strays outside the world of visual art. He finds significance in the appearance of things and converts it into form and colour. With the pompous symbolism of the grand-mannerist, or the smart symbolism of the caricaturist, or the half-baked symbolism of the philosophico-futuro-dynamitard he has no truck whatever. His ambition is not to convey, without the aid of words, certain elementary ideas, unimportant facts, or obvious sentiments, but to create forms that shall correspond with his intimate sense of the significance of things. The paraphernalia of symbolism are nothing to his purpose: what he requires are subtlety of apprehension and lightness of touch, and these are what he has. So M. Léon Werth meets people who complain that "Bonnard manque de noblesse."

Bonnard is not noble. A kitten jumping on to the table moves him, not because he sees in that gesture a symbol of human aspiration or of brute-instinct, but the spirit of youth or the pathos of the brute creation, nor yet because it reminds him of pretty things, but because the sight is charming. He will never be appreciated by people who want something from art that is not art. But to those who care for the thing itself his work is peculiarly sympathetic, because it is so thoroughly, so unimitatedly, that of an artist; and therefore it does not surprise me that some of them should see in him the appropriate successor to Renoir. Like Renoir he loves life as he finds it. He, too, enjoys intensely those good, familiar things that perhaps only artists can enjoy to the full—sunshine and flowers, white tables spread beneath trees, fruits, crockery, leafage, the movements of young animals, the grace of girls and the amplitude of fat women. Also he loves intimacy. He is profoundly French. He reminds one sometimes of Rameau and sometimes of Ravel, sometimes of Lafontaine and sometimes of Laforgue.

Renoir never reminded anyone of Ravel or Laforgue. Renoir and Bonnard are not so much alike after all. In fact, both as artists and craftsmen, they are extremely different. Renoir's output was enormous: he painted with the vast ease of a lyrical giant. His selections and decisions were instinctive and immediate. He trusted his reactions implicitly. Also, there is nothing that could possibly be called whimsical, nothing critical or self-critical, about him. Bonnard, on the other hand, must be one of the most painstaking artists alive. He comes at beauty by tortuous ways, artful devices, and elaboration. He allows his vision to dawn on you by degrees: no one ever guesses at first sight how serious, how deliberately worked out, his compositions are. There is something Chinese about him; and he is one of those rare Europeans who have dealt in "imposed" rather than "built-up" design. Bonnard's pictures grow not as trees, they float
as water-lilies. European pictures, as a rule, spring upwards, masonrywise, from their foundations; the design of a picture by Bonnard, like that of many Chinese pictures and Persian textiles, seems to have been laid on the canvas as one might lay cautiously on dry grass some infinitely precious figured gauze. Assuredly, the hand that lets fall these beauties is as unlike that which, even in the throes of rhapsmatism, affirmed with supreme confidence in the making of Renaissance master, as the easy accessibility of our last old master is unlike this shy, fastidious spirit that M. Léon Wurth, by a brilliant stroke of sympathetic intelligence, has contrived to catch, and hold for an instant.

Clive Bell.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

Grafton Galleries. — Women’s International Art Club.

Twenty-One Gallery, Adelphi.—Water-Colours, Woodcuts and Paintings by Edgard Tytgat.

Goupil Gallery.—Paintings and Drawings by British and Foreign Artists.—The East: Paintings and Drawings by Sidney W. and Richard Carlile.

Leicester Galleries.—Drawings in Colour by Charles Ginner.—Landscape in Oils by James L. Henry.

Greater Art Galleries.—Gardens Gay and Joyous: Water-Colour Drawings by Beatrice Parsons.


Mr. Tytgat’s portrait of himself at the Twenty-One Gallery portrays a very different man from the Byronic apparch evoked by Miss Walker. He appears here as a sober, gentle, unaffected man seated with his wife in an unpretentious room, and the works which hang round the gallery convince us that the real Tytgat is here and not at the Grafton Galleries. He is obviously what the French call ‘œuvres simples’; he seems to have preserved—marvelously intact—his recollections of child-pleasure and to have set himself to create art in tune with his recollections. As a result we have this series of charming drawings, woodcuts and book-illustrations. As an oil painter Mr. Tytgat is still in the experimental stages, still bothered by the complication of the medium. But this is relatively unimportant; what matters is his art, which is real and delightful—a sensitive plant which we trust he will know how to protect from the onslaughts of modes and theories.

The most notable work at the Goupil Gallery is the Balzacian “ Emile,” by Mr. Sickert, who never fails to impress by the range of his interest and the strength of his sympathy. It is painted with perfect assurance, and it reveals a great reserve of knowledge. If our descendants care at all for pictures they will value such work as this as a characteristic product of an important artist. They will value too, we imagine, Mr. Nicholson’s “The Coast of Brittany.” Compared with Mr. Sickert, Nicholson is undoubtedly superficial, but within the small circle which he has traced for himself he is quite sincere, and he can sometimes point—as in this picture—with astonishing skill and beauty. “Hammer- smith Bridge on Boat Race Day.” shows once more that Mr. Greaves was not only an excellent disciple, but also an artist capable of using his eyes to considerable advantage; the naif vision exemplified in this picture is quite his own and not without charm. The evident sincerity of these three works makes the Rococo appeal of the adjacent Conder fans (rather poor examples, by the way) seem a little too sophisticated and the Baroque appeal of Mr. Pryde’s incompletely realized “Classical Landscape” seem pretentious and affected.

Mr. Ginner’s work has much in common with that of the late Harold Gilman and he has learned much from Mr. Sickert. It has the seriousness which characterizes the so-called Camden Town Group, and also displays that personal reaction to landscape and town; it is so good that it challenges comparison with first-rate work, and suffers, of course, from the comparison. His drawings are realized with unflinching intellectual tenacity and executed with unrelenting perseverance. It would be impossible to find a faked or hap hazard passes, and there is something in the method of the execution which strikes us as over- elaborate and laborious. It is not that Mr. Ginner expresses too much in a small space—Dürer and Meryon expressed much more—but that he has an unfortunate habit of saying the same thing three times over—first in line, then in dashes and dots, and finally in color. This is surely tiring the half-penny stamp, and far removed from the economy of means which we find in the great masters. It also results in unpleasant colour when a close filigree of black lines and dots shows through a wash of water colour. The successive statements instead of increasing the emphasis impede it, and very often they cancel one another out of existence, so that we fall to hankering after the classical water-colour draughtsmen with their simple formula of single lines and limpid washes. But it would be ungrateful to stress what is after all only a technical redundancy, and we hasten to append our conviction that Mr. Ginner is obviously an artist capable of good work, if not in this particular medium, then in others—in pure black-and-white drawing or in oil paint, or, most likely of all, in etching.

Miss Beatrice Parsons’ ”Gay and Joyous” gardens are very like many other gay and joyous gardens which are always to be seen in Bond Street shop windows, and which, we understand, never fail to find ready purchasers. Old-fashioned people presumably think this type of drawing artistic; artistic people certainly think it old-fashioned. For ourselves we decline to hazard an adjective. But we confess to admiration for a lady who has the courage to attempt to make a water-colour drawing of an apple tree in blossom and the ability to produce from the loveliness of it a first glance, so uncomically like the original. But oh! the green- ness of the grass that grows all round! 

R. H. W.

REPRODUCTIONS OF ETCHINGS

The Charm of the Etcher’s Art. (“The Studio,” 44, Leicester Square, 7s. 6d.)

The first of “The Studio” Graphic Arts Folios is devoted to reproductions of etchings by Sir Frank Short, D. Y. Cameron, James McJey, E. S. Lumsden, and W. P. Robins. Many of the plates (notably those of Mr. Lumsden) suffer considerably from the reduction in size, and all lose the special qualities of impressions taken from the plates. But the shortcomings of the reproductions have an educational value, for we realize, as we turn the pages of this folio, how much the majority of etchers depend for their effects upon external factors, such as the richness of fat biting, clever printing, carefully selected paper and so on. We miss these factors here, and with them the peculiar distinction, the aristocratic air which contributes largely to the popularity of etchings with the bourgeois collector. The artists selected for this folio are all, as it happens, primarily craftsmen, and when we see their work shorn of the medium’s special attributes we are amazed at the relative slightness of the art behind. But slight art is not necessarily bad art, and students will be well advised to acquire this book and analyse the artistic equipment of the etchers represented, which they will thus be able to do more easily than by the study of the actual etchings enhanced by the veneer of craft.

The “Nouvelle Revue Française” has commenced the publishing of an extremely interesting series of monographs on Modern French Painters. The first of these, by Mr. Charles Sensevant, is before us, and contains about forty excellent reproductions of Matisse’s work, and is of a very convenient size. This admirable series is to be continued by monographs on Friez, Marquet, de Segonzac, Derain, Briaque, Vlaminck, Marchand, Lhote, and others. The enterprise deserves—and will assuredly obtain—complete success.
Music

IN DEFENCE OF TRANSLATIONS

THERE appear still to be some people who object to the singing of German songs in German before English audiences. Those who agree with them will say that their objection and their method of expressing it is dictated by proper feeling; those who disagree will call it foolish prejudice. In any case argument with such people is out of the question; prejudice and proper feeling are alike indifferent to reason. As far as can be gathered, there is little or no objection to German music in itself, at any rate to the music of composers who are deceased. The chief hostility seems to be towards the sound of the German language. Probably the people who object to the sound of the German language are people who do not understand it. Fear and hatred are most generally associated with things that are not properly understood. To those who understand only a few words or perhaps nothing, the sound of German may well call up painful associations. If they understood completely, and if the words which were sung were really great poetry, those painful associations would be forgotten, because really great poetry would be strong enough in its own right to overwhelm all other feelings. Unfortunately, there are few people in this country who understand German well enough to apprehend German poetry when it does happen to be great; and perhaps still more unfortunately, a good deal of the poetry which the great classical composers set to music does not really deserve the epithet of "great" at all.

Yet there is no doubt that the singers want to sing Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Hugo Wolf; and equally no doubt that audiences enjoy hearing them. At the present moment, therefore, the songs are generally sung in translations. These translations, however, are only rarely translations into English. French translations are frequently preferred. That an English singer should sing German songs in French translations to an English audience might seem inconceivably ludicrous to anyone who stood outside the concert-going world. But the singers have perfectly sound reason for it. The original German being barred, the choice lies between an English translation and a French one. But the English translations are mostly so bad that no singer with any pretensions to be a person of education dare sing them in public. The French translation may be equally absurd to the ears of educated French people; but English audiences do not know that. English audiences are always flattered to think that they know French: English singers always like to think that they sing French with a perfect accent. Some of them indeed do sing French very well; in fact they sometimes sing French better than they sing English.

Here we touch the root of the matter. Neither English singers nor English audiences have any proper respect for their own language. Any Frenchman, any Italian, takes a pride in speaking his own language really well. An Englishman who speaks beautiful English is generally an object of suspicion. To speak beautifully is not considered good form. There exists a society for the protection of pure English, and another society—the Society of English Singers—for the protection of pure English singing; but the tasks which they have set to themselves are as arduous as they are noble. If singers really cared, if audiences really cared, about fine English, they would never tolerate either Brahms in indifferent French or Brahms in music publishers' English. They would insist on good English translations, and insist on them until they obtained them.

Far be it from me to discourage any English singer from singing foreign songs in the original languages. There are certain singers who can do so, and certain audiences which can understand them. The more foreign languages an English singer learns—learns, that is to say, to speak fluently, not merely to sing—the more care he is likely to take over his pronunciation of English; and the more listeners are encouraged to learn foreign languages and appreciate the beauties of their literature the better. But the fact must be faced that the great majority of English people know no language but their own. For them songs and operas must be sung in English, and they must be sung in the best English possible. There are, I believe, many English people who do not really care to listen to vocal music in English, even though they know no other tongue. One would like to hope that among their reasons was a hearty dislike of that conventional, barbarous, semi-Italian "singers' pronunciation" which the Society of English Singers has set itself to combat. But their dislike of English singing is more probably part of their whole attitude to music. If they hear English, they are bound to refer it in some degree to their normal world, to the world of common sense, and it is exactly from the world of common sense that they wish through music to find momentary escape. They enjoy an opera so much more, they tell us, when they do not understand the words, because the words of an opera are always so silly. But there is not the least reason why the words of an opera should be silly. Even if the original foreign words are silly it is not impossible for a clever translator to improve upon them, to recreate rather than to translate, to produce in fact the ideal libretto which the composer ought—had he had the good fortune to be born an Englishman—to have set to music.

If singers and audience took a proper pride in the English language, they would realize that it has its own powerful individuality, in close association with the English type of voice. Dryden and Purcell understood it a hundred years ago. If songs and operas were properly translated, they would not sound, they could not sound, exactly like the originals. But they would be better suited to the English style of singing and the English interpretation. It is impossible to throw a foreign opera, whether it be "Faust" or "Tristan," at an ordinary English audience and expect them to take it as its native audience does. The English audience has a totally different cultural background, and it is the task first of the translator and secondly of the singer to present the work in such a way as to make the clearest possible impression upon the cultural background of this country. We do not want great foreign works to remain exotic and strange; we want them to be welcomed and absorbed into our musical consciousness as some of the oratorios were absorbed by our forefathers.

The need is urgent for really good translations, both of songs and operas, because it is through good translations that both singers and listeners can be led to take a logical common-sense view of music. Musicians, if they are not charlatans, do want the public to take a common-sense view of music. They do not want the public to think that musicians are a race apart with which the listeners have no real contact. They want to feel that every listener is potentially a musician: that every man and woman who hears a song or an opera may be thereby stimulated to sing themselves, to realize that they too have voices, the power of musical expression, the feelings, emotion, thought, or whatever they may be, for which music is the language that nature has provided.

EDWARD J. DENT.

At the meeting of the Royal Society on June 3 the Bakerian Lecture will be delivered by Sir Ernest Rutherford on "The Nuclear Constitution of the Atom."
CONCERTS

If Mr. John Coates’s recital of English song at Central Westminster Hall on March 13 was not wholly enjoyable, it was not through any shortcoming on the part of the singer, for he was in admirable voice, and his phrasing and diction were impeccable. But he tried to cover too wide a field; no composer was represented by more than one short song, and the attempt to include as many notable composers as possible from the time of Henry VIII. to the present day resulted in scrappiness and want of cohesion. There was little heard that could be called bad work, but a good deal was undistinguished work, and the recital would have gained on the whole by the inclusion of more examples of the two or three first-raters and the elimination of some of the smaller frills.

A good deal of curiosity—shall we say?—had been aroused by the announcement of Miss Mischa Léon’s “Lieder-Abend” on March 13, but the event was of little musical significance. All we had was a handful of old chestnuts, sung in a way that made one look vaguely round to see why none of the windows were open. We should feel more obliged to M. Mischa Léon if he had given us the opportunity of judging whether any modern German composers are producing decent songs. But evidently the great heart of Mayfair still beats true to “Nimmersattie Liebe.”

BEETHOVEN’s Seventh, the “Siegfried Idyll,” Elgar’s Introduction and Allegro for strings, and “Prometheus” formed the bill of fare at the last of the L.S.O.’s interesting series, given under Mr. Coates’s direction on March 8. The performance was of unequal merit; the Idyll sounded more disjointed than usual owing to the excessive employment of tempi rubato, whilst in Elgar’s work—one of his best—the tone both of the soloists and the orchestra lacked refinement, and the playing generally was of a somewhat rough-and-ready character. The best playing of the evening was probably in “Prometheus,” which sounded very straightforward, though far from exhilarating. The chorus adds singularly little to the general effect. Where, by the way, does the annotator find the programmatic explanation now invariably quoted when this work is performed? So far as we can discover, there is not the slightest authority for it in the score, and it is hopelessly inconsistent with the musical structure.

If Miss Marga Stella had chosen her songs with a little more discrimination, she would have made better use of the agreeable variety offered by her numerous helpers at her concert on March 10. It is perhaps natural that singers who wish to sing operatic excerpts, just as violinists who want to play concertos, in small halls, but it is not a practice to be commended, though Miss Stella’s singing of arias by Handel and Mozart certainly put forward a very good defence. She sings Italian and French words marvellously; the sort of words that Handel set, and in Cherubino’s song from “Figaro” she showed a great power of real characterization. Her florid passages are not always very highly finished, but her phrasing is clear, and her vocal tone, if she could acquire more even control of her lower notes, would be extremely pleasing.

The true personality of a singer is often best revealed in encore. Mme. Anita Sutherland at her recital on March 10 was heard in operatic selections, in German classics, and in modern French songs. She added to her programme the Habanera from “Carmen,” sung in a harsh and stumpy manner, and a song of Chaminade, delivered with all the arts of the accomplished ballad-concert singer. But her real vocation is to sing Spanish popular songs. In these she was evidently at home; there was no sense of careful restraint; her voice seemed to take on an entirely different quality and colour, and her native temperament found its natural outlet, especially when she sat down to the pianoforte and accompanied herself. Mme. Sutherland might well find a series of Spanish songs to the guitar, which she no doubt plays, at least as attractive to an audience as the numerous folk-songs of other countries, with and without native instruments, that are so continually set before the public nowadays.

Drama

WEBSTER’S “WHITE DEVIL” AT CAMBRIDGE

THE difficulty for the producer of a Webster tragedy is to make up his own mind what it is all about. He has a choice of two main interpretations, though the possibilities of variation upon either of these, when chosen, are infinite: he may conceive the play as an extravaganza, in the sense that the scenes, played straightforwardly, are bound to work themselves out, because a play is, after all, an objective work of art; or, intrigued by the problem of reconciling Webster’s unique poetic gift with the somewhat threadbare coarseness of his dramatic mechanism, he may try to work out the play in terms of temperament, of atmosphere. In this case he will conceive of Webster as a man with a very curious, super-subtle attitude towards life, a connoisseur in inhibitions and intricate reactions, as a playwright ruthless in his method of making realistically possible the expression of his own emotions. In the former case he will be primarily the expert provider of a new melodramatic thrill. This is the easier method. It was turned to admirable purpose by the members of the Marlowe Society at Cambridge last week, in a performance which had the great merit of making us think out the Webster problem again. “The White Devil” became a limpid theatrical entertainment played with a gusto and a swing that fully justified the usual necromant in the final scene. That the clouded perversity which is to some a vital part of Webster had been cleaned as it were by chemical precipitation was of no great account; nor, in comparison with the success of the whole, was the failure to make anything particular of the mad drce scene of great importance. Once or twice, however, the dangers of the straight-line method in presenting a Webster character were apparent. Flamino’s extremely equable performance allowed at one critical moment precious little room for his heroic strain; and Vittoria’s icy passion of contempt was at times left severely to the imagination of the audience. But Vittoria is, in any case, hardly a fair problem for innocence; certainly no one left the Marlowe Society’s performance with any grudge against a creature so amazingly beautiful in the true tradition.

The Society adopts the excellent practice of not printing the names of the performers. It is not without a sense of guilt, therefore, that we single out Braccio. He held his part together, we think, better than Flamino. It was, indeed, easier to hold, but his realization of a characteristic Webster effect in his death-scene was a very startling achievement, which must not go unrewarded. To the Society as a society, however, our sincerest praise is given. In the matter of production and company discipline (perceptibly transgressed only—and only for a moment—by the Cardinal) the Marlowe could give points to the Phoenix. We do not wish to set either of these most admirable institutions by the ears, but for the sake of clearness we must compare them thus. The “Duchess of Malfi” touched at moments the subtler overtones of Webster; but it was a chaotic production. The Marlowe “White Devil” ignored the overtones; but it was an admirable unity.

The Friday evening meetings at the Royal Institution will be resumed on April 16, when Professor J. A. McClelland will deliver a discourse on Ions and Nuclear. Succeeding discourses will probably be given by Professor H. Maxwell, Lefroy, Professor F. O. Bower, Lord Rayleigh, Professor Karl Pearson, Professor J. A. Fleming, Professor W. L. Bragg and other gentlemen.
A TCHEHOV PLAY

Court Theatre (The Art Theatre).—"The Three Sisters." By Anton Tchekhov.

A FORTNIGHT ago we had occasion to write of a play which, in spite of all its plausibility and ingenious construction, was nothing more than a superior melodrama. Melodrama deals with harrowing emotions in vacuo, with hypothetical agonies that have no real connection with life as we know it. However painful these emotions may be, they affect us only temporarily and superficially; we recognize them as something apart, inapplicable to our own lives or to life in general. Tragedy is distinguished from melodrama by possessing this universal applicability; it affects us intimately, for we recognize in tragedy a truthfulness which is absent, whatever its realistic plausibility, from the melodrama.

Tchekhov’s "Three Sisters" possesses to a remarkable degree this truthfulness of tragedy. It makes no difference that the scene is laid in a provincial Russian town; an environment fantastically unlike anything of which we know; it makes still less difference that there is no conventional plausibility about the play and that the characters are quite unrealistic (facts that were emphasized, rather than concealed, by the producers and actors, who were at moments, especially in the first act, completely floored by the unfamiliarity of Tchekhov’s dramatic methods). The fundamental truthfulness is always there, and even in the moments of almost farcical exaggeration we recognize the features of life as we have lived it.

The tragedy of The Three Sisters is the gradual, undramatic tragedy of time—the time of the coarser, time that blunts the line point of youthful hopes and aims, time the destroyer. The play covers a period of years, and Tchekhov shows us the slow destruction wrought by time in each of the characters and their different reactions. The three sisters realize the deterioration and the coarsening of fibres that have come about in them, and they protest—vainly, for fate as well as time is against them, and besides, they are not strong enough to resist. Their brother Andrey, in whom the years have made profounder ravages, remains almost unconscious of them, contented in the hopeless second-rateness into which lie sinks. The old, inefficient army doctor, who has forgotten all he ever knew, finds comfort in reading the papers, drinking vodka and smoking. In this grotesque world of fantastic unreality, nothing matters. The colonel makes his present miseries tolerable by philosophizing about the happiness of the human race two or three centuries hence. The school-master, case-hardened by twenty years of teaching into a ludicrous pedant, is aware of, and completely satisfied with, the effects of time upon him. He is only less happy than Andrey’s wife, who is totally unaware of her growing vulgarity and whose self-satisfaction is tinged by no trace of doubt. Through four acts we watch these absurd, suffering beings. The play ends in a crisis of misfortune; but we leave the theatre with an uncomfortable sense that, for all the characters, this crisis marks not the end but the beginning of the real tragedy; time still runs, still performs its horrible work.

Considering the enormous difficulties of the piece, the acting was passable. After scrambling through the first act as best they might (Heaven and, perhaps, the directors of the Moscow Art Theatre alone know how that first act ought to be performed), the actors found themselves fairly comfortable and self-confident. The last three acts were traversed without any serious breakdowns, though with occasional hesitation and lapses of assurance. Of the three sisters, Miss Dorothy Massingham, as Irina, was perhaps the best. But the parts required superlatively good acting, and none of the three performances was wholly satisfactory. Mr. Harcourt Williams as the philosophizing colonel pleased by that very agreeable delivery which made it possible for us to listen, a year ago, to the choruses in Mr. Drinkwater’s "Abraham Lincoln." The part of the schoolmaster, a character approximating more nearly than any of the others to a whimsical "humour," was probably the easiest to play, and Mr. Armstrong played it extremely well.

—H.

PSEUDOHELLO

New Theatre.—"Carnival."

Silvio Steno is the perfect Christian and humanitarian gentleman, also an aristocrat in the Venetian sense, also a great actor and leading theatre manager. He lives among human wild cats, and the existence of a sister like Ottavia should constitute sufficient grounds for divorce in any fully civilized country. Simonetta, the child-wife (and mother of a healthy offspring already about ten years old), goes out half-naked in a gondola with Mr. Neilson-Terry, but is alarmed that her bacchanalian costume arouses emotions somewhat more heady than the higher-kindliness to which she has become accustomed within the domestic circle. She therefore refrains from infidelity. Silvio has a brain storm, but does not quite kill her in the pillow scene in their performance of "Othello." When she recovers from the shock he also has recovered his composure sufficiently to take her home without removing his make-up. The authors can no more resolve to write a tragedy or a true satire than can the protagonists to commit murder or adultery; the child-wife only dresses up as a bacchante: all of which is intentionally "modern" and true to some facets of life on the "laughter and tears" theory. As art, it may not be inherently defective.

Mr. Neilson-Terry has to be the bold officer, the Shavian young man and the traditional Mephistopheles of the Romantic period (1830-80) with rather too bewildering rapidity; and the general confusion of musical-comedy atmosphere, tragic paraphernalia, post-Ibsenian self-analysis, together with the gypsyish scenes where the characters explain their modern and humanitarian feelings, and where Simonetta shrinks from "Pash-hion," all combine to make one long for coherence, and for Sir Anthony Absolute’s idiom. Caught between these incongruities and the farce tradition that people ought to commit adultery, and the artistic truism that humanitarian virtues are rather dull on the stage, the authors have had recourse to an unsolved and unsolvable series of indecisions. Even so, if the actors behaved like Italians they might create more illusion than do Italian acts with English manner and mannerism. It is perhaps part of our prudery that, despite the daily proceedings of the divorce courts, certain situations and impulses are always ascribed to "hot-blooded Southern races."

All the colour is put on with a shovel. Ettore, a sympathetic old fool, is the one person who knows his own mind and has, at least, decided on a consistent table of values, but he is made a caricature as are the rest of the cast. There are a few jokes, and the stars do occasionally wake up and act for a few minutes here and there. In the present condition of British Drama the play should have a fairly good run.

We must not ask meticulous questions, such as how long it would really take to get to the ferrovia or half-way there and back; and whether Venetian balconies can be climbed with such ease, frequency and agility.

—T.J.V.

The Romans Lecture at Oxford University will be given by Dean Inge, l.on. Fellow of Hertford College, on Thursday, May 27. The subject will be "The Idea of Progress."
REALITIES

AMBASSADOR'S THEATRE.—" Grierson's Way." By H. V. Esmond.

"GRIERSON'S WAY" is serious tragedy carefully written and well acted. Grierson is as much a reality as "Steno" is a falsity. The daily press has damned the play as "gloomy," and that presumably ends the matter so far as the bull-necked sections of the public are concerned. In reality the author has been over-generous, that is, he has tried to write two plays in one. The shadow of the bowler hat on the glass door would end the play as well with the third act as with the fourth. Keen is a fifth wheel; the essential situation is between Grierson, Pamela and the man with the bowler hat. The author may like acting the part of Keen; to ask him to eliminate it is perhaps asking a good deal; yet up to the end of the third act his tragedy is inevitable; it is inherent in the situation, it moves as solidly as any great Greek plot. Grierson does a generous act, which is ineffective, or rather its utility serves its turn and comes to an end.

The suicide problem is a different problem altogether; it is by far too deep a problem to be started in the fourth act of a play and terminated (not solved or even decided) by Keen's somewhat hysterical cry that "Jim winks." If Mr. Esmond's ethics is hyper-Ibsenian altruism he might argue that Grierson has developed a sense of possession and that his death is the penalty for it. This wouldhook the suicide into the general plot of the play. But there is not the slightest indication that such an argument has ever entered his head. As it stands the fourth act is an irrelevant postscript. Not that one objects to any of the things Mr. Esmond is trying to say, or that they are not perhaps true to life, but simply that they will not fit into the design. The suicide needs probably three acts to itself. And a six-act play is, academically, impracticable. The suicide is as fortuitous as Keen's loss of his hand. There is doubtless room for an indictment of the universe on the ground that these fortuitous calamities happen, but that again is outside the main plot. It might be woven into it? Perhaps. But the dignified tragedy of the play is the futility of Grierson's first generous act. There is ample material for a play with three main characters, the excellent chorus of Miss Anne and Capt. Ball, and three acts. Keen is interesting but superfluous. I admit he enriches the play, but he also prevents its becoming a certitude. With this reservation we may give thanks to Mr. Esmond for having something to express, and for giving us a tragedy which permits one to leave the theatre without the usual sense of intellectual degradation. To Ambrose Manning and Constance Eburne we are grateful for unbroken acting, Mr. Esmond and Mr. Dyall act almost uninterruptedly, and Miss Nesbitt is more serious than we have before seen her. If there were more plays of this grade there would soon be a new, if small and decidedly different theatre audience.

Correspondence

WILCOXISM

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—I should be sorry to quarrel with Mr. Wyndham Lewis about anything so insignificant as his art or my character; neither would I bother you and your readers with such trites. But Mr. Lewis has shown so much good will in recognizing his symptoms that I feel bound to come again to the rescue. Am I not his doctor?

Yes, I fear he has got it. If he will consult our leading authority he will find that unmeasured personal abuse and who do not admire us sufficiently is the normal accompaniment of Wilcoxism in its advanced stages (vide "The Worlds and I") passion). He will find that exquisite sensitiveness to the least reflection on one's professional reputation is highly characteristic of this distressing complaint. It is my duty to tell him that only by playing remorselessly on this last humour can one hope to make a cure.

Frankly, the symptoms disclosed in his letter are grave. I observe with alarm that when Mr. Lewis touches what one might call "the reputation complex" he loses his wonted candour and confidence. For instance, he seems to deprecate the comparison with Tolstoi, saying that R.H.W. spoke only of his possessing "certain affinities" with that master—Rhoda Hero Dunn, you will remember, had only an almost Shakespearean quality in her verse. He forgets that R.H.W. added that "(Mr. Lewis) has less skill of hand (than Tolstoi da Vinci), but more sense of humour and the same passion for experiment and contempt for an easy task." And, positively, he does not remember, or did not at the time of writing, that R.H.W. was so obliging as to discover that certain of his (Mr. Lewis's) drawings were "strange scribbles, very unlike the drawings of Sir William Orpen, but not unlike the note-books of Tolstoi." What a wretched memory! And Mr. Lewis is so modest in his forgetfulness, too, that I hardly care to remind him of that statement by R.H.W. which, though he forgets it, was the occasion of my article—that Mr. Lewis could, if he so desired, become the Fourier of Expressionists and beat Matisse and Derain at their own game." If only books were so easily read as picture galleries are visited, Mrs. Wilcox would have said that Zona Gale could have beaten Tolstoi and Tosti at their. So it was in the critic, not the artist, that I detected signs of this poor lady's trouble. But, of course, Mr. Lewis is right in speaking out the moment he discovers signs of it in himself.

If Mr. Lewis takes my advice he will run through "The Worlds and I," underlining every sentence that gives him pain. It is a brutal remedy, but the best I can devise. After that I prescribe rest. Let him keep quiet for a few months and, at the end of them, he may find himself blest not perhaps with all that R.H.W. gives him, but with a better memory and better manners and a sense of humour which, if not quite equal to that of Tolstoi, will at least preserve him from publicly losing his temper because someone admires him less than he admires himself.

Yours faithfully,

C. IVAYE BELL.

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Wyndham Lewis writes: "There are always a few good artists in every country." This might well be underlined. The point of view which sees foreign art as French art only is as narrow as that which sees no foreign art at all.

We are promised a Gallery of Modern Foreign Art at Millbank; but no healthy growth can be looked for there unless we have a body of knowledge and critical opinion concerning modern activity in sculpture and painting. The neglected field is very large; but it is probable that many would study in it if they were given any encouragement.

International Art Exhibitions are possibly inclined to be unkindly and indiscriminate; but we need some such displays in London. Narrow prejudices should be set aside, and opportunity given of studying, side by side, such sculptors as Alvaro Machado, Mestrovic-Frank, and Such painters as Hodler, Klimt, Malczewski, Matisse, Roerich, Van de Woestynne and Wyspianski, to name a few outstanding artists.

Only by broad-minded comparative study fearlessly undertaken can the vital forces which, rather than narrow aesthetic canons, attest the value of a work of art, be appreciated and understood.

Yours faithfully,

18, RAVENSWOOD ROAD.

ERNST R. R. COLLINGS.

WINDSWORTH COMMOW, S.W.12,

March 12, 1920.

JOHN CLARE.

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Mr. Porter's letter itself is not beyond reproach. He could, perhaps, explain how Clare appealed to the nineteenth century in "three anthologies of the Clarendon Press"
published well on in the twentieth, after Mr. Symons' selection. With less individuality he might have confronted me with such works as Sharp's "Sonnets of the Nineteenth Century," or E. P. Hoot's "Peerage of Poverty,"; where Clare appears quite unsupported by Birkelet Foster.

If the whim of memory which caused me to write "estees" for "esteem" so disturbs Mr. Porter's sensibility, let him thank God that Elian neverlongermisquotesinourliteraryjournals.

I am, Sir.

Yours truly,

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

A BOOK-ROOM FOR THE EAST END

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—Plans have been laid to start, in the East End, a library which was long used by both officers and men of the B.E.F. at Havre, under the name of the Y.M.C.A. Book-Room.

Thanks to the kind co-operation of the Y.M.C.A., it is now possible to re-open this library at Mansfield House, in Canning Town, where it is hoped that it will serve as an East-End centre for men and women interested in literature, art and thought. It is to be run in as human a way as possible. The books will be on shelves accessible to the reader, who will thus handle them personally instead of having to rely on a catalogue. Advice about books and reading will be available from the librarian, a lady who acted in this capacity in Havre. A certain number of periodicals will be available. There will be flowers in the room, a feature much appreciated in France. It is intended, also, to have a small amount of good literature and pictures for sale, as it is not easy to get these in the East End. The place aims at being not only a library, but a centre where discussions, poetry readings, etc., will take place.

In order to carry out this piece of pioneer work, at least £200 is needed. Any help in raising this sum will be very much appreciated. Donations will be acknowledged by Mr. A. Reade, Warden of Mansfield House, Canning Town, E.16.

Yours faithfully,

GILBERT MURRAY.

H. G. WELLS.

ART AND THE SCHOOLBOY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—Like the President of the Clayesmore Fine Arts Club (Athenæum, February 20, p. 282), I, too, have been much interested recently in the various criticisms that have been consequent upon a certain article entitled "A New Year Suggestion."

Will you extend me the privilege of a small space in your columns, in which to state what I know of "Art and the Schoolboy" from a knowledge of this school's literary and artistic institutions?—in fact, of Art as it is known here.

1. The annual performance of one of Shakespeare's plays, suitable for enactment in an open-air theatre, is a regular practice—a tradition of the place.

2. Music recitals of a voluntary nature are held on Saturday evenings in the winter and Easter terms, whilst organ recitals are given on Sunday afternoons in the summer. Attendance at such recitals is, on the whole, very good, and has much improved recently. One hundred and three people were present at a voluntary recital (February 28) out of a total of about 240 boys, including Junior School: at the same time it must be remembered that the recital was a very good one, appreciate, it did to a wide variety of tastes, by which I do not mean that anything of a second-rate nature was, or is, ever, included.

3. There is an "Architectural Section," incorporated with "The Natural History Society," in that it has studied have direct practical bearing on a survey of the "natural history" of the district—"natural history" being used in its widest sense. The Section includes the "reading of papers" and archaeological work in its curriculum.

4. There is the "English Literature Society," of many years' standing, and recently revived after it had undergone a period of some three years' inactivity. A successful start was made by a "Reading from the Georgian Poets," and this is to be followed up on March 13 by a "Reading of Prose Selections," subject necessarily to certain conditions of period, length, and style. Other objects of the Society are to read "papers" and to read plays. Thus, for example, there is to be a reading of Bernard Shaw's "Cesar and Cleopatra" on March 28, in which all members of the Society will take part.

Enough has been said to prove that the artistic feelings of the school are encouraged in every direction, and that the standard of art-appreciation is high, whilst growing broader and becoming increasingly popular.

I hope that the above details may shed some fair light upon the question under discussion, and may, therefore, be of interest to your readers.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

G. R. HAYWARD,
Sec. English Literature Society.

Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk.

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN ARTISTS

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—In your criticism of the exhibition of the Society of Women Artists you take for granted that this exhibition is exactly representative of women's art. Nobody despises the New English Art Club, yet I believe it is true that the men's Art, the work of the best women artists is absolutely equal to that of men, and to judge women's work by a past Victorian standard of "female" accomplishment is absurd.

Yours faithfully,

MARY MCCROSSAN.

126, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.10.
March 8, 1920.

ITALIAN BOOKS

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—The note which you have added to Mr. Del Re's letter (The Athenæum, March 5, p. 316) prompts me to a reply.

Your argument that "The Athenæum is an English and not an Italian journal," and that "foreign books have to be brought into line with English books," is controverted by the practice followed in your List of New Books.

If in an English periodical books must be quoted as they are in the titles of the reviews of The Athenæum, why are they not so quoted in the List of New Books, prepared in co-operation with the Library Association and published in The Athenæum?

Mr. Del Re was not arguing for the adoption of a style of quotation unknown and distasteful to the English reader, but merely for a consistent adherence to the style which seems to have the authoritative support of The Athenæum and of the Library Association.

You further assert that "da" is the nearest Italian equivalent of "by." No doubt a dictionary would give "da" as the first meaning of "by," but the fact is that, in such abridged expressions as titles, "da" is seldom used, and in any case never separated from a participle such as composto, annotato, curato, etc., whereas "per" and not "da" would be used by Italians, and has sometimes been used by them with the omission of a verbal particle.

In conclusion, if the plea for consistency were to fail (and I cannot conceive how it could fail unless stronger reasons are suggested than those put forward in your note), I should venture to advocate the adoption of "per," which, if archaic and hardly pleasing, is at least correct.

Believe me to be, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

CESARE FOLIGNO.

Queen's College, Oxford.
March 7, 1920.

[The List of New Books is primarily an index to authors, and for this purpose the name of the author stands first. To adopt the same order in the headings of reviews would be an undesirable departure from the traditional practice of English criticism.—Ed.]
Foreign Literature

THE PROPHET OF MODERN FRANCE

Gambetta. Par Paul Deschanel. (Paris, Hachette. 12fr. 50.)

"Le dernier mot lui restera devant l'histoire, non de son vivant," says Gambetta's latest distinguished biographer, speaking of his premature death before he was ever really in a position to govern France. M. Deschanel is right. Gambetta ought to be judged by his ideas rather than by his performance, and it is only in the light of the very latest history that the worth of his ideas can be properly appreciated. M. Deschanel, while he wrote his book, was, he tells us, "vivant, en quelque sorte, les deux guerres à la fois.

That was exactly the moment at which to be writing it.

Gambetta—it is no doubt a truism to say this of any big historical figure—has suffered in reputation both from his adherers and his detractors. The former have claimed that he ranks among the ideal heroes and liberators of history, the latter have denied his political competence. Each side in the dispute has been wrong. No really fruitful or emancipating idea ever entered Gambetta's head, but within the circle of harsh and arid maxims which regulated European politics in his day, as still in ours, he moved with the insight of a master. Possibly, as a practical politician, he could not, had he wished, have escaped from that vicious circle.

It has pleased some of his conservative critics to assert, on the strength of the Italian strain in his parentage, that he was at bottom a spiritual alien in France. No greater mistake could be made. His ideas were the ideas that have dominated the mass of the French nation since the Revolution. And Gambetta not only understood their aspirations, but perceived the means whereby they might be satisfied. Bismarck realized this when he warned the German Ambassador at Paris that the rule of Gambetta meant "une république à la Danton." More or less than that Gambetta never desired. His Republic was just the bourgeoise Republic of theoretical Jacobinism; when he declared "il n'y a pas une question sociale," we believe, in spite of M. Deschanel's ingenious explanations, that he meant exactly what he said. It was the passion for efficiency, not for humanity, that inspired him. The diplomatic and military fiasco of the Empire had afforded fresh proof, if such were needed, that a democracy, for all its surface incoherence, had more chance of producing a strong and well-organized State than any system of centralized rule. "Il faut un gouvernement" was Gambetta's insistent refrain, and by that he meant a Government that would make his country formidable in the clash of nations. The burden of all his preaching was, in M. Deschanel's words, "l'amour du drapeau, le culte de la discipline et des lois. 'Le devoir militaire est le premier,' disait-il." It would be logical for the descendants of the Commune to execute the man who prepared the Republic of Clemenceau, but it is strange that French nationalists have so often insulted the memory of the man who prepared the Republic of the Marne.

M. Deschanel finds himself at grips with critics of this school in more than one chapter of his work, and though, as becomes a public man who was already, when he wrote, nearing the highest office in the Republic Gambetta created, he is a loyal admirer of the great tribune, he shows rather more embarrassment in defending certain passages in his career than one would have thought at all necessary. It may be that he shares with the critics a difficulty in understanding that side of Gambetta's character which was undeniably Italian, his sagacious opportunism. History scarcely contains a more ironical chapter than the contrast between the Comte de Chambord refusing, with pitiless French logic, to accept the crown he had only to pick up, because it involved a compromise over a flag, and Gambetta manoeuvring legitimists, Bonapartists and Republicans, with a delicacy that Cavour might have envied, to carry a constitution which none of them at heart desired. M. Deschanel, again, is clearly uneasy over Gambetta's flirtation with Bismarck in 1878. This shows that, writing during the war, he was, perhaps inevitably, a victim of the prevalent illusion that the antagonism between France and Germany was a matter of eternal moral principles and not of legitimate national interests. There he unhesitatingly, but it is clear he never forgot the reckoning that would have to come with Germany, but, if he thought he saw a chance of using Germany to promote his designs for the recovery of France, he was perfectly right to seek her alliance.

The struggle with Germany was not a crusade. Even M. Murrahas admitted that such a temporary breach of continuity in foreign policy would have been legitimate, if it had been made by a king and not by a roturier.

In any case the charges that can be brought, on points of detail, against Gambetta's consistency and competence sink into insignificance when his policy is judged in its main outlines, as the events that have happened since his death allow us to judge it. The Constitution which he proclaimed amidst the shrugs of modernists and the sighs of republicans has lasted longer than any Constitution France has had since the Revolution, and has in the last few years survived one of the most fearful tests that any State has had to endure. The army of which, with an interesting prescience of the importance of civilian organization in modern warfare, he sketched the first outlines during his delegation at Tours, grew into the terrible fighting organization controlled by Marshal Foch—something beside which the army of Macmahon and Bazaine appears a coloured toy. The protest of the "Severed Provinces" in which he was the leading spirit never ceased, as M. Deschanel was saying only the other day at Bordeaux, to resound through the intervening years till its object was attained. The Triple Entente itself was the materialization of an ideal that he was always pursuing, though it necessarily eluded grasp in his lifetime. There was nothing, down to the importance of Yugo-Slavia, that he did not foresee, except perhaps the price of victory in the wars of the future. In domestic affairs, too, it is to his ideas that the French Republic seems to be returning. We see his views on "the social question," more and more prevailing, and his "anti-clericalism," which meant really respectful aloofness from all religions, replacing the sectarian violence of the Combes régime. We do not acclaim these principles as the summit of political wisdom, but their practical efficacy can hardly now be denied. "Son nom," says M. Deschanel, in a sentence that we may take as a summing-up, "restera synonyme de foi républicaine et patriotique." That faith has been strongly justified by its works.

D. L. M.

The third production of the Phoenix Society will be "The Fair Maid of the West," by Thomas Heywood,—the dates of performance being fixed for the 11th and 12th of April, Sunday evening and Monday afternoon. "The Fair Maid of the West" is a play of typical Elizabethan adventure, and has not been seen since the closing of the theatres in 1612.

The Committee propose to follow this early in May with another of Shakespeare's great historical plays, the production of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." For these three productions a reduced subscription has been arranged, particulars of which may be obtained from the Secretary, at 36, Southampton Street, W.C.
ALLIGATOR OR CROCODILE?
Cento Pagine di Poesia. By Papini. (Florence, La Voce. 2 lire.)

AFTER an hour or two upon the corpse-strewn battlefields of Papini's critical and polemical writings one is apt to go away with the idea that he is an alligator born, who came into the world biting and snapping and would have brought his teeth together in your finger before he was half out of the egg; and since there is always fun to be got out of watching a good fight as a sound business man like Papini is well aware, it is only natural that he owes much of his popularity to work of this kind. Yet "Stroncature," for instance, is not the true Papini, or at least not the whole Papini. Volumes like "Uomo Finito" or these "Cento Pagine di Poesia" not only afford ample scope for his pure, limpid, racy Tuscan, but they make us begin to doubt the soundness of our earlier judgment. For obviously we have wronged Papini. He is not really an alligator, but a crocodile capable of being tamed, possibly even already domesticated. So long as all other men, or at least all other intellectuals with ideas and theories to be torn to pieces, are kept out of his reach, he does not even show his teeth. Indeed, he assures us that he is the victim of that divine song which he dare not utter as to do so would mean instant death.

"I have to shut my poor heart tight like the door of a prison . . . and must be, for all my tenderness, a ferocious mortal, unapproachable by the weak." Even the printer is here his brunt has squeezed his heart dry, like an orange, but the little sweetness that clings to his skin, the little love lingering in his heart, "I have kept them for you, the humble and indispensable accomplice of my every pleasure and crime." His real friends, the friends to whom he introduces us in the early pages, are the toad who wades in the dog-days, the great, harmless snake, the scorpion, and the jay he has rescued from a child. For at his time of life and with his habits "there is no good to be got out of men."

People want him, he tells us, to be a poet altogether, so he has produced this volume; and poetry it may be called, though written in prose.

After the last carriage has disappeared along the unmoving procession of the gas-lamps, after the last night hawkers, as the cold begins to feel the cold, has returned to his hovel, those who love to contemplate the eternal flow of the river come to the parapet. There is a spiritual philosophical sight than a flowing river. The boy who throws a stone into the water and stands watching the overpowering ripples till they are carried away by the current knows more of the dangerous than the pedant who calls him idle.

Unless we are mistaken, not a few of the "poems" were among the most admired features of "Lacerba" of lurid and chequered memory; and in those Futurist pages Papini actually made full confession of his "bourgeois" origin:

"A bourgeois" of the meanest and most close-listed kind that flourishes like a fungus on the ancient stones of Europe; a "bourgeois" who is a little brave from cowardice, a little impertinent from nervousness, a little generous from avarece and too clever from stupidity. A bourgeois," I tell you, a genuine bourgeois — one of those who read their papers in the tram and lunch out of two-franc luncheon baskets in second-class railway carriages.

Towards the end the changes sometimes; Tuscan still, it is "tutto spirito, tonfo e spuma"; but even here Papini barely shows his teeth.

L. C.-M.

The Trustees of the Birmingham Art Gallery have purchased two of the portraits by Mr. Augustus John now being exhibited at the Club Gallery, "The Emir Feisul," and a portrait of a Canadian Soldier. Under the Felton bequest the National Gallery of Melbourne, Victoria, has purchased the "Portrait of a Boy." The exhibition of Mr. John's work will remain open until April 29.
List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

These works in the list which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPAEDIAS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

*Jones (Kennedy). Fleet Street and Downing Street. Hutchison [1920]. 16 n. 672
See review, p. 364.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Mellor (Stanley A.). Jesus Christ and Social Change. Swarthmore Press, 1920. 71 in. 184 pp., 3/6 n. 171.1
The social significance of Christ's Gospel, and the urgent need that Christians should recognize that no limitations of family, country, race, colour, creed, social rank, or the like should be made into barriers and permanent distinctions, and allowed to confine or condition love, are pressed home by the author, who pungently remarks that "Jesus Christ is still the greatest thorn in the side of Christians: they cannot get along without Him, but they do not really know what to do with Him."

Sinnett (Alfred Percy). Tennyson an Occultist, as His Writings Prove. Theosophical Publishing House, 1920. 7 in. 83 pp. paper 2/6, el. 5. 185.8
The author states that in successive lives Tennyson was Virgil, Omar Khayyam, Dante and Spenser before he culminated as a greater than any of these." Mr. Sinnett declares that he has had recent conversations with Tennyson, and we learn that the poet has been so good as to assure Mr. Sinnett that "he, as Spencer, was absolutely the author of 'The Faerie Queene.'"

200 RELIGION.

Fletcher (J. S.). The Cistercians in Yorkshire. S.P.C.K., 1919. 9 in. 244 pp. il. biblog. index, 17/6 n. 271.72
This account of the establishment of the Cistercian Order in Yorkshire, and of the causes which led to the suppression of the eight houses in that country—Fountains, Rievaulx, Selby, Meaux, Byland, Jervaulx, and Kirkstall—should be sufficient for the ordinary reader. Mr. Fletcher states that he has relied throughout upon well-known authorities of which he gives an extensive index. He gives a clear account of how the communities failed to be true to their principles, how the friars supplanted them in popular esteem, why the religious houses had proved a failure, and how these institutions came to an end. The narrative passes in review the work in Yorkshire of Thomas Cromwell's agents, Richard Layton and Sir Thomas Legh; and there is an especially stirring account of the celebrated armed rebellion known as the Pilgrimage of Grace, in which many of the religious were concerned. Mr. Fletcher's book is an endeavour to deal in a judicial spirit with the theme he has selected, though he hardly shows himself competent to deal with original authorities.

See notice, p. 370.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

*Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench. Edited by Arthur G. M. Heslirige. Dean & Son, 1920. 8 in. 540 pp. il. 21/ n. 328.42
The fifty-fourth issue of this useful work of reference is as well produced as its predecessors. The book is full of information; hundreds of illustrations of armorial bearings constitute an important and attractive feature. Revision has been carried down to a very recent date.

The ninety-sixth issue of "Dodd" comprises besides a list showing the personnel of the third Parliament of King George V., a variety of acceptable official information, a brief description of the constitution of the League of Nations, and much other new matter.

Hobson (S. G.). National Guilds and the State. Bell, for the author, 9 in. 426 pp. app. index, 12/6 n. 398.6
The first part of this book is devoted to a theoretical discussion of the relations between producer and consumer, and their joint relations with the State. It is presupposed that readers are acquainted with the principles and purposes of the National Guild movement. The argument is largely the outcome of correspondence between Mr. S. G. D. H. Cole, in which different stresses were laid upon the status of the consumer, "and, in consequence, upon the structure of the State." At the end of the second part, which deals with "transition," Mr. Hobson avers his belief that National Guilds are inevitable. There is no student of industry, he declares, who "would deny the possibility of a revolution"; and the author expresses his belief that wage-abolition, "with its logical sequel of an infinitely more humane structure of society," will mark a great epoch in the history of Western civilization.

*Hodges (Frank), Nationalisation of the Mines ("The New Era Series," vol. 1). L. Parsons, Portoagul Street, 1920. 8 in. 152 pp. app., 4/6 n. 333.8
See review, p. 385.

Kirkaldy (Adam W.). Industry and Finance (Supplementary Volume). Pitman, 1920. 8 in. 159 pp. tables, index, 5/ n. 331-332
This supplementary volume to the published inquiries instituted by the Economic Science and Statistics Section of the British Association consists of a statistical account of the employment of women in industry and of a chapter on Banking, Currency and Finance. This latter section strongly condemns the financial policy adopted by the Government during the war. The whole volume is a mine of information for writers on present-day economic questions.

*St. Clair (Oswald). The Physiology of Credit and of Money. P. S. King, 1919. 7 in. 170 pp., 5/ n. 332
A clear discussion of the function of credit and money. The author's views are not always orthodox, but they are always stimulating and well expressed. His chief thesis is that credit does not increase prices. His concluding remarks on the Government method of printing paper money show what he considers to be a main cause of the present increased prices.

400 PHILOLOGY.

The majority of these words and phrases are not distinctively Australian—e.g., "streave," "scrag," "scounge," "backstep," "shout," "squint," "and many are not slang—e.g., "bank," to turn on its side in changing direction (of an aeroplane), "air-pocket," "side-slip," "vermouth-cassis," "parades." Some additions to the slang vocabulary may, however, be gleaned here.

Willis (George). The Philosophy of Speech. Allen & Unwin [1920]. 8 in. 286 pp. app. index, 7/6 n. 401
In his latest "linon" he shows us how much the "linon" of time immemorial has signified flax. "Homer's 'linon upo kalon aedon 'ealn the flax sung beautifully in answer." "That 'linon is a natural and effective way of imitating a musical note we can see from Tennyson's 'The mellow linon-lone of evening bells.' Thus, without considering which came first, or whether Homer's use was anything more than a metonymy, the author derives the Greek 'mellin,' 'to delay, from 'mel' honey;' 'luck' from 'click,' the sound of a tossed coin, etc. He is, indeed, 'ingenious,' as the dust-cover puts it, but hardly historical. Why not trace 'cash' to 'French 'cache,' because people often secrete it; or explain ' rashful' because some members of the R.A.F. are sometimes like that?
600 USEFUL ARTS.

*Bulman (H. F.), COAL MINE AND THE COAL MINER. Manchester, 1910, 500 pp. ill. app. index, 15/ n. 622

An interesting review of the technology of coal-mining, describing each of the multifarious operations which are necessary in the industry. The latter part of the book describes some model miners' villages, but Mr. Bulman does not tell us what percentage of the miners of Great Britain live in such desirable circumstances.

Mills (G. Percival), PRACTICAL HINTS ON MINOR OPERATIONS. Birmingham, &c., 1910, 115 pp. index, 5/ n. 617.4

Concise instructions, accompanied where necessary by clear diagrams, intended primarily for students and practitioners, and especially for practitioners in country places, who do their own minor surgery.

*Staward (Richard), PRACTICAL HARDY FRUIT CULTURE. Swarthmore Press [1920]. 7 1/ in. 216 pp. il., 6/ n. 632

More especially for fruit-growers on a fairly large scale, but also for anyone who has a garden and some fruit-trees, bushes, vines, strawberries, etc., this is a business-like manual. The information is well tabulated, condensed, and comprehensive; the coloured illustrations are pretty, and the photographs clear enough to make identification even of a particular variety of apple easy.

700 FINE ARTS.


See review, p. 374.


See review, p. 367.

800 LITERATURE.

*Bullough (Edward), ed. CAMBRIDGE READINGS IN ITALIAN LITERATURE. Cambridge University Press [1920]. 8 in. 343 pp. index, 8. 850.8

See review, p. 370.

Bywater (Ingram). FOUR CENTURIES OF CREEK LEARNING IN ENGLAND. Clarendon Press, 1919. 9 in. 20 pp. paper, 1/ 6 n. 889.7

The Delegates of the University Press have done well to print the late Professor Bywater's inaugural lecture delivered in 1894. It is eminently characteristic of the man: no one had a better right than himself to put forward as the two points of the true classical scholar:

1. He has to take more thought of quality than quantity in his work; he does not seek to make an imposing demonstration.
2. He has to avoid all parade of learning, and not only this but also the parade of cleverness; there is a certain sincerity, caution, modesty and reserve in his thoughts as well as in his utterances.

Have more than thou dost know,
Speak less than thou knowest,
A rule for him, as it is for all wise and reasonable men of the world also.

Hamilton (Clayton). PROBLEMS OF THE PLAYWRIGHT. Allen & Unwin [1920]. 8 in. 354 pp. index, 7/ 6 n. 808.2

The American author presents this as a companion volume to his "Theory of the Drama in Literature." It consists of a series of essays on the principles and the technique of play-building, and critical appreciations of both actors and playwrights, e.g., Yvette Guilbert, Sir J. M. Barrie, Lord Dunsany, and M. Mterlinck. Mr. Hamilton rejects the Brantamé formula of the conflict of wills as the essential element of drama, and also Mr. Archer's formula of crisis, arguing that the indispensable element is contrast. Mr. Hamilton is optimistic, but rather inclined to grandiloquence and exaggerated admirations.

Mans (S. P. B.), BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS. Grant Richards, 1920. 8 in. 343 pp., 7/ 6 n. 820.4

A light and sketchy, appreciative and not over-critical, yet useful contribution to the history of current literature, this is this of Mr. Mans, composed largely of articles from the Fortnightly and To-Day; in short, many were ordinary notices of books or authors. The omissions bulk large, and the author candidly admits there are many novelists writing to-day whose works "I infinitely prefer either to those of Thackeray or Dickens"; but the error here—not the grammatical one—is an error in the right direction.

Platt (Agnes). PRACTICAL HINTS ON PLAYWRITING. Stanley Paul [1919]. 7 in. 167 pp., 3/ 6 n. 808.2

In this excellent manual aspirants to success as dramatists will discover a fund of useful information, shrewd counsel, and noble suggestions concerning the choice of plot and characters; the art of writing "telling lines"; practicability and the like; casting, production, and other matters. A glossary of theatrical terms is appended.

POETRY.


These poems have a refreshing energy and vitality. In the best of them the authoress displays skill in the handling of the verse.

Coutts (Francis). THE SPACIOUS TIMES, AND OTHERS. Lane, 1920. 7 1/ in. 134 pp. boards, 5/ n. 821.9

Of all the species of poetry, the political sonnet is perhaps the most difficult to write well. Milton and Wordsworth produced about a dozen good ones between them: it is difficult to think of any others. It needs an enormous imaginative force to sublimate the political theme into poetry—a force which only very few, and those the greatest, possess. Mr. Coutts is no exception to the general rule. The sonnets on the war which all the greater part of his volume are not poetry in the sense that "On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic" or "Toussaint L'Ouverture" is poetry. For all their fourteen lines and their Petrarchan rhyme-system, they have the quality of newspaper articles. On subscription, the conscientious objector, national dress for women, and pacifists Mr. Coutts adds nothing to what was said, at the time these topics were exciting discussion, in the Sunday papers. The greatness of a Milton or a Wordsworth lies in the fact that he does add something more than rhyme and metre to the bald prosaic version of the political theme.

Newbolt (Sir Henry). A NEW STUDY OF ENGLISH POETRY. Constable, 1919. 9 in. 314 pp., 12/ 6 n. 821.98

First published in 1916.

Papini (Giovanni). CENTO PAGINE DI POESIA. Florence, La Voce, [1915]. 8 in. 117 pp. paper cover, 2 lire. 851.9

See review, p. 382.

FICTION.

Beresford (J. D.). AN IMPERFECT MOTHER. Collins, 1920. 8 in. 288 pp., 7/ 6 n.


See review, p. 369.

Hume (Fergus). THE SINGING HEAD. Hurst & Blackett [1920]. 8 in. 320 pp., 7/ 6 n.

The contriver of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" mystifies, excites, and shocks the primitive lover of murder stories with the same skill and certainty as of yore.


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Philpotts (Eden), MISER'S MONEY. Heinemann, 1920. 7½ in. 375 pp., 7½ n.

Poore (Isa Margaret, Lady). RACHEL FITZPATRICK. Lane, 1920. 7½ in. 312 pp., 7½ n.

The author's name in heroine is skilfully and naturally drawn. It is quite in accordance with the fitness of things that the artless young girl from Ballymore cannot adapt herself to the stiff inanition in Grosvenor Square, and that she escapes from the horrid old uncle who takes her to Germany on the eve of the outbreak of war. By good luck Rachel meets her loved governor in Germany, and the two come home together. The heroine eventually marries an old drake.

Rae (Lettice Milne), MR. SUFFER-LONG. R.T.S. [1920]. 8 in. 314 pp., 7½ n.

A pleasant costume story of "The Forty-five." The noble-minded but dreamy hero, Adrian Balbirnie, is an enthusiastic supporter of the Young Tredirect, whose cause he regards as "The Holy War." In later years, impoverished and completely disillusioned, Adrian is succoured and made happy by the love of Lorraine Heriot, whom he meets as a child.

Spender (Hugh F.), THE BANNER. Collins, [1920]. 8 in. 242 pp., 7½ n.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Booth (William).


See review, p. 365.

Conselheiro (Antonio).


See review, p. 368.

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Thompson (Silvanus Phillips).


See review, p. 372.

930-990 HISTORY.

Horgan (J. J.), ed. THE COMPLETE GRAMMAR OF ANARCHY: by members of the War Cabinet and their friends. Nisbet, 1919. 7½ in. 64 pp. paper, 1½ n.

941.5 Extracts from speeches by Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Bonar Law, Sir James Craig, and other prominent Unionists, accompanied by a chronological record of political events during 1912-19.

Moncrieff (A. R. Hope), THE COCKPIT OF EUROPE. Black, 1920. 9 in. 210 pp. il. index, 20½ n.

In this account of the Low Countries the author begins at the beginning with Cæsar and the Nervii, and carries us—sometimes whirrs us on the flood of an overwhelming rhetoric—down to the Congress of Paris. On the whole, we consider this a spirited piece of bookmaking. The illustrations are unequal; at their best they are properly appropos to the author's narrative style.


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940.7 The contents of this volume, which are taken exclusively from the republican archives at the Frari, relate partly to comparatively trivial internal affairs; but they also deal at considerable length with the representations made at the Hague and in London by the ambassadors of the Venetian Doge and Senate, whose endeavours to arouse the northern Power to vigorous resistance to Habsburg encroachments are apparent in the correspondence. An amusing comment upon our national characteristics is that of Alvice Contarini, Venetian Ambassador in England, to Zorzi Zordan, his colleague in France (April 20, 1629): "... in England things move but slowly, the climate generating cold humours and tardy circulation."

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Bishop (H. C. W.), A KUT PRISONER. Lane, 1920. 7½ in. 260 pp. il. index, 6½ n.

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Felstead (Sidney Theodore), GERMAN SPIES AT BAY: being an actual record of the German espionage in Great Britain during the years 1914-1918, compiled from official sources. Hutchinson, 1920. 7½ in. 296 pp. il. index, 8½ n.

940.9 An absorbing account of the activities of German spies in this country during the war. The details are authentic, and some painful incidents are described. The extent of the German espionage in England was much less considerable than it was commonly supposed; seemingly, the game was not worth the candle. The measures adopted by the British authorities to cope with what was at one period a serious menace were admirable—and brilliantly successful.


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**EX-LIBRIS**

BROWSING round my bookshelves the other day,
I picked up the "Opuscula" of that learned magician Cornelius Agrippa of Nettesheim, and was struck by the fact that it bore the library stamp of Louvain University. I do not mean to imply that this was the first time I had noticed it during the twenty years it had been in my possession, but it now spoke with a different note, of such clear significance that it is already on its way back to the reconstituted library from whose shelves it had once been expelled as an unwanted duplicate. It was something of a wrench parting with it, as it was a pleasant little volume, bound in mellowed vellum, stamped on one side with King David (from whose namesake I bought it in the market-place at Cambridge in undergraduate days), and on the other with the story of "seemly Susan and the perilous prestes"—better known, perhaps, as the Chaste Susannah and the Elders.

The incident moved me to undertake a long-intended task, the compilation of a list of my predecessors—those who had once owned my books, and who, as all good, book-worthy men should do, had left trace of their ownership in inscription, signature or bookplate. The number who had failed to show their pride of possession and to do their duty to their successors proved sadly large, but the list is not without interest. It includes a Pope, an emperor, two kings, bishops, abbots and monasteries, men of letters, and "the Bayswater Athenæum." The Pope was Alexander VII., whose arms are stamped in gold on what was not doubt a presentation copy of "Elegiarum Libri VI." dedicated to His Holiness by Sidronius Hoschius. Italian heraldry is poor stuff, and the arms of the Chigi form no exception; but, for all that, the outside is the best part of this volume, for of all dismal forms of literature the dreariest is Latin minor, or minimal, poetry—as far removed on the one hand from the grace of Horace as, on the other, from the jolly doggerel of "Nos vagabunduli." Equally unreadable, so far as I am concerned—but for a different reason—is my emperor’s book, this being a Persian manuscript of the "Shah Namah" (which I gather is an Eastern equivalent of the "Adventures of Alexander," so popular in medieval Europe). It was looted from the imperial palace at Delhi, and contains a series of delightfully absurd illustrations, painted with the childlike seriousness and simplicity characteristic of such work—warriors riding with a Tod Sloan seat on piebald rocking-horses, performing prodigies feats of arms against men, monsters and dragons, or in milder mood playing polo before a phlegmatic and bored audience. Here, by way of contrast, comes that very Western monarch, Louis XV., who has left his bookplate in the "Astronomicon" of Manlius, edited by Richard Bentley; and it was possibly an ancestor of King Louis who owned, and annotated, "Epitome Fabri Quintiliani... Rhetorici Institutionis," for on its fly-leaf is written, in a sixteenth-century hand, "Ex libris Antonii regis," presumably referring to Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre, father of a more famous son, that Henry of Navarre who preferred to risk his soul by bearing mass rather than risk the throne of France by abstaining.

Of my ecclesiastical predecessors the earliest is the monastery of San Bartolomeo near Ferrara, represented by a fifteenth-century manuscript of the "Grammatica Rhythmica" of Alexander de Villa Dei, the copyist of which reveals his identity in the mock-modest couplet:

Scriptor sum Talis Demonstrat Litte.a qualis
Nomen non Pono Quia Lovovicius Laudare Nolo.

Not much later in date is a copy of Augustine's Works, printed in 1489, and bought in 1491 by John Rote-
necker, Abbot of St. Giles in Nuremberg—that Aegidius-Kloster in which, thirty years later, Melanchthon set up his school. An "Ordinarium Cartusiense," in a pleasant pigskin binding, stamped with the figures of St. Kilian and St. Burghard, belonged to Tuckelhausen, two of whose inmates have made corrections to suit their local use; and a "Disputatio Cabalistica . . . De Anima" in Hebrew and Latin comes from the monastery of St. Croix of Bordeaux.

Here, too, are bishops, ranging from John Hacket of Lichfield to him whose coat of arms and insignia of staff, sword and crown are surrounded by a legend enigmatic even to a generation trained by the war to think and speak in initials:—IOH. THE. D.G. EP. PRI. & RAT. UT. BA. & S.P.D.C.P.R.S.R.I.P.L.L. Of other armorial stamps the most gorgeous is that of the least worthy possessor—the Comte de Bruhl, "le courtisan damné du roi de Pologne," who was chiefly remarkable for owning three hundred suits of clothes, with shoes, wigs, snuffboxes and watches to match, but, although he had "plus de perruques que de tête," left a collection of 62,000 volumes which afterwards formed the basis of the public library at Dresden.

Most insignificant beside the Comte de Bruhl's resplendent folios is a little, dirty, thumbed and battered "Hudibras"; but the threepence I gave for it can hardly be called an extravagant price in view of the inscription on its fly-leaf—"Saml. Johnson. Feb'y. 8th 1747,"—in a hand sufficiently like the known signatures of the great Doctor to render identification probable. Unfortunately there are no marginal annotations, though certain lines and passages are marked, which, to an owner's biased vision, seem to have some bearing on the account of "Hudibras" in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." By something of a coincidence I picked off the same stall a few days later a book stamped with the crest and name of Boswell of Auchinleck, and containing the signature of Alexander of that ilk. No question of identity arises in the case of "Robert Southey, Keswick, 15 Nov. 1829," which appears on the title-page of "Le Monde Enchanté"; whose four volumes also contain the signature of their author, Balthasar Bekker—without which none is genuine, as he informs his readers. A very pleasant little work this, with its interesting disquisition on the divining rod, and its scepticism on the subject of witchcraft, for which poor Bekker got into sad trouble. Another and more vigorous scoffer at witches was Reginald Scot, whose "Discovery of Witchcraft" was presented by William Hanbury, at some time in the eighteenth century, "Societati Northampton ad Pauperes sublevandos," with an account of the author written on a blank leaf at the beginning. At the opposite pole of credulity, or perhaps we should say of learning, was Francis Barrett, who, if he was not as fit as Scot to elevate the poor, was at least willing to initiate the wealthy into the mysteries of magic "at any time between the hours of Eleven and Two o'clock, at 99 Norton Street, Mary-le-Bonne," in 1801 (the address of his obvious successor, John Wellington Wells, was, if I remember right, "Number 70, St. Mary-Axe"). That he was not invariably successful appears from some notes jotted down on the last page of the manuscript of his famous "Magus," in my possession, recording various experiments in invoking spirits, "but nothing appeared," and "we had no vision."

Short of invoking the aid of modern imitators of Barrett, there appears no way of discovering anything about the many who have written their names in our books, but not on the scroll of Fame, and have not even managed to creep into the "Dictionary of National Biography." Who was William Smith, who called down divine vengeance on any who should take his book, and who those more amiable gentlemen, Henry Cheyne and Abel Heye, who, with rash magnanimity, appended "et amicorum" to their names? Did their friends scorn the anger of the one or take advantage of the generosity of the others? From what we know of friends we may assume they did, but we shall never know for certain. Petrus Vannes and Harry Vavasour have vanished into the void with Gabriel Scholler and Sophia Rosher; and even that "praclarissimus medicus," Henricus Layleus, who gave me copy of Dioscorides to its nameless owner about 1550, has disappeared, if not unwpt, at least unsung, into the oblivion of the grave, from which, no doubt, his skill had temporarily saved so many of his contemporaries.

L. F. SALZMAN.

SOME EARLY FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES OF RUSKIN
(With many unpublished Letters)

THERE has recently come into my possession a large part of the correspondence, hitherto unpublished, of one, now almost forgotten, who was not only the intimate and trusted friend of Turner, but who included in a circle of close friends Ruskin, Francis Chantrey, and a great number of the leading men of his day. George Jones, R.A., was born in 1788, and was at various dates librarian, keeper, and acting president of the Royal Academy. He painted a large number of pictures, many of them being of military subjects, for as a young man he had served in the army of occupation in Paris after the battle of Waterloo. Examples of his work are in the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, and the British Museum. He died in 1869.

It was not, however, as an artist that the influence of George Jones was most felt. It was through his character, his genius for friendship, and the trust he inspired in all who came within his circle. To this his correspondence bears testimony, and it gives us also a revealing picture of many of his great contemporaries.

The close friendship which existed between Turner and Jones was probably the reason which brought Ruskin into contact with him. The official life of Ruskin makes only a brief reference to Jones, but the extracts printed from Ruskin's diary show the beginning of the friendship between the two men. On July 6, 1841, Ruskin records that he had dined the previous day with Turner, Jones and Nesfield at Griffiths, "Jones a fine grey, quiet, Spectator-like gentleman"; and on January 27, 1843, he records a visit to Jones and a long chat with him, "he condescendingly going on with his work." Jones kept with loving care a manuscript book in which he recorded his reminiscences.
Ruskin was at this time working on the arrangement and detailed examination of the great mass of Turner drawings at the National Gallery, and probably still hoped to write Turner's life.

Another letter, undated, refers to Mr. Bayne, who in 1879 published "Letters from my Masters—Carlyle, Tennyson and Ruskin." He was the editor of the *Edinburgh Witness*, and died in 1896.

July 9.

DEAR MR. JONES,

I have been very long in thanking you for your kindness to Mr. Bayne, but I am truly obliged for it, and it was not thrown away on him. You might perhaps be surprised at my asking the favour for a person ignorant of art. But he is a thinker, and it makes him think. More lovers of art I can send elsewhere.

With best thanks, and regards to Mrs. Jones,

Believe me, faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The two following letters were written to Mrs. Jones after the death of her husband:

Denmark Hill, S.E.,

November 1, 1869.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I have received your note with great sorrow—having been out of England nearly all the year—seeing neither letters nor journals. I feel more than you will credit me with feeling—but my own life has been a very sad one—and has now ended in a sort of apathetic mechanism of dreamy work—in which I am lost.

I am at present far from well and not going out, else I should come myself for the book. Would you like me to come to see you?—when I am a little better.

Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill, S.E.,

November 4 [1869].

MY DEAR MRS. JONES,

I am so very grateful for your letter and for all you have told me.

I am now fifty and am doing what I can—do with quite as much sense of its being preparation for the end—as I shall ever have when the end, to me also, is visibly near. But this one thing I am going to try for in remaining time is to teach against all doctrines of Emancipation and Competition and Insolent Equality—the absolute need—to all who would be either happy or good—of a life that shall in its daily course be courteous—peaceful—patient—and open to all present joy—as this life was, of which you were the light.

Always gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Ruskin was writing this year the "Queen of the Air," and after spending the summer in Switzerland and Italy had returned to take up the Slade Professorship. It is interesting to compare the last two letters other letters which Ruskin was writing about this time to his friend Charles Eliot Norton.

On the first day of the year in which he died (1851) Turner sent the following note to Jones. It is written in a feeble and uneven hand.

DEAR JONES,

Many happy returns of this day, New-year, and many of them to come to you and Mrs. Jones.

My want of health continues on me heavily. But believe

Yours most truly,

J. M. W. TURNER.

Many of Turner's papers passed into the hands of Jones; in his capacity of executor. Some of these show us a very human world. W. Collins, the artist, and
father of Wilkie Collins, writes to Turner in an undated letter:

My dear Sir,

After the manner in which you received my proposal last night I can no longer doubt the truth of the report which has lately reached me, namely, the charge you make against me, of speaking of your picture in the present exhibition, in terms calculated by their severity and injustice materially to injure you.

Now, Sir, I take this, the only method left me, of most unequivocally denying the charge, and on the contrary asserting that I have defended you as far as I could, consistently with my real opinion, and that I have always spoken in the highest terms of the distasteful part of the picture and maintained that, although the colour was in some degree violent, the want of ability to make it otherwise was not the cause of it being as it is.

That I have not been so great a hypocrite as to defend what I humbly conceive the faults of the picture I admit, and this, no man has any right to expect, and it is my firm conviction that the interests of the art are most essentially injured by attempts to praise eccentricity, and that those are their best friends who confine their plaudit to those very high qualities your pictures always possess.

I cannot conclude without confessing that I feel much hurt, that I, who have always been one of your most zealous, and I trust, one of your most prudent defenders, should be charged with aspersing you in the very quarter where I have so frequently, at the risk of injuring myself, espoused your cause, but as I do not expect applause for doing my duty, so I care not for censure where I feel confident of not having deserved it.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
W. Collins.

To J. M. W. Turner.

As this letter bears no date, it is difficult to identify the picture which provoked it. But the letter makes some shrewd thrusts amidst its indignation, and would not be one that Turner would receive gladly.

J. H. Whitehouse.

(To be continued.)

RED WHARF BAY

Here, where the sea begins,
The sea-birds hover,
The land's frayed border thins
And the tide flows over;
The rocky portals stand
This side and that the bay;
Seaward, from land to land,
The white surf bars the way;
The sky encloses all;
The clouds thereunder
Lift in the blue, and fall
Past wit and wonder.
On flowing, flying tide
The waters of the deep
Arrive, submerge, subside
Like the coiling surge of sleep.

F. W. Stokoe.

PALLADAS

For those who know not grief
A whole life is brief;
But for the sad one night
Is time infinite.

Palatine Anthology, x. 28.

The schoolmaster's daughter had issue to suit her:
The child was a masculine feminine neuter.

Palatine Anthology, ix. 489.

R. A. Furness.
we feel throughout that the author's aim is single, to set before us the results of his own sincere thinking on a matter of infinite moment. Perhaps better, because subtle, books of criticism have appeared in England during the last ten years—if so, we have not read them; but there has been none more truly tolerant, more evidently free from malice, more certainly the product of a soul in which no lie remains. Whether it is that Sir Henry has like Plato's Cephalus lived his literary life blamelessly, we do not know, but certainly he produces upon us an effect akin to that of Cephalus' peaceful smile when he went on his way to sacrifice duly to the gods and left the younger men to the intricacies of their infinite debate.

Now it seems to us of importance that a writer like Sir Henry Newbolt should declare roundly that creative poetry and creative prose belong to the same kind. It is important not because there is anything very novel in the contention, but because it is opportune; and it is opportune because at the present moment we need to have emphasis laid on the vital element that is common both to creative poetry and creative prose. The general mind loves confusion, best mother of haze and happiness; it loves to be able to conclude that this is an age of poetry from the fact that the books of words cut up into lines or sprinkled with rhymes are legion. An age of haddiessticks! Whatever the present age is—and it is an age of many interesting characteristics—it is not an age of poetry. It would indeed have a better chance of being one if fifty instead of five hundred books of verse were produced every month; and if all the impresarios were shouting that it was an age of prose. The differentiation of verse is a merely trivial accident; what is essential in poetry, or literature if you will, is an act of intuitive comprehension. Where you have the evidence of that act, the sovereign aesthetic process, there you have poetry. What remains for you, whether you are a critic or a poet or both together, is to settle for yourself a system of values by which those various acts of intuitive comprehension may be judged. It does not suffice at any time, much less does it suffice at the present day, to be content with the uniqueness of the pleasure which you derive from each single act of comprehension made vocal. That sentiment is the comfortable privilege of the amateur and the dilettante. It is not sufficient to get a unique pleasure from Mr. De la Mare's "Arabia" or Mr. Davies's "Lovely Dames" or Miss Katherine Mansfield's "Prelude" or Mr. Eliot's "Portrait of a Lady," in each of which the vital act of intuitive comprehension is made manifest. One must establish a hierarchy, and decide which act of comprehension is the more truly comprehensive, which poem has the complete universality. One must be prepared not only to relate each poetic expression to the nature of its kind in the past, or to recognize a new kind if a new kind has been created, but to relate the kind to the finest kind.

That, as it seems to us, is the specifically critical activity, and one which is in peril of death from desuetude. The other important type of criticism, which is analysis of poetic method, an investigation and appreciation of the means by which the poet communicates his intuitive comprehension to an audience, is in a less perilous condition. Where there are real poets—and only a bigot will deny that there are real poets among us now—we have just named four—there will always be true criticism of poetic method, though it may seldom find utterance in the printed word. But criticism of poetic method has, by hypothesis, no perspective and no horizons; it is concerned with a unique thing under the aspect of its uniqueness. It may, and happily most often does, assume that poetry is the supreme form of the spiritual life of man; but it makes no endeavour to assess it according to the standards that are implicit in such an assumption. That is the function of philosophical criticism. If philosophical criticism can be combined with criticism of method—and there is no reason why they should not coexist in a single person; the only two English critics of the nineteenth century, Coleridge and Arnold, were of this kind—so much the better: but it is philosophical criticism of which we stand in desperate need at this moment.

A good friend of ours, who happens to be one of the real poets we possess, once wittily summed up a general objection to criticism of the kind we advocate as "always asking people to do what they can't." But to point out, as the philosophical critic would, that poetry itself must inevitably languish if the more comprehensive kinds are neglected, or if a non-poetic age is allowed complacently to drift and his lyrical, is not to urge the real masters in the less comprehensive kinds to desist; but rather it is to ask—why would ask Mr. De la Mare to write an epic or Miss Mansfield to give us a novel? But he might be a wise man who called upon Mr. Eliot to set himself to the composition of a poetic drama; and without a doubt he would deserve well of the commonwealth who should summon the popular imitators of Mr. De la Mare, Mr. Davies or Mr. Eliot to begin by trying to express something that they did comprehend or desired to comprehend, even though it should take them into thousands of unpublishable pages. It is infinitely preferable that those who have so far given evidence of nothing better than a fatal fluency in insipid imitation of true lyric poets should fall down a precipice in an attempt to scale the very pinnacles of Parnassus. There is something heroic about the most unmitigated disaster at such an altitude.

Moreover, the most marked characteristic of the present age is the disintegration of the consciousness that is going on. Opportunism in politics has its counterpart in opportunism in poetry. Mr. Lloyd George's moods are reflected in Mr. —'s. And, beneath these heights, we have the queer spectacle of a whole race of very young poets who somehow expect to attain poetic intensity by the physical intensity with which they look at any disagreeable object that happens to come under their eye. Perhaps they will find some satisfaction in being reckoned among the curiosities of literature a hundred years hence; it is certainly the only satisfaction they will have. They at any rate have a great deal to gain from the acid of philosophical criticism. If a reaction to life has in itself the seeds of an intuitive comprehension it will stand explication. If a young poet's nausea at the sight of a toothbrush is significant of anything at all except bad upbringing, then it is capable of being refined into a vision of life and of being expressed by means of the appropriate mechanism or myth. But to register the mere facts of consciousness, undisguised by the being, without assessment or reinforcement by the mind, is, for all the connection it has with poetry, no better than to copy down the numbers of one's bus-tickets.

We do not wish to suggest that Sir Henry Newbolt would regard this lengthy gloss upon his book as legitimate deduction. He, we think, is a good deal more tolerant than we are; and he would probably hesitate to work out the consequences of the principles which he enunciates and apply them vigorously to the present time. But as a vindication of the supreme place of poetry as poetry in human life, as a stimulus to critical thought and a guide to exquisite appreciation—of which his essay on Chaucer is an almost perfect example—"A New Study of English Poetry" deserves all the honour that lies in our power to give. J. M. M.

A special general meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects will be held on Monday at 8 p.m. in the council chamber of the Royal Institute, 12, Pall Mall. An ordinary general meeting will follow at which a paper will be read by Mr. Delissa Joseph, Fellow of the Institute, on "Higher Buildings for London."
ETHNOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

M.A. PAST AND PRESENT. By A. H. Keane. Revised, and largely rewritten, by A. Hingston Quiggin and A. C. Haddon. (Cambridge, University Press. 36s. net.)

THERE is a special class of problems belonging to the science of Man which it is convenient to term ethnological. These arise in response to the endeavour to account for the distribution over the earth's surface of the principal groups into which mankind is naturally divided. Such a natural group may well be described as 'ethnic,' since etymologically the word etnos simply implies a number of people living together. Now they may or may not constitute a phylum or race in the sense of participating in a common parentage and blood. The chances are, however, that in respect of breed they will turn out to be considerably mixed. When, therefore, we try to group them according to some natural order, nature here stands, not for the law of heredity, but for that wider law or tendency which governs historical process as a whole. Thus a political grouping becomes natural if it is sufficiently sustained. As a science of long perspective anthropology cannot take stock of every change which a shifting diplomacy introduces into the map of national boundaries. But when a frontier is perceived to hold good through the course of ages—when the various conditions represented by common breed, common culture, common historical associations, and common adaptation to a geographical environment conspire to keep a people together and to keep them distinct from their neighbours—then here is natural division and mankind, and the ethnologist can get to work in order to assign to each set of conditions its due share in the whole result.

To compose an adequate ethnology on a world-wide scale becomes harder, rather than easier, as knowledge advances. The sheer mass of relevant facts has by this time become so vast that no one mind can expect to cope with it, at any rate so thoroughly as to satisfy the special students who have devoted a lifetime to this or that subject among the thousand on which it is necessary to touch. Nevertheless, if it were really true that we can no longer see the wood for the trees, anthropology would be in a parlous state to-night. It is true we cannot make of those who preside over the destinies of a science to combat the disruptive tendencies incidental to all rapid expansion. Someone must undertake the rather thankless task of editing a joint report of the departments, bringing out the points of agreement and yet not unduly shurring over such differences of opinion as indicate difficulties still unsolved. It might be managed by some corporate body issuing from time to time a synthesis prepared by a congress or committee of experts. An individual, however, can alone put the breadth of life into such a conspectus of results; and such a benefactor of humanity should be protected from the shafts of a too meticulous criticism by a fortunate parallel to that enjoyed by the concert in the miners' camp: 'Gentlemen are requested not to shoot at the musician; he is doing his best.'

The late Professor A. H. Keane stood out among the anthropologists of the last generation as the one man in this country who was brave enough to undertake an ethnological survey of mankind. Though perhaps he did not stand quite in the first rank of original thinkers, he was well equipped for his proposed task, having at once a very wide reading and a faculty of clear and balanced judgment. Thus on the one hand he played fair between the different parts of the world; and, if one comes upon thin places in his work, one can confidently ascribe the deficiency to a lack, not of interest and enthusiasm in the writer, but of fulness and accuracy in the available information. On the other hand, so fair-minded was he that, though professionally and by taste a linguist, he did not make the fatal mistake of treating speech as the sole or even chief criterion of ethnic affinity, but laid at least as much stress on physical as on cultural consideration. For no one, not even the compiler, but had personal views which, though stated with extreme moderation, invested his ethnological works with a soul of their own. Unfortunately, these views of his no longer accord with modern opinion. They were in a way old-fashioned when he championed them, since he set out to establish the natural, and not merely artificial, character of Linnaeans' classification of mankind into four primary divisions—black Ethiopians, yellow Mongolians, red Americans and white Caucasians. He supposed each group to have had its pleistocene ancestor evolved from a single generalized prototype, and to have developed in relative isolation in a primeval habitat or 'cradleland,' the geographical boundaries of which he was prepared to specify. Recent research, however, does not either bring to light a single unspecialized type of early man from whom the differentiated later forms can be alike derived, or show clear traces of such differentiation as deducible from the archaeological record of each of the cradle-lands in question.

Hence in revising a book more than twenty years old the editors have had the delicate task of extracting the old soul, as it were, and supplying a new one—a transcendental operation from which anyone but a magician might reasonably shrink. Remarkable as it may seem, the trick has been done. A classification of mankind based on the main varieties of hair, the woolly, the straight, and the wavy, is dexterously substituted, with surprisingly little effect on the previous articulation of the subject. Having now but three instead of four divisions to deal with, it becomes necessary to suppress one; but this is easily done by attaching the Americans to the Mongols as an allied though distinctive branch. The only other important change relates to the Australian aborigines. Keane classed them with the Negroid peoples, and not without reason seeing that what may be termed a Tasmanian strain certainly occurs in their blood. The editors now place them in the wavy-haired group, and so side by side with the Caucasian peoples. In other words, the classification is viewed from the other and probably prevailing factor in their phylogeny, namely, what is known as the Pre-Dravidian element. This term, 'the first use of which seems to be due to Lapicque,' covers a scattered number of jungle folk whom Keane did not treat as homogeneous, classing the Sakai with Negritos, and the Korumbas with Mongols, while ignoring other peoples of the same type altogether. Since these insignificant folk extend from India by way of the Malay Peninsula to Indonesia, it is not improbable that they are survivors of the breed that gave the Australian his curly, yet not woolly, hair; though the problem of the immigrations that peopled Australia becomes more and more complex as we come to know their diversified culture better.

Meanwhile, Keane's unspecialized pleistocene ancestor has to go, and classification by hair will not apply to hairless fossils; so that on the side of prehistoric archaeology to revise or to rewrite becomes equally difficult, if the subject of man past and present is to be treated systematically. We doubt, indeed, if the old vessel could by any device be made to contain the amount of new wine which the student of the far past is prepared to contribute. On the other hand, the review of modern man has been brought up to date with some approach to completeness. To speak very generally, Europe, Asia and Africa have been revised, whereas America and Oceania had to be rewritten. Everywhere, indeed, great trouble has been taken to insert the necessary
amplifications or corrections. Even so, however, one must confess to a certain consciousness of unequal value as one reads forward and backward from the old matter to the new, and could have wished that Professor Haddon had the time to compose a fresh ethnology bearing more clearly the impress of his individual opinions. No one else in this country is so well qualified to produce a book of this nature, and perhaps one day he will do it. In the meantime the present volume serves to keep the subject before the eyes of the student, and, used judiciously, will meet his needs.

R. R. M.

SENSATION NOVELISTS


THE inconveniences of coursing several hares at once receive frequent illustration, not merely in sport, but in other departments of life and literature. Perhaps Dr. Phillips has added a fresh instance. For he has not merely taken the so-called "sensation" novel to be his province and subjoined a very disputable list of three particular novelists as "sensational," but has, by the latter part of his title, given himself liberty to dwell on the extension of reading in England from the later part of the eighteenth century; the prices of novels and the rewards of novelists; the theories of their art entertained by some of these latter; and a good deal else. We must discard most of this detail, only observing that though he has taken a good deal of trouble to amass information, one may sometimes rather distrust his evidence, and sometimes also rather question his judgment and his expression. Mr. Burke was a very great man; but if the estimate of the number of habitual readers in England near the close of the eighteenth century, at from eighty to ninety thousand, rests only on "what Mr. Burke said," we should hesitate to accept it undoubtedly, and still more to build on it comparisons with the number of subscribers to the Cornhill Magazine. What is meant by saying that the term "sensation novel" was felt almost as a compound? A distinctly loose sense of literary chronology, not merely in regard to actual dates, is shown in adhering to a definition against the soundness of the change, as indicated by Dickens' earnings or Thackeray's or George Eliot's, must be placed the very dissimilar experiences of, say, Meredith and Gissing. Thackeray would have slightly raised his eyebrows if he had seen himself classed with "most other conservatives." We were under the impression that it was Swift, not Byron, who made a certain remark about "the prefaces of Dryden," and it would be interesting to know the make of the "revolver" with which Sikes battered Nancy.

But this sort of desultory comment is not very edifying. Let us take Dr. Phillips's main themes—the sensation novel, and Dickens, Charles Reade, and Wilkie Collins as representatives of it—and say something about them. There has been rather a tendency of late to object to "tickets," "labels," or whatever they may be called. This objection may go too far, but it is certainly desirable that, if they are used, they should be used with precision. That desirable quality seems to be rather absent here: indeed, the absence may be obvious enough to escape from the mere presence of Dickens in this gallery. But we shall come to that presently. Dr. Phillips seems to regard "sensational" as very nearly identical with "melodramatic," or differentiated therefrom at most by a change of taste which substituted the criminal and the abnormal in more or less ordinary life for the supernatural element of the older "Terrier" school. "The appeal to fear" is his most frequent description of its method; and more than once the storm in "David Copperfield," and the finding of Steerforth's body, are called "sensational." Thus applied, the term loses all properly differentiated meaning. It would perhaps not be impossible, from the facts which Dr. Phillips gives, to fish out or construct a better definition; but he does not give his readers much assistance in doing this. The circumstances and nature of the actual Sensational Novel, which was a creature of the late fifties, the whole of the sixties, and the seventies decreasingly—are clear enough. The older romance of adventure—which, during the earlier part of the century, was, without going back to past times, enabled by the survival of dwelling and some other things to keep its readers lively—was losing these resources. The new realist or domestic novel did without them; the newest romance proper resorted mainly to the historical form. But there was a considerable public (here Dr. Phillips give some help) which did not care for history and did want something more than ordinary incident. Hence the "sensational" novel—that is to say, the novel with appeal not exactly to "fear," but to the same sort of rather degraded appetite for excitement which is now met by "films." Its most characteristic writers could reach neither the pure romance with its poetic treatment of incident, nor the pure novel with its plastic command of character. But they could "box it about" somehow; and above all they could use that motive of "suspense" which was attributed to their Terrorist predecessors.

To rank Dickens among sensation novelists will thus seem quite uncritical. It is course true that in "Oliver Twist," on which Dr. Phillips greatly relies, and even in most of the books later, though hardly in "Copperfield" itself, there is a good store of incident that the sensational novelist would be only too glad to get hold of if he could. But with the possible exception of "Oliver Twist" itself, the treatment is not "sensational" at all; and the "appeal" is quite different.

There, of course, be people who read "Nicholas Nickleby" for the squalor, not the comedy, of Dotheboys Hall; "Martin Chuzzlewit" for the murder of Tigg Montague; and "Great Expectations" for Orlick's just prevented smashing of Pip. Probably the same persons would read Shakespeare, if they read him at all, for Comedies of Outrage and for the discovery of woman's passion for the bear-eating Paulina's husband. It may even be questioned whether Charles Reade, though he abounds in sensations, can be justly called a sensation novelist. Wilkie Collins, of course, is one, and so is Miss Braddon; and so on the supernatural side (which Dr. Phillips rather ignores) is Bulwer in the "Strange Story." Indeed, the last-named novel is in a certain way the sensation story, just as "The Notch in the Axe" is the ideal ghoul manifested by parody; and "The Woman in White," "No Name" and "Lady Audley's Secret" are, again, actual specimens in the non-supernatural kind. So, also, Dr. Phillips seems to go wide of the bow hand in another direction by making a typical sensationalist of "Ouida." Of course there is something sensational in her, but her books are really developments of the fashionable novel of the earlier century.

To sum up, the sensational novel, properly so called, arises (as Aristotle would say) when the novelist—being incapable of attaining, or unwilling to attain, true poetic romance or true plastic character-fiction—aims at and achieves surprise and suspense only or mainly. Both Dickens and Reade had too much facile au corps to let them fly at so low a level as this.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Sir Edward Elgar, O.M., has been elected a corresponding member of the Institut de France (Académie des Beaux-Arts) in the place of the late Commissariato Giovanni Sgambati of Rome.
THEORIES OF ATONEMENT

THE IDEA OF ATONEMENT IN CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY. Bampton Lectures, 1915. By Hastings Rashdall, D. Litt. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

REDEEMPTION, HINDU AND CHRISTIAN. By Sydney Cave, D.D. (Milford. 10s. 6d. net.)

FEW of Dr. Rashdall's old pupils at Oxford or elsewhere—and how many there must be to-day who acknowledge a debt which no change of views can efface to the most generous and self-abnegating of teachers!—can have had much difficulty in guessing beforehand the general conclusions of his Bampton Lectures. Indeed, when, some thirteen years ago, he published in "The Theory of Good and Evil" his vigorous strictures on the view that vindictive punishment is demanded for wrongdoing, in order to balance the scales of ideal justice, he already foreshadowed his theory of the Atonement. This theory he defends in the present volume with his customary briskness in controversy. He requires from theology the surrender of the notion that a debt of suffering incurred by Adam's transgression was cancelled by the sacrifice of Christ, and in its place the opinion of Peter Lombard that "the death of Christ justifies us, as much as through it charity is stirred up in our hearts."

This view, which Dr. Rashdall elsewhere traces back to Abelard, seems to make the sacrifice of Christ little more than an inspiring moral example. That is an eviscerate Christianity. It is due to a defect of method in the book, which only admits as the trustworthy teaching of Christ those sayings of His recorded by the Synoptists that pass the sieve of a rather fussy criticism. Yet it was a keen critic who remarked that "on ne connaît le Christ que par la tradition, à travers la tradition, dans la tradition chrétienne primitive." Of this tradition the Synoptics are but a fragment, loose leaves from the volume of apostolic preaching. Meanwhile in the Pauline and Johannine literature there is a unity of fundamental belief which is either the product of contagious illusion, or a legacy from the Founder of the religion. If it is authentic Christianity which these books contain, then the true core of the doctrine of the Atonement can be found in Dr. Rashdall's own citations from them. "It is," he himself remarks, "a matter of profound significance for the history of religion that the original idea of sacrifice should ... be shown to be not so much propitiation as communion." Moreover, unwilling as he is with his anti-sacramental bias to allow that St. Paul interpreted Christianity as the counterpart of the pagan mystery-cults, he perceives that the substance of the Apostle's doctrine was the reconciliation of man to God, effected through incorporation in Christ.

He thought [Dr. Rashdall tells us] of the participation in Christ's death as directly killing that fleshly nature which was the source of sin, and beginning that transformation of it into a new and incorruptible body which had taken place in Christ's case already, and which for the redeemed portion of humanity would be completed at the Parousia or second coming.

St. Paul himself sets forth not only the end, but the means: "All we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into His death." And again: "The bread which we break is it not a communion of the body of Christ?" This is echoed in the Epistle to the Hebrews: "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle"; and in the Second Petrine Epistle, which prays that "ye may become partakers of the divine nature, having escaped from the corruption that is in the world by lust." Dr. Rashdall tries, it is true, to rationalize the doctrine of the Johannine books by contending that "most of what is said of the saving influence which proceeds from Christ, both in the Gospel and the Epistles, may be most naturally understood of His teaching." But Scott, one of the subtest of the Johannine commentators, after weighing this view, rejects it, we feel, correctly.

"In Him was life" [so he sums up the Christology of the Fourth Gospel, in the sense that He was the repository of a higher nature and destiny in kind from that of man. His purpose was to make men partakers of this life, by so uniting them with Himself that His divine essence is transfused into them. The eucharistic idea lends itself naturally to this view of life as a sort of ethereal substance.

The last phrase is, no doubt, tendenzlos, but the doctrine described is not only the Fourth Evangelist's; it saturates the bulk of the New Testament. It is also, of course, the doctrine of the Greek Fathers, and the mainspring of the Athanasian theology, with its maxim "He became man to make us divine." So far as its mystical essence is concerned, it is well appreciated by Dr. Cave, who notes that St. Paul shows after his conversion "not a mere change of character, but a new personality, over which ruled, not the old ego, with its selfish cravings, but the risen Lord." To such conceptions Dr. Rashdall seems inaccessible. His mind is of an eighteenth-century type. He is always re-editing "Christianity not Mysterious."

THE NAVY AT WAR

Naval Operations.—Vol. I. To the Battle of the Falklands. By Sir Julian S. Corbett. (Longmans. 17s. 6d. net.)

The outbreak of war found the Navy faced with an immense sphere of action. The tendency of recent political groupings, the development of commerce and the evolution of naval technique enlarged its range of responsibility, each in its way, to an extent that was hardly imagined, still less comprehended, before the beginning of hostilities. In the first period of the war, with which Sir Julian Corbett deals, the Navy began to learn the lessons it should have assimilated in time of peace; but it was already too late to prevent the critical extension of the war over the Near East, too late to prevent some of the most disastrous blows of the war. Sir Julian quite rightly pours cold water on the recent tendency to regard the historic role of the Navy as the seeking out and destruction of the enemy's main fleet. He is quite right, too, in maintaining that, historically, the Navy's paramount duty was to secure the command of Home waters for the safety of our coasts and trade and to ensure the destruction of the enemy's trade. But this is not the historian's task to say that this is the Navy's only duty or that it is the paramount duty to-day; and between his implications which place attack in the background and those of the younger naval school which tend to overlook the conditioning elements of position and tactical features there is a middle way. No serious critic will maintain that it was ever the duty of the British Navy to attack at all costs, in any circumstances, though this is what the position of the new school logically implies; but, on the other hand, a representative of the wiser tradition, to which Sir Julian Corbett belongs, must maintain that the High Seas Fleet would have been better on the bed of the North Sea and that the Navy is culpable if it neglected any chance of putting it there. And yet it is not at least a little too complacent to reckon among the most "erroneous" of prevailing impressions that the Navy was not prepared for war? Lord Jellicoe has already disclosed some of the grave handicaps with which the Navy took the seas; and there were others which he did not mention as not concerning the Grand Fleet immediately, that were more serious.

Could the war have lasted so long if Turkey had not joined the Central Powers? The question does not deserve discussion; but it suggests the most critical direction in which the Navy was unprepared. Criticism of the War Office and the Army has become tedious; but even they
had visualized the broad lines of the war upon which they would embark. Plans had been concerted with France of the most suitable way in which the Army could assist. But the Navy, for which the Mediterranean had become of ever-increasing importance, had not thought out the special problems involved in co-operation with France in that area, and hence the "Goeben" slipped through our hands; and it "was many months before it was possible to appreciate fully the combined effrontery, promptitude and sagacity of the move." Until the British ultimatum to Germany expired Admiral Milan could not co-operate with Admiral de Lapeyrère; but when co-operation was possible the British Admiral was left under the impression that his primary object was to protect the French transport line, while his French colleague had decided on the convoy plan. Until too late the Navy ignored one of the most important waterways in Europe, the Dardanelles; and the other, the Baltic entrances, seems to have had no place in the pre-war councils of the Admiralty. The rôle of the Navy was regarded too much as though it could be dissociated from that of the Army; and in entering the war with its mind a tabula rasa the Navy was unprepared in a more vital way than is suggested by its weaknesses in material and bases.

The "Goeben" and "Breslau" did not enter the Dardanelles until 8.30 on the evening of August 10; but their immunity was amply guaranteed by the failure of the Admiralty to supply essential information to Admiral Milan and to cancel orders which they had become obsolete. "The sudden pressure on an embryonic staff organization was more than it could bear," and this conditioning factor influenced naval operations up to the battle of the Falklands. We see throughout the first phase the versatility, skill and heroism of individual officers thrown into high relief against the bird-witted action of the Staff. The brilliant action of the " Gloucester" in the "Goeben" incident is a case in point; and it was the same qualities which tore a success from the confused action off Heligoland on August 28. Commodores Tyrwhitt and Keyes were not informed, through some mischance, that Beatty's Battle Cruisers and Goodenough's Light Cruisers were to co-operate, and the resulting confusion, which reads almost like light comedy, came near to ending in disaster. The cruisers did their part in the battle. Indeed Beatty's intervention was the decisive factor. But in the midst of the action Keyes saw two of the light cruisers emerging out of the mist, and, not knowing of any British cruisers in his neighbourhood, signalled two enemy cruisers. Goodenough took the signal and prepared to give assistance; but, on sighting his two cruisers, Keyes reported that he was now in the presence of four of the enemy. Goodenough realized that something was wrong and held off to the west. This brought him to the outer line of the British submarines, of whose position he was ignorant; and, on sighting E6, he attempted to ram it. The submarine dive, and in error flag-ships and forebears to attack as the cruiser's nationality was uncertain. But this chapter of accidents which led to so many avoidable risks, without giving the compensation of the strong support designed by the Staff, reads more like the amateur maneuvres of a third-rate navy than the carefully organized battle plan of the mightiest fleet in the world. Good sense with a space of caution saved us from disaster until Beatty dashed into the struggle. This splendid move was made despite the thickening mist, and the danger of enemy submarines and even battle cruisers being present; and it won the day.

It was a similar confusion, moreover, that led poor Cradock to his fate. The order of October 5 instructing him to " search and protect trade," taken in combination with a later instruction that a second squadron was to be formed for the River Plate Area for combined operation," seemed to mean that he was to seek out and bring to action Admiral von Spee's squadron. He had no illusions as to the chances of such a battle. He informed the Admiralty that as long as the "Canopus" was with him his strategical speed could not exceed 12 knots. But when the battleship arrived he sailed to join the rest of the squadron at the western coaling base. On concentration he once more reported the difficulties of the task he conceived to have been laid upon him. The Admiralty appreciated the situation only when Lord Fisher took control, and then it was too late. The telegram never reached him, and when signals from the "Leipzig" were reported, he remembered that he had been told to "be prepared to have to meet," the enemy and to "search," and formed a line of search. As the unequal contest drew near neither Cradock nor von Spee knew the composition of his opponent. Each thought that only an isolated cruiser had been caught in the net; and when the position was clear, with the "Canopus" toiling away 300 miles distant, Cradock saw its hopelessness. The battle of Coronel was lost before it was fought, and Cradock went down with the knowledge that at least he had done his best to warn the Admiralty of the fatal risks into which he believed they were forcing him. The battle of the Falklands had in it the cumulative elements which we expect from Lord Fisher, and the only doubt we feel is at the duration of the conflict. For there was an immensely greater disparity between Sturdee's force and that of von Spee than between Cradock's and von Spee's.

But with this action the hand-to-mouth existence of the Admiralty became circumscribed. The Navy had had its triumphs. The masterly dispositions which covered the transportation of the Expeditionary Force to France were not appreciated at the time, but they make interesting reading. And the dispositions which put an end to the career of the "Königsberg" and "Emden," and protected the Seven Seas, showed bold improvisation. Their main fault was that they were improvisations. War is not like a game in which everything must be left to the chances of the moment; and the orders and counter-orders which sped across the seas read like the disturbed imaginations of a dream. The German Navy was immeasurably better prepared for its rôle in the British Navy for the tasks which were obvious long before the war. The first phase of the naval war saw us at our worst—improvident and reckless, if also daring and versatile. The loss of the "Cressy" reflects little credit on anyone; and it is now clear that it was the work of but one submarine. The reluctance to counter-mine when the Germans began to sow their mines in the North Sea is susceptible of a better justification. It can at least be fairly said that we broke with the prescriptions of humanity not at all, and with those of naval tradition only under the compulsion of events.

Sir Julian Corbett had a moving tale to tell, and he has told it well. It is not altogether impossible to imagine it better written. But the story is at least clear and objective. His judgments err in being a little over-kind; for these early days of the war were among the greatest in the world's history, and no one can remain insensible to the incalculable effects of the escape of the "Goeben" and "Breslau." This at one stroke negatived the efforts of all our diplomacy; and though we feel inclined to exonerate the British admirals on the spot, we cannot pass over so lightly the errors of the Staff. If we must have war it is more economical to fight with the brain than the body. But this seems alien to British traditions and Sir Julian does not deal with it as it deserves. We shall look with pleasure for the other volumes of the "official" history, and it would be ungracious not to welcome this large volume with its accompanying case of splendid maps at a price that is so unusual nowadays.
A RELIGIOUS MAN
From Authority to Freedom: the Spiritual Pilgrimage
of Charles Hargrove. By L. P. Jacks. (Williams & Nor-
gate. 12s. 6d. net.)

CHARLES HARGROVE, Plymouth Brother, Domini-
can monk and, finally, Unitarian minister, possessed the "religious temperament." His life reads like that of a man given over to some strange, almost insane, obsession, a part of his life was spent in an actual, material cell; thirty years of it were spent, even more really, in the figurative cell of a narrow religious cosmos. In the life of this man is made manifest that awful uniqueness of personality that we are accustomed, glibly and without comprehension, to attribute, as a matter of course, to every man. We are enabled to see how profoundly, finally and without appeal, a man constructs his own universe. We see how arbitrary are the assumptions we present as testifying to our sanity, how wholly our "objective" criteria, our logic, our "teachings of science," are conditioned by imperious, pre-natal requirements.

To those who lack the religious temperament the whole of Hargrove's existence may be insensible as the experiences of a madman. The following extracts from his diary, written when he was sixteen, and, it must be remembered, in an agony of sincerity, will illustrate what we mean:

March 2.—I was born in sin, and in iniquity did my mother conceive me.

May 21.—O Lord, I do indeed feel troubled about my not having been born a child of God. I cannot be. Yet must I suffer from the neglect of my parents, although to them a conscientious neglect. Disobedience to the Church.


The language and the subjects of these thoughts were very largely the result of his early training, for both his father and his mother were Dissenters of the fiercest and strictest order. But what are we to make of this genuine passion, this obsession, on the part of a boy of sixteen? There is something in him, something with a fierce life of its own, which, in its clamorous demand for satisfaction, will inhibit the indulgence of every other appetite. He was not attracted to games, he was cut off from the life of his schoolfellows; even his intellectual interests were twisted and contorted to the service of this devouring flame. He had a good brain, but he lacked the power of concentration.

His studies in various subjects, Latin, Greek, mathematics, were feeble and intermittent. But the "power of concentration"? All through his schooldays, and, later, his life at Cambridge, he was reading the Bible, studying theology, seeking out "eminent men" and asking, "Is the Holy Communion a sacrifice?" "What is the Rule of Faith? How am I to know what to believe?"

He compares the teachings of various Christian Churches; he reads ecclesiastical history, weighed down the whole time by the enormous gravity of the decision he must come to, knowing that he will "stake his eternal salvation on the correctness of the decision." He passes through a terrible period of scepticism. He rejects the teachings of his father's sect; it seems to him that his father picked and chose amongst the texts of the Bible. But this scepticism brings no feeling of freedom; rather he begins to play with thoughts of suicide. He must believe. But what is he to believe? That God has revealed His will to man he does not doubt; the question is, Which Church embodies that revelation? A very slight knowledge of religious psychology is sufficient to enable us to predict the next step. At this stage Hargrove desired, above all things, a cessation of conflict—he desired peace. And nowhere is the convert offered a more perfect and permanent absence of present and future spiritual conflict than in the Church of Rome. He becomes a Dominican monk.

This step has tragic consequences. For the proper appreciation of what followed it must be remembered that Hargrove was the child of his parents. Like him, they were profoundly religious; his alternatives were as real to them as to himself. The issue was regarded by all the family as one of eternal salvation or damnation. Hence the amazing correspondence between father and son. Their letters doubtless have their parallels, but not, alas, their counterparts. The distraught father, who was to make one desperate attempt at justification on the one side and the passionate horror on the other could not now, we are convinced, be called forth by anything whatever. For good or for ill, we have lost this moral fervour, this intensity of conviction. On receiving the news of his conversion to Rome, Hargrove's mother immediately travels from Dublin to intercede with her son. In their interviews she finds him pale, anguished, but immovable. She writes to her sisters:

I can't describe to you what followed, but he was all insensible to my agonised tears and entreaties. Yet he was not without emotion. Poor Josie [his brother] moved away, turning his back, for he was unable to stand the soul-barrowing scene. Then when I ceased to implore, Josie came up to his brother, and, with his eyes swollen with weeping, he said in a firm tone, "Charlie, will you be responsible to us for Papa's death?" The poor deceived one, with an assumed firmness, said, "I will." Oh, it was a moving scene. . . .

In his Dominican cell in Rome, Hargrove kept on his table, written out in large letters, the text, "If a man hate not his father and mother he cannot be My disciple." It was necessary, for his love of family was profound. The letters, both of father and son, are a bewildering combination of protestations of affection and theological argument. They wounded one another horribly, over the question of the doctrine of transsubstantiation. His mother's death was regarded by the whole family as largely due to Hargrove's perversion; he himself shared this belief. But he had, although at a terrible cost, obtained peace of mind. He was happy. He had no doubts, and day by day he felt that his life was being more and more identified with the will of God. He lived in a cosmos he thoroughly understood and which satisfied his deepest aspirations, bestowing a meaning and value upon every deed and thought, however trivial. Politics and the movements of nations, all outside events, he could well afford to ignore. They were details in a mighty scheme of which he knew the beginning and the end. His priestly training made him impervious to outward shocks. Philosophy and logic? He was learned in the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas; he need fear no intellectual assaults. And, indeed, it was by his heart that he was ultimately betrayed. After ten years as a Dominican he suddenly leaves the Church. He gives his reason as follows:

A religion which teaches everlasting punishment is not of God. But the only religion which has any claim upon a reasonable man teaches this. Therefore there is no religion "of God"—i.e., supernaturally revealed.

He abandons, not only Rome, but Christianity. We do not know what the experience was which suddenly revealed to him the enormity of the doctrine of eternal punishment. He had always disliked the doctrine, but he had been able, in some queer way, either to ignore or accept it. But it was the rift within the lute. Other speculations had conspired to the same end. That there must have been a revealed religion became a little less apparent when he reflected on the millions in Asia who had been left for thousands of years without this blessing. The extraordinary naïveté of this reasoning is as strange to us as the intensity of his previous conviction. These adventures in thought remind one of a Cockney child's first glimpse of the sea. Hargrove was intelligent, well-
MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART

A Man's Honour. By Violet M. Methley. (Hurst & Blackett. 7s. 6d. net.)

UNDERNEATH the price of this novel there is a blue hand sinister pointing to the words: "Read first turn-over of cover." We are obedient, and here is the cream: Valentina Carland, misunderstanding husband, follows him England, Ceylon. Native rising.; hunted like wild animals in tropical woods by native prince; end, happiness cost sister's life, heroic self-sacrifice. Fine story finely told, great ability, tense situations, thrilling, grim, interesting.

What is the misunderstanding between Valentina and Charles? In seeking for the answer we are confronted with a second by which all popular novelists are governed, and it is—whatever occurs in the end, the reader is left to decide what the final solution will be. It seems there is no other adventure in life but hunting the sweetest boy. Shall we be amazed then if one or the other of the captors, their first, the handle rattled, a voice heard without.—Love flies out of the window. It would seem there is no other adventure in life but hunting the sweetest boy. Shall we be amazed then if one or the other of the captors, their first fatigué over, tips toes to the window and softly opens it? Alas! we are so far from the world of fairy—to-day that the only satisfactory ending to our stories is—"they lived unhappily ever after." They never became King and Queen and lived in the castle beyond the blue mountains. Always, at the last moment, some happy accident awakened his suspicions or hers, and away flew love and the chase began all over again.

Who of us can believe that Valentina Carland, cutting roses in the old-world garden, singing "in a low, sweet voice," the old-world song, blushing and burying her face in the flower-filled basket, regardless of possible thorns in the old-world way, was only terrified by that sharp report like the crack of a whip shattering the peace of the afternoon? She never for a moment feared anything but the worst.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one, My heart in him his thoughts and senses guide. The words, she felt, described exactly what she and Charles were to each other, and then "bang," and she rushed into the parlour to find her husband and her sister struggling together for the possession of the newly-fired revolver. What had happened? Little shrill hysterical Letty cried that Charles had tried to kill himself. Is that true? He will not say "Yes," and he will not say "No." Then, of course, it is true.

"Don't you understand that I would rather have found you dead—yes, rather that!—than know you to be so utterly callous—utterly heartless, as you are!"

Any woman a shade less blissfully married might, at least, have asked her husband if he was unhappy or had lost his fortune, but there were too many roses in Valentina's garden, and so she flings the parlour window open and flies Love.

Charles's regiment is ordered to Ceylon. Before he leaves he feels it his duty—after all, he is her husband—to explain to Valentina that he was not trying to commit suicide; it was Letty. Oh, her burning scorn that he should try to shake considerable wife, and let her have his love? There is nothing to be done but to let him go to Ceylon without so much as "good-bye;" and when he is gone and Letty has explained that the story was the true one, to follow him there and ask his pardon. But by the time she arrives at Colombo, Charles has gone with an expedition to Kandy, and by the time she has followed him there he has met with a femme fatale, and as Valentina raises the curtain over the door of his room he stoops to kiss "the smiling provocative lips." As this were not enough, at this point the native prince enters upon the scene and begins his evil, unsleeping
pursuit of her; and then, until the end of the book, we are in the thick of horrid native warfare, grim enough in all conscience, culminating in a hideous massacre and a blood-curdling description of death by the elephant. At the darkest hour the native prince demands that Valentia shall be given him and Charles set free as payment. But Letty goes instead, kills herself before the Old Spider has caught her, and before Charles, rushing into the Private Apartments, kills him.

And as, no doubt, always happens, with the dead still unburied, the "indescribable" horrors scarcely a day old, Valentia and Charles shut the door and shut the window again, and vow that they and Love shall dwell together until...

K. M.

SHAKESPEARE'S VERSIFICATION

A STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE'S VERSIFICATION. By M. A. Bayfield, (Cambridge, University Press. 16s. net.)

When the poet Flecknoe wrote such lines as

From's harnessing of's horses in the East
Unto's unharushing of them in the West,

he was not, from the metrical point of view, doing anything new. He was simply continuing that fine old Procopius tradition of which Shakespeare, if we are to judge from his printed work, was one of the chief exponents. Flecknoe finds good precedent for every amputation:

By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand. ...
Roderigo meant t'have sent this damned villain ... Isn't lost, isn't gone? Speak, is it out o' the way? ... I say it is not lost!

Fetch't, let me see't. ...

And there are thousands more, elisions, contractions, clippings and telescoping of every kind, and all of them made, as in Flecknoe's verses, metri grauit, for the purpose of avoiding resolutions in the normal disyllabic foot.

Mr. Bayfield's purpose in the present volume is to show that Shakespeare was not responsible for the greater part of these contractions, that it was not he who wrote "o' th' best," "th' gods," "th' hot duke," "i' th' throat," "th' art," "y' are," "th' town is tame," "starke-nak'd," and all the other uncomfortable locutions with which the reader finds his plays beset. To whom, then, are they due? They are the work, according to Mr. Bayfield, partly of the scribes who made copies of the plays, and partly for their publication in quarto form, mostly to the editors of the First Folio, who prepared Shakespeare's text with a mistaken zeal for what they believed to be metrical regularity. Bad as the Quartos are in this respect, the Folio is a thousand times worse. For while the scribes contracted at hazard and through mere ignorance, just as they misdivided lines, wrote verse as prose, and prose as verse, the Folio editors worked with a set purpose and with the profound conviction that all lines ought to contain ten syllables. Armed with this idea they set to work, and wherever it was possible, by elision and contraction, to make what seemed an irregular line regular, they did their worst.

Mr. Bayfield supports this theory with a wealth of statistical evidence which makes it quite convincing:

We reach [he says] the broad conclusion that, whereas Shakespeare had an exception love for resolved rhythms, their number tended to diminish as the plays passed through the hands of the scribes, revisers and printers. We also note that the resolutions which have disappeared from the Folio are, except in the case of the "Merchant of Venice" and "Troilus and Cressida," more numerous—in the majority of cases far more numerous—than those which, retained in the Folio, are wanting in the corresponding Quarto. We need only register one obvious conclusion: namely, that, while the Quartos, in varying degree, were occasionally liable to disfigure the verse by an unwarranted abolition of resolutions, the Folio exhibits a set determination to reduce the verse as far as possible to the rhythm of the plain norm by this means. That is to say, it is continually endeavouring to give us the kind of verse which year by year Shakespeare himself was more and more bent upon abandoning.

If Mr. Bayfield is right (and it is difficult after reading his book to believe that he is not), the plays as Shakespeare wrote them will contain several thousand more "irregular" lines than they do at present. Throughout his whole career Shakespeare's tendency had been to break up the normal blank verse line of "Gorboduc" into a series of very varied shorter rhythmic periods. Foot resolution was a way of increasing the possible number of variations. We see him making use of resolution to obtain sudden changes of rhythm expressive of sudden changes of mood, as, for example, in these words of Prospero's:

It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee Within two days for this.

Mostly he employs it simply for the variation's sake and because new rhythms are interesting. Thus,

To threde the postern of a small needles eie:

(And the Folio omits "small," and so succeeds in making the line "regular");

By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand:

(And the Folio reads "handkerchief in's") and so on.

But resolutions of feet are, after all, comparatively infrequent, and Shakespeare obtains his effects of variety chiefly by divisions and changes of rhythm within the regular line of unresolved feet.

Eyes, look your last,
Arms, take your last embrace;
And, lips, O you the doors of breath,
Seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
Come, bitter conduct,
Come, unsavoury guide,
Thou desperate pilot, now at once
Run on the dashed rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!

In this speech the blank verse is broken up into a comparatively regular lyric form. We are reminded of the tune-like regularity of this lyrical description of Paradise from Milton:

Not that fair field of Enna
Where Prosperin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower,
By gloomy Dis was gathered—

Which cost Ceres all that pain to seek her through the earth.

In his later plays Shakespeare was to break away from such regular melodies. The lines of free verse into which the pentapodies are divided assume more subtle and various rhythms:

Cleopatra. In praising Antony I have displeased Caesar.
Charman. Many times, Madam.
Cleopatra. I am paid for it now.

Lead me from hence, I faint:
O Iros, Charrman!—
'Tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good Alexas;
Bid him report the feature of Octavia,
Her years, her inclination;
Let him not leave out the colour of her hair;
Bring me word quickly,

Free verse within the five-foot line possesses this advantage over free verse in vacuo: that it has a tonic rhythm of rest to which it can return and refer itself. After a period of elaborate and subtle variation it can always close in the diapason of the Gorboducian decasyllable. The ear finds repose and refreshment; regularity prepares the way for irregularity and vice versa. But in free verse in which there is no tonic rhythm the ear is fatigued by trying to follow the incessantly changing rhythms; it has no repose, no standard to which to refer. In reading free verse the exhaustion point is very rapidly reached: hence its unsuitability for dealing with subjects of any magnitude.

A. L. H.
MARGINALIA

MY morning paper informs me that Mr. Albert de Courville is about to produce, or release, or present, or whatever it is that managers do, a new star, hitherto unobserved in our English heavens. Raquel Meller, for that is her name, hails from Spain, and Mr. de Courville tells us that he is paying her the highest salary he has ever paid to a foreign actress and that he considers her to be the most wonderful woman artiste of her time. Evidently, she has bowled him over, and the fact is not surprising; for Raquel Meller is something of a revelation. I saw her not long ago at a music hall in Paris. Her turn came near the end of the programme (and oh, what a long programme it was!). For hours, for years, it seemed, we had sat in a post-prandial apathy, illuminated by occasional flashes of disgust, listening wearily to songs alternately sentimental and grivois, deafened by shriil chatter, dazzled by incessant restless movement. Then, suddenly, in the midst of this senseless riot of vulgarity, Raquel Meller glided in like a swan. It was apocalyptic. Listening to her as she sang her two or three little songs—they were in Spanish and totally incomprehensible, but that made no difference at all—watching her as she moved with gestures gradual or abrupt, gestures of an incomparable dignity and tragic grace, I understood, as I had never done before, the whole beauty and solemn enchantment of the romantic. In the presence of Raquel Meller, "This," to oneself, "this is what life ought to be like—a series of intense and beautiful emotions, disembodied, as it were, from the material horrors of everyday existence." But most of us, alas! find, in actual fact, that life much more closely resembles those turns in the evening's performance that are not Raquel Meller's. Vulgarity, stupidity, triviality hugely predominate. The picturesqueness of violent contrast adds to her charm. She bowls us all over—you and me and Mr. de Courville—just because she is so deliciously remote from the roses in Picardy and the knockabout of our ordinary existence.

Raquel Meller explains for me and justifies many things in literature that had seemed fantastic and almost unintelligible. In her one can see that ideal of disembodied emotion which haunted the romantics. She is what Indiana would have been like, if that ludicrous heroine had not been a caricature. In the nobility, the passionate melancholy of her gestures and voice we recognize traits of Madame de Mortsauf and many others of her sisterhood from the Comédie Humaine. She bodied forth in her acting and makes real a whole host of lovely chimerical figures, inhabitants of that world of fiction where sorrow and pain are always ennobling, passion always divine—a world like the world of George Sand's dreams, in which the sufferings of "Elle et Lui" leave no scar and there are no Pagellos. She makes it clear what it was that De Musset meant when he said:

Les chants désespérés sont les chants les plus beaux,
and what was the precise significance of the word "poésie" in such a sentence of Balzac's as the following:

Si le bonheur était à sa tête cette poésie que les peintres veulent absolument donner à leurs compositions en les faisant un peu trop pâles, la vague mélancolie physique dont sont atteintes les jeunes filles qui n'ont jamais quitté l'aile maternelle lui impriment alors une sorte d'idéal—a sentence which seems to imply that poetry and the ideal are inseparably associated with the green sickness.

Raquel Meller is one of those very few artists who succeed in making the romantic convincing. And how rare in every branch of the business they are, how few—writers, musicians, painters, actors—who know how to avoid that exaggeration which fatally transforms the romantic into the grotesque! Nothing is easier to see through than bad romantic art. It is amusing at the cinema to mark how unfailingly the children in the fourpenny places detect the slightest flaw in any would-be romantic drama. The hero exaggerates a tragic facial expression, the heroine makes a too violent gesture of passion or despair, and at once, automatically, as though a spring had been released, you hear the burst of shrill mockery from the front seats. Only the most consummate artist can allay that watchful mistrust of pretentiousness, can persuade us of the genuineness of spiritual experiences grander, more beautiful, intense and significant than those with which, in everyday life, we are familiar.

Like all good actors, Raquel Meller relies mostly on gesture. As all that she says and sings is in Spanish, her performance is, for most of us, virtually a dumb show. It is by miming that she makes her principal appeal. Excellence in miming is the supreme quality of good acting. Unless an actor can convey, by gesture and expression, as much as Charlie Chaplin is able to convey in, say, the restaurant scene of "The Immigrant," he is hardly worth going to see. I have good hopes that the cinema in general and Charlie Chaplin in particular, with the aid of the Russian ballet, may create a new school of Significant Gesture, which should do much to brighten up the modern stage. But, alas! this is something is certain to be disappointed; for, as Charlie Chaplin himself is reported to have said, when he heard that his wife refused to divorce him, "Such is life in the Great West."

Such is life in the Great West...
rejoice in the prose of Mrs. Gertie de S. Wentworth-James and her colleagues in the art.

The second complication of this apparently banal state of affairs lies in the fact that English publishers seem to connive at the consequent neglect of a great deal of the best work in contemporary English literature. A number of important books either never reach our shops at all or appear so belatedly that potential purchasers have long since forgotten them, in despair of ever finding them after prolonged and vain inquiries. Only those who are very keen—and patient—submit to the necessity of ordering a book they have not seen. The others, failing to discover what they are looking for, give up the quest, and hope that some day a borrowed copy may come their way. A surprising list might be compiled of these publications which, while being reviewed and discussed in England, remain invisible to Irish book-buyers. "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" had been reprinted before copies were shown in the Dublin bookshops. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's second volume of Memoirs contains a quantity of matter of specifically Irish interest, but, so far, I have not seen a single copy for sale in this city, nor any review of it in the Irish press. "Eminent Victorians," too, I remember was exceedingly slow in reaching us. Mr. Max Beerbohm's Seven Men" was also suspiciously absent from shops well supplied with utterly commonplace fiction at the moment. Not one of the Cobden Society's publications is on sale in Dublin to my knowledge, and very few of Mr. Martin Secker's except the most obviously popular. Messrs. Chatto & Windus are also represented only by the least important of their new books. Most of the leading booksellers in the City have not produced Tchehov's Letters.

These names are mentioned at haphazard as they occur, and might be added to without difficulty. If it be said that the fault lies with the booksellers, I am prepared to agree to the most savage indictment of the eccentricities of these honourable but exasperating gentlemen. Certainly a publisher cannot easily impose his wares upon a recalcitrant vendor who naturally ignores or avoids every chance of learning anything concerning the literary side of his trade. But when this obstacle has been allowed for, as a factor not peculiar to Ireland, there remains another, by no means negligible. What we who are interested in the writing and publishing of books can never understand is the principle upon which review copies are distributed by English publishers in Ireland. There is only one newspaper which receives anything like a fair proportion of each season's publications, and that is the one leading paper which does not pay its reviewers, who are accordingly perfunctory and unequal. Journals which make a special feature of their literary articles get very few books, and are quite certain not even supplied with works which they specially request. If it be supposed that this is a question of circulation, I can answer that the newspaper which publishers delight to honour is not that which has the widest circulation. In any case it must be obvious that, where books are concerned, mere numbers should not be the gauge of the demand. As for such of our weekly reviews and magazines as appeal definitely to a reading public, they are enabled to discuss very few of the important current books, and their applications for review copies are frequently ignored. In short, the method, or lack of it, which English publishers follow in allotting books for review in Ireland is wasteful, and so far as it spares the few of us who are in a position to compensate for the same time, it impedes the spread and discussion of the best English literature in Ireland by withholding the books from those who can most usefully and competently review them.

On Wednesday, March 10, and the two following days, Messrs. Sotheby sold autograph letters and historical documents, the chief prices being: Mrs. Piozzi, Autograph manuscript of Thalaba, £200; Grace, W. Walpole, Copy of a letter to him from Lord Byron, July 15, 1788, £40; Correspondence of Lord Byron and the Archbishop of Canterbury asking for a special licence for his marriage, December 16, 1814, £78; Tennyson, Early drafts of portions of the Idylls of the King, £200; similar items of Merimee and Nerval's letters, £50; Miss Lady Hamilton, A long letter to the Rev. A. J. Scott, September 7, £95, £70. A large collection of material relating to Sir Henry Irving, £100. The total of the sale was £3,371.

Science

VITAMINES

PHYSIOLOGY AND NATIONAL NEEDS. Edited by W. D. Halliburton, F.R.S. (Constable. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE exigencies of the war, with the resulting shortage of essential commodities, focused the attention of physiologists on the problems connected with food, so that a great accession of knowledge was obtained in a short time. The problems were urgent—how urgent the public at large probably never realized—but the results arrived at accounted largely for the relative smallness of the degree of privation to which the people of this country were subjected. Some of the results have been summarized by various distinguished physiologists in this modest volume, and it is remarkable within how small a compass a competent writer can compress a great subject, so that it shall be easily assimilated by the general reader.

Most people will probably be chiefly interested by the much-talked-of subject of vitamins, the "unknown but essential accessory factors of diet," and it is well that clear ideas about these mystery-foods should be widely disseminated. It is the constitution of vitamins that is unknown; their properties, as the result of researches initiated by Professor Hopkins, are gradually becoming less obscure. They are "accessory factors" of diet in that they are not themselves a source of energy, but are, nevertheless, essential to the proper functioning of the vital processes. Amongst many other things, much light has been thrown on the origin of the diseases rickets, scurvy, beri-beri, and pellagra, which were hitherto imperfectly understood; "deficiency diseases" they are being called, the deficient factor that is implied by the name being one or other of the vitamins.

Up to the present time three different forms of vitamin have been distinguished, and these have been provisionally named, according to their properties, the fat-soluble, the water-soluble, and the antiscorbutic vitamins. Absence of the first of these has been shown to produce the condition known to medical science as rickets. This is characterized chiefly by pathological changes in the bony structure, which becomes in the growing animal soft and consequently deformed; it is an accompanying various condition of the teeth, and the whole development of the body and of the mind becomes affected. Absence of the second, the water-soluble, vitamin results in the condition known as beri-beri. In the young animal there is deficient growth; in adults "polyneuritis," or inflammation of the various nerves of the body, results, together with feeble action of the heart. A deficiency of the antiscorbutic vitamin produces, as its name implies, the disease known for long ages to seamen and explorers as "scurvy," the chief symptoms of which are sponginess of the gums, scattered hemorrhages under the skin, anemia, and general weakness. The disease is especially common in infants extenuating hemorrhages on the surface of the bones, sometimes with separation of their growing ends. Lastly, it is becoming evident that pellagra, a disease that results in skin eruptions and paralysis, is due to the absence of one or more vitamins, the nature of which has yet to be determined. Scurvy has long been known, and experience has shown that it only occurs in adults in the absence of fresh vegetables and fruit. The other diseases are more modern productions, the result of the extensive use of artificially prepared foods, in which the vitamins have been destroyed or rendered inactive. For all vitamins have two things in common: that they are destroyed by heat, and that they are present in the most perfect of all foods—fresh milk.

Of the three vitamins so far distinguished, the antiscorbutic factor is by far the most sensitive to heat;
it is destroyed even by the process of drying in the sun, so that dried fruits have no power against scurvy. The juice of lemons and oranges seems to contain more of the antiscorbutic factor than other vegetable substances, but even these are not necessarily active. When, during the last century, the juice of West Indian limes was substituted for that of the Mediterranean fruit, it was found that the former had no value as an antiscorbutic, though there was no other difference that could be detected.

The fat-soluble and water-soluble vitamines are more resistant, and can withstand even boiling if it be not too prolonged. In consequence of this, steamed vegetables and some of the dried milk products still contain half their amount of these vitamines. The infants of well-to-do parents, fed on expensive artificial foods, will not get rickets like the children of the poor, but are, nevertheless, not immune from infantile scurvy, unless fresh lemon or orange juice be added to their diet. The presence of the vitamines in milk renders butter another important article of diet. Margarine, when prepared from vegetable oils, still contained some vitamines, but during the later stages of the war it was prepared largely from whale-oil, which was so crude that it had to be subjected to a long process of refining at a high temperature, and, in consequence, lost all its vitamines. For the same reason lard, which is prepared by prolonged boiling, contains no vitamines.

The chief source of the fat-soluble and water-soluble vitamines is, besides milk and eggs, green vegetables. It is a humiliating thought that all the vitamines, upon which babies are so dependent, are second-hand. Some are contained in fresh meat, but even these, as well as those in milk, are ultimately derived from green vegetables eaten by the animal. An infant fed only at the breast will suffer from a deficiency of vitamines if the mother be not taking enough in her food. It is small comfort to learn that much vitamine is contained in the juice of swedes—small comfort, at any rate, to the appetite—though the fact may be of service to communities at war and to the manufacturers of whale-oil margarine. The water-soluble vitamine is, further, present in the outer layers of various grains, so that communities subsisting on polished rice, from which the outer layer has been removed, suffer from beri-beri; the same food, if eaten in the whole condition, would, no doubt, be brought about if we were to live exclusively on bread. Though in present circumstances enough vitamines are obtained from other sources to render the "wholesale" controversy of small importance.

All these results—some of them already known by experience, and therefore to empirical medicine—have been established by scientific experiment. Such an experiment, on an immense scale, is being conducted at the present time in parts of Central Europe, notably in Vienna, where rickets, scurvy, and pellagra are decimating the population. It is to be feared that supplies of tinned milk will not go far towards fighting the diseases of these unfortunate populations, who need the saving grace of vitamines, and might do better on bottles of the juice of turnip-tops.

Another interesting chapter in the history of food is to be found in "grain conservation," which is, in other words, knowledge how to preserve grain from deterioration during long periods of storage. Deep prejudices existed among those responsible for storing grain that the phenomena known as "heating" and "weevilimg" were due to causes which were apparently not subject to the ordinary principles of physiology. A large number of experiments were carried out to prove what was already known, namely, that animals, including the larvae of moths and beetles, cannot live in an atmosphere deprived of oxygen. It should hardly have been necessary to spend several months in experiments to prove that a caterpillar has to breathe, but the hard heads of "the trade" and their Governments required no less. It was, perhaps, not so obvious that a grain of corn, too, has to breathe in order to grow, and that heating, which results from the germination of grain in storage, can be prevented by the absence of oxygen, irrespective of the conditions of warmth and moisture, which were formerly supposed to govern the process. Truly the scientist has but to shunt his merest platitudes to earn the rewards vouchsafed to wisdom.

K.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—March 11.—Sir J. R. Thomson, President, in the chair.

The following papers were read: "The Pressure upon the Poles of Metallic Arcs, including Alloys and Composite Arcs," by W. G. Duffield, T. H. Burnham and A. A. Davis, supplementing a previous comunicación (Phil. Trans., 1921, 8, 1919).—Further Experiments on the Variation of Wave-Length of the Oscillations generated by an Ionic Valve due to Changes in Filament Current," by J. H. Vincent.—"The Theory of the Katharometer," by H. A. Daynes, with a historical introductory note by Dr. G. A. Shakespear, giving a description of the katharometer, and an account of its development by him for hydrogen purity measurements and similar work connected with lighter-than-air craft.—Mr. H. A. Daynes also contributed a second paper, "The Process of Diffusion through a Rubber Membrane."

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL.—March 17.—Mr. R. H. Hooker, President, in the chair.

Captain C. N. Douglas read a paper on "Clouds as soon from an Aeroplane," and a large number of photographs of clouds taken from an aeroplane were shown on the screen, nearly all of which were taken by the lecturer while flying in co-operation with the Meteorological Section of the Royal Aeronautical Society in the summer of 1919. Advantage was taken of the opportunity to study cloud structure and its relation to the upper-air temperature and humidity, and to the general meteorological conditions. The observations were made at Berek, on the French coast, north of Bouligne, which lies close to the most important aeronautic routes. A number of the photographs showed thunder-clouds. Thunderstorms are caused by powerful ascending currents, and the tops of the clouds grow up to a great height, frequently exceeding 30,000 feet. It is almost impossible for an aeroplane to climb above them, but it is nearly always possible to dodge them. Sometimes the tops of the thunder-clouds stand out boldly from the lower clouds, and the pilot of an aeroplane who climbs up to about 8,000 feet, and flies above the lower clouds, can see the thunder-clouds a long way off and fly round them.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—March 4.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.


March 11.—Mr. Horace Sandars, V.P., in the chair.

Bishop Browne exhibited, on behalf of Major R. E. Stuart, a bamboo staff of dignity of the seventeenth century. The staff, which probably had its origin in the West Indies, is made of four joints of bamboo of unequal length, fastened together by pieces of metal ferrules: its total length is 4 ft. 4 in. On it are incised 75 oval medallions, containing figures of saints and scenes from Biblical history, each medallion having an appropriate Latin inscription in capital letters. No object of a similar character has so far been discovered.

Mr. H. G. W. d'Almaine communicated a paper on a stone circle known as the "Devil's Ninepins" at Ipsden, Oxford. The object of the communication was to put on record the fact that the circle was built in 1827, extracts from the diaries of the builder, a Mr. Read, being quoted in proof of this fact.

Mr. H. Clifford-Smith exhibited a gold ring of the Anglo-Saxon period, found at Meaux, Hertfordshire. He also exhibited a large collection of turned wooden bowls, wassail bowls, standing cups, mortars, trenchers and other objects of the seventeenth century and later.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS


Mon. 29. Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—"Higher Buildings for London," Mr. Belissa Joseph.

Royal Geographical, 8.30.—"Manchester, the Gateway to Arabia," Commander D. C. Hughart.

Tues. 30. Royal Sanitary Institute, 6.30.—Discussion on "The Duties of Sanitary Inspectors in relation to the Housing Acts."
Fine Arts

RENAISSANCE MEDALS


The Rhind Lectures delivered by Mr. Hill in Edinburgh in 1915 form the substance of this important work, and these lectures have been revised for the press in the light of recent research in this country and on the Continent. This is the first time that the history of the medallic art of the Renaissance has been discussed in a single volume and vivid impression is given of the rise and decay of the art from its introduction at Ferrara towards the middle of the fifteenth century by an artist—Pisanello—who at once reached a greater success than was ever attained by his successors. From Ferrara the influence spread over Italy until there were a dozen schools, each with its own distinctive style, and within a hundred years decay had set in, although here and there were artists whose work may be compared with that of the earlier masters. In Germany, some years later than in Italy, a school of medal workers, highly organized by the guilds, sprang up, which was independent of the southern countries; but after a short period, distinguished by few really great works but by great technical excellence, the art became lifeless and commonplace. In the Low Countries the medal was largely influenced by Italy at the outset of its career at the end of the fifteenth century, and it was not until well on in the next century that the former country developed a style of its own. During the early period in France the medal was largely the result of official commissions; in the sixteenth century Italian artists visited the country and the native school came under their sway completely. England and Scotland had no school of medalists of their own, and most of the work was done by Italians and by artists working in the Netherlands. In Spain, too, the medal was mostly the work of Italian artists.

In a work of this kind the author traces the development of the medal from the coin, "which was its chief if not its only begetter." Other arts, such as gem-engraving and goldsmiths' work, have supplied workers, but it is mainly when a sculptor or a painter has turned his attention to the craft that a really great medal has resulted. Broadly speaking, the sculptor favoured the production of medals by casting from models executed in wax or other materials; the gem-engraver and the goldsmith, production by means of striking from dies. From the technical simplicity of the former process a work of greater breadth and freedom is to be expected, and from the latter a work in which the first impression given is one of wonder at the skill with which it has been made. During the fifteenth century in Italy— the period in which most of the best work was done—medals were mostly cast; possibly the question of expense did not enter into the question. But towards the end of the century one or two artists began to experiment in the striking of medals from cut dies, although coins had been struck since classical times. Later, the great artificer Benvenuto Cellini was moved, whether by his restless inventive spirit or the demand for a cheaper form of production, to lessen the labour by the use of steel punches which were cut in relief instead of in intaglio, each with a part of the medal—the portrait head, the lettering and other details. These punches were then beaten into the softened steel die. To save labour still further, he also greatly improved the screw or mill which in time superseded the old method of striking with a sledge-hammer.

I advise every artist [says Cellini in his Treatise] to note well the method of striking [with the screw], for, though it be more expensive, the impressions are better and the dies not so soon worn out. Of this and other silver medals struck without softening them first, and as for the cost, perhaps after all it only appears greater, for whereas in the method of striking with the screw it takes a dozen years to finish one medal, in the method of striking with the cono process [i.e., by means of the sledge-hammer] at least one hundred blows with the stamps are necessary before you get the desired result.

Here, perhaps, Cellini unconsciously gives a clue to the general decay of the craft in the second half of the sixteenth century, when the desire to produce more medals with less labour introduced a commercial spirit which was antithetic to the conception of the art. In Germany the medals were smaller as a rule than those of Italy. The models (a great many of which still exist) were mostly cut in boxwood, pearwood or honestone, and the casting reached such great perfection, that in some cases it is difficult to decide whether a medal has been cast or struck.

The historical sketch begins, as might be expected, with Italy, the birthplace of the art, and one half of the book is devoted to the work of artists of that school. It was there that idealism in the portrait was most fully developed, in contrast with the realism—often coarse—apparently appreciated in Germany. The reverses consisted usually of a personal device or impress, and heraldry was much more a favourite subject in the other countries.

Personal ugliness, which the Italian artist understood how to dignify and inspire with pathos or interest, is allowed by the German to work with unmitigated force; grossness and stupidity are revealed with a directness which shows that the medalists regarded them without aversion. The element of imagination does not enter into the construction of the medal in Germany. What had the plain, matter-of-fact German burgher of Nuremberg or Augsburg to do with such frivolities as impresses?

Influenced, no doubt, by the Roman medallions which were constantly being dug up on Italian soil, Pisanello may be considered as the originator of the modern portrait-medal, and from 1438, when he made the medal of the Emperor Paleologus, until the middle of the century a celebrated series of medals was wrought. Among these German medals may perhaps be mentioned that of Lux Meringer by Christoph Woditz, of which the original boxwood model is in the Salting Bequest at South Kensington. Flanders produced but one important work, the medal of Erasmus of 1519, possibly the work of Quintin Metyss. In France the medal of Margaret of Austria and her husband Philibert the Fair, made by Jean Mardenne in 1502, with its two portraits behind a wattle fence against a charming background of Savoy knots and marguerites, is of peculiar fascination. These are but four medals chosen from among the many described and illustrated in this altogether admirable book—a book which will be the standard work on the subject for many years. If a criticism must be made, it is that it seems a pity that on only a third of the thirty odd plates of medals is any record of their dimensions given.

R. P. B.

The little Shakespeare volume found in a loft at Longner Hall, Shrewsbury, the property of Mr. R. F. Burton, which was to have been offered at Sotheby's on March 23 after the Yates Thompson MS. was purchased, has been sold by Messrs. Quaritch. It was described at some length in our "Bibliographical Notes" of the 5th inst. A somewhat similar volume realized £15,100 at the Britwell sale last year.
Exhibitions of the Week

Chenil Galleries.—Etchings of Battlefield and other Scenes by Ian Strang.

Paterson & Carran.—Paintings by A. Neville Lewis.


Little Art Rooms.—Drawings by Joseph Southall.

It is not easy for a young artist to reconcile the claims of art and craft. If he has a strong creative impulse he is apt to feel impatient of craft and to neglect it; if, on the other hand, he is a little vague as to the precise point of his mission as an artist—in a state of mind uncommon among young artists—he will probably succumb to the temptation to specialize in a medium. He will realize that if he concentrates his attention on a special method of painting—in spots, say, or cubes or dashes—or evolves a characteristic manipulation of water colours, if he confines himself to etching or lithography or painting on silk, he is making things easier not only for himself, but also for the critics, dealers and dilettanti; and being after all but human, he often chooses the easier way. As a result our exhibitions are overcrowded with clever work which has no artistic significance and work which, though not uninteresting, must be accepted because of its value as an object of curiosity. The exhibition is, however, successful if circles of success. The exhibition consists entirely of etchings, but it is evident that Mr. Strang is something more than a specialist in this field; we feel that he has given himself up to pictorial composition and that his selection of etching as his medium is only incidental. His earliest etchings (1909-12) show a decided impatience with craft; they are executed in dry point and the subjects are architectural. Mr. Strang bullied the plates into rendering dramatic effects of light and shade, but he was able to bully the dry-point burr into rendering the clear crisp lines suitable to the subjects. By 1916 he began apparently to see this himself, and the plates produced in that year are better in the orthodox manner; "Burgos Cathedral" and "Segovia," which belong to this period, are characterized by the same rather obvious and theatrical light effects as the earlier plates, but they show a decided advance in craftsmanship. The next year saw a return to dry point for the romantic landscape "Puente del Agua, Granada," and the interruption of the artist's work by the war. He was in khaki from the autumn of 1914 till the spring of last year, when he set to again and produced "Eglise St. Vaast, Armentieres," "Lille," "Avignon," "Pont St. Benezet," "Avignon, Palace of the Popes," "Avignon," and the charming "Provengal Landscape," which are all pure etchings and technically very accomplished. There is, moreover, in these new plates—which mark the limit of his achievement up to date—an increased feeling for traditional style and more subtle observa- tion than before. The exhibition is a creditable record of steady progress which we hope Mr. Strang will be able to maintain.

Mr. A. Neville Lewis is another young artist of promise. He is influenced by contemporary Continental methods, and affects that translation of colour into an arbitrary scale of preserved-fruit tints which was the outstanding feature of oil paintings by the Jugend artists Pfitz and Minzer in the last years before the war, and which also appears in much of the work of Mr. Duncan Grant. This translation seems to us as dangerous for a beginner as quite conventional "pretty" colouring. For the same reason, namely, that it lures the artist from the essential preoccupation with form. Both Mr. Grant and Mr. Lewis are most successful when they throw the translation overboard and adopt more severe colouring. Certainly the best pieces in this exhibition are the "Nigger Boy," "Woman with a Veil, Provence," and "Olive Trees in the Rain," which conveyed a succession of expressions expressed without resort to the affected colour-scale. There is no translated colour or affectation in Mr. Reginald Smith's aquarelle landscapes; indeed, their principal merit is a colour reticence which conveys a remarkable effect of light and air. Mr. Smith's vision is not very personal or very interesting, but his hand is skilled and his work is negligible.

The same — the water-colours with the heavy and lifeless oil paintings of the Hon. Walter J. James, which hang in the adjacent room.

Mr. Joseph Southall has a reputation as a decorator in tempera, and he has remained faithful to the aims and ideals prevalent in the art world of this country some thirty years ago. There is, at any rate, no evidence in this collection of small works that he has seen fit to respond to more modern influences. We must not look to an artist of this school for any great virility or enterprise, but we seek and find a certain delicacy and charm, and, in the portraits and studies, an echo of the art of Burne-Jones.

R. H. W.

A New Quarterly

Eclecticism is the keynote of the policy adopted by the editors of The Apple, the new quarterly published by the Colour Company (33, Victoria Street, S.W.1, 6s. net), and they have been true to their programme in the first number, which contains such diverse features as poems by Laurence Housman, articles by W. L. George, T. Sturge Moore, James Clifford and Ezra Pound; and reproductions of drawings, etchings, lithographs and so on, by Charles Shearman, J. McKnight Kaulfer, Frank Brangwyn, E. Blampied and Edward Wadsworth. This editorial catholicity is designed, presumably, to please a wide circle of readers. The editors doubtless hope that the philistines may be induced to swallow the bitter pill of good art if it comes to them well coated in mediocrity, and that the critical will pardon the sugar for the sake of the stimulating drug. Events may prove them right.

Victoria and Albert Museum

We have received the "Review of the Principal Acquisitions to the Victoria and Albert Museum during 1916," publication of which was delayed until the termination of the war. The public has always reason to be grateful to the generosity of collectors and amateurs who enrich our national collections by gifts, and we owe a particular debt to those who continued their practice during the war years, when public funds were not available for the purchase of objects d'art. One of the most important gifts in 1916 was the transference by the Architectural Association of the greater part of their collection of architectural sculpture from Tufton Street, Westminster, to the Museum. Building sculptors will doubtless take advantage of the opportunities now afforded for studying the golden age of English sculpture, and it is to be hoped that they will realize the advantage of acquiring a real sculptural outlook, which is essential if the art is not to remain side-tracked in the field of modelling. The Department of Woodwork received a number of noteworthy examples of English inlay work, including several beautiful chairs, the seventeenth-century table, decorated with geometrical marquetry and fitted with a panel enclosing a backgammon board (which now stands in the Lincoln's Inn room), the Boughton House and David Garrick beds, and the seventeenth-century English green lacquer cabinet. The Departments of Ceramics, Textiles, Metal-work, and the Library all received additions to their examples of Oriental art—the Alexander and Eumorfopoulos collections of Japanese sword furniture and the extremely interesting Van Diemen lacquer box being especially welcome. The catalogue, which is well illustrated, also gives an account of the objects loaned during the year in question.

Engravings and Drawings

On Wednesday, February 25, and the following day, Messrs. Sotherby were selling engravings and drawings, the chief lots being: C. Keating, after C. Morland, The Deserter, set of four, £74. W. Ward, after the same, Fruits of Industry, and Effects of Extrava- gance, a pair, printed in colours, £175; the same, after H. Single- ton, Industry and Extravagance, a pair, printed in colours, £160; the same, after Morland, The Hard Bargain, in colours, £150; The Last Litter, £119. After M. Kauffer, Christ on the Cross, a unique German woodcut, from the Huth collection, £73. J. Dean, after Hopper, Caroline of Lichfield, £290. C. H. Hodges, after Rembrandt, The Shipbuilder and his Wife, £74. J. Lover, Adam and Eve, £130. A collection of 72 drawings in water-colour and two engravings by Rowlandson and Bunbury, £410.
Music

"A VILLAGE ROMEO AND JULIET"

In almost all cases the greatest operas have been those founded on stories which the audience might reasonably be expected to know beforehand. The tale of Orpheus is the best opera plot that was ever set to music. The old-fashioned composers drew largely on classical mythology and ancient history; and though classical mythology and ancient history went out of fashion after the eighteenth century, the nineteenth-century composers did not forget the advantages of a familiar framework. Their operas may seem strange to modern audiences, because modern audiences have forgotten the novels and tales that were popular a hundred years ago. And so "La Dame aux Camélias" and "The Bride of Lammermoor" are forgotten, while "La Traviata" and "Lucia" are still performed and make the unhistorically-minded listener wonder why the musician chose such curious and complicated plots upon which to weave his music. In the present state of civilization it may indeed be doubted whether even the story of Orpheus would be really familiar to a modern audience. At the same time the composer who makes an opera out of the best seller of the moment stands little chance of being understood by a later generation.

Mr. Delius' opera "A Village Romeo and Juliet," which was revived at Covent Garden last week, is also based on a familiar story. But the familiar story on which it is based is not Shakespeare's tragedy, and the story is not familiar to English readers. The origin of his opera is Gottfried Keller's short story "Romeo und Julia auf dem Dorfe," which is generally recognized as one of the best short stories in the German language. Keller's story assumes in the reader a certain familiarity with Shakespeare; but the point of the story lies not in the similarity but in the difference with which he has treated the same essential idea. Mr. Delius in putting together his book seems to have assumed that his audience would remember every detail of Keller's story, and since his first audience for the opera was a Berlin audience, he may possibly have been right. Certainly it was quite clear that the director of the Komische Oper who staged the work in Berlin in February, 1907, knew the original a good deal more intimately than the producer who was responsible for it at Covent Garden. Still, it cannot have made much difference to the Covent Garden audience whether the producer understood the story or not. To an English audience the opera was intelligible only by reference to Shakespeare, not to Gottfried Keller. And if it is ever referred to Shakespeare for explanation, the plot amounts to no more than what perhaps most people would regard as a sufficient summary of the famous tragedy. Two lovers are kept apart by the mutual hostility of their respective parents. They contrive to meet, but, being unable to get married, commit suicide. This is all that one needs to know about Shakespeare's play; the rest is just poetry. So it is enough to explain Mr. Delius' opera too; the rest is just music. People come on to the stage and sing: one seldom hears any words, but the music is always charming. Then they go off again and the scene changes.

Gottfried Keller's story is a work of finely sustained beauty. It is both passionate and exquisitely reticent, with a wonderfully picturesque sense of atmosphere and environment. Mr. Delius is of all living composers the man most gifted with the power to write music that is beautiful, passionate, reticent and picturesque. It is in fact only his marvellous genius that saves "A Village Romeo and Juliet" from being a thoroughly bad opera.

It is a wise thing in constructing an opera to get rid of all superfluous detail. Puccini's librettist, Illica, so far from eliminating superfluities, makes a point of shovelling them in as thickly as possible to hide the fact that there is no reality behind them. Mr. Delius has turned his tale so drastically that there is hardly anything left of the story beyond a series of love duets. A reference to the libretto, and still more a careful comparison of the libretto with the original story, will help to explain a few situations, but in performance it is scarcely possible to get any coherent impression at all of the motives which direct the actions of the characters. Although the work was performed in Germany long before it was given in England, the English words appear to be the original ones. But they are seldom set with any dramatic significance. The music fits the German almost equally well, or equally badly. It is only too evident that the composer's main interest lies in the orchestra. Only one of the characters stands out with any distinctness of personality, and that is the Black Fiddler. In the present version of the opera the part of the Black Fiddler has been cut down. It would have been much better to elaborate his part and make him dominate the opera still more. But his first appearance required a good deal of complicated explanation, and complicated explanation is not Mr. Delius' strong point. The Black Fiddler was the rightful heir to a certain piece of waste land; but as he was unable to prove his right the land was gradually filched by Manz and Marti, the parents of the two lovers. In the course of some ten years they had acquired the whole of it and were quarrelling over their unauthorized gains. All this Mr. Delius attempts to compress into a prologue which takes little more than ten minutes. When the real opera begins and Miss Amy Sissors has grown up into Mr. Walter Hyde, the parents disappear altogether, except for a momentary entrance of Vrenchen's father who is knocked on the head by her ignignant lover. The Black Fiddler, who might have held the whole opera together, is forgotten until the last scene of all. We are shown the lovers making love in a cornfield, dreaming of their future marriage, amusing themselves at a village fair, avoiding bad company and finally committing suicide. They sit or walk about on the stage and sing, while a few other people pass across and do nothing very intelligible. By the end of the opera it seems as if the scenery had been the principal thing. The strongest impression was the impression at Berlin in 1907. Mr. Allinson's very ingenious and charming designs certainly contributed to create the same impression at Covent Garden.

"A Village Romeo and Juliet" ought to be a thoroughly bad opera. It is badly constructed, its characters ill-defined, its treatment of the voices often uninteresting and inexpressive. Yet it undoubtedly succeeds in being a work of extraordinary beauty. Nothing happens on the stage, but that does not matter. The composer is concerned only with the inner feelings of his characters and of himself as the spectator of them. They do not express themselves; they are too vaporous and unreal for that. Indeed the whole opera seems to take place in a sort of dream. That being so, the treatment of the prologue is perhaps justified, though it is difficult to justify the ludicrous appearance of the two children. But Mr. Delius is always apt to be embarrassed when he deals with concrete realities. He does not really set the opera going until the scene inside the cottage. If only he could have kept the vocal writing up to the expressive level of Salvi's first monologue!

The opera was in many respects well performed, but no intelligence had been applied to helping out its weak places. The singers waved their arms in the conventional operatic fashion. There was no attempt to realize that an opera of this type is a thing quite apart from the ordinary rut and demands an individual style of production. Mr. Percy
Heming had a vivid conception of the Black Fiddler's part; the rest just sang their stuff in the usual way. Mr. Allinson's scenery was planned with an idea behind it; but what is the good of intelligent scenery when neither costumes, attitudes nor movements are designed to form a conscious and deliberate foreground to it? It may be practicable to chuck the "Bohemian Girl" on to the stage anyhow; but "A Village Romeo and Juliet" requires more than that. It is far from being a perfect opera, and it is perhaps hardly likely ever to become a popular favourite; but it is certainly one of the most beautiful and moving works that have been put upon the stage in recent times.

EDWARD J. DENT.

CONCERTS

There have been many singers who have attained distinction in spite of voices that were lacking in strength or even in agreeable quality, by virtue of their individuality and temperament or intelligence. Miss Doris Godson, who gave a recital on March 18, has a small voice, but sings with quite a pleasant quality of tone. At present she does not show either intelligence or even temperament in any marked degree. Her pronunciation of Italian is far from perfect, her English lacking in distinction. Her choice of songs was hardly fortunate; few of them were interesting, and a singer with a small voice would do well to avoid songs with showy accompaniments. In her English group the best poetry seemed to produce the worst music; her highest standard was represented by Landon Ronald.

Miss Gwen Francgan-Davies showed at her recital on March 19 what temperament and intelligence in a high degree can do for a voice of little power. If she could acquire a more even and steady style of singing, and more precision and clearness both in phrasing and diction, she might become a notable singer. Shewas at her best in some Irish folk-songs arranged by Herbert Hughes, and in Hampshire folk-songs arranged by Gustav Holst. One of the Irish songs, "She moved through the air," a melody of singular beauty, exquisitely set, was sung with admirable grace of expression. A German group concluded the programme, and if anyone required persuasion to listen to German songs, none could be more persuasive than those of that most loveable of German composers, Robert Franz. Except for the fact that Parcell was presented in a startlingly over-edited form, the programme was carefully and attractively arranged. Mr. George Reeve was, as always, the most delicate and sympathetic of accompanists.

DEBUSSY'S "Bercuse Héroïque," played for the first time at the Queen's Hall concert on Saturday afternoon, is a little piece composed for "King Albert's Book" in 1915, introducing matches of the "Brabançon" and "Marseillaise." It was appropriate enough in its original surroundings, but was not worth reviving at the present time. Its interest is purely occasional and its artistic value negligible. A symphony by Sibelius was curiously awkward and unmusical in style, but might perhaps improve on further acquaintance. Madame Calvé sang "Voi che sapete" in a somewhat sophisticated style. Her performance of the "Habanera" from "Carmen" was a characteristic piece of acting: her companion of Sir Henry Wood's as a substitut for Den José seemed to afford considerable amusement to the orchestra.

The revival of interest in Spain and Spanish things is shown by the announcement of two long-vacation courses, one in Cambridge and the other in Madrid. The former will be held from July 29 to August 18, in the form of University extension lectures. The latter will consist of two vacation courses organized by the Centro de Estudios historicos under the direction of the celebrated philologist D. Rizón Menénzéz Pidal. The courses will be identical: the first will be held from July 10 till August 21, the second from July 24 till September 4. The lectures are intended primarily for teachers of Spanish, but will be a most valuable and interesting experience for anyone who has a working knowledge of the language. Further information may be obtained from the "Junta para Ampliación de Estudios," Moreto 1, Madrid, or through The Athenæum.

THEATRE

Drama

THE CURTAIN GROUP

LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH.—Three One-Act Plays.

The production of three one-act plays under the auspices of the Curtain Group at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, on Sunday, March 14, raised the whole question as to the value of such a movement. It was fortunate, therefore, that during one of the intervals an outline was given of the immediate intentions of the People's Theatre Society, into which the Curtain Group is to be merged forthwith. Among the plays announced for early production were Mr. Shaw's "Heartbreak House" and Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd." Had it been otherwise there would be little inducement, on the afternoon's showing, for those to step forward who are anxious to support any organization which has come into existence on behalf of the non-commercial or anti-commercial theatre.

Certainly none of the items in a rather drawn-out programme gave specific justification for the setting-up of the elaborate machinery which the organizations require. "Kind Heart and Coronet," by James Sterndale, was a delightfully neat and good-humoured domestic sketch, centring in a voluntarily poor young marquis who falls in love with his landlady's daughter; and we imagine that any music-hall manager with a passable knowledge of his business would be glad to get hold of it. "The Return to Nature," by Kenneth Hare, possessed the one merit that it was an attempt at imaginative writing. Its concern was with a society lady and a satyr: the psychology was false, the idiom too obviously artificial, and the wit dim in comparison with that of certain predecessors in its genre. And Mr. Galsworthy's contribution, with which the afternoon concluded, hardly possessed the aesthetic warranty which is surely to be the single test even for the drama of "ideas." So long as they remain ideas such drama is bound to fail at the test, and not even the high quality of Miss Cathleen Nesbitt's tragic acting in the part of a stranded German girl could convince us that "Defeat" was anything more than Mr. Galsworthy's pathetic acknowledgment that blood will out and breed will tell in the crucial moment, despite all previous avowals of emancipation from the common prejudices, particularly, as in the present instance, the prejudice of patriotism.

Apart from Miss Nesbitt's achievement in what was practically an emotional monologue, or might as easily have been, the afternoon's acting was undistinguished. In Mr. Sterndale's play Miss Athene Seyler and Mr. Nicholas Hannen were very much at ease in some homely repartee. It is through the necessity of keeping in mind that in all such activities we expect and look forward to something different from the productions and the acting of the commercial stage, that these severities of criticism are provoked. And if the People's Theatre Society keeps it in mind also, its development will be entitled to every encouragement.

T. M.

THE CULINARY VEIN

STRAND THEATRE.—"Come out of the Kitchen." By A. E. Thomas.

It is something to find a play which deals with the Southern section of the United States of America, and which does not mention the Mint Julep; apart from this striking omission "Come out of the Kitchen" contains little or nothing remarkable. The ethics are those wherewith Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch and the works of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin have long since familiarized
vast tracts of the public mind; the devotees of "Peg o’ my Heart" will find another appeal to their affections. The aesthetic appeal is that of blanc-mange, and makes an almost equal demand on the intelligence.

Careful to avoid offending and to extirpate faction, the author has steered midway between Bourbon and Bevo. Sherry is, I cannot say drunk, but sipped during the dinner scene, and is not "in that quantity" an intoxicant. Lord Richard was perhaps more discreet; our transpontine cousins are proverbially "whole-hoggers," and the millionaire in this case does not stop at the "Pantry," he, boldly, yet diffidently, approaches the very center of the domestic comforts; his attorney has his cheek smudged, the "Agent" loses a handkerchief in his zeal for ice-cream-freezing, and so forth.

The Middle Ages gave us Cophetua, strong meat for a barbarous era; the modern world, as mirrored in current theatricals, would never endure a real beggar-maid; the cake must be both had and eaten, the cloud must be lined with silver, gold, or an aristocratic pedigree.

The spectator would be, perhaps, comforted, or at least some spectators would be comforted, if the whole company would decide before curtain-raising whether they are going to play farce or realism. M. Hamley-Clifford is, I think, the most praiseworthy actress in the cast; in the first act she makes the comic sister at least plausible. Mr. Denton, on the other hand, when the rest of the actors have for some time been trying to behave like real people, sails rather close to excess.

We presume it is harder to write straight comedy like Wilde or like Maltby than to write these meringues à la crème, these stories of jokes and horror, neither of the first water, with the "poetic passage" (love of nature) thrown in. Mr. Worlock scores his best point with "In the kitchen! Huck." (Act III.) The whole affair is mild, it is not too great a bore; in fact, it is hardly a bore at all, it is just after-dinner amusement of the "normal" variety. It is quite as good as "Peg o’ my Heart." It is not so funny as "Potash and Perlmutter." It is not so idiotic as "Daddies." But in the looseness and vagueness of critical language we have as yet no precise terms for these nuances and gradations.

THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE

LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.—Three One-Act Pieces.

The Lyric Opera-house has provided itself with a decorative curtain, and, on occasion, provides a good orchestra. On the 21st inst. the Independent Theatre, following the precedent of the Curtain Group on the 14th, reversed the order of its performance "as announced," apparently on the theory that even the selected and experimental audience cannot possibly know its own mind and must have its entertainment administered to it. Miss Ginner’s mime play exposed a small but heavy corps de ballet, wherein Miss Fancheux danced with considerable technique and no temperament. Hard upon this came two of Lord Dunsany’s lyric burglars. Purple patches were then declared in hoarse voice, leading, I think, to a slightly less satisfactory enunciation of Ben King’s bottomless lines:

Nowhere to stand, but on,
Nowhere to jump but off.

Which is what one expects from Lord Dunsany.

Mr. Shaw’s "Dark Lady" was wily acted; it contains all Mr. Shaw’s faults with an added horror when he tries to be poetic. The difference between Wilde’s wit and Mr. Shaw’s is that one can read a Wilde play the day before seeing it, and performance does not suffer thereby; but having read the "Dark Lady" years ago, one cannot now enjoy it, or at least one could not enjoy this defective exploitation of it, with its flourishes, ranting and preaching, with one or two jokes towards the latter end, chiefly in The Cloaked Man’s battery of Elizabeth. Analysis yields one joke of Mr. Shaw’s own, repeated continually throughout the skit, and one joke borrowed from The Sentimental Journey, applied three or four times. This is hard monotonous stuff for forty-five minutes’ audition; it should at least be reinforced by some activity of the players, not necessarily the waving of arms.

Again, we are troubled with the indecision of author and player, and wish either Mr. Shaw or the performers could make up their mind whether or not the murder of Mary, Queen of Scots, is or was a joke or not, and which manner of treating and acting it is to be used for a given performance. Perhaps the unities do arise from the grave and demand that Elizabeth should be, in the impersonation, either a tragic and comic Elizabeth or simply a stuff-shirt of Elizabeth for the duration of the act, rather than a confusion and alternation of both.

T. J. V.

Correspondence

NOVELISTS AND A NATIONAL PRESS

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—The article on "The Economics of It" in The Athenæum for March 12 raises some very important questions. The position of the purely literary man is undoubtedly desperate. To put any trust at all in the Civil List is obviously hopeless: we have seen too much of the way in which the compilers of that List fling pecuniary insults—and light ones, at that—to men of ability who, refusing to prostitute their talents, have fallen into "necessary circumstances," and award to widows of world-renowned writers or scientists sums barely sufficient to pay their laundry bills. Some other remedy must be found, and that remedy must strike at the root of the evil by encouraging the public to see, read and appreciate good work.

The problem, as stated, falls into two parts—critical and original work. Taking the latter first: how is the conscientious novelist to be given a fair chance? The majority of publishers are willing and anxious to produce work of really good quality, but they are not in the position to practise pure philanthropy for the benefit of the conscientious novelist and his limited public. Most of them do take risks—which from a strictly business point of view are undue, and are occasionally rewarded by making a smaller loss than might be expected, or even a profit. But would it not be possible to establish something in the nature of a National Press? The analogy that I have in mind is the constant demand for a National Theatre—the condition of the drama being in many ways similar, as there is the same rooted belief that there is no sufficient demand for really good work in the theatrical as in the literary world, though the success of such plays as "Abraham Lincoln" tends to show that there is a growing public for such work. This National Press, which might possibly be controlled by the Royal Society of Literature or the Authors’ Society, should be founded with the object of publishing only works of real merit apart from all considerations of profit. As to the endowment of such a Press: let some of those devotees of Literature who are willing to pay sums running into four figures for the sake of locking up in their safes a unique specimen of a bad printed edition of some Elizabethan poet forgo the pleasure of exciting the envy of their neighbours, and devote the money thus saved to giving to the world literature of far greater value. Subscriptions of smaller sums might be encouraged by entitling one giver or two to the proportion of all the works published during the year. A very substantial sum would certainly be required for the start of such a Press, as, if it is to fulfil one of its avowed purposes—the provision of a living wage for the conscientious novelist—royalties must be on a lavish scale as the payments to composers. But all the books produced will not make a loss; there is no essential reason why conscientious work should necessarily be dull; there have been instances of really good work being
THE VENGEANCE OF THE PARODIST

LA VENGANZA DE DON MENDO. By Pedro Muñoz Seca. (Madrid, Ed. Hispania. 3.50 ptas.)

THE Madrileños, like the Viennese, are not so overawed by their native language that they are unable to parody it. Vienna has produced at least one extremely clever skit on "Tannhäuser," the most Teutonic of all operas; Madrid has lately been regaled by a kind of grotesque synthesis of conventional tragedy in "La Venganza de Don Mendo."

Parodies in foreign literature are always worth studying; and often they help one to understand points which would otherwise be difficult to grasp. Parody is by no means a new art in Spain, and Mr. Muñoz Seca is perhaps not yet a master parodist. But he can be very entertaining; and he is, of course, an accomplished playwright.

It is impossible to listen to "Don Mendo" for many minutes or to read many pages of it without realizing in between one's chuckles that it is a parody of the romantic manner rather than one of a tragedy of the "Golden Age" of Lope de Vega or Calderón. It recalls Echegaray's "Esposa del Vengador," Grau's "Conde Alarcon," Gutiérrez "Trovador" (on which the libretto of the opera was founded), or the conventional, romantic way of doing Calderón's "Alcalde de Zalamea"; but most of all it reminds one of the Don Juan play which nearly every theatre in Madrid performs on All Saints' Day and the following week: the "Don Juan Tenorio" of Zorrilla.

Perhaps it was the effect of seeing "Tenorio" and "Don Mendo" within a few days of each other; but it seemed that in many ways "Don Mendo" was more directly a parody of Zorrilla's drama than of anything else. In any case, Sr. Muñoz Seca has got the Zorrilla manner so thoroughly into his head that he writes naturally in that style; and he chooses unerringly those forms of expression and those forms of verse which the romantic poets would have used in the circumstances. His play is perfectly organic and perfectly logical; but it makes most perfect nonsense. His characters rant and rave just as they do in Spanish romantic plays; they complain, and strike attitudes which are only a little more absurd than they often are in serious drama; they pour out floods of rhetoric about honor and Castilla. It takes sharp eyes and sharper ears to unravel some of the tenses of irregular verbs which for metrical reasons are made more irregular than they ever were before; and one has to keep one's wits about for words used in a sense which they are hardly ever made to bear and which confuse a Spanish audience with laughter. I feel that I shall never in future see a tragic king or men in armour, a prison scene or stage corpses, without thinking of "Don Mendo."

The only thing in which the play might have been improved is its form. Four acts of uniloquial parody are rather a large order; it might have been more interesting if it had been a play within a play, like the "Critic" or the "Rehearsal." And an estreno, the first night of a new play, is such an event in Madrid—some people never go to the theatre at all unless it is an estreno—that it might have been possible to bring a few types of a first-night audience on to the stage at the beginning and the end, to round off "Don Mendo" and give it a setting. It would be such a success that one wonders that it has not been tried already. Perhaps it has.

J. B. T.
THE SEX OBSESSION.

Les Cœurs Malades. Par Eugène Montfort. (Paris, E. Flammarion. 5fr. 75.)

It is not easy to diagnose the psychological effects of the war upon the survivors of the generation that fought it. The traces of the ordeal are not continuously apparent. They lie beneath the surface, and we can but glimpse them at intervals, when a chance phrase or gesture reveals a deep bitterness, or a senseless crime betrays the disorder of a maddened brain. The glimpses are so rare that we are often tempted to suppose the men of to-day, who were boys in 1914, to be curiously unaffected by the intervening years. But a book like "Les Cœurs Malades" helps us to understand what has really happened.

It is clearly the work of a young man obsessed by sex; and there is something in the completeness of the author's abandon to the obsession which proclaims the date of the book. Even without the positive knowledge that "Les Cœurs Malades" is, in fact, a reprint, we should be convinced from the first hundred pages that it was written before the war. For we feel at once that M. Montfort's attitude to sex in this novel is different from the attitude of the men who have returned from the war.

The war-scarred young men of to-day are as susceptible, of course, to sentimental torture as they were six years ago. They are as liable to be attacked by the specific neurosis set up by the sex obsession as the characters in "Les Cœurs Malades". But they are not, we believe, so liable to be destroyed by it. For they have lost the habit of prolonged introspection: they can no longer concentrate their interest on their personal suffering. The memory of the vast group-agony is still upon them; the horror of accumulated material and physical distress still colours their vision. Their experience has taught them the power of the larger life which surrounds their personal lives, and they are conscious of the chains which bind them to surrounding organizations. Before the war a young man in love could think away the world. His life—he imagined—was his own to surrender to Love or Fame or Gold as he chose. Now he knows that a world jealous of youth and love and leisure holds a mortgage on his life and will not hesitate to foreclose. And the knowledge manifests itself in his attitudes towards sex.

There is hardness in this attitude, and suspicion; not the timorous hardness and calculating suspicion of the man of the world, but something which is nevertheless defensive—a cloak, as it were, enveloping limbs which have suffered from pitiless cold. The young men who have come back remember that there were some women who failed to stand beside them in the war. They think of the women who envisaged the war as a prize-fight in which they had but to applaud their champion and bathe his wounds in the intervals, of those who saw nothing in their champion's despairing heroism but a thrilling theatrical gesture and those who were not ashamed to exploit the slavery of boys as an opportunity for increasing their own freedom.

As a result of this attitude the survivors of the war have lost many things that matter—faith, naïveté, and a certain careless gaiety. They have also lost the faculty of writing such a book as "Les Cœurs Malades." But this is of smaller moment. For the pre-war roman passionné fell between art and pathology. It was not sufficiently filtered to rank as art or sufficiently undisturbed to serve as pathological evidence. We had always before our eyes the distressing picture of an author in the throes of the sex obsession. To-day we are pleased to fancy that the boys who became men in the war will not succumb to this obsession. Let us hope that our fancy has at least a foundation in fact.

CONTEMPORARY DANISH FICTION

Modern Danish literature displays two main tendencies. There is the literature of aesthetic refinement and moral decay, whose model is art for art's sake, and whose chief exponent is the group of teachers at Copenhagen. And there is the newer and healthier influence, hailing mainly from Jutland, which believes with Aristotle that art is the cleansing of the soul, and which teaches the value of the will and the necessity of energy combined with self-control; for example, Jacob Knudsen, John W. Jensen and Jeppe Aakjær are beginning to feel themselves so contradiicted to the Copenhagen circle. The first of these tendencies denies, the second affirms the importance of life, and it is the second tendency that is now gaining the upper hand. Both schools know their business as writers, for our literature has by now obtained complete control of art and is already able to call in the quota of musicians who are perfect masters of their various instruments, though they have, it is true, no conductor.

The following brief article will deal only with novelists; the other main branch of activity, lyric poetry, will not be touched.

Henrik Pontoppidan (born 1857; Nobel prize 1917) is the classic exponent of Danish neo-realism. He aims at a picture of Denmark as it actually is, and has achieved the exposure of the realism that professed itself realistic. In his three long novels ("Det forjettede Land," "Lykke Per" and "De dødes Rige"—the titles are to be taken ironically) he gives a cross-section of the Danish life in the twenty years of the nineteenth century, and a criticism of it that interprets rather than destroys. "Det forjettede Land" (translated into English as "The Promised Land") contrasts country and town, "Lykke Per" contrasts Jutlanders and Jews (the latter exemplified by Georg Brandes and his radicalism), and "De dødes Rige" describes the various literary circles of the nineties. Pontoppidan is a powerful narrator, cool and clear, and his profound love of truth sharpens his eye against all the forgeries and falsifications of life that may be introduced by the veil of an empty phrase or the vagueness of enthusiasm. Thus his works constantly unveil the Danish national character and criticize its weak points. His two early novels ("Landsbybilleder" and "Fra Hytherne") bring us to the department of social literature.

Social literature may be grouped under the different classes of society of which it treats. Peasants are vividly depicted by Johan Skjoldborg (born 1861) and Jeppe Aakjær (born 1886), both writers of peasant stock. Their literary impulses come from this sympathy with the social classes and their indignation against the upper, and also from their strong sense of justice. Martin Andersen Nexø (born 1869), who began as a shoemaker and a mason's apprentice, has given us in "Pelle Erobreren" (1906-10), translated as "Pelle the Conqueror," a many-sided picture of the lower classes. With the birth of a new age, and the decline of the old order, a new city, Copenhagen, with its degenerate and half-baked inhabitants, or introduces us into the early trade unions and shows us strikes and lock-outs in their beginnings. His unfinished "Dittes Menneskebarn" gives us the female counterpart of "Pelle." From the purely artistic standpoint he is the greatest of the social writers. Their practical influence has been important, but they often fail artistically because the propagandist in them overpowers the poet, and the descriptive element in them is generally more valuable than psychological. Mrs. Marie Bregendahl (born 1897) and Thorkild Gravlund (born 1879) may also be mentioned as prominent novelists of this class; they write about peasants with much psychological power, and their keen minds and tender hearts turn the searchlight of truth upon their subject-matter.

Jacob Knudsen (born 1858, died 1919) also writes about peasants, but rather about their mentality than about their social conditions, nor is his sympathy untempered by criticism. He is in every way our greatest author, for every word he writes is an expression of his manly and powerful individuality. To quote Hamlet, "He was a man, take him for all in all"; moreover he stood in a heartfelt and sincere relation to Christianity. Like Shakespeare, he asserts that the will is the central force of human life, and he exerts constant self-training and self-control. When he writes: "The disease
of the will should be called wickedness, and those who suffer from it ought to be punished rather than physicked; one does not pity but despises and hates them”—it sounds like an echo of Shakespeare’s “When we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars....” He is hard, he does not shrink from an operation when more demands it. Like Shakespeare’s York he lives his life “This tested’ d, jocund, cut off, the rest rest sound,” and the beautiful words of Hamlet strike the deepest chord in his strong and well-tempered soul: “Give me that man That is not passionate, and I will weep him In my heart’s core—ay, in my heart of hearts.” His subject-matter is always a spiritual conflict; man is his main race; and his characters are and scorns all shams, and his two books on Luther lead us through Luther’s religious crises and are full of power and interest. His works are solid fuel; they make people think, and their vital and compelling force may restore the impaired will to live.

Another serious and purposeful writer is Harold Kiddie (born 1878, died 1918), whose early death was a great loss to Danish literature. His books are not easy reading, but their solidify is due to much thought and feeling, and the effort to express spiritual qualities. Through his races of every type. His characters cannot forget. This is their strength and their weakness. Kiddie indicates a new positive ideal far beyond the reach of any fin de siecle literature. In his memorable “Aage og Else” a fine and over-sensitive man is unable to live his life because he is bound to the ideal whom he can never understand; his life is to ride to the last day. Life on the Helhest (the horse that presages death in our fairy tales). In Kiddie’s most beautiful novel, “Helten” (“The Hero”), we meet an old lonely teacher on a small island, whose long life has been one unbroken act of piety and one long sermon to the glory of God. Every human life is spun out of two threads a black and a white. Through life and life shines the love of his youth. Six hundred years after the great Florentine, another poet glorifies a new Beatrice and sings of her power to open the door of happiness to the outcast. It is the maldy of our century to see a goal in transitory things and to pursue them in the vain hope of happiness. Kiddie’s cure for this malady is to create a home out of the island on whose shores God has placed us, and to fulfill the duty of loving our neighbour according to God’s eternal law. Views such as these are not popular; but though some thoughts are to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness, they are nevertheless necessary if men want to live and to be saved. To evolve the best volume of his last book, “Jernet” (there will never be a second volume), Kiddie buried himself for six years in the depths of the lonely forests of Värmland, in Sweden, where he collected his vast material; he then spent a year in a wood in Denmark, forming the new material to shape. The very day his book appeared he fell ill and died in a week, at the age of forty and at the height of his power.

Johannes V. Jensen (born 1879) is certainly the most able of living Danish authors. He is indolent, undisciplined; there is something tumultuous about him; when he passes he whirled up the dust and attracts the public’s attention; like Hilde in “The Master-Guild” he seems to say, “I am youthful, I want to see the life of man, to tell the true tale of the age raged violently in his mind. In “Einar Elgu” (1878) the self-dissection of the eights culminates and leads through self-adoration of the Nietzsche type to insanity as its final consequence. “Den gotiske Renaissance” (1901) finds a man only for sickness by rejecting isolated impressions, and the worship of the past. Its lesson is that we live not by turning backwards and inwards, but by evolving forwards and outwards; in other words we must act and not dream. Jensen’s books after 1900 celebrate the culture of the actual, the victories of technical science and the beauty of fitness to an end, all of which are symbolized in the modern machine. He is intoxicated by the restlessness and the vibration of modern civilization and by the life of the metropolis; he respects, in the man, the heart of prey: for example, his American novels “Hjulet” and “Mad d’Ora.” In a long series of novels that is still unfinished he follows the history of the Gothic race from the glacial period onwards. The experiment is interesting, partly as evidence of the writer’s imagination, and particularly for the magnificent images of typical spaces. He points out the race of that are introduced; there is, however, a tendency to repetition. His style may be in bad taste and grotesque; but it is usually ingenious and stimulating. It is founded upon his intense perception and his luxuriant association of ideas. Whereas the realists usually stop at the caste and the class, he strives to penetrate into the deeper more primitive ones. His insight embraces the consciousness of the civilized man and the primitive simplicity of a Singapore coolie. He loves situations where primitive impulses spring forth spontaneously. He is our greatest colourist and narrator, though when he yields to the temptation to philosophize on the doctrine of evolution he becomes childish, for his specific equipment is of the slightest. As a rule he scorns “literature,” though he accepts with reservations Kipling, Walt Whitman and Jack London as his forerunners. His tempestuousness, his fire and his colour carry his readers away and should spread his influence widely. He has already a small flock of admiring imitators in Denmark, among our young lyricists, whose poetry takes the form of hymns to the machine.

But with lyric poetry we reach the other branch of our modern literary activity, and there is not here space to deal with it.

Ingeborg Simesen.

LITERATURE WITHOUT A SUBJECT

Les Animaux et leurs Hommes. Par Paul Eluard. Avec cinq dessins d’André Lhote. (Paris, Au Sans Pareil. 3fr. net.)—M. Eluard throws down the gauntlet of a new literary theory:

Connaissons ce dont nous sommes capables. La beauté et la laideur sont nos parisis, pas autres. Nous sommes toujours autrement soucits de la puissance ou de la grâce, de la douceur ou de la brutalité, de la simplicité ou du nombre. La vanité qui pousse l’homme à déclarercelui beau ou laid, à prendre parti, est à la base de l’erreur naïfée, de plusieurs époques littéraires, de leur exaltation sentimentale et du désordre qui en résulte. Essayons, c’est difficile, de rester absolument purs.

This is all a little mysterious, and it is not very easy to see where the conscientious practice of this theory would logically lead one. All we know is that it leads M. Eluard to write a poem about a hen which runs:

Hëlas, ma seur, bête bête, Ce n’est pas à cause de ton chant, De ton chant pour l’œuf Que l’homme te croit bonne.

If this is the result of remaining “absolutely pur,” we prefer our native impurity: it is more amusing. However, M. Eluard has done better than this: here and there he finds a delightful image such as “Le poisson avance comme un doug dans un gant”; or “La tête grosse et immobile Comme un can, Le poire travaille.” But it is all imponderably slight. M. Eluard seems to feel that distrust of the subject in literature so common among the younger Frenchmen. Philosophy, nature, love, psychology—these things are too stale, or too heavy, or too uncertain to be written about. And so nothing remains but to spin a tedious literature out of passing sensations and images, out of little jokes and casual queer ideas. The literature made out of these things grows so thin that finally it disappears altogether. M. Lhote’s pen-and-ink drawings are pleasant, though, like a good nice of his work, a little heavy and dubious. We welcome the enterprise of French authors and publishers in securing good artists to illustrate their books. A volume like Salmon’s “Manuscrit trouvé dans un Chapeau,” illustrated by Picasso, is something very well worth having. We should like to see in this country any signs of a similar ardour for good book-illustration.

Owing to the Easter Holidays THE ATHENÆUM will be published next week a day earlier.
List of New Books
Prepared in cooperation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second the subdivision, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

200 RELIGION.

Cave (Sydney). REDemption, HINDU and CHRISTIAN ("The Religious Quest of India"), Milford, 1919. 9 in. 275 pp. bibliog. index, 10/6 n. 294. See review, p. 412.

Gillies (J. R.), THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION. Black, 1919. 8 in. 276 pp. index, 5/ n. 202. The substance of this volume was delivered by Dr. Gillies in 1915, in the form of addresses at the invitation of the authorities of the College of the Presbyterian Assembly in Belfast. The book is an able presentment of the scope and opportunities of the Christian ministry: and it is hoped that it may afford an opportune contribution to the study of some of the problems with which the Churches are now confronted.


Principal Greasted's book, which is the outcome of a series of lectures to theological students, is amply provided with illustrative quotations and with footnotes giving the Greek or Latin text. There are numerous references to authorities, one of the chief being Dr. R. C. Moberly. "Few recent writings," declares the author, "are at once so sane and so constructive [as Dr. Moberly's], and, despite much misunderstanding, it is in such attempts that the hope of the future lies." *


See review, p. 412.

Rihbany (Abraham Mitrie), THE SYRIAN CHRIST. Melrose, 1919. 8 in. 309 pp. index, 7/6 n. 232

The author of this pleasing and informative book, which is planned on something of the lines of a Syrian member of the Greek Orthodox Church, whose intimate knowledge of his countrymen's life and mentality enables him to throw fresh light upon some "hard sayings" in the Bible. The command "Love your enemies" is explained as meaning no more than "like," or "be well-disposed toward," those who are foes. The chapters grouped under the heading "Sisters of Martha and Mary" form a luminous exposition of the difference between the Oriental and Occidental views of woman; and St. Paul's attitude towards women is discussed at length. Oriental carelessness about truth is stated to be due to intellectual inaccuracy rather than to moral delinquency.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Attlee (C. R.), THE SOCIAL WORKER. Bell, 1920. 7 in. 294 pp., 6/ n. 307

This is the first of a series of works to be issued by the University of London Ratan Tata Department of Social Service and Administration, the later ones to deal in detail with the various sections of social work. Mr. Attlee gives a general sketch of the work, the opportunities for social service, and the personal qualifications necessary, and points out that the social conscience is much more sensitive to-day, and that the demand is rather for a new attitude towards social problems than for specific reforms.

The Dream City. By Unitas. Simpkin & Marshall [1920]. 7 in. 121 pp. ill. 2/ n. 320.1

In the form of a story, "Unitas" depicts a Utopian State which the record was found in an old book picked up in the trenches. The stately architecture, the wide, open planning of the chief city, the ideal organization of the society, and the moneyless economics are effectively contrasted with the dingy, sordid, and unhealthy conditions to which our soldiers have returned from the war.

Gardner (Lucy), ed. SOME CHRISTIAN ESSENTIALS OF RECONSTRUCTION: essays by various writers. Edited by Lucy Gardner for the Interdenominational Conference of the Social Service Union. Bell, 1920. 7 in. 244 pp., 5/ n. 304

These essays were originally intended for a small audience, but the editor is right in thinking them sufficiently valuable to bear publication. Each essay deals with some aspect of the present social problems and is worth reading, not so much as a guide to practical matters as for its temperate and Christian spirit.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

*Keane (A. H.), MAN, PAST AND PRESENT. Revised, and largely re-written, by A. Hindston Quiggin and A. C. Haddon. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1920. 10 in. 593 pp. 16 pl. appl. index, 36/ n. 572

See review, p. 410.

Rees (Alfred W.), THE HERON OF CASTLE CREEK; and other sketches of bird life. With a memoir by J. K. Hudson. Murray, 1920. 8 in. 232 pp. por. index, 7/6 n. 598.2

Most of these delightful studies of bird life, bird-watching, and the American life are included in the Standard or other periodicals, and are now published in book-form without the late author's revision. His descriptions of the habits, plumage, nests, etc., prove that Mr. Rees spent many hours (often in awkward situations) patiently observing.

690 USEFUL ARTS.

*Cambridge (P. J.), DIABETIC DIETING AND COOKERY. University of London Press and Hodder & Stoughton, 1920. 9 in. 230 pp. appl. index, 10/6 n. 616.63

An able summary of recent knowledge and modern views concerning this important subject. Appended to the main text are food tables "in ounces and average servings," and a very useful series of 189 practical cookery recipes.

*Halliburton (W. D.), PHYSIOLOGY AND NATIONAL NEEDS. Constable, 1919. 9 in. 176 pp. index, 8/6 n. 613.2

See review, p. 418.

Rew (Sir Robert Henry), FOOD SUPPLIES IN PEACE AND WAR. Longmans, 1920. 7 in. 191 pp. index, boards, 6/6 n. 613.2

This book is not very big, but it is full of information and of sagacious comments on the facts set out for the reader's benefit. A notable point, as Mr. Rew describes the war as "the watershed of the world's economic history," is that "there are many possible breadstuff, but no substitute for fat." "It has hitherto been assumed," says Sir R. H. Rew, "that if supplies of wheat could be assured, all would be well, but the experience of Germany has shown that a deficiency of milk and fat will lower the vitality and weaken the morale of a nation scarcely less effectively than a shortage of bread." Sir Henry is of opinion that Germany in the later years of the war endured privation, "but to a greater extent than some of the nations who were the victims of her crimes." The author considers that British farmers during the war acted patriotically as a general rule.

*Shanahan (E. W.), ANIMAL FOODSTUFFS; their PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION, with a special reference to the British Empire: a study in economic geography and agricultural economics. Routledge, 1920. 8 in. 333 pp. bibliog. index, 10/6 n. 613.28

Dr. Shanahan's investigations, conducted between September, 1915, and September, 1918, at the London School of Economics and elsewhere, have led him to the somewhat grave conclusion that, apart from the influence of the war, the world's supplies of meat, and of dairy and poultry produce, at present tend to be deficient, and are still more likely to be so in the near future. Various aspects of the problem of the consumption of these foodstuffs, and the economic relations between production and consumption, are discussed by the author, who shows how the existing deficiency within the British Empire may partly be overcome.


Clear reproductions of photographs of the castle of Loches; of the town of Avignon and the palace of the Popes; of several other great churches; and of the house of Jacques Cœur at Bourges, are among the illustrations in this useful guide. The French descriptive text is supplemented by an English translation on the lower half of each page. Parts 2-4 will deal with France of the Renaissance, and with "classic" and "modern" France.

**Victoria and Albert Museum. Review of the Principal Acquisitions during the Year 1916.** Stationery Office, 1919. 10 in. 107 pp. il. paper, 3/6 n. 708.2

See notice, p. 421.

**800 LITERATURE.**

Davis (Allan) and Stratton (Anna R.). **The Inward Light:** a drama in four acts. New York, Knopf, 1919. 8 in. 135 pp., $1.35. 812.5

The American Civil War brought upon the Friends profound searching of conscience, and in numerous cases a serious clash between ideals and worldly prosperity. Such a conflict is the theme of this play, the scene of which is laid in Pennsylvania. The authors' hero is a Quaker manufacturer, David Worthington, who sacrifices happiness and fortune rather than swerve from his convictions. There are some powerful situations, and the drama ends upon an exalted note.

Eliard (Paul). **Les Animaux et leurs Hommes; avec cinq dessins d'André Lhote.** Paris, Au Sans Pareil, 1920. 7½ in. 46 pp. paper, 3fr. n. 844.9

See notice, p. 427.

Nathan (George Jean) and Mencken (H. L.). **The American Credo:** a contribution toward the interpretation of the national mind. New York, Knopf, 1920. 7½ in. 191 pp., $1.60. 818.5

In a preface extending to two-thirds of the whole book the editors explain that their compilation is not "a somewhat laboured attempt at jocosity," and that it aims at clarifying the subject of American ideals and the American character, "so copious, so cosmic, and withal so ill-informed and incomprehensible." They show the thoughts that lie at the back of those ideals and that character. It is a delightful collection of popular fallacies, of such sorts as these—"That a person who follows up a cucumber-salad with a dish of ice-cream will inevitably be the victim of cholera morbus;" "That a Sunday School superintendent is always carrying on an intrigue with one of the girls in the choir;" "That if one doesn't scratch a mosquito-bite it will stop itching;" "That Bob Ingersoll is in hell.


The "'Ion,' "'Lysis,' "'Protagoras,' "'Phèdre,'"" and "'Symposium,' rendered into limp and elegant French. Analytical descriptions and footnotes assist the reader.

Seca (Pedro Muñoz). **La Venganza de Don Mendo.** Madrid, Ed. Hispam, 1919. paper, 3.50 pts. 862.6

See review, p. 425.

Soulages (Gabriel), tr. **Les Plus Jolies Roses de l'Anthologie Grecque:** cueillies par Gabriel Soulages. Paris, Crès, 1919. 7½ in. 221 pp. paper, 5fr. 884

Melville (Herman). **Aschajleeves, Erastosthenis ("Scholasticus").** Possidius are among the numerous writers from whose works M. Soulages has culled the amorous, subtle, and often delicately beautiful "roses of Athens" assembled in this book. He has contented himself with literal versions in French prose.

**Williamson (Claude C. H.). Writers of Three Centuries, 1789-1914.** Grant Richards, 1920. 8 in. 515 pp., 7/6 n. 804

Formal criticism—or even original criticism—is disclaimed as the object of these essays, which are intended to help readers "to set right certain reputations" which are in danger of losing their proper proportions. Blake, Shelley, Balzac, Heine, Newman, Tennyson, Ruskin, Flaubert, Samuel Butler, Zola, H. van Even (Oscar Wilde), Bernard Shaw, Conrad, D'Annunzio, H. W. Wells, Belloc, Chesterton, Masefield, and Rupert Brooke are apparently those who stand most in such jeopardy. Mr. Williamson's summaries are on the whole safe, but they are not very deep or very clearly put. It is strange that a critic of literature is so hazy about the modern theatre, though he has written in it, and that he calls it "a florid" art. Our vocabulary is not enriched by such words as "furtherest" and "undergoings"; and a "weapon" he uses for specific purposes to make his message palatable to mankind" is an odd metaphor for technique, described in the same sentence as a cloak which an artist puts "(sic). And what is meant by "the ingenious sockets" "made by Mr. Shaw" in which to launch his ideas"?

**POETRY.**

Acharya (Sri Ananda). **Snow Birds.** Macmillan, 1919. 8 in. 260 pp., 7/6 n. 821.9

Frose-poems or rhapsodies in free verse—whichever you like to call them—on Nature, Indian mythology, sentimental or ideal themes, in a style analogous to that of Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

Bowman (Archibald Allan). **Sonnets from a Prison Camp.** Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 152 pp., 5/n. 821.9

The brave of squeezing a description of the turbulent happenings of war into the narrow mould of the sonnet is almost impossible. It is not, therefore, surprising that Mr. Bowman's opening sonnets, describing the retreat of March, 1918, should be unsatisfactory. Later in the book, when he begins to write of those reflective themes to which the sonnet form is suited, Mr. Bowman reveals himself as an interesting and talented writer. From his remote Westphalian camp he writes:

Then as the white and sheeted vapour steals
Over the flats lagoon-like, comes a breath
Of anguish from the void, where still is hurled
Nation on nation; and the spirit feels
A tidal presence of overwhelming death.
Stir through this weird backwater of the world.

These are beautiful lines, and it would be possible to quote many more as remarkable. Mr. Bowman's chief defect is a certain stiffness and over-nobility of language, which sometimes leads him by prosaic or trivial things with a pomp which does not become them.

Euripides. **Choruses from the "Iphigenia in Aulis" and the "Hippolytus" of Euripides.** Translated by H. D. ("Poets' Translation Series" : second set, 3).

The "Egoist," 1919. 7½ in. 37 pp. boards, 2/6 n. 882.3

H. D.'s translations, embellished by no unnecessary arabesques of rhyme or diction, are often of great beauty. There is something very satisfying in the bareness of such lines as these:

If a god should stand here
He could not speak.

At the sight of ships
Circled with ships.

This beauty is too much
For any woman. It is burnt across my eyes.

Fairfax (Griffith). **Menopotamia:** sonnets and lyrics at home and abroad, 1914-1919. Murray, 1919. 7½ in. 80 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

Captain Fairfax is an accomplished writer of sonnets. He possesses taste, literary tact and discrimination, and a command of poetic language. A sonneteer with these qualities can always produce work that shall be readable and distinguished. There exists, unhappily, an enormous number of readable and distinguished English sonnets; but the sonnets which are genuine poetry are few. The more elaborate and difficult the form, the more it will attract the skilled and
uninspired artisan of verse; for his mastery of the technical difficulties will do much to cover his lack of inspiration. Captain Fairfax often comes near to good poetry, but he never quite attains to it. That mysterious power which can turn an exercise in ingenious rhyming into such thing of beauty as Wordsworth's "Westminster Bridge" is missing.


Inspired partly by "Sir" Gilbert Murray, this methodical inquiry into the influence of Vergil on English poetry from the earliest days has been carried out with indefatigable Colmanian thoroughness. The editor even discusses somewhat timidly whether such influence can be traced in "Boeowulf," as Professor Fr. Klaeber, of the University of Minnesota, contends. It is a pity she does not use the time-honoured English spelling of the name, though she quotes Chaucer's "Vergil," Aucun's "Virgilius," and Kings Alfred's "Virgilius." The form "Vergil" is neither Latin nor English, but a nondescript pedantry.


The sixth number of this annual gives examples of thirty-three poets—carefully worded and highly polished occasional verses most of them, few showing power or originality, those few, if any, including A. G. Strong's "Euna-Mena-Mina-Mo" and J. B. S. Haldane's "Complaint of the Blasphemous Bombers at Beilt Aëssa." The setest of "The Diver," by R. M. S. Pasley, is magnificent; but the sonnet as a whole is not great.

Savill (George), Idyls of the Homeland; and other poems. Cambridge, Heffer, 1920. 71/4 in. 37 pp. paper, 3/8 n. 821/8

Mr. Savill is a little too "naïve" for our taste. The time is past when such nursery gems as:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you,
[etc.]

had power to thrill us. And when Mr. Savill writes a poem beginning:

Here in the hedge 'neath the willow-tree hole
Robin hath made him a wee pretty nest,
Cunningly hid in a little round hole—
Love ever finds a sweet haven of rest . . .
See you the five spotted eggs lying there?

They are the joy of his dear little heart,
[etc.]

somehow we find ourselves unable to feel what the American professors call "the authentic spiritual chill" about it.

822/33 SHAKESPEARE.


FICTION.

*Almqvist (Karl Jonas Ludvig). Sara Videbeck; and the Chapel. Translated from the Swedish by Adolph Burnett Benson. Milford, 1919. 71/4 in. 252 pp., 8/6 n. 839/7

The Swedish polymath, novelist, Socialist, and "Eugene Aram," as he was called on the strength of his later career, wrote the former of these as a feminist novel to show what were his ideas of a free marriage. It appeared in 1838, and its technical merits warrant the statement in the introduction that it is "a masterpiece of realistic description, and in this respect holds a unique place in contemporaneous prose fiction." Sergeant Albert and Sara meet on a journey, and with easy naturalness continue their life's wayfaring together—as simply as two chums of the same sex. "The Chapel" is an equally simple and delightful study of an ideal Christian minister and his affectionate congregation of poor fishermen.


Recounts the adventures of a French boy in Spain during the war. He joins a commercial traveller, who, after various ye rious incidents, turns out to be a German spy. The hero falls in with a friendly old man and his daughter, who are connected with the French Intelligence Department. The old man is murdered, and after other exciting events the German meets his end. A well-written story.


Brough (Harold). The Marbeck Inn. Odhams [1920]. 71/2 in. 320 pp., 7/1 n.


Chambers (Robert W.). The Moonlit Way. Appleton, 1920. 7 in. 424 pp. il. 7/6 n. 813/5

The action of Mr. Chambers's story has a sinister background of "Bolosma," and recalls a recent celebrated trial in Paris. The most attractive portions of a readable and stirring book are, perhaps, those concerned with the loves of the very agreeable Thesalus Dunois and Dulicie Soane. The presentations of Murtagh Skeel, the Irish poet, and of the sculptor James Westmore, with his artist friend Garret Barres, are skilful and lifelike.


The padre of Talbot House, the soldiers' hut and place of worship on the Flanders front, tells the story of the great work carried on there, and gives glimpses of our soldiers' lives which reveal humour, pathos, and a greatness too often unappreciated. This is the third edition of a book that attained a very wide private circulation, and is addressed to the public as a most deserving appeal for sympathy and funds.


A rendering into Spanish of M. Frapé's story, which has for its theme the struggle of the poorer middle classes to keep up appearances and to seem better off than they are.


Strange coincidences and adventures often beset the lives of twins, especially in fiction; and here we find a plucky girl and her twin brother in an ingenious series of incidents, and winning the V.C. on the same day, though at opposite ends of the earth. A misgoverning girl, a siege, a battle, and a love-affair combine to thrill the uncritical reader.


Mr. Lloyd vividly depicts a journalistic factory, of a not unfamiliar type, in which commonplace matter is profitably supplied for the depletion of the great British public; and he ingeniously contrasts the shabby treatment of three geniuses (who in a pecuniary sense were three "failures") with the appreciative fostering of other members of the staff who could turn out "topical" articles and short serial stories by the yard. The characterization is somewhat unequal. Sandra is rather a lay-figure, but poor Marcelle—one of the "failures"—who "used the word 'dined' with inverted commas in her voice," and Mrs. Bish, whose "upper lip peeled off the large, gold-filled teeth in a deprecatory smile," are well drawn. Golding, the sometime head of the press forcing house, is an ordinary sort of man, truthfully and unflatteringly portrayed. His wife is more difficult to understand, but the silhouette is not unsatisfactory.


See review, p. 415.
MONTFORT (Eugène). Les Cœurs Malades. Paris, Flammarion [1920]. 7\(\mathrm{j}\) in. 278 pp., paper, 5fr. 75 n. 843.9
See review, p. 426.

Newman (F. J.). ROMANCE AND LAW IN THE DIVORCE COURT. Month. 1920. 7\(\mathrm{j}\) in. 330 pp. A series of stories, mostly dealing with the "sleazy side" of marriage. Frankly, they are somewhat dreary reading; but they serviceably reveal many a "rift within the lute" of matrimony, as well as various nice legal points. The stories are concerned with facts, but names are (very properly) disguised. The happy and beneficial influence of the late Rev. A. H. Stanton, of St. Albans, Hackney, is well shown in the first narrative, which relates to the marriage of a ward in Chancery. A useful glossary of legal terms concludes the volume.


The delicate limning and restrained feeling which are distinctive of this completely rewritten edition of a story published in 1903 will be appreciated by numerous readers unacquainted with the dour and lonely Laird of Hepburn and his faithful Danny; and many other persons will like to furnish their memories of the book.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

Klein (Félix). En AMÉRIQUE À LA FIN DE LA GUERRE. Paris, Beauchesne, 1919. 7\(\mathrm{j}\) in. 368 pp. paper, 7fr. n. vi\(\frac{1}{2}\). 917.3

The mission upon which the author and others visited America in October, 1918, had for its chief purpose the conveyance of French congratulations to Cardinal Gibbons on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee. The time was auspicious; victory was in the air and the Armistice was about to be signed. It is not surprising that the Abbé's book is cheerful in tone as well as readable. There is a good pen-picture of the Cardinal; and the author describes visits to New York, Boston, and other cities. Several universities were included in the itinerary, and the members of the party were received by President Wilson.

Martonne (Em. de). CHOSES VUES EN BESSARABIE (Extrait de la "Revue de Paris"). Paris, 1919. 7\(\mathrm{j}\) in. 47 pp., paper, 7fr. 12.$

Professor E. de Martonne's sketch of a journey from Bukarest across Roumania and Bessarabia in 1919 gives an account of the towns, roads, rural districts, the general state of the people, and their post-war situation and its problems. He touches on the menace of the Bolshevists (then on the far bank of the Dniester), the rupture with Russia, the independence of the Moldavian Republic, and the effects of the Roumanian régime in saving that country from the fate of Russia.


The programme announced in the compendious but illogical sub-title is satisfactorily carried out by Mr. Maugham, who was sometime British consul-general at Monrovia, and is already known favourably as a writer on African subjects. He knows the country well, has utilized the best official authorities, and shows a sympathetic understanding and appreciation of the negro inhabitants. The work is illustrated with good photographs, statistical statements, and the words and music of the Liberian national anthem.


Major Pearce, the British Resident at Zanzibar, has produced a thoroughly interesting and detailed account of the history, appearance, associations and inhabitants of the island. In particular, the unsolved problems connected with various ruins are treated in an intriguing manner. The whole book serves, in fact, to awaken interest in a very little known outpost of the British Empire.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Hargrove (Charles).

See review, p. 414.

Paracelsus (Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim).

Swainson (W. P.). Theophrastus Paracelsus, Mediæval Alchemist. Rider, 1919. 6\(\mathrm{j}\) in. 52 pp. limp cl., 1/3 n. 920

Astrologer, alchemist, naturalist, physician and wanderer, the son of Wilhelm Bombastus von Hohenheim, of Einsiedeln, Switzerland, is an interesting subject of study; and this brief account of his life, followed by a sketch of his doctrines, is likely to be welcomed by those for whom the "occult sciences" have attraction.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

*Corbett (Sir Julian S.). NAVAL OPERATIONS: vol. I, To the Battle of the Falklands, December, 1914 (History of the Great War, compiled by direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence). Longmans, 1920. 9 in. 484 pp. maps, plans, diagis. apps. index, maps and charts in separate case, 17/6 n. 940.9
See review, p. 412.


Eight vivid pen-pictures, the best of which are "Jerusalem Delivered," "Gaza—Before and After," and "The Common Task." Captain Lockhart has a sense of humour, which flashes out in "The Peace Patrol" and other sketches.

*Pollard (Albert Frederick). A Short History of the Great War. Methuen [1920]. 8 in. 419 pp. maps, index, 10/6 n. 940.9

An excellent feature of Professor Pollard's evenly balanced and temperamentally written narrative is that it corrects several popular misapprehensions. Recognising the splendid achievements of our naval and military forces, the steadfastness of the bulk of the civilian population, and the brilliant work of our Allies, the author avoids the indiscriminate and uninformed censure of German war methods with which the general reader has been amply supplied during the past five years. Professor Pollard ably discusses the real meaning of the expression "crime of the century," which is so often misunderstood. Generous tributes to the bravery and endurance of the French at Verdun and elsewhere, to Serbian heroism, and to the nobility of the motives which inspired the people of the United States, are associated with an appreciation of German discipline and determination, and with praise for the skill of such men as Admiral von Schier, Captain Müller, and General von Lettow-Vorbeck. The crime of the torpedoing of the "Lusitania," the immorality of sinking hospital ships, the heinousness of sowing loose mines, and the executions of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt are denounced in the terms they deserve: but it is pointed out that the German air-raids and bombardments of the English coast, could be justified on the . . . provisions of the Hague Convention, which exposed to the risk of bombardment any locality containing soldiers, munitions, or material for war, or means for military transport." The cruelty with which the war was waged by the Germans created horror mainly, says Professor Pollard, because "they smudged against the higher standards of modern times, and because their cruelty now proceeds more scientific and effective means of expression."

Unwin (Stanley), ed. The WORK OF V.A.D. LONDON. DURING THE WAR. Allen & Unwin, 1920. 7\(\mathrm{j}\) in. 96 pp. il. por. boards, 5/.

940.9

Founded in 1918 by Sir James Cantlie, No. 1 Voluntary Aid Detachment, London, Unwin was in some respects an exceptional position. It was the first detachment to be formed, and it was called in to attend upon the King after his accident at the Front. "No. 1" also carried out other important duties at the Royal Palace.
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H. CRAVEN,
Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Sunderland,
March 26, 1920.

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F. C. SMITHARD,
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Education Office, Becker Street, Derby.
March 26, 1920.

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By Order,

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Education Office, Town Hall, East Ham, E.6.
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OLD CLOTHES

Since the war we who were in khaki—the men more easily than the women—have been living in the old clothes which, in 1914 or thereabouts, were enthusiastically or regretfully embalmed and laid to mature in wardrobes or old trunks. It is melancholy, indeed, to reflect how many of these suits, carefully folded and redolent of camphor, waited in vain to drape once more the limbs whose shapes they knew so well, now wrapped in the ultimate garment of all mortality. As for the clothing of the hereafter, I find it hard to accept the revelation of "Raymond" that the forms of the departed are clothed in the emanations of defunct earthly suitings; I prefer to imagine the disembodied freed from fleshly fetters, and not bound in their higher state to the daily adjustment of spiritual braces and celestial suspenders. The physical bliss, to be found in this existence, of nude revelling on a strand lapped by summer waves, fanned by a zephyr and warmed by a bland sun, is surely a premonition of a more perfect state in a less constricted life. Be that as it may, it is with the survivors that we are here concerned. If there was any joy among those old clothes at their disentombment by a familiar hand, the joy of their owners at this resurrection, as they consigned their khaki without unction to the grave, was at least as great. Not only was there affectionate recognition of familiar things all but forgotten, not only was there promise of ease after stiffness, and variety after monotony, but there was assurance of wealth—varying, it is true, with the richness of the half-remembered hoard, but wealth real and tangible, a definite and ridiculously enhanced value dwelling in every single article.

Happy indeed was the man who had been extravagant before the war, who counted his shirts by the dozen, who had full measure of socks pressed down and running over, and numbered to every coat two pairs of trousers. If he had been exposed to reproach in earlier days for self-indulgence and vanity, he now proved to have been a wise investor whose investments had appreciated at least one hundred per cent. His many suits, his cupboard full of boots and shoes, his store of ties, were now so much fine gold, promising him for years immunity from the extortionations of after-war clothiers and bootmakers, who, for all their triple charges, could not give him the quality of the days when garments, as it appears to our saddened minds, cost but a song. Yet he who had been more modest in his expenditures was not unhappy, for who can regard with discontent even half a talent which has brought forth two- or threefold, though buried? The one preoccupation of us all, well or sparsely provided, has been to reckon how long our old clothes would last, whether they would carry us on till a restored world-trade and, perhaps, an increased earning capacity in ourselves would make the replacement of them a less inconceivable undertaking. Our firm determination has been that we will wear these old suits to their last thread, let the boots crumble to dust upon our feet and the shirts fall in shreds from our backs before we would face the prospect of equipping ourselves anew.

There is nothing to be ashamed of in such a determination; no moral issue is involved in the clothing of the body, save in deciding how much may legitimately be spent on it. But on clothing the mind there is no limit to legitimate expenditure, and a moral question indubitably arises in the consideration of mental old clothes. A parallel may, in some sort, be justly drawn between the effects of the war on our bodily and our mental wardrobes. The putting on of khaki had certainly its counterpart in the return
bishing of the intellectual and emotional self in a war-outfit. In this respect there was no distinction between men and women, or between those who fought and those who remained at home. It was an inevitable process for every man and woman, bewildering by its novelty, disconcerting in its effects. Mr. Bernard Shaw in his preface to "Heartbreak House" submits the material of the mental khaki in this country to a ruthless dissection from which, in his judgment, it appears a hideous blend of madness and false sentiment. To Mr. Shaw himself it was a shirt of Nessus. "I can answer," he says, "for at least one person who found the change from the wisdom of Jesus and St. Francis to the morals of Richard III. and the madness of Don Quixote extremely irksome. But that change had to be made; and we are all the worse for it, except those for whom it was not really a change at all, but only a relief from hypocrisy." As might have been expected, he fails to notice in this abhorrent material certain strands which were brighter to look upon, and might well earn their place in any future textile of the mind—the strands of self-sacrifice, of fortitude and of enthusiasm for a common end: nevertheless, the war-covering of the mind, though there were times when it seemed too familiar ever to be changed, became as intolerable as khaki to the temporary soldier. True, we have shown a greater reluctance to consign it to the lumber room than he his uniform, but with greater reason, since the spiritual conflict has exceeded in length the physical; even now, with the peace ratified, it is hardly over.

It is high time, however, to deck our minds once more in the ordinary garb of peace. The question is whether our old clothes that, in 1914, were metaphorically snatched off our backs by terrific circumstance will do as well for some years longer as the serges and worsteds which the returned warrior is now happily unearthing. No doubt these familiar suits of ideas will fit us just as easily as they did. We can slip into them as smoothly as into an old Norfolk jacket, stretching our mental limbs luxuriously, like tom cats by the fire, in ecstasy at so much comfort after so much stress. We shall not, most of us, have grown out of them, a melancholy commentary on the inches which we supposed the physical and bayonet training of war had added to our mental girth. Even if we find certain of them slightly threadbare, our affection for them will make light of such deficiencies. Our old political fancy waistcoat, party-coloured, how neat it looks! Those stout boots of social prejudice, why, they will last for years. Surely it would be madness to throw them away. Besides, it would be extremely expensive to lay in a complete new outfit. The outlay of time and energy would be almost prohibitive, and our personal command of these resources seems to have diminished as surely as our personal incomes, for we can hardly meet the demands made on either. The temptation certainly is strong to pop on one or two of the most becoming vanities, as we linger before the admirable figure which we cut in our own reflections, and to put the rest of the dear old things away in their accustomed drawers, thus saving our time for pleasanter, or, as we think, more necessary objects, and serving simultaneously the interests of economy and comfort.

Those who succumb most easily to the temptation will generally be the ones who would be particularly improved by a new outfit. No two individual cases will be entirely alike. Some—the author of "Heartbreak House," for instance—have only to take their sage's robe out of camphor and ensue wisdom as before; others have been stripped so naked that, whether they will or no, they must acquire a new covering, be it only one of sackcloth; others, again, whose war-garments were as offensive as those they wore in peace, will swagger imperturbably in them to the tomb. But the average man, if he devote some graver moments to the survey of his mental wardrobe, is bound to be assailed by some misgivings regarding the durability of the things he put away in 1914; or, if they are still in good condition, they may appear too far behind the best fashion of to-day to warrant their retention unaltered. He will not even put his khaki away without reflection, lest he should bury some component of more than transitory value. And he will almost certainly come to the conclusion that modifications are necessary, if he is to cut a decent figure in the world, unless he is content to wrap himself in the old cloak of self-satisfaction and have done with it. The worst of it is that, whatever is necessary to be done, he will have to be his own tailor: the stitching and darning, the taking in and the letting out will have to be performed with the intellectual needle of each Sartor Resartus, for there are no wholesale or retail purveyors of new costumes for the spirit. Let us wish him the sartorial eye of a Poole or a Paquin, so that he may combine simplicity with exquisite taste and perfect workmanship, and fit himself without too many trying-ons.

Orlo Williams.

SOME EARLY FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES OF RUSKIN
(With many unpublished Letters)

II.

We get glimpses of Lord Egremont, the friend of Turner and the liberal patron of art. He was often in correspondence with Jones and took his advice on artistic matters. Both men shared a common devotion to Turner.

Turner is here and he tells me you are well enough in health to make an excursion into the country, and I shall be very happy to see you here, and I do not think that you have yet seen your battles in their proper places on each side of the Duke of Wellington.

Ever truly yours,

EGREMON.

There are many letters to Jones in which he is made a sort of court of appeal on all questions relating to Turner. A. E. Chalon, the Academician, writes to him on July 2, 1856:

Dear Jones,

A friend of mine has betted that W. M. Turner never married. Have you any objection to settle the question in a few words addressed to me? £5 pending.

Ever truly yours,

A. E. CHALON.

Thornbury's Life of Turner gave little satisfaction to those who knew and cared for Turner. Ruskin's views are on record. Many wrote to Jones in a similar
sense. The painter David Roberts on January 10, 1862, thus expressed himself:

MY DEAR JONES.

If you have time to cast your eyes over the accompanying reviews of Thornbury’s Life of Turner, I think it will amuse you. There seems to be but one opinion of this miserable book.

Some of the letters give us delightful social pictures of the time. Brighton, in those days as in these, was famous for its residents. A. E. Chalon, writing from this town in October, 1858, sends Jones a delightful pen-and-ink drawing of Brighton fashions, with the following words in explanation:

My sitting-room window overlooking the pier, I have a long way to get at the gaiety, but on the esplanade you find promenaders with bands of music, singers, tumbler, &c., with a sprinkling of beauty and a few of the most frightful old men I ever saw. There I met Dandy Arthur Westmacott, dressed in a suit of almost white grey, his thumbs, covered with presque white kid, stuck in his waistcoat pockets, pretty creature!

But Chalcor’s drawing of Mr. Westmacott must be seen to be appreciated.

Sir Francis Chantrey died in 1840. Jones wrote his recollections of him in a dignified little memoir issued in 1841. This book contains many of the delightful letters which Chantrey wrote to Jones and others. It does not, however, contain the letters which were addressed to Chantrey by his contemporaries. Many of these are of great interest and passed into the ownership of Jones at Chantrey’s death. Both men were intimate friends of Thomas Moore, the poet, and there are many delightful letters from him to each of them. Here is a characteristic note:

Middleton,

November 23, 1828.

MY DEAR CHANTREY,

Though I passed through town on my way hither, I had not time to return your visit, but shall certainly do so in my transit back. How mortified I was to miss you, no tongue can tell, and my wife’s mortification was even still greater than my own, for I have often and often told her not only of your red-vafer face, but your warm, melting sealing-wax heart, and she has prepared to meet you and yours as old friends. Who told you of young Tom? He is, to be sure, the most popular little gentleman going, and will join soon I fear, but old Tom’s nose out of joint, particularly with you, from his nose being so much more sculpturesque than his Papa’s, whose bust you so wisely took care not to do. I mean to stay but two days in town—Thursday and Friday. For the latter I have engaged myself to Murray, but if you should happen to be free on the former (Thursday) send a line to say so, directed 19, Bury St. Street, St. James’s, and I shall be at your disposal with most hearty good will. Let your line he at Bury Street on Tuesday evening, or at the latest Wednesday morning.

With best remembrances to Mrs. Chantrey,

Yours most truly,

T. MOORE.

Jones illustrated Moore’s poems, and the following letters relate to his drawings:

DEIZE,

August 2, 1839.

MY DEAR MR. JONES,

I recollect your saying me, when you so kindly gave me your spirited sketch from my Legend of the Dismal Swamp, that you had, like Ariel, “done” some other “spiritions” of the same kind, from my works; and I meant, when last in town to have called upon you on the subject. I am about, in conjunction with the Longmans, to publish a collected edition of all my perpetrations in rhyme, and as I know hardly anyone so likely to bring out whatever of the picturesque there may be in them as yourself, I have suggested to young Longman (now the acting coryphée of the Co.) that he could not do better than wait personally upon you, and learn how far you would be inclined to help us. Should you have neither leisure or willingness to engage in such a task yourself, the next kindness (but “longo intervallo”) would be to suggest someone else, who has not been hacked in the craft of illustration, and who would at least not be likely to “monstr my nothings.” Pray forgive all this trouble (if it is only trouble).

Believe me,

Most truly yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

DEAR WILLIAM,

September.

I have only time to put up hastily the enclosed. I like the drawings exceedingly, but Mrs. Moore thinks there is something too everyday and ordinary in the sketch from Anacreon—such as one sees so often in sketches of a lady with a child upon a sofa, etc., etc.—and perhaps she is right. I rather think too that it is of himself Anacreon tells the story—so that to put him in petticoats would be rather a breach of costume (instead of a pair of breeches of another kind). Even when in a hurry, you see, I can’t help stopping to joke—but I shall write again more fully and seriously to-morrow.

Yours ever truly,

T. MOORE.

We get a pathetic picture of the unfortunate painter Haydon in a letter to Chantrey:

King’s Bench Prison,

July 17, 1827.

DEAR SIR,

It has been suggested by Mr. Lockhart that a sum might be raised by 10 guineas subscriptions to extricate me, for which I must paint one or more pictures according to the sum raised, my present one of Eueses to be one—the possession to be determined by lot afterwards amongst the subscribers. A meeting will be called, would you have any objection to attend? I know I have your best wishes.

Yours, dear Sir,

B. R. HAYDON.

Chantrey sent a sympathetic reply, and two days later Haydon writes to him again from the prison:

The meeting will meet on Monday. I have five children; a sixth coming. Lord de Tabley’s death is the cause of this misery. Eueses was for him.

The scheme was apparently successful, for Haydon was liberated a little later and “The Death of Eueses” was duly raffled for. But no help could permanently set Haydon on his legs. He ended his life by suicide in 1846.

After Haydon’s suicide, and the publication of some account of his life, Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, writes to Jones:

Haydon appears to me to have been a greater writer than a painter: yet he was a good painter up to a certain point, and that point high, though not the highest. He could not reach the highest because there was evidently some organ wanting in his brain, and the want of it made him a fool or a madman whenever that organ was required for completing his thought. Metaphysical this, but no matter, you will understand me.

A letter from Lord Egremont to Chantrey shows other distress in the world of art, and is in itself a tribute to both men:

9, Grosvenor Place,

October 12, 1830.

DEAR SIR,

Since I have been in London, I have seen a very worthy man, of considerable talent in sculpture, in the greatest distress, everything seized even to his very bed!—Mr. Kendrick, whom you certainly must know and against whom there is nothing to be said, except that the market for sculpture in England is very much overstocked, and all the inferior work for the
coarser monuments and ornaments is occupied by stone-
masons not only in London, but in every country town. I
really see no prospect or hope for him in his own line,
unless he could also get some employment in some other line,
and every line is so overstocked that there is hardly a hole
large enough for a half-starved weasel to creep into. Can
you discover any hole for him? for I am sure that your
benevolent good-nature would help if you could. I shall hope
to have the pleasure of seeing you and Mrs. Chantrey at Petwirth as soon as convenient to you.

I am, truly yours,

Egremont.

I am now setting off for Petworth.

One of Jones’s intimate friends, as we have seen,
was Sir William Napier. The following letter gives an
interesting picture of Nelson:

My dear Jones,

I suppose you are returned like the Pelican of the wilderness
to your thirsty offspring, for I reckon all who have drunk at
your fountain of imagination your offspring. You have taught
us to live in a new manner, to see with new eyes, to judge
with new judgments and to listen with incredulous ears,
and you have given us at the same time new and better
aspirations to cheat our senses in this world of phantoms.
The light of genius is a strong one, when it can as in your case
overcome the dusky atmosphere of London and shame the
sunshine of Italy. I paid a visit to your studio, as Mr. Hayter
calls it, while you were away, and saw the Esther and the
Navel battle. The first I think exquisite, but I sent you a
message by my brother Henry about the second, which, he
having missed you, I will now repeat. Lord Nelson was
peculiarly a man of vigorous mind, not a man of bodily power.
Should you treat him in the way you have done? especially
when the uniform will prevent you from showing any power
of drawing. The Spanish commander went down on his
knees to Nelson when he surrendered; this is a fact which
might be made use of 1 think, although there is difficulty in
recording the humiliation of an enemy without an appearance
of arrogance that I know you will not admit either in real
life or in your pictures. Sons, you see, will be rebellious, but
I do think that the mind never dwells long with pleasure
upon violence, whether it be in expression or in action. The
sublime is found more certainly in tranquility than in turbul-
ence. Jupiter was always described with an open brow, and
and the grandeur of the ocean is felt in a calm perhaps more
than in a storm, because the mind is fixed in the latter upon
the minor parts of foam and rising waves and sound, and is
also troubled with fear, which contracts the power of thought
by fixing it too much upon the subject: in short, we must be
tranquil to look at anything as a whole, and hence the moon
is a more sublime spectacle than the sun. The latter is
never so much admired as when seen “in Valdarno’s vale
shorn of his beams,” and what is it that makes a cloudless
sky’s grandeur in nature but the tranquility of it, and as that
cannot be transferred to canvas, it does not belong to painters
unless they should be as tame as Claude, and after all his
skies are not the best part of his pictures. All this you will
probably call fustian, so to change the topic I send you my
first book and preface, which I hope you will read carefully
and then give to Mr. Murray, the bookseller, keeping back
the preface from him. He wants a specimen to give to some
of his hacks to decide upon an offer. I shall be in town with
the remittance of the volume in a short time, but I wish to
have a witness to the fact of Murray’s having received my
first book in case he should mislay or lose it, and as I wish
to have your opinion on it and to save time, I send it to you
by Lord Lansdowne, who undertakes to send it to town for
me. I shall, unless you are very busy, put you in mind of your
promise to aid me in correcting the proof when I get to town,
and in the meantime remain

Yours most sincerely and faithfully,

W. Napier.

This letter contains some art criticism which has
survived the ninety-one years or so since it was written.
It has a further interest, for the book to which he
refers was the first volume of Napier’s “History of the
Peninsular War.” It was published in 1828, and

succeeding volumes appeared up to 1840, when the
work was completed.

Finally we may print one of Southey’s letters to
Jones’s lifelong friend Chantrey:

Keswick,
January 14, 1829.

My dear Sir,

When Bedford wrote to inform me I had been made a
member of Parliament, he exhorted me to remember that
I was still but a man. I will bear his advice in mind now that the
has given this proof of his high consideration
for me, and remember that I am still but an author.
A compliment there is in the affair, and it belongs to you.
The Southey would otherwise prefer a wooden bust as more
appropriate because he has found the original a blockhead
in all matters of business. It is, however, a hopeful sign
that he wishes to have it in marble, and there can be no
possible objection on my part to his having it, or anybody
else. Do I not sell the brains? And would it become me
when I make that use of the kernel to be chary of the shell?
Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me

Yours very truly

Robert Southey.

Lord Mac has sent me this journal, and he will be greatly
to blame if he does not publish it, just as it is. It
will do him great credit, and must, I think, be serviceable to him by
making him known as he deserves to be. Twenty pages
have satisfied me of this, and I am now about to lie down on
the sofa and go on with its perusal till it be time to dress
dinner.

J. H. Whitehouse.

After the sun is gone,

And the air grows chill

And quiet, pure and wan

From hill to hill,

And the wide space of the lane

From side to side

Is full of the pale green water of eventide,

And a blurring, mist of blue

Gathers and floods

Under the dim close-woven thatch of the woods,

So dim, so closely-twigs,

So screened from view

That the sunset’s burnished flame

Can scarce show through:

Then in some grey barn

From cobwebbed beam

A bat will drop, to flit

In the fading gleam—

A flickering silhouette

Like a headless bird,

Flapping softly, diving

On wings unstirred,

Or like a torn black rag

Poised Butterlying,

Or whirled in frantic loops

Too quick to see.

But when from dusk-blue woods,

From misty park,

Out of dim-watered ditches,

Wells the dark,

Then all seen things dissolve

To ghosts—like naught...

Emptiness haunted by a thing distraught—

A blind, distracted flight,

Bewildered, lost,

And the thin, pale cry in the night

Of a bloodless ghost.

Martin Armstrong.
REVIEWS

DANTE AS A "SPIRITUAL LEADER"

DANTE. By Henry Dwight Sidgwick. (New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press; London, Milford. 6s. 6d. net.)

The primary virtues of Introductions to Great Authors are comprehensiveness and brevity. They should be little books that say something about the authors' lives and something about all of their work. It is not their function to express any very profound or searching literary criticism. Mr. Sidgwick has succeeded so well that there is not very much to say about his handbook: it is brief, complete, and bibliographical. He makes, however, one or two suggestions which, on so important a subject, are worth a challenge.

Inasmuch as Dante is a "spiritual leader," Mr. Sidgwick attaches great importance to the allegory of the "Comedy.

To Dante this literal Hell was a secondary matter; so it is to us. He and we are concerned with the allegory. That allegory is simple. Hell is the absence of God. If the reader begins with the consciousness that he is reading about sin, spiritually understood, he never loses the thread; he is never at a loss, never slips back into the literal signification.

Without stopping to question Mr. Sidgwick on the difference between literal and spiritual sin, we may affirm that his remarks are misleading. Undoubtedly, the allegory is to be taken seriously, and certainly the "Comedy" is in some way a "moral education." The question is to find a formula for the correspondence between the former and the latter, to decide whether the moral value corresponds directly to the allegory. We can easily ascertain what importance Dante assigned to allegorical method. In the "Convivio" we are seriously informed that the principal design of the odes is to lead men to knowledge and virtue, as will be seen in the progress of the truth of them; and we are also given the familiar four interpretations of an ode: literal, allegorical, moral and analogical. And so distinguished a scholar as M. Hauvette repeats again and again the phrase "didactique d'intention." We accept the allegory. Accepted, there are two usual ways of dealing with it. One may, with Mr. Sidgwick, dwell upon its significance for the seeker of "spiritual light," or one may, with Landor, deplot the spiritual mechanics and find the poet only in passages where he frees himself from his divine purposes. With neither of these points of view can we concur. Mr. Sidgwick magnifies the "preacher and prophet," and presents Dante as a superior Isaiah or Carlyle; Landor reserves the poet, comprehends the scheme, and denounces the politics. Some of Landor's errors are more palpable than Mr. Sidgwick's. He errs, in the first place, in judging Dante by the standards of classical epic. Whatever the "Comedy" is, an epic it is not. M. Hauvette well says:

"Rechercher dans quelle mesure le poème se rapproche du genre classique de l'époque, et dans quelle mesure il en écoute, est un exercice de rhétorique entièrement inutile, puisque Dante, à n'en pas douter, n'a jamais eu l'intention de composer une action épique dans les règles.

But we must define the framework of Dante's poem from the result as well as from the intention. The poem has not only a framework, but a form; and even if the framework be allegorical, the form may be something else. The examination of any episode in the "Comedy" ought to show that not merely the allegorical interpretation or the didactic intention, but the emotional significance itself, cannot be isolated from the rest of the poem. Landor appears, for instance, to have misunderstood such a passage as the Paolo and Francesca, by failing to perceive its relations:

In the midst of her punishment, Francesca, when she comes to the tenderest part of her story, tells it with complacency and delight. This is surely a false simplification. To have lost all recollected delight would have been, for Francesca, either loss of humanity or relief from damnation. The ecstasy, with the present thrill at the remembrance of it, is a part of the torture. Francesca is neither stupefied nor reformed; she is merely damned; and it is a part of damnation to experience desires that we can no longer gratify. For in Dante's Hell souls are not deadened, as they mostly are in life; they are actually in the greatest torment of which each is capable.

Ancor il modo m'offende.

It is curious that Mr. Sidgwick, whose approbation is at the opposite pole from Landor's, should have fallen into a similar error. He says:

"If in meeting [Ulysses], as in meeting Pier della Vigna and Brunetto Latini, the preacher and the prophet are lost in the poet.

Here, again, is a false simplification. These passages have no digressive beauty. The case of Brunetto is parallel to that of Francesca. The emotion of the passage resides in Brunetto's excellence in damnation—so admirable a soul, and so perverse.

And I think that if Mr. Sidgwick had pondered the strange words of Ulysses,

com' altrui piacque,

he would not have said that the preacher and prophet are lost in the poet. "Preacher" and "prophet" are odious terms; but what Mr. Sidgwick designates by them is something which is certainly not "lost in the poet," but is part of the poet.

A variety of passages might illustrate the assertion that no emotion is contemplated by Dante purely in and for itself. The emotion of the person, or the emotion with which our attitude appropriately invests the person, is never lost or diminished, is always preserved entire, but is modified by the position assigned to the person in the eternal scheme, is coloured by the atmosphere of that person's residence in one of the three worlds. About none of Dante's characters is there that ambiguity which affects Milton's Lucifer. The damned preserve any degree of beauty or grandeur that ever rightly pertained to them, and this intensifies and also justifies their damnation.

As Jason

Guarda quel grande che viene!

E per dolor non par lagrima spanda,

Quanto aspetto reale ancor rifiute!

The crime of Bertrand becomes more lurid; the vindictive Adamo acquires greater ferocity, and the errors of Arnaut are corrected—

Poi s'asceso nel foco che gli affina.

If the artistic emotion presented by any episode of the "Comedy" is dependent upon the whole, we may proceed to inquire what the whole scheme is. The usefulness of allegory and astronomy is obvious. A mechanical framework, in a poem of so vast an ambit, was a necessity. As the centre of gravity of emotions is more remote from a single human action, or a system of purely human actions, than in drama or epic, so the framework has to be more artificial and apparently more mechanical. It is not essential that the allegory or the almost unintelligible astronomy should be understood—only that its presence should be justified. The emotional structure within this scaffold is what must be understood—the structure made possible by the scaffold. This structure is an ordered scale of human emotions. Not, necessarily, all human emotions; and in any case all the emotions are limited, and also extended in significance by that place in the scheme.
But Dante's is the most comprehensive and the most ordered presentation of emotions that has ever been made. Dante's method of dealing with any emotion may be contrasted, not so appositely with that of other "epic" poets, as with that of Shakespeare. Shakespeare takes a character apparently controlled by a simple emotion, and analyses the character and the emotion itself. The emotion is split up into constituents — and perhaps destroyed in the process. The mind of Shakespeare was one of the most critical that have ever existed. Dante, on the other hand, does not analyse the emotion, so much as he exhibits its relation to other emotions. You cannot, that is, understand the "Inferno" without the "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso." "Dante," says Landor's Petrarch, "is the great master of the disgusting." That is true, though Sophocles at least once approaches him. But a disgust like Dante's is no hypertext of a single reaction: it is completed and explained only by the last canto of the "Paradiso":

La forma universal di questo nodo
credò ch'io vidi, perché più di largo
dicendo questo, sentii ch'io godo.

The contemplation of the horrid or sordid or disgusting, by an artist, is the necessary and negative aspect of the impulse toward the pursuit of beauty. But not all succeed as did Dante in expressing the complete scale from negative to positive. The negative is the more important.

The talent of Dante was not for discovery, but for organization. His knowledge was encyclopedic, but unacquainted with the curiosity, the empiricism, of such a mind as Leonardo's. It was not a scientific mind. He was more attracted by the emotional aspect of extraneous knowledge than he was impelled to explore the unknown. His politics were emotional. Several passages of the "Purgatorio" are the emotional extract of the "Nicocamæan Ethics" filtered through the Schools:

Lo natural e sempre senza errore,
Ma l'altro può errar per malo obbettio,
O per poco o per troppo di vigore.

Therefore Dante is also the severest, the most erudite of technicians, the best subject for attentive study by sibylline poets. The "Convivio," the "De Vulgari Elloquentia," are of great importance for poets, and still more is the study of the success, the perfection of the writing, which carries off triumphantly the last inspired of passages. And the technical probity of Dante as a writer is another reason why, as the wrapper of Mr. Sidgwick's book declares, we may "turn to Dante for guidance and support."

T. S. E.

The Life and Letters of St. Paul, by the Rev. Professor David Smith (Hodder & Stoughton, 21s. net), is both a biography of the Apostle and a commentary on the most significant passages in his epistles. It is an elaborate and detailed work, but not so technical in its treatment as to be difficult reading for those who are not trained students of the subject. In fact, the warmth of its style is likely to make it more acceptable as an aid to devotion than as a contribution to historical research. It is not possible to treat a topic like the life and teaching of St. Paul in such a way as to read back the ideas of sixteenth-century Protestantism satisfy all schools of opinion, but Professor Smith tends rather into the mind of a writer whose general outlook was so remote from the Reaction controversy that it is impossible to bring him quite so naively into court on the one side or the other.

The Worker in War-time

British Labour Conditions and Legislation during the War,


During the war British industry was inundated with emergency legislation and emergency regulations.

The flood is now in process of subsiding, and students are beginning to investigate the body of law which it has left behind. How much has been the improvisation of those desperate years added to our store of useful knowledge and experience that has value for the future? What permanent marks have they made upon the industrial structure of the country?

It is with questions like these in their minds that most readers will approach Professor Hammond's monograph. They will not find an answer. A direct answer, indeed, they will hardly expect to find. The title itself suggests that his study is a record, rather than an analysis, of the facts; and the first paragraph of the preface plainly states that this was the author's intention; his account, he tells us, is "a narration rather than an interpretation."

His choice was wise. On a subject of this kind a serious student seeks not so much ready-made help as he finds in evidence on which to form his own judgment. In arranging and presenting his evidence, however, Professor Hammond was under a disadvantage. He wrote before the armistice. As he says himself, the attempt to describe the happenings of a great war while the war is still in progress "means, inevitably, that the writer will mistake the significance of certain events and either magnify or minimize their importance."

Except for purposes of propaganda, for example, no writer who is well acquainted with the problems of British industry would now give to the Whitley Council movement the prominence which it receives in these pages. But it was perhaps natural to over-emphasize the importance of such schemes for reconstruction at a time when men were seeking to buoy themselves up with the hope of a new world.

There is less excuse for certain other mistakes, as they seem to us, of the same kind. Thus the trade agreements and administrative arrangements for the regulation of wages in the engineering and other industries were, in our opinion, of greater and more permanent significance than the legislative provisions on the same subject which Professor Hammond describes at some length. Yet they are barely mentioned. So too, in dealing with the measures for relieving unemployment, Professor Hammond gives a page to the extension of the National Insurance Act, but says nothing of the interesting and instructive experiment conducted by the Cotton Control Board. Again, in describing the movement of wages, Professor Hammond confines himself almost entirely to figures indicating the general increase in the wage-level, and does not refer to the changes in the relative remuneration of different classes of labour and different districts — though these changes raise questions of at least equal importance and no less difficulty. Here, as elsewhere, his handling of the statistical material is much less critical than one would have expected.

We cannot help feeling that Professor Hammond could have added a great deal to the value of his book without unduly enlarging its bulk if he had relied less complacently on the material which he found ready to his hand. His work gives no indication of far-reaching research or first-hand acquaintance with British conditions. Yet it has considerable merit. It is clear and easy in style and remarkably unbiased. Though it contains nothing that will be new to Englishmen who have followed the recent social legislation of their country at all closely, it should prove a useful introduction to the subject.

G. S.
THE SECOND EARL GREY

Lord Grey of the Reform Bill. By G. M. Trevelyan. (Long-mans. 218. net.)

The aristocratic Whigs, as Mr. G. M. Trevelyan recognizes in this truly admirable book, were an essentially British product. They stood in politics for what the English Brahmins, and in literature—peculiar people. The late Mr. George Russell used to declare, indeed, that Macaulay was about the only man who became a Whig, even of the rank and file, having been born outside the pale. That statement is, however, an exaggeration, since James Hare, the apothecary's son, Bob Adair, the son of a surgeon, "le plus grand saigneur de l'Europe," and Conversation Sharp, who was in the hat trade (his complexion, said Luttrell, was darkness that might be felt), were all accepted members of the confraternity. The fact seems to be that the Whig grandees, who, though proud, were no snobs, hailed as recruits any brilliant young man who could catch the tone of Devonshire House and Lansdowne House. There were those who missed doing so, and Palmerston, in spite of the influence of the Lady Cowper who afterwards became his wife, failed, probably through his "ha-ha" manner, to matriculate. He "acted with" the Whigs, but was never of them, and Cambridge House was a centre, not of Whiggism, but of post-Reform Liberalism.

Fato Metelli Roma funt consules. The Whigs, such as the Russells, Cavendishs and Elliots, were honest; they exercised their patronage with a much greater degree of discrimination than they are commonly credited with, and they had that administrative ability that came from being brought up in the atmosphere of government. Though they stood, in Lord Grey's famous phrase, by their order, they were never by the other classes had a right to exist, and even to prosper, provided they did so deferentially and according to that state of life to which God had been pleased to call them. But theirs was essentially a narrow outlook on life; and though they cannot have been quite so languid as Lawrence, for one, made them out to be, a graceful intellectual ineffectiveness stamped itself on most of them. The few spent laborious days, notably the Duke of Newcastle, whose eighty and odd manuscript volumes in the British Museum testify to tremendous energies, mostly misdirected, and George Grey's. The majority of the Whigs, however, regarded politics merely as one of the pursuits becoming to great gentlemen, much as they kept packs of hounds, or collected libraries, or employed the Adams to decorate their mansions, or Bridgeman or Capability Brown to plan out their gardens. They cheerfully encumbered their estates through fighting election contests against other great gentlemen of the Tory persuasion in the same spirit as they lost thousands in a night over the card-table at Brook's. Chesterfield, Pulteney and Cartelet are typical specimens of the Whig statesmen of the generation before Earl Grey, the last of them especially with his abrupt transitions from hot party wranglings to calm retirement upon port and the classics. And Grey himself, the greatest of the Whigs, inherited in no small degree their failings as well as their virtues.

The Whigs, on the whole, served their country well, since by knowing when to yield they saved it from revolution. They were steeped in faction before the call came from France, and discredit attaches to their conduct both over the Regency Bill and the prosecution of Warren Hastings. Mr. Trevelyan, as many will rejoice to note, makes an implicit apology for his great-uncle's famous essay on that sorely-tried man, an essay now looked upon as written with prejudice and based on defective evidence. But when the call sounded, though the greater number, including Burke and Windham, who were meant for better things, gravitated to conservatism, the more generous minds embraced the cause of reform. On none of the Whigs had the French Revolution a more heartening effect than on young Charles Grey, the dissipated danger at Carlton and Devonshire Houses. Dealing masterfully with obscurely allusive records, Mr. Trevelyan proves that it was Grey who brought over Fox to the side of political sacrifice, not the other way round. They ruined the party for many a long year, but Grey's motion for reform of 1797 at least gave the nation something more substantial to think about than the rights of man. And then, outmanoeuvred by Pitt, they allowed the dilettante Whig spirit to get the upper hand, and there came the deplorable secession from the House. "Secession," said Lord Lansdowne, "means rebellion or it is nonsense." It was nonsense, or rather it was laziest. Fox liked basking in the sun at St. Anne's, Grey enjoyed playing with his babies at Howick. Poor devils like Sheridan and Tierney might hang about St. Stephen's if they chose; Fox and Grey were not to be bothered.

Fortune was unkind both to the Whigs and Grey when his father's death removed him to the deadening surroundings of the Upper House, leaving perplexed mediocrities like George Ponsonby and Tierney to deal, as best they could, with the impishness of Brougham and the exuberance of Sam Whitbread. Fortune, too, yoked Grey with an uncongenial partner in Lord Grenville, the "Bogy," who, though he surveyed foreign affairs with a more steadfast eye, was rigidly obscurantist as to domestic concerns. Grey, however, was not in any case the man to turn a minority into a majority. His doctrine that an opposition should promise less than it hopes to perform when in power, though high-minded enough, was hardly practical politics, even in the days of rotten boroughs. And, though Parliamentary reform was a sincere creed with him, like the Athenian he seldom recited it; even in 1816 he did not consider it a sine qua non of accepting office, and it was only in 1820 that he began to incline to the opposite view. Secluded for the most part at Howick, partly through his own ill-health and that of his wife, but partly, too, through inclination, he held over his followers a chronic threat to resign, or dispensed advice through the gout-stricken man at Holland House. That was not Palmerston's, nor Disraeli's, nor Gladstone's notion of leadership, and they were pro tanto more effective. One cannot help feeling, too, that Grey harboured an icy dislike for bourgeois individuals like Sheridan, Huskisson, and Canning that was above measure. Against the last he entertained a "rooted distrust" which was also ungenerous. He had no call to join Canning's Government, as Lansdowne and other Whigs did, but he should not have attacked it with such bitterness that the dying man actually contemplated taking a peerage to meet his assailant face to face.

And yet, when the example of France once more, combined with the blunders of the Duke of Wellington, brought office within his grasp, Grey rose nobly to the occasion. It was just one of those crises when character and integrity tell, and though there have been better endowed statesmen than Grey and Althorp, there have been none more upright. Mr. Trevelyan becomes almost lyrical over the Reform Bill, but not without adequate cause. Grey's long experience and knowledge of men are exemplified in the building up of his administration. Palmerston's appointment to the Foreign Office dismayed many, but when there he was kept in order. Grey's handling of Brougham, his wayward Chancellor, too, was perfect, and he endured much from his son-in-law Durham distraught by sickness and domestic loss. Mr. Trevelyan is best left to explain how he angled the unwilling King into a consent to the creation of peers and how he left,

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the Lords a way of escape, without surrendering principle, by producing a new Bill, differing from the old one in detail, but not, as they hoped, "less efficient." Attention must be drawn, however, to the skill with which Grey's biographer has used the Home Office papers to bring out, as no writer on this well-worn period has before him, the imminence of revolution over the country, and the tale of Attwood and Field. Greece's genuine stand among the rare demagogues capable not only of raising panic but of controlling the storm. The Bill once passed, Grey's work was done; his "resigning favors" increased, and finally, instead of ejecting the muddle-headed Littleton, he himself quietly evacuated office. He was seventy years old. His last years were not, however, so completely divorced from politics and immersed in the north as Mr. Trevelyan would seem to imply, since "The Melbourne Papers" show that he was consulted by his successor during the crisis of 1834, and that the "Bedchamber Plot" caught him, not at his beloved Howick, but in Berkeley Square.

LL. S.

HEGEL'S AESTHETIC

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FINE ART. By G. W. F. Hegel. Translated by F. P. B. Osmaston. 4 vols. (Bell. 23s. net.)

Most of Hegel's important works have been translated into English, and it has long been a reason for regret that the one which, after his "Philosophy of History," comes nearest to being in any sense a popular work, has been hitherto inaccessible to those who have no German. The reason is not obscure. The book is very long; like all Hegel's work, it is very difficult, and, as it was never prepared for the press, the text is not always satisfactory. Yet the topic, unlike most of those dealt with by Hegel, is one which with him much larger than is attracted by technical philosophy—metaphysics, logic or even ethics. At the present moment, aesthetics—perhaps because one of the greatest living philosophers, one of the most lucid of all writers upon philosophy, has devoted to it his most original work—has become, for good or evil, almost a fashionable topic and is canvassed at length in the daily press. It is impossible to appreciate the full force of Croce's "Estetica" without a knowledge of what had been already done by Kant and Hegel, to whom alone, or almost alone, he pays the tribute of serious and respectful criticism. Kant's far less attractive and less comprehensible "Critique of Judgment" has long been accessible in English. Hegel's "Estetica" is permanently valuable as an attempt, carried out with all his genius and all his historical resources—an attempt, therefore, not likely to be surpassed—to justify, or rather to glorify, art from what may be called (briefly, and therefore exaggeratedly) the inartistic point of view. It is the apotheosis of the simple notions that art is a teacher or an edifier. But these views are so sublimated and refined by philosophical criticism of their cruder forms that they seem constantly on the very point of shedding the old husk entirely, and revealing a very different kernel—the doctrine of art as expression, as teaching us not what is useful or right or true, but only the true quality of what men have desired and felt. Hegel's genuine sensibility to certain forms of art, especially those of Greece, seems always struggling against the constriction of his system. His efforts after freedom are aided by his critical acumen in detecting the fallacies of facile moralization or intellectualism. What in the end prevents him from breaking quite free, or at least from discarding ambiguities which justify us in thinking that he is still half imprisoned, is his unshaky blindness to one kind or element of beauty—that in which pure lyrical music, the pure responsiveness of nature to the thrill of the human heart, predominates.

But whether we can completely accept Hegel's "Aesthetic" as a philosophy of art or not, it is the best history of art that has ever been written. For it is the only kind of history which helps us to understand the art of past times and alien peoples. It is not busy with the irrelevant incidents of schools and origins, or with the trifling circumstances of publication, which at most explain the limits of the imperfections of the artist's output. Hegel tracks out no plagiarisms, and he gossips neither about Harriet nor the Elizabethan stage. He helps us to put ourselves into the frame of mind of those nations and periods which have created and enjoyed great works of art. If we could only sit down to read the "Agamemnon" as Sophocles or Pericles might have sat down to hear it, we might have some chance of feeling what Aeschylus meant us to feel. And that is the end of all art scholarship—a complete pedagogic to appreciation. Psychological description can, of course, never exhaust the nature of the individual. But Hegel, with no more prolixity on the one hand or abstraction on the other than is necessary, gives us an analytic summary—found on wide learning and aesthetic imagination—the Classical, the Medieval mind. We learn what thoughts, what beliefs, what passions were stirring in these times. At least we learn these things in the abstract. And that is the only possible preparation for feeling them also in the concrete work of art—for understanding the artist's language.

For all these reasons Mr. Osmaston has earned gratitude by his arduous undertaking. He has had little help from predecessors. The summaries are almost valueless. Mr. Bryant's translation of Part II., which he has not seen, for the first half merely renders Bénard's loose French paraphrase. Unfortunately, the more and the longer a work has been wanted, the more apt we are to complain of its translation. From a philosophical translation is inevitably harder to understand, for those with any knowledge of the foreign language, than the original. But Mr. Osmaston seems often unnecessarily obscure, and not always with the excuse of accuracy. A few examples will suffice. Thus on p. 9 of vol. iv., "Die geistigen Formen sind es, die sich an die Stelle des Sinnlichen setzen, und das zu gestaltende Material, wie früher Marmor, u.s.w., abgeben," is rendered: "We have here spiritual forms substituted for sensuous, and supply a configurative material, such as we met before in marble, etc." This is indeed obscurum per obscurius. On p. 17, vol. iv., "poetische Vorstellung" is translated in two consecutive lines "the conception of poetry" and "the ideal work of the imagination," of which the latter is at best ambiguous. That it is something worse is suggested by the rendering, two pages earlier, of "religiösen Vorstellung" as "the notion of religion."

The translator does not always seem aware how much may turn upon rendering a particular passage without either excessive or defective emphasis. He appears to agree with Professor Bosanquet's appreciation of Hegel's doctrine; yet, though Professor Bosanquet devoted a considerable part of a recent paper before the British Academy to controverting Croce's view that in Hegel's opinion the day of art was over, Mr. Osmaston on p. 296 of vol. ii. translates "Die Kunst selbst sich aufhebt" by "Art commits an infraction—of the Oriental, the Classical, the Medieval mind. We learn what thoughts, what beliefs, what passions were stirring in these times. At least we learn these things in the abstract. And that is the only possible preparation for feeling them also in the concrete work of art—for understanding the artist's language."

E. F. C.
"PROBARI RATIO"

ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY. By Major C. H. Douglas. (Cecil Palmer. 5s. net.)

THE orthodox church of Economics finds itself increasingly prey to suspicions, some worthy no doubt, and others doubtless unworthy; the Roscelins and Abelards are few, the chief heresiarces, in the main, unattractive; the permitted fads are presumably "warranted harmless." Mr. J. M. Keynes may deplore the poverty of our late enemies from a more humanitarian angle than those who merely regret an unlikelyhood of ultimate payment; Nationalization and Communism are no more likely to become world systems than were the various panaceas of Anabaptists and Mammillaires to become worldwide spiritual nostrums. And yet scepticism grows under the post-war pressure, sometimes half-conscious, sometimes as polished as that in which the Medici pontiff may have indulged himself between high masses and banquets.

Fabianism and Prussianism alike give grounds for what Major Douglas has ably synthesized as "a claim for the complete subjection of the individual to an objective which is externally imposed on him; which it is not necessary or even desirable that he should understand in full." Even if one cannot accept the detail of Major Douglas' thesis one is compelled to sympathize with the humanism of his approach to the problems of disguised Prussianism and of the high cost of living; if one sees no such Utopias as he vaguely adumbrates, one can but admire his very sincere protest against the wastage of human material under the present system of wage-tyranny and his instinctive revolt against any system of rationization which treats a man as a "unit."

The "button-moulder" of Ibsenian drama has long since passed from the supernatural to the mundane; uniforming Death has donned the robe of the social theorist, and, not content to wait extreme uctions, has encroached upon the purlieus of the living. Major Douglas' realism begins with a fundamental denial that man with his moods and hypostases is or can decently ever become a "unit"; in this underlying, implicit and hardly elaborated contention lies the philosophic value of his treatise. He is for a free exercise of the will, and his paragraphs arouse and reassure one to a sense of how far we have given up our individual wills in all matters of economics.

The second strand of this author's realism is his perception, very clear and hard-headed, that the ultimate control of industry is financial control. There are the makers of credit, and into their hands do we commit our trust, rather against Major Douglas' judgment; for he would have us retain, we think, some sort of string-end or chain-end. "Real credit" is, in his definition, "a measure of the reserve of energy belonging to a community, and in consequence drafts on this reserve should be accounted for by a financial system which reflects that fact." The State should lend, not borrow in this respect, as in others, the Capitalist usurps the function of the State." This latter proposition is perhaps the most "revolutionary" in the book, that is to say it is almost the only complete reversal of present custom which the author advocates; in the rest he offers modifications and makes rather startling promises.

His remedy, for those who no longer regard the present system as the best possible modus in the best of Candian worlds, is neither a sharing of goods, nor a nationalization of coal-mines, nor a complete preliminary metamorphosis of human nature, nor the capital levy recommended by Mr. Keynes, but simply the administration of credit by a decentralized local authority; the placing of the control of process entirely in the hands of the organized producer (and this in the broadest sense of the evolution of goods and services) and the fixing of prices on the broad principles of use value, by the community as a whole operating by the most flexible representation possible.

Various further mechanisms are by this entailed, but we are insured against an increase of bureaucracy. Given the feasibility of such placing and fixing, we are, by the author, assured, if not of millennial happiness, at any rate of a much chastened Mammon, whose bonds are not to incommode his utility.

The formula is certainly not framed to stir street-corner enthusiasms, it is proposed in very moderate if not very comprehensible terms; and by reason of their moderation one is left with the question, "If it will not do any good, this decentralization of the credit-administration, will it, could it, on the contrary do very much harm, and to whom?" It would be carping to point out that the author is not very definite about the composition of his "decentralized local authority"; in so brief a book something must be left, we presume, to the reader's constructive imagination.

The author tries with undeniable honesty to solve the vicious-circle riddle; he writes with sufficient precision of phrase to command a certain respect for the mental capacity. Surrounded by weaknesses, and convinced of the better nature of abstract competitive bodies, one cannot abruptly reject the calculations of any man who has succeeded in convincing himself of the existence of a remedy; moreover the book, sound or unsound, is a mental stimulant. Present conditions cannot be laid wholly to the war; one remembers the spring of 1914. The Trade Unions are naive seekers of plunder offering no solution, but presenting rather an extended demonstration of Adam Smith's basis of "Economics" to the effect that "Men of the same trade never meet together without a conspiracy against the public"; but in the other camp even The Times lifts up a protest against Messrs. Coats, and the dudgeon of increasing a company's capital is too transparent for any but the most obtuse among laymen.

Economic treatises, in the main, neglect human values; they content themselves with tables of statistics, which from the general-readers' point of view might often be interchanged or turned upside down without much affecting the argument. Major Douglas is at least philosophically wholesome, and if his forebodings are exaggerated they at any rate show what kind of perils he would teach his audience to avoid:

The danger which at the moment threatens individual liberty far more than any extension of individual enterprise is the Servile State: the erection of an irresistible and impersonal organization through which the ambition of able men, animated consciously or unconsciously by the lust of domination, may operate to the enslavement of their fellows.

The State exists for mankind, ideas exist for mankind, and lastly—and here is the rub of his treatise—credit exists for mankind; or, in Major Douglas' words, "The administration of real capital, i.e., the power to draw on the collective potential capacity to do work, is clearly subject to the control of its real owners through the agency of credit."

It is extremely difficult to find a flaw in this doctrine on the basis of ethics or equity, as for the practical workings of any system which attempts to put this poetic justice into action we must await the event. Major Douglas does not, apparently, contemplate Soviets or red shirts or polygamy or free beer or free divorce or guillotines, or any of the more decorative paraphernalia of ancient and modern revolution; we are to be saved by a few hundred charactarized, but honest accountants working in a plate-glass room under communal supervision, which, if we are, alas! destined for salvation despite our natural inclinations, may be as good a method as any.

J. J.
THE ATHENÆUM

THE CLINTONS, AND OTHER Happenings. By Archibald Marshall. (Collins. 7s. net.)

THE SURRENDER, and other Happenings. By Mary Gaunt. (Werner Laurie. 7s. net.)

A BIT AT A TIME. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. (Mills & Boon. 7s. net.)

In our infant days we never thought to charge the teller of the story with being in league with the Dustman. They were two separate visitors, and the former was our friend, and the latter, who never failed in coming, was our enemy, but a gentle enemy. True, the teller of the tale always saw him coming long before we did, and informed us that it was no use “going on” ages—it seemed—before the soft poppy-dust descended. Still, we imagined that he hated to be overtaken as much as we did, and was trying his utmost, as we were, to ward off the fatal blow.

But with “The Clintons” Mr. Archibald Marshall is Dustman to his own stories. They flow along so gently and so smoothly that the reader’s mind is put to sleep, and asleep it stays while one episode merges into another. There is not a single jar or jolt in the whole book; there is not even an angle or a sharp outline. All is gently blurred as though we floated at twilight on a placid river through venerable English meadows, with many an ancient home of England half-glimpsed through the trees.

For Mr. Marshall takes an especial delight in lingering over the mildly exquisite problems of family pride and family tradition, in tracing the fine inevitable line that divides your aristocrat from your common man, and in noting with almost a sympathetic shiver of apprehension what must happen when that line is invaded. “Kencote,” “In that State of Life,” “The Squire and the War,” all belong to this kind; and every “Audacious Ann” depends for its full success upon the fact that the little lady is high-born. The other two stories—one about a builder and the other about a disappointed bookkeeper—are so subdued in tone, we gain the impression that the author is determined to keep them in their place. He is lenient with them because they are poor plain folk; the builder is not to blame because he puts up “abominations of desolation” where the old houses used to stand—he knows no better; and the meek bookkeeper, sorrowing over one blot on the fair page of the great ledger, is a pitiful example of the “small man” “Thus the stream glideth.”

Far different is the climate of “The Surrender, and other Happenings.” In these exciting stories it is not only we who are kept awake; the characters sleep at their peril. If they are not fighting snow, there is a pack of timber-wolves, or an African swamp, or a mob of furious Chimamen or a horde of savages to be overcome. Mrs. Gaunt’s method is—more or less—to think of an extraordinary background, double it, add one man, multiply by one terrible danger, keep on multiplying, subtract all possible means of escape, draw a line, add one absolutely unexpected means of escape and one sweet gentle girl. The result: “Extremely readable, for the author is far more interested in the surroundings of her stories than in the characters themselves—and so are we.

... Forty-five degrees below, perhaps it was more than forty-five degrees below, and he sat apart because he had read somewhere that sushi would crack as it hit the ground at fifty degrees below. But there was a sharp little sound almost under his nose, and he stood still for a second. It had cracked in the air! What did that mean? Nanook looked up at him gravely...

If such trimmings as these be provided the plainest of plain stories will content us. But does it really matter so little whether one loses one’s toes or whether one doesn’t? Mrs. Gaunt’s heroes seem to shed them as light-heartedly as the Pobbles.

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop has chosen a happy title for the finest, best assorted tales contained in “A Bit at a Time.” One cannot see the play for the chocolate box, but he must be a sweet-toothed reader who does not quarrel with the quality of the sweets, or who does not find the row of war-time specialities positively nauseating. Here is a small “humorous” sample from the diary of an American airman:

“If I’d found a Hun then I’d have boilled him alive in bread sauce and trussed him with red-hot skewers, tied him down to a white ants’ nest and put a jug of water out of his reach.

Another shake of the box produces the war-time bride:

If you had put a pink rosebud to bed in silk handkerchiefs and put golden foam for hair, and a crumpled leaf for a hand, you could get nothing fairer.

It is the confectioner’s mystery that, though the one should be so hard and the other so soft, the flavour of both these samples is identical.

K. M.

THE ART OF VENERY

SPORT IN ART, FROM THE FIFTEENTH TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By William A. Baillie-Grohman. (Simpkin & Marshall. 15s. net.)

TRULY, I grow no good hunter would take his game falsely,” says Gaston de Foix. A modern friend very dear to us, whom we confess to consulting more than hares in any corner intimate of the world of books, has something of the same spirit.

“Okay” [says Mr. John Jorrock] “how that beautiful word, Fox, gladdens my ‘eart, and warms the declin’ embers of my age. (Cheers.) The ‘oss and the ‘ound were made for each other, and natur thaw in the Fox as a connectin’ link between the two. (Loud cheers.) He’s perfect symmetry, and my affection for him is a perfect paradox. In the summer I loves him with all the hardness of affection; not an ‘air of his beautiful ‘ead would I ‘urt; the sight of him is more glorious nor the Lord Mayor’s show; but when the heart becomes—the when the Grown’cops crackin’ stubble proclaim the farmer’s fears are past, then, dash my vig, ‘ow I glories in pursuing of him to destruction, and holdin’ him above the bayin’ pack! (Loud cheers.)

As far as hunting and big-game shooting are concerned, it has taken us some hundred years to get back to the ideals of Gaston de Foix. Between Gaston and Jorrock come the sickening barbarities of the eighteenth century—holocausts of beasts driven into enclosures, butcheted from cars, shot from the seats surrounding sofas.

The worst of these horrors, described in the book now before us as “slaughter of the grossest kind, achieved with the least possible trouble, fatigue or danger to the sportsman,” were the invention and peculiar pleasure of the German princes. But we need not congratulate ourselves. Good Queen Bess liked her little bit of butchery as well as most folk of her time. And to-day the giant battles of tame, hand-fed pheasants appeal very little to some of us, even if we can love and admire men who love them. To say that they call forth extraordinary skill, far greater skill than the killing of pheasants in rough shooting over dogs, is no matter to the reader. There is surely something repugnant in the idea of bringing up, feeding, taming any wild creatures with the deliberate idea of killing them by the thousand. No, we turn with relief to “the higone of war without its guilt.”

But how far is even hunting, the most idyllic of all field-sports, behind the art that was practised by Gaston de Foix! The best huntsman of to-day is a child in his knowledge of his quarry, the most erudite a beginner in his science, the keenest a very easy-loving voluptuary, compared with him. A day’s hunting meant in those times perhaps thirty-six hours in the saddle. The cub-hunter of to-day who grumbles at getting up in the dark can perhaps scarcely realize that Gaston rose at midnight for his hunts; and the death might be less pleasant to him.
THE STORY-WRITING GENIUS

JE NE PARLE PAS FRANÇAIS. By Katherine Mansfield. (Published for the Heron Press by R. Golden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE critic who is given to "analysis" is the last person in the world who is likely to take his occupation with undue seriousness. He speedily becomes aware of the fact that there are two kinds of literature: there is the kind of which, with considerable plausibility, he can account for on his own theories; and there is another kind whose essence seems to be quite unanalyseable. It is, of course, this latter kind for which the critic has most respect: he refers it to "genius," a word indicating the complete breakdown of his critical apparatus. The essence of a good Tchekov story has this kind of clusiveness, and so has this story by Miss Katherine Mansfield. It is true that Miss Mansfield's story lends itself to description more than does a typical Tchekov story, it has more of a definite "subject," but any such description would not touch on that quality which makes us use the word "genius." In fact, it is at the very opening of the story, before the wheels begin to turn at all, that we are most conscious of this quality. The dirty little Parisian café becomes on four pages, a character in itself. It is a different universe, a different reality, a different set of values, to which we are introduced. The illusion of reality is so complete that it is, in truth, a new experience that we are being called upon to live through. We see everything through the eyes of the young French "literary" man and procureur Raoul Duquette who tells the story, and the fact that we can do so shows that he is completely realized, that the universe through which he guides us is, in its way, a complete universe. The story may be regarded as an exposition of this man's world. The exposition is made clearer by the introduction of two English lovers and the Frenchman's reaction towards their tragedy. This second "theme," however, is made almost too interesting; one's attention runs some risk of being diverted from the proper centre of the story. One nearly succumbs to the weakness of wondering what happened afterwards. . . . We think this is due to a slight weakening of Miss Mansfield's concentration; the effect is as if the proper working-table became a vivid, suffering, appealing human being, with, conceivably, a life quite outside the hospital walls.

We are recalled to the "case" point of view, however, with a clean brutality. The episode assumes the perspective which belongs to it in this new world. It takes its place—a not unimportant place—amongst the other things that have occurred in this Frenchman's life. That is why another incident exists, that is why every incident in the story exists, to take its place in the world of Raoul Duquette. This way of presenting a character—by presenting the world in which the character fits, instead of by contrast with the reader's own world—will remind the reader of Dostoevsky's "Letters from the Underworld." Indeed, the pedigree of Miss Mansfield's story is pretty clear. Both Dostoevsky and Tchekov can be found amongst her ancestors, although she takes after the former more than the latter. But in her liking for a definite point, for "solid" material, she remains English or, perhaps, French. Is she bold enough to investigate her relations to these and other writers? More fully it would, indeed, be a grateful side-path for the critic to wander down. But this would be for the critic to shirk his real task. As we have admitted, this is what we propose to do. We do it by saying that "Je ne parle pas Français" is a story which possesses genius.

J. W. N. S.
ITALY AND HER FRIENDS

WITH THE M.A.D. 17TH TO ITALY. By Major E. H. Hody. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

DIARIES OF AN ALLIANCE OFFICER IN ITALY, 1918. By Cyril H. Goldsmid. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.)

ITALY REVISITED. By Joseph Collins. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE Caporetto disaster had one good result: it brought Italy into closer touch with her allies, and did something to establish a better understanding of each other's characters among the chief Entente nations, as well as of the difficulties of the task that fell to the lot of each in the common cause. Most of the troops who were hurried South went by rail, but it was Major Hody's duty to pick a batch of fifty-six British lorries across France, and his admirably written account of the journey of the Mad 17th to Italy is by far the best of these three books. "The A.S.C. do some work at times," he assures us, though he readily admits that most of the men appreciate their comparative security, and no one who reads this book is likely to dispute his statement. So profound is Major Hody's interest in his work that it is impossible not to catch his enthusiasm as one reads, and one is soon absorbed in the sporting side of his attempt to keep within the time-limit. Ten days from the Salient to Ventimiglia may seem a small achievement to the leisurely motorist, but he started at a few hours' notice, with no maps or spare parts or tyres, with great three-ton lorries that had already done much service. By cleverly capturing the tyre-press in Paris, he effectually distanced his only rivals for first place, thus sipping the cream of the welcome all along the route. But the first-aid car which brought up the rear was often unable to get through all its repairs and rejoin with the worst casualties in tow before morning. However, the drive along the wonderful Riviera road a week after leaving the mud of Ypres was more than a sufficient reward for all misfortunes. Though there was no rest in Italy, Major Hody at last managed to find time and room to reflect, and his chapter on C.O.'s shows that he can do so to some purpose; also, it is pretty obvious that he was one of those who understood how to get on with their men.

Major Hody saw little of the Italians. He had his work cut out for him in supplying his division with rations. But Mr. Goldsmid was a liaison officer, first with the army on the Piave and then on the Grappa. Though he knew no Italian at first, he obviously approached our allies in the right spirit of camaraderie, being ready to see the best in them at once. Naturally, he found it amusing "trying to arrange matters between these young Italian officers and the shy, reticent fellows in the G. 2's office." His unpretentious little book is a straightforward account of the campaign as he saw it. He pays a high tribute to the wonderful work done by the rank and file during the first month after the retreat to the Piave.

The Italian staffs needed the steady influence of the Allies to keep them from the tendency to make their dispositions with their heads over their shoulders. . . . But the proof of their [the men's] resolution was that within four days of their crossing they had a system of trenches and three strong strands of wire put up. They used material faster than it could be provided for them. This was the difficulty: the lack of means, not the lack of will to work: the absence of proper control, not the want of determination to fight.

He found the Italian soldier very intelligent and quick, and he even praises the kindness and care they showed their mules—no small tribute from a British cavalry officer. As Mr. Goldsmid seems to doubt whether the importance of our work in Italy has been appreciated, we may quote the opinion of the American, Mr. Collins, who cannot be accused of a tendency to neglect the motives in other people's eyes:

Whatever one may think about the self-sufficiency and bumptiousness of the Anglican, he cannot help but be impressed with the businesslike way in which he goes at any task that he may have in hand. Wherever you see them at work, they are at work in real earnest. . . . Their horses are better groomed, their paraphernalia more shipshape, their general conduct more snappier and businesslike than that of their allies. They have given a good account of themselves in Italy.

Mr. Goldsmid was with the Italians to the end, his last duty being to pilot an Austrian General across the frontier to Innsbruck. He is not always too careful in writing Italian; he even gives the name of his friend the Duca Camasta as Lanza di Trebia instead of Trabia.

Mr. Collins approaches his task in a very different spirit. He was a high official engaged in the management of one of those societies that did such excellent work in relieving distress in all parts of Italy. He had known the country for years as a tourist, and obviously he has a genuine appreciation of the art, architecture and literature of the great period. He is continually assuring us that he loves the Italians, especially the children and the peasants, but we cannot help suspecting that he has given his heart to Italy and her pulchritude rather than to the Italians. Indeed (and perhaps this is only a proof of the greatness of his love), we feel all the time that he will not be satisfied till he has converted them into good Americans. He warns Italy that after the war it is her duty to make a new alliance with Hygieia and Vulcan, and then this wonderful land will for the first time in centuries get a square deal. Undoubtedly there is plenty of work for Hygieia, especially in the South, but we have our doubts as to the unmixed blessings that are to flow from Vulcan. Mr. Collins' god of Progress has a way of playing havoc with civilization in so many directions, and we are not sure that the Lombard, or even the Chicago, factory hand is so much more to be envied than the fairly-well-to-do Italian peasant, who is as a rule only too glad to leave Mr. Collins' land of promise and return to his poor, misguided country and his own people, in spite of their sad lack of education.

Mr. Collins has a good deal to tell us about the Italians—the result of a year's acquaintance. The peasant is, he admits, more attractive than in any other country. He is courteous, peace-loving, hard-working, and he will put up with conditions that would be intolerable anywhere else. But in the middle classes he is distressed to find a certain satisfaction with themselves and with their accomplishments, which Mr. Collins, inestimable charge, we do not remember to have seen brought against the Italians before. Surely the Italian may be allowed to behave as master in his own house, and even resent the suggestion that he should rush to carry out the long list of reforms Mr. Collins would thrust upon him so incontinently. More astounding still, the peasant is contented with his lot, "and seems to get pleasure from the simple social intercourse consisting of conversation that the Anglo-Saxon does not sense," the young people being quite happy with "courtship and its ancillie to amuse them. Mr. Collins strikes us as a little naive in his account of the aristocracy, "whose pleasures are largely in parade and personal contact." He is distressed at their reputed immoralities, but in all ages the idle "have been more or less devotees of this strange deviation from the physiological norm." Again, all Italians will discuss without reserve "physiological functions of all sorts and pathological states to which the human being is subject," a habit which their American friend would have them give up at once. He admits they are progressing, but clearly, much as he loves them, they have a lot of leeway to make up before they can approach his ideal. There is, of course, a foundation of truth in what he says, but is America, or, indeed, any other country, so entirely free from some of the worst blemishes he finds in the Italians?

L. C.-M.
MARGINALIA

SINCE to immortalize heroic actions has always been one of the prime duties and privileges of literature, my conscience tells me that I ought to devote my this week’s space to commemorating the Boat Race and the University Spirits. In imagination I see an article larded on unfamiliar quotations in which I enumerate every reference to boat-racing and sport in the pages of Homer, Virgil, the Bible, Dante, Tasso, Spenser, Milton, Blackmore, Somerville, Akenside and Wordsworth, the whole concluding with a panegyric on Mr. Alec Waugh for his description of a football match, which was so realistic and, consequently, so boring that I have never been able to read to the end of it. That was the article I ought to have written; that was the article I tried to write. But it couldn’t be done; there is no rubbing nature against the hair. Sport leaves me sadly cold; my feelings towards it are much the same as those of that Chinese nobleman who, when he was invited to go to the Derby, declined on the ground that the fact had been known for some time in China that if a number of horses started simultaneously, one of them was certain to arrive before the others.

Sport, then, being impossible, another subject had to be found. Mr. Dent’s recent article on “The Problem of Don Juan” suggested a delightful one. I am grateful to him for having given me an excuse for writing about that most amiable and engaging of characters, Lorenzo da Ponte, poet, theatrical manager, bookseller, professor, whisky distiller and author of the libretti of Don Juan and The Marriage of Figaro.

Published in 1829, when he was eighty years of age, Da Ponte’s memoirs rank, for entertainment and interest, with those great autobiographical documents of the Italian eighteenth century, the memoirs of Goldoni, of Carlo Gozzi, of Casanova and of Alfieri. In the circumstances of his life Da Ponte most closely resembles Casanova. He was an adventurer, a wanderer in many lands. He had picked up a living in Italy, in Austria, in Holland, in England, in America. Like Casanova, he lived for the most part from day to day, from hand to mouth. But in character the two men were profoundly different. Casanova was an unscrupulous blackguard, whose blackguardism was tempered only by a weakness for the fair sex. Da Ponte was the kindest, gentlest, most uncalculating creature alive. Casanova was always the shark, the coney-catcher, the swindler, the thimble-rigger. Da Ponte was the eternal dupe. The two men had known one another in Vienna. We learn without surprise that Da Ponte had lent Casanova several hundred sequins, which were never repaid. Once, in Holland, reduced to sheer starvation, Da Ponte wrote to Casanova to ask for the repayment of a small sum on account. Casanova’s reply was brief and characteristic: “When Cicero wrote to his friends, he abstained from talking business.”

Like Casanova, Da Ponte had had his share of improbable adventures. Masked ladies beckon to him from gondolas, and, paying on closer acquaintance, to be run away Neapolitan princesses. Mysterious old gentlemen accost him at the Ridotto, offer him their daughters in marriage with a treasure of fifty thousand ducats amassed by begging. These things happened in Venice in his youth, in the free city where it was carnival half the year round. Haunted by these joyous memories, he came back to it when he was old. Venice enlaved and Germanized was as lifeless as a tomb. The great days had passed for ever. Out of Venice, that city where life seems always to have been a melodrama or a farce, his adventures were, naturally, of a more commonplace order. He made money and was swindled out of it again. Everywhere—Italy, in England, in America—it is the same story with varying details. If you are an adventurer and at the same time kind, trustful and thoughtless, you can hardly expect to have adventures of any other sort.

It was in Vienna, where for eleven years he acted as poet and director of the Italian theatre, that he met Mozart. In what is perhaps the most engaging passage of the whole book Da Ponte describes the conditions in which “Don Juan” was written:

I sat down at my writing table at about midnight, on my right stood a bottle of excellent Tokay, my inkystand was still left, and before me a snuff-box full of the best Seville snuff. At that period a certain lovely young creature of sixteen, towards whom I should have liked to feel only a father’s love, lived with her mother in my house. She used to come into my room to read me a little corridos whenever I raised the least little alarm. I abused my bell-tringing privilege, especially when I felt my inspiration begin to flag or grow cold. This charming young person used to bring me, now a biscuit, now a cup of coffee and now only her pretty face, always gay and smiling. In this way I broke myself into working twelve hours a day for two long months. During the whole of this time my lovely young creature sat in the next room with her mother, reading or stitching, so as to be always ready to come at the first note of the bell. Fearful of disturbing me in my work, she used sometimes to sit motionless, not opening her mouth or blinking her eyelids, fixedly gazing at me as I wrote, breathing quietly, graciosly smiling; and seeming, at moments, on the point of bursting into tears at the excess of words in which I was absorbed. I ended by ringing less frequently so as to escape being distracted and losing time in looking at her. So it came about that, between my Tokay, my snuff, the bell on the table and the pretty little German, youngest of my muses, I wrote in the first night the two first scenes of Don Juan for Mozart, two acts of Diana’s Tree (for Martini) and more than half the first act of Assur (for Salieri). In the morning I took my work to the three composers, who could not believe their eyes.

Vienna was Da Ponte’s paradise. He was driven from it by the intrigues of envious rivals, and at the age of forty-two, accompanied by his newly-married English wife, he set out in a one-horse calessino to make his fortune in France. Armed with great hopes and a letter from the late Emperor of Austria to his sister in France, Da Ponte reached the French borders, only to discover that Marie Antoinette was on the point of having her head cut off. The stars in their courses seemed to be fighting against poor Da Ponte. He crossed over to England, where he worked in the theatre, sold Italian books, made a few good friends and was the victim of a great many false ones, and whence he had finally to flee to escape imprisonment, for debt. His destination was America. Here he arrived with a parcel of violin strings and a few copies of a magnificent edition of Virgil, on the strength of which he set up a retail drug store. The drug store was not a success: “Installed behind my counter, I found it impossible to take myself seriously.” So, one would imagine, did everyone else. After that he took to teaching Italian in New York, and was on the high road to prosperity when his evil genius prompted him to take up whisky distilling. Successful at first, he was soon swindled once more into complete poverty. He was now an old man and had learned, at the age of seventy-seven, just enough prudence to restrain him from embarking on any fresh adventures. He settled down once more to teaching, and began, in comparative peace of mind and body, to compose his memoirs.

AUTOLYCUS.

A useful book of reference is provided by the publication of The Five Lambeth Conferences” (S.P.C.K., 12s. 6d. net), compiled by Miss Honor Thomas, under the direction of the Archbishops of Canterbury. It contains a brief history of the five decennial Conferences that have already been held, together with the text of their resolutions and Committee Reports. A quantity of important information, which has not hitherto been particularly easy to unearth, is thus put in a convenient form at the disposal of Anglican Churchmen, and, as the Archbishop remarks, the book is a seasonable help for those who, when attending the approaching sixth Conference, desire to be abreast of what has been said and done on the previous occasions.
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

ANOTHER SHAKESPEARE

“Shakespeare” Identified. By J. Thomas Looney. (Cecil Palmer, 21st, net.)

ONE cannot read this book without feeling, in spite of all impatience, a real sympathy with the author. He is so transparently honest and serious, so evidently oppressed by the magnitude of his discovery that Shakespeare was really Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, so manifestly aware of the conditions of Elizabethan literature as a whole, so obviously uncommitted to pass an opinion upon any one of the more intimate problems of literary psychology. Refashioned by the expert hand of Mr. Shaw, the case of Mr. Looney himself would make a fascinating play. All the elements of psychological tragi-comedy are given; an initial insensitiveness leads inevitably to a disastrous and absurd conclusion.

Mr. Looney fervently desires that his case for Edward de Vere as the real Shakespeare should be met, and, since his conviction has by now hardened into an idee fixe, he will probably impede to us all manner of motives for believing the issue. But everything in such a theory depends upon the nature of the negative case. It is simply lost labour to look for a “real Shakespeare” unless you can prove that William Shakespeare, of Stratford, did not write the plays. There is not a shred of evidence that he did not. At bottom the argument of the anti-Stradfordians, however much they may obscure it by a parade of learning which can impose only on those ignorant in the special study of Elizabethan literature, is psychological. William Shakespeare was a half-educated country boy who had to leave the grammar school at thirteen. Therefore he could not have written in manhood Shakespeare’s plays. Refuse that argument, and every single one of the anti-Stradfordian theories tumblers like a house of cards.

Every person with a rudimentary critical faculty is bound to refuse the argument out of hand. He may admit that we know little about Shakespeare; but he remembers that we know far less about Marlowe and Webster. And there is no difficulty whatever in believing that the Stratford boy grew up into the greatest of all poets. Strangely enough, there is a parallel to Shakespeare in the later poet whose immature genius gave promise of equal greatness—John Keats. Keats was the son of parents lower in the social scale than Shakespeare’s; he, too, left school with little Latin and less Greek; yet at the age of twenty-three he had written poetry that for amplitude of rhythm and exquisite beauty of diction not Shakespeare himself surpassed. If anyone with Mr. Mooney’s understanding of literature were to compare Keats poems at twenty-three with those written by his contemporary Shelley at the same age, he would be forced to conclude that Keats was the aristocrat with the Oxford education, and Shelley the parvenu aspirant to poetry. Confronted with a parallel, the case against Shakespeare melts away; but we would recommend Mr. Looney, before he commits himself to print on this question again, to examine the not uninteresting internal evidence in the plays, which, quite apart from the unassailed tradition of nearly three centuries, indicates that they could have been written only by a Warwickshire man. We should, in truth, have had to invent the man of Stratford if we had not got him.

M.

Among the books announced for spring publication by the Princeton University Press is “Charlemagne,” a Chapman play also known as “The Distracted Emperor.” Frances L. Schoell, an Alsatian, at one time a prisoner of war in Germany, and now at the University of Chicago, edits the play and contributes a preface. She unearthed the manuscript in the British Museum, and it was originally in hand for publication by the University of Louvain.

LETTERS FROM AMERICA


“Once or twice, when there was a pause, Martin asked such questions as naturally occurred to him, being a stranger, about the national poems, the theatre, literature, and the arts. ‘“We are a busy people, sir,’ said one of the captains, who was from the West, ‘and have no time for reading mere notions.’”

The impression of America and the Americans thus accurately presented in Mr. Chusszlewitz was of course, in later passages somewhat modified. Whether this was due altogether to a love of truthfulness, or whether Dickens had an eye to the sales of his book in America, we do not know. We suspect him. And at all events this English view of America was thoroughly characteristic then, and is thoroughly characteristic now. We remain, for the English, a nation of barbarians—anchec, restless, sharp at a bargain; enormously conceited and naked of culture. A large part of this opinion is, no doubt, inherited. It was very easy for an English visitor, in 1840, to see only crudity and vulgarity in America—there was plenty of it; he expected to find it and he found it; and in no time at all the American national character became, for the Englishman, fixed and indelible. The Theatre: “We have no time for reading mere notions.” And Poe this Englishman somehow did not hear of, and Hawthorne was better known to him as the American consul at Liverpool than as a novelist; and Emerson and Whitman and James were none of these seemed, exactly, to be representative, except Whitman. And even of Whitman mention occurred seldom, eulogies were few, fewer even than in America.

And so it went, and so it has gone ever since. The “Dickens” America is still the reality, a reality which the English visitor of to-day is as sure of finding as he would be of finding in the “City of Spotted Horses.” The English man of letters, when he steps ashore in New York, is certain that he is about to enter a scene of fantastic material wealth through which, alas! culture creeps in rags. At the pier he encounters the newsboy selling the New York Rowdy, a newspaper devoted entirely to the scandalous and the sordid, and to hieroglyphic cartoons by Goldbeck. He is banded about from one tinkling dinner-party to another, moves amazed among gushing pseudo-intellectuals and tuff-hunters. The American scene of which he has heard rises beautifully before him!—a spiritual prairie, bare and bleak, its dust kept forever in motion by a dry wind. He is immensely gratified at finding his ideal true. And he returns to England, his lecture notes a triumphing success, to add his joy to the American myth.

Who is to blame for this extraordinary libel? Let us apporion it with equanimity. Let us not overlook our own share of it: our few decent intellectuals (if I may be permitted the term) are not sufficiently aggressive, are far too refining. Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson ought, I presume, to rush to the gangplank to greet our distinguished visitor with outstretched hands, thus anticipating the New York Rowdy’s star poetry reviewer, aged eighteen. Professor John Livingston Lowes ought certainly to be on hand; and Mr. Hergesheimer; and Mr. Cabell; and Mr. Dreiser; and behind them in committee Messrs. Robert Frost, Alfred Kreymborg, Maxwell Bodenheim, Wallace Stevens, Paul Manship, Bela Pratt, and Marsden Hartley, Miss Amy Lowell, and others. Unfortunately, these excellent poets, critics, sculptors, and painters have an impression that their distinguished visitor will not know who they are, will not, in fact, have heard of them. So they do not go. And instead such an idea never occurs to them. Why should it?

This modesty is reproachable, then—but perhaps equally reproachable is the Englishman’s ignorance, which automatically limits his acquaintance in America to what is not worth knowing. The Englishman inherits the idea that all Americans are vulgar and stupid, and it does not occur to him to make personal inquiry. It is true that he encounters

in England a few émigrés Americans who are quite charming and intelligent, and he recalls Henry James; but these Americans candidly admit—they do not—that they have abandoned the patriotic daughter of the West because of her loud voice and shocking lack of refinement: they even urge upon the remaining half-dozen intelligent Americans the same course, if they wish salvation. And that these émigrés speak the truth is self-evident, for if America had culture she would have art, and where is American art?

At this point our inquiry becomes more serious. America has her art, of course; and it becomes interesting to know why the Englishman remains so aggressively ignorant of it. Well, in so far as he is merely insular and stupid, he clings stubbornly to his "Dickens" legend, and lets it go at that. But it is not the case of the Englishman that most concerns us. Much sadder for us is the case of the intelligent Englishman, the Englishman who is indeed, with a faintly patronizing air, well disposed toward America, but who nevertheless finds us so little worth his curiosity. This Englishman believes he knows everything worth knowing of American literature. What, in fact, does he know? What is, for him, the American literary scene? How curious is he concerning contemporary literary affairs in America?

He knows, let us assume, Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman, Henry James, perhaps Bret Harte, and Mark Twain's "The Innocents Abroad," "The Gilded Age," "Huckleberry Finn." Possibly he knows Thoreau, Stephen Crane, H. L. Mencken, Theodore Dreiser, Lafcadio Hearn. Of these Poe, Hawthorne, James and Hearn do not seem to him quite "American"—they are not really "in character"—they are "sports." Whitman, Harte, Mark Twain, O. Henry—ah, yes! Here we have the real thing: here we have America as it should be in its art—virile, coarse, devoid of beauty. This is the American "scene.

And this Englishman, who is often, unfortunately, a critic of American letters, in the blindness of his heart, on discovering our best, but determined, consciously or unconsciously, to discover as our best only that part of our literature which gives him back his theory. If Poe and Whitman were living to-day, he would reject Poe instantly; but for Whitman he would have typhoons of praise. James he would revere as another Zola. Give us the broad, the elemental, the raw! His eye lights for a moment on finding the "Spoon River Anthology"—if we suppose him to have poured a little ballad, and London's "Congo," with its lavish rhythms, its flashy colour, its crashing echoes, captivates him. This is what America is for. Here we have the finest flower of its singular culture.

And so another shrewd stroke is added to the "Dickens" legend. An American rising to that rank that London is no longer taken very seriously in America, and has now for several years been writing nothing but the most heart-breaking doggerel, would be received with incredulity.

"Obviously precluded: lacking in perspective!" And if he asked the English critic why he did not read instead John Gould Fletcher, or Maxwell Bodenheim, or Edwin Arlington Robinson, or Amy Lowell, the critic would reply that these poets "did not strike him as American." This everlasting idle fire! Do we in New York or Boston or Chicago read J. C. Squire, or Edward Shank, or John Masefield, or W. H. Davies, or Richard Aldington, or D. H. Lawrence because they are British? Does not our book-behest demand we or "Georgian Poetry" for that reason? Not at all. We read these things because we are interested in poetry and are humble enough to look for it anywhere. And, preposterously naive souls that we are, we see no reason why the English reader should be less curious about Robinson, or Bodenheim, or Fletcher, or Kreymer, or the successive "Others" Anthologies, purveyors of poetry just as interesting...

Is there any short narrative poem by a contemporary English poet which is finer than Robinson's "Ben Jonson entertain a Man from Stratford," any sequence of poems more remarkable than "The Harp's Lamentations" and "Symphonies"? I do not think so. Nor do I know if any English criticism of poetry written in this century which is as brilliant in style or as sound in theory as John Livingston Lowes' "Convention and Revolt in Poetry." Yet for any of these books—aside from Mr. Fletcher's—one would probably search London in vain. Whether of criticism or poetry, the young English critic continues imperturbably to select for praise our worst, on the ground that it is more "autochthonous." Lindsay is preferred to Twain or Robinson. An American critic is read for the inclusion of Holmes. It is as if we were to maintain that Patrick MacGill is the most representative of contemporary English poets; W. W. Jacobs, the most "British" of contemporary writers of fiction!

Perhaps in this English attitude there is a particle of fear—a possibility which flatters us, but which we need not discount on that account. Perhaps the English critic need not, unconsciously, that on Helicon the choicest vineyards are by a just Providence reserved for him; perhaps he is worried by any ever so casual oblique approach of his neighbour. But in the main it is simply a matter of blindness. The American at a great distance he can see clearly enough, and admirable, at that distance, he looks. But let him get closer, and somehow or other he becomes invisible. Whitman? A noble mountain, a droll monstrosity, obviously not to be judged by the English standard. But let an artist appear who deviates from the English form less sharply, but more delicately, more intelligently, and his deviation becomes at once a defect. A difference in language is not central; but a difference in spirit is intolerable, for this is merely the English form gone wrong. The barbaric yawp is one thing—subtlety and delicacy are another. And the worst of this dogma is that it gives aid and comfort to a large and industrious sect in America already too prone to believe that coarseness is power, that size is proportion, that coarseness and size is beauty; who think that a "great" poem will inevitably result if one chooses a large subject—the Mississippi River, or Great Salt Lake, or the latest Mogul locomotive; and who nightly crowd the house tops watching for the perenni ally-predicted great star of American fiction to rise in that quarter of the sky just above the stockyards. Stockyards! Is America all stockyards and skyscrapers? Was this the environment on which Poe drew, or Irving, or Hawthorne, or Thoreau, or James, or Emerson, or Holmes, or Lowell, or Howells, or Cable? Was this the "scene" of "Typee," or "Omoo," or "Walden"? is it, to-day, the "scene" of "Java Head," "Jurgan," "Goblins and Pagodas," "Can Grande's Castle," "Merlin," "The Man against the Sky," "North of Boston," "Sea Garden,"...? How safe is I am in drawing up this overwhelming case! Few Englishmen have read all these books... And how futile is the effort! For the Englishman will go on saying that in a land of blue brilliant sky one cannot expect an art in which tonal subtlety, or "atmospheric" is at all prevalent. Englishmen should be the first to recognize American art—muscularity the chief characteristic of its poetry. The climate, the atmospheric tone, of New England, or of Chicago, is like that of Tuscany, save that it is colder; and therefore the New England poets should manifest, should they not, something of the coarse animalism, the dumb brutality, of Dante and Petrarch. The climate of California is like that of Greece—it should nourish artists of the rank simplicity of Euripides, the unrefined naive violence of Praxiteles... And so forth, ad absurdum.

The situation is comical. It has come to such a pass that one seriously hesitates to recommend to the insular Englishman any book which is at all likely to feed his curious temperament, even if we should despise that which we profess not to like better be silent for example, concerning Dreiser's new book of narrative portraits—"Twelve Men"? Dreiser is too good a text for the determined English critic! "Twelve Men" deals deliberately and precisely with this thick, vulgar, bawling American "scene; Dreiser has too naively shared himself, the faults of difference in his indifferent book, he comes closer than ever before to disengaging himself, mastering the scene, will be overlooked—for the English critic will not have read "Jennie Gerhardt," or " Sister Carrie" or "The Titan," and will have no basis for comparison... And consequently one decides to remain silent, almost. And one refrainsh ales, in this Ciceronian fashion, from mentioning Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio" (a volume of short stories, which, along with Dreiser's, foreshadows the adaptation of a Tchelovian method to the American scene)—for that is even cruder.

Conrad Aiken.
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The catalogue of the first part of Mr. Buxton Forman's library, sold in New York on March 15-17, reveals the richness of his collection in works relating to certain nineteenth-century poets, and his indefatigable energy in getting hold of specially rare copies of books as they were issued. Matthew Arnold is represented by eleven first editions, including the Rugby Residence Poems. Blake is by a fine group of original drawings, manuscripts, letters and first editions, including the "Poetical Sketches" of 1783, the "Book of Job," with the original copper plates from which it was pulled, and the manuscript of an unfinished poem, "Genesis." The Brontë family are represented by manuscripts of Branwell, Anne, Charlotte, Emily and Patrick; Mrs. Brownings by a number of inscribed first editions and an Autobiography written at the age of fifteen; Browning himself by first editions from "Pauline" onward. A fine set of Byron first editions, and some Coleridge with a manuscript poem, follow. The Dryden collection is a very important one, and includes the earliest form of his elegy of Oliver Cromwell. Naturally everything relating to Keats that Mr. Forman could get appears here, from original poems and first editions presented to Fanny Bravne to his letters to his sister and friends. In the catalogue an illustration appears of a special book-plate printed at the Kelmscott Press which will be found in many of the Kelmscott published books. It must be said, to avoid future mistakes, that this book-plate was not printed at the Kelmscott Press: it is obviously a reproduction of handwriting, not type, and it only appears, of course, in Mr. Forman's own copies. There is a fine collection of Kelmscott books, not including the "Chaucer." The Morris collection is also interesting, including the rare "Sir Galahad," of 1888, which Mr. Forman got from the author in 1890; the first draft of "The Roots of the Mountains," and part of "Jason." Mr. Forman had the Manet and Mallarmé editions of Poe's "Raven," and the original MS. of his "Spectacles." The Rossetti collection is not so interesting, but the Shelley books, letters, and manuscripts are of first-rate importance; they include the last letter of "Harriet" and Shelley's own copy of "Queen Mab" with his corrections. There are about 140 separate lots catalogued.

The Stevenson collection consists of first editions, while Swinburne is represented by a number of autograph poems as well, and a set of "Undergraduate Papers" of 1858, Tennyson is fully represented, and Mr. Forman appears to have specialized in EDMUND WALTER. WALT WHITMAN is represented very fully; and there are proof-sheets, letters, and first editions of Wordsworth. Altogether the collection reveals to us an inquisitive, acquisitive and appreciative habit mind, the true collector's mind, and we are sure, would appreciate the careful catalogue of the results of his labours issued by the Anderson Galleries.

Messrs. Sotheby have issued an illustrated catalogue of the Mostyn sale, to be held on April 16 (price 2s. 6d.), consisting mainly of valuable English books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

THE YATES THOMPSON SALE

Messrs. Sotheby send us the following prices realized at the Yates Thompson sale, supplementing those recorded in last week's Athenæum:

**English Manuscripts.**—Hegesippus de Excidio Judeorum, 12th cent., Winchester binding, £70; Cassiodorus and Seneca (c. 1200), from the Waltham Abbey copy, £450; Biblia Nicolai de Belle, 12th cent. (£400); The Lusher Psalter, 11th cent. (£600).

**Books printed on Vellum.**—Cicero, De Officiis; Paradoxon, Malat, F. Fust & P. Schöffer, February 4, 1466, £470; Aquinas (Thomas), Prima Pars, Second Pars Sume Theologia, Venice, Franz Renner & Petrus de Partibus, 1478, (£450); Luttrell Psalter, 14th cent. (£1,100); Sarum Psalter, 13th cent. (£800); Gospel Book of Pope Pius II., £350; German, £250.

The total of the sale was £17,965.

**The Contemporary Art Society** has purchased Mr. Walter Sickert's picture "Roquefort," now on exhibition at the Goupil Gallery, 5, Regent Street.

Science

THE ONE BEST WAY

**Motion Study for the Handicapped.** By Frank B. Gilbreth and Lillian Gilbreth, Ph.D. (Routledge. 8s. 6d. net.)

A WAR PROFITEER wishing to make what these authors would call "the greatest contribution towards happiness minutes" would do well to present a few self-centred friends with a micromotion study machine. It must be confessed that they may extract a new and subtle charm from shaving and other intimate actions. This ingenious instrument was devised that manufacturers might observe their own manipulation of secret processes, and that superintendents might test whether work is economically accomplished; its nature may be gathered by dissection of its name. It is, however, doubtful whether he would be equally well advised in disseminating standard micromotion studies to an armed, one-eyed, legless dentist. In spite of the satisfying picture of Dr. Jane G. Bunker, who remained two-legged, but became one-armed, one-eyed, and totally deaf for the purpose of the experiment, operating on a patient, it may be doubted whether there will be a stable public demand for advantages in this industry. The authors, by the way, embark upon the One Best Way of treating teeth in joyous unconsciousness of recent research into the effect on teeth formation of a deficient supply of the accessory food factor or vitamin. Some of the devices for enabling "the handicapped" to set to the work in the One Best Way suggest horrible unformable flaws, like the famous bath which dashed in when the owner pressed a button by his bedside in order to exhibit it to a friend, without allowing time for the millionaire's abashed wife to escape from its depths. Mr. Gilbreth is also engaged in taking moving pictures of champions in various spheres in order to detect fundamental motions common to the champion breed, but, apparently, surgeons are shy of comparison, and the champion oyster-opener has not yet been captured.

But the enthusiasm of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbreth must not be allowed to obscure the importance of psychological methods in fitting the disabled for their return to industry. Careful and sympathetic vocational selection, calculated to dispel ergophobia in the case of neurasthenics, and to reawaken hope and interest, is essential. Labour-saving devices and motion study, in which it may sometimes be desirable to substitute the cinematograph for the coarser method of the stop-watch, are also useful; but, especially where the disabled man is returning to his former occupation, the method arrived at by motion study should be advised rather than injudiciously pressed, as some modification, necessitated by his disability, of his own old method, may turn out to be possible in individual cases in which the One Best Way would lead to despair. Moreover, the co-operation and goodwill of their fellow-workers are significant factors in re-establishing the disabled as wage-earners, and these will be secured by some measure of joint control of industry.

SOCIETIES

**ARISTOTELIAN.**—March 8.—Professor Wildon Carr in the chair. Mr. Morris Ginsberg read a paper on "Is there a General Will?" The term "general Will" has been used in various meanings, of which the following are the more important. The general will comes into being: (1) When every member of a group has a sentiment of regard for the group as a whole and identifies his good with the good of the whole group. (2) When a decision is arrived at by a real integration of differences and not by a mere blending of individual wishes. (3) It is recognized that society as a whole and the sciences can do good only in the highest stages of civilization, but it is claimed that there are in society other common contents of a certain permanence and continuity, with the result that when confronted with the same situation, members of a society experience the same inner reaction.
There is a view of Wundt based on an analysis of the mutual implications of presentation and will, and leading to a theory of a series of will-unities of varied complexity. (5) There is the doctrine of "a real" will worked out by Professor Bosanquet and other idealists.

All these views, in varying degrees, involve a confusion between the act of willing, which must always be individual, and the object of will, which may be common. Professor Bosanquet’s view is based on a hypostatization of a kind resembling the doctrine of the reality of acts of experience. Generally, in so far as the psychological forces operative in society are general, they are not will, and in so far as there is self-conscious will, it is not general. The St. John and other associations exhibit a kind of unity, but this unity is a relation based on community of ideas and purposes, and must not be spoken of as a personal will. For the purpose of social theory, what is required is not a common will but a common good. The latter is an ideal and not an existent, and must not be identified with a general will.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.—March 22.—The President, Mr. Falconer Madan, in the chair.

Mr. Seymour de Ricci delivered a lecture on Colard Mansion, the associate of Caxton, who printed at Bruges from about 1475 to 1484. The lecturer said his task was rather to raise questions than to impart information about Mansion, whose work had more than a century ago been most accurately studied by Joseph van Praet. Van Praet’s collection of Mansion’s editions went partly to the Bibliothéque Nationale, which possesses specimens of nearly all the books known, about 25 in number. Only about 75 copies altogether were known to exist, of the Mansion’s books were perfect, but this unity is a relation based on community of ideas and purposes, and must not be spoken of as a personal will. For the purpose of social theory, what is required is not a common will but a common good. The latter is an ideal and not an existent, and must not be identified with a general will.

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EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

MANSARD GALLERY.—Group X.

ADELPHI GALLERY.—War Landscapes and Army Types by Karl Hagedorn.

HAMPTON GALLERY.—Artists in Art.

MACRAE GALLERY.—Children in Art.

TWENTY-ONE GALLERY.—Paintings by Michel Economou.

The inaugural exhibition of Group X represents the post-bellum rally of English Cubism. Leaving the Neo-pre-Raphaelites in the New English Art Club, the Expressionists in the London Group, and (as we read in the catalogue) a "stagnant mass of indescribable beauteousness" of the British Academy, this little band of stalwarts have forgedh towards the MANSARD Gallery to reaffirm their belief in the necessity for continuing in England the Continental experiments in abstract pictorial construction. The leading figures are Wyndham Lewis, Edward Wadsworth, Frank Dobson and William Roberts. In his recent exhibition of Black Country drawings at the Leicester Galleries, Mr. Wadsworth revealed himself a sincere, personal and most promising draughtsman and established his position in the front rank of the younger artists.

Mr. Lewis's claim on our attention is (pace Mr. Bell) equally assured and incontrovertible. Both artists maintain their established form and there is no evidence that Mr. Lewis's subtly plastic and effectively arranged "Self-portrait." Mr. Roberts, it will be remembered, won his spurs by his large war pictures in which he made ingenious use of a pseudo-Cubist formula. His drawing "Cockneys: a Street Scene," he relapses into the trivialis formula and concentrates on the humorous aspects of the subject, producing a result which is little better than a drawing by a Simplicissimus caricaturist. Mr. Dobson is a sculptor who cuts in stone. We hope he will continue to do so and not desert the stern path to a gallery in the green fields of modelling. If he sticks to the chisel we see no reason why he should not soon become that most rare of birds in this land—a sculptor of importance; for he has structural imagination and a sense of concrete form. Incidentally, in a series of sanguine studies, he shows himself an accomplished and facile, though somewhat meretricious, academic draughtsman. Other members of the group are John Turnbull, who knows all there is to know about aeroplanes, and makes intriguing use of his knowledge in some of his charcoal studies. With his small oil sketches, exhibited elsewhere, we have had recent occasion to appreciate; and Cuthbert Hamilton, the director of the Yeoman Pottery.

Mr. Karl Hagedorn would presumably subscribe to paper on Expressionist ideals, but his drawings at the Adelphi Gallery do not convince us that he has much foundation in realized experience. They create an impression of journalistic superficiality which is due to too hasty approach, a mixture of Impressionist and Expressionist formulae, an arbitrary use of obvious colour and an irritating falsification of tone values. He would, we believe, achieve better results by a more humble and studious attitude.

Mr. Louis Sargent is a clever painter who has always shown a laudable ambition to keep pace with the times. Unfortunately some ballast of caution appears to prevent his ever quite succeeding. Time was when he felt the call to paint in Whistlerian greys; later he decided that the day had arrived for bright and broken colour; now he shows signs of conversion to a more modern decorative method, apparently inspired by the works of Mr. Walter Bayes and Mr. Alfred Wolmark. On the whole we like best his latest manner. The large still-life "Dahlias with Green Background" is a handsome arrangement of juxtaposed colour-shapes which succeeds by reason of a certain crude opulence and decision of handling.

The new exhibition at the MACRAE Gallery contains sketches and studies of children by T. Austen Brown, Philip Hagreen and a number of lady artists; and the TWENTY-ONE Gallery has replaced the Tytgat exhibition by a collection of Grecian landscapes by Michel Economou.

THE CAVELL MONUMENT

We had hoped that the simplicity and dignity of the Cenotaph might have set a standard for our London monuments and secured for us in future, if not the quality of structural integration, at least the rules of structural unity. But we reckoned without Sir George Frampton, who has lost no time in demonstrating that our optimism was unfounded. His pretentious Cavell Monument is abominably designed. It is put together in sections on the principle of a serial story, and each instalment finishes in some quite unrelated twist. The first section, set high, stands up as an inoffensive rectangular structure, but the verticals soon degenerate into weak concave lines which swirl into rosettes and enclose oblong tablets. Seen from Trafalgar Square, the form thus constituted suggests the face of a great toad, of which the rosettes make the eyes and the base of the front tablet the mouth. From the toad's head he arches the upright of a cross which proceeds for a yard or two without interruption. Before the cross bar is reached, however, it is already partially obscured by a table-cloth decorated with the Red Cross. Above the cross bar we look in vain for the continuation of the upright; in its place we find a baby held in position at this perilous altitude by a woman who appears by some trick of perspective to be standing behind the incomplete cross and to be looking over the bar. Suspecting, doubtless, that this conglomerate stone monstrosity would convey no meaning in itself, Sir George Frampton has helped the passer-by to discover what it is all about by inscriptions such as "For King and Country," "Attrition," "Sacrifice," and so on, and by a marble effigy of Edith Cavell placed in front on a pedestal. The figure itself, though quite uninspired, is the best part of the monument, and must be accounted an adequate piece of hack portraiture in the English Academic tradition. It is unfortunately useless to try to read the inscriptions which support it. This huge and hideous structure is there, and is, we presume, not likely to be disliked. We must reconcile ourselves to its presence as best we can, and take comfort in the reflection that its ragged outline harmonizes rather well with the tower of the adjacent Coliseum.

SPIRITS AS ART-MASTERS

The Chester Gallery is at present hung with drawings by Miss C. H. Martin, who maintains that her hand is governed by a Spirit Guide. From an examination of the drawings it appears that the Guide most frequently dictates a badly constructed youth's head resembling the type popularized some years ago by the American illustrator Charles Dana Gibson; at other times he involves the medium in a dart to place her paper on a rough board and rub an impressiveness of the grain to obtain "vital lines." Occasionally the Guide feels destructive and compels the obedient hand to tear the paper into ribbons. At Miss Martin's invitation, we attended her first Demonstration Lecture at the Gallery, and listened to a rambling discourses on the psychic significance of the drawings. We learned that the Guide is versed in the mysteries of Isis and Osiris and that his mission is to banish materialism from the world and make the peoples of the earth one. His special message on this occasion was to the effect that the alleged British miracle in India, Ireland and Egypt was the work of the same force responsible for the existence of conscientious objectors, strikes and the shortage of munitions in the war. A small audience, mainly composed of women, behaved with remarkable decorum during the lecture, to which the public were admitted on payment of three shillings.

R. H. W.

Three new pictures are on view at the National Gallery. The largest is a full-length portrait of the third Marquis of Hamilton by Daniel Mytens, presented by Mr. Colin Agnew and Mr. C. Romer Williams, and hung in Room XXV. In Room XIX, among the primitive works of the Netherlands, will be found a small panel, lately acquired, representing "Lot and his Daughters," a Dutch work dating from about 1510; while in the Vestibule hangs the "Virgin and Child" by Fra Filippo Lippi which was recently on view at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and has since been presented to the nation by the Earl Dowallow.
Music

"THE HYMN OF JESUS"

HROSWITHA of Gandersheim, when she wrote her play "Callimachus," produced by Madame Donnet at the Art Theatre this last winter, was indebted for the story of it to the Apocryphal Acts of St. John. The oriund of the play might have been a little mitigated in the minds of those acquainted with its original source. For the author of these Apocryphal Acts, Leucius Charinus, was a Gnostic of the second century, and one of the principal doctrines which his book was intended to inculcate was the duty of celibacy or of complete abstinence in the estate of matrimony. Drusiana, the heroine, refused to live with her lawful husband Andronicus, and, being pursued by the evil passions of Callimachus, fell ill and died. Callimachus then bribed Fortunatus, the steward of Andronicus, to open the tomb of Drusiana; but before he had had time to take the grave-clothes from the corpse "there appeared something wonderful, which people that do such things desire to experience, yet are not able to come forth, bit the steward, and killed him. It then encircled the young man's feet, "and when he had sunk down, sat on him." John and Andronicus, coming to the tomb, found there a beautiful youth, who directed John to raise up Drusiana and then ascended into heaven. John raised Callimachus first, in order that he should confess. Callimachus confessed and repented, having himself also seen a beautiful youth protecting Drusiana. John raised up Drusiana, who at once prayed for the resurrection of Fortunatus: Fortunatus rose up, but so far from repenting, ran away in a great state of perturbation, to die a few hours later from blood-poisoning.

But the duty of abstinence was not the only Gnostic doctrine which the story was intended to illustrate. The rest of the company were much perplexed that Drusiana had seen the Lord in the form of John and in the form of a youth. John accordingly proceeded to explain that he himself had seen the Lord at different times in very various forms, sometimes, too, with a material and solid body, at other times bodiless and immaterial. Finally he recited the words of a hymn which was sung by Jesus and the Apostles before they went up on to the Mount of Olives.

He commanded us to make as it were a ring, holding one another's hands, and Himself standing in the middle. He said, Respond Amen to me. Then I began then to sing a hymn, and to say: — Glory to Thee, Father! And we going about in a ring said Amen.

So then, my beloved, after this dance with us, the Lord went out: and we as men gone astray or awakened out of sleep fled all ways.

This hymn has formed the basis of Mr. Gustav Holst's new choral work performed at the last Philharmonic concert. To understand its general character it is desirable to read it in its original context as a definitely Gnostic document. But the Apocryphal Acts of the various Apostles were too popular among the early Christians to be altogether exterminated in the official condemnation of the Gnostic heresy. The Catholic Church adopted them, and revised them, Hrotswitha read them in the tenth century, and we may well suppose this hymn to have been known to some of the Italian mystics of the thirteenth.

Mr. Holst's setting of these words makes use of various archaic effects, but as a whole it gives the impression of being a work of startling originality and boldness. The voices are made to sing groups of dissonances which on paper look utterly impossible of execution and unhear-able to the ear. In actual fact they can be sung accurately, because they are quite simply and logically arrived at, and for that same reason they come to sound singularly beautiful and expressive. It is curious to note the devices which the composer has utilized, and utilized to the full, as well as those which he has almost entirely passed by. What remain in the hearer's mind as the most outstanding characteristics of the work are its original effects of dissonance and its original effects of rhythm. Those dissonances are prepared and resolved, not according to old-fashioned rules but according to essentially new and original principles. They are approached and executed almost contrapuntally. Yet the fundamental principle of contrapuntal writing is not there. Mr. Holst's discords do not really grow out of the clash of melodies; for him it is always the clash, not the melody, that is the chief means of expression. He values melody, for he uses it in certain places; but he uses it as a complete and non-dissonant contrast to his main scheme of effects. His principal sources of melody are two plain-song hymns, Vexilla Regis and Pange Lingua. They are the main themes of the introduction which precedes the actual hymn; they reappear once or twice with a most arresting beauty of effect in the course of the hymn itself. But they seem to stand outside the clash of counterpoint. They were, never even harmonized, either with the the faintest outlines of chords or with certain alternating groups of notes that suggest bells ringing quite independently of the rest of the music. The other purely melodic effect is that of the semi-chorus of women's voices responding "Amen" to the two main choirs in a short rising and falling phrase which is generally harmonized in consecutive fifths. This is a definite link with the Italian mystics of the thirteenth century, for these smooth phrases in fifths are a common feature of the Landi Spirituali. They occurred in the Landi simply because they were popular; but Mr. Holst makes them convey a very curious sense of remoteness. The double chorus with its poignantness of discord is almost savagely human; the plain-song melodies and the "Amen's" of the semi-chorus float in with a feeling of serenity that has passed beyond the region of struggle.

Certain quasi-theatrical effects rather detract from the beauty of the composition. Mr. Holst has a curious weakness for letting his forces go their way independently of each other. In one of his "Planets" there was a chorus which started singing and walked off singing into the distance. Here we have voices singing behind the scenes, and others chanting with no reference to the orchestra. The words "Glory to Thee, Holy Spirit," are directed to be said, not sung, and said by the eight voices in a carefully non-simultaneous arrangement. Such effects as these might have their reason on the stage, but in the Queen's Hall they are perilously near being ridiculous. No doubt Mr. Holst designed his work for performance at some cathedral festival where the distinction between the ridiculous and the sublime is not always so clearly perceptible.

The "Hymn of Jesus" is so skilfully designed and carried out with such masterly accomplishment that any repugnance which we may feel towards its emotional atmosphere is inevitably overwhelmed in admiration for its beauty of construction and execution. Yet the most genuinely beautiful and touching moment of the work was a humble phrase of transition—the short instrumental passage following the "Amen" of the Pange Lingua and developing its theme before the beginning of the hymn itself. For that one moment the composer seemed to have forgotten symbolism and the crude emotion of mystical religion, and to have gone back to music and the musical expression of his own meditative mind.

EDWARD J. DENT.
THE "MAGIC FLUTE" AT THE "OLD VIC"

If the difficulty in "Don Giovanni" (as has recently been observed more than once) is to persuade the audience that it is not serious, that in the "Magic Flute" is to persuade them that it is. The former is a comedy, in which Mozart's power of dramatic composition runs away with him to such an extent that almost everyone who listens to it feels a confusion of purpose. The latter is to all intents and purposes a morality play carrying with it such an infusion of spectacular irreality and fanciful absurdity that the listener has to be continually discarding false impressions if he is to read the work aright.

The chief task of the producer is to make it as easy as possible for him to do this; no production (short of tampering wholesale with the libretto) can relieve him altogether of the necessity. At the "Old Vic" this has been thoroughly understood, and the conception of the work is in all essentials a true and good one. There is no attempt at scenic display—a virtue that is, perhaps, the outcome of necessity, but none the less a virtue—and the only animal that appears is the introductory serpent. Mr. Clive Carey wisely took the part of Papageno into his own hands: he keeps him in the background, and ends by persuading us that he is after all not such an impossible fate for the alluring young lady who eventually makes him her own. This abnegation on the part of Mr. Carey makes the task of the other protagonists a good deal easier. Tamino and Pamina are both well played; Mr. Steuart Wilson and Miss Evelyn Konnard preserve throughout the gravity of demeanour that their respective rôles demand, and their voices suit the requirements of the music admirably. If one may offer a criticism that may seem hypercritical, it is that the conception of both of them is too static; in neither case is the gradual transition of the uninitiated to a state of probation and final enlightenment fully realized—or, perhaps one should say fully brought out; to understand such a process of spiritual growth is one thing, to portray it another, for which subtle and finished acting is required. Miss Muriel Gough as the Queen of Night showed that coloratura singing of an exacting nature has no terrors for her; in fact the singing all round was of that unobtrusively good type that is becoming associated with the "Old Vic" performances, the three Genii being perhaps the best. The performance as a whole had not the perfect cohesion that was attained in the later performances of "Figaro," and some of the cast did not seem to know their way about the stage any too well. That is probably due to insufficient opportunity for stage rehearsals, and one or two more evenings should put matters right. The orchestra do well enough; one is conscious, of course, that the score has had to be arranged, but it is an intelligent arrangement, in which the balance of orchestral tone is maintained, even when the tone is not of the particular quality that Mozart wanted. And the gentleman at the piano (whose name did not appear) has a curious hypnotic power of suggesting that the upper octaves of that instrument are anything but what they seem to be.

R. O. M.

CONCERTS

Singers who specialize in folk-songs, especially those of the Celtic nationalities, are often tempted to win an easy popularity by an exaggeration of national temperament. The present fashion of singing elaborately dressed-up folk-songs at serious recitals has increased the temptation. To sing folk-songs well requires peculiar natural gifts; but these gifts are not in themselves sufficient to make an artistic singer. Miss Jean Nolan, described on her programme of March 24 as "the Irish mezzo-soprano," relies too much on being merely Irish. Indeed, so aggressively Irish was her programme that one wondered why she should have trouble to put in two very hackneyed songs of Scarlatti and a small group of French and Russian songs, which only exposed her technical shortcomings. Her voice is strong, but harsh and uneven in quality. With more careful training she might, perhaps, become an effective singer in the emotional style. At present she seems to aim at being not so much a singer as a "disease.

At the "Modern Trio's" concert on March 24 a new sonata for violincello and piano-dorfa by Dr. Ernest Walker was introduced. It is a numbers self-conscious, "classical" piece of work. Neither the passionate outbursts of the first movement nor the careful gaiety of the third seemed very spontaneous or convincing; but the slow movement showed that for a certain contemplative thoughtfulness the idiom of Brahms can still be made sincerely expressive.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

M. Gémier's latest production at the Cirque d'Hiver is entitled "La Grande Pastorale," and its form and subject is that of an old French "mystery play" staged and mounted à la Reinhardt. First of all he gave us "Edipus Rex" with the text, not of Sophocles, but of M. Saint-Georges de Boulérier, in which professional athletes and the now familiar "staircase" played an important part, while a concealed orchestra played Bach arrangements in the balcony: and now he introduces us to a mystery play, such as is still performed in certain villages in Provence, centring in the story of the Nativity, while the authentic local musical colour is provided by a troupe of genuine Marseilles' "Cigaloun Tambourinaires" specially recruited from the South of France for the production. This instrument, which should call the pipe and tabor, but the "drums" are long-shaped and of narrow circumference, and bigger than the English tabor. The music, for the most part consisting of arrangements, of old Provencal folk-tunes and dance-music, was attractive, and the Farandole, as danced in Provence, resembles in many ways the delightful Catalonian "Sardanas" both as regards the steps and the music which accompanies them. The whole production was picturesque, and certain scenes, such as the tableau representing the Adoration of the Magi, were particularly well realized. There were even moments of great beauty, which were marred, however, by the banality of the words put into the mouths of the actors representing Mary and Joseph, whereas their silence would have been far more impressive and would have enhanced the pictorial effect of such scenes as the Journey to Bethlehem, and the Nativity in the stable. The white donkey which carries Mary to Bethlehem charmed everyone by his grace and docility; but when not the donkey as an athlete, the shepherd dog both had parts to play, and acquitted themselves well. The crowd, as usual in such productions, had an important rôle, and, true to the Reinhardt theory of stage-management, did not confine itself to the stage (or rather "staircase"), but passed a good deal of its time wandering about the stalls. M. Gémier had not cast himself for any part, confining himself to the duties of metteur-en-scène, and this enabled him to give full play to his special gifts.

Efforts are being made at the present moment to blend together the Cubist movements in painting, literature and music. In pursuance of this aim a concert was given on the 11th at the Galerie de La Boétie, where the group of artists known as the "Section d'Or" are now holding an exhibition. The group includes such painters and sculptors as Malevitch, Goncharova, Marcoussis, Braque, Archipenko and Brancusi, and in a room hung with their more or less Cubist canvases, we listened to the latest compositions of Auric, Poulenc, Durey, Darius Milhaud, and a young girl composer, who is evidently very gifted, Mlle. Germaine Tailleferre. Poulenc's settings, for voice and small orchestra, of Guillaume de Machaut's "Le Bestiaire" (The Dromedary, The Thibetan Goat, The Grasshopper, The Tarp and The Carp) are altogether delightful. Milhaud's "Machines Agricoles" is much more "Cubist," and consists of short tonal descriptions, more or less realistic, of Reaping, Binding, Mowing-machines, etc., with a part for female voice.

M. Vincent d'Indy's opera "La Légende de St. Christophe" is in active rehearsal, and will shortly be produced at the Opéra.
**Drama**

**MUSICAL COMEDY**

**Scala Theatre.—“Society, Ltd.” By A. Bramcombe and A. Carrington**

MUSICAL Comedy is a convention, and therefore permissible; it is a convention which has never quite decided on itself, and is therefore without standards. To an uninitiated but analytical Tibetan this form of theatricals would, perhaps, appear to be the eternal balcony scene from melodrama, enhanced by a corps de ballet which does not, and is presumably unable to, dance. The joke is interpolated, that is to say a musical comedy contains about enough jokes to fill one issue of the *London Mail*. The tones are about the same.

Musical comedy obviously does not aim at pleasing the dramatic sense of the audience; nor yet the musical sense. Thus, in the specimen presented for our dissection we find the same old tunes out of “Florodora,” the familiar rhythms of the “Rajah of Bong,” and other heteroclite reminders of songs which are but a confused familiarity, dating back twenty years. There seems, however, to be no reason why musical invention should, or even would, be excluded if it were discoverable. It might be against the commercial economies to employ better musicians, but there is, so far as we can see, no reason preventing their entry into this field. The serious song about the brave T.B.D.s was, for one hearing at least, quite as good as the art-settings of Kipling which one hears in the “serious concerts.”

The versification of musical comedy is presumably the only active stage versification in England, unless we, with considerable tolerance, include the occasional translation of a movie “serious” opera libretto. *Ta du se yee.* I do not pretend to say whether or no this is what may be called a “hopeful sign.”

The remaining convention of musical comedy is the journey: this, I believe, exists as a convention in the classic plays of Japan, whence it can hardly be derivative, but it has no regular prototype in European drama. The curious mind may assign its contradiction of the unities to some obscure influence of the picareque novel; we take it as we find it: musical comedy and much melodrama insist on transportation *en masse* of the characters.

In fine, the musical play appeals neither to ear nor to dramatic sense, it is moreover conservative in *décor*. It inclines to garden scenes, beach or birch-abbreviation scenes and mannequin parades, but without appeal to the critical eye of the connoisseur or the artist; its scenic novelties must be “lovely” in the majorities’ acceptance of that term, the bold experimentalist is not wanted. Neither, apparently, are the strict sculptural or decorative senses, for if repetition is the essence of pattern, these senses would demand a certain strictness of application. The limbs, for instance, of the non-dancing chorus should, if the whole effect is to bear comparison with Greek vases, repeat, not contradict the given curves of the accepted type. The value of multiplicity on the stage is the same for these group scenes as for ballet; it follows the simple aesthetic principle that when the single object is not interesting enough to retain the eye, the entertainer must provide so many objects that no eye in the audience can quite exhaust its analytical process, the search for perfection must not receive a convincing negation. This profusion of variety should alternate with exactness of pattern, i.e., the silhouettes for this latter should be uniform or at least similar or graduated; if the chorus is made up of a job lot of varied types, the costume should have a unifying effect, when pattern is intended. Also the given costume should be applied to suitable types; it is not every group of eight young women who can wear poke-bonnets becomingly. Carelessness of these details has led many people to suggest that there is in musical comedy some other motive than strict appeal to the optic sense.

I am convinced that in England many discrepancies are tolerated and even unnoticed which would merely stir guffaws at La Gigue. With these restrictions “Society, Ltd.” is a “high-class musical comedy.” Miss MacVane has a rich contralto voice, which she should use ever for song, never for speech. The national caricatures by Bromley Challoner, T. Ryke, A. Roberts and H. A. Meynott are not unentertaining.

Marie Dainton is the cleverest member of the cast, or at any rate the part of Lady Whyte-Chappelle gives her greater opportunity for entertaining one. Miss Waring supplies the Vernon-Castle touch. The shadow of democracy or the resurgent ghost of Figaro casts in an occasional allusion to current events, and the serious five minutes devoted to the young sea rover are a more dignified allusion to the war than is to be found in several of the “more serious” current plays. The audience gave repeated signs of approval.

T. J. V.

**VAUDEVILLE**

**The Coliseum.—“The Truth about the Russian Dancers.” By Sir J. M. Barrie.**

One can learn more about *le mot juste*, more about prose style by studying George Mozart than by watching fifty Times leaders avoid the point on every possible issue. He is followed, at the Coliseum, by Miss Renée Kelly in a pretty frock and fifteen minutes’ worthless froth parody. Six Heralds do French country-fair acrobatics at great apparent risk to their necks. The Humskip Jazz has merits of a Malebolge variety.

*Quale nell’arrazzana de’ Vinziani...*  
Chi ribatte da proda, e chi da poppa e...  
Poi l’addentard con più di cento rafi...  

All of these lines apply, yet the lingua Toscana, even at the bidding of so great a master, lacked certain staidness, certain clangings and clashings, now easily dispensed under the bushes of Pan and of Orpheus. After which arrived Sir James Matthew Barrie.

If, as one of our greatest critics has written, the test of genius is a general under-floor everywhere present in the work, but nowhere especially indicable, the converse must also be true. There are certain modes of imbecility which are, and of a right ought to be, called nauseating—certain aromas of mind which rise through a man’s writing as the smell of boiling cabbage ascends from the basement of a cheap lodging-house, filling all the interstices. You cannot pick it from the mantelpiece in the dining-room, you cannot detach it from the curtains in the third-floor back, and yet it is “everywhere present.”

In “The Truth about the Russian Dancers” Madame Karsavina reveals herself as an excellent choreographer. Paul Nash has designed costumes with true flair; they fit their purpose, they are not two-dimensional costumes which look well in a sketch, they have the three-dimensional quality which costumes should have. The inventions of Derain and Picasso are excellently applied. There is minor invention in the *décor*, which is what is needed: seeing that a mode has been established, there is no need of another revolution in decoration; there are now ample freedoms, and the welfare of the theatre merely demands that the mode be applied and exploited. Mr. Nash is definitely the right man for this sort of thing.

The footwork of the ballet is light and excellent, the grouping good; Karsavina dances pleasingly, mostly with her feet; she also has made some pretty innovations. She is not a great dancer; there is no great emotional force in her, nor do the dances of maternity and of resurrection differ very greatly in feeling; but her slight art has become very graceful and delicate.
Arnold Bax's music is also in keeping, and, if one may hazard an opinion from a single hearing, it is the best he has yet given us, despite certain banal passages. The whole performance would be delightful but for the intervention of Sir J. M. Barrie, whose fundamental silliness makes one look back even to the pathology of the Boutique Fantasque as towards something relatively clean and healthy if acrid.

T. J. V.

"OTHELLO" AT THE OLD VIC

THE production of "Othello" generally resolves itself nowadays into a choice between two methods. Either the play is turned frankly into a not altogether un-Shakespearian melodrama of the good, honest, go-ahead kind, or there are combined in its interpretation all the subtleties, all the more or less keenly imaginative conventionalities which are perhaps even less satisfying in the outcome. "Othello" is a work demanding fusion of these methods, yet at the Old Vic we have the spectacle of Mr. Russell Thorndike, as Iago, following the first of them exclusively, and Mr. Charles Warburton, as the Moor, following the second of them exclusively—with, of course, an incomplete success in either instance. Every one of the moments which are frankly melodramatic for the individual—for example, the penultimate scene of the fracas between Cassio and Roderigo—ought to have its corollary in a dozen which are not, and Mr. Thorndike not only conveyed little of the extreme subtlety of Iago, but he gave us a robust sort of rage with no deeper inspiration for his treachery than an innate blackguardism and the admiration of the gallery. Mr. Warburton's physique was a considerable handicap in his presentment of Othello; which partially explains why the gentleness of the Moor was never once relieved by the blind rage of a towering savage. Miss Florence Saunders and Miss Catherine Willard managed to bring conviction into their work as Desdemona and Emilia; and early in the evening we had, in the acting of Mr. Paterson as Brabantio, a perfect little cameo that relieved the scene in the council chamber of the air of tedium by which it is usually and unaccountably characterized.

T. M.

Correspondence

CHARLES BRADLAUGH AND GENERAL BOOTH

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—I very much regret that the story of Mr. Bradlaugh's last words, quoted by me in a review of Mr. Begbie's book, should have caused pain to his daughter. I quoted it from Mr. Begbie's book, and, although I have not the review before me, my recollection is that I made it clear that I took no responsibility for the truth of the story. As for Mrs. Bonner's suggestion that I found lying rumours against a dead atheist "permissible," but "irrescuable when they concern a living Salvationist," surely it is disapproved by the fact that all my beliefs and sympathies are with the dead atheist and against the Salvationist, living or dead.

Yours, etc.,

L.W.

March 28, 1920.

THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE SOCIETY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—While thanking you for your notice of the performance given by the Curtain Group on March 14, will you allow us to point out that your contributor is mistaken in supposing that Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House" was announced for production by the "People's Theatre Society" (in which the Curtain Group is now merged)? Mr. Desmond certainly said in his speech that Mr. Shaw had been asked to sanction a production of his play by the Society, but he added that no reply had been received from him, and expressed a hope (shared by all the members of the Society) that the desired permission might ultimately be forthcoming.

The production of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's play "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd" is, on the other hand, in active preparation, and the date of the performance will be announced in due course. In conclusion, may we say that the People's Theatre Society intends to confine its productions as far as possible to plays of full length and to give the one-act play a rest?

Yours truly,

DOUGLAS GOLDRING,

HAROLD SCOTT

(Joint Hon. Secretaries, People's Theatre Society).

5, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2,

March 27, 1920.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—The task of writing my father's biography has been undertaken by Mr. J. L. Garvin. May I ask you to call the attention of your readers to this fact, and to say that I shall be greatly obliged if anyone with original material will place it at Mr. Garvin's disposition?

All letters and papers will be carefully treated, copied and returned. It is expected that the biography will be completed within two years, and anyone with material should kindly communicate with Mr. Garvin as soon as possible at 9, Greville Place, N.W.8.

Yours faithfully,

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

March 25, 1920.

THE ONE THING CHEAPER

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—By a recent decision of the Council of this Society the statutory entrance fee of two guineas is waived for the first 500 members elected in the year 1920. The annual subscription, which entitles members to the Journal of Hellenic Studies and the use of the library and slide collections, remains at a guinea.

If it is true that this is the only thing cheaper than before the war, I think we may be glad that it is so good a thing as easy access to the inexhaustible treasures of ancient Greece that has become so. Will those interested write for particulars and application form for membership?

Yours faithfully,

JOHN PENOYRE, Secretary,

The Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies,

19, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

TCHEHOV AS A SAINT

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Compare these three quotations:


"Measured by the standards of Christian morality, Tchekhow was wholly a saint."—J. M. M. (The Athenæum, March 5, 1920).

If I can trust the case of my conscience, I have never by word or deed, in thought, or in my stories, or in my career, coveted my neighbour's wife, nor his man, nor his ox, nor any of his cattle, I have not stolen, nor been an hypocrite, I have not flattered the great nor sough their favour, I have not blackmailed, nor lived at other people's expense. It is true I have waxed wanton and slothful, have laughed heedlessly, have eaten too much and drank too much and been profane. But all that is a personal matter, and all that does not deprive me of the right to think that, as far as morals are concerned, I am nothing out of the ordinary, one way or the other. Nothing heroic and nothing scoundrelly—i am just like everyone else; I have many sins, but I am quits with morality, as I pay for these sins with interest in the discomfort they bring with them.—ANTON TCHEHOU (March 22, 1890).

A Disappointed Reader.

Edinburgh, March 6, 1920.
Foreign Literature

SOFFICI AT THE FRONT

KOBLEK. By Soffici. (Florence, Vallecchi. 3.50 lire.)

WHEN the Duchessa D’Aosta came to visit Soffici in hospital, and he accused her of being also among the authors, she admitted the charge, but with the difference that "vous en vous lit, moi on ne me lit pas." And undoubtedly Soffici is one of the young men who are read, and widely read, in Italy to-day, and no less undeniably does the renown of his experiences during the attack on the mountain of Koblek in the advance on to the Bainsizza plateau deserve the success it has scored. The egg which with he begins is the entertaining of the General at the regimental mess, where he unbent in a way that would astonish his British brethren, on the night before the battalion went up the line, while for dessert he gives us his talk with the witty Orléans princess. The actual fighting resolves itself largely into a duel between the brigade and a single machine-gun, securely hidden in its rock-shelter, where it held up the advance for two days—days which fill nearly a third of this book. So appalling was the August heat that an Austrian prisoner actually fell on his knees and began to drink deeply. By way of explaining his action, Soffici sets himself to relate all he saw and felt in the utmost detail, and, in spite of the occasional intervention of the Censor, he is extraordinarily successful in bringing it all vividly before us. "I felt no pity for the man," he says of a soldier killed as if in the act of standing to attention, heels together, hands to crease of trousers, "for as long as the battle lasts we are dead in spirit, but in his presence I realized more fully than ever before the greatness of the sacrifice the safety of the world is now demanding."

Soffici has little sympathy with Socialism, but he records that he was not the only officer moved to tears by the speech of Signor Bissolati at the front, though he noted without surprise that his eloquent appeal to the men was received in frigid silence. One thing the war has taught him, and that is the narrowness of his old life, when his friends were all—at least in their own opinion—either artists, poets, or philosophers. After two years of soldiering he has come to have very different feelings towards that great body of mankind "which we mass together and christen contemptuously 'Borghesia.'"

Not that our author is any the less an intellectual, though war was by no means altogether a horrible nightmare to him. When he reached the summit of Koblek, now held by his own brigade, almost fainting with heat and pain, his wounded eye done up in a dirty coloured handkerchief ornamented with the map of Italy, and first looked down on the great calcareous amphitheatre, unrelieved by a particle of shade, that stretched away from the peak Jelenik, amid the mob of troops shouting hoarsely "Water, water!" his commanding officer, Cassatì, once his fellow-student in Milan, did not forget his Stendhal even in the flush of victory, but actually began to compare him to Fabrizio Del Dongo until he realized the seriousness of his wound. On another occasion, noticing a book lying by three dead Austrian officers, whose faces were blackened beyond all human semblance, he picked it up and found it was Schopenhauer's "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung." He could almost have laughed, he tells us, at the fate of this pessimist, and "death in battle is so near to us all that we are driven to respect it even in the enemy."

L. C.-M.
had been used for ballet by Stesichorus. In "The Funeral Games of Pelias" he contrived to introduce, by song and dancing, all the picturesque adventures of the Argonauts, besides the witchcraft and the cruelty of Medea. In a poem on the Trojan expedition he contrived, by a device which modern ballet-masters in the search for a sensation might well imitate, to start his ballet with the orthodox presentation of a Helen who ran off with Paris and so caused the war, and to end it with the startling, pious, satisfactory discovery that the fair goddess Helen had been slandered: she had never been to Troy; mischief had sent a phantom image of her lovely person to the doomed city, and it was about a phantom, not a woman, that the wretched Greeks and Trojans waged their war. In this apology the poet cried "he had been blind"—and so arose the legend that the golden Helen smote him with blindness for his slander, and restored his sight in consideration of his palinode. Dr. Vurtheim thinks, and we agree, that both the "slander" and the recantation occurred in one great poem. There are few treasures we would rather have from Egypt than a papyrus roll containing this delightful composition. And yet there are some others which we covet even more. If only Egypt would restore its "Galcyx," the tales of a Sicilian madman who loved the "brilliant youth Euthales, and who, when Aphrodite did not grant her prayer, leaped from the Leucadian cliff to death; or, best of all, the story of that other tragic lover, Daphnis! For it was Stesichorus of Himera, not Theocritus, who first gave to European literature the famous theme of the sad shepherd for whose death "the oaks on the banks of Himera's river lamented."

J. T. SHEPARD.

THE DIARY OF ANTON TCHEHOV

Translated by S. KOTELIANSKY and KATHERINE MANSFIELD

[There are few entries in Tchehov's Diary, which is here given completely.]

1886.

MY neighbour V. N. S. told me that his uncle, Fet-Sheshlin, the famous poet, when driving through the Mokhovaia, would invariably each time let down the window of his carriage and spit at the University. His coachman got so used to it that every time he drove past the University he would stop and wait for Fet to spit.

In January I was in Petersburg and stayed with the Souvorins. I often saw Potapenko, frequently met Korolenko and once went to the Maly Theatre. As Alexander and I came downstairs, we came across a man maliciously out of the editorial office of the Novoe Vremya and said to me indignantly: "Why do you set old Souvorin against Barenin?" I have never spoken badly of the contributors of the Novoe Vremya in Souvorin's presence, although I deeply despise the majority of them.

In February, passing through Moscow, I went to see Leo Tolstoy. He was irritated, passed bitter remarks on the literary decadents, and for an hour and a half argued with B. Tchitcherin, who, I thought, talked nonsense all the time. Tatyana and Marya [Tolstoy's daughters] laid out a patience; they both wished, and asked me to pick out a card, and I picked out for each of them separately the ace of spades; that grieved them. It turned out that accidentally two aces of spades were in the pack. Both of them are extraordinarily sympathetic, and their attitude towards their father is touching. The countess criticized the painter Gé all the evening. She too was irritated.

May 5. The sexton Ivan Nicolayevitch brought my portrait, which he has painted from a photograph. In the evening V. N. S. brought his friend N. [who is [...] director of the literary department of the editor of the magazine [...] and doctor of medicine. [...] He produces the impression of an unusually stupid person and a reptile. He said that "there's nothing more pernicious on earth than a rascally liberal newspaper," and told us that the peasants whom he doctors, having got his advice and medicine free of charge, ask him for a tip. He and S. speak of peasants with exaggeration and loathing.

July 1. I was at the Vagankov Cemetery and saw there the graves of the victims of the Khodinka [during the coronation of Nicholas II, in which hundreds of people were crushed to death on the Khodinka Square]. I. Pavlovsky, the Paris correspondent of the Novoe Vremya, came with me to Melihovo.

August 4. Opening of the school in Talij. The peasants of Talij, Bershov, Dubtechnia and Sholkoovo presented me with four loaves, and two silver salt-cellars. The Sholkoovo peasant Postnov delivered a speech.

August 15-18. I stayed with me. He has been forbidden to publish anything; he speaks contemptuously now of G.'s son, who said to the new Chief of the Press that he was not going to sacrifice his weekly Nedelya for N.'s sake. "We are always ready to meet the wishes of the Censorship." In fine weather N. walks in galoshes, and carries an umbrella so as not to die of sunstroke; he is afraid to wash in cold water, complains of heart-palpitations. From me he went on to Leo Tolstoy.

I left Taganrog on August 24. In Rostov I had supper with a school-friend, I. Volkenstein, barrister, who has already a house in town and a bungalow in Kislovodsk in the Caucasus. I was in Nakhichevan—what a change! The streets are lit by electric light. In Kislovodsk, at the funeral of General Safonov, I met Tchouproff [a famous professor of political economy]. Afterwards I met Vesselyov. On the 29th, I went on a hunting party with Baron Steinig; the evening was speckled with a cold, with a violent wind.

September 2. In Novorossisk. Steamer "Alexander II." On the 3rd I arrived in Feodosia and stopped with Souvorin. I saw I. K. Aivasovsky [famous painter], who said to me: "You no longer want to see me, an old man."" I ought to have paid him a visit first. On the 16th in Kharkov at the theatre, "The Dangers of Intelligence." 17th, at home: wonderful weather.

Vladimir Solovtov told me that he always carried an oak-gall in his trouser pocket. In his opinion, it is a radical cure for piles.

October 17. Performance of my "Seagull" at the Alexandrovsky Theatre. It was not a success.

29th. I was at a meeting of the Zemstvo Council in Serpuhovo.


November 26. A fire broke out in our house. Count S. I. Shakhostkovsk took part in putting it out. When it was over, Sh. related that once at night, when a fire broke out in his house, he lifted a tank of water weighing 4½ cwt. and poured the water on the fire.

Dec. 4. For the performance of "The Seagull" on October 17, see Theatre, no. 9, p. 75. It is true that I fled from the theatre; but only when the play was near the end. During two or three acts I sat in L.'s dressing-room. During the intervals she was visited by uniformed officials of the State theatres with orders, P. with a Star, a young and handsome official of the Police Section of the Home Office. If a man takes up work which is alien to him, art for instance, and finds it impossible to become an artist, he infallibly becomes an official. What a lot of people, having put on a uniform, play the parasitic round science, the theatre, and painting! Just the same happens to those who find life alien, and are incapable of living it fully. Nothing remains for them but to become officials. The fat actresses in the dressing-room made themselves pleasant to the officials, were respectful and flattering, L. said how pleased she was that P. had got the Star at such an early age. They were like respectable old housekeepers, self-women whom the masters honoured with their presence.

Dec. 21. Levitan suffers from dilatation of the aorta. He keeps his chest clear with the help of his superb studies for pictures, and a passionate thirst for life.

Dec. 31. P. T. Seryogin, the landscape painter, came.

1897.

From January 10 to February 3 busy with the census. I am the numerator of the sixteenth district and have to instruct the other fifteen numerators of our section, Barykin. They all work superbly, except the priest of the Starospassky
The Shadow of a Child

Gilbert Tiennot. Par Marguerite Henry-Rosier. (Paris Grasset. 5fr.)

Every now and again we come upon a work which confounds criticism. It may be that it defies existing standards and still compels one’s admiration, making us mutter in our beards about genius and inspiration and so on, or it may be, as in the case of the novel before us, that it conforms in all appearance to the demands of a high standard and yet fails to “come off.”

There is no obvious reason why “Gilbert Tiennot” should not interest and convince; but as a matter of fact it does neither. We take no delight in the little boy whose childhood forms the subject of the book; we cannot visualize him as a real child, although Miss Henry-Rosier has attempted him in a technical method which is not assailable on principle. Perhaps the little boy does not live because he has been sacrificed to literary refinement and reticence. Perhaps the roses have faded from his cheeks because they could not be retained in the scheme of colour selected. Perhaps the picture would have been better if Miss Henry-Rosier had taken less trouble about the painting. Whatever the cause, the carefully mixed half-tones create not a harmony but a uniform neutral tint, and poor little Gilbert Tiennot appears but a colourless shadow of a child.

W.
List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

200 RELIGION.


The date and authorship of this remarkable work are doubtful. Dr. Crafer inclines to the idea that the date may be about 410 A.D., but it is just possible that it is of a century earlier. The author, it is suggested, was "a man bearing the very common name of Macarius, who was not a bishop, but came from Magnesia, and ... had settled in Syria at the time that he wrote his book." The answers to the objections to Christianity, according to the editor, were perhaps worked up by Macarius Magnes, the Bishop of Magnesia, "who is heard of in A.D. 403.

*Lea (Thomas Simcox) and Bond (Frederick Bligh). Materials for the Study of the Apostolic Gnosis, Part I. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 9 in. 127 pp., 15/ n. 225

In the introduction to this work, which is stated to be the first instalment of an accumulation of facts supplementary to a volume published in 1917, the authors aver that "Number and geographical were ... the natural vehicles for the inculation of spiritual Knowledge, and hence a symbolism of Numbers, such as indubitably does occur in our sacred books, and in the sacred literature of old days, may, and indeed must, embody a spiritual thought, and a spiritual significance, in spite of the denials of modern biblical critics, who now frankly reject the idea of 'verbal inspiration,' not understanding the fuller sense of this phrase."

The authors give numerous instances of what are described in their "Apologia" as "quite indisputable facts illustrative in the first instance of a parallelism of meaning and of numerical values in the equivalent of the letters constituting words and phrases employed in the Greek text of Scripture and other writings of the apostolic or sub-apostolic period."

Paul (St.)


The profound and far-reaching influence of Pauline thought upon Christianity has led innumerable scholars and writers to study the life and works of the Apostle; and the author has endeavoured to bring together in a small compass "the best that has been written on the subject in recent years."

He has tried, in addition, to map out in the latter part of the book, as a result of independent study, the great field covered by St. Paul’s teaching.

Thomas (Honor), ed. The Five Lambeth Conferences. S.P.C.K., 1920. 9 in. 471 pp. index, 12/6 n. 283

See notice, p. 449.


This popularly written history by the Principal of Culham College is based upon a course of lectures formerly delivered at Cuddeson. Canon Whitham gives a very clear picture of the progress and vicissitudes of the Church during the centuries between the Apostolic age and the Great Schism in 1054. Questions are appended to each chapter, and the accompanying short lists of books will be of much assistance to the student.


The author, writing as "a layman who owes much to clergy and ministers," lays stress on the primitive simplicity of the early Church and aims, not at controversy, but at showing the devotion of the disciples to their Lord. The need of to-day, says Mr. Wilson, is "a missionary ardour and effort, a passion for the conquest of men's hearts and affections, an impulse towards comfort and rescue and healing and conciliation.

300 SOCIOLOGY.


The present volume contains a further portion of this comprehensive and erudite history by the late Emeritus Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge. Nearly the whole of the text was in type at the time of his death, and little editing has been necessary. A considerable quantity of matter for the volume on the Republic is in existence, but it is uncertain whether it is in such a state as to admit of its being published as a book under the author's name.

*Dowdall (Harold Chaloner). Local Development Law: a survey of the powers of Local Authorities in regard to housing, roads, lands, buildings, and town-planning. Fisher Unwin (1920), 9 in. 231 pp. biblog. app. index, 10/6 n. 352.04

The aspect of the law relating to the important problems which are associated with the improvement of the country, "upon the most convenient, healthy, economic, and agreeable lines," should be particularly useful to local councillors and to officials engaged in administrative and executive work under the Acts of Parliament concerned. The main sections of Mr. Dowdall's book deal with Town Improvement and Planning apart from schemes under the Town-Planning Acts; with schemes under the Acts; with "Private (Local) Act of Parliament"; and with the acquisition of land.


See review, p. 445.

Pollock (Sir Frederick). The League of Nations. Stevens, 1920. 9½ in. 267 pp. biblogs. app., index, 10/.

The author's purpose is to give a practical exposition of the Covenant of the League of Nations, "with so much introduction as appears proper for enabling the reader to understand the conditions under which the League was formed and has to commence its work."

He deals with authentic documents and to other publications, which are given at the heads of some of the chapters, are of material assistance to the reader. The impatient and the pessimistic concerning the future of the Covenant will do well to bear in mind the wise saying of Colbert, quoted by Sir Frederick: "Il ne faut jamais se mettre dans l'esprit que ce que l'on fait est parfait. Mais il faut toujours chercher à avancer pour approcher de la perfection, qu'on ne trouve jamais."


Returning to civil life after serving as a captain of artillery, M. Souchon writes as he thinks the majority of combatants would write. The long and terrible war was only a crisis—a bloody one—in all the crises which the world must traverse before finding her balance. There is no reason to despair or to rejoice, but it is certain that we must take precautions. Unfortunately, there is too feverish an enthusiasm for idealistic objects, such as the Société des Nations. Instead of taking precautions, a section of the nation seems to be returning to pre-war indolence. But let us not forget that the first society of nations ended in the Tower of Babel.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Gilbreth (Frank B. and Lilian Moller). Motion Study for the Handicapped. Routledge, 1920. 9 in. 181 pp. ill., 8/6 n. 613.72

See review, p. 452.

By the cold-pack method, which requires no complicated equipment, and simply means that the fruit, vegetables, greens, soups, meats, or fish are packed cold in their fresh and natural state, the writer claims that busy housewives may "can" everything that grows, the full flavour being retained. Much of the terminology is American, and such ingredients as okra, sweet corn, and certain plans are not to be had in England; nevertheless, the book gives very many practical hints that will be useful.

Millinery. By Laurette ("Handy Books for Shoppers"). Grafton [1920]. 7½ in. 48 pp. ill. appps. boards, 2 n. 646 "Every woman, we are told in this book, "should set out to choose a new hat in a spirit of great adventure." The useful information is accompanied by the flavor with reference to foundations, linings, trimmings, feathers, ribbons and ornaments should be helpful to many.

Walsh (James J.). Medieval Medicine ("Medical History Manuals"). Black, 1920. 8 in. 233 pp. ill. appps. index, 76 n. 610.9

A work of considerable interest, the author of which stresses the extent of the knowledge of medicine and surgery in the Middle Ages, and its intimate relation to Greek influences. Medieval surgeons appear to have experimented with surgical operations that might produce amputations; and there were attempts at plastic surgery. Some of the hospitals were in many respects admirable. It is noteworthy that the medical school of Salerno was open to women students, and that numbers of women in the Middle Ages studied and taught medicine, were consulted on medical-legal questions, and in general were looked upon by their medical brethren as colleagues in practically every sense of the word.

700 Fine Arts.

Maxwell (Donald). The Last Crusade; with 100 sketches in colour, monochrome, and line, made by the author in the autumn and winter of 1918, when sent on duty to Palestine by the Admiralty for the Imperial War Museum Lane, 1920. 10 in. 163 pp. ill., 25 n. 759.2

One of the surprises of the War Exhibition was the beautiful series of nocturnes and other pictures illustrating the operations in the Holy Land, contributed by Mr. Donald Maxwell. They reminded one now of Whistler, and then of Turner; like many other modern artists, he made beauty of the most forbidden material. These and many other pictures and sketches are reproduced here—some of which are the most artfully and accompanied by a readable account of his doings, which is not mere perfunctory padding, but bears much the same relation to the sketches as the concert programme does to the music.

Thomson (Ella Franklin). Lace ("Handy Books for Shoppers"). Grafton [1920]. 7½ in. 47 pp. gloss appps. boards, 2 n. 746

The would-be buyer of lace, whether hand-made or machine-made, will find a good deal of practical information in this little book. The list of varieties of lace, and the glossary of terms, are likely to be useful.


The considerable development of village clubs as a focus for social, recreational, and cultural activities has made very opportune this handbook to their organization, planning, and architecture. No better form of war memorial can well be devised than a beautiful and commodious village hall, and the recent extension of the Public Libraries Acts to rural districts is bound to stimulate the growth of many such halls as an appendage, or the converse, of the village library. Mr. Weaver wrote before the recent Act was passed, and is already a little out of date in some other information; but his plans, elevations, interiors and miscellaneous advice are of extreme value at the present time, and such a foundation as the Kensington Village Club, with ample provision for all sorts of needs and its comely architecture, sets an ideal standard that will, we hope, prove an inspiration.

790 Amusements, Games, Sports.


Elson (J. C.) and Trilling (Blanche M.). Social Games and Group Dances; a collection of games and dances suitable for community and social use. Lippincott, 1919. 8 in. 258 pp. il. bibliog., 76 n. 793

To devise games and dances which remove or diminish stiffness and self-consciousness in either youthful or mature persons thrown into each other's society is to render no small service, and it is claimed that many of the games and group dances described in this readable and practical book achieve the end in view. They are said to keep the members of a group wholesomely occupied, and to make them feel at home with each other.

800 Literature.

Burnet (John). The Greek Strain in English Literature. English Association (pamphlet 45), Feb., 1920. 10 in. 8 pp. paper, 1 n. 820.4

In this lecture Professor Burnet makes some interesting comments on Lorenzo's panegyric of music in the "Merchant of Venice." He shows that Lorenzo is retelling the doctrines of Plato's "Timeus," and makes several suggestions about the channels through which Platonism found its way into Shakespeare's mind.

Macleod (Ronsby). The Professor's Love-Life: letters of Ronsby Macleod. New York, Macmillan Co., 1919. 8 in. 188 pp., 9 n. 816.5

Published at the wish of a woman, now dead, that they might help to the betterment of life, these beautiful letters were written by a man in extreme ill-health to the girl he loved, and from whom he was for ever separated by his disease. The final letter was written when he was dying, and almost too weak to hold the pen. The writer was evidently a man of high standards and ideals.

Mason (H. C.). The Inner Court. Heath Cranton [1919]. 8 in. 96 pp. il. boards, 5 n. 824.9

Short essays, dealing with such themes as peace, love, sympathy, altruism, beauty, and knowledge. The illustrations are pleasing.

Tolstoy (Count Leo Nicolaevitch). Reformation (performed at the St. James's Theatre, London). A translation by Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Maude of Tolstoy's "The Living Corpse," Constable [1919]. 7½ in. 78 pp. paper, 2 n. 891.72

The play, which was left by the author in a somewhat unfinished condition, was discussed in The Athenæum for October 10, 1919, p. 1011.

Trine (Ralph Waldo). Through the Sunlit Year; a book of helpful thoughts for each day through the year from the writings of Ralph Waldo Trine. Jell, 1920. 7½ in. 253 pp. boards, 5 n. 814.5

A collection of 'thoughts,' one for every day in the year. On February 18, for instance, the reader is asked to ponder on the following: "Be true to the highest within your own soul, and then allow yourself to be governed by no customs or conventionalities or arbitrary man-made rules that are not founded upon principle." This dreadful incitement to Bolshevism, conscientious objection, Sinn Feir and so on is, however, mitigated by succeeding thoughts. We fear, however, that this is merely to camouflage Mr. Trine's deep designs, for on April 19 exactly the same sinister thought is presented for our meditation. What is the significance of these two dates? Perhaps some Baconian cipher experts may solve the problem.

Poetry.


Love is the theme of most of Mr. Cohen's sketches—love treated with gravity or with a rather painful sprightliness.
We quote an example which may be taken as grave or gay according to taste:

*Listen to the cooling dove (O how sweet! O how sweet!)
Speeding to my daily trust
With my love upon the phone,
Me the mellow voice enticed
By resemblance to her own.*


The language in which these poems of religious experience are written is the traditional language of mysticism. Fire and flame, the Mystic Rose, the Rose of Beauty, wings, light, the Great Pulse—these words and phrases, with others of a similar character, recur again and again in Miss Martin's verse. But the use of mystical phraseology is not in itself enough to make a good poem. The traditional language of mysticism, like traditional poetic diction, must be touched by a master hand if it is to become the substance of poetry. Anyone who has read Samuel Pordage's rhymed version of Boehme's philosophy will appreciate this fact. We do not mean to compare Miss Martin with Samuel Pordage; we believe her to be, on the whole, a better poet than "Iame Mephibosheth, the wizard's son." All that we would do is to suggest that she relies a little too much on the forceful symbolism of the mystics, and too little on her own powers to make a poet interesting.


Fluencia—one of the most dangerous infirmities of poetical minds—is Mr. More's chief enemy. The beads in his chaplet of sonnets go slipping through his fingers with a fatal facility.

O amber ships aloft on beryl seat—
With all your silken sails a-spread for gales
That bear you swiftly from our sullen vales
To happy island.

He can write lines as good as these by the hundred. The trouble is that he does not write better ones.

Rundall (Joan). Peat Smoke; and other verse. Deane & Sons, 1919. 71 in. 60 pp. boards, 2/6 n. 821.9

In their quiet and unobtrusive way these verses have a certain charm and beauty of their own. One cannot quote anything of outstanding merit, but there is throughout a reflective melancholy which one cannot but find sympathetic.

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See notice, p. 461.


The "Percy Reprints," of which this is the first, deserve to be successful. Mr. Brett-Smith is an editor who combines accurate scholarship with good critical judgment, an editor from whom one can be certain of getting a good text and an introduction worth reading. With him the soul of the series will be safe; its body well-being, if we may judge from the excellent printing and binding of the present volume, is the object of Mr. Blackwell's tenderest care. "Jacke Wilton" has been reprinted three times within the last half-century, but always in expensive or limited editions. In the "Percy Reprint" it is within the reach of all lovers of literature.


Poets and poetry take a very prominent place in this story. Julian Tarrant, having gained fame as one of the greatest poets of the day, decides at the age of forty to adopt a child, and persuades a friend to choose one from among the children who are being cared for at a convent. As the girl grows up she develops a remarkable gift for poetry, and Julian is insensibly attracted by her. Whence comes her talent? Is it due to environment or heredity? The author draws her characters skillfully. The war enters into the later part of the book.


This book is a trenchant indictment of obsolete systems of estate-management. The village of Upworthy consists of aesthetically beautiful, but insanitary cottages, with leaking roofs and open drains. The Lady of the Manor, charitable according to her lights, and gracious, leaves the management of her property to a rascally bailiff, and the local authorities are afraid to interfere. A young doctor with modern ideas comes upon the scene. In his attempts to improve matters for the villagers he is at first regarded by their "betters" as if he were Ibsen's "Enemy of Society." How he ultimately triumphs is splendidly shown in Mr. Vachell's excellent story.

Ward (Mary Augusta, Mrs. Humphry). Harvest. Collins [1920]. 8 in. 284 pp., 7/6 n.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

Collins (Joseph). Italy Revisited: My Italian Year, 1917-1918. Fisher Unwin [1920]. 8 in. 315 pp., 10/6 n. 914.3

See review, p. 448.


These documents, the English of which is on the pages opposite to the Latin, relate to a variety of topics. Among them are the Statute of Labourers, 1498; fairs, and the amusements of the people; the value of money in the fifteenth century; and Royal Pardons. The introduction and the footnotes are scholarly and illuminative.

920 BIOGRAPHY.


See notice, p. 442.

940 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Hody (E. H.). With "The Mad 17th" to Italy. Allen & Unwin [1920]. 8 in. 100 pp. ill. map, 10/6 n. 940.9

See review, p. 448.

Goldsmid (Cyril H.). Diary of a Liaison Officer in Italy, 1918. Williams & Norgate, 1920. 71 in. 186 pp. por. ill. map, index, 7/6 n. 940.9

See review, p. 448.

Sobel (L.), K. Romance. Florence, Valllecchi, 1919. 8 in. 206 pp. paper, 3.50 lire. 940.9

See review, p. 459.
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THE HOMELESS ARTIST

ENGLAND finds considerable difficulty in realizing that artists are necessary to it. It is, indeed, less inclined to admit that they are necessary now than it has been for many years. Under the stress of war conditions a delightfully simple classification of trades into essential and non-essential came into being, and the artist, rightly enough, was relegated among the non-essentials; and there, we fear, he has remained in the general mind, because the general mind is, alas! still organized for war.

We gladly admit that the artist is not necessarily to a community organized for war. It is his greatest title to honour that he is not. He is necessary to civilization, and civilization abhors the condition of war as Nature does a vacuum. Now that the interregnum of civilization, the moratorium of the ideal, is at an end, the artist has become essential again; but to be essential and to be recognized as essential are very different things. The ordinary mind takes satisfaction in the congenial conditions imposed by war; the simplification of the moral issue brings with it a welcome economy of effort; the opportunity to indulge the baser passions under the cloak of patriotism is congenial even to persons who consider themselves above them. People are loth to leave such an Elysium long after the excuse for it has departed. Therefore we have peace without the morality of peace, civilization without the values of civilization. The artist who has become once more essential is still regarded as a parasite, and treated as one.

A few weeks ago we discussed the concrete case of the literary journalist; to-day we wish to present to our readers' consideration a hardship peculiar to artists. The wages of the artist, like the wages of the literary journalist, have not risen during the war.

As far as ordinary economic hardship goes, they are in the same case. But there is this important difference. Whereas the literary man needs food and clothes and shelter, the artist needs food and clothes and shelter and—a place to work in, a place where, if he so desires, he can stretch a canvas twenty feet broad or chip at half a ton of stone. That is no less a necessity to the artist than is to the workman his bag of tools on which the broker's man may not distrust.

London never was particularly rich in such places. Very often the artist had to go abroad to Paris to find one; more often he abated his demands under stress of necessity, and did his best with a big room in one of those great houses with which the West of London is covered. But in his pursuit even of one of these he had to be very circumspect. Agents looked askance at him, and confronted him with clauses of leases which provided that the respectability of the western squares should never be contaminated with anything so disreputable as an artist who was not even a member of the Royal Academy. Eventually, however, the proprietors of some of the more hopeless unfashionable houses saw a chance of making a good thing out of the artists; they labelled their houses studios, added fifty per cent. to the economic rent, and permitted the artist to live in them.

But at the present time these apologies for studios have, in common with every other place of shelter, a rarity value. The artist is in no position to outbid his more prosperous rivals; the larger rooms go to the larger purses. Artists' studios are let at twice the rent to people who make use of them for jazz parties; and now in expectation of the promised influx of American visitors, who love such delightfully Bohemian things as studio-flats, two of the most important blocks of studios in Chelsea have been
sold, and the occupants given notice to quit. Furthermore, it is announced that a huge block of property, which includes very many of the little studios of which we have spoken, has been sold to make room for two convalescent hospitals.

Whether there is any hope of having these peculiar difficulties of artists mitigated by legislation we do not know. There is at any rate no reason to suppose that the present House of Commons does not share the general view that artists are unnecessary people. Once more, it is for those who think otherwise to come together in support of them. That admirable organization, the Arts League of Service, is elaborating a scheme by which one or two large houses should be bought for the sole purpose of providing artists with accommodation and thus establishing the nucleus of an artists' quarter in London, whence they cannot be evicted by persons with a larger bank balance, but infinitely less claim on the consideration of a civilized community. But such a scheme will inevitably need a measure of financial backing. We sincerely hope that when the time comes our readers will give it all the support and advertisement in their power.

M.

UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF JOHN CLARE

It is recorded that, in his cottage at Helpstone, Clare scarcely let a day pass without writing verses, which he would often give away; in the words of "Hudibras" Butler, the habit was for him no more difficult than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

It is traditional also that, during his long confinement in the madhouse, while the cloud of insanity hung black and desperate upon him, the poetic impulse came to him by flashes; and, as lightning makes blackness intenser, so deeper oblivion followed these wildfire moments—and Clare within ten minutes of composing the new poem had utterly forgotten it. Such facts certainly suggest the mass of material produced by Clare, and the difficulty of collating it after so long an interval; and actually, to-day, a great quantity of manuscript is distributed among private owners—in America as well as in England—and in local museums.

A rough-and-ready survey of some of these unpublished writings confirms the belief that much of Clare's best is contained in them. In fact, even his first volume, "Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery," might have been of finer quality had the selection been made with more sympathy; at the time Clare appears to have been playing the poetic ploughman, but he was playing the part amazingly well. Presently the ploughman fades out and Clare emerges as pure poet; not that Mr. Alaric Watts, Messrs. Taylor & Hessey, or the critics at large approved of the advance. An examination of Clare's method about 1827 reveals him as an indubitable poet—one with very definite aim, comprehension and technique. The very handwriting distinguished him, with its strength and clearness, rapidity and certainty. From this time onwards he was engaged on a new volume of poems, which never went into print, despite Clare's moving appeal and prospectus. The manuscript bears the title "The Midsummer Cushion, or Cottage Poems"; it is a thick oblong volume containing, in close serried writing of much beauty, three hundred and sixty poems. Many were evidently far too long to tempt even enthusiastic publishers, if any existed; many were included later in "The Rural Muse" of 1835. But there is a rich harvest remaining—and he who binds the sheaf can only take delight in the labour. Here is what may be called a "blankverse sonnet," a study in cumulative effect, odd turmoil and fury:

SIGNS OF WINTER.
The cat runs races with her tail—the dog Leaps o'er the orchard hedge and knells the grass; The swine run round and grunt and play with straw. Snatching out hasty mouthfuls from the stack; Sudden upon the elm-trees tops the crow Unceremonious visit pays and croaks. Then swoops away—from mossy barn the owl Bobs hasty out—wheels round and scared as soon As hastily retires—the ducks grow wild And from the muddy pond fly up and wheel A circle round the village, and soon, tired, Plunge in the pond again—the maidens in haste Snatch from the orchard hedge the mizzled cloths And laughing hurry in to keep them dry.

This is the intensity and rural shrewdness of a hundred poems beside, from which it is indeed tantalizing to make a selection. Wherever Clare goes, he looks and sees "large territory spread"; it is his contentment, it is his delight to subdue the author and exalt the subject. In an age of self-righteousness he avoided both the fashionable introspection and the temptation to draw morals. Beauty crowded upon him; at this time he seldom did more than take what he found without any tinge of mood or egotism. This might sound a light task; and so might making a bird's nest. Incidentally, his bird-knowledge is that of an observer never wearied nor preoccupied.

THE BLACKCAP.

Under the twigs the blackcap hangs in vain With snow-white patch streaked over either eye; This way and that he turns and peeps again As wont, where silk-cased insects used to lie. But summer leaves are gone, the day is bye For happy holidays; and now he fares But cloudy, like the weather—yet to view He flirts a happy wing and inly wears Content, in cleaning what the orchard spares: And like his little cousin capp'd in blue Domesticates the lonely winter through In homestead plots and gardens where he wears Familiar pertness—yet but seldom comes With the tame robin to the door for crumbs.

But it is time to mention the two volumes of "Asylum Poems," which were copied out for publication during Clare's old age, but were hardly ever used except by J. L. Cherry in 1873. By no means a complete collection of Clare's work after 1835—a third volume is said to exist in private hands—this large budget is, nevertheless, immensely enlightening and valuable. And here the unfortunate editor, already tormented by Clare's contempt of punctuation and capitals, is further incensed by the dim quillmanship and tenacious malapropism of the抄ist. The poems are mainly love lyrics, addressed to Scotch Girls, Irish Girls, Bonny Oundle Girls, and hundreds of others—all
bonny, young and flower-like. These songs are often written in most melodious and unfamiliar rhythms. Like perch in a shoal of roach, there are occasional scraps of nature verse; more rarely, sea ballads and mystical lyrics occur; and there are poems about the man himself. Clare anticipates most of our contemporaries; whose war-poem is this?

In the Bastiles of Hell,
Bloody and dreary,
Bloody tales capturing tell
Lonely and weary;
I have been where they fell
Wounded and weary...

Whose violence this?
A frown from thy face, love,
Is like a sledge hammer
Mashing bones into powder
And knocking out brains...

Again, it would not be hard to place the following lines among the modern schools:
The blackbird sings loud as a lady's piano
With a yellow gold ring round his violet eye...
Vetches both yellow and blue
Grew thick in the meadow lane;
Isabella's shawl left off the dew...

Young Peggy's face was common sense and I was rather shy...

Inevitably, many of these "mad poems" are broken, jangled, unintelligible; there is a trick of catching up a striking word or phrase and so destroying its effect; one love song to Eleanor or Mary Boyfield is much the same as the next to Mary Hobbs or My Beautiful Ruth. There are, however, many wonderful songs and "tailpieces"; the following are three of them, not necessarily the best:

I HID MY LOVE.
I hid my love when young, while I
Couldn't bear the buzzing of a fly;
I hid my love to my despit
Till I could not bear to look at light;
I dare not gaze upon her face
But left her memory in each place;
Where e'er I saw a wild flower lie
I kissed and bade my love goodbye.

I met her in the greenest dells
Where dewdrops pearled the wood blue bells,
The lost breeze kissed her bright blue eye,
The Bee kissed and went singing by;
A sunbeam marked a passage there,
A gold chain round her neck so fair;
As secret as the wild bee's song
She lay there all the summer long.

I hid my love in field and town
Till e'en the breeze would knock me down,
The Bees seemed singing ballads o'er,
The fly's bass turned a Lion's roar;
And even silence found a tongue
To haunt me all the summer long.
The riddle Nature could not prove
Was nothing else but secret love.

FRAGMENT.
The dewy evening with its orange sky
Looks mellow, like ripe fruit before it fall
Those thunder-strokes of ink, black clouds that lie
O'er the gold seas of light, to thought recall
Niagara's rocks and their tremendous fall
The waves of light pour o'er its sunniest dye
Fancy bears the torrents' thundering bawl;
While peace upon the velvet sword sits by
And Heaven seems melting from so soft a sky.

SUMMER.
'Tis now the height of Summer,
And whereas' er I turn my eyes
The woods do moulding but murmur
And the hedgerows swarm with flies.
On dry banks the wasps are busy
With yellow jackets and sharp sting;
Summer's a secret dirty hussey
And nothing like primrose spring.

Then leaf-strewn woods are greenest,
And full of wild primroses,
The calm green
On moss nest the bird repos.
Then by the spiny rails
The violet smells so sweet
Loading with perfume all the gales
And wild bee's yellow feet.

Hot summer is a dirty hussey
Swarming over with wasps and flies
That by wood side are ever busy
With their burning melodies.
Give me the spring with foot-paths clean,
The finches' nest and budding tree,
The primrose in its leaves so green—
And 'neath white thorn I'll happy be.

Other manuscripts exist which reveal Clare in a new light. His prose has not yet been mentioned, in spite of the excellence of his style and the warmth and truth of his colour-work. Here, again, he is brilliantly modern, even to-day, and can hold his own with the finest of our descriptive giants. His subject is of course Nature for the most part: he wrote, however, many essays, autobiographical sketches, and even a satiric novel. The following occurs among his Asylum poems:

DEWDROPS.
The dewdrops on every blade of grass are so much like silver drops that I am obliged to stoop down as I walk to see if they are pearls, and those sprinkled on the joy-woven beds of primroses underneath the hazels, white-thorns and maples are so like gold beads that I stooped down to feel if they were hard, but they melted from my finger. And where the dew lies on the primrose, the violet and white-thorn leaves, they are emerald and beryl, yet nothing more than the dew of the morning on the budding leaves; nay, the road grasses are covered with gold and silver beads, and the further we go, the brighter they seem to shine, like solid gold and silver. It is nothing more than the sun's light and shade upon them in the dewy morning; every thorn-point and every bramble-spear has its trembling ornament, till the wind gets a little brisker and then all is shaken off, and all the shining jewelry passes away into a common spring morning full of budding leaves, primroses, violets, vernal speedwell, blue-bell and orchis, and common-place objects.

An age which reprinted Introductions to the Scriptures in Four Volumes almost annually and "Proverbial Philosophy" almost weekly could scarcely be expected to thirst for this rich wild wine.

EDMUND BLUNDELL

UMBRACULUM
"Felix heu niam et beta tellus."
In a fair orchard let me lie,
When globed apples yet are green;
And let there be a bed thereby
Of osiers, where white willows lean
And pause upon the wind's slow chant.
A hidden freshet you may guess
By its deep marge of verdourousness
And many a broad-leaved water-plant.
And I would have a pretty pair
Of bullfinches for playmates there;
Freely they shall hop and feed
On the ripe sorrel's rust-red seed;
Or pluck the thistle, poor old king,
When he has lost his purple crown,
By the long beard of yellow down,
And sometimes shall the ringdove's wing,
Aloft, with rushing shadow, sweep
The sun-filled hollow, sound asleep;
And horned wasps, a-freebooting,
Come tumbling in their contraband,
Where caves are hung with grassy thatch
In little cliffs of golden sand;
And hazel-nuts, with cheek untanned,
Forth from their scalloped hoods shall peep;
And, though the honey-heavy bees
Some looser petals may un latch,
Let bramble briar bear berries crude,
Nor yet the loitering year have brewed
Its purple wine with pulpy lees.
And all along the lush hedgerow
Shall alder dark and thorny sloe
With fork-leaved agrimony grow;
Angelica with pipy stem
And the wild basil; and from them
And thousand happy things beside
Some feeble ebb from their full tide
Of pleasure through my being flow.
Oh, leaves! oh, flowers! oh, birds that flit
Through verdurous aisles with silent floor,
A' airy joy, too exquisite
For sense with its own bliss at war,
Leads on, where music seems t' melt
In odour; odour, half unfelt.
Its purer essence to reserve
For scent more keen; and our dull nerve
Blind as a wingless grub must be
To such quick-darting ecstasies.
There is an altar, more withdrawn,
More secret from the cult of man,
Than e'er was hymned by fluting Faun
Or echoed to the pipe of Pan;
And, could I follow where they lead,
These visions glimpsed by lawn and glade,
Still would that mystic altar fade,
The fount to its hid source recede.
For phantasy, though it be fair,
Hath never found a footing there.
Then, soul, to joys of sense resign,
Nor for a higher rapture pine;
Have here thine hour of heartfel ease,
Though, veiled by the still, listening trees,
That mask the cornfield's tawny side,
I guess the falling swaths of gold,
The stalwart arms with sleeves uprolled,
The reapers' devastating stride;
The charm still works: not yet, not yet
For me the crooked scythe they whet,
Nor shall its long, devouring hiss
Have power to rob me of my bliss,
Telling a tale none crediteth—
Some bugaboo of Time and Death.

G. M. Cookson.

Mr. Aymer Vallance's work on "Old Crosses and Lychgates," which will be published very shortly by Messrs. Batsford, is the first to classify, according to their design, the various types erected in England. The numerous illustrations from photographs and drawings include many fine crosses which have disappeared, or survive only in a mutilated form.

**REVIEWS**

**THE DIGNITY OF POETRY**

_The Athenæum, April 9, 1920_

**October; and Other Poems.** By Robert Bridges. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

**Flowers of the Grass.** By Maurice Hewlett. (Constable. 5s. net.)

**Country Sentiment.** By Robert Graves. (Secker. 5s. net.)

The mere accident of publication has brought these three books together; but there is more substance in this accident than in most. The books are roughly of equal size, exactly of equal price, and they are the work of poets of three generations. We suggest, not that each or any of these poets is characteristic of his generation, but only that their ages give a (perhaps adventitious) point to a comparison between them.

Each of these poets has, and expresses, a conception, or a philosophy, of poetry. Conceptions of poetry are always interesting; they are a dangerous and necessary part of the equipment of a modern poet, as tell-tale and fascinating as the eyes to a student of character. Therefore we will set them out in order. In his Tercentenary Ode to Shakespeare Dr. Bridges has a vision of the Angel of Earth:

_It was not terror in his eyes nor wonder,
That glance of the intimate exaltation_
_Which lieth as Power under all Being._

_And broodeth in Thought above._

_I hear his voice in the music of lamentation,_
_In echoing chant and cadenced litany,_
_In country song and pastoral piping,_
_And silvery dances of mirth:_
_And oft, as the eyes of a lion in the brake,_
_His presence hath startled me,_
_In austere shapes of beauty lurking,_
_Beautiful for Beauty's sake;_
_As a lonely blade of life,_
_Ariseth to flower whosoever the unseen Will_—
_Stirreth with kindling aim the dark fecundity of Being._

Mr. Hewlett's is a simpler creed; he addresses his poet in these words:

_You had the uxorious eye_
_Which woes the universe,_
_To make a marriage-tie_—
_For better or for worse,
_Whose progeny_
_Your heart receiv'd to nurse._

_And thought him worse than dark_—
_Who with dull ears and eyes_—
_Could heed the soaring larv_—
_Spray with clear song the skies,_
_Or watch to his arc_—
_The golden sun arise._

And the faith of Mr. Graves is simpler still:

_May sudden justice overtake_—
_And snap the froward pen,_
_That old and palsied poets shake_—
_Against the minds of men._

_Blasphemers trusting to hold caught_—
_In far-flung webs of ink,_
_The utmost ends of human thought_—
_Till nothing's left to think._

_But may the gift of heavenly peace_—
_And glory for all time_—
_Keep the boy Tom who tending geeze_—
_First made the nursery rhyme._

From the conjunction it would appear that Mr. Graves is calling down fire and brimstone upon the head of the Poet Laureate in person; but Mr. Graves, we are sure, is not so rash or sacrilegious as all that. He merely means that he does not like serious poetry; but he does like nursery rhymes.

If we compare these professions in content and in form, we have no doubt which is the work of the considerable
poet. If we set, for a moment, the thought aside, Dr. Bridges' mastery of language and rhythm is evident. Beside him Mr. Hewlett and Mr. Graves are alike rhymesters. But there is a difference between them; there are more differences than one. The first is that Mr. Graves would obviously not object in the least to be called a rhymester; he invites the appellation. Mr. Hewlett, we feel, does not. A second is that Mr. Hewlett is vulgar; Mr. Graves is not. At the worst Mr. Graves is schoolboyish and impertinent. Mr. Hewlett's vice is radical. We can safely say that the man who defines the poet as one "who woos the universe with an uxorious eye" is himself no poet, whatever else he may be. Therefore we are not much surprised to find at the end of what is intended to be a poem in honour of the peasant of the Wiltshire downs this indescribable verse:

In task-work plain beyond a doubt;
Needling no bolster-speech or sermon:
He, God, was there to clean them out—
He'd kill a pig: why not a German?

Mr. Hewlett would, we believe, retort with surprise and indignation that he is merely speaking truth. We leave the Wiltshire peasants to settle that account. But, if it were true, the condemnation falls only the more heavily on the rhymester who spends three or four pages of doggerel in celebrating men whom he can thus epimorise. It is not in the narrow sense any moral deficiency that puts Mr. Hewlett outside the pale of poetry; it is a fundamental vice of taste, that is as evident in his commonplace rhythms, and his misuse of language (of which the two verses of his poetic creed supply copious instances), as in the temper which can end a poem which precedes the one from which we last quoted with these words:

How should I falter and refuse
What blood my heart has yet in store,
To write in it the holy dues
Of you who fought the Holy War?

Such things are impossible not only to Dr. Bridges, but to Mr. Graves also; impossible, because there is a fineness of the moral fibre, not peculiar to poets, which is indispensable to poetry. That Mr. Graves could not be guilty of such a thing, though far from proving him a poet, or even a poet in the making, means at least that there is nothing essentially alien to poetry in him. His fortune will be decided by the outcome of the narrower but intense battle with his art.

Mr. Graves, we think, suffers at present from not having realized that the province he has deliberately chosen for himself, though small, is very hard to subdue. It is not enough to be simple yourself in order to achieve simplicity. Mr. Graves is genuinely boyish, as we can tell by the ring of conviction that sounds in some of his successful and very charming verses. We do not imagine that success in a little genre could be more completely attained than, for instance, in "Advice to Lovers":

I knew an old man at a Fair
Who made it his twice-yearly task
To clamber on a cider-cask
And cry to all the yokels there—

Lovers to-day and for all time
Preserve the meaning of my rhyme:
Love is not kindly nor yet grim
But does to you as you to him,
Whistle, and Love will come to you,
Hiss, and he fades without a word,
Do wrong, and he great wrong will do,
Speak, he retells what he has heard.
Then all you lovers have good heed,
Ves not young love in word or deed:
Love never leaves an unpaid debt,
He will not pardon nor forget.
The old man's voice was sweet yet loud
And this shows what a man was he,
He'd scatter apples to the crowd
And give great draughts of cider, free.

That, we say, is charming; and charming things will always be worth making. Mr. Graves, then, by the recommendation of this piece, and "Pot and Kettle" and a few other similar verses, shall have the congenial post of making our rhyme-books. It is an important office in the republic, but we are confident that he will not abuse it.

Poetry is another matter. Hard by the meadow of nursery rhymes lies, it is true, the windswept common of ballad. It is a blasted heath where the incautious traveller risks lightning and sudden death. The most genuine boyishness is of no avail to disarm and make its own the pity and terror that live there, but only gaunt experience. Behind a true ballad lies the grim wisdom of generations of hunted men who have snatched at life. They have mapped their universe, simply; but their knowledge is become an instinct: they carry in their minds, as on their bodies, nothing that can be spared; and their forgotten art is an art of essentials. Bigger men than Mr. Graves have failed in the effort to recapture it, and perhaps his failure is no worse than theirs; but it is irrevocable and absolute.

Soft and thick the snow lay,
Stars danced in the sky.
Not all the lambs of May-day
Skip so bold and high.
Your feet were dancing, Alice,
Seemed to dance on air.
You looked a ghost or angel
In the starlight there.
Your eyes were frosted starlight,
Your heart fire and snow.
Who was it said, "I love you"?
Alice.
Mother, let me go!

Mr. Graves is, though he may not be aware of it, playing at ballads; the result is falsity. We have only to consider "Your heart was fire and snow," first in itself, then in its context, to discover how infinitely remote is this delightful rhythm from the true ballad substance. In this exacting kind he becomes merely rhetorical; and if we had nothing better than his achievements in it to go upon we should have to give the most peremptory denial to his claim.

Now I begin to know at last,
These nights when I sit down to rhyme,
The form and measure of that vast
God we call Poetry, he who stoops
And leaps me through his paper hoops
A little higher than his own
That, we say, is charming; and charming things will always be worth making. Mr. Graves, then, by the recommendation of this piece, and "Pot and Kettle" and a few other similar verses, shall have the congenial post of making our rhyme-books. It is an important office in the republic, but we are confident that he will not abuse it.

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But Mr. Graves has leaped at least half through something sterner than a paper hoop in "Sospian Fach." Whether he will achieve more permanent success in a higher kind than childish rhyme, the evidence is too slight to permit conjecture. He obviously needs to be much more critical of himself when he passes outside what seems to be his natural bent: for his failures in dealing with other emotions than the pleasant thrill of rhyming are, with the exception we have noticed, failures not in the superficies but in the essence of poetry.

Even though it was possible to associate Mr. Graves with Dr. Bridges for a moment in order to differentiate them both from Mr. Hewlett, it is a very real shock to pass from a high-spirited and robust rhymester to the most accomplished English metrist living. The first verse of the first poem of Bridges' book takes us into the world of art:

April adores in play
met with his lover May
where she came garlanded
The blossoming boughs overhead
were thrill'd to bursting by
the daze from the sky
and the wild music there
that shook the odorous air...
We have a poet here with an instrument adaptable to the highest or the most exquisite intuition; and the disappointment, if we may call it disappointment, of this small book is that so much of its room is taken up by poems of a more or less official inspiration. Not that Dr. Bridges finds the writing of a formal ode ungenial: his mastery of the high Miltonic style must make such composition pleasurable to him even when the theme is not peculiarly his own. But the difference between the ode to Shakespeare in this book or the earlier ode to Purcell and the poems celebrating the various events of the war is very sensible. No incident of war calls forth so secure a note as the opening of this response to Shakespeare:

Kind dove-wing'd Peace, for whose green olive-crown
The noblest kings would give their diadems,
Mother who hast ruled our home so long,
How sweet are words so just.
Leaving our cities stirr with war, . . .

And if we set the book aside with a faint regret that it contains no sonnet equal to the finest in "The Growth of Love," and no short poem which will live in the memory as certain of his earlier lyrics have done, the regret is more than outweighed by the deep satisfaction we feel that our Poet Laureate is a poet. Nothing he writes, be the occasion never so official or the inspiration tenuous, is marred by a touch of shoddyness: the dignity of poetry is safe in his hands. This dignity has no pomposity. It is only a name for the austerity and candour that mark the true artist; for the manifest determination not to deceive himself or his audience, to be certain that the emotion to be expressed belongs to the finest of which he is capable, and the expression as exact, precise and perfect as lavish pains can make it. To acquire dignity of this kind not only Mr. Graves, but many another would-be poet of to-day has an arduous road to tread.

J. M. M.

THE FALL OF KUT

MY CAMPAIGN IN MESOPOTAMIA. By Major-General Sir Charles V. F. Townshend. (Thorton Butterworth. 28s. net.)

If the first campaign in Mesopotamia is not the best-known episode of the war it is not for lack of gallantry, and Sir Charles Townshend's contribution is one that will appeal to the student of military affairs not only for the light it casts on the motives that moved him, but also and even more as a careful and frank study of a campaign which must ever be memorable in our history. In some respects it was characteristic; in some unique. It is our way to throw troops into hostile country without providing the means of movement. But there are few, if any, of these adventures which lived in so piecemeal a fashion, and were pushed on to disaster in defiance of military theory.

Sir Charles Townshend took the field as commander of the Sixth Division in succession to General Barrett, who retired through ill-health, in April, 1915; and in the last month of the year his maxie operations had ceased and he was shut up in Kut. He had fought three battles, and his Sixth Division had proved itself a splendid fighting unit. But the influence of the commander was a factor which one inferred. He enjoyed an extraordinary prestige with his troops and his success had been considerable.

The only doubt anyone could have had was the necessity of these battles, for Townshend's own idea was to occupy "the towns of Kurna, on the Tigris, in the bifurcation of the Tigris and Euphrates, Nasiriyeh, and Alhwaz, on the Carun river, all of which were avenues of approach for the enemy, with minimum forces strongly entrenched and with ammunition and provisions for six months. The principal mass of my forces would have been installed in the vicinity of Basra in an entrenched camp whose guns menaced that city and port." Taking Mesopotamia as a secondary theatre, this was sound military theory; and General Townshend reveals himself throughout as that rarest of British products, a thoughtful, well-instructed student of scientific warfare.

But he was not in command of the Expeditionary Force and had to take orders from Sir John Nixon. Indeed, he had to obey orders that were at times against his own judgment, to fight with insufficient forces, to take the field with a unit that lacked, even at the outset, essential elements of force. The critic may suggest that he could have refused or have urged his objections more forcibly. But Townshend was a student of Napoleon, and having made his objections and been overruled, he held it his duty to obey. At Kurna, where he had no misgivings, despite the difficulty of attacking an enemy protected by floods and the turns of a winding river, his plans were well thought out and his success deserved. The manner in which he improved the occasion by the capture of Amara shows that, having thought out his battle plans, he could on occasion take the risk which held the potentialities of a greater success. He followed the retreating Turks up the river, first in the Espiegle, until the water became too shallow, and then in the Comet, in which, with some 25 British sailors and soldiers, he received the surrender of Halim Bey, the Turkish commander, the Governor of Amara, some 30 on 40 officers, and a whole battalion of Turkish pompiers. Before the first of his troops arrived, the next day, the Arabs in Amara had got thoroughly out of hand. He was then ordered to take Kut, and did so after the first engagement at Es Sinn.

It was a more formidable undertaking; but once more his success was well deserved. He then informed Sir John Nixon of his view of the situation, which was substantially that already outlined except that now he proposed to hold Kut as an advanced post. He was against an attempt to take Bagdad with his small force; but Sir John Nixon and the Government thought otherwise, and hence the Pyrrhic victory at Ctesiphon, at which Sir John was present. This marked the turn of the tide, and he was compelled to fall back by the Turkish reinforcements. His decision to stand at Kut was justified by the extreme exhaustion of his troops, and there is little necessity to introduce strategic reasons for it, though it served to hold up the Turks and cover the concentration of the expected reinforcements. It is inevitable that the tendency should be to judge it by theoretical standards; but it was a practical problem and General Townshend cannot be held responsible for the disastrous end of the siege. Never in the war did British officers show to such disadvantage as in the miserable attempts at relief. They were marked by unparalleled horror; and the tragedy is merely accentuated by the unfair suggestions that Townshend's starving troops should have cut their way out to Aylmer on March 9, braving the floods and sacrificing the wounded.

It was not his fault that the prisoners were so maltreated in captivity. Before surrender he was careful to insist that they should be well treated, and when called upon to act as an intermediary between the Turks and the British, at the end of the war, his first condition was that his troops should be set at liberty. No one can read General Townshend's own account of the campaign and still think him either haphazard or pusillanimous. His plans were ever carefully thought out, his decisions rapid and bold, his resolution unflagging. His unhappy fate it was to be only a pawn in the hands of irresponsible and bungling players, and his book is welcome for its dispassionate, candid and competent account of his stewardship in a subordinate executive command.
FOR readers unacquainted with contemporary French literature—readers who "may be disappointed at not meeting [in Madame Ducaux's pages] with those illustrious spirits with whom for five-and-twenty years they have been familiar: Pierre Loti, Paul Bourget and Anatole France"—this volume should be a useful literary guide-book. Mme. Ducaux tells us what are the main objects of interest in the world of letters, she gives a certain number of facts and dates, she passes judgments. Anyone who followed her round and read all the books she mentions would have at least a passable idea of what was happening on the other side of the Channel. But those who already know something about twentieth-century French literature will find not a few things to complain of in Mme. Ducaux's Baedeker.

Their first and most legitimate criticism—that the book is marred by important omissions—has been to some extent, it is true, disarmed by Mme. Ducaux herself: "Given the limits of my little volume, I was compelled to make choices. Why should some be taken and others left? Why accept Rostand and reject Bataille? Why give Madame de Noailles and say nothing of Fernand Gregh?" And why, we complain, why say not a word of Jules Romains, whose two pre-war novels were among the finest and most original pieces of twentieth-century French literature, and whose "Europe" has proved him a poet of real eminence? Why omit Rémy de Gourmont and Jules Renard and, for all his absurdities, Guillaume Apollinaire? One could go on lengthening this list of "Why's" until their repetition should make this review look like Wordsworth's "Anecdote for Fathers."

The next criticism is that Mme. Ducaux, like Baedeker, has doubtless and even trebly stared at certain things to which she should have given only a single asterisk or perhaps none at all. Thus we find the later Nationalistic Barrès distinguished by as many stars as Herr Baedeker allotted to the Lion Brewery at Munich, the Taj Mahal and the Great Pyramid. The self-absorbed Stendhalian Barrès of the earlier novels gets barely a single star. And yet the Barrès of "Le Jardin de Bérénice" and "L'Ennemi des Lois" is surely a better writer than the author of the Aisatian novels. Then there is Rostand. He is spoken of as though he were a literary monument worthy of attention, a Sainte-Chapelle at the least instead of a Trollopian or plaster-built palace in the White City. To Georges Duhamel she gives what is a brief, an insufficient number of stars. One may not altogether admire his pre-war Unanimitist poetry or the pulpit manner of his recent utterances; but to "Vie des Martyrs" and "Civilisation" nothing short of the highest praise is due. There are, too, a good many names in Mme. Ducaux's book which it was not really necessary to include. A hurried sightseer wants to hear only of the best works of art, the most striking objects of interest, and Mme. Ducaux has included a number of very definitely second-rate authors in her list. In a comprehensive history the second-rate author has his rightful and important place; but in a guide-book for foreign literary tourists he is a superfluity.

One closes a volume like this of Mme. Ducaux with a pleasant glow of patriotic pride. For, inevitably, it conjures up a comparison. One places this score or so of contemporary French names side by side with the corresponding twenty English names. After duly comparing, measuring and weighing them, one sees no reason to be unduly ashamed or depressed about twentieth-century English literature. On the contrary.

A PACIFIST WAR-BOOK

OLD members of the F.A.U. may be tempted to complain that this record of their activities reads too much like a Government Blue Book; that the Unit's history was really an astonishing romance, and that it has been told in cold, hard terms and even with a touch of levity. They received no publicity during the war; are they not now entitled to a warmer measure of praise and congratulation than this book affords? But the editors have chosen wisely and executed well. Attitudinizing is the very last failure to which the Society of Friends should be liable; gestures and postures are often the sole reward which unpopular minorities allow themselves, but they are none the less pernicious. During the war the policy of the Unit, transmitted from its splendid chairman, Sir George Newman, and loyally accepted by the members, was to get on quietly with the work in hand just so long as that work was compatible with the first principles of the association; when incompatibility became demonstrable, they would protest, maintain the right and the truth, and do so sincerely, without any rant or pretentiousness. In this spirit the editors have compiled their record of achievement: their work is admirably clear, brief, and well divided, and shows a healthy distrust of epithets. It touches every phase of work from the hospital ship and the motor-ambulance abroad to the varieties of general service at home; and it never allows the reader to forget that the main portion of the Unit's life was drudgery.

But there is more in the Unit's record than mere detail of movements. The editors have drawn upon the private notes and letters of individual members, and these sketches of life in Flanders, France, and on the seas bring just the right touch, for they are lively, but not egotistic, and show a cheerful confidence in the form of service undertaken without ever lapsing into priggishness. The notes and extracts thus reflect the spirit of the editors' story and are quite free of the taint of war-time journalism. But most old members of the Unit will feel that modesty might have been spared in the case of the chairman. To maintain an unennobled, civilian Unit in the war zones and—still more hazardous—under the angry eyes of the carnivorous old folks at home was a formidable task indeed. Sir George Newman is one of the busiest men in England, but he always found time to solve intricate problems of administration, to face the military authorities on the question of control, and to save the situation when the prospects were blackest. Without him the Unit could scarcely have continued to be: the members knew this and would surely have liked a fuller recognition of the fact in their official history.

The Unit had capable and imaginative artists serving with it, and some of their work is included in the record. Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson was with them in Flanders for a time, and his haunting picture of the wounded in the Dunkirk evacuation sheds is reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Arnold Bennett. There are several pieces of Mr. Ernest Proctor's work, both in colour and black-and-white. Mr. Proctor has a sure sense of simple design, and can hit off the atmosphere of a wrecked village or a road in Flanders with economy and precision. Thus the pictures harmonize very happily with the terse, straightforward method in which the strange, eventful history of a thousand men over four and a half portentous years has been narrated for remembrance's sake. The record is both worthy and typical of the cause.

I. B.

A. L. H.
ROUSSEAU UP TO DATE


A QUARTER of a century ago political theory, as taught in the books and the Universities, was simple, dogmatic and apparently final. There was the "Sovereign State," representative government, and an economic system working, on the whole harmoniously, outside the control of the State and (so far as economists cared to see) unaffected by political institutions. For the fact that its whole operation depends on the law of property and inheritance was not (and, indeed, commonly is not now) attended to by those who analyzed it. Professor Sidgwick's "Elements of Politics," first published in the eighties, is the last systematic effort to bring the complex and recalcitrant material within this scheme of notions. And now how curiously unreal, irrelevant, and out of date appears that admirable effort of an impartial intellect!

The shifting of the whole point of view has been mainly effected by the pressure of Socialism upon orthodox economics. But there has been also an independent movement in the purely political field. The two pillars of political theory, as it was taught from the time of Bentham onwards, were the Sovereignty of the State, and representative government based on local constitutions. Both have been severely shaken, if not uprooted, both in theory and in practice. The Sovereignty of the State had three aspects—legal, political and ethical. As a legal doctrine it asserted that in every political society there must be some person or persons invested with a power not to be disputed, save by rebellion, and unlimited, in the sense that whatever it ordained, the courts must accept and the executive enforce. This was regarded as a matter of definition. And the definition did apply to the British Parliament, which, as we know, could legally decree the destruction of all the first-born, or the reduction of any self-governing Dominion to the status of an African protectorate. Such a conception is clearly not very interesting to anyone except lawyers, and, further, it is hardly applicable to any State except the British. For it is precisely the object of all written constitutions to prevent the vesting of such uncontrolled legal powers in any person or persons. No one has ever been able to show where sovereignty, in this sense, resides in the United States, or even in France.

Politically, the doctrine (not indeed by strict logic, but by a natural psychology) easily glided into the view that the State has a valid claim to extend its control indefinitely, and to regulate, direct and suppress at its will the lives of individuals and the operations of any and every association formed by them. From this point of view, the doctrine went back to the "Leviathan" of Hobbes; and lovers of liberty like Lord Acton protested against it on that ground. The freest State in Europe, said that paradoxical, learned and sometimes profound historian, is Austria-Hungary; for these are the most complex balance of forces mutually checking one another. The State, in proportion as it is Sovereign, will be tyrannical.

Lastly, the doctrine of Rousseau, with his impeccable "General Will," passing through Hegel's dialectical mill and camouflaged by British idealism, invested the Sovereign State almost with the attributes of Deity, put it above morals as well as above law, and reduced the individual citizen to a mere imperfect and transient vehicle of its supreme, unchallengeable and perfect being. Professor Bosanquet is the principal exponent of this view in England.

The sovereignty thus attributed to the State should be ended, it was held, in a representative system; and, in general, the form of that system was thought to be finally determined. Power should be vested in an assembly elected on a wide franchise in local constituencies, and Government should be responsible to this assembly. This was fundamental. The points in dispute were minor ones, such as the exact extent of the executive's method of voting, and the constitution and powers of a Second Chamber. On the whole, and broadly, British experience and institutions were the last word of political wisdom, and, though they might develop in detail, their main lines were irrevocably and fortunately fixed.

How odd all this looks now! Right and left the Sovereign State is challenged, both in fact (by the menace of "Direct Action") and as an ideal. The Leviathans of the political world have revealed themselves as savage monsters preying on one another. And as they lie spouting their life-blood and bellowing their hate, the members who compose them, and are sacrificed by and for them, begin to ask: "What are we doing in these books?" Theoretically, indeed, the members not only compose but control the bodies. They are "represented" by the Governments. But in fact? At every turn, in every relation, they feel themselves misrepresented. They turn and writhes as in a Nessus shirt. Their organ of directing and co-ordinating life seems to have turned into a cancer and to be preying on the system it should sustain.

It is this sickness of political society that Mr. Cole undertakes both to diagnose and to cure. His political ideas he has expressed, hitherto, rather in parenthesis, in the course of discussions of the proper organization of industrial life. But in the very able and pregnant little book before us he gives the outline of a systematic political theory. At the outset stands (where he should stand) the individual. And thus, at a blow, that idol, the "Superman," or Leviathan, falls from his pedestal and crumbles into dust. The individual is the purpose and end, and much of his life (just that part which is the most important) he carries on in his own mind and heart and soul, independently of political association. He falls in love, he writes poetry, he worships his God; and it is in order that he may do these things freely that the whole organization of society exists. But he is also a social animal, both of necessity and by choice, and to express his social nature he forms associations. These are various and numerous; and among them there is no hierarchy of excellence. Some, however, and especially those which are more necessary, than others, as bread is more essential than prayer, for it is a condition of the power to pray.

These essential associations are either economic or political. Economic associations may be divided into those of producers and those of consumers (in Mr. Cole's language they are either 'Vocational' or 'Appetitive'). A political association is one "of which the main purpose is to deal with those personal relationships which arise directly out of the fact that men live together in communities, and which require and are susceptible to social organization." The definition is somewhat indefinite, nor is the scope of what it would include made clear; for the crucial word is unshaken, irreducible, the regulation of marriage, of crime, and of lunacy is mentioned as a function of the political association. Such an association, however, is conceived to be no more "Sovereign" than any other. It is not even to control the force of the whole society. That control is given to a special co-ordinating and coercive body, representative of the essential economic and political groups. Will that body then be "Sovereign"? Not in the old and full sense. It will exercise, coercion in the last resort. But it will not have the power or the right to create, to determine or, in all respects, to control other associations. Mr. Cole's conception of society is that of a number of associations, each existing by its own right and each acting freely within its own sphere, and all co-operating freely with one another, subject only in the last resort to the co-ordinating activity
of a body representing themselves. Many questions, it
is clear, arise in theory, and must arise in practice, as to
the delimitation of powers between these bodies. But
the general arrangement aimed at is sufficiently clear.

By this formal abolition of the Sovereignty of the
State Mr. Cole hopes to secure the autonomy of all associa-
tions. But, further, he hopes by his system to secure a
comparatively accurate representation of the wills of
individuals. He recognizes, indeed, with Rousseau that
all representation involves some distortion. But he
urges that this distortion will be less in proportion as the
functions of representatives are definite and single. The
present system, whereby the whole of the individual is
supposed to be represented by a member in a sovereign
political assembly, is the worst possible for securing the
desired result. The citizen is compelled to hand over all
his powers and interests en bloc to a person he cannot
effectively check or watch or guide in any particular
matter. It is for that reason that the individual elector
has become submerged in the party machine, and that
he finds the acts and legislation of a supposedly democratic
assembly to be as arbitrary and remote from his will as
those of any despot. All democratic countries (most
notably and obviously the United States) are feeling this
difficulty, and trying desperately by every kind of device
—referendum, initiative, recall, elaborate constitutional
provisions—to recover control over their own representa-
tives. Mr. Cole’s remedy is to multiply representative
bodies, and assign to each some definite one of those many
purposes which the individual can only fulfill in association.
The individual, in a word, is to divide himself into a
number of aspects, each functioning in a single representa-
tive organization; and each of these bodies, it is thought,
will be able effectively to control, since it will be doing
something definite with his grasp, and obviously relevant
to his interests. The contention will not give a
more intelligent vote for a school board, a trade union
executive, the committee of a co-operative society or a club,
than he will for a member of Parliament. If it be objected
that he will not, that most electors will, in fact, be too busy
and indifferent to attend to the proceedings of all these
bodies, even though it be clear that they affect his daily
life and action, the reply is made that at least all will have
been done that can be done to secure effective control
over representatives. The indifferent will suffer. But
at least they will suffer only because of their indifference,
not because of a radical imperfection in the representative
system.

Enough has been said to indicate the main lines of Mr.
Cole’s thinking. If he were only planning in the air, as
Rousseau was when he wrote his “Social Contract,” it
might be possible to dismiss his book as “mere theory,”
however interesting. But in fact he is in close touch with
the Labour movement, the Guild movement, and all the
new forces that are struggling for expression. The disease
he diagnoses is a real one, and the remedies he suggests
are of the kind that real forces are feeling after. He is
a Rousseau furnished with experience and interpreting
creative forces. For that reason his book must be taken
very seriously, not only by teachers, but by politicians and
reformers. It will arouse keen discussion and hot dissent.
Mr. Cole will welcome both. For though his manner is
dogmatic, his method is tentative and moulds itself on
facts. His French logic has been graphed on an English
mind.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

The “Old Vic” is celebrating Shakespeare’s birthday.
Very few playgoers have seen Hamlet given in its
entirety. It will be so played by the “Old Vic” company on
April 19 at 1.15, and repeated on April 24 at the same
hour. “Coriolanus” will be given (with Miss Genevieve Ward as
Volumnia) on April 12, 14, 16, at 7.30, April 15 at 2, and
May 8 at 2.30.
IT would be amusing to hear Martial's comment on Mr. Ker's translation. "Let no man rewrite my epigrams," he says. "Improve facti qui in aleno libro ingenuos est." And if there be any man "so pretentiously prudish that to his mind in no page it is permissible to speak plain Latin," Martial would have him content himself with the preface or the title-page. What would he say of a translator who has conscientiously run through seven books of his unseemliness, rendering in English all epigrams possible of translation by the use of dashes or paraphrases, but serving up for the wholly impossible ones the Italian squalorities of Giuspanio Graglia? He would have been amused, we imagine, but not greatly indignant. We at any rate, though we smile at Mr. Ker's embarrassment, cannot blame him for the result. When timid persons deplore the frank indecency of our own Elizabethans, we are angry. Elizabethan drama is indecent just because it is so much alive. If you translated Aristophanes with the aid of paraphrases and you would prove yourself unworthy to translate him, because life is really the grotesque and splendid paradox that Aristophanes has made it. The dung-beetle soars to heaven, but there's no question that dung-beetles live on dung. Only in Aristophanes they also soar to heaven, and there's the joke of it. Or, again, if you objected to the passionate sincerity of Catullus, or thought it proper to dilute his terrible and blasting rhetoric, when it became "impossible," with Esperanto, no amount of pretty sentiment about poor Lesbia's sparrow would excuse you. But for Martial's filth your dashes and your paraphrases, and even your Giuspanio Graglia, are excusable, at any rate. His filth is filth, and nothing more. It has no Shakespearean jollity, no Rabelaisian gusto. It has nothing of a Byron's self-contempt and irony and pity; nor of Webster's tortured indignation at the pushing, clutching, climbing, pulling up energies of a futile human menagerie. It is simply a frigid trick, tried and repeated and again repeated, with all the ingenuity variety which the author's unrivalled cleverness can suggest, because it is common form in Domitian's Rome that epigrams should be indecent. Martial himself, we feel, is not amused—simply he caters for the fashion. He gives the public what it wants. Epigrams should be spicy. Very well, Martial supplies an article more highly spiced, more elegantly served, more cunningly devised to tickle and surprise a jaded palate than any other vendor of such cheap commodities.

The fashion to which Martial thus conformed was not the result of a frank joy in life, an animal exuberance. It was the cynical admission of a dead-alive society that nothing seemed really worth while. These pleasure-hunters were haunted by two spectres: death, on the one hand, and the fear of what might happen after death, and, on the other, boredom. Drugs were employed to lay both evils: strange Oriental superstitions for the former, and for the latter, dinner-parties, spectacles and little books of verse. It was because society was both afraid of death and bored with life that such a monster as Domitian was so long tolerable. All Martial's lavish compliments to this strange "Lord and God" are, like his improprieties, simply in the fashion. Verrall's attempt to rescue Martial's reputation was quixotic, generous, but absurd. For provincials to describe the Emperor as "dems" was, he says, "the simplest way of saying that the Empire deserved from them as human beings gratitude and veneration. And so it did." It is as if Domitian were a sort of Great White Queen, and Martial a poor gaping savage out of Africa, thanking Heaven for Rome civilization and for all the majesty and beauty of the perfect monarch. As a matter of fact, Martial himself was a man of gentle habit, friendly and kind and simple. He knew quite well that the Lord and God of Roman society was vulgar, greedy, lecherous, and, above all, cruel. Martial's "Book of the Spectacula" is far more abominable than his most indecent epigrams, if cruelty be more intolerable than debauchery. This brilliant, pushing journalist would give the public what it wanted. Domitian was, perhaps, the most important member of the public. Domitian wanted flattery, and got it. It is useless to attempt to make this little Spaniard respectable. It is enough to say that by his very base-ness, his frank, contemptuous, contemptible acceptance of the work that Rome could offer, Martial not only sold his books, but made his picture of the sordid life of an Imperial city vivid, imperishable, true. He could not have drawn the picture had his conscience been more scrupulous. Nor could he have drawn it well had not the memory of Spain and some rusticity remained with him, to keep him witty and clear-sighted. It was Bibilis that enabled him to see through Rome, and to outlive her.

MARTIAL AND ROME


Mystica et Lyrica. By Cloucesley Brereton. (Elkin Mathews 6s. net)—In his "Epistle Dedicatorie" to the present Earl of Leicester the author very gracefully informs his "patron-in-chief" that, although Time alone can estimate the true value of his verses, the volume will at least remain "a most precious anthology of friends." Their "kindly readiness to go bail for my verses" is appropriately acknowledged by the publication of an imposing list in the good old style. The verses which some five hundred very responsible personages, including many who are noted in art and letters, have gone bail for, comprise some forty pieces, and one of the lyrics commences with the statement that

Calm is the lake. Not a flake
Of foam, not a breath in the air.
Still in the sky
The clouds lie,
As if they had ever been there.

Which suggests that at least a dozen of the aforesaid guarantors will live to regret it, particularly as there is hardly an example in the whole volume which is completely free from such banality of thought and diction. Mr. Brereton's foreword reveals that he is engaged in education; can even that fact be justification for the "Ascent"?

Frar, Pessimist, why do you think us
For aye condemned to haunt the slime?
Just look at the ornithorhynchus!
The snake becomes a bird in time!

"To those who are indisposed by habit and temperament to worry over what is to them frankly insoluble," writes Mr. Brereton, "one would humbly suggest they begin at the end of the book and read the poems in inverse order. They will, if they do me the honour to read me aloud, possibly discover certain speech rhythms that are predominately Norfolk, and therefore interesting to those who have ears to hear." We confess that we have not persevered beyond the stage of frank insolubility.

A PREACHER of genius, if he were called upon, as the Primate of a national Church inevitably is, to find an inspiring thought for every State occasion, whether inherently great or trivial, might confess without shame that the task was beyond him, still less should he be held to that kind of blame which the present Archbishop of Canterbury, whose gifts have always lain in administration rather than eloquence. It is enough that in the war and peace sermons collected under the title "The Testing of a Nation" (Macmillan 6s.) he consistently expresses himself with dignity, good feeling, and in excellent English. At no stage of the war did Archbishop Davidson surrender to the Jingoism of panic, and he was not afraid, at moments of general distraction, to remind the nation of its duty towards the enemy.

T. M.
TWO MODERN NOVELS

AN IMPERFECT MOTHER. By J. D. Beresford. (Collins. 7s.)
TWO SISTERS. By R. H. Bretherton. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Beresford and Mr. Bretherton, two of our more
thoughtful writers, turning from the crowded
noisy town where everybody knows everybody else,
and there is not a house to be had or even a room that is
bare of associations, turning equally from the vague out-
lines and spaces of the open country, have chosen to build
their new novels in what might be called the Garden City
of literature. It is only recently that the possibility and
the attractions of this desirable site have been discovered
by the novelists, and the houses are still scattered
and few, but there is no doubt as to its dawning popularity
with the novelists. They do not seem to mind the chill
hygienic atmosphere of a Garden City; the gardens in
which poor Adam and Eve never could find a hiding-place
from the awful eye of God or man; the asphalt roads
with meek trees on either side standing up, as it were,
to an “artistic” dance; the wire receptacles ready to
catch the orange or banana peel of some non-resident savage,
and the brand-new exposed houses which seem to breathe
white enamel and cork linoleum and the works of Freud
and Jung, which seem to defy you to find in them a dark
corner or a shadowy stair, which seem to promise you
that there never shall be a book upside down on the shelves
or an unclaimed toothbrush in the bathroom, or a big
summer hat—belonging to whom?—on the top of the
wardrobe, or a box under the bed. All is “carefully thought
out,” “arranged for,” all is in admirable order, and we
imagine Mr. Beresford and Mr. Bretherton throwing open
the doors of their new houses and declaring them ready
for inspection...

“An Imperfect Mother” is an account of the youth and
early manhood of Stephen Kirkwood, a pleasant, diligent
boy whose ambition is to be a successful builder. His
father is a bookseller; he has two sisters, one with spectacles
and one without, and his imperfect mother is an artist.
She plays the piano, she has a charming talent for telling
little stories, and she is—well famed—gay, laughing,
beautiful in a way that shocks the staid cathedral city of
Medboro’. Up to the time the story opens she and Stephen
have been, it is suggested, all in all to each other, but now she
has fallen in love with the organist and her heart is divided.
Stephen, too, smiled upon by the fourteen-year-old
Margaret Weatherby, feels the stirring of a new affection,
and thus it happens that when his mother puts his loyalty
to a final test he fails her and she runs away from home.
It is only later that we realize the significance of the scene
when Stephen follows her, begs her to come back—and
she laughs. Her cruel, hysterical laughter shocks him
profundly, and she lets him go.

Seven years pass and Stephen, highly successful in the
building trade, is sent up to London to supervise a £150,000
job on the Embankment. There, in his loneliness, he seeks
out his mother, and relations of a kind are renewed. But
at the very moment of their meeting Margaret Weatherby
reappears and again smiles... There is a repetition of
the old conflict under a new guise. His mother, again on
the point of running away, turns to him; but this time he
is in love, and this time when he shows his heart to Margaret,
she it is who laughs hysterically, cruelly. This is not to be
borne, and in Stephen’s despair he flings the problem at his
mother. Why does he mind so much? Now we have the
explanation. She remembers how when he was “a little
bit of a toddling thing” he had got into one of his rages
with her, and she had laughed, wildly, hysterically, cruelly,
until he banged his head against the wall to stop her and
had “a kind of fit.” This has left a dark place in his mind,
and it is this that accounts for his extreme susceptibility
to callous laughter... But, continuing the explanation,
she tells him that the second time she laughed it was a sign
of her despair. “I couldn’t keep you off. That laugh was
the best effort to defend myself.” And—doesn’t he now
see that Margaret’s laughter had the same meaning? He
does, and his imperfect mother brings them together,
even though she realizes that in so doing she loses Stephen
for ever. But has she ever had him? Mr. Beresford
does not allow us one single glimpse of their life together,
in the early days, and in the “seven years after” meeting
there is not a trace of real emotion. At his mother’s
demand to know why he wanted to know her we are told
Stephen “plunged after essentials.” This is a very cold
plunge and, as far as we can see, a useless one. He brings
nothing from the vasty deep. And does that explanation,
which is intended, evidently, to warm and light up the
whole pile book, do anything more than reveal its essential
emptiness? The house is not furnished at all; nobody
lives there. We should not be surprised if Mr. Beresford
had written “To Let” on the last page...

In the opening chapters of “Two Sisters” the tempera-
ture is still depressingly low. There were two sisters;
one was Ethel and one was Nell. Ethel was very, very good,
but a prig; Nell was very, very bad and painted her face
and waved at soldiers in passing trains, but she was not a
prig. Ethel was married to Jim, a very architectural
architect, and a modern house with all conveniences, but
what did it matter what you did? “Don’t bother me, Ethel!”
“You must not talk to Ethel like that,” says Jim. This goes on for a long time. Then
the father of the two sisters loses all his money, and Nell goes away
to start a music school and help keep her
parents in their old home, but Ethel refuses to aid them
because they will not give up the old home. “Can Ethel
be a little cold-hearted?” thinks Jim, and is ashamed
of the thought. Nell, finding herself with a Bohemian
and sister for partners, discovers that she is not really
fond of wickedness. She turns over a new leaf and becomes,
in no time, a pattern young woman. But when her female
partner decamps and leaves her alone in the house with
Leonard, Ethel interferes.

Up to this point we have been led so gently and
by such easy stages, that it is surprising to find
Mr. Bretherton means to make an example of that
priggish Ethel. Virtuous matron that she is, she refuses
to believe in Nell’s transformation, and after accusing her
of living in sin, because the same roof shelters her and
Leonard, Ethel ruins her sister’s character by making her
accusations public. To the pure all things are impure,
and poor Nell has only to return home, ill and shattered,
as a result of Ethel’s campaign, for the virtuous sister
to diagnose her illness as “going to have a baby.” Oh,
how the reader hates Ethel when she makes her discovery
known to her mother and forces her to be the family doctor, and how
disappointed he is when the doctor lets Ethel off so lightly
after all! Even Jim, the architect, when he appreciates
the full extent of his wife’s guilt, is not really angry. He
could not be angry. There is, as it were, no place for him
to be angry in. The author himself is in the same dilemma.
Having placed Ethel in the Garden City and the modern
house, he must, at all costs, keep her within bounds. And
so we find ourselves positively ashamed of our little spirit
of rage and only too ready to believe that Ethel will learn
how to be—not more charitable, in future—but a great deal
more careful!

K. M.

A BIOGRAPHY of the late Sir Swire Smith, M.P., whose
pioneer work for technical instruction in this country made
him widely known, is being written by Mr. Reginald Snowden.
A modest and humorous observer of men and things, Sir Swire
Smith left intimate notes of a romantic career, which brought
him in friendly touch with many well-known people.
MARGINALIA

THERE is a kind of literature—and a very agreeable kind it is—in which the raw material of the subject is so rich and sumptuous in itself that the author’s labour is lightened almost to nothingness. He has only to expose his material in a good strong light to be certain of success. The aim of this kind of literature is the discovery and criticism of human oddities and absurdities. It draws its matter from an inexhaustible mine which promises to be as rich ten thousand years hence as it is to-day, or as it was in the time of the Pharaohs.

I have before me two books which owe much of their charm and interest to the eternal and infinitely varied absurdities of our species. One is the Second Series of "Books in General," by Solomon Eagle,* and the other is Mr. E. V. Lucas’s little biography of David Williams, founder of the Royal Literary Fund.† "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet . . ." and yet Solomon Eagle has discovered a gentleman called Mr. Finch Barnard, who has written a book about the soul, Shakespeare and similar topics in which there is a chapter headed: "Some Historical and Genealogical Evidences of the Descent of the Barnards and Finch from Charlemagne and from Adam." "Askenaz," Mr. Barnard goes on, "was the son of Gomer, who was the son of Japhet, eldest son of Noah, and elder branch to the Jews. Aventinus, however, makes Askenaz a fourth son of Noah. This great family was represented in England by the ancient Barnard and Finch family." Furthermore a "great and mystic significance attaches to the name of Barnard in regard to life and religion, and the mysterious relations between spiritual and animal life . . . There is not only a spiritual lien and a pedigreed between themselves, but probably also a blood, as well as a spiritual, tie with Jesus Christ." Solomon Eagle’s comment. "This is the sort of thing that happens to people who are too enthusiastic about their ancestors," is a superfluity. The extracts may safely be left to write their own criticism.

Solomon Eagle is happy in his choice of absurdities. He discovers the religious poetry of Joanna Southcott:

To warn their friend of every truth they know,
'Tis plain I did for them, the truth is so,
And so the bread is on the water cast,
And like thy uncle now the Jews will burst.

He might have added that Joanna still has followers; every Londoner must have noticed the posters which mysteriously made their appearance in our midst a few months ago: "The Bishops must open Joanna Southcott’s box and save the country in its hour of peril." He discovers the poetry of John Whitcomb Riley, the anniversary of whose birth is now a public holiday in his native State. He discovers other things more subtly and delicately absurd—metaphysical titbits from the seventeenth century, pidgin-English dictionaries for Germans, speeches by the Prime Minister cut up into free verse.

In David Williams, Mr. Lucas has found a congenial theme. Williams lived in that palmy age of English style which witnessed the uncontested efflorescence of Erasmus Darwin and Miss Anna Seward. The style of the period clings like a bright aura of absurdity round almost every figure of the closing years of the eighteenth century. A man may be the most serious of characters, the most intelligent and enlightened, but he cannot fail to become a little ridiculous when he is described as "gay, ardent and sprightly, with a bosom languishing for pleasure." Owing to "The Loves of the Plants" and "The Economy of Vegetation" we find it, to-day, almost impossible to take Erasmus Darwin seriously. He was very nearly a great man; his style compels us to treat him as a figure of fun. Mr. Lucas has very skilfully painted a portrait of Williams in which we see the central core of a serious character surrounded by the halo of absurdity with which our changed fashions of thought and speech have invested certain features of the period in which he lived.

What are the traits of style, what the intellectual preoccupations of our generation which will provide future Solomon Eagles and Lucases with material for their "Books in General" and their half-lurid biographies? It is a pleasing speculation, and one in which every writer on human absurdities should every now and then indulge. For there is a danger of believing absurdity to be absolute and self-evident to all, a danger, that is, of believing the opinions of one’s own age and society to be the best of all possible opinions. As well say at once, with that great anonymous writer of nonsense who called himself modestly "A. Nobody,"

My nose myself I painted white
Because, you know, I’m always right.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

When Mr. Bernard Shaw referred to a "quaint little pocketbook of English Pre-Raphaelite prose called the Gaelic Movement" most Irish readers of "John Bull’s Other Island" must have felt that our restless expatriate was relying once more upon his imagination for the facts of modern Ireland. Mr. Shaw is only too frequently guilty of such aberrations when confronted with evidence of an Ireland unknown to his youthful experience of this country. If there was any definite allusion in that inaccurate generalization it must have been to the existence of the Cuala Press, which began in 1903 to revive the art of fine printing in Dublin. During the first four years eleven volumes were published, bearing the imprint of the Dun Emer Press, which was then renamed the Cuala Press, but has remained from the beginning under the management of Miss Elizabeth Yeats. The selection of the books and the general editorship of the series have been in the hands of Mr. W. B. Yeats, and a set of these twenty-nine volumes, printed on a hand-press in an attractive eighteenth-century type, has become "a scarce and desirable item," to quote the vernacular of the dealers. There was never any intention to challenge comparison with the productions of the Kelmscott Press, which was apparently the basis of Mr. Shaw’s reference. At the same time, the Dun Emer and Cuala Press publications are singularly pleasing possessions to the bibliophile who is not merely a collector. Very few of the volumes are reprints, almost every one has an inscription of Miss Yeats’ own hand. Much of the beauty of the books lies in their independence of ornamentation for its own sake. They are easy to read, for Miss Yeats has always relied upon the craftsmanship of the printer for her effects.

The latest volume is "Further Letters of John Butler Yeats" (12s. 6d. net), which must be read in conjunction with "Passages from the Letters of John Butler Yeats," published three years ago in the same series. On this occasion the passages have been selected by Mr. Lennox Robinson, who differs from his predecessor in the earlier volume. Mr. Yeats Pound in so far as his selections are longer and deal more consecutively with one subject. That, of course, may be due rather to the character of the letters placed at his disposal than to any contempt of Planmaesigheid in Mr. Pound. The most obvious expectation aroused by the letters of an artist is that they will reveal his opinions on matters concerning his own art. Here that expectation.
The Bodleian during 1919.

We have received a copy of the report of the Bodleian Library for 1919. One item in it will arouse a free vote in the profound and not entirely sentimental regret in those who knew the charm of Bodley's library. The year was a typewriter (the first to be employed in the Library) was purchased.

The number of new readers admitted reached the surprising total of 1,424, as against 424 in 1918. The accessions showed a marked increase on 1918, but below those received in 1916. Among the MS. donations we may note classical lecture-notes and collations by Professor Bywater, and Mark Pattison's note-books on Scaliger, Salmasius, Casaubon, etc. (from the executors of Professor Cook Wilson); and the printer's copy of Samuel Butler's "Lack or Cunning," typed and written by the author (from Mr. Festing Jones); among the donations of printed books, various volumes of Erasmus (from Mr. P. S. Allen), Mr. T. J. Wise's privately printed bibliography of Swinburne and twelve of his privately printed pamphlets, and Mr. Festing Jones' privately printed "Diary of a Journey through North Italy to Sicily." A bronze bust of R. H. Robson, Ellis, was presented, and placed in the Picture Gallery. The most notable MS. acquisition was that of a seventeenth-century collection of prophecies collected by Elias Ashmole and annotated by him, and subsequently owned by Thomas Hearne; and among the printed books the only known copy of "Jaco's vow. A sermon preach'd before His Majesty and the Prince His Highness at St. Mary's in Oxford..." by Thomas Fuller, 1320.

There is a debit balance of over 1000 on the general fund; the expenditure on purchases, where a great increase is desirable, has had to be severely restricted, and a large reduction has had to be made in necessary binding.

Book Sale


The following are among the lecture arrangements at the Royal Institution after Easter: Professor Arthur Keith, four lectures on British Ethnology: the Invaders of England. Mr. R. Campbell Thompson, two lectures: (1) The Origins of the Mound Builders in Middle America; (2) Myths of the Babylonians. Mr. A. P. Graves' two lectures on Welsh and Irish Folk Songs (with musical illustrations). Mr. Frederick Chamberlin, two lectures on the Private Character of Queen Elizabeth. Professor Frederic Harrison, two lectures: (1) A Philosophical Synthesis as proposed by Auguste Comte; (2) The Evolution and the Evolution of Thought. Professor J. H. Jeans, two lectures on Recent Revolutions in Physical Science: (1) Theory of Relativity; (2) Theory of Quanta (Tyndall Lectures).
Science

THE ENTEENTE CORDIALE

THOSE who are interested in current "serious" literature, and more particularly that branch of it which deals in a speculatively way with those vague but impressive problems which have always haunted men, the existence of God, the "meaning" of the Universe and so on, cannot have failed to notice the unaccustomed prestige now enjoyed by science. The supposed contributions of science to these discussions are now listened to with a gravity and politeness, with a kind of serious hush, which was formerly reserved for quotations from Plato and Aristotle. Compared with the crude materialists of Huxley's day, it is evident that the modern man of science has greatly improved his social standing; he now frequently talks to the best people, on equal terms, on such subjects as the Good and the Beautiful. The underbred, pushing, clamorous self-assertion of the Victorian scientist is a rare note in these improving conversations between philosophers and men of science. A man like Haeckel is dismissed as a mere vulgarian; no one would trouble to refute him; his loud voice and hob-nailed boots are sufficient condemnation. Even Huxley is felt to be a rather noisy person; the modern expositor of the relations of Science and Religion or Science and Philosophy no longer borrows his technique from the Hyde Park orator; he has adopted rather the insinuating charm of the curate. There are, of course, survivals on both sides: sweetness and light are not yet universal; the general atmosphere of mutual forbearance and respect is still occasionally marred by the harsh note of some exceptionally fanatic or insensitive partisan. One or two grave lapses of this kind may be detected amongst the mass of recent books devoted to cosmical questions. There are still one or two literary men and philosophers who hint at those dreadful early days of science, before it went to Oxford, and there are still one or two provincial men of science, farouche, suspicious, who attend a modern cultured salon carrying their obsolete life-preserver in their pocket. But on the whole good manners prevail everywhere. It is realized that there is no reason why anybody should feel awkward at meeting anybody else in a world which is so indulgent of the difference between a man's private and public capacities.

To be on amiable terms with everybody is worth a sacrifice, and in our relief at escaping from the ferocious savagery of the Victorian controversialists we may well endure the minor discomforts of a reconciliation between science, philosophy and religion so effective as to render indistinguishable the separate persons of this trinity. The particular advantage of this amalgamation that concerns us here is the fact that it has brought a new branch of literature into existence. As is usual in an amalgamation, each member profits by the custom brought by the others, until finally a composite article is evolved which is, as it were, simultaneously buff and blue. That is how we get these very curious and interesting modern works on cosmical questions—works which seem to result from a close collaboration between, say, a professor of physics, an archdeacon and a Bond Street crystal-gazer.

A very comprehensive Weltanschauung is thereby afforded, and doubtless a truly "balanced" mind must result from the purer of such works, but we may doubt whether each component, as it were, is presented in its purity. The advantages of association are only obtained by a certain loss of individuality. We cannot speak for the philosophy and religion of these works, but we are impelled to these reflections by detecting a certain quality which pervades the scientific part of the expositions. It is, as we have admitted, a good thing for science that it has been taken up in this way. It moves in an atmosphere of culture; it finds itself being described in chapters headed with Greek quotations; it is complimented on its strong vein of poetry; its peculiarities are explained, inaccurately but sympathetically, in columns of literary causerie, and the unexpected but gratifying discovery is made that it by no means lacks the bump of reverence and proper respect for constituted authority.

Yet, kindly as are the surrounding faces, and pleasant as is the consciousness that one's clothes and accent excite no comment, there is, on the part of many scientific men, a persistent uneasy feeling that one has gained this position on false pretences. It is these remarkable modern books to which we pay tribute, which render the feeling acute. At the same time, it is very difficult to state precisely the elements of this feeling. We understand, however, that there are young poets and novelists who experience very much the same emotion when one of the great "official" men of letters talks about literature. It appears that such people often get everything subtly wrong, that their criticism never pierces to the real heart of the matter, that they make literature at once more pompous and more tame than it really is. These new cultured expositors of science affect one very much like that. Their indisputable intelligence and their wide knowledge do not save them; they lack something—it may be a mere familiar way of talking—which marks a profound scholar, whom feel they touch their subject with padded fingers. We attribute no occult influence to laboratories, but we think the expositor of science who is not also a creator is something like that curiously unconvincing creature—the theoretical sailor who has never been to sea. For that reason we are uneasy in the presence of these numerous modern expositions. Such work of the kind as was done in the old days was done by real men of science in their spare time. They had the competence, if also something of the crudity, of the workman in the factory who explains to you how his machine works. The modern writers are so much more like those frock-coated "attendants" at Exhibitions. One is oppressed with the same suavity, the same incredible readiness, the same secret doubt whether he has ever handled a tool in his life.

Such being our estimate of our modern teachers, we may be permitted to be sceptical concerning the complete satisfactoriness of their account of the present disposition and relations of science. When they vouch for the complete respectability and harmlessness of science we wonder if they are not a little too kind. We have an absurd nervousness, as in the presence of a reformed burglar. He looks well-dressed enough and his hands are not impossibly horny; moreover, we are told that the two very respectable gentlemen with him find him a most charming companion. We are prejudiced, we suppose; but to our thinking there is a coarseness about the jaw, an occasional hard glint in the eye, which would make us reluctant to accept him as, at any rate, a sleeping companion. We wonder if those two gentlemen, the one reverend and the other nearly so, ever feel a little apprehensive during the night?

S.

DR. A. L. BOWLEY, the author of the much discussed "Division of the Product of Industry: an Analysis of the National Income before the War," published 1919, and now in its fourth impression, has pursued his researches in the same field; and the Oxford University Press will publish immediately his "Change in the Distribution of the National Income, 1880—1913." It is still not possible to analyse the distribution for the years since the outbreak of war; but Dr. Bowley here carries the analysis back for a generation, and the results are of the first importance.
SOCIETIES

ARISTOTELIAN.—March 22.—Professor H. Wildon Carr in the chair.

Mr. Clement C. J. Webb read a paper on "Obligation, Autonomy and the Common Good." He contended that the notion of obligation, in which Kant rightly found the essential feature of our moral consciousness, cannot be directly derived (as Green seems to suppose) from the notion of a "common good," but that on the contrary it is an "essential of a "general will," as also the closely connected notion of a "common will," that derives its significance for ethics, and eventually for politics, from its connection with the notion of obligation. The latter of the two notions, however, as in itself merely the result of the general will, but not as the expression of an absolute factor therein, which perhaps may be best described as the sovereignty of the State. To the thought expressed in Kant's choice of the word "autonomy" to express the status of the good will may be traced along one line of descent the anti-authoritarian tendency in contemporary ethics and politics.

LINNEAN.—March 18.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

Mr. E. Heron-Allen, Professor Vernon H. Blackman, and Dr. James Davidson were admitted Fellows. The following were elected Frewes: Jacques de Villermont, Arthur Lionel Goodday, Geoffrey D. H. Carpenter, and A. Stanley Hirst.

The proposed alterations in chap. xi, sections 2 and 6, of the rules relating to subscriptions were carried.

Professor James Small gave a lantern demonstration of "The Chemical Reversal of Geotropic Response in Roots and Stems." Professor Weiss, Cant, A. W. Hill, Professor V. H. Blackman, and Professor E. S. Goodrich took part in the discussion which followed.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—March 18.—Professor C. Oman, President, in the chair.

Mr. Ernest H. Wheeler was elected a Fellow.

The President exhibited seven tetradrachms of Antiochus the Great, illustrating his portrait at different periods in the reign and at different points. Mr. Watson showed an unpublished Persian brass of L. Verus (rev. S.C.) without S.C., and a small medalion of M. Aurelius (rev. Fortuna).

Mr. L. A. Lawrence read a further note on the Amphitry find of early 2nd H. P. pewter, in which readings of new points, not previously deciphered. Most of the mints were represented in the hoard, and among the rarer coins was one of a new Canterbury moneyer named RAGLE.

Mr. G. F. Hill gave an account of his investigation of a story that a specimen of the gold mancus of Offa had been found near Orwell, in Cambridgeshire, forty years ago. If the coin was really a specimen of the Arab dinar copied by Offa, he had been unable to trace through the British Museum, and at different points, Mr. Waterson showed an unpublished Persian bronze of L. Verus (rev. S.C.) without S.C., and a small medalion of M. Aurelius (rev. Fortuna).

Mr. L. A. Lawrence read a further note on the Amphitry find of early 2nd H. P. pewter, in which readings of new points, not previously deciphered. Most of the mints were represented in the hoard, and among the rarer coins was one of a new Canterbury moneyer named RAGLE.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—March 25.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

Mr. C. L. Kingsford read a paper on "Paris Garden and the Bear-baiting." It has commonly been alleged that Paris Garden took name from Robert Paris, who in the reign of Richard II, had a garden, on which the butchers of London built a place where their offal might be cut up for the bears. But the wits on this story was based contains nobody of a garden or of bears, and is obvious that the site referred to was on the opposite side of the river, probably in Queenhithe Ward, of which Robert Paris was a common councillor. The site of Paris Garden anciently belonged to the Templars, and was in later times owned by a Knight under a lease from Bermondsey Abbey. In 1385 it was assurred to Henry VIII. by Act of Parliament, but neither then nor in subsequent grants is there anything to suggest that bear-baiting was practised there. Paris Garden Stairs formed the most convenient landing place for the bear-rings, and this probably led to the common reference to the bear-baiting at Paris Garden. We certainly get such a reference long after the time when it is known that bear-baiting was held further east. Amongst the Alley manuscripts at Dulwich College there is a list of his "writings of the Bear Garden. But none of the deeds are now preserved there. Recent discoveries have been discovered at the Record Office to which they probably came as an exhibit in Alley's lawsuit with William Henslow in 1629. From the deeds and from the interrogatories and depositions in this lawsuit it is possible to restore much of the early history of the Bear Garden before 1584. One William Payne was lessee of the Bear Garden before 1574 and erected standings or scaffolds for the spectators. Payne was succeeded by one Wiston, who was followed, perhaps with an interval, by Morgan Pope in 1585. Pope appears to have transferred his lease to one Hayes, from whom it was acquired by Thomas Burnaby, the person who sold it to Alley in 1584. Burnaby had sublet in 1585 to Sir Richard Everard, and another to his lease is a list of the bulls and bears together with the pony and ape. This list is, with the exception of one given by Taylor the Water-poet fifty years later, the only complete list which we possess. In the list appears a bear called "Harry of Term," which is also mentioned by Nash in 1593. The deeds and interrogatories make it clear that the bulls and bears were kept at the Bear Garden and not at Paris Garden as early as the time of William Payne. Payne used to bait the bears at the place subsequently known as the Old Bear Garden. John Taylor, one of the witnesses in 1589 (who has been wrongly identified with the Water-poet), remembered two earlier places at which they were baited, one near Mason Stairs and the other at the corner of S. Lane, which are referred to in 1578 as the Old Bear Garden. At the Record Office there are a number of deeds relating to the early history of the site of the original bear gardens. That this site was part of Alley's property is shown by his entry in 1620, on which the actual bear-garden was moved further east, the lessees probably found it convenient to retain the original site for purposes connected with their business.

ZOLOGICAL.—March 16.—Professor E. W. MacBride, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. R. I. Pocock read a report on the additions to the menagerie during February.—Mr. E. G. Boulenger exhibited and made remarks on a frog with a duplicate foot.—Professor J. P. Hill exhibited and made remarks on a specimen obtained from a kangaroo recently living in the menagerie.

Mr. Pocock read a paper, illustrated by lantern-slides, on the external characters of the South American monkeys, and showed the variations in the structure of the ears, nose, hands, and feet and external genitalia.

Dr. C. F. Soumac communicated his paper on "The Comparative Anatomy of the Tongues of the Primates of the Marsupialia and the different divisions of the tongue and the physical characters of each. He demonstrated by diagrams and lantern-slides the different forms which the papilae and openings of Wharton's ducts can assume among the mammals, and exhibited specimens illustrating the shapes and colours of the tongue, and arrangements for cleaning the teeth.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 9. Philological, 5.30.—Dictionary Evening, Professor W. A. Craigie.

Malscological, 6.

Mon. 12. Royal Geographical, 5.—"A Brief Review of the Evidence upon which the Theory of Isotasy is Based."—Mr. O. Willott.

Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting.

Aristotelian, 8.—Symposium on "The Concrete Universal"—The True Type of Universality."—Mr. S. E. Anwatin. Lecture 1. Dr. W. Rosenheim. (Cantor Lecture.)


Zoological, 5.30.—"An Apodous Ania sala."—Mr. A. Willey.

Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Western, Australian Aborigines: their Treatment and Care," by Mr. A. C. Scott.


Thurs. 15. Royal Institution, 3.—"Ebullition and Evaporation."—Mr. Sydney Skinner.

Society of Arts (Sidney Section), 4.30.—"The Port of India: their Administration and Development," by Sir George Buchanan.

Linnean, 5.—"Natural History Exploration on the North-East Frontier of India," Capt. F. Kingdon Ward.

Child-Study (90, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.), 6.—Spelling Reform," Professor W. Ripman.


Fri. 16. Royal Institution, 9.—"Ions and Nuclei."—Dr. J. A. McClelland.
Fine Arts

HOW TO CATALOGUE GEMS

THE LEWES HOUSE COLLECTION OF ANCIENT GEMS. By J. D. Beazley. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 38s. net.)

GEMS enjoy an unfair advantage over most other small works of art, the effect of which depends almost entirely on the skill of the artist in giving form to his raw material. The gem first attracts us by the beauty of its colour, an accident which has nothing to do with the art of the engraver. It is true that in the cameo he can take advantage of the distribution of colour, but for the present let us confine our remarks to intaglios. It is not too much to say that their colour is a hindrance to a proper appreciation of their artistic value. That can best be gauged in the impression, which has the advantage of showing the design in relief. Possibly the most skilful gem-engravers, like the finest engravers of coin-dies, are able to think in reverse; but even they are obliged to test their work, as it proceeds, by taking impressions to show the relief; and most of them, if we may judge by the practice of coin-engravers from the Renaissance onwards, must have made a point of working for the critic who is going to keep his head before a cabinet of gems needs to discount the element of colour, though he would be unduly pedantic who would condemn the art as bastard because the alliance of the two elements that make up the effect has no artistic sanction. "Art is a loving friend of chance, and chance of art." The cameo is in a different category from the intaglio. So far as it depends on the use of layers of differently coloured stone, it is not to be taken seriously as a work of art. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of an excellent rule, that the artist should never forget the stuff he is working in. Here the material takes command, and compels him to arrange his colours in such a way as to make the design work as an effect of contrast or curtail elements in his design, in accordance with the distribution of the colours of the stone. No wonder that this kind of gem was especially popular with the Romans. The big cameos, whether Roman or Renaissance, are the most perfect examples of vulgarity and pretentiousness in art.

The Lewes House Collection, however, out of a total of 155 numbers, contains only half-a-dozen cameos. It has been formed with singular judgment and taste. The proportion of Etruscan—less than a score of pieces—is also small. The finest Etruscan work in gems, as in bronze, has its merits; but the mass of it is merely derivative and uninspired. Taken as a whole, there has probably never been another collection of gems containing, for its size, so few pieces of mediocre execution or doubtful authenticity. If Mr. Warren has been wise in his selection of specimens, he is no less to be congratulated on his choice of a cataloguer. Mr. Beazley's published works on vases have told us what to expect of him: an inquiring eye for minute detail; an archeological memory that nothing escapes; good taste, displayed not in laudatory epithets (we fancy the word "beautiful" is not to be found in his pages), but in discrimination of style; a wealth of happy illustration from other arts; and a proneness to Morellio-Furtwänglerian methods of attribution. The last characteristic appears in this book in a somewhat chastened form; or is it that, the subject being new, Mr. Beazley is feeling his way? As it is, his attribution of the scaraboid with an archer to Epimenes is difficult to accept; it seems not to show that engraver's finish or just subordination of anatomical details to the general surface. But perhaps we are rash in judging from the illustrations, excellent though they are.

Dexamenos, of course, has to have a list of attributions tacked on to the famous portrait which used to be called Demosthenes, and which Sir Arthur Evans thinks represents Cimon. But Mr. Beazley adds only one to Furtwängler's list, while subtracting others. He is careful, as usual, to say nothing of his opinion of this gem as a work of art. But it would be interesting to know how many impartial judges, admitting all its mastery of technique, and discounting the smugness which may be presumed to have been inherent in the subject, would find anything to admire in this portrait. A really great artist succeeds in creating dignity and interest (whether of attraction or of repulsion) to his subject; in this gem the precision of handling and the stress laid on detail (as in the staring stupid eye) serve only to bring out the paltriness of the sitter. Some early critics—in the days when it was held that the Greeks could do no wrong—were so grossly disconcerted by these characteristics that they condemned the gem as false. It is only an excellent example of the fatal facility of the virtuoso. That even in the fifth century—though not quite so early as some would date this gem—the Greeks could go astray like this is known to every student of coins.

A splendid work, on the other hand, is the Hellenistic portrait of an Oriental in a lez. It is that touch of melancholy in which the civilized, Greek artist seizes the expression of the semi-barbarian, a melancholy akin to that which is so often seen or fancied in the eyes of an intelligent animal. It recalls in this and other respects the amazing portraits of Pontic or Bithynian rulers round about 300 B.C., Mithradates II. or Pharnakes I. or Prusias I., as seen on their coins.

This last word reminds us of the fact that, although Mr. Beazley may not have gone through a long training in numismatics, his book is the first, not even excepting Furtwängler's, in which a student of gems has made a really critical use of coins. He might perhaps have remembered the early coins of Sidon in describing the fine Persian cylinder with the Great King going a-hunting; and perhaps he has exaggerated the connection between his griffin scaraboid and the coins of Abdera; Abdera's mother-city, Teos, might have something to say on the question, which we cannot argue here. But, on the whole, numismatists will have nothing but praise for Mr. Beazley's handling of the evidence of coins. It was time that this evidence was duly weighed, since coins, which can be accurately dated, afford the only positive criteria for the dating of gems, and, as the nearest analogue in technique, are the best guide in questions of authenticity. The final requisite—negative but necessary—for the ideal work on ancient gems would be attained if Mr. Beazley would publish a careful study of the work of Renaissance engravers. Not until the mass of Renaissance and eighteenth-century imitations has been separated will the foundations of criticism of the antique be secure.

Of course this is a catalogue, not a general treatise, and the author keeps severely to his lines. But it is less unreadable than most catalogues. Mr. Beazley is austere; but he can upon occasion show compassion:

A poor old donkey. His body is emaciated (with ribs, shoulder-blade, hips and vertebral protruding); except his belly, which is inflated, with swollen veins. The mane straggling and perhaps maney: a sore on the neck. A study of deception difficult to parallel among Greek representations of animals.

Or imagination:

The child Eros seated on the ground playing with a goose, which lifts its wings. Below, a pair of knucklebones, with which he was playing until the goose came to look.

But he does not often let himself go like this.

The book (barring a few Greek accents which have got lost) does great credit to the Oxford Press; the plates are admirable. We wish the portraits of the author trying on an Oriental headdress had been better likenesses.

G. F. H.
EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK
ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

As a general rule it is easier to appreciate an artist's powers in a one-man show than in a large mixed exhibition. But occasionally, and in an exceptional way, where the standard is low or perverted, a man's work gains by contrast with its surroundings. Mr. A. R. Smith's water-colour, for example, labelled "Noontide," which would have appeared relatively unimportant at the recent collection of his drawings arranged by the Fine Art Society, looks exceedingly distinguished at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, where the standard is not far to seek. At Bond Street we admired Mr. Smith's ability to suggest form bathed in light and air, and we took for granted his evident respect for the water-colour medium. In the Pall Mall gallery this fundamental quality appears in itself a merit, because the vast majority of the exhibitors flippantly neglect the medium. Nine-tenths of the artists here seem intent on emulating the effects of oil painting, and in many cases they accentuate the misdirection of their efforts by placing heavy gold frames close up to the drawings. The exhibitors who show the slightest signs of a genuine respect for water-colour can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and of these Mr. Roullet's work has an intuitively trite vision, and Mr. Moffat Lindsay suffers from a fatal reluctance to make a precise and positive statement.

Mr. W. B. E. Ranken is conspicuous at the exhibition of the Royal Institute for much the same reason that Mr. Smith is conspicuous in Pall Mall. For the Royal Institute is still the man's own, and as the old and justly proud gentleman grows older, and consequent to the malady which rages at the Royal Society. The difference in degree is seen in the lower types of oil painting selected by the Institute artists for emulation. Mr. Ranken scores because he exploits his medium in a legitimate manner. His drawings of the interior of Moor Park are flamboyant, it is true, but there they are flamboyant in a good sense—in the sense that Tiepolo was flamboyant, and a baroque church is flamboyant; much of their exuberance is inherent in the sumptuous nature of the subject, and in the case of these drawings the heavy gold frames appear (as a kind of exception which proves the rule) quite congruous and inevitable. Mr. Ranken's art has no relation to the art of Mr. Smith, but the two men have this in common: when they speak a given language they are ready to make an effort to master its pronunciation, and they are content to abide by its grammar and syntax. Water-colour drawing is after all no more an art in itself than the French language is an art. It is a language which can be learned well and can be made to express great things or little things, according to the quality of the brain, nerves, and spirit which direct it; and, like any other language, it must be mastered and its special character realized before it can be made capable of expressing anything at all.

We speak of water-colour drawing because it should be primeval drawing that is a statement of form, and artists of consequence who use the medium recognize this. They never use colour for the purpose of contributing to the realistic impression of the drawing. They get their effects entirely by line and tone, and they never impose colour over a line-and-tone foundation, or make it do the work of tone, unless they have previously reduced their palette to a conventional gamut, consisting at most of one or two warm tints and one or two cold ones. They tend to use colour in quite an arbitrary manner, reserving it to relieve monotony or severity, to secure added elegance or charm, or to induce by itself a special sensation. They never forget that their business is to make certain significant lines and washes on a sheet of paper, and not to disguise a sheet of paper, as a scene, or a face, or an Academy landscape in oils: they learn the language before they attempt to speak it, and then reserve it as part of their equipment until occasion calls for its use. The majority of the artists at the Royal Institute and the Royal Institute either do not realize that water-colour drawing is one of the most conventional and exacting of mediums, or else deliberately shrink the effort required to master it. They appear to imagine that its claims will be forgotten if they ignore its existence. But the medium will persist in the face of their efforts to destroy it, because it is always to be eminent artists who will delight in it just because it is difficult and austere.

Music

SUNRISE ON THE GANGES

Almost every young lady who gives a song recital seems to regard it as a duty to begin with an aria of Scarlatti. Sometimes it is "O cessate di piagarmi," sometimes "Già il sole dal Gange," occasionally both. It is very seldom that these ladies give evidence of having any particular understanding and appreciation of old Italian songs. If they had, they would not have the very selections cited above. And there is a repertory of about half-a-dozen by Scarlatti and others from which the choice is made. They would also take trouble to see that the accompaniments to their old Italian songs were properly written out. There may be a few editions in which the original figured basses have been treated in a scholarly and artistic style, but most singers appear to depend on editors who had no understanding whatever of the music of past centuries. The worst suffer of all has been "O cessate di piagarmi," which has only too often caused me to apply the words silently to the singer and the accompanist. It would be too much to expect that the singers should know where these arias came from, and their teachers are no doubt in a morally blissful ignorance. One that I had to listen recently sang "Già il sole" with a ferocious energy and a tone of righteous indignation in her voice which seemed to imply that the unfortunate dwellers on the Ganges, so far from having any right to regard that river as their own, had never even known a sunrise to see it by until that daily blessing had been vouchsafed to them by the establishment of British rule in India. And the gentleman at the pianoforte attacked the introduction with the manly vigour of one who hates a detachment of machine-guns off to a punitive expedition.

The charming lady had probably never given a thought to the significance or origin of the song. The accompanist probably thought that it looked rather like Handel, and that all Handel was meant to be played with the exuberant athleticism of the monster Polypheme. As a matter of fact, "Già il sole" comes from the third act of "L'Homestà negli Amori," one of Scarlatti's very earliest operas. It was composed in 1689, when he was twenty-four. The song is sung by Saldino, a lively little page, whose character somewhat anticipates the Cherubino of Mozart, and its general atmosphere is one of grace and charm.

Nearly all the favourite songs of Scarlatti which appear in recital programmes come from his quite early operas—"O cessate" ("Pompeo," 1683), "Le violette" ("Piro e Demetrio," 1694) and "Non dar più pene" ("La Rosina," 1685). Few singers seem to know the music of his mature period, either for the stage or for the chamber, and they take equally little interest in the more developed vocal music of those earlier Italians on whom Scarlatti formed his style. What really happens is that a certain amount of old Italian music is supposed to be part of every singer's necessary equipment, and the singing-teachers, knowing themselves not more than those one or two songs, teach them to all their pupils in turn. Pupils learn them in much the same way as they learn their elementary Latin anthems, or the conventional selections from them, at school; and they very seldom pay any further attention to them after they have got started on their own way. They sing their Scarlatti aria at the beginning of their recital as part of the convention of concert-giving. The first time that I ever met with that old favourite "Star vicino" (ascribed to Salvador Rosa) it was sung by a lady, an amateur, who, having been trained in "bel canto," had preserved her voice into middle age. It had been a very popular song in the
drawing-rooms of her youth. It was considered a very good song to open with, she said; you tried the acoustics of the room with it, and made sure of your voice and your audience before going on to "Non piu mesta" or "The Lost Chord." But the ladies who try the acoustics of the Aolian Hall with "Già il sole dal Gange" put their own voice and their own intelligence to the test as well. Only rarely do they come through the trial with success.

For Scarlatti is a stiff examination in voice-production, in phrasing, in interpretation, in rhythm, in general musicianship, and also in the pronunciation of Italian. It is easy enough to cover up indifferent production in a good many modern songs by distracting the attention of the listener in the direction of literary expression. The same thing happens when singers attempt the English contemporaries of Scarlatti. The English music of that period requires just as much finish and elegance of style; but the hand of the English arranger is often a heavy one, and a modernized accompaniment invites an emotional method of singing. The English words are a still more dangerous pitfall, for they inevitably tempt the singer into a distressingly arch delivery of their curious phraseology.

If Purcell, Blow, Greene, and the rest were treated with the respect that is paid to the old Italians, even such very moderately intelligent respect as is paid to "Già il sole," they might form a classical foundation of pure English singing. It is at the same time highly desirable that singers should continue to make a careful study of the old Italian classics. It is obvious to anybody that they demand first and foremost a perfection of voice production and breath control. What is less obvious is that they demand clearness and precision in diction. Most singers nowadays make a point of singing French and Italian as well as English. In almost all cases their diction is much clearer in French than in either Italian or English, even when English is their native language. One reason for this is doubtless the fact that modern French songs are composed with a view to clear enunciation. It is only a really great French singer, such as Mme. Bathori, who can show her audience the vocal melody that underlies such songs as the "Chansons de Bilitis," which, to the ordinary English reader, appear to be little more than recitations. Hence the temptation of French songs for the singer who has not yet achieved complete vocal control. Old Italian songs treat their words in a different way. The words themselves are almost music. They are extremely formal, sometimes almost nonsensically formal, from a literary point of view, and designed deliberately to be repeated and inverted in the course of the song. The words are thus inseparable from the musical phrasing of the song. They must be spoken in such a way that their clear and distinct enunciation does not break and destroy the musical phrase, but actually helps to give it plasticity and suppleness. Herein Italian has a great advantage over English. It is only accomplished poets such as Dryden who could have treated English in this way, whereas in Italian the structure of the language places the technique within the grasp of any theatrical poetaster. For this reason songs of the old Italian school are valuable training to an English singer, because they teach him to regard a song as a piece of music to be understood and phrased with the same conscious beauty of line that is required of a violinist who plays an adagio of Corelli or Handel. When a singer has to deal with English words he is tempted by the nature of the English language to think too much of the single word and too little of the phrase as a whole. It is for this reason that the writer who conscientiously tries to speak his English clearly and expressively is invariably tempted to let his enunciation destroy the musical phrase. Only after he has carefully studied the old Italian can he learn to grasp the significance of a musical phrase as a thing beautiful in itself. It is in this sense that the old Italian songs represent the dawn on the Ganges, the original source of light which illuminates the whole of modern music.

Edward J. Dent.

BEECHAM OPERA: "THE MAGIC FLUTE"

If you cannot adapt your means to your ends, there is a good deal to be said for adapting your ends to your means, and under certain conditions the Covent Garden version of "Die Zauberflöte" might be justified. If Sir Thomas Beecham had to deal with any of the star performers who had never seen one another before, but who could be trusted as singers to make the most of their respective parts, he might be wise in deciding to abstain from allegorical research and to present the opera simply as a series of beautiful arias, quintets and so forth, with plenty of comic relief, and appropriately sumptuous mounting. Such a presentation would in any case seem very old-fashioned, but one could accept it as being good of its kind. The trouble at Covent Garden is that the performance there is on these out-of-date lines without being strong enough to carry conviction. Most of the singing is reasonably good, but hardly any of it first rate. One does not come across the outstanding feature of the Beecham company, generally speaking, is the absence of "stars" and the high general standard of intelligibility and cohesion. In spite of periodical aberrations it does aim at working on repertory lines and not on Grand Opera Syndicate lines; it is precisely on that account, indeed, that its claims on our gratitude are so substantial. Why then, in this instance, adopt the style that of all others is most calculated to emphasize the limitations of the company and place its virtues at a discount?

This fundamental incoherence of conception is the more regrettable as some of the rôles are in capable hands: Mr. Frederic Austin does excellently as the Speaker, and Mr. Randow's Papageno is well-studied—light in touch and free from extravagance. Mr. Foster Richardson starts well as Sarastro, but in his big E major aria he forgets all about Pamina after the first few lines, and sings at the audience in the approved Grand Syndicate manner. As for Mr. d'Oisy (Tamino) and Miss Licette (Pamina), neither of them seems to have the remotest idea of who they are or what they are supposed to be doing; Tamino struts about quite aimlessly when he is not singing, and Pamina evidently thinks that the threadbare "business" of the prima donna is quite good enough for her; she even forgets herself so far as to ogle Papageno, and give him a little push. This part will have to be drastically revised if any sense is to be made of the opera. And Mr. Pitt might try to obtain a little more lightness and elegance of phrasing from his orchestra. At the same time, the priests might rid themselves of those neat black imperials. Possibly they were worn during the high-priesthood of Sarastro (dignity uncertain), but as the effect of them seen in profile is that of a multitude of infinitely receding chins, it would be better not to insist upon this historic detail. The substitution of recitative for dialogue throughout the work is defensible, the "leit-motif" style of accompaniment a good deal less so. There is no need to bring Mozart up to date in this way.

R. O. M.

The sixth and last meeting of the present session of the Musical Association will be held at 160, Wardour Street, on Tuesday, April 13, when Dr. H. Thomas will read a paper on "Musical Settings of Horace's Lyric Poems," with illustrations by the lecturer.
Drama

THE OBVIOUS

Stage Society (Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith).—"From Morn to Midnight." By Georg Kaiser. Translated from the German by Ashley Dukes.


We are not wholly subjugated by the translator's fiat, in the version published by Messrs. Hendersons (2s. net), that we should admire " Von Morgens bis Mitternachts " because it " will appear to be a link between the three-dimensional stage and the screen," and is "a portent therefore not to be despised." The cinema is sufficiently with us, and magnificence regarding "dimensions" and expressiveness does not conceal the fact that this play is very like the old Viennese sculpture of the allegorical-over-intended variety. Specific lines in sculpture, specific masses and planes, specific situations and phrases, cannot be made to mean more than they do. You do not intensify a representation of rage by presenting the protagonist in the act of biting a tenpenny nail. A contemporary has said that the mental life of the contemporary German is so lofty wroght into metaphor that the man in the street never knows whether he is a torpedo or a colossus.

Georg Kaiser has, undeniably, written a play with almost as much action as a cinema piece of the same duration would require, but he has not escaped the over-rhetorical modality of his favored race. Ibsen was presumably as symbolic as a dramatist may well be, with this difference: Ibsen had an intellectual content; he was, and emphatically, in revolt against many things which had not caused revolt in his contemporaries. Kaiser's message would seem to be that "pleasure is vain—unless one has acquired a technique"; money is worthless, or in any case theft is a form of unwisdom. To convey this we are given a certain amount of brisk comedy plus a variant on the "Peer Gynt" tornado, plus an allegorical velodrome, plus continual flow of symbolic language, plus several sermons, finally ending in a dreary Salvation Army scene, much less interesting than any street-corner Salvation Army scene; even when it borrows an exotic motif from "The Man who Corrupted Hadleyburgh," plus one death, plus one threat of suicide by a despairing minor character, plus the chief protagonist's pistol shot.

The seven scenes almost demand an analysis seriatim. The first is good comedy, and in it Brember Willis is excellent. The second, as acted, was null; the third, nearly impossible; the fourth, a parody, in which Edith Evans, the wife, did a good three minutes' work. The fifth was allegorical, and thence the play declines to the seventh, which has no particular merits, yet in it, and, indeed, in all the scenes, there are chances for any amount of acting. Given actors sufficiently capable, and presupposing adequate preparation, the play through three scenes; but given this amount of talent and energy we should have energy enough and talent enough to produce a play with more important contents. Roughly, the play needs as much acting as, for example, "Peer Gynt," without having the importance of that Ibsen composition.

Its merit might lie, as its translator claims, in its economy of words, were it not for the multitude of rhetorical sermons, preached out like the printed directions between cinema-pictures. Really it entertains for six scenes because something is going on, and swiftly; for most of that period—with the notable exceptions of the rhapsody of the mother and son in the second scene, and that in the snow scene. The crudeness of the allegory and the generalizations of Kaiser's rhetoric place him, despite his cleverness and the modernity of the scenery, in very nearly the same intellectual gamut with the Salvation Army, to which he takes, and fittingly, as a last resort for his climax.

If, however, Kaiser shouts worn texts through a megaphone, it is undeniably a better megaphone than Mr. Douglas Murray's. The cashier's glorious day with 60,000 marks from which he can derive no satisfaction offers vivid intellectual enlightenments in comparison with the humanitarian fortnight in which "Uncle Ned" converts his brother from avarice. The Uncle Ned sort of thing passed out of "Pippa" into "The Third Floor Back," and we believe that Mr. Pim is still in beneficent transit.

And doubtless avarice is an evil, and doubtless, also, a very crude and persistent sermonizing is a desiderium; for if churches no longer function, the stage may be the remaining implement for the reform of multi-millionaires. We do not attend meetings of the Salvation Army. But "Uncle Ned" is hardly the thunderbolt for photocratic St. Paul's. One would, on the whole, prefer to live with the curmudgeon Sir Robert Graham rather than with his saccharescent younger brother, the ex-poet, and pseudonymous best-seller. The Christian virtues—and there are quite respectable virtues which can be called Christian—may be advocated without destroying a play. Flaubert has divided his great trilogy of Contes over a phrase in "St. Julien Hospitalier": "Et l'idée lui vient d'employer son existence au service des autres." One does not want, however, an image of Christ in violet-scented soap, which, is metaphorically, about what is offered us at the St. James's.

No human actor should be called upon to exercise such ineffable charm. I know . . . it is a custom of the time . . . it is almost a convention of the contemporary theatre. In every third play one attends there is some unfortunate actress or actor whose stage direction, entire and unqualified, is to "be charming," to "be absolutely and utterly charming," and, of course, it isn't done, it can't be done, it is not the mirror to nature. In real life no individual exercises this persistent and ubiquitous spell on all beholders, in all circumstances, for the uninterrupted course of a whole concatenation of circumstances. There are some people, not necessarily fiends, who do not fall into ecstasy before the head of Apollo; some against whom a pulpy and fatuous kindness or facile concomitants of the glibly hollow are the least promising unions. Besides, that younger brother turned up years ago. He was, then, a slightly acrimonious critic instead of a pulpy poetaster; he preached his little sermon against avarice and grinding efficiency with a deal more pith and vigour, in a play whose name has escaped me.

Mr. Ayrtton plays convincingly, and Mr. Anson makes an excellent old retainer, but neither part should be very difficult. The originality shown in "getting laughs" by the butler's mispronunciation of words and the flapper's falling through the doorway is not surprising, but who are we to quarrel with Harlequin's slip-stick? This play makes no demands on the intellect and many upon one's patience.

FRIVOLITY NOT UNPLEASING

Haymarket Theatre.—"The Young Person in Pink." By G. E. Jennings.

The first act of "The Young Person in Pink" is leisurely and gently amusing, and we can hardly demand from an untried dramatist such a tour de force as the opening thirty lines of Lope de Vega's picturesque "El Desprecio Agradecido." The play is not soothed in sentimental saccharine, even though this chemical appears from time to time. Lady Sarah commits a mild and tentative Pippa-ism in the second act, but it is tempered with reason. Some people like their plays with sugar, and some without; for the guidance of both groups plays
Correspondence

KEATS'S HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—On the eve of the centenary of the death of Keats, the house near Hampstead Heath, in which he resided during the most active portion of his literary career, is about to be thrown into the property market as an 'eligible building site,' and a representative committee has been formed with the object of saving this great literary shrine from destruction, and of securing it for the benefit of the public in perpetuity. The house, now called Lawn Bank (but originally known as Wentworth Place), situate in Keats Grove, Hampstead, is that to which the poet came after he left Belcher's school, 1818, and which was his home during the remainder of his life in England. Within its walls, or under the shelter of the venerable trees which still grace its extensive old-world garden, much of his finest work was produced. At that period the premises formed two semi-detached cottages, the one built and occupied by Charles Wentworth Dilke, the other by Charles Brown. In December, 1818, after the death of his brother Tom, Keats went to live as a permanent inmate with Brown at Wentworth Place. Soon afterwards he became engaged to Fanny Brawne, whose mother had rented Brown's half of the double house while Brown and Keats were away on their Scotch tour, and her father took Dilke's half when Dilke and his wife had left Hampstead to live in Westminster. By subsequent occupants the party wall separating the two houses was broken through, and the two houses were thrown into one. Other considerable alterations have from time to time been effected; but on the strength of detailed information furnished in 1859 by a then surviving brother of Charles Dilke, it seems possible to recognize and perhaps to restore the original form and structure of the premises.

An exclusive right to purchase the property has been established for a short period to afford an opportunity of procuring the necessary funds. It is estimated that for the acquisition of the freehold for restoration and repairs, a adaptation as a Keats memorial house, and for permanent maintenance, a sum of not less than £10,000 will be required.

At the Hampstead Public Library is deposited the important Keats relics, comprising holographs of poems by Keats, books with copious annotations in his handwriting, his school books, his notebook as a medical student, letters written by or addressed to the poet, the lock of hair cut from his head after death by Severn, with casts, busts, and prints. The library also contains a large collection of Keats literature, and many etchings and other views of the Hampstead which the poet knew. It is confidently anticipated that these important relics will be removed from the public house, and that valuable additions will be made thereto from time to time.

Of the birthplace of Keats no vestige remains. His first Hampstead home, in Well Walk, has long since disappeared, through the walk being widened to a road, the charm which endeared it to Keats. The place of his death, in Rome, is piously preserved, but England has no corresponding memorial. If Lawn Bank is destroyed no similar memorial for him can be found in the land of his birth.

Such an irreparable loss would be deeply and permanently deplored, and believing that there will be a widespread desire to mark the forthcoming centenary in some suitable manner, we feel it our duty to draw attention to the risk in which the property is at present involved. We sincerely hope that the threatened fate may be averted, and that the premises, restored, endowed for maintenance, and equipped in honour of the poet, may be handed over to some public body in trust for the public for ever. The time allowed for decision is short, and we accordingly venture to urge the necessity for a prompt and generous response. Lists of the names of donors and subscribers will be preserved in the building in permanent form. Donations forwarded to the Hon. Treasurer of the Keats Memorial House Fund at the Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3, will be gratefully received.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,
J. J. Fraser (Mayor of Hampstead), Chairman,
Sidney Colvin, Hon. Treasurer,
W. E. Doubleday, Hon. Secretary.
Central Library, Hampstead, N.W.3.
March 30.

BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—Bedford College, the largest and oldest University College for Women in England, is in need of money.

At the moment when there is an overwhelming demand by women for higher education and training, it must either refuse admission to highly suitable students and starve or close down certain departments, or it must enlarge its buildings and increase its endowments.

Seven hundred students now crowd into buildings adapted for four hundred and fifty.

In the English, Latin and History departments, lectures and classes have to be repeated several times in the day. In Science departments the supply of instruments and apparatus is so insufficient that heavy appliances have to be carried from one laboratory to another. Chemistry, with 130 students, has to be satisfied with working places for only 46. Zoology, with the largest pure science intermediate Zoology class in the whole University, is almost completely cramped. Geography and Geology contend for the use of the same class-rooms, which are overcrowded by a double set of appliances.

Even after such overcrowding the College has had to shut its doors against students who would benefit by the education given. This term it has been impossible to admit any new students.

£100,000 are needed for additional lecture-rooms and laboratories.

A second £100,000 for endowment. The College activities most urgently in need of endowment are notably: scholarships; the various departments of Science; where women are equipped for scientific research and industrial appointments; the department of Social Studies for the training of welfare workers, health visitors and other social workers; the training department for Secondary and Continuation School Teachers.

A third £100,000 is badly needed for a hostel. As the demand for residence has increased and the housing problem grown more and more acute, all available accommodation has been exhausted.

The Council are in treaty with the Department of Woods and Forests for an admirable site for a hostel just outside the Park. This is an opportunity which should not be missed. Whether it can be taken must depend on the generosity of the public.

Many people unfortunately think that Bedford College is rich. But in truth the income of the College is by no means sufficient to meet its heavy running costs. The enormous increased cost of maintenance and the necessity of raising, all salaries. Endowments for scholarships produce barely

T. J. V.
£400 a year. In the 27 departments there are no endowed chairs. The salaries of the teaching staff are inadequate in view of the increased cost of living. There are demonstrators with University degrees to whom the College is forced to pay a lower wage than that earned by unskilled manual workers. We do not want to raise the fees. The effect of that would be to destroy one of the features of which the College is most proud, viz., its democratic character. By excluding poorer students it would restrict women’s University education to the richer classes. Fortunately for education in England, such a course was not followed in the case of our older Universities. Their work would never have been done had there not lived long ago generous men and women who believed they could render no greater public service than by endowing colleges and thus furnishing opportunities for rich and poor to acquire sound learning. We hope a like generosity and a like belief exist today.

Her Majesty the Queen, Patroness of the College, has expressed interest in the scheme and given a donation.

Subscriptions should be sent to Viscountess Elveden, Honorary Treasurer of the Bedford College Endowment and Extension Fund, Bedford College, Regent’s Park, N.W.1.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient servants,
E. Hildred Carlile (Chairman of the Bedford College Endowment and Extension Fund Committee),
Margaret Amphill.
Gwendoen Elveden.
Lettice Fisher.
Mary Hargrove.
Anthony H. Hawkins.
Arthur Steel-Maitland.
Mary Talbot.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—Having been authorized by the Duchess of Norfolk to write the life of Charles Howard, eleventh Duke of Norfolk (1746-1815), I shall be most grateful to anyone who possesses letters written by him for permission to see them, or copies of them. Any originals sent to me at 7, De Vere Gardens, Kensington, would be taken the utmost care of, and would be returned promptly.

Yours faithfully,
Mary F. Sandars.

7, De Vere Gardens, W.S.

JOHN GOWER AND SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—The erection of two windows in Southwark Cathedral to the memory of John Gower, by a private citizen, has attracted widespread interest in the press and among Londoners generally.

Many who have been to see the windows have noticed that the tomb of the poet is in a very poor condition. The plaster at the base is broken, and the architect has attached a very unsightly piece of stamp paper to the masonry, no doubt because he fears a subsidence. It is generally known that the cathedral is in very straitened financial circumstances, and has no money for necessary repairs. Will you allow me to state in your columns that I feel that it would be a graceful action if literary men would make themselves responsible for the renovation of this fifteenth-century monument?

Yours etc.,
George Isaacs,
Mayor of Southwark.

26, Blackfriars Road, S.E.1, April 3, 1929.

JOANNE STRADANUS’ “VESPUCCI LANDING IN AMERICA”
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—I observe a reference to this picture in The Athenæum of April 2. Can any reader kindly inform me where the work is to be seen, or if any reprints of it are current, or on sale in England?

Your obedient servant,
J. Landfair Lucas.

Glondra, Hindhead, Surrey.

MR. WILLIAMSON’S “WRITERS OF THREE CENTURIES”
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—I believe it was the late Oscar Wilde who once said that “imitation is the sincerest form of insult.” I am reminded of this, as I have just been glancing through a book noticed in your columns on March 26—“Writers of Three Centuries,” by C. C. H. Williamson. As I turned over the pages of this work [I have not read them all] I felt a strange familiarity with what I read there—so much so that I turned up some of the things which struck me. The following is the result:

C. C. H. WILLIAMSON.

Charlotte Bronte.

Passion was alive in her as a flame is alive in the earth. She lived with unparalleled energy a life of outward quiet in a loneliness which she shared only with her sister and the moors.

R. L. S.
To read him is to be for ever setting out on a fresh journey. Anything may happen, but the air is full of the gaiety of possible chances.

Rosetti.
What he calls “House of Life” is really “The House of Love.”

Meredith.
He thinks in flashes and writes in shorthand.

Lamb.
He reason in pictures, every line having its imagery, and he uses pictorial words to express abstract ideas.

Lamb.
Lamb had no sense of narrative, or, rather, he cared in a story only for the moments when it seemed to double upon itself and turn into irony.

For read Lamb makes a man more human, more tolerant, more dainty.

He was a cockney, a lover of civil traditions.

Pater.
In all his work his thoughts move to music.

“Gaston du Latour” (in which detail had already begun to obscure the outline of the central figure).

Pater did not permit life to come to him without a certain ceremony—he was on his guard against the abrupt indiscernibility of events—so he arranged life to come, as far as was possible, with a service of art.

Of Pater’s Style.
It has been praised and blamed for its particular qualities of colour, harmony, weaving, but it has not always been realized that what is most wonderful in the style is precisely its adaptability to all kinds of thought, sensation or intention.

Style in Pater varied more than is commonly supposed in the course of his development, was with him a constant preoccupation.

Zola.
He cannot leave well alone; he will not take the most obvious fact for granted. “It marche le premier, elle le suivra”;-of course she followed if he walked first, why mention it?

In Mr. Williamson’s essay on Poe the sentence occurs: “He could have done perfectly the thrill of the French vaudeville.” Happening to glance through Mr. Paul Ricard’s Colen’s essay on Poe prefixed to the “Everyman” edition of the Tales, I found: “Poe could have done perfectly the thrill of the French vaudeville.”

I have not read the whole book through; doubtless other readers may find further parallels. But, for my own part, when I re-read an author I prefer to do so in the original.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
Alfred Barge.

March 29, 1929.

Just before his death Richard Dolben was engaged on the collection and arrangement of the poems of his first wife. The volume is entitled “Das liebe Nest,” and is a collection of child-poems. It is published by the Verlag Seemann, of Leipzig.
Foreign Literature
ARNO HOLZ

Das ausgewählte Werk von Arno Holz. (Berlin, Bong & Co.)
Sonnenfinsternis, A Tragedy. By Arno Holz. New and Revised Edition. (Same publisher.)

There is a well-marked tendency at the present day in Germany—where is there not?—to deprecate the literary movement of the late eighties and early nineties of the last century. To readers of current German reviews, to observers of the German stage of the past few months, it is difficult—a number of exceptions, the leading plays of Gerhart Hauptmann, for example, apart—to recall the fact that that period was the beginning of a real literary revival in which, however, discredited and old-fashioned, the naturalistic philosophy on which they were largely founded may have become in our day, there were produced a number of works of permanent individual value and decisive influence on the development of literary, above all dramatic and lyric technique. The present reaction against the achievements of thirty, twenty, even ten years ago in German literature, has gone rather too far, and there can be no doubt that it will be a loss to students if they are led, by the all-prevailing sway of "expressionism" and "mysticism," in German drama and poetry, as in pictorial art, to neglect at least the outstanding works of the previous generation.

An opportunity for this observation is provided by the production in a new form, on the Berlin stage in recent months, of Arno Holz's tragedy "Sonnenfinsternis," and by the appearance of this admirable volume of selections from Holz's work in general. With this latter it is possible to make a thorough preliminary study of Holz the poet and dramatist, thence to proceed to what is undoubtedly his finest single work and one of the most important German dramas of the twentieth century.

Arno Holz was born in East Prussia in 1863. He settled in Berlin at an early age, and used with facility the dialect of that city in his plays. Before his twentieth year he had written and published several poems in various periodicals. In 1885 he was associated by several contributions with the young poetic movement which found its principal expression in the anthology entitled "Moderne Dichter-Charaktere." In the same year he published a volume of his own, "Das Buch der Zeit," to which was added the subtitle, "Lieder eines Modernen." The form of these poems was in no way original. Holz retained the orthodox forms of rhyme and rhythm, and merely used quatrains and eight-lined verses and the like with extraordinary facility and effectiveness. Technically the book was, for a young man, a remarkably able following of the classic German tradition. In subject, however, Holz broke new ground, and it was in this that he immediately commanded attention. Fulfilling the promise of his secondary title, he took the themes of his verse, as Hauptmann was to do in drama four years later, from the life of common folk in Berlin and German city-life generally. A very characteristic and illuminating poem in this volume is that entitled "Berliner Frühling," in which the poet explains that he cannot sing of the spring as other poets have done before him. The perfume of violets has no attraction for him, and he does not wander in the woods and contemplate the spring-flowers. Then he gives his picture of springtime in Berlin. In another poem, the epigrammatic and ironical "Selbstporträt," Holz sums up his inclinations in the verse:

Nur wenigen bin ich sympathisch, 
Denn ach, mein Blut rollt demokratisch, 
Und meine Flagge wagt und weht: 
Ich bin nur ein Tendenzpoet!

Holz's next medium was prose. Here he worked at first in collaboration with Johannes Schlaf. Together these two first exponents of the naturalistic method applied to naturalistic material wrote "Papa Hamlet," a series of sketches of working-class life which, together with a play by Schlaf, "Die Familie Seelké," appeared under the joint pseudonym Bjarne Holmsen in 1889. The influence of this volume, and more particularly of Schlaf's contribution thereto, is not only apparent on Gerhart Hauptmann's epochmaking play "Vor Sonnenaufgang," which appeared in the same year, but was avowed by its dedication to "Bjarne Holmsen."

In 1896 Holz himself wrote a play, "Sozialistokraten," a comedy of social life which did not secure the success it deserved. Two years later he published "Phantasus," two volumes of poems in which an entirely different style was shown to have been evolved from that of the first poems. This time Holz theorized at length, and elaborated his poetic doctrine to the effect that the age, which had found in prose the right medium in the modern novel, had not found the perfect medium in poetry. It demanded a widening not only of the content of poetry, as had been effected in the "Buch der Zeit," but also of the form. This was not to be interpreted as a declaration in favour of "free rhythm"—although the influence of Walt Whitman on Schlaf and Holz, particularly the former, was considerable—but as an assertion that, in Holz's words, "if you express what you feel directly as you feel it, then you make the natural rhythm." In the characteristically German phrases, Holz declared for the "immanent" or the "necessary" (notwendig) rhythm. And in this new medium of varied long and short lines, all unrhymed, Holz gave an astonishingly varied collection of short impressionist poems which constitute his most important poetical work.

With the exception of "Sonnenfinsternis" and a similar tragedy, published in 1913, "Ignorabimus," all Holz's other work is in the form of verse or of prose fiction. Examples of the first are "Dafnis," a delicious skit on the precious poetry of the seventeenth century, and the poetical satire, "Die Blechschmiede"; of the second the collection of charming sketches of child-life, "Goldene Zeiten."

The heroine of "Sonnenfinsternis" calls herself Beatrice Cenci, and with this the theme of the drama is indicated. The play opens with her, the successful actress, in conversation with a friend, a certain Url. Through the latter she meets Hollrieder, a painter. He, although at first neither of them recalls the fact, had rescued her from suicide when, a young girl living with her father, the artist Professor Lipsius, whose assistant Hollrieder was, she had attempted to end her shame. The full horror of the truth is gradually borne in upon Hollrieder's mind by the hints of Musmann, a mentally deranged rival of Hollrieder's, whose uncanny appearances at various points of the play are most effective. Hollrieder learns to love Beatrice and gives himself up to her by degrees. Then he meets her father, and in a terrifying tragic scene the daughter renounces him and chooses to follow Hollrieder. They live together in England, where one day they learn of the death of Lipsius. The shock of the news drives Beatrice to a reconsideration of her duty towards Hollrieder, and eventually she decides that she is unworthy of him and can love him no longer. Together they return to Germany, and at a meeting with Hollrieder's friend Url Musmann appears. Beatrice attacks him, and, after half throttling him, leaps from the window and is killed.

The debt of such a play to Ibsen is too obvious to escape notice, but the forcefulness of characterization, both of Beatrice and Hollrieder, the passionate language of the critical scenes—these are Holz's own work, an individual achievement of the greatest importance in modern German drama.
THE ALTO ADIGE

PROBLEMI DELL’ ALTO ADIGE. By Franco Ciarlantini. (Florence, Vallecchi, 3.50 lire.)

We are often credited with being merciless critics of ourselves and our institutions, but we can hardly hope to rival the outspoken condemnation of many aspects of their political system which characterizes many Italian writers and thinkers of today. Sig. Ciarlantini warns his countrymen that the inhabitants of the old Sud-Tirol have long hated July and the Italians. He believes that this feeling is already diminishing but that it will be long before it disappears altogether.

Apart from their nationality, these mountain people are in many ways an absolute contrast to the Italians, possessing virtues which our author readily acknowledges. For one thing they are far better educated, literates being almost unknown among them, and they are already showing great eagerness to learn Italian. Hence the Government will have to be very careful in its methods of reorganizing the system of education. Hitherto the military authorities have interfered as little as possible with existing institutions, and Sig. Ciarlantini warns his countrymen of the fatal consequences that might result from attempting to force them down the saddest of all ancient Italian bureaucracies, on which he is scathing in his denunciations, upon the Trentino. Similarly the Italian Code of Civil Procedure must, he contends, on no account be introduced, as it is distinctly inferior to the Austrian.

Sig. Ciarlantini hopes much from the fact that the material interests of the Trentino are bound up with Italy. The natural outlet is to the South, not over the Brenner. Trade suffered a deadly blow when Lombardy and Venetia were lost by Austria, and she did all in her power to cut off the Trentino from Italy. The railway system was planned with this purpose. Similarly, the vast reserves of water-power in these regions are hardly developed at all, since its export to Italy was prohibited, and the local demand was insignificant. In addition to the water-power, the scanty mineral resources, as well as the rich woods of the Trentino, will be of far more value to Italy than they could ever have been to Austria.

The very conservatism of the inhabitants of the Alto Adige may, it is suggested, make them prefer the Italian monarchy to the one at Vienna. Similar considerations may influence the Catholics. This little book gives a fair-minded and careful description of the Austrian administrative system and of the political and religious tendencies of the country. Socialism here has no anti-capitalist tendencies, as the capitalist system is so little developed, and Sig. Ciarlantini hopes that the anti-Socialist tendencies of the National party may throw it into the arms of Italy. How far these hopes will be realized it is impossible to say. The inhabitants of the Alto Adige have all the independence of a sturdy mountain peasantry, and if Italy succeeds in reconciling these new citizens to her rule she may claim that she has learned how to “win the peace” to some purpose.

L. C. M.

LETTERS FROM PARIS

I. THE PRIX GONCOURT

The awarding of the “Prix Goncourt” to M. Marcel Proust for the second volume of his “A la Recherche du Temps Perdu”: “Un roman des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs”—reviewed in The Athenaeum of November 7, 1919—has given rise to such a flood of comment in the press and in the so-called world of letters that, although the event belongs to the past, and the turmoil has already subsided, the whole episode has been so full of instruction, and throws much light upon the different kinds of danger which beset English and French literature.

In any literature the advantages derived from, or the drawbacks entailed by, the existence of literary prizes, depend entirely upon the part played by that literature by the tradition-element. When that literature is an ideal goal rather than a formal starting-point—a cumulative conquest more than an inheritance normally transmitted and, so to say, handed over—the literary prize may possess a distinctly civilizing value, and the essay competition recently started by The Athenæum is an excellent example of the wholesomeness of the prevalence as applied to English literature.

Of course, the object of the competition is to stimulate critical interest, and there is a sense in which to-day the stimulating of such an interest might appear just as necessary in France as in England. Yet it remains none the less true that no English writer can be seriously hampiered or spoiled by lacking up to one or two isolated cases. In any case, the number of cases of being thereby chastened and more finely tempered. And the reason lies near at hand: for the English writer, tradition is no comfortable legacy, but the outcome of a laborious individual struggle, it has the character of an achievement. Next to never does he start from tradition, but if he is appointed to greatness, he may cultivate in tradition. The danger of English literature, if one may not rather call it its καλός κόσμος, is overgrowth: the trees are too many, and in each tree the sap, whatever may be its ultimate quality, runs too vigorous, and each grows, in a way, for itself, without taking much consideration for the others, without even possessing any developed conscience of standing at all in any special relation to the others. But the danger is without its advantages, and the foremost of them resides in the fact that English literature, if without a definite, a specified tradition, affords the richest field out of which a broad tradition may be garnered. If the writer has in him the seeds of true greatness, if he has enjoyed to the full the advantages of that chaste education on which nothing takes the place, and which keeps constantly before the mind’s eye the highest models of Greece and Rome, such literary saturation may bring forth the chastened productions to which I alluded above: it engenders a Milton, or a Voltaire, or a Tennyson of “Tithonus,” or a Matthew Arnold of no few anthology gems.

But in France the conditions are the very reverse: however heavily the appearances may sometimes seem to tell against the statement—and it might be an interesting and perhaps not unreasonable task to attempt to prove it in the case of certain precise examples such as the French Romanticism—poor, battered entity, still always dragged into court—French literature suffers in a chronic way from an excessive preponderance of the traditional element. To examine the idea of tradition, such as it presents itself habitually to the French mind, and then to proceed to study it as it is put into practice in the works of both those writers of the generation of whom the innumerable pseudo-traditionalists, would indeed carry one far: the subject was perpetually agitated in the last years before the war, and has been more than ever since the Armistice; yet it is seldom really treated, or even apprehended in its true essence. But for our present purpose—the analysis of the tradition element in French literature— it is sufficient to note that tradition in France is viewed in the terms of an enjoyed privilege, of a birthright—and, what is even more important, of a birthright that belongs to the race: every Frenchman considers himself as a sharer in tradition: in France tradition is a phenomenon of a general—one might almost say—distinctly not an individual—order: a phenomenon that in no way is held to depend upon the niceties of personal adjustment. Such remains, and will probably ever remain in France,
comprehensive and sympathetic treatment at the hands of that extremely reliable master—as Hazlitt would have said—M. Roger Allard (in the Nouvelle Revue Française for February) immediately after the Goncourt verdict, received the “Prix de la Vie Heureuse,” and when all is said, there is such a thing as relative importance, and it does determine the scale of values.

Yet behind all this futile quibbling the real motive for such an anxiety lies the apprehension from the beginning it was, as usual, the old story. The unexpectedness, the rich and manifold originality of M. Proust’s work, took the public and the press unawares. They simply did not know what to do with it, so that there was nothing left to them but to retaliate against the work and the man who reduced them to such an uncomfortable and amplified position.

It was only after the outburst had spent itself that a few authorized voices began to make themselves heard. M. Jacques Boulenger was the first to take the field. M. Jacques Boulenger, who assumed a few months ago the task of literary critic in the weekly paper L’Opinion, is rapidly making his reputation in the literary world. He wrote two articles on M. Proust, the first at the time the prize was awarded; the second as an answer to the critics of M. Proust. The articles were all the more interesting because they present the reaction towards M. Proust’s work of a mind of a very definitely French cast and training, but the intellectually alive that the very things he would not be inclined to condemn on the general excitement, he has his very best faculties. The article of M. Jacques Rivière, “Marcel Proust et la Tradition Classique” (Nouvelle Revue Française for February), is the one that agrees most with the line taken up by the Théâtre, reviewer, who sees in M. Proust a faithful follower of the great eighteenth-century tradition; but the article which seems to me to show the case most in the round is the article of M. Edmond Jaloux in Les Écrits Nouveaux—January-February number—from which I detach for your readers the most important passage, as it states what I consider as the foremost and nearest quality of M. Proust’s work.

Ce qui caractérise Marcel Proust et fait de lui un auteur hors pair, c’est qu’il est absolument vrai. J’entends par là que, depuis une centaine d’années que le roman a pris une importance capitale, il s’est formé peu à peu un grand nombre de poneus psychologues, auxquels il est fort difficile d’échapper. Tant de mouvements d’âmes nous semblent évidents, depuis Balzac et ses successeurs, que nous avons tous une tendance à les utiliser, pour ainsi dire mécaniquement, et sans trop penser que les uns ont toujours été faux, sans trop exagérer de manière décadente avec notre propre sensualité, que la pluspart, enfin, ne demeurent possibles que dans telle ou telle circonstance donnée. Peu d’écrivains contemporains échappent complètement à cette erreur et je pourrais citer nombre d’entre eux, sans en sortir à l’autre qu’une série de ces ponces. Or, Marcel Proust n’en a jamais commis un seul. On dirait qu’il renouvelle constamment la psychologie ; malgré l’extreme médiocrité, les innombrables facettes d’esprit subtil, minutieux et impitoyable, disposant, après l’agacement, nous avons tout le temps avec lui l’impression de nous trouver, non en face d’un livre, mais de la vie même. Ce prodige, c’est de faire quelque chose d’autant plus direct, d’autant plus vrai, d’autant plus authentique, avec une forme pleine d’allusions, d’ornements et de détours. Il y a dans une des parties de son premier ouvrage, “Du côté de chez Swann,” quelques pages sur l’amour, sur sa naissance, son apogée et son déclin, qu’ils l’impression qu’ils n’en feront jamais de sujet d’autant plus que l’auteur de Stendhal.

Quand je lis Marcel Proust, quand je vois les éléments de la vie se combiner, s’aglutiner, se dissoudre, se décomposer chez lui, comme des cellules, nerveuses, que j’assistais au travail, non d’un romanticien, mais d’un biologiste.

The work of M. Proust is, before anything else, an enrichment, and so to say, a “thickening” of the French literary treasury.

In England you possess that admirable, indigenous product called the wedding cake. M. Proust has given to French literature its “wedding cake,” and of course it is only food for the strong. In England such a work as his would be, perhaps, a less surprising performance, but for those in France who, however deep may remain their allegiance to the clear-cut outline, the restrained grace, the crystal lucidity of so many French masterpieces, yet are not ready to give up for the country that numbers Stendhal among its titles of honor any hope of a George Eliot or of a Meredith, the coming into his own of M. Marcel Proust is an event full of glad tidings.

CHARLES DU BOS.
List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

300 SOCIOLOGY.
See review, p. 476.

*Jacobs (Herbert). STEVENS' ELEMENTS OF MERCANTILE LAW. Butterworth, 1920. 8 in. 747 pp. app. index, 12/6 n. 347.7

This sixth edition of a well-known and valuable text-book has been brought up to date with a careful regard to recent applications of the old principles of the common law, and to the developments of their meaning. The effect of war on contracts is considered; and Mr. Jacobs has included in the volume a few cases which were not referred to in previous editions. These cases either elucidate important principles or help the student to understand the modern authorities.

Professor Kimball discusses the national government of the United States, as distinguished from the state, city, and local governments; and, while tracing the political, historical, and economic development of American institutions, he endeavours also to present an adequate picture of the actual workings of the Government. Bearing in mind that the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, and that its interpretation by the Supreme Court is authoritative, the author quotes freely from the opinions of the Court. The volume therefore has a twofold character: that of a text-book in which institutions are described and analysed, and that of a source-book in which appear the actual words used to expound or limit the powers of the Government. The book is provided with an excellent index.

Members of Education Authorities, managers of schools, teachers, and others will be considerably helped by this guide to the various legal provisions dealing with education. Every Education Committee and Council in the near future will have to prepare a complete scheme for the development of the educational resources of its area, and those concerned should be acquainted with the legal aspects affecting education. Mr. Moulton's book states the law as it will be when the 1918 Act is in full operation.

In the preparation of this work the editor has made use of the 1907 edition of the Reports of the Conference of 1899.

Higham (Charles Frederick). LOOKING FORWARD: MASS EDUCATION THROUGH PUBLICITY. Nisbet [1920]. 9 in. 192 pp., 12/6 n. 659
See review, p. 477.

As the hydrophone service was a secret one, and no technical report is allowed by the official censor, Lieut. Wilson's account is limited to a mere narrative of the campaign against the submarine and a description of life at one of the training and experimental stations. Two chapters deal with the purpose and design of the apparatus used from the naval base at Peterhead and afterwards from Haukshead, Aberdour.

700 FINE ARTS.
See review, p. 484.


The illustrious sculptor Cailleterre is a clever hit at some future fadsand aesthetic cant or affectation. He had already reached the ne plus ultra in the artistic hierarchy, when one day an arm was accidentally broken on one of his statues. The workmen were panic-stricken. But Cailleterre winked his eye, and said, 'It's much better like that.' It proved a discovery. Henceforth mutilated statues were all the rage. The art galleries and public places looked like Pompeii and Herculeanum.

Neech (G. Christian). BACK TO THE OLD STONE'S AGE. Eliot Stock, 1920. 5½ in. 85 pp. il. tables, index, boards 2/., cl. 2/6. 720.9

In his brief account of historical architecture Capt. Neech is clear and mnemonic; the sketches and diagrams provide the beginner with the correct point of view. But the pages on prehistoric times are hazy and dubious. To say that the menhirs, trilithons, and dolmens were set and worshipped is worse than risky.

Svoronos (J. N.). L'HÉLÉNISME PRIMITIF DE LA MACÉDOINE, PROUÉ PAR LA NUMISMATIQUE ET L'OR DU PANGÉE. Paris, Leroux; Athens, M. Eleftheroudakis, 1919. 11 in. 281 pp. il. map, paper. 737
The purpose of the author of this monograph, which is excerpted from the JOURNAL INTERNATIONAL D'ARCHÉOLOGIE NUMISMATIQUE, vol. 19, 1918-19, and includes nearly a score of admirable plates, is to show, by a study of the characteristic features of the ancient coins of Macedonia, that the ancestors of the inhabitants of the Macedonian were neither Slav, Turkish, or Italian, but Greek. M. Svoronos claims that the numismatic evidence collected in his work proves that the whole of Macedonia was peopled from the very dawn of history by hardy tribes of pure Hellenic race.

800 LITERATURE.
This tragedy by Lambert van den Bos or Bosche was published at Amsterdam in 1651, and is here reprinted with an English translation, as an appendix to the long prologomena maintaining that it is a rendering of a lost English play which more than any extant version resembled Shakespeare's "Richard III."

Eagle (Solomon), pseud. BOOKS IN GENERAL. Second Series. Secker, 1920. 7½ in. 274 pp., 7½ n. 824.9

*Goldberg (Isaac). STUDIES IN SPANISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE. Intro, by J. D. M. Ford. New York, Brentano's, 1920. 5½ in. 358 pp. bibliog. of transcripts. index. $2.50. 880.9
These fourteen modern critical studies on the chief pre-hispanic and later exponents are the subject of this study, which deals with Ruben Darío, José Enrique Rodó, José Santos Chocano, Rufino Blanco-Fonseca, and other writers.
Kaiser (Georg). From Morn to Midnight: a play in seven scenes. Translated from the German. Hendersons [1920]. 58 pp., 2/ n. 832.9
See ante, p. 487.

Mackay (Helen). Chill Hours. Melrose, 1920. 8 in. 191 pp., 6/ n. 824.9

Mrs. Mackay's new book of sketches follows on the familiar lines of her earlier volumes, although the occasion of it brings the additional pleasure of recording the inclusion of an exquisite story, "Odette in Pink Taffeta." The writer's success is very definite in capturing the pensive and romantic atmosphere, which, being no mere effect of warfare, but a periodical expression of the French provincial spirit, has been made familiar to us through the general writings of Alphonse Daudet, and by M. Rolland in, say, the story of Antoinette in "Jean Christophe." The most ambitious section of the volume is the series of vignettes entitled "Nostalgia," in which Mrs. Mackay recollects her childhood, the days when the trees and skies and birds were more wonderful, and the mood of all things "a place one seems to have lost the way to." These and the remaining fifteen stories are written with a tender, though never sentimental or too slight touch, that gives the suggestion of music heard in the twilight from an old harpsichord, and something of the abiding fragrance.

Riddell (Agnes Rutherford). Flaubert and Maupassant: a literary relationship. Chicago, Univ. Press [1920]. 95 in. 130 pp. bibliog. paper. $1 n. 843.84

Writers of American university theses often perform tasks of great utility to their fellow-men; but the example before us illustrates how much of such work is practically useless. Flaubert and Maupassant, apart from their relation as teacher and disciple, were both Normans, and affinities of character and humour were to be looked for: a more fruitful subject, perhaps, would be their differences. Can anything be more more pedantic than to state, with voluminous references, that "Both describe nights of rain in Paris and the country. Both speak of the 'heavy beat' of summer. In all the rising moon is sometimes represented by both men as appearing from behind trees"?


These letters from an artist serving as English interpreter seem to be an essay in epaumism, the humour, or "l'Umour," of which has no point that the ordinary reader can discern.

POETRY.


These poems were written, the author tells us, partly under the inspiration of his wife during her lifetime, partly in memory of her after her death. We are conscious throughout the book of profound emotions expressing themselves for the most part in terms more or less religious. Mr. Benét has a great command of rich language and rich rhythms, and many of his poems are of a high literary value.

Breteton (Cloudesley). Mystica et Lyrica. Elkin Mathews, 1919. 8 in. 126 pp., 6/ n. 821.9
See notice, p. 478.

Bridges (Robert). October; and other poems: with occasional verses on the War. Heinemann, 1920. 8 in. 76 pp. boards, 5/ n. 821.9
See review, p. 472.


Great facility and skill characterize all these poems of the spiritual life. The two sonnets entitled "Vox Amoris" are the high-water mark of Dr. Clark's accomplishment; but all, this side of being great poetry, are good. It is amusing to compare Dr. Clark's How did the days go, dearest, Ere thou wast known?

with Donne's poem on the same theme:

I wonder, by my troth, what you and I Did ere we loved. Were we not weened till then, But sucked on country pleasures senselessly? Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den?

One could hardly conceive of two more dissimilar minds.

Dawson (A. J. Eardley). Night Winds of Arabia. Grant Richards, 1920. 7 in. 46 pp., 3/ 6 n. 821.9

Mr. Dawson wrestles bravely with inarticulateness. His diction, when finally it wells forth, is peculiar. We sympathize with the thought contained in such lines as:

For man is man, and no anemic cry
Will place him weathercock on high church spires;
but we cannot help feeling that it might have been better expressed.

See review, p. 472.

Green (A. E.). Fragments. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), 1920. 7 in. 64 pp., 4/ 6 n. 821.9

A sculptor, when hewing out his conception from a block of marble, casts aside many a fragment of precious material. In the same manner, a writer, who is engaged upon the composition of any extensive work, often meets, in the course of his study, with incidents of great value, of which, however, he cannot make no direct use. In the following pages some such fragments have been collected, and roughly shaped into the forms for which they seemed best suited.

Mr. Green's "fragments" are for the most part rhymed reflections on history, ethics and politics. We think he might have been wise to broaden his thoughts (often interesting in themselves) in prose rather than verse. For it is a melancholy fact that the greatness of the thought contained does not necessarily guarantee the greatness of the containing poetry. Indeed, most of the worst poetry of the world is made up of "great thoughts," that is to say of large and noble ethical generalizations. A great poet can make great poetry out of "great thoughts"; but great thoughts will not make great poetry out of the verses of those who are not poets.

Gregory (Padric). Ulster Songs and Ballads. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin) [1920]. 7 in. 62 pp., 2/ 6 n. 821.9

Mr. Gregory writes some spirited ballads in what, from its resemblance to the dialogue of "John Ferguson," we take to be the language of Ulster. The best thing in the book, however, is a fragment of a traditional Antrim love-song, which Mr. Gregory has printed with his own pieces:

"It's not the coln’ wind that makes me tremble,
Nor yet the frost that binds up yon well;
The rain ralis o’ my vexations
I love a young man, an’ daren’ tell.

Shure many’s the night he has sat beside me
Till my long ringlets were wet wi’ dew;
But he’d a heart that was false an’ cruel
Tae leave an ool’ sweetheart for a new.

But ather evenin’ there comes a mornin’,
An’ither mornin’ a sunny day.
An’ither false love there’ll come a true love
That from my side will nae go away.

There is an admirable absence of sentimentality in this little piece which makes it particularly worthy of imitation by any would-be ballad- and song-writers to-day.

Heine (Heinrich).


These translations, from one whose lyricism is even more untranslatable than is Goethe's, are so commendable in some ways that we hesitate to find their only justification, or lack of it, in the personal pleasure which the task has evidently been to the translator. But Mr. Webb, like his predecessors in general, has fallen into the mistake of believing that rhyme and regular metre are essentials in lyric poetry, and especially its translation; he follows the fashion, therefore, of packing his lines with what are well-nigh childish inversions. His rendering of the thirty-second—not the thirty-third as he incorrectly numbers it—of the lyrics in the "Intermezzo" is a fair example of the consequences of his method:
The violets blue her eyes that light,  
The roses red of her cheeks' delight,  
The lilies white of her hands so slight,  
They blossom and bloom for ever and aye,  
And only her heart hath withered away.

There is nothing in the closing line to suggest the savage bitterness of the poet, who surely speaks of a heart gone "rotten to the core" rather than of that which has merely undergone the usual processes of nature. Mr. Webb's success lies in his ability to capture the milder moods, and if his task had been confined to this aspect of Homer he would have produced a more reliable if one-sided book.

Hewlett (Maurice). FLOWERS IN THE GRASS (Wiltshire Plainsong). Constable, 1920. 8 in. 78 pp. boards, 5 n. 821.9

See review, p. 472.

Hodgson (W. Hope). THE CALLING OF THE SEA. Selwyn & Blount, 1920. 7½ in. 48 pp. por., 2 6 n. 821.9

The sea has had better poets to celebrate it than Mr. Hodgson. His poetry lacks the variety and breadth of its subject. His vocabulary is limited, and to express the force and fury of the sea he has to rive within narrow limits, to mark time with frenzy.

Maclean (Murchóch). FROM CROFT AND CLACHAN. Deane & Sons, 1919. 7¾ in. 99 pp. boards, 3 n. 821.8

Mr. Maclean is best in his most Scottish and conversational pieces, such as "Requiescat in Pace." His serious verse is often marred by a stilted traditionalism of language. Lines like "Twas you who led my child astray  
From virtue's path to ways of death;  
She died beside her infant's clay,  
And curst you with her dying breath,  
might have been written by a minor poet of the eighteenth century.

MacTomáis (Peadar). SONGS OF THE ISLAND QUEEN. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), 1919. 6½ in. 39 pp. paper, 1 n. 821.9

Mr. Mac Tomáis writes in a post-Swinburnian style tinged with Celticism. At moments, too, we are reminded of the loud emphatic hurdy-gurdy of Rudyard Kipling. He sings of Ireland oppressed, of  
A people begotten of freemen,  
Rocked in the cradle of song,  
Fondled in the arms of beauty,  
Fed on the milk of the stars,  
And the food of immortal desire.

His poems will be admired, if they find admirers, not so much for their literary beauty as for their political fervour.


See review, p. 478.

Percy-Davis (Mrs. C.), pseud. LADY GRAY. HUMAN THOUGHTS IN POETRY AND PROSE. Lywood's, 1919. 7½ in. 96 pp. paper, 2 6 n. 821.9

Set to music "Lady Gray's" poems would make admirable "ballads," in the concert-hall sense of the word:  
I sought thee, dear, in the press and throng  
Of the things that never last very long,  
But I found, beloved, in the silver dew  
Of the heart of a rose, the lips of Yon.  
One can almost hear the dying falls of a rich melody.

Philip (Terence). POEMS WRITTEN AT RICHLEIGH. Grant Richards, 1920. 7½ in. 60 pp., 3 6 n. 821.9

"Mr. Philip has interesting thoughts and moods to express, and he gives them shape in carefully wrought verse. "The Plot" and "To Clouds" are accomplished sonnets, and there are good things in 'Letter to a Friend.'"


The emotional sincerity which constantly contrives to break through a crust of indifferent and often absurd verse makes this series of prison meditations a very interesting and moving human document. "Red Band" tells the story—so often repeated in the annals of religious experience—of how he found comfort in despair, how need and privation created their fulfilment:

Ye a, when of every blessing I was bare,  
And to the deepest pit down, down I fell;  
 Whilst crying, "There's no God!"—I found him there.  
God dwells in Hell.

FICTION.


A Spanish version of this tragic love-story, the scene of which is in Norway.


This novel, the heroine of which has difficulties in determining her matrimonial "affinity," was originally published under the title of "Anne Inescourt." The present edition is stated by the publishers to have been "almost entirely rewritten."


The sole survivor of an ancient and noble family which he hopes to perpetuate, the hero of this absorbing novel is married to a beautiful woman who—loves-presses to release him. He brings into the Chamber a Bill making sterility a ground for divorce; but before this passes into law a final dénouement is provided.


The leading characters are two entirely inexperienced girls. One is a "magnificent specimen of girlhood with an overpoweringly sensual beauty," who is poor, but of high birth. The other, her friend, is a plain "nobody," possessed of wealth acquired in trade. The narrowness of their schoolmistress's mental horizon may be gauged by the fact that she believed that at a meeting of suffragettes questions had been discussed by women which should only be spoken of in the dissecting room of a hospital or the lecture hall of the Y.M.C.A. "It is quite to be expected that the beautiful girl becomes a "poor little victim of a corrupt circle," and that her meagre life ends in a great disaster. Her friend has better luck.


The text of the first edition (1836) of this Arabian Night in a modern Parisian milieu has been reproduced.


Leblanc (Maurice). COFFIN ISLAND. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Hurst & Blackett, 1920. 7½ in. 320 pp., 7 6 n. 843.9

To readers asking for vertebral shivers and cerebral shocks this book should be very satisfying. The dreadful Aréne Lapa investigates the horrible doings of a homicidal maniac, who is supposed to be the son of a Hunsling king and has escaped from an internment camp. The action takes place on an island where there are menhirs, dolmens, sacrificial chambers, and subterranean ways sufficient for the most voracious consumer. In the course of the story more than a score of murders are committed, without counting the crucifixion of four women. The villain is worsted.

Lutz (Grace Livingston Hill). THE SEARCH. Lippincott, 1919. 7½ in. 317 pp. front., 6 n. 813.5

Piety and sentiment are dominant notes in this love-story of Corporal John Cameron, a poor but estimable hero in the war, and well-to-do Ruth Macdonald, who becomes a stolend Paladin to bodily health and mental case, and accepts him for her husband. Incidentally, the evil schemes of a boastful lieutenant, who is a rival lover of Ruth (or her money), are defeated.

An effective and successful character-study, with a carefully filled-in background, giving in the main an accurate picture of various nuances of English mentality immediately before, and after, the outbreak of the great War. The hero's temperament is sharply contrasted with that of his unstable cousin; and the heroine is sympathetic and convincing. The picture of the young clerks at the War Office is satisfying open : but as a whole the book is commendable, and may be read with pleasure.


The author of "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble" here sketches thehumours of the Alsation. Lightly and in short compass, but with insight, he shows how the people of a village in Alsace lived and what they thought in the epoch-making year, for them, 1919. Round-table talks, anecdotes, and displays of idiosyncrasy are the simple materials.


A Spanish translation of M. J. Rosny's "Les Indomptés."


813.5

The author has already described Winona and her friends round their camp fire and on a war farm; and now that the war is over she tells how they devoted their energies to "Community Service," organizing games and singing parties for demobilized soldiers and the girls employed in stores, and enabling the latter to obtain their meals reasonably and comfortably. The mixture of nationalities in a small American town is well illustrated, a Russian Bohemian Jewess and a Syrian girl being prominent characters.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY.


913.4223

The question whether the bones discovered in 1888 are those of St. Thomas Becket is fully discussed, with a review of the authorities on the history of the martyrodom, of the relics, and the shrine, and all the topographical information bearing on the subject. Where documentary evidence is not set out in full in the original and in translation, it is, for economy of space, translated into English.


914.0

This is a book of travel sketches in various parts of Europe. The author's chatty and discursive method betrays her at times into the expression of rather fatuous opinions. The art of the Cubists, she writes, "seems like a disease of the brain," the artists being "lazy swine, scamps that won't work." Genoa as a traveller's resort goes out of favour because it is the town in which the writer lost the keys of her trunk; and because the loss was unreported, "I do not think I shall ever again like Genoa again." A cathedral service in Tours is recorded: "I was labouring in a blue mid-air, a rose mid-air, in her clean faded cotton, an aged man of the people with his rusty coat and white beard, and an overworked mother of a family in her plaid shawl." Mrs. Walker's descriptions are always as naive. Lighting-up time on the harbour ships is "a gala night of fireworks." She complains of a certain person who "described an Italian landscape in such a way that we felt we had passed through Italy with our eyes shut." In this passage she has unwittingly supplied an adequate commentary on her own volume.

920 BIOGRAPHY.


929.3

A transcript from a copy of the register, made in 1829 by the wife of Sir Thomas Phillipps of Middle Hill, which was preserved in the Public Library at Cardiff. The editor has collated his proofs with the original book, which, after the transcript had been made, was discovered to be in the possession of the University College of South Wales.


929.3

A transcript, with footnotes, of the oldest register book of the parish of Llanddewi Rhydderch, Monmouthshire.

Quin (Henry), Henry Quin, M.D., President and Fellow of the King's College of Physicians in Ireland, and King's Professor of the Practice of Physic (1718-1791). Dublin, Univ. Press, 1919. 11 in. 66 pp. paper, 4/6 n.

920

A memoir of a well-known Irish physician who is stated to have "enjoyed what was probably the most fashionable and most extensive medical practice in Dublin during the latter half of the eighteenth century." But he did not leave "anything as a permanent contribution to the study or progress of medicine." Henry Quin was interested in numismatics and in the making of glass pastes for the reproduction of ancient cameos and intaglios. The book includes a considerable account of Quin's family.

Williams (David), The Author, the Author's Wife. London, Simpkin, Marth, 1919. 8 in. 310 pp., il., 7/6 n.

920

See "Notes from Ireland," p. 480.

930-990 HISTORY.

Cianlantini (Franco), Problemi dell' Alto Adige. Florence, Vallecchi, 1919. 8 in. 151 pp. paper, 3,50 lira. 945.09

See review, p. 491.


941.59

Irish republicanism of to-day, though in lineal descent from the insurgents of the past, differs in many particulars of the highest importance. The present movement is in great measure a revolt against its predecessors, and is inspired by a conviction of their futility, which was due to the fact that the old revolutionists, though they knew what they wanted, did not really know why they wanted it, or how it could be gained. Men hatred of British rule never carried them very far, and "r. purpose based on hatred tends to become blurred and dim as memory grows dull."
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GEORGE FREECE,
Librarian and Clerk.


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5. The judges will be Wm. Chas. Braithwaite, B.A., LL.B., Miss A. L. Littleboy, and Albert Mansbridge, M.A.
6. The decision of the judges will be final.
7. Essays may be hand or type written, and must be on one side of the paper only.
8. The National Adult School Council will have the right to publish any or all of the essays in whatever form it may deem desirable.
SOME LETTERS OF EDWARD THOMAS

O

F the men I have known Edward Thomas had the most delicately tempered nature, in its purity and self-defensive questioning of life. Most masculine in his independence, never swerving in his proud, self-contained attitude, his was a sensitiveness almost feminine in its shy diffidence. The beauty of the spiritual vision which inspired the "Poems" was fully revealed, years back, in "Rest and Unrest" and "Light and Twilight." But these little books received scant attention from his contemporaries, and even a long enthusiastic review in the Times Literary Supplement did not lead to a sale of more than a few hundred copies. The fact is that Thomas's imaginative reveries were too pure in tone, 'oo delicately haunting in their poetical appeal, to be apprehended by one in five hundred of the reading public. The modern Englishman cannot recognize beauty of imagination in a writer till a vast fuss has been made about him; or the author's reputation has been wrecked after death with a sentimental nimbus, alien to his temperament, as has been the case with Rupert Brooke. And in 1910 and 1911 even the poets were too busy with their own plans and their own reputations to notice that the fine flower of Celtic Magic was blossoming then before their eyes in "Light and Twilight."

Thomas was brought to our Surrey cottage by a mutual friend, I think, at the close of 1905. Our friendship struck root in an onslaught of mine on some fastidious criticisms of his on Walt Whitman; and the implications of the discussion affected him more than I guessed. He was then emerging from the stage of scholarly aestheticism of which "Horae Solitariae" (1902) was the product. I paid a return visit to his cottage at "The Weald," Sevenoaks, when he showed me the farm and oasthouse, where I met his wife and children fresh from picking in the near hopfields. That scene lingers in my memory as an idyll of gracious youth. The charm of Thomas in the freshness of his strength, of his beautiful eyes and hair which shone in the sunlight, brown bleached to fair gold, appeared at its best in the open air, recalling the people of the "Mabinigion," or some hero myth, such as that of the Argonauts. Some years later, after 1910, Thomas's freshness and force became a little dulled by his never-ending literary toil in writing books "at £1 per thousand," as he says in one of the following letters. On a later visit to "The Weald," Thomas took me to a tiny two-roomed cottage in a field near by, and there appeared in the doorway a short, black-haired man, the "super tramp," W. H. Davies, whose eyes revealed the poet. The cottage had been placed at Davies' disposal by Thomas when the poet was yet unknown. We strolled about the fields and inspected a pond where Thomas liked to bring children to fish. I remember later my boy David returning proudly with a tench, which that pond had yielded to his or to Thomas's skill. If I speak of this incident it is to record another Conrad told me once how he had come across his little son, Boris, and Thomas fishing, in intense absorption, with a line without a hook in a pond which had no fish in it! The power of the contemplative illusion held the two fishermen in its grip. Thomas smiled with shadowy irony, but he sat on, fishing, and Conrad left the fishers to their contented reverie.

Thomas disdained all the arts that help a man to personal success and popularity. Shy and fastidious, he defended himself from the world by a critical manner which many men resented. But for those
friends who had won his confidence, his fine dry aloofness, his guarded sensitiveness, his introspective melancholy all blended in a peculiar delicate charm. All Thomas's being, his thoughts and energies, were dominated and directed by his fine, fastidious taste. From his mind and personality emanated a sort of defensive, secret essence of cold, clear taste, intensely individual, which contemned all vulgaritv, banality and mediocrity. And the critical side of him guarded jealously, though it could not hide, the poet within, also shy, austere, melancholy in his depths, and chaste in spiritual isolation—a poet possessed by his passion for spiritual beauty, as for the simple, the natural, the homely things of the earth.

Every friend of Thomas who writes of him probably wonders, as I wonder, whether he ever threw wholly aside his defensive armour. One of his poems, "I built myself a House of Glass," suggests that he could not. Perhaps he guarded all the more jealously the life of the soul through distrust of exposing his melancholy and his clouding circumstances. But in respect to his normal interests, tastes and ideas, Thomas was perfectly frank with me in self-expression. Naturally fairly frank and outspoken myself, I always instinctively talked to Thomas without arrêre pensée, and our conversation was chiefly of books, mutual friends and contemporaries and of his experiences in his long country excursions. How grateful to one's sight was Thomas's tall figure in brown homespun and tweed hat, striding along a dull London street! Often he called for me at 3, Henrietta Street, and the light in his eye, inquiring and questioning, responded to my warm greeting. Frankness was an antidote to Thomas's introspective moods, as one found at the Mont Blanc restaurant, where a little party of us frequently met at lunch. There he would often break his pauses of silence by clear, dry flashes of ironical insight. Looking back at those meetings, one recalls that Thomas's edged comments added an indefinable salt to the talk. He appreciated wit in others and so unconsciously drew it forth, responding himself by a subtle riposte, finely malicious, yet clear and ingenious. When anything hurt his temperament he would draw his rapier of cold taste, dropping a few critical words, subtly ironical.

I do not know whether his letters to me, of which I give a selection below, are typical of his correspondence. No doubt he showed other sides to other men, and so a comparison between them may be of interest. For me, the strength of Thomas's genius, its essence lies in his imaginative pieces, such as "The Flower-Gatherer," "A Group of Statuaries," "Home," and "Olwen"; also in the early chapters of his "Life of Richard Jefferies," in "The Happy Go Lucky Morgans," and to them one must of course, now, add the "Poems." He did not defer to my opinion so much as might appear from some of his letters 1 print, and any expressions of his thanks for any service I might have rendered as a friend and "a publisher's reader" must be read in the light of our mutual desire to help one another, and of our wish more than of our power.

The first letter refers to W. H. Davies' "The Autobiography of a Super Tramp":

---

DEAR GARNETT,

I am sorry about the Poet's life. But I think I have succeeded in setting him to work to increase it—as far as possible in the way you suggest. I agree about the details and I think he can do them pretty well. All the additions he has planned are elaborations of episodes hardly touched on before, e.g. on tramp in the States and pedling in England; also he himself wished to cut out and mend the London passages. This he has begun to do and he has written to Bernard Shaw. If Shaw fails will Arthur Symons do? I know Nevinson would do it, but he may be off in a month's time and perhaps his is not the kind of name. Davies says you shall have the MS. when it is ready and he is grateful to you for troubling on his behalf . . . for he is under a little cloud as the summer is going away and we are leaving him alone so soon, and he has hardly made a penny yet. It was very pleasant to have David again, but I wish his fishing had been more fortunate. Please tell him I was wrong about Douglas English's book—I was thinking of "Bobbies Courageous," which perhaps David has not seen.

YOURS,

EDWARD THOMAS.

The next letter relates to Thomas's "Life of Richard Jefferies," an achievement for which I felt and expressed to him keen enthusiasm:

Ashford,

Petersfield.

'10, B. 09.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

Thank you for your letter. You have a paternal right to criticize my book since very little but the expression is mine. I held the pen, but since you contradicted me about Whitman at the Corrie (it seems a long time ago), you have done the rest and I value your opinion more than anybody's because they are your ideas or the ramifications of them. Your letter has, therefore, given me and my wife great pleasure, and I only wish a thorough sense of indebtedness were sufficient return. I shall look out for your review. Is it to be in the Nation or the D. N.?

As to the uncalled essays,[1] [of Richard Jefferies] I shall be glad to edit them. I enclose a full list of possible ones. Of these a few are of little importance, yet sure to be interesting to the majority of his readers, but "Nature and Eternity" is one of the finest he ever wrote. . . . She [Mrs. Jefferies] might be persuaded to include some unpublished pages meant for "The Gamekeeper," or "The D. N." in the proposed book—I have never seen them, but I know they exist and were in her possession lately. . . .

Yours,

EDWARD THOMAS.

In the first weeks of 1909 Thomas felt a great flow of creative energy and he wrote a variety of tales and sketches, which, with others, were collected later in "Rest and Unrest," 1910, and "Light and Twilight," 1911. The five letters that follow are chiefly concerned with these sketches and some criticisms upon them and with efforts made to place them. The anonymous writer of a well-meant but invidious dissertation on Thomas as a critic, in the Nation, October 13, 1917, curiously failed to remark that the pathos of Thomas's lack of success lay in the almost total lack of response on the part of the public and the editors to such imaginative masterpieces as "Home," "July," "The First of Spring," "Maiden's Wood." It is indeed possible that the writer had not even read them! But we know that the finest work,

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* This is Thomas's delicate flattery. We held identical ideas about Jefferies, but Thomas made the subject his own in a fashion no one could rival.

† Subsequently published by Messrs. Duckworth.
of a high, poetic, imaginative order, may go begging for years, while writers of very ordinary talent are being surfeited with applause.

Berryfield Cottage, 11, ii, 09.

My dear Garnett,

Have you time to look at another sketch of mine? I don’t like troubling you again, especially with manuscript, but I am strongly impelled to because I have now had about six weeks of unusual energy. I have written about a score of tales and sketches, real and imaginary, some never attempted before; and though I feel a little more condescension than I used to, I am not at all sure that I am on a wise path—far less a profitable one—and you are the only man I can turn to for an opinion. I have been working so far, and thus I have only copied out one or two of these things, and those only the shortest, or else I should have sent you something of a more elaborate and realistic kind. Perhaps you are very busy—I know you must be about now engaged in arranging for your Icelandic play—and if so I hope you will return this piece at once and let me show it you at another time, perhaps.

Yours,
Edward Thomas.

Ashford, 13, ii, 09.

My dear Garnett,

Your letter that came this morning was too flattering but entirely pleasant to me. I am not exaggerating when I say that I have long hoped to please you and that I now feel glad of whatever praise the book wins, because it is some return to you for all your direct and indirect criticisms of me and my work. You have been my chief guide to such knowledge as I have of the relationship between life and literature. But I am too confused with pleasure and shyness to say what I am feeling, even on paper. I will only offer affectionate homage. I hope I shall have a chance of talking to you sooner—won’t you come down here some time before, as well as after, the new house is built? They are only just digging out the foundations and bringing up the bricks. I am to have a little room right away from the house to work in, and that may be finished soon after the beginning of spring. I hope—it looks through trees to a magnificent road winding up and round a coombe among beeches and to the Downs, four miles away south...

I shall not forget what you say about going forward still more into contact with the world at my gate and over the hills. You mean the world of men, I think. I should like to, equally as a man and a writer, but the ability grows slowly. I am still very much afraid of men and too easily repulsed from them into myself, and I feel very humble when I think how seldom I can be myself and enter into them at the same time—either I remain sullenly self-centred or lose myself on the stream of their usually stronger or more active character.

Yours,
Edward Thomas.

Ashford, Friday.

Dear Garnett,

Thank you for your criticisms. I seem to see your meaning in nearly every case and have altered most of the quoted passages, and have added a piece which makes the whole more intelligible. You will see that from the start his chances of pulling the trigger were small.* Perhaps he is even more morbid and self-conscious than you thought, and thus, perhaps, the last part of p. 4 will no longer seem “intolerably affecting,” especially since these conditions do not rest as he points out—really weigh with him in his decision. You are unjust in your view of what you call literary “phrases” that “smell of the lamp.” Such phrases, however bad, came to me without thinking or seeking. It is your “simple and direct” phrases that I have to seek for. I think you might accept my objectionable gracefulness now as no offence of mine. About the first pages I cannot decide, but was inclined to think they should stand, as they—and even their “leisureliness”—help to suggest the man who is going on make a fool of himself once more.

If you approve I should be glad if you would offer it to Country Life. I am writing nothing but stories, sketches, and episodes now. Thank you again.

Yours,
Edward Thomas.

Ashford, 15, viii, 09.

Dear Garnett,

Thank you for your letter and the papers. I am taking your advice, and altering and much shortening “July” and “The Patriot.” Also I have entirely recast, shortened by half, and rewritten partly “The Lady of the Fountain,” which I hope you will reconsider. “The Lady of the Waste Lands” I have cleaned up a little by taking out some of the detail which makes it hang. I will get a typescript copy of “Winter Music”* (the dragon hunt) and show it you, as I think you might change your mind, especially if I cut out the introductory pages before the music begins. Then the portrait of a girl after a storm of wind and rain—called “The End of a Day”—I have an affection for. I expect your objection to it is the same as to “The Fountain.” So I will detach her almost entirely from the setting. So also with “The Earthly Cloud”—was it the description of the town, etc., at the railway station that you did not like? I wish I knew what you meant by condemning “The Tower” as “romantic.” I shall probably take the book in its corrected form up to town on the 21st (when the Square Club meets), and I will put at the end those which you condemn and which I have thought it possible to revise and give it to Milsted: just one or two I shall be able to show him in typescript.

Yours,
Edward Thomas.

* I thought this was one of the best, and one or two people have seen it and liked it. Perhaps as it came at the end of the book you were harsh to it.

The next letters will describe Thomas’s stay at Llaugarcine, in Caermarthenshire.

Edward Garnett.

(To be continued.)

A PRAYER

While still the light shines on the trunks of trees,
The sea-wind blows across the grassy hill,
The tender sight of flowers makes me glad,
Let me lie down and be for ever still,
Then I shall sleep and sleep beneath the grass,
And feel no more the bitter winter cold,
And in my head shall be no endless sounds,
But only quiet, and life-giving mould.

Joan Arden.
REVIEW

COLERIDGE'S CRITICISM

By WORDSWORTH: Biographia Literaria, Chapters I.-IV., XIV.-XXII. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is probably true that "Biographia Literaria" is the best book of criticism in the English language; nevertheless, it is rash to assume that it is a book of criticism of the highest excellence, even when it has passed through the salutary process of drastic editing, such as that to which, in the present case, the competent hands of Mr. George Sampson have submitted it. Its garrulity, its digressions, its verbiage, the marks which even the finest portions show of submersion in the tepid transcendentalism that wrought such havoc upon Coleridge's mind—these are its familiar disfigurements. They are not easily removed; for they enter fairly deeply even in the texture of those portions of the book in which Coleridge devotes himself, as severely as he can, to the proper business of literary criticism.

It may be that the prolixity with which he discusses and refutes the poetical principles expounded by Wordsworth in the preface of "Lyrical Ballads" was due to the tenderness of his consideration for Wordsworth's feelings, an influence to which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch directs our attention in his introduction. That is honourable to Coleridge as a man; but it cannot exculpate him as a critic. For the points he had to make for and against Wordsworth were few and simple. First, he had to show that the theory of a poetic diction drawn exclusively from the language of "real life" was based upon an equivocation, and therefore was useless. This Coleridge had to show to clear himself of the common condemnation in which he had been involved, as one wrongly assumed to endorse Wordsworth's theory. He had an equally important point to make for Wordsworth. He wished to prove to him that the finest part of his poetic achievement was based upon a complete neglect of this theory, and that the weakest portions of his work were those in which he most closely followed it. In this demonstration he was moved by the desire to set his friend on the road that would lead to the most triumphant exercise of his own powers.

There is no doubt that Coleridge made both his points; but he made them, in particular the former, at exceeding length, and at the cost of a good deal of internal contradiction. He sets out, in the former case, to maintain that the language of poetry is essentially different from the language of prose. This he professes to deduce from a number of principles. His axiom—and it is possibly a sound one—is that metre originated in a spontaneous effort of the mind to hold in check the workings of emotion. From this, he argues, it follows that to justify the existence of metre, the language of a poem must show evidence of emotion, by being different from the language of prose. Further, he says, metre in itself stimulates the emotions, and for this condition of emotional excitement "correspondent food" must be provided. Thirdly, the emotion of poetical composition itself demands this same "correspondent food." The final argument, if we omit one drawn from an obscure theory of imitation very characteristic of Coleridge, is the incontrovertible appeal to the authority of the poets.

Unfortunately, the elaborate exposition of the first three arguments is not only unnecessary but confusing; for Coleridge goes on to distinguish, interestingly enough, between a language proper to poetry, a language proper to prose, and a neutral language which may be used inappropriately in prose and poetry, and later still he quotes a beautiful passage from Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida," as an example of this neutral language, forgetting that, if his principles are correct, Chaucer was guilty of a sin against art in writing "Troilus and Cressida" in metre. The truth, of course, is that the paraphernalia of principles goes by the board. In order to refute the Wordsworthian theory of a language of real life supremely fitted for poetry you have only to prove the golden points, and to judge the fitness of the language of poetry you can only examine the particular poem. Wordsworth was wrong and self-contradictory without doubt; but Coleridge was equally wrong and self-contradictory in arguing that metre necessitated a language essentially different from that of prose.

So it is that the philosophic part of the specifically literary criticism of the "Biographia" takes us nowhere in particular. The valuable part is contained in his critical appreciation of Wordsworth's poetry and that amazing chapter—a little forlorn, as most of Coleridge's fine chapters are—on "the specific symptoms of poetic power" elucidated in a critical analysis of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis." In these few pages Coleridge is at the summit of his powers as a critic. So long as his attention could be fixed on a particular object, so long as he was engaged in deducing his general principles immediately from particular instances of the highest kind of poetic excellence, he was a critic indeed. Every one of the four points characteristic of early poetic genius which he formulates deserves to be called back to the mind again and again:

The delight in richness and sweetness of sound, even to a faulty excess, if it be evidently original and not the result of an easily imitable mechanism,

A second promise of genius is the choice of subjects very remote from the private interests and circumstances of the writer himself.

A third of genius is the first indication of personal passions, which would prove indeed but little, except as taken conjointly with the former,—yet without which the former could scarce exist in a high degree...

Images, however beautiful, though faithfully copied from nature, and as accurately represented in words, do not of themselves characterize the poet. They become procès of original genius only as far as they are modified by a personal passion; or by associated thoughts or images awakened by that passion; or when they have the effect of reducing multitude to unity, or succession to an instant; or when, a human and intellectual life is transferred to them from the poet's own spirit.

The last character which would prove indeed but little, except as taken conjointly with the former,—yet without which the former could scarce exist in a high degree...is depth, and every of thought.

In the context the most striking peculiarity of these distinguishing marks of poetic power, apart from the conviction which they bring, is that they are not in the least concerned with the actual language of poetry. The whole subject of poetic diction is dropped when Coleridge's critical, as opposed to his logical, faculty is at work; and, although this Chapter XV. is followed by many pages devoted to the analysis and refutation of the Wordsworthian theory and to the establishment of those principles of poetic diction to which we have referred, when Coleridge comes once more to engage his pure critical faculty, in the appreciation of Wordsworth's actual poetry in Chapter XXII., we again find him ignoring his own principles precisely on those occasions when we might have thought them applicable.

Coleridge enumerates Wordsworth's defects one by one. The first, he says, is an inconstancy of style. For a moment he appears to invoke his principles: "Wordsworth sinks too often and too abruptly to that style which I should place in the second division of language, dividing it into the
three species: first, that which is peculiar to poetry; second, that which is proper only in prose; and third, the neutral or common to both.” But in the very first instance which Coleridge gives we can see that the principles have been dragged in by the hair, and that they are really alien to the argument which he is pursuing. He gives this example of disharmony from the poem on “The Blind Highland Boy” (whence washing tub in the 1807 edition, it is perhaps worth noting, had been changed at Coleridge’s own suggestion, with a rash contempt of probabilities, into a turtle shell in the edition of 1815): And one, the rarest, was a shell
The shell of a green Turtle, thin
And hollow;—you might sit therein,
It was so wide, and deep.

Our Highland Boy oft visited
The house which held this prize; and led
By choice or chance, did thither come
One day, when no one was at home,
And found the door unbarr’d.

The discord is, in any case, none too apparent; but if one exists, it does not in the least arise from the actual language which Wordsworth has used. If in anything, it consists in a slight shifting of the focus of apprehension, a sudden and scarcely perceptible emphasis on the detail of actual fact, with a deviation from the emotional key of the poem as a whole. In the next instance the lapse is, however, indubitable:

Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest,
And though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou would’st be both
To be such a traveler as I.

Happy, happy liver!
With a soul as strong as a mountain River
Pouring out praise to th’ Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both,
Hearing thee or else some other
As merry as a Brother.

I on the earth will go plodding on,
By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.

The two lines in italics are discordant. But again it is no question of language in itself; it is an internal discrepancy between the parts of a whole, already debilitated by metrical insecurity.

Coleridge’s second point against Wordsworth is “a matter-of-factness in certain poems.” Once more there is no question of language. Coleridge takes the issue on to the highest and most secure ground. Wordsworth’s accidentality is a contravention of the essential catholicity of poetry; and this accidentality is manifested in laboriously exact description whether of places or persons. The poet sterilizes the creative activity of poetry, in the first case, for no reason at all, and in the second, because he proposes as his immediate object a moral end instead of the giving of aesthetic pleasure. The question of language in itself, if it enters at all, enters only as the indifferent means by which a non-poetic end is sought. The accidentality lies not in the words, but in the poet’s intention.

Coleridge’s third and fourth points, “an undue predilection for the dramatic form,” and “an eddying instead of a progression of thought,” may be passed as quickly as he passes them himself, for in any case they could only be the cause of a jejuneusness of language. The fifth, more interesting, is the appearance of “thoughts and images too great for the subject... an approximation to what might be called mental bombast.” Coleridge brings forward as his first instance of this four lines which have taken a deep hold on the affections of later generations:

They flash upon the inward eye
Which is the lily of solitude!
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodil.

Coleridge found an almost burlesque bathos in the second couplet after the first. It would be difficult for a modern critic to accept that verdict altogether; nevertheless, his objection to the first couplet as a description of physical vision is surely sound. And it is interesting to note that the objection has been evaded by posterity in a manner which confirms Coleridge’s criticism. The “inward eye” is almost universally remembered apart from its context, and interpreted as a description of the purely spiritual process to which alone, in Coleridge’s opinion, it was truly apt.

The enumeration of Wordsworth’s excellences which follows is masterly; and the exhilaration with which one rises through the crescendo to the famous: “Last, and profoundly, I challenge for this poet that fit of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word...” is itself a pleasure to be derived only from the gift of criticism of the highest and strictest kind.

The object of this examination has been to show, not that the “Biographia Literaria” is undeserving of the high praise which has been bestowed upon it, but that the praise has been to some extent indiscriminate. It has now become almost a tradition to hold up to our admiration Coleridge’s chapter on poetic diction, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in a preface that is as unconventional in manner as it is admirable in most of its substance, maintains the tradition. As a matter of fact, what Coleridge himself had to say on poetic diction and its powers perilously necrophilous commonplace. Instead of making to Wordsworth the wholly sufficient answer that much poetry of the highest kind employs a language that by no perversion can be called essentially the same as the language of prose, he allows himself to be led by his German metaphysics into considering poetry as a Ding an sich and deducing therefrom the proposition that poetry must employ a language different from that of prose. That proposition is false, as Coleridge himself quite adequately shows from his remarks upon what he called the “neutral” language of Chaucer and Herbert. But instead of following up the clue and beginning to inquire whether or not narrative poetry by nature demands a language approximating to that of prose, and whether Wordsworth, in so far as he aimed at being a narrative poet, was not working on a correct but exaggerated principle, he leaves the bald contradiction and swerves off to the analysis of the defects and excellences of Wordsworth’s actual achievement. Precisely because we consider it of the greatest importance that the best of Coleridge’s criticism should be studied and studied again, we think it unfortunate that Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch should recommend the apprentice to get the chapters on poetic diction by heart. He will be condemned to carry about with him a good deal of dubious logic and a false conclusion. What is worth while learning from Coleridge is something different; it is not his behaviour with “a principle,” but his conduct when confronted with poetry in the concrete, his magisterial ordainment (to use his own word) and explication of his own aesthetic intuitions, and his manner of employing in this, the essential task of poetic criticism, the results of his own deep study of all the great poetry that he knew.

It would be ungenerous to end this review without expressing our gratitude to Mr. Sampson for his admirable notes on the text. They contain nothing but information that is really apposite.

J. M. M.
THE CRIPPEN CASE

The Trial of Hawley Harvey Crippen. Edited with Notes and an Introduction by Filson Young. "Notable English Trials." (William Hodge & Co., 10s., 6d.)

This is an excellent book, both in the material provided and the form in which it is presented. We are especially grateful for the editor's useful, thoughtful and humane preface, symptomatic of the change which is coming about in the mind of our Western communities with regard to their abnormal individuals. Our reactions to insanity, immorality, crime have been in the past, and still are for the most part, insane, immoral, and criminal. It is perhaps expedient and justifiable to segregate the insane, to attach penalties to some forms of immorality, to hang the violent criminal; it is hardly justifiable, it is inexpedient, to forget that rather our good fortune than our merit keeps our steps upon the broad highway of social tolerance.

It is not quite clear why Crippen should have deviated from it at last so fatally. Till January, 1910, his actions and demeanour, so far as they are recorded, are characterized by a rather commonplace amiability and inoffensiveness; his conjugal infidelity will hardly be counted for a mark of abnormality. His intimate relations with Miss Le Neve had lasted for three years; his attachment appears to have wakened in him qualities of self-forgetting devotion. It is suggested that his discontent with the equivocal situation, coupled with his wife's threat to leave him and take her possessions with her, urged him to the crime. But there is no evidence that his financial position was actually distressed; and had his wife carried out her threat, the situation must, one would think, have been partially relieved in all respects. The advantages to be looked for from his wife's death were the possibility of marrying Miss Le Neve and the acquisition of property worth in all perhaps £1,000. Had she remained alive and deserted him, he could have brought Miss Le Neve to live with him at Hilldrop Crescent, as in fact he did two months after the murder; the property which his wife treated as her own would in this case have been lost to him.

It is hard to discover a cogent motive in all this for the crime. Even if we assume that extreme callousness was hidden beneath his pleasant manner—an assumption perhaps difficult to maintain in view of his solicitude for Miss Le Neve and his utterances in the evening of her life (published in Appendices B and C)—we have yet to explain why he exposed himself to such difficulties and dangers as the deed must involve. He ordered the hyoscin which caused Mrs. Crippen's death on January 1; she was last seen alive on February 1, 1910. He had, then, time to weigh the consequences, if, as appears probable, his purpose was already formed at the time when he ordered the poison. We must conclude that the real causes of the tragedy, the emotional sequence, perhaps even the significant facts, have not come to light.

After the tragedy, Crippen displayed coolness, cunning and fortitude.

If [remark Mr. Filson Young] the course of his life were to be marked on a chart one would not see it, as is usual in the case of criminals, turning suddenly at a right angle and continuing in that direction; it would appear as a straight course with one little step aside in the middle of it and then continuing as before. His manner underwent no noticeable change. He told the lies which he thought would serve to account for his wife's disappearance; retracted them when he found them false; and no longer served, and offered another, still plausible explanation. When the darkening cloud of suspicion threatened to break upon him destructively, he fled. During all the harassing incidents of his flight, capture, trial and imprisonment in the condemned cell he remained apparently almost unconcerned, except for the safety of Miss Le Neve, who had accompanied him in his flight. To the last he protested his innocence. Perhaps, by virtue of facts unknown to us, or of some curious mental process, he protested sincerely. We endorse Mr. Filson Young's opinion: "Rightly read and understood, this is an admonishing, sobering and instructive story."

F. W. S.

UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH

From Persian Uplands. By F. Hale. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

As a clump of wallflowers, rich in generous colour, against the drab of a Dorset stone wall, so is a book on Persia when it has come from the pen of an Englishman who has long taken delight in the good literature of his own country. A new class of traveller—hunter and consul has arisen, taking the place of the broadly-conceived but simple heroes of Kipling, who in their turn replaced the brassy-pawnee exiles of John Company. To-day you will find, now here, now there, the Englishmen of the civilian services abroad still seared with the fire of their Norse ancestry, which compels them to live in far countries, and yet so dowered with poetry in their nature that they can take vivid pleasure in the land of their sorrow. Mr. Hale have we a cunning web of language to tell what they have seen.

Mr. Hale's book is just such a patch of colour. From 1913 to 1919 he was at Birjand or Kermanshah, where he could mark the rise and fall of the Persian temperature during the war. Most of the inhabitants knew nothing of Germany except the name in their world for synthetic indigo, nil-i-almani, and when the crash came their chief feeling was for the loss of their trade in exported carpets, and their hope was that the war would result in the withdrawal of Russia from Persia. It was the German dream to emulate Alexander's deeds by an overland march to India, and their agents scattered largesse with no niggard hand in 1915 throughout Persia. But these agents were without success; the despised British diplomacy countered their every move, captured every piece they had on the board, and "rounded up" the bands of German agitators wherever they raised their heads. Persia would have known little of the war had it not been for the terrible famines which it brought in its train.

One gathers that the educated Persian of Birjand is rather a good fellow, ruddy, black-moustached, jovial, pretty much, in fact, like other educated Persians: ready to take a hand at bridge or listen to a "gramafon"; perhaps a little addicted to opium. Returned from his travels in Europe, Hajji Baba sighs for the appurtenances of civilization which he finds lacking in his country, forgetful of our slums and our monopoly of steam-driven industries. Once he is at home, however, he can boast himself superior to us in one point: few of us have so intelligent an understanding as he of the manufacture of our daily necessities of life. In a Persian town the inhabitant need not go far afield to see for himself how cloth and carpets are woven, how hats are made, how cakes are baked, for he will find these and other trades plied almost at his very door. To him the very breath of life is Politics, of the kind described by Count Smorlott, the word "politic" surprising by himself in this case Social-Revolutionaries, Democrats, Monarchists, Republicans, so that he need lack no occasion for discussion.

Here, there is a different picture. From the beginning of the war made by one who can describe his own times in delicate phrasing and neat speech: he will write delightfully, now of Persian infantrymen and the vagaries of their individual salutes, now of a timorous syce who saw three jinns playing with their own heads, now of his own house of faerie, where the water gurgled under the trees and the nightingale carolled in the moonlight. The book is all too short.
SINN FEIN

THE EVOLUTION OF SINN FEIN. By Robert Mitchell Henry. [Dublin, Talbot Press; London, Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

THIS is the latest contribution to a review of Irish revolutionary politics in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and comes from the pen of an Irish Professor of Classics in the Belfast University. It deals with Irish Nationalism in the nineteenth century, of which there is an introductory sketch, but the bulk of the book is devoted to a history of the Sinn Fein movement. It displays generally the gift of patient research into the details of the newest development of revolutionary Ireland, and in this respect supplies much information from the writings and ideals of the present leaders which must be of considerable value to future historians. It is always a very doubtful point how far contemporary writers can be depended upon to express the true inwards of any political movement, but at all events Professor Henry has done his best to present a plain statement of facts from the point of view of the Sinn Fein party. From the historic point of view the weak point is that the case of England—politically and strategically—is hardly considered at all. What he demonstrates at the outset is the present identity of the Sinn Fein movement with the policy of all former Irish rebels against British ascendancy in the sister island, from Wolfe Tone, Emmet, Davis, Mitchel and Stephens down to Conolly and Griffith. Curiously enough no mention is made of Michael Davitt, who was perhaps too much of an internationalist to be included, though he had certainly been a Fenian in his early days and served a term of penal servitude for his crime.

Over against the downright rebels we get along the same period the Constitutionalists, men who, while accepting the Act of Union by taking their seats at Westminster, nevertheless worked for the revival of Grattan's Parliament, accepting loyalty to the Crown of England. Such were O'Connell, Butt, Parnell, and Redmond, for whom twentieth-century rebels have but little or no admiration. Compared with the revolutionaries of '98, '48, and '65-6, they were "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine." Parnell would have accepted Home Rule within the Union in his own day but, as he often said in public, only as a first step to national independence. When he made his great tour of the United States he said at Cincinnati on February 23, 1880: "Let us not forget that none of us—who we be in America or in Ireland or wherever we may be—will be satisfied until we have destroyed the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England." To him "the British Empire was an abstraction in which Ireland had no concern, though, like the Gulf Stream, it had a real and preponderating influence on the destinies of Ireland." Professor Henry might have added to his metaphor, that it is a difficult task to deflect the Gulf Stream, however heroic the effort may be.

The nineteenth century was, of course, the period of Home Rule lying very low in the Irish horizon. There was disunion amongst the Nationalists, apathy, falling vigour and vanishing ideals. Professor Henry says the foundation of the Gaelic League in 1893 may be regarded as the turning-point in Irish politics, and declares that it will be recognized in history as the most revolutionary influence that ever came into Ireland. This may be true from an intellectual, moral and spiritual point of view, but as far as language is concerned English travellers seldom hear the Irish language spoken except on the western seaboard.

Here is quite an academic definition of Sinn Fein by Mr. Henry: "Sinn Fein is an expression in political theory and action of the claim of Ireland to be a nation, with all the practical consequences which such a claim involves." He very frankly demonstrates that this was exactly the same as John Mitchell's theory and shows by an interesting quotation from that staunch Ulster rebel how he propounded the theory would be put into action.

"A plan," [said John Mitchell], "for the repeal of the Union must show (for one way) how a Parliamentary campaign conducted honestly and boldly might bring the state of business in Parliament to such a position that repeal would be the only solution; for another way, how systematic opposition to, and contempt of, law might be carried out through a thousand details, so as virtually to supersede English domination here and to make the mere repealing statute an inanimate formality (this I may observe is the way); and for a third way, how in the event of a European war a strong National party in Ireland could grasp the occasion to do the work instantly..." It would also show, how, and to what extent, all these methods could be combined.

In this one passage Mitchell sketched successively the Parnell policy, the Sinn Fein policy, and the Easter Rising policy of 1916.

The interesting fact is made clear by Professor Henry that Sinn Fein in its early years believed in constitutional action with a practical policy not unlike that of Thomas Davis in 1843. It was not until 1905 that it existed as a political organization, though Mr. Griffith had been since 1899 running a weekly paper with marked ability, called, after Mitchell's organ, the United Irishman. It became the organ of Sinn Fein and was frequently suppressed. Though the paper did not advocate at first armed revolution, it opened its columns to those who did. Its policy was the re-establishment of Grattan's Parliament as in 1782, and not the establishment of an Irish Republic. Everything turned upon the inculcation of the doctrine of self-reliant nationalism—"Sinn Fein"—as the sooner or later goal of the republican movement. The old Parliamentary party from the beginning was bitterly attacked and charged with futility. It was compared contemptuously with hot memories of the hatred of the old rebels, who desired vengeance on the "foreigner." No opportunity meanwhile was lost in attacking the Imperial policy of England. Professor Henry especially notes the case of the South African War and the Burmese question.

Between 1906-8 the spread of Sinn Fein principles was considerable and the movement grew bolder. A Nationalist M.P. became a convert, retired and stood again as a Sinn Feiner, but polled less than a third of the votes. This was a bad setback to Republican politicians. One Davitt's paper was then set forth to capture all the local authorities, as was long ago suggested in 1879 by Davitt and Devoy. It met no response. The old Nationalists, with the support of the Catholic hierarchy and the Dublin Nationalist press, were too strong for Sinn Fein. The quarrel only grew bitter. The last strongly objected to the subservience of Mr. Redmond to the Liberal party in 1910, and would have none of the Liberal Home Rule programme. Still from 1910 to 1913 the Sinn Fein movement, according to Professor Henry, was "practically moribund."

Now came a sudden change in the situation. Fresh forces in Ireland had come to life in the shape of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, announced by James Larkin and his paper the Workers' Republic, run on the lines of Karl Marx' anti-capitalist writings. Another Labour organ called Irish Freedom joined in the fray. In these papers the definitely Republican movement found an underground channel of expression in 1910-11. Its object was to rehabilitate and re-establish Sinn Fein on Separatist lines. The opportunity came on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill of 1914. It was here that the Republican party antagonized Sinn Fein. The latter had in 1912 resolved unanimously that if the Bill was a satisfactory measure of reform it should be accepted. If, however, it was rejected as unsatisfactory by the Irish people, the organization was prepared to lead the country by other and effective methods to the attainment of self-government. This latter loophole led to the ultimate fusion of the Republican party with Sinn Fein. The portent of the Ulster
Volunteer movement appeared, and exacerbated the whole situation. What Ulster did the new Irish alliance could do also. The South imitated the North, and the heather was set on fire in earnest. Both the Republicans and Sinn Fein were well aware that Home Rule meant a setback to their programmes. They seized the opportunity, and when the Bill was passed they denounced the Nationalists for having betrayed their country, and started the Irish Volunteers, with whom were brigaded the Citizen Army of the Labour and Socialist party. Very many followers of the old Nationalist party now enlisted under the Sinn Fein banner, and the results are apparent to-day in the collapse of the old Parliamentary party led for so long by Parnell and Redmond. Such is briefly the story of the evolution of Sinn Fein, the old story of the cuckoo in the nest of the hedgesparrow.

It is unnecessary to follow Professor Henry through the domestic intricacies of Irish politics throughout the war. They remind us of the thrills of a cinema play. But between 1916 and 1918 there was an extraordinary resurrection of republican fervour and sympathy. The Convention had failed. The Conscription policy of the War Office for Ireland had fired a new mine of opposition. Mr. Redmond’s stand of leadership was discontinued throughout Ireland. The propaganda of Sinn Fein went on in spite of martial law, and at the General Election the defeat of the Nationalist party was complete. Since then the situation has gone from bad to worse. As in the days of Ribbonism and the Land League, the campaign of terrorism and assassination holds the field. What next? The League of Nations refused to interfere and declare Ireland independent. Has Sinn Fein the means at its disposal to accomplish its object? The answer of Professor Henry is contained in the last paragraph of his book. It is:

No. To induce England to acknowledge the independence of Ireland is no solution. The independence acknowledged in 1783 was repealed in 1800, and has been denied ever since. To induce the League of Nations as at present constituted to acknowledge the independence of Ireland is out of the question. The means at the disposal of Sinn Fein at present hardly seem adequate to accomplish its object. It may bring about the moral and intellectual independence of Ireland: it may secure a certain measure of economic independence, but to secure political independence in face of the forces opposed against it seems impossible.

It is not our business to argue this point. But the outlook is menacing in the extreme. There is a moderate party in Ireland, but it is dumb and without leadership. What is wanted is a new Nationalist party and a new Nationalist leader who can rally sane and sensible Irishmen to a sane and sensible compromise. Is this possible for a race that hates compromise and despises discretion?

P. B.

GOOD SENSE AND "RECORDS"

CRICKET REMINISCENCES. By P. F. Warner. (Grant Richards. 15s. net.)

A RAGE for "records" and personal trivialities has invaded sport of late years. It is encouraged by too many journalists who do not appear to realize that the fine points of English games are known to a vast multitude of Englishmen, and are of greater interest than X’s hundredth wicket, or Y’s thirteenth goal this season, which is more than he got in the same number of months six years since. A high score may not be the most useful score for the side, or represent the best cricket of the day. All-round merit and keenness often deserve more praise than the blazings of some "star." The megalomania which induces a captain to put on a bowler who is not wanted, just to give him a chance to secure a hundred wickets, does no good to the game. We expect an expert chronicler to write about the game as an expert, to add to our knowledge by the fruits of his closer observation, instead of retailing nicknames, or other personal talk which has as much to do with cricket as the loud voice of some M.P. has to do with politics. Mr. Warner, an accomplished bat and captain, here reprints journalism, and goes back to history beyond his own observation. At his best his remarks are just what we want, but he repeats himself, and has descended to trivialities which do not interest us. What is the use of filling half a page with the names of Oriel men who have secured cricket blues?

Mr. Warner hit on a "stunt" which was a success when he started the idea of best possible teams of various kinds selected out of the many cricketers of the past and present. The idea is attractive, because there is no finality about any solution. Cricketers, except W.G., seldom last long enough to have a near view of more than one generation of players, and the vast improvement of modern pitches has to be counted in favour of the batsman. At present there is, as Mr. Warner remarks, a dearth of fast bowling, for which a player has to keep himself in first-rate training. A fast bowler, as a rule, lasts but for a few years. Is the long run up to the wicket really necessary? It has been exaggerated of late; it was the way of Richardson, but not of WG.

Mr. Warner criticizes justly the stupidity of the public which does not see the merit of defensive play. It has to be noticed, however, that some players are not so keen as they might be, and that there have been evident cases in the past of games prolonged for the sake of gate-money. These things make the sporting public impatient and suspicious, and it is possible that they do not know the points of the game so well as their fathers, being immersed in the love of "records." The remedy lies in the hands of experts like Mr. Warner, who have a public ready to read them, and should write on the game itself instead of compiling lists of past and present achievements. The natural writing of an expert is preferable to the popular tricks of journalism. What are the modern ideas of placing the field, and are they justified? This is the kind of inquiry which suggests itself to lovers of the game, who do not care a doit whether so-and-so was the first man to begin both batting and bowling for England.

Many English enthusiasts will regret the death of Victor Trumper in 1915, which passed almost unnoticed in the tumult of war. At his best he was not surpassed as a batsman, and we welcome Mr. Warner’s tribute. He might have added that Trumper’s ease and grace were developed by practice, for in his first long innings at Lord’s he played stiffly, though soundly. When he was at the height of his powers, no one could make good bowling look sillier. Half an hour of Trumper was better than many a mammoth score by steady and lucky batsmen.

REPROACH

Your grieving moonlight face looks down
Through the forest of my fears,
Crowned with a spiny bramble-crown,
Dew-dropped with evening tears.
Why do you spell "untrue, unkind,"
Reproachful eyes plaguing my sleep?
I am not guilty in my mind
Of aught would make you weep.
Untrue? but how, what broken oath?
Unkind? I know not even your name.
Unkind, untrue, you charge me both,
Scalding my heart with shame.
The black trees shudder, dropping snow,
The stars tumble and spin.
Speak, speak, or how may a child know
His ancestral sin?

ROBERT GRAVES.
THE HISTORICAL METHOD

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN EUROPEAN THOUGHT. Essays arranged
and edited by F. S. Marvin. (Milford. 12s. 6d. net.)

The wide historical survey, the survey in four
dimensions, presenting simultaneously the march
in time and the distribution in space, makes the
most seductive of all reading. The subject of the history
is of no great moment: it is enough that our passion to
comprehend be gratified, that every item of the subject-
matter be fitted into its place in a scheme, that we are
enabled to look before and after. But it is to be remarked
that the delightful feeling of comprehension afforded by
the historical survey is not quite the same as that afforded
by, say, mastering Einstein’s theory or following one of
Capablanca’s games of chess. In reading history we are not,
like the same extent, detached observers. For in reading
history we are constantly aware of one indisputable
fact which is a constant source of satisfaction.

That fact is that we are the last product of time. The
historian may make us abashed for our morals, uneasy
about our intelligence, but nothing can alter the fact
that the whole tremendous process he describes has so
far culminated in us. Hegel has been laughed at for
tracing all things from chaos to their embodiment in the
Prussian State. But does not every historian who brings
his narrative up to date do the same thing? Even if our
activities are represented as a mere “reaction,” or even as
a “decline,” it remains true that we are the last point on
the curve. Of course, our satisfaction must be illegitimate.
It cannot be true that we are superior to the whole of the
rest of creation merely because we are the last thing
produced. Perhaps historians have a tendency to link up
things a little too much; perhaps there has been no
great process and we are just one of the confused happenings
of the world. This extremely sceptical thought, on which
we do not insist, has been occasioned by the glowing
optimism, the marked “onward and upward” note of this
collection of essays. Such unity as the volume has is
a unity in hopefulness. In his introductory “General
Survey” the editor sets the key in the words: “Soul-
making—the practice and the theory—has become more
and more clearly and consciously the object of human
thought and action.” The effect of the whole book is
to reinforce that statement.

When we listen to the individual voices, however, and
are no longer carried away by the general exhilaration of
the chorus, we become less confident about the meaning
of the words. Professor A. E. Taylor, for instance, traces
for us the course of those two streams, science and
philosophy, and shows us that they are about to unite and
flow in one bed. This appears to be the necessary result
of the mathematical theory of infinite series and the
absolute and unconditional nature of the moral law.
But on achieving this union we find that another junction
is now effected, this time with theology. The triple stream
leads us in the end to: “a theoretic interpretation of life,
that it is in the living God Who is over all, blessed for ever,
that it will find the common source of fact and value.”
The way in which modern treatises on arithmetic conspire
to this end is by disproving the Kantian doctrine that
sensor-data are a necessary constituent of scientific knowledge.
We suppose that by science Professor Taylor here means
logic. He cannot mean that sense-data are not a necessary
part of Physics, Chemistry, Biology and the rest of the
sciences. We mention this because Professor Taylor
goes on to say: “And with this dogma falls the
main ground for the denial that knowledge about the soul
and God is attainable.” We do not know to what denial
he refers: its author would seem, in any case, to be a rash
man. But the transition from this to the assumption that
such knowledge has been obtained depends on the kind of
knowledge that is claimed. If it is communicable and
verifiable knowledge it may be scientific, but not otherwise.

It will be seen that the effect of Professor Taylor’s essay
will depend upon the philosophical views of the reader.
The arguments by which he supports his exposition will
certainly not convince those who do not already agree with
him, and in consequence his attractive picture of growing
unity will inspire but a limited number of readers.

Professor Herford’s essay on European Poetry also
induces a feeling of uneasiness, but of a different kind.
In the first place we must admit that he is skilled in that
delightful accomplishment of the historian—we see our
present activities as the more or less logical result of a long
and extended process. One literary “school after
another rises before our eyes; we are shown the connecting
links—sometimes a development, sometimes a reaction,
and sometimes, most delightful of all, a merging of two or
more schools into a larger unity. As we follow this simous
movement and abandon ourselves to its increasing
momentum, the whole subject becomes, in a curious way,
abstract and, still more curiously, magnificent. The function
of poetry becomes subtly altered until, in our excitement,
we ask for more and more poets, more and more schools—
just to keep the ball rolling. We are annoyed at missed
opportunities for forming schools. “Surely an amalgama-
tion was possible there,” we mutter petulantly, or, “Did
no one see that splendid opportunity for a reaction?”

It is when we arrive at our own time that we begin to
suspect a vice in the method. We are shocked, this time,
to realize that the whole epic culminates in us—to be
precise, in us. The culmination must be logical, so far as we
can make out. Somehow our modern war-poetry contains
within itself all those past developments and reactions,
as the human embryo somehow contains within itself the
dogs and fishes and what-not that preceded it.
When we realized this the spell of the historian was
loosed; we came back to our forgotten division of poetry
into good and bad, and saw that it has no necessary
connection with the historian’s division into earlier and
later. But there is no question that Professor Herford
makes the method exciting.

The most exciting essay in the book, however, is that by
Mr. Gooch on Historical Research. Compared with his
description of the thrilling advances in the knowledge of
ancient Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Greece, Rome, our
impending discovery of the Hittite language and history,
the tremendous achievements of the German historians,
their incredible learning, their vast industry, the modern
ramifications of history, histories of ideas, of economics,
of everything under the sun—compared with this Professor
Bragg’s account of atomic theories, although he does mention
Einstein and hint at Quanta Theory, seems bloodless
and inhuman, while Professor Doncaster on Biology—one
long confession that we know much less than we expected
to know by this time—seems positively pessimistic. It is
Mr. Gooch and Professor Doncaster, both of whom
have given us a glimpse of the future, who are
the main exponents of the historical method.
Our satisfaction is legitimate: we are not
the youngest child of creation for nothing because, so far as
we can tell, our learning has never before been equalled.
We are the youngest, and we have most to learn. Earlier
generations exist to provide material. That is why the
essays in this volume which describe the march of human
knowledge culminate rightly in this present age. It is
a genuine culmination. But in matters like poetry and
music—on which Dr. Walker has written an excellent
essay—our position in time, so important to the historian,
affords no presumption for a judgment of value. In
knowledge of fact, even in a creative activity, such as
science, which depends so much on knowledge of fact, we
may fully absorb the acquisitions of our predecessors.
The whole of post achievement, in this domain, is
THE ATHENÆUM

Mr. Herbert Fisher's Essays

Studies in History and Politics. By the Right Hon. Herbert Fisher. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

The engulfment of Mr. Herbert Fisher in politics has been a serious loss to literature. These lectures and essays of his show such a wide range of reading, such a mitis sapientia, that many will regret that he should be tied to the Treasury bench when he might be exploring the Romantic Movement, or giving us the first adequate History of England between the Irish Union and the Vienna Congress, or even the Act of Reform. They are, however, in the nature of what Max Müller used to call "chips," and as such calculated to perplex a reviewer, unless he hops like a starrler from one of Mr. Fisher's stultities to another. Let us start, therefore, with discarding Amiens, remarking merely that the essayist leaves him pretty much where Gibbon found him, and some thoughts on "Imperial Administration," with the comment that they should be much to the taste of his colleague Mr. Montagu. Lord Acton? Well, Lord Acton is an authority on the French Revolution, and so he will serve our purpose. For the connecting link in Mr. Fisher's volume is to be found in France—in France "famed" it may be, as Matthew Arnold says, in all great arts, in none supreme, but dynamically the most potent factor in the story of the modern world.

The criticism of Rousseau fills many shelves, but then he is at once the most delightful and the most exasperating of writers. Lord Morley has lectured Jean-Jacques for his inconsistencies, and Mr. Fisher follows suit, though in a gentler spirit. What is to be done with a man who belches private property in one place and conceals it uncommonly near collectivism in another? who told the Corsicans to find salvation in peasant farming, without currency or commerce, and the Poles to remain true to their elective monarchy, their liberum veto, and the other eccentricities of their constitution? The best way to treat Rousseau is to disregard him as a political philosopher, and to accept him as a prophet who foresaw many things, including the equality of man under the law. "Tous veulent que les conditions soient égales pour tous, et la justice n'est que cette égalité." Lord Acton took exception to this doctrine, because, as translated into practice by the Constituent Assembly, it was accompanied by the idea of liberty. "Having put the nation in place of the Crown," he wrote, "they invested it with the same unlicensed power, raising no security and no remedy against oppression from below, assuming or believing that a government truly representing the people could do no wrong." It is difficult, however, to decide what exactly Lord Acton meant by liberty, since while his Liberalism pulled him one way, his Catholicism dragged him the opposite. A thinker who regarded the Reformation as reactionary, and found consolation in the mediaval dualism between Church and Empire, certainly reversed all current conceptions of progress. The Revolution at least gave France free institutions, and safeguarded personal and real property, even if it was none too compliant to corporate bodies. But it could be fairly argued that they had become abuses.

This system, as codified by Napoleon, extended itself over the face of Europe. As Mr. Fisher reminds us in one of his happiest essays, it penetrated to distant Illyria, where under the rigid rule of Marmont a State was established which anticipated, though with differences, the Jugo-Slavs of to-day. Everywhere feudal dues disappeared; trade-guilds were abolished, not altogether to the advantage of labour, and civil marriage proclaimed the divorce of the State from the Church. The great plan was imposed with rigour, particularly on Belgium, where, however, as the memoirs of Dumouriez point out, Danton had acted on the principle, Sois mon frère ou je te tue, before Napoleon had arrived. Much of it went by the board after his fall, but its principles germinated, and when united Italy came into being, it was on the Napoleonic model. But the most remarkable instance of French influence is to be found in the resurrections of Prussia after the crushing disaster of Jena. German historians have laboured to prove that Stein was an original reformer, and there is some force in their contention that similar grievances must demand similar remedies. But Hardenberg, at any rate, was an avowed copyist, only, being a pliant creature, he allowed the nobility to mangle his scheme for the emancipation of the peasants, probably without much regret. His bureaucracy was purely Napoleonic, and in conjunction with the military teaching of Clausewitz, it became the instrument of the absolutist State.

Napoleon was non-moral, imposing reforms on the Rhenish Provinces and Belgium, not for their benefit but his own. His nephew, though a man of much larger humanity, inherited that lust for conquest which inspired the Emperor's every thought. There can be no doubt that Napoleon III. set himself from first to last to undo the consequences of the Vienna Congress, and that his hankerings after the Rhine frontier took a desperate turn when the collapse of Austria, at Sadowa, brought home to him the fact that he could not hope to acquire it as mediator between two exhausted combatants. Mr. Fisher illustrates his visionary yet crafty character with much skill, taking as his text that buoyant apology for failure, the memoirs of the late M. Emile Ollivier. The process clearly throughout the dupes of the Emperor, who kept him in the dark as to his actual policy, a delusive one, as it turned out—the draft treaty of an offensive and defensive alliance between France, Austria and Italy—and allowed the bellicose Duc de Gramont to steal marches on his colleague at every turn of the negotiations with Prussia. Bismarck's Ems telegram shrinks into a very small scrap of paper under Mr. Fisher's serene eye. It brought matters to a head, but the causa causans came rather from Paris than Berlin.

The degeneracy of Germany and the regeneration of France can be studied from their literary side in Mr. Fisher's pages. In the Fatherland we get the historians for most of them, preaching the doctrine that a powerful State was an end in itself, before which all other considerations must give way, and war one of the just means to that end. There were, indeed, exceptions; and Mr. Fisher might have put in a good word for Ihne, Curtius and even Gregorovius, who wrote as scholars, not as pamphleteers, though the last descended with undue vigour on political Hamlets like Rienzi. In France, on the other hand, Paul Déroulède told his countrymen to take heart in accents that were somewhat raucous, while after him came M. Maurice Barrès, preaching a patriotism of a less aggressive brand. But the influence of pure literature on national upsurplings can be easily exaggerated. M. Barrès has been a power in modern France because he has represented a Church which has borne with supreme dignity an enforced impoverishment.

L.L.S.
BUTTERFLIES

The Black Curtain. By Douglas Goldring. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

If we may know an author by the books he writes we should not hesitate in saying that Mr. Douglas Goldring’s hobby, enthusiasm and passion is collecting superficialities. He is revealed in “The Black Curtain” as an ardent and highly successful hunter. For there are displayed in its pages not only all the “common” ones—particularly large, fine specimens in an excellent state of preservation—but a complete set of those superficial opinions and ideas which enjoyed a brief flutter in the art circles of London between the years 1913 and 1920. These are the cream of the collection and although we remember seeing them in a cloud over Chelsea, over Bloomsbury, over Soho, it does not lessen our astonishment that the author should have captured them so successfully, pinned them down, made of them such a great, brave show. His characters are compact of them.

Here is the Russian revolutionary, with the blue eyes of a child and the short black beard of a fanatic, crushing strength, crushing sweetness out of his violin, talking of the earth as “my mother’s breast,” crying the stranger “friend,” appearing and disappearing in the Russian way we have learned to accept, making the discovery—and announcing it—that human beings are like sheep, their true leaders the shepherds and their enemies may be compared to wolves, and plucking out of the air at the appropriate moment that steaming glass of tea with a slice of lemon floating in it. It says much for the superficiality of the hero, Philip Kane, writer, cosmopolitan, a little weary of Barcelona and Madrid, Vienna and Paris, that he should be at first glance entirely overwhelmed by Ivan Smirnoff. Years of foreign travel, loneliness, wrestling with and overcoming “inward dissatisfactions,” and the development of “that rich inner life in which alone there was peace” had left him unprepared for the encounter. They might have met in the Oxford train rather than the funicular from Tibidabo ... Is it not strange that a “citizen of the world” who was, he felt, equipped at all points for the battle to preserve freedom against the world’s encroachments, who believed in the ideal of human brotherhood, who was “rid of many early prejudices,” should on the occasion of that meeting with Smirnoff “first, dimly, realize that the common people who worked with hand and brain were not quite so contented as, to the careless eye, they looked”? But Mr. Goldring is very tender to his hero and does not seem to find it strange at all; he leads him out of the wilderness, via Paris, into the heart of London. The time has come, we are given to understand, when Philip Kane must lie. “He was filled with the impatience of the trained athlete eager to put to the test.” ... Anne Drummond, her bobbed head bent over two boxes with the word “Fuller’s” printed on them, is the first human being he meets among the tiresome would-be Bohemians. When the absurd pictures are handed round she looks up with a grin and says she likes peppermint creams best. But at heart she is a Socialist, an internationalist, a scarlet revolutionary, desperately sincere, spontaneous, “with a hint of fresh sexuality,” longing to live for the people, to dedicate her life to the Cause, to go to the Venetian Ball, to smoke cigarettes. No wonder he finds her a “joyous enigma.”

Holy matrimony and the toddling feet of a bevy of little strangers? Heaven forbid. The snare was too obvious.

And so they love and are happy, except for those intervals when Philip ponders over the idea of “that monstrous figure round which the London pleasure-manics revolved ... that invisible altar on which they were pouring their libations of dry Monopole. When would the great idol become thirsty again for a salt and crimson wine?” This, bien entendu, is the cue for the Great War, and he stalks on while Philip calls him “humbug” and points the finger of scorn at indifferent England. But Anne is tossed to the monster, and the end of it all finds Smirnoff and our hero contemplating the “red Dawn—cold, terrible, relentless, but bearing with it the promise of the new day.” If the reader shuts his eyes at this point he will have no trouble in imagining the last superficiality. “Come, my friend,” said Smirnoff ... “Let us rest now, for we must work.”

K. M.

A PLEA FOR THE SEVUAGINT

A Handbook to the Septuagint. By Richard R. Ottley. (Methuen. 8s. net.)

Dr. Hitzig, of Heidelberg, the Old Testament scholar of last century, is said to have begun his class by addressing his students thus: “Gentlemen, have you a Septuagint? If not, sell whatever you have, and buy a Septuagint.” Mr. Ottley presents for a similar audience in this country the most ancient Greek version of the Old Testament. Indeed, English students ought to carry on the good tradition which Cambridge has done so much to establish among us. Oxford has given us the Concordance of Hatch and Redpath, but it is Cambridge which is producing a critical edition of the text. This is in full swing, and by Dr. O’Connor’s “Introduction” is a standard work. When Mr. Thackeray finishes his Grammar—and we hope he will out-distance Helbing—there will be no excuse for the English student or scholar undervaluing the Septuagint. Meanwhile, especially in days when Greek is struggling for its existence in academic circles, we welcome every competent reminder of the paramount importance of the Old Testament scholar. To quote Mr. Ottley’s own words:

The text available is so much improved that it may be hoped that the Septuagint is coming to its own, not only as a hunting-ground for specialists, but as a source of profit and interest to ordinary Biblical students. It may now be comfortably read by all Hellenists, and need no longer be a sealed book to that interesting but rare person the general reader.

The profit and interest are varied. In point of style and literary distinction the Septuagint ranges from third-class to first-class, and even its highest reaches, which are few, never attain the level of the Vulgate, for example, in the book of Psalms. So far as insight into the original text is concerned, the witness of the Septuagint is not quite as vital as it was once supposed by some critics to be. But its evidence is in constant need of being consulted. Mr. Ottley’s conclusion is “that here and there the LXX. may represent, or may give help towards recovering, a better text than the M.T. [i.e. the Massoretic Hebrew text]; but in the majority of passages the M.T. holds its own.” This is moderate, and on the whole the verdict is not unjustified. Historically the Septuagint has claims to special interest, for the New Testament writers as a rule used it as we do, or did, the Authorized Version, for dogmatic purposes. Even a later Father of the Church, like Hilary of Poitiers, preferred it to the Hebrew original. Its use by Christians, with its consequent use by the Jews, naturally tended to affect its text, and this is one of the intricate problems of Septuagintal study. How far is our present text of the Septuagint interpolated or adapted by Christian editors? To what extent does it represent the original text of the translators? On these and other points Mr. Ottley writes with excellent good sense. He has produced a text-book which is less technical than Professor Swete’s, but which has a place and function of its own. Part of his work is historical, part is textual; and practical hints are added for the benefit of the beginner, who might be bewildered if we were set down to Dr. Swete’s standard treatise. It would be a pity if the editors of the Septuagint had not taken greater attention from this monument of Hellenistic Greek in ancient religious literature. Mr. Ottley shows reason why they should not, and he has done his best to interest men with a minimum of Greek in the Greek Old Testament, as a translation which in one sense is a creative literary effort.
MARGINALIA

To read through the old Athenæums of ninety years ago is to discover that ours is not the only age in which the proportion of bad books to good ones has been overwhelmingly high. In only one respect had the reviewer of 1830 any advantage over his descendant of 1920: there were fewer books. The ratio of bad to good has remained, I should imagine, fairly constant; but where the reviewer of ninety years ago calculated in hundreds we have to think more imperially in terms of thousands and tens of thousands. But even with the comparatively tiny output of those days the literary journalist of 1830 had his fair share of nonsense to wade through. Looking through the old files of The Athenæum, one is astonished at the dismal quality, the depressing quantity of the bad books.

It was, therefore, with a thrill of pleased recognition that I came upon the name of William Godwin. "Cloudesley: a Tale," by the author of "Caleb Williams," was one of the features of the spring list of 1830. The Athenæum greeted the book with a hearty enthusiasm. Godwin in principle and theoretically it admired and respected. He was very nearly a great man. He was a historical figure, a link with the noble past, and through "Political Justice" might have come, in the course of mellowing years, to look a little comic, its author could at least write a fine pure English style.

The announcement of a new novel by so distinguished a writer as Mr. Godwin [says the reviewer] was welcomed with more indifference than we looked for by the reading world. To us it gave great pleasures of expectation, and we even hoped that the vigour of thought and style which makes "St. Leon" and "Caleb Williams" so delightful, might to some degree reclaim the public taste from those foolish idolatries that now degrade it, when a host of gentlemen, with no materials save fustian and the Court Guide, undertake to teach the mob how the great live and the wise talk in fashionable and political novels. We remember the breathless interest with which we first hung over Mr. Godwin's pages; the harrowing pathos with which he told the sufferings of the humblest and least attractive characters, the Auschotchian power with which he painted some wretched man struggling against irresistible necessity, condemned, though innocent, to all the pains of guilt, and above all the fervid eloquence that cast a burning splendour around these magnificent conceptions.

Godwin in principle, then, was admirable, and his novel might give the intemperate "pleasures of expectation." But when it came to reading "Cloudesley"... alas! the reviewer, being an honest man, has to admit that it is an atrocious novel. I have never read "Cloudesley"; nor, unless the secret of indefinitely prolonging human life is discovered within the next few years, do I propose to waste an hour of my brief existence in such a profitless occupation. "St. Leon," which so much delighted the reviewer of 1830, is one of the books I have tried to read, miserably failing in the attempt. But "Caleb Williams" I have read, and read with pleasure, though not perhaps with all the transports of the reviewer of 1830. Godwin's total inability to draw a character, the impotence of his imagination to comprehend and enter into the chaos of human life—these were defects that made it impossible for him to be a good novelist. But he made up to some extent for these defects by the intensity of his political convictions. "Caleb Williams" is a dramatized essay on the evils of the tyranny of one class over another. "Cloudesley" is a tragic poem. "Cloudesley" was written by Thomas, when he sees Caleb Williams chained up like a wild beast in the county goal. "They told me what a fine thing it was to be an Englishman, and about liberty and property and all that there; and I find it is all a flaxm." The intensity with which Godwin believed that social life was "all a flaxm," his passion to show up "Things as they are" (the sub-title of his book), carried him on to triumph. It is the warmth of this intellectual fire that makes the book still readable.

In 1830, when "Cloudesley" made its appearance, Godwin was a totally extinct volcano. Forty years before he had been a prophet, a voice, the inspiration of noble spirits; now he was just a harmless and cheerful old gentleman. There are few fates more melancholy and at the same time more absurd than that of the once famous man who lives on to see his ashes carried to the Pantheon and there duly buried and forgotten. Godwin's case reminds one of that even more remarkable example of a man who outlived a generation the death of his early fame. Philip James Bailey published his "Festus" in 1839, when he was twenty-three years of age; he died in 1909.

Bailey had many of the attributes of greatness, not least among which was his appearance. His bust, taken in 1846, shows us a young man with a more than Shakespearean brow, wide, high and precipitous, large rapt eyes, a mouth set obstinately firm and a mass of hysterical hair. (One of the causes, by the way, of the apparent lack, at the present time, of great men lies in the poverty of the contemporary male coiffure. Rich in whiskers, beards and lionine manes, the great Victorians never failed to look the part; nowadays it is impossible to know a great man when you see one.) Besides the grand appearance, Bailey possessed the grand outlook and the heroic energy of greatness. He was at home in interstellar space, he was familiar with angels and devils; he had spacious views about Man and Destiny, he was not afraid of being didactic;

(Where true philosophy presides
Pleasure it is to teach him)
he remarks with a rather pleasing ingenuousness) and he was not afraid of length. But there was something not quite right about his imagination. Transmuted into verse, his grand ideas and his energy became highly coloured fustian. At its best this fustian was very good fustian. There are great gaudy similes and purple passages which, in certain moods, are a pleasure to read. One enjoys, every now and then, to hear of liquescent plains
Of ever seething flame, where sink and rise Alp-beats of fire, vast, vagrant.

At the same time one can easily have too much of this kind of thing. In tenderer, and more lyrical moments Bailey could display a lucidous facility that makes Moore seem exquisitely refined. Here is one of his songs:
I dreamed of thee, love, in the morn,
And a poet's bright dreamings drew nigh:
I woke, and I laughed them to scorn;
They were black by the blink of thine eye.
I dreamed of thee, love, in the day,
And I wept as I slept o'er thy charms:
I awoke as my dreams went away,
And my tears were all wet on my arms.

It makes one blush to commit such lines, even at second-hand, to paper.

"Festus" was received with transports by the public of 1839. (The Athenæum raised almost the only inharmonious voice in the general chorus of praise: "The idea is a mere plagiarism of 'Faust' with all its impiety and scarcely any of its poetry.") People might still look at the work if Bailey had been content to leave it as it originally appeared. But no, in the course of a long and leisureed life he set himself to make a hundred Miltonic lines grow where only one grew before, so that, when the jubilee edition was published in 1889, "Festus" was a work of forty thousand lines. Thenceforward it was in vain that Bailey adjured humanity in his Envoi:

Read this, world! He who writes is dead to thee,
But still lives in these leaves. He spake inspired:
Night or day, thought came unhelped and undesired
Like blood to thy heart. The course of study he
Went through was of the soul-rack. The degree
He took was high.

Autolycus.
SCOTTISH DIALECT IN EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE

FROM the English standpoint, long before the union of the crowns in 1603, the Scottish language was regarded as a dialect of English, the Northern dialect—distinguished by certain forms of phrase, pronunciation and grammar from the other dialects, the Midlands and the South—earliest case in point. We may say that respect in English literature is to be found in the "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer, who made the East Midland (already the language of the Court) the literary and ultimately the national or standard language of England. In one of these tales, the Reeve figures as a Scottish student, resident at Soler Hall, Cambridge (or Granta-bridge); and the gist of the tale is their series of adventures at Trumpington Mill in the neighbourhood of that ancient collegiate seat of learning. Their names, appropriate to the North Country, are John and Allan; and both belong to Strother (probably Anstruther, in the east of Fife), described by Chaucer as "far in the north, I can't say exactly where." They swear by St. Cuthbert, a Northern saint; and their general characterization is as evidently from the life as their use of the Northern dialect is perfect. When the Miller asks them what they are doing at the mill instead of the steward, they say: "Nee, hee, we have nae need for him; we are wi' our corn, and I'll see yer at the mill. "Nae, I'll see yer at the mill." And they add, "I'll slow, e, I'll certain the corn, "to the miller, who says, "Well, I'll be med."* (i.e., We have no choice: it behoves him that has no servant to serve himself); and explain that the steward is laid up with toothache—"Sae wrikers aye the wanges in his heid; an' therefo' is I come with Allan " (says John) "to grind our corn, and carry it hame again." Oustensibly to satisfy their curiosity in the working of a mill, but really to prevent the miller from thieving, they take up their position in the mill with a simplicity of cunning which does not deceive the miller. "I'll stand by the happener," says John, "an' see how the corn gies in: yet I never anything like the way the happeners ways tills an' fra! And I'll be benenith," says Allan, "an' see how the meal fa's down into the troic; that sal be my disport—for, John, I'll see yer at the mill. As it is so clear and large a place, I am as ill a miller as are ye!" The miller, however, was their match. He unbond their horse, which they had fastened to a tree at the back of the mill, and while they went off in pursuit of the runaway, he helped himself to a half of the College meal, filling up the sack with bran to the same amount. John was the first to discover that the horse was missing, and raised the alarm. "Haro!" he shouted; "our horse is lost! Allan, for gideon! step on your feet! Come out, man, a' at ance! Our warden has lost his pony!"

Whil's wae is he gone?" cried Allan, making his prompt appearance. At last they despaired him at the far end of the brog around the mill, enjoying himself with his horses there at pasture. They prepared to capture him by divesting themselves of all encumbrances. "He'll no' escape us baith!" says John; "but why did ye no' pit the capl i' the lathe? Ye were a fule no' to pit the capl i' the lathe!"

*"Captive" is a more literal rendering of a term used in the Genesis of the Scottish dialect. The word means a prisoner, or a man who is held in the esteem of another. It is a word that is used in the Scottish dialect to describe a person who is held in high esteem or respect.

Captive, meaning a horse, is still in occasional use on Ochil farms: I incline to connect it with the Latin "caballus.""I'captive," meaning a shed, or barn, or byre, is now obsolete in current speech, though it survives in many a place-name all over Scotland—Lethangie, Lathro, Loldiack, Lathrisk, etc.

But to return to the two scholars. It was a busy day to catch the horse, and all ran about, the miller and mill-boy and the children; and, to the miller, they shouted: "Kep, keep!" they cried to each other. They met again and again to consult. (Gae wlochly i.e. quietly thou,) says John, now quite exhausted, and I sal kep him here." The miller stood at the mill-door and saw! the children, and enfew! the recent, and tofind him with the children; and," says they, "now not so easily." The miller was right; it was nightfall, and indeed quite dark, when in a ditch they caught him at the last.

Elsewhere in the tale they quote a North Country proverb:

Man sal tak o' twa things.

Slyk as he finds or slyk as he brings.

Slyk is, of course, so—such-like. They also speak of having "siller for to spend," and call a wonderful thing a "ferly," and a sound sleeper a "draft-seck."
Science

THE NATURE OF INFERENCE

IMPLICATION AND LINEAR INFERENCE. By Bernard Bosanquet. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE analysis of inference is a matter which has been dealt with very copiously by philosophers, and yet has made but little advance towards a solution. The reason of the small progress that has been made is chiefly that various different questions have been confounded, and the solution of each rendered impossible by the influence of the others. "Inference," says Dr. Bosanquet, "includes prima facie every operation by which knowledge extends itself. When, by reason of one or more things that you know, you believe yourself to have arrived at the knowledge of something further, you claim to have effected an inference." There is nothing that can be objected to in this definition. At the same time a little consideration shows how many quite diverse problems are raised by it. It will be seen, in the first place, that the definition only allows the name of inference to operations which give knowledge, that is to say, to valid inferences from true premisses, and the question of truth and validity is therefore involved. In the second place, the phrase "by reason of" is capable of various meanings: it may mean psychological causation merely, or it may mean something which appears to the person making the inference to be a transition according to the laws of logic, or it may mean something which actually is according to the laws of logic. We are thus forced to ask ourselves two kinds of questions, the one kind psychological, the other logical. Let us begin with the psychological questions.

Inferring, considered as an event which actually takes place, is, among other things, a passage from one or more beliefs to a new belief which is an effect of them. We do not wish to suggest that, whenever certain beliefs cause a new belief, we have inference. We wish to suggest only the converse of this, that whenever we infer, certain beliefs cause a new belief. Most people would agree that there is no inferring, in the proper sense of the term, unless we are aware of the connection of the premisses with the conclusion which they cause; but the connection of which we have to be aware is not a causal connection, but a connection of logical dependence. So long as we remain on the psychological level we ought to admit among inferences those that are invalid as well as those that are valid. In that case we must not say that we are aware of the logical connection of premisses and conclusion, but only that we believe there is such a connection—a belief which may, of course, be mistaken. In any case, when we believe that there is such a connection, we believe that there has been an inference. It often happens that one belief causes another directly, and that, from unwillingness to suppose ourselves irrational, we believe that there is a logical connection between them, and therefore believe that we have inferred. If Hume is right, something of this sort occurs in all our beliefs as to causes, or at any rate in many of them—for it is difficult to state Hume's theory in a way which does not assume some knowledge of the causation of beliefs. One might, perhaps, state the essence of Hume's sceptical theory of causation in this way: When A and B have been frequently conjoined in our experience, belief in A is apt to be succeeded by belief in B. Observing this succession, and wishing to imagine ourselves rational beings, we invent a "law of causality," according to which A is always followed by B, so that we are logically justified in passing from belief in A to belief in B. In this form the theory assumes that the sort of sequence which we should like to regard as universal does very frequently take place, at any rate as regards psychological matters, but it does not assume that any such sequence is actually universal. It is difficult to refute Hume's theory. Every philosopher since Kant has professed to refute it, but no refutation has been so decisive as not to need emendation by later philosophers. We may presume that no doctrine could have needed so much refutation, unless it had been true. It seems probable, further, that practically all the substantial inferences that we make, as opposed to the purely formal inferences of logic and mathematics, are more or less of the above nature, that is to say, we have first a purely psychological causation of one belief by another, and then a general principle invented with a view to making the inference seem logically legitimate.

This view, however, is the very antithesis of Dr. Bosanquet's. He, as is well known, believes that "reality is a system of mutually determinate parts." He believes that from any one part of truth any other part can be inferred, at any rate in theory. He believes that the world is organic, and that its portions are so interdependent that no one can be changed without changing all. This view governs his whole theory of inference. Inference for him depends essentially upon the perception of system. It is made actually formal as well as to the rules of the syllogism, or the modernized substitute of the mathematician. Such deduction—whether called deduction or masquerading as induction—is what Dr. Bosanquet calls "linear inference," and is his especial bugbear. In all inference, according to him, the whole of truth and the whole of reality is relevant. "The essence of an inference, then, would be in showing of any suggested assertion, that unless we accepted it, our province of truth would as a whole be taken from us." He condenses this into the formula "this or nothing," i.e., whenever we infer, it is supposed that a refusal to admit the inference would involve us in a universal scepticism not only as to the matter in hand but as to all our knowledge. This view rests, of course, upon the familiar Hegelian logic which has been set forth by Mr. Bradley, by Dr. Bosanquet himself, and by many other writers. The grounds for this logic will not be found in the present volume, which merely assumes it. "It is enough to rely," he says in one place, "on the insight that nothing is really certain except the whole, for it is impossible to say that, apart from the conditions which the whole furnishes, anything would be what it is." But is Dr. Bosanquet really content to rely on "insight" in this fundamental matter? He is never tired of urging that logic does not proceed from direct self-evident principles such, for example, as that of the syllogism, yet passages like the above suggest that Dr. Bosanquet, too, has his fundamental logical principles which he accepts solely because to him they appear self-evident. Those to whom it seems that the world is a very fragmentary place will have difficulty in accepting his insight. To them it will seem that all sorts of things are accidental, and might very well have been quite other than they are without infringing any principle of logic. In this view they will be supported by the perception that the laws of nature, including the laws of causality itself, are wholly devoid of logical necessity, and that any one of them might be infringed without damage to pure logic. Kant, who perceived that all these laws are synthetic, would have been more hostile to the view that a law may be without principles.

This brings us to our second set of questions in regard to inference, namely, logical questions. Dr. Bosanquet's definition, as we saw, requires that, in an inference, the conclusions should really follow logically from the premises. The question is therefore forced upon us: In what circumstances does this occur? When we pare away all that is derived from causality and experience, we seem reduced to one terribly simple answer: The conclusion
only follows logically from the premises when it is actually part of what the premises assert. From the premise that "Socrates was a wise man" we can validly infer that he was a man. Such inferences are considered trivial when they are simple, as in the above instance, yet they cover the whole of pure mathematics. But they do not cover anything else. They do not cover, for example, the sort of inferences which lead to a man's being condemned in a criminal trial. All such inferences rest upon causality and are in some degree extra-logical. To demonstrate this conclusion is impossible within the scope of a review. It could not be done in less than two volumes, the first devoted to refuting the organic conception of knowledge and the world, the second to tracing the logical consequence of what we may call the atomic conception.

Dr. Bosanquet devotes a chapter to a question which is a difficult one for the point of view which he represents, namely, "What sense logic appeals to the study of mind." The problem arises in this way: It is what we infer, and therefore mind is involved in the occurrence of inference, but it is not we who decide the conditions of validity, since these are the conditions of the truth, and the truth of our beliefs depends upon facts outside them. It is, however, desired by all philosophers that some method should be found of proving that an inference actually made will be valid if certain assignable conditions are fulfilled. No philosopher is content to say, "We often pass, by what appears to us to be an inference, from certain beliefs to certain others. But it is quite impossible to know when the new beliefs to which we pass are true, or truly consequences of the old beliefs, in the sense that they must be true if the old beliefs were true." Such a view would be too sceptical to be comfortable, and it is the business of philosophy, as of religion, to administer comfort. It is therefore necessary to demonstrate that the human mind is so constructed as to "secrete truth, as the liver secretes bile." True, it sometimes secretes falsehood, but this has to be shown to be exceptional and avoidable. There has to be, therefore, some affinity between logic and the operations of the mind. It has to be shown that logic represents, in some degree, the way we think. It is clear that such a proof can only hope to succeed by dint of great obscurity, and it must be admitted that in the pursuit of obscurity Hegel's immediate forerunner Hegel's followers have easily outdistanced all competitors. It is proper to have been necessary to invent the study of theory of knowledge, intermediate between psychology and pure logic—a study in which we are not concerned with the way in which actual men and women do, in fact, think, for that would include the thoughts of idiots, maniacs, savages and non-Hegelians generally. What we are concerned with in this study is a norm, a way in which "the mind" works ideally, just as Hegelian politics is concerned with the working of "the State"—a body which, though adumbrated by Prussia, has never really existed on earth. And so we find Dr. Bosanquet saying:

"To deny that logic is founded on psychology is one thing. To deny that pure logic involves propositions about mental process is quite another. The former negation seems to me unquestionably true, but the latter unquestionably false."

Dr. Bosanquet is led, by his view that mental process is relevant to logic, to take sides on questions of empirical psychology:

The separation of Psychology from Logic [he says] has largely been due to a vicious doctrine of Association. Mind, it has been thought, begins with chance conjunctions of particulars, and the laws of association are mere causal laws of conditions under which presented particulars come to be conceived and reproduced in connection. If this were true, there would be a chaos between logic and psychology which could hardly be managed. But this is not so, and with the refutation of this point of view the plausibility of the severance between real and ideal vanishes, as its truth has vanished before.

It is difficult to believe that any theory of logic can be valid which requires a particular view on a moot point of an empirical study such as psychology. Indeed, the attempt to establish a study of mind other than empirical psychology must always break down on just such points. For our part, we cannot see any basis for the suggested view of logic, except the partial immunity from error which it is supposed to secure; but this is a basis in desire, not in psychology. If the opposite point of view leads to the conclusion that we can never be sure of the validity of our inferences, that is no doubt highly regrettable, but does not afford any ground for supposing the point of view mistaken.

B. R.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—March 18.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair. The following papers were read: "On a Form of Botrytis cinerea with Colourless Sclerotia," by W. B. Brierley; and "A Preliminary Account of the Meiotic Phenomena in the Pollen Mother-cells and Tapetum of Lettuce (Lactuca sativa)," by R. R. Gates.

ZOOLOGICAL.—March 30.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, Vice-President, in the chair.

Sir Frank Colyer exhibited and made remarks on a series of photographs of skulls of Macacus rhesus, showing pathological conditions of the teeth. Professor H. Maxwell Leitch exhibited photographs attesting the existence of egret farms in Nild.—Mr. R. H. Burne exhibited a series of pigs' mandibles from the New Hebrides, showing overgrowth of the lower tusk owing to removal of the maxillary tusk.

Dr. C. C. Somnall read a paper on "Abnormalities of the Abdominal Arteries of a Young Panda."—In the absence of Mr. A. Loveridge, his paper on "East African Lizards collected in 1915-19, with Description of a New Genus and Species of Skink and a New Subspecies of Gecko," was taken as read.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS


Sat. 17. Royal Institution, 9.—"The Thermionic Vacuum Tube," Lecture I., Dr. W. H. Eccles.

Viking (University of London, South Kensington), 3.—Annual Meeting.

Mon. 19. Society of Arts, 8.—"Aluminium and its Alloys," Lecture I., Dr. W. Rosenhain. (Cantor Lecture.)

Surveyors' Institution, 8.—"Some Problems connected with Agricultural Policy," Mr. C. Browning Fisher.

Royal Society, 8.30.—"An Air-Route Reconstructed from the Pacific to the Amazon," Flight Commander G. M. Dyott.


Royal Statistical, 5.15.

Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—"Coal Conservation in the United Kingdom," Sir Dugald Clerk.

Dr. C. C. Somnall, Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Races of the Chindwin, Upper Burma," Mr. R. Grant Brown.


Geological, 5.30.—"The Devonian of Flanges Basin (Bolodonlava)," Mr. J. W. Dudley Robinson; "The Cambrian Horizons of Comby (Shropshire)," and their Brachiopoda, Priapetos, Gastropoda, etc., Mr. F. Suterling Cooeold.

Royal Microscopical, 8.

Thurs. 22. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Tensile Strength of Liquids," Mr. Sydney Skinner.

Fine Arts

NEGO SCULPTURE AT THE CHELSEA BOOK CLUB

WHAT a comfortable mental furniture the generalizations of a century ago must have afforded! What a right little, tight little, round little world it was when Greece was the only source of culture, when Greek art, even in Roman copies, was the only indisputable art, except for some Renaissance repetitions! Philosophy, the love of truth, liberty, architecture, poetry, drama, and for all we knew— all these were the fruits of a special kind of life, each assisted the development of the other, each was really dependent on all the rest. Consequently if we could only learn the Greek lessons of political freedom and intellectual self-consciousness all the rest would be added unto us.

And now, in the last sixty years, knowledge and perception have poured upon us so fast that the whole well-ordered system has been blown away, and we stand naked to the blast, scarcely able to snatch a hasty generalization or two to cover our nakedness for a moment.

Our desperate plight comes home to one at the Chelsea Book Club, where are some thirty chosen specimens of negro sculpture. To if to our ancestors the poor Indian had "an untutored mind," the Congolese ignorance and savagery must have seemed too abject for discussion. One would like to know what Dr. Johnson would have said to anyone who had offered him a negro idol for several hundred pounds. It would have seemed then sheer lunacy to listen to what a negro savage had to tell us of his emotions about the human form. And now one has to go all the way to Chelsea in a chastened spirit and prostrate oneself before his "stocks and stones."

We have the habit of thinking that the power to create expressive plastic form is one of the greatest of human achievements, and the names of great sculptors are handed down from generation to generation, so that it seems unfair to be forced to admit that certain nameless savages have possessed this power not only in a higher degree than we at this moment, but than we as a nation have ever possessed it. And yet that is where I find myself. I have to admit that some of these things are great sculpture—greater, I think, than anything we produced even in the Middle Ages. Certainly they have the special qualities of sculpture in a higher degree. They have indeed complete plastic freedom; that is to say, these African artists really conceive form in three dimensions. Now this is rare in sculpture. All archaic European sculpture—Greek and Romanesque, for instance—approaches plasticity from the point of view of bas-reliefs. The statue bears traces of having being conceived as the combination of front, back and side bas-reliefs. And this continues to make itself felt almost until the final development of the tradition. Complete plastic freedom with us seems only to come at the end of a long period, when the art has attained a high degree of representational skill and when it is generally already decadent from the point of view of imaginative significance.

Now the strange thing about these African sculptures is that they bear, as far as I can see, no trace of this process. Without ever attaining anything like representational accuracy they have complete freedom; it seems to have no difficulty in getting away from the two-dimensional plane. The neck and the torso are conceived as cylinders, not as masses with a square section. The head is conceived as a pear-shaped mass. It is conceived as a single whole, not arrived at by approach from the mask, as with almost all primitive European art. The mask itself is conceived as a concave plane cut out of this otherwise perfectly unified mass.

And here we come upon another curious difference between negro sculpture and our own, namely, that the emphasis is utterly different. Our emphasis has always been affected by our preferences for certain forms which appeared to us to mark the nobility of man. Thus we shrink from giving the head its full development; we like to lengthen the legs and generally to force the form into a particular type. These preferences seem to be dictated not by a plastic bias, but by our reading of the physical symbols of certain qualities which we admire in our kind, such, for instance, as agility, a commanding presence, or a precise brow. If a negro sculptor, it seems to me, has no such preferences, or his preferences happen to coincide more nearly with what his feeling for pure plastic design would dictate. For instance, the length, thinness and isolation of our limbs render them extremely refractory to fine plastic treatment, and the negro scores heavily by his willingness to reduce the limbs to a succession of ovoid masses sometimes scarcely longer than they are broad. Generally speaking, one may say that his plastic sense leads him to give its utmost amplitude and relief to all the protuberant parts of the body, and to get thereby an extraordinarily emphatic and impressive sequence of planes. So far from clinging to two dimensions, as we tend to do, he actually underlines, as it were, the three-dimensionality of his forms. It is in some such way, I suspect, that he manages to give to his forms their disconcerting vitality, the suggestion that they make of being not mere echoes of actual figures, but of possessing an inner life of their own. If the negro artist wanted to make people believe in the potency of his idols he certainly set about it in the right way.

Besides the logical comprehension of plastic form which the negro shows, he has also an exquisite taste in his handling of material. No doubt in this matter his endless leisure has something to do with the marvellous finish of these works. An instance of this is seen in the treatment of the tattoo cuticles. These are always rendered in relief, which means that the artist has cut away the whole surface around them. I fancy most sculptors would have found some less laborious method of interpreting these markings. But this patient elaboration of the surface is characteristic of most of these works. It is seen to perfection in a wooden cup covered all over with a design of faces and objects that look like clubs in very low relief. The gable of this cup shows a subtlety and refinement of taste comparable to that of the finest Oriental craftsmen.

It is curious that a people who produced such great artists did not produce also a culture in our sense of the word. This shows that two factors are necessary to produce the cultures which distinguish civilized peoples; there must be, of course, the creative artist, but there must also be the power of conscious critical appreciation and comparison. If we imagined such an apparatus of critical appreciation as the Chinese have possessed from the earliest times applied to this negro art, we should have no difficulty in recognizing its singular beauty. We should never have been tempted to regard it as savage or unrefined. It is for want of a conscious critical sense and the intellectual powers of comparison and classification that the negro has failed to create one of the great cultures of the world, and not from any lack of the creative aesthetic impulse, nor from lack of the most exquisite sensibility and the finest taste. No doubt also the lack of such a critical standard to support him left the negro artist at the mercy of any outside influence. It is likely enough that the negro artist, although capable of such profound imaginative understanding of form, would accept our cheapest illusionist art with humble enthusiasm.

Roger Fry.
EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK


Concurrently with the collection of negro sculpture, the Chelsea Book Club has arranged an exhibition of paintings and drawings by four young artists. Mr. Baynes is a painter whose progress in the last few years has been observing for some time. He has received his training at the Slade School, and his first encouragement from members of the Camlen Town Group, who influenced his early work. Later he responded to the Cézanne revolution. His water-colours shown from time to time in the London Group exhibitions revealed an appreciation of essential relations, a quality which is also evident in his exhibits at Cheyne Walk. These are oil paintings and their merit is sufficient to justify the employment of the more ambitious medium. Too often young artists plunge into oil painting from arbitrary or non-aesthetic motives; but in the case of Mr. Baynes the change clearly indicates a determination that the momentum gained for the solution of major problems and the revelation of his personality as a painter. This personality, as it appears here, is made up of a gentle sensibility directed by considerable intelligence, and a vision which has a genuinely plastic bias. The paintings labelled “Falmouth” and “Farm” are both very promising indications.

Mr. Seabrooke’s work has a certain colour-resemblance to that of Mr. Baynes, but there is no real community of outlook between the two artists. For Mr. Seabrooke’s vision is essentially decorative, and his approach, though completely free from flippancy, strikes us as rather overconfident; he has as a result a habit of summary statement which, unless reinforced by continuous study, may eventually degenerate into mere formalization. Mr. Lee is interested in animals and in abstract art, but he has not yet welded the dual interest into single realization. He frequents, as it were, both the Zoo and Parnassus, without having completely staked out his claim in either place. Mr. Walton’s “Old Bridge at Bath” is the better of his exhibits. It is, considering the nature of the subject, refreshingly unsentimental, but the colour is surely unnecessarily crude.

The New Art Salon continues its campaign to introduce the work of continental Cubists and Expressionists, and it also finds from time to time much which is new and stimulating. The present collection is more interesting than the opening exhibition, although the general effect is bewildering and unsatisfactory. It consists, in the main, of minor works, many of which do scant justice to the names which stand beneath them. This is particularly unfortunate in the case of pioneer names such as Verner, who committed himself to the dualism which has cut away the figure of the tutor from the Wilson group of the Royal Princes on the sofa and to admire once again the delightful painting in what remains, we descended to the landing. Here we found Sir John Lavery’s Royal Group, the best picture he has yet painted, now sadly in need of varnish; and on the landing, on each side of the entrance to the rooms, are pictures of the Meudon and the St. George’s Parks, Kitchener, Lord Roberts and General Gordon. And so, fumbling for our umbrella disc, we came down the last flight of steps and passed out into the rain, hoping to return at the earliest opportunity.

K. H. W.

MATERNITY IN ART

MOTHER AND CHILD. Twenty-eight drawings by Bernard Meninsky, with text by Ian Gordon. (Lane. 15s. net.)

BERNARD MENINSKY is a young artist who attracted attention last year through his exhibition at the Salon Gallery, which included much promising work, notably a series of drawings of a mother with her infant child. Admirers of these drawings will welcome this book of reproductions, which conveys an adequate impression of Mr. Meninsky’s achievements in this field. The studies vary in technical method and in merit; but it is evident throughout that the artist, inspired with genuine enthusiasm and a draughtsman of considerable attainments, is impossible to avoid comparing the great heritage of Mother and Child representations which have come down to us in Christian art, and Mr. Gordon is possibly right in suggesting a root difference in attitude between the medieval and the modern. However, in these intimate studies of infancy; he is certainly right in pointing to Mr. Meninsky’s preoccupation with real life as the basis of his art.
Music

SHAKESPEARE AS A LIBRETTIST

Mr. Barkworth, whose opera "Romeo and Juliet," was produced for the first time on April 7 at the Surrey, struck out a new line in presenting his audience with a sort of analytical programme. It was an interesting and a well-written document. It expounded not merely the musical themes on which the opera is based, but also the artistic principles which guided the composer in its construction. An opera, he very properly maintains, should not be confused with the text, elements that are already familiar. So he has taken Shakespeare's play as it stands, except for considerable cuts. It would have been a labour of love, he says, to set every word of the play. As it is, the opera lasted till nearly midnight. Except for the introduction of Heywood's "Pack, clouds, away," sung as a serenade to Juliet on her wedding morning, his text is pure Shakespeare.

Almost every sentence of Mr. Barkworth's apologia indicates the spirit of reverent humility in which he has approached his task. So deep is his devotion to the poet that he appears to imagine that all a musician need do is to take a plot from the greatest of dramatists, a text that contains some of the most beautiful poetry in the world, and then simply translate it into music. The composer, however, is of the opposite sentiment. He has taken Shakespeare's play as it stands, except for considerable cuts. It would have been a labour of love, he says, to set every word of the play. As it is, the opera lasted till nearly midnight. Except for the introduction of Heywood's "Pack, clouds, away," sung as a serenade to Juliet on her wedding morning, his text is pure Shakespeare.

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Mr. Barkworth sometimes seems to have gone back a whole century and to have taken Cherubini as his model. His music is old-fashioned; he himself admits it. But it is homogeneous in style, always scholarly, and entirely free from the least trace of pretentiousness or vulgarity, even of that antique vulgarity which we have now accepted as classical.

The audience appeared to enjoy the opera thoroughly from beginning to end. The interludes that were meant to cover the frequent changes of scene were listened to in comparative silence, even though they had to trail off awkwardly into nothing and start afresh when the scene-shifters were ready. Two more performances are announced for this week; the management evidently regards the opera as a success. This may appear surprising, but it is certainly no discredit to the Surrey audience that they should derive pleasure from this new "Romeo and Juliet."

Mr. Barkworth's devout adherence to the words of Shakespeare constitutes at once his strength and his weakness. It disguises to some extent his lack of real musical inspiration. "It might be thought," he writes, "that the continuous ten-syllable verse would lead to monotony of rhythm in the music, as Wagner's verse does in "Lohengrin." But Shakespeare's rhythm is too subtle, varied and splendid for any such danger. The criticism is just, yet "Lohengrin," with all its faults still remains a more stirring opera than "Romeo and Juliet." Shakespeare has, in fact, forced Mr. Barkworth into some variety of rhythm; when he is not actually setting words his rhythm very soon lapses into monotony. Wagner's monotony is not due to his verse rhythms. If Wagner had tried to set Shakespeare he would probably have set him just as monotonously as he did his own verses. The monotony of "Lohengrin" and of other Wagner operas comes almost entirely from two things: the tendency to draw syllables out to a length that is tolerable in German but unbearable in English, and the curious mannerism of beginning nearly all melodies with that rhythmic figure which is illustrated by the Bridal March. But Wagner's tunes, however, bored of them we may be by now, were at least vigorous and individual enough to impress themselves on the memory—so forcibly indeed that few people care much what the original words were; and in fact Wagner, writing words for a score to set, naturally wrote them in the rhythm of the sort of tunes he liked to compose.

In "Romeo and Juliet," Mr. Barkworth, like Henry Lawes before him, has often fallen between two stools. The careful declamation of his blank-verse text has hampered him in writing full-blooded and expressive melody, and at the same time the technical exigencies of the musical style in which he writes make it impossible for him to quicken up his declamation to anything like a real continuous speaking pace. Hence the best moments in the opera are either the comic scenes, in which melodic expression is not a very serious matter, and the scenes of brawl and bustle, in which the orchestra easily gets an effect of energetic movement, or, the other hand, the purely lyrical moments when the voices rise in an ensemble and the composer yields to the happy temptation to write music and let declamation go hang. At other times he contents himself too often with setting the words of his libretto rather than seeking to express the feelings which lie behind them.

One could indeed often wish that he were less scholarly and correct. He has the decent monotony of so many English composers trained on the honourable lines of academic counterpoint. With difficulty he resists the temptation—invariable, and invariably fatal—to write, as the examination papers used to say, "in four flowing parts." He has acquired facility in making his inner voices move, but he does not make them really expressive. They keep up their amiable small talk when they ought either to say something that really matters or hold their peace. There were moments when one was grateful even for the awkwardness of the orchestration in so far as it broke up the regularity of the harmonic texture. Instead of being a tragedy of passion against a background of sixteenth-century Italy, the work suggested rather an English drawing-room in which a cultivated English gentleman reads Shakespeare aloud to his family after dinner.

The performance of the opera showed that the Surrey company can do splendid work when they are really put on their mettle. It is inevitable that the old opera should be insufficiently rehearsed, but most of the singers in any company are aware to think that they know all about them, and the rest can generally be pushed through their parts somehow. A new and difficult opera such as "Romeo and Juliet" has to be thought out carefully from the beginning, and very well thought out it was. Capulet (Mr. Sumner Austin) seemed a little uncertain about his age, but made a dignified figure in a part to which Mr. Barkworth has given considerable prominence. The Nurse is a good deal cut down, but Miss Mabel Corran seized its opportunities with her invariable strong sense of characterization. Miss Myra Munsen (Lady Capulet) is evidently going to be the Surrey what Mile. Bauermeister used to be to Covent Garden—the indispensable lady who knows all the secondary parts and sings them all well. Juliet was hardly up to the level of Romeo (Mr. Frank Webster), who both sang and acted with much charm and distinction.

Edward J. Dent.
MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

Ms. Oléria d'Alheim gave an admirable concert at the Salle des Agriculteurs on March 15. Mme. d'Alheim is a wonderful interpreter of Mozart, and an ardent and purest kind, completely free from the egotism of so many executants (especially singers) and caring only for one thing—the faithful interpretation of the composer's meaning. Consequently, in all that she sings, and especially in works of the Russian School, we feel that the composer is really being given a chance and that it is her music we are listening to and not somebody else's notion of what he meant it to sound like, which is too often what is served out to us by singers and players who are thinking more about themselves than about the music they are performing.

Mme. d'Alheim also sang a Schubert and Schumann group in German, and it is planned to publish it as much attention and delight as when she had been singing French or Russian. The practice of singing songs in other than the language in which they were written is becoming far too common, and has nothing to commend it—although during the war there were, of course, obvious objections to singing German in public. But the quicker we get back to normal conditions the better, and the prejudice against the German language on account of the German war is both stupid and illogical. It is a little curious that Mme. d'Alheim should have fared better in this respect in Paris than Mrs. Mischa Léon in London; but both are to be congratulated for having thus broken the ice.

M. J. Berlioz, who has been singing at the des Champs Elysées recently, is a most interesting dancer, and his performance was altogether remarkable and unlike anything we have seen hitherto. He is the "Premier Danseur" at the Royal Opera, Stockholm, is a Swede and has been a pupil of Fokine. He dances entirely alone, and unsupported, except by the orchestra—and that he was able to hold the attention of the audience throughout the evening is some indication of the striking nature of his performance. All his dances are sharply contrasted, and whether he personifies a Derm ("Dance de Salome"—Glazounov), a Trigane ("Ballet de Henri VIII."—Saint-Saëns), a Swedish country lad, a Hindoo caddy ("Danse Céleste" from "Lakmé"—Delibes), an emaciated martyr-saint, clad only in a scarlet loin-cloth ("St. Francis walking on the Waves"—Issac), or a primitive negro effigy, adorned with bristling and barbaric tufts and fringes, and waddling with uncouth and ape-like gait ("Poême Nocturne—Scrabbain), M. Berlioz remains a master of his art and reveals an almost uncanny power of reproducing the "stylistic" features of all plays and human-types of all ages.

During the week preceding Easter there was, as usual, great musical activity in all the chief choirs and organ-lofts of Paris. The famous "Chanteurs de Saint-Gervais" in particular performed some of the masterpieces of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Church music.

These performances took place in the ill-fated church of St. Gervais (a large part of which is still boarded up), where so many people were massacred on that other Good Friday, two years ago, by the explosion of a shell from the German long-range gun.

R. H. M.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS

Preliminary examinations for 16 Open Scholarships at the Royal College of Music will be held on May 26, in various local centres throughout the United Kingdom. The Scholarships to be competed for are as follows: 2 Pianoforte, 2 Singing, 2 Organ, 2 Violin, 1 Violoncello, 1 Composition, 1 Operatic Composition, 1 Bassoon, 1 Horn, 1 Clarinet, 1 Flute. The Scholarships are open to all classes within the ages stated in the particulars issued to applicants. They entitle the holders to free musical education at the College, and are as a rule tenable for three years. In some cases grants towards maintenance are added. Further information and official forms of entry may be obtained from the Registrar, Royal College of Music, Prince Consort Road, South Kensington, S.W.7. No entry form can be received after Wednesday, April 21, and each form must be accompanied by an official stamped Registrar's certificate of birth. Correspondence must be marked on the outside of the envelope "Open Scholarships."
THE DRAMA AS A MEANS OF EDUCATION

Queen's Theatre.—"The Fold." By the Marchioness Townshend.

T HEN Tamnhäuser came down from the Venusberg and found a little Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the home. Indeed one's first impression is that no less a person than this latest deceased optimist had been in touch with Mr. Pelman; that she had dictated most of this play from the spirit world. The Society of Psychical Research advises us, however, to attribute no phenomena to supernatural causes which can be accounted for by material means, and, rejecting the spirit hypothesis, we believe that the authoress of this work might have fished up her murex, or other submarine diet, from the columns of "Ladies' papers" and women's pages, aspiring here to the wit of Miss Heilgers and there to the wisdom of "Lady Di" or "Corisande."

A steady dribble of didacticism, on subjects, all and sundry, from the releasing of larks to the powdering of the female nose, infests the dialogue; it is all given in full, a complete shilling manual for suburban wives, all of it, "y'ea, y'all," with the fullness of the dressing for boiling an egg in hot water: Let the egg boil for four minutes if you wish to avoid the danger of running white on the one hand and of the stiff yolk on the other. Then remove the egg with a silver table-spoon or some suitable implement. The water should have reached the boiling-point before the egg is immersed. Serve with salt upon a crisp piece of, &c., &c. and so on.

Most of the lessons of "The Fold" are inculcated weekly in the press: the Russian vampire is not such a deep-dyed extra-colour article as the dark Latin or gipsy woman of the "old" melodrama; she has less persistence, she fires her butler's eaves-tips, having that touch of Tobotayan mysticism, that Oriental leer, which leads her to prefer atonement (in this case by means of an opera-cloak of silver-blue tissue) rather than Venmgeance, with the capital V and three "'n's."

The play is carefully acted and mounted; Mr. Paxton and Mrs. Tapping are excellent in the two museum pieces; Mr. Tearle carries the burden of all the possible virtues without being offensive; and, in their minor rôles, Mr. Richards and Miss Lindsay present just the right degree of suburban gaucherie.

As the play brings with it so much of the atmosphere of the ladies' page, we might perhaps reply with "Telegraphic Inquiries," thus: How did the young school-master buy that dress suit out of his pay? What kind of school is in session on Monday the day before Christmas when Christmas falls on a Tuesday? What kind of an editor telegraphs to suburbia for more verses three months after he has printed a young lady's poem? And: Is the supply of baronets great enough? Great enough, we mean, to supply jobs at £500 per annum to all worthy and poetical schoolmasters at sight, and because they have penetrated the Russian milieu? &c. And why, if he wished to avoid embarrassment, the young man remained with the Russian lady after all the others had left and at 1.15 in the morning? Even in pre-war Utopia how did he catch the last train?

But the British playgoer has a pliable gullet; these details worry him or her as little as the husky carter was worried when he swallowed the mouse in his beer with: "Bit o' op, or zumm'ut!" The playgoer also wipes his lips and prepares for the next ingurgitation.

The suburban wife should read Ruskin and Anatole France's "Jeanne d'Arc," she should go for long walks with her lyric mate, she should not be slack in her attire, otherwise the bohey woman will kidnap her schoolmaster. I think these are the morals of the play; for moral the play certainly is, even though it does dispareg Non-conformists and the Victorian era. We should balance this Swinburnian tendency by the familiar homilies on "The Chance of the Colonies" and the "Birth-Rate." The Marchioness has got most of it in.

Of course, the play ought to be "toured," it might do a lot of good in the provinces. The Venusberg is not wholly satisfactory, it is not the best London can do, but as good as a man can expect to find on his first emergence from "Balsden." One cannot meet all the best people during three months of nocturnal excursions. As it stands, the actors deserve most of the credit for the success of the gentle trickle of comic incidents which keep the audience, manifestly, in good temper.

T. J. V.

THE REACTION FROM MANCHESTER

Little Theatre.—"Other Times." By Harold Brighouse.

I F we allow that an impersonal affair such as the theatre is not entirely afloat from dependency on the effort of individuals, then it is in urgent need at the present moment of the Mr. Brighouse whose work made something more than an ephemeral impression on us in the old repertory days. His was an accomplishment that showed other qualities than skilfulness, because he came of a fellowship inspired by another principle than that bad work well done is better than done not at all. Whatever failings became characteristic of that particular kind of drama described by the ineffective epithet "the Manchester School," there was at least one which could not in fairness be attributed to any of its associates. In Mr. Brighouse's case it seemed to be the fact, almost as much as in that of Mr. Allan Monkhouse, the truth of them all, and considerably more than in Stamford-Houghton's, that the theatre-sense was never allowed to dominate the sense of art itself. The artist who masters a craft will reveal virtues in his work that no craftsman can hope to do who masters and exploits an artistic form.

So it was with Mr. Brighouse. There was dour beauty in "Hobson's Choice" as well as technical fitness; it is true that such beauty ran thinly, but this was because the vein of comedy in all our dramatists since Wilde has, perhaps through that very dourness, run more thinly still. And we felt that if only Mr. Brighouse would permit his comic vein to flow as broadly as might be, and refrain from diverting it along this and that artificial, deftly-scoped channel, we could cease our sighing, if not for a more, Wilde, at least for comedy-craft which after the first few moments does not become merely a painful spectacle of degeneracy into witticisms that are not even wit.

Mr. Brighouse's more recent appearance as a writer of novels and of a play remembered (or forgotten) as "Bantam, V.C.," caused us a certain amount of disturbance; but it was easy to exercise forbearance during a period of reaction which the theatre felt as badly as did the tailor who had stocked his shops just prior to the armistice with unconscionable quantities of khaki. Shall we extend that forbearance to Mr. Brighouse's new play at the Little Theatre? After all, the reaction is not yet ended, and because he has got hold of the essential idea of one of Sir J. M. Barrie's later plays (and of many other plays, for that matter) and toyed with it wittily instead of prettily, we are not necessarily required to make dismal comparisons with his Manchester work. Let us rather proclaim it a distinct improvement on last year's less pleasant failure and look forward with sturdy faith to the plays to come.

It is a rather puerile sort of justification to attempt of any play to point out that "Other Times" gives scope for Mr. Dawson Millward to exercise to the full those
Correspondence

"SHAKESPEARE" IDENTIFIED

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—The article headed "Another Shakespeare" in your issue for April 2 raises a question of great interest to all readers of critical reviews—"What is the proper scope of a book review?" Arc the preconceived ideas of the reviewer on a subject that is so debatable that it is classed as Controversy to be considered the main point or should the view that "the book's the thing" control the position?

When I take up a journal such as yours I hope to find in any and every book review sufficient material to enable me to judge for myself as to the value of the work criticized. I expect to find in the criticism offered something that will assist me in forming my own opinion, and that, I know, is the view of many readers.

Opinions expressed in a dogmatic and prejudiced manner (using the word "prejudiced" in its root "sense," judging not from argument, parade of learning, or show of critical faculty whatsoever, are of no assistance in this direction, nor are vague and gratuitous recommendations to the author.

The article in question has no value to the reader who desires to know whether the book reviewed is worth the buying and the reading, and the writer, therefore, appears to have failed in his proper function as a reviewer.

Yours truly,

FRANCIS CLARKE.

The Chelsea Bookshop,
April 9th, 1920.

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—The reviewer of Mr. J. T. Looney's book states (April 2, p. 450) that "at bottom the argument of the anti-Stratfordians ... is that William Shakespeare was a half-educated country boy who had to leave the grammar school at thirteen. Therefore he could not have written in manhood Shakespeare's plays."

He is under a false impression. We do not know when he entered or left the school. We do not even know that he ever attended it. If, however, he wrote that most polished and cultured poem "Venus and Adonis," then we feel bound to ask where he learned the language, which is something very different from what would naturally have proceeded from a Warwickshire rustic; and, certainly, as an indication of our contemporaneity English has never been wielded before or since his time. Those who do not believe in miracles must endeavour to find out how things are perfected.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

R. L. EAGLE.

19, Burghill Road, Sydenham, S.E. 26.
April 8, 1920.

[We regret that we have not satisfied our correspondents' conception of what a review ought to be. On the other hand we made our position with regard to Mr. Looney's book perfectly clear. We hold that it is a waste of time and energy, and an abuse of our readers' patience, to criticise in detail any theory of the authorship of the plays of Shakespeare which is based upon the improved assumption that Shakespeare did not write them. To the familiar arguments that Shakespeare could not have written the plays Mr. Looney adds nothing at all. On his own admission he merely recapitulates the negative arguments of the Roscians. These are, in our opinion, based upon an imperfect knowledge of the psychology of creative genius. To make this clear is the critic's only task when confronted with such a book as Mr. Looney's. In so far as "reviewing" is a different activity from that of criticism, we have as little to do with it as possible in the pages of The Athenæum.—Ed.]

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND THE YOUNG

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—The International Moral Education Congress, which has already met in London, 1908, and The Hague, 1912, will assemble in Paris, 1921. Meanwhile, the Executive Council (of which the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock is Chairman)
seeks the advice of educationalists all over the world on various important subjects, and, among them, on the relation of education to the League of Nations.

We assume that all concerned in the education of the young wish to secure the sympathy and support of youth in the moral purpose of the League of Nations. In this sphere our studies should deal with (1) General Aims of the Appeal and the Instruction, (2) Methods of Presentation.

(1) GENERAL AIMS.

To humanize (i.e., moralize) the teaching of geography, literature, art, science, economics, industry, and of history in the widest sense, so as to elucidate the ideas of national values and international co-operation.

And to announce, in an interesting manner, from time to time, the work done by the League of Nations, and improvements in its constitution and programme.

(2) METHODS OF PRESENTATION.

We might, in the first place, issue (after consultation) a draft programme of such instruction, leaving teachers, parents, and writers in each nationality to develop the themes in accordance with local habits, requirements, and ideals.

And we might begin to sketch the contents of a book for the universal instruction of the youth of the world, to be translated into many languages, its object being to cultivate a spirit of mutual understanding and fraternity.

All constructive ideas will be welcomed.

Yours faithfully,

Frederick J. Gould.
Armotel, Woodfield Avenue, Hon. Sec.
Ealing, W.5.
April, 1920.

COPYRIGHTS AND INCOME TAX

To the Editor of The Athenæum.


In the first place, as all profits are now to be assessed, whether of a capital or non-recurring character or not, an author will be indisputably taxable even on his first production, and small contributions by occasional writers in other professions will be chargeable. Moreover, proprietors of journals, &c., will be called upon to make returns to the Revenue of all such payments, however trifling.

Then as to depreciation of copyrights. For some reason the Commission distinguishes profits arising by contract which they think should receive special consideration. In any case they do not recommend any allowance when copyrights are in the hands of the original owner. If, however, they have been purchased from a vendor who is not within the scope of the British income tax, they should be treated in the same way as other "wasting assets," and be entitled to a sinking-fund allowance on the difference between their life and 35 years.

Yours faithfully,

Char. H. Tolley.

4, Great Winchester Street, E.C.2.
March 30, 1920.

MR. WILLIAMSON'S "WRITERS OF THREE CENTURIES"

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—I also have been reading the above book, but, as your correspondent Mr. Alfred Barrie so wittily says, "It is much better to re-read an author in the original." Especially is this the case when the "copyist" transposes the subjects, as in the following:

C. C. H. Williamson on G. B. Shaw.

Mr. Shaw's genius is far too big to be packed into a definition, but it may be suggested that his decisive gift is a vivid faculty for bold improvisation, for striking out swift general truths and potent improprieties and backing them up with life in the way of epigrams that leap like arrows to their mark.

One arrow at all events seems to be rather wide of the mark.

Yours faithfully,

T. M. Dale.

68, Bedford Avenue, Barnet.
April 10, 1920.

Foreign Literature

CHÉNIER AND CONSTANT

Œuvres Complètes d'André Chénier. Publiées d'après les manuscrits par Paul Dimoff. Tome III. (Paris, Delagrange. 6fr.)

Adolphe. Par Benjamin Constant. Edition Historique et Critique par Gustave Rudler. (Manchester, l'imprimerie de l'Université. 7s. 6d. net.)

O have put before one, whether by coincidence or design, work of Chénier and of Constant together deserves more than merely separate and "cataloguing" attention. They were, by birth-date, pretty close contemporaries, though the life of one of them was tragically cut short. They were engaged in different stages of the same great political upheaval; and though Chénier was half a Greek (or at least a Byzantine) and Constant was only, in the Roman sense, a "provincial" Frenchman, they represent, in a curious way, opposite but real sides of the French character in life and literature. You might have to eliminate some points in both, and add some things not to be found in either, before getting the whole of Frenchness and nothing but Frenchness. But your combination would at any rate save you from more than one or two mistakes which are frequently made about that idiosyncrasy.

Chénier's work was almost inevitable in the circumstances of his latter days and death, took a long time before it was accurately and completely put before the world. Its first editor, Henri de Latouche, just a century ago, was not, and perhaps in the time of the Restoration could not be, quite faithful, while, though by giving away some of the MSS. he seems to have lost those—or some of them—which he kept. About half-way between that time and this the editions of Becq de Fouquières and Gabriel de Chénier added a great deal to our knowledge, though (unless we mistake) they added also some of the unlucky bickering which too often results in such cases. And now M. Dimoff is giving the whole, from the MSS. themselves where possible, with all the meticulous care of an ancien Normand, and with, as we read his annotations, good critical discernment. The volume is the third of the set, and does not contain some of Chénier's best-known odes, but most frequently quoted things, such as the "Tarentine" and the "Captive." Some of it is quite fragmentary—scrap and first drafts; oddments in various languages—some Fessonne, but including a very enthusiastic and strictly "proper" tribute in Greek to the Britanides, "goddesses in face and stature" [compare Tennyson's "divinely tall and most divinely fair"], white-armed, modest of glance, golden-haired, and sweetly smiling; than whom no other land nurtures fairer girls." Of more substantial things, however, we have many beautiful "Elegies," including "Amities" and "Amours"; interesting Odes and Epistles, the former including the great "Charlotte Corday" and the brief but splendid "Jambes," which, revealing the old fable of sweetness coming from the strong, show what strength here accompanied the already well-known sweet. And everywhere there floats the curious atmosphere of transition which makes André Chénier not a Romantic classic, not a Romantic before Romanticism, but something strangely different from either. We have nothing to match him except Landor, and to work out the points of likeness and unlikeness in a Plutarchian parallel between these two would take half the pages of the current Athenæum.

It is though of course, an idle, rather a fascinating question what Chénier would have been and done if the quelque chose là referred to in his famous dying utterance
had been allowed to develop in the unsevered head. We have, no doubt, fairly close instances of actual development in the cases of Wordsworth and Coleridge. But it must be remembered that Chénier was nearly a decade—and a most important decade, that of 1793-94—the senior of both, and that his success, which in him is ingrained, sits on the others, and especially on Coleridge, merely as a garment—easily cast off. With the other author before us the circumstances are as different as the disposition. Benjamin was five years—and again five of those very most important years—younger than André, and instead of being cut short by the Terror, he starts with the lessons and the warning of that Terror full before him—a political, and as we may say temperamental, start in favour hardly second in importance to the escape from death itself. That the second generation of a Revolution is very different from the first is a well-known and well-proven historical fact. It may have less glaring faults, but such virtues as it possesses are not apt to be of the most attractive kind. It nearly always "plays for safety"; and this peculiarity is quite as noticeable in love as in war and politics. It certainly never was much more noticeable than in Benjamin Constant's private and literary life; for we have not here anything to do with his public career, except as a sort of instrument for checking estimates of his character.

And perhaps by this time his character and his life and everything connected with him are chiefly interesting because he wrote the wonderful little book which the new and first Professor of French at Oxford has re-edited and published, though not at Oxford itself. It should be understood that the 'him' in Professor Rudler's title is to be taken in the strict sense of 'apparatus criticus'; that is to say, he does not here attempt aesthetic appreciation of "Adolphe." He gives us the text, edited with the same normalien minuteness which has been noted in the other volume here yoked with his; variants of the different editions and some MS. fragments, prefaces of these editions, facsimile title-page and what not. One is not so much accustomed to this sort of thing in the case of novels as in that of poetry, and it may be a little irksome to some readers who have not learned the great art of not seeing what you don't want to see in a book when you don't want to see it, yet of utilizing it when you do. There is plenty to utilize. The "historical" part of the editing, however, admits of less dry places; and hardly the most stalwart devotee of literature for literature's sake can refuse to admit that "Adolphe" almost insists, if not on having a "key" applied to it, at any rate on having the question, "Is there a key or not?" considered. That Adolphe was Constant himself—partly as he was, partly as he thought he might be, partly as he would have liked to be, but knew he was not—is of course clear enough; and his own denial, in his letter to the Morning Post (duly given here), of the fact of and any personal reference in other characters really goes far enough; at all events it is no more a lie, but also no more a piece of evidence, than "not at home." But when you come to Ellenore, and in a very minor degree to the "supers," the case becomes different. The old idea that the lady was Madame de Staël, and Madame de Staël only—politely "made up" in facial attractions, and obligingly provided with the characteristics of her own heroines—will not sustain five minutes' expert examination. Professor Rudler undertakes the survey of this very inconstant Constant's numerous other loves, including even his not very enviable wife, and to some extent distributes the part between them all and "Corinne." Nobody need suspect in him the gross and puerile error of the usual "key"-critic, who wants to make every incident and almost every utterance in a work of literary art biographical, if not autobiographical. There is very much interest and real critical expertise in his dealing with the matter. But perhaps we should ourselves approach it from rather a different side, and come to the conclusion—not that Ellenore was inspired up from the various mistresses (as the rather inartistic story has it of the Greek painter's image), but that she was a real creation of fancy, touched and coloured and clad from hints and reminiscences supplied by Corinne, and Charlotte, and Belle de Zuylen and all the rest. That way, not the other, Genius works; and Benjamin Constant, if only for this once, had genius in composing what has been called "the swan-song of Sensibility."

One little point we may be permitted to dwell on for a moment. Professor Rudler says: "Du pénom bizarre [why bizarre?] d'Ellenore je n'ai pu encore retrouver l'origine." He consulted Professor Ker, than whom he could hardly have had a better adviser, and his counsel found him an "Ellenore" in Hutcheson's "Arran Journal" [1783]. But is it necessary to go so far? There is no other name to which Fate and metaphysical aid have decreed so many variants as to that of Helen. Ellen, Elaine, Eleanor, Elinor, Eliénor, Eleanor, half a dozen others, exist and occur. But without actual "presuming to dictate" as to the existence of "Ellenore," and having too few books at hand to settle the whole question, may we not suggest that Spenser's "Hellenora" (so called in the prose preface to the "Faerie Queene," but in the verse usually shortened to "Hellenore") is quite sufficient, and at any rate entirely removes any "bizarre" character? Constant knew a good deal about English; he must have known how we frequently de-aspirated this "Helen" group of names, and as a Frenchman he would have been inclined to do so himself. At any rate, here is a contribution to the puzzle, if puzzle it be. For one cannot help thinking that one has seen "Ellenore" itself elsewhere.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CROCE AND CARDUCCI

Giosè Carducci: Studio Critico. By Benedetto Croce. (Bari, Laterza. 5.50 lire.)

Many readers will be glad to have these essays in a separate volume. It is difficult for a foreigner, living out of the battle area, to understand the violent agitation they awakened in some quarters in Italy. The very title of the first, "Anticarduccionismo Postumo," in which Croce deals with Thovex's strictures, is surely a clear indication of his point of view. In an appendix he gives an interesting account of his relations with Carducci. His admiration for his poetry from his first acquaintance with it as a schoolboy and of his pride at being asked to assist him in his scholarly researches when a young man. But this devotion does not blind Croce either to Thovex's ability or to the truth that underlay some of his charges, and apparently nothing but an absolute refusal to see the valid points in the sun would satisfy the majority of the critics. To our mind, Croce's account of the development of Carducci's poetry is among the best things of the kind he has done. When we first came across those terrible German-sounding categories, political-ethical, historical-epical and the rest, we rubbed our eyes in astonishment; but once we are launched upon the essay, we realize that in his hands they are merely the spontaneous outgrowth of a lifelong communion with the poet, with nothing artificial about them. They would have passed almost unnoticed had not such stress been laid upon them in the contemporary literature for Italy made Carducci a true prophet-poet, and Croce insists that the European war was Carducci's war. Hence for him recent events are not awaiting their poet. They need no other poetry than the words: 'che Giosè Carducci muti del miglior sangue del suo cuore. But fortunately or unfortunately, the younger generation must always have poetry of its own. It cannot rest satisfied with that of its fathers, however great it may have been.
THE GREAT NAME AND THE INSPIRING PERSONALITY IN MODERN SPANISH EDUCATION IS THAT OF DON FRANCISCO Giner de los Rios. The best introduction to him is the essay by "Azorin"; he had been tramping in the Sierra Guadarrama, and was sitting on a rock eating his lunch—a little old man with twinkling eyes, dressed very simply. What was his philosophy? It was merely love of life and respect for it. He was more interested in men than in mere culture. In the second half of the nineteenth century there was among thinking men in Spain an attitude towards life of which Giner was, if not the originator, at any rate the chief representative. It was called "Krausism," but the men who adopted this attitude had been influenced by Krause. His works were not so much a model as an inspiration; indeed, many of the things which Krause said had already been said before by old Spanish writers. Moreover, Krausism, as practised by Don Francisco Giner and his disciples, was not a philosophy; it was as much a mode of action as of thought; it was a way of feeling towards life. Its tangible result was the foundation of the "Free School"—the "institución libre de Enseñanza."

There was something very Anglo-Saxon about the attitude of Giner. In any emergency, before a problem of thought or action, the question was not so much: What are the theories bearing of the case? but: What shall our attitude towards it? What shall we do? And what shall we do first? Open your eyes (said "Don Francisco"); look about you; and get hold of all the aspects of the thing. Don't act necessarily on the first impulse; don't go too fast. "Sharpen your wits, man, sharpen your wits!" He knew that these practical virtues were not strange to his countrymen; but he saw that something—bad education, bad government, mysticism (or whatever it might be)—had pushed them into the background. An example of this unpractical thinking occurred not long ago in Madrid. A girl coming out of church was run over by a tram, and remained beneath it. The driver had been travelling rather fast, and the fury of the crowd was unbounded; they knocked him about, and broke the windows of the tram. Then someone suggested that it might be well to fetch a jack, so as to get the poor girl from under the wheels. It was a long time before the tram could be raised, and by then all help was too late. This is the kind of thing which would have infuriated Don Francisco; he could not tolerate a type of mind which thought it more important to punish the conductor for his act than to try to save the victim. It was mistaking the shadow for the substance; ignoring the practical and immediate side of things.

It is beside the point to criticize the views of Giner from the position of a doctrinaire philosopher, and think him a back number because he believed in "Krausism." His view of life was a manner rather than a philosophy; it is incarnate in the "institución libre de Enseñanza." Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the things in modern Spain which a stranger can most approve and admire are due to the precept and example of this "Free School." Literature, art, education, have felt the reviving breath, and even politics have not been unaffected by it. Gradually, in the last thirty years, the influence of this little group of thinkers and teachers has been extending over the whole of Spain. The spirit of the Institution libre, the spirit of Giner, determined the direction of the group of writers known as "the Generation of 1898." It has revived interest in nature, and consequently in the landscape and appearance of Spain; it has renewed Spanish painting in the work of Sorolla, Zuloaga and others; it has led to re-examination of traditional literary values. People are really reading the old poets instead of talking about them or merely accepting them; and, especially while the rest of Europe has been engaged in destruction, it has led to the publication of editions of the Castilian classics which are admirable in their production of real scholarship and surprisingly cheap. And even in manners, cleanliness it is not altogether fanciful to detect, as "Azorin"

does, something of the influence and the personality of Don Francisco Giner.

Don Francisco is like most thinkers in foreign countries, was profoundly impressed by the spectacle of Gladstonian England; and in 1884 he came here for the International Conference on Education. He became acquainted with the aims and achievements of English educationists; and on his return to Spain, he tried to introduce English methods into the Spanish schools. But the old gang were up against him; while he seemed at first to accept the situation, he and his friends planned and worked, and eventually, from small beginnings, the "Free School" took shape and gained in importance and prestige. "Free" in this connection did not mean that instruction was to be given gratuitously; the Institution was free, from the very beginning, from the inspection and control of both the Government and the Church, and for this reason it prospered exceedingly.

It made a firm stand for individualism; it went in for science, which up to that time had been little studied in Spain; and founded laboratories, which until then had been unknown in the Peninsula.

Giner realized that the problem of Spanish national progress was a miscellaneously connected with the problem of education; and on his return, he had become convinced that the human problem, not merely as a national one. He sought help from all the educational authorities in Europe. The idea of escruciones escolares and exchange of students he got from Paris; he learned a great deal from the masterly way in which the Germans were then reorganizing their own system; but he was never tired of thanking God for implementing the English for the sympathy and good-will which they had shown him and the very real interest which his English friends always took in his undertakings. Don Francisco insisted that his pupils should travel. Among those who became intimately acquainted with English life wrote a little book on Spanish music, and the guide to Spanish domestic art collections at South Kensington) and Cosio.

D. Manuel Cosio has achieved European reputation through his studies in painting and particularly his book on El Greco, whom he may almost be said to have re-discovered, and his friends are always looking forward to the day when he will write the great book on Rousseau, which no one in Spain could do better than he can. Sr. Cosio has preserved more of the fire and common sense of Don Francisco than any of his other pupils. Moments passed in his company listening to his conversation are among the greatest of any that are to be experienced in Spain. He is himself the memorial of a great friendship—"a light transferred, not lost." As we sat in the firelight after tea it was impossible not to be entranced by the humour, sympathy and "sane benevolence" which sparkled in his eyes. Sr. Cosio is never tired of saying how inspiring Don Francisco was as a master, both of small boys and of older ones. All the best living Spanish teachers were educated by him, or have felt his influence through him. Many of them owe to his ability to teach, to Don Manuel Cosio. And Englishmen should be particularly grateful to him for the way he stood up, not so much for the Allies, as for England, all through the war. His reasons were purely intellectual. He had no need to preach to his pupils on that subject; they were all pro-Ally for other reasons. He did not condemn prejaltudial to Englishmen, and would have given his right hand if he could have found a conclusive answer to the Spanish militarist's parting shot in any discussion—the question of Gibraltar. It never occurs to us to try to understand the bitterness which Spaniards feel towards our continued possession of Gibraltar. Many who are neither screaming militarists nor anti-English observe with annoyance how Gibraltar, under British rule, is a refuge for all the undesirable characters in the Peninsula, and a place where, as it seems, there is an open door for all kinds of smuggling into Spain.

Some people would describe Sr. Cosio as an old gentleman. But it is only reactionaries and mystics who could think
him that. That little figure in his very Oxford- or Cambridge-looking armchair, with his eyes twinkling with keenness, like those of an undergraduate discussing metaphysics in the firelight—that figure could never grow old. On all the vital questions indifference to which is nowadays a test of the petrifying mind—the deplorable consequences of the peace, the value of international understanding, and the exchange of students and understanding of other races have always been cardinal points in his doctrine; and it was mainly with that object in view that the little band of intellectuals inspired by him or by Don Francisco quietly founded what is known as the "Junta para Ampliación de Estudios," the Board for the completion or widening of studies.

J. B. T.

MODERN BANKING

JEAN. Par Charles Heyraud. (Paris, Grasset. 5fr.)

The hero of this novel is the handsome and distinguished manager of La Banque Duchêne, who has a habit of discoursing to his mixed war staff on Atavism, Love, and the Advantages of Faith. Any lady member of the staff who finds the lectures obscure has the right, apparently, to invade his private office and politely demand elucidation. No fewer than three of the ladies fall in love with him and declare their passion in these interviews. Our hero is very much surprised and distressed at the results of his eloquence, for he is a peace man and the father of the class. He recognizes the advances of the first two sirens, but is about to succumb to the third at the moment when an accident robs him of one of his children. He interprets this as a judgment from Heaven and remains in the path of virtue. The moral of the story—pointed at some length by the author—is that such things are bound to happen in a mixed staff, and that the atmosphere is corrupt and dangerous, and the organization opposed to the intentions of Providence, which has decreed that the place of woman is the home. If M. Heyraud is right the outlook for the modern world is certainly alarming. If the administration of La Banque Duchêne is characteristic of modern banking we tremble for the condition of our accounts: For ourselves, we are confident that M. Heyraud is an alarmist; but we recommend our readers to scrutinize their pass-books with care, and to adopt a firm attitude if they have any reason to suppose that their bank manager has a turn for oratory.

W.

LA NUEVA REVOLUCION. By P. M. Turull. (Barcelona, Imprenta de Henrich, 3 pts.)—Really it begins to look as if Spain were one of the few countries in which people have a clear vision of international problems. Here, for instance, is Sr. Turull, the editor of Messor, a monthly review published in Barcelona, saying all the right things, and often putting them in a new and arresting way. There are no firmer supporters of the League of Nations as it ought to be than the Catalan thinkers; and in this book international understanding and communication are shown to be the basis of all progress, intellectual and material. Sr. Turull recommends himself to us by his sympathetic sketch of Engenio D'Ors, one of the greatest minds in modern Spain; he shows his practical wisdom in a most sensible article on the development of railways as a means of improving international understanding and culture. We are sure that the whole of Barcelona, not only the intellectuals, would rejoice if the line to the French frontier were reduced to normal gauge. Sr. Turull shows the folly of having made Spanish railways broad gauge for strategic reasons; Russian broad gauge did not prevent the German victories, nor did the normal gauge of the French and German lines shorten or lengthen the war in the West. In days when short-sighted malefactors are doing all they can to shut up each country by itself (by increasing foreign postal rates to 4d., for instance) a book like this is most welcome. It is pro-Ally in sympathy, but is not an unfair statement. Some of it would perhaps have been altered if Sr. Turull could have read Mr. Keynes' book on the peace; it is sure to be in the "Ateneo" at Barcelona by this time.

J. B. T.

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List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

See review, p. 509.


*Meiklejohn, Dr. Tuckett explains in his address at Southcalc Institute on March 18, 1920, may be defined as the mental attitude of persons who believe in hypotheses that elude empirical inquiry, and are satisfied with merely verbal explanations of phenomena. There are three keys to unlock the door of mysticism: (1) to understand the nature of evidence and scientific method, and apply tests to every hypothesis; (2) to realize the character of subconscious processes, and allow for their influence on our judgment; (3) to submit our individual beliefs to group guidance—the group being those who show that they are unbiased seekers after truth.


In language as clear as James's, Mr. Turner examines and criticizes certain salient features of the American thinker's philosophy—pragmatism, pluralism and empiricism, and James's relationship to Bergson. He considers that James attached an exaggerated value to simplicity, and thus was content with a superficial view of many problems. Pragmatism is a compromise, like Bishop Blougiam's compromise between truth and expediency; it is really nothing more than the universal and rationalized extension of what, in a more limited sphere, is called the "Rule of Thumb." A true principle always works," "but it is a totally different thing to say that because it works, therefore it is true." This is a good example of the critic's trenchancy of method.

200 RELIGION.

Beresford-Plisey (John.). Private Devotions for Men: a book for daily prayers, intercession, and Holy Communion. Society of SS. Peter and Paul, 32, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1, 1920. 5 in. 127 pp., front. paper, 1 n. 248

Of a size suitable for the breast-pocket, this manual comprises daily prayers, instruction on repentance, prayers for confession, preparation for Holy Communion, an Office of Endowment, and other matters.

Crafer (Thomas Wilfrid). The Books of Haggai and Zechariah ('The Revised Version, edited for the use of schools'). Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1920. 7 in. 131 pp. map, index, 3 n. 224.97

Dr. Crafer's clear introductions and useful notes will be exceedingly helpful to students interested in the writings of these two minor prophets.

*Moore (George Foot). History of Religions: 2. Judaism; Christianity; Mohammedanism ('International Theological Library'). Edmund, T. & T. Clark, 1920. 8½ in. 568 pp. bdg., index, 14 269

The Professor of the History of Religion in Harvard University deals in the present volume with fathms which are so intimately related that morphologically they might be regarded as three branches of Western Asiatic and European monothetic religion. The origin of Christianity in Judaism, and the association of Islam with the impression made upon
the mind of Mohammed by Jewish, and, in smaller degree, Christian ideas, are discussed by the author, who points out that the three theological systems have the same doctrines of creation by divine fiat, and a catastrophic end of the world; and each religion believes itself destined to universality. But each has an individuality which is stronger than the affinities; and many variations have arisen in each system which depart widely from the primitive type. This "multifarious" makes the author's task peculiarly difficult. Professor Moore considers the general trend of Christianity in Protestant countries to be towards a practical or "socialized" Christianity, which makes much of the thought of God as the Father of all men; of service to fellow-men as the essence of true religion; and of the reconstruction of society on the principles of the Gospel. "Original sin and the paralyzed or even eunuched will are quite antiquated, and with them the Pauline Augustinian doctrines of grace."

Outley (Richard R.). *A Handbood to the Septuagint*. Methuen [2020]. 8 in. 312 pp. bibl. app. index, 8/ n. 221-248

See review, p. 511.


**300 SOCIOLOGY.**


Although the British system has been in existence for sixty years, this is claimed to be the first book to set forth its principles. The writer regards the British system as including the Swedish, though it avoids the latter's "narrowness," its own great virtue being the book's order, the positions and movements used in mass exercises in graded groups, arranges them in progressive order as far as possible parallel with cerebral evolutions, and explains the value and different uses of fixed apparatus. It is a comprehensive and businesslike manual.


The book is planned for a three years course. In the successive groups of chapters the author discusses, firstly, general principles; secondly, practical questions connected with the geography of the British Isles; and thirdly, the various countries, studied by groups based upon their relation with the world's great trade-routes.

Hill (David Jayne). *Present Problems in Foreign Policy*. New York, Appleton, 1919. 7 in. 375 pp. apps. index, 8/2 n. 327

The author contends that "the League of Nations, as it has been framed, does not correspond to American traditions and ideals; it is in some respects an abandonment of them." He discusses the whole question from the American point of view, holding that the fundamental problem is the restoration of the reign of law, and that the lesson of the war is that the enforcement of international law is a universal, and not merely a national interest. He is severe on President Wilson for leaving the country and for acting too much on his own initiative.

Tarull (P. M.). *La Nueva Revolución*. Con una carta presenta de M. Lén Bourgeois de París, y seguida de una casuela sobre la Sociedad de Naciones. Barcelona, Imprenta de Henrich, 1919. 8 in. 250 pp., 3 pts. 341.1

See notice, p. 525.


Peppers, Evelyn, Sir Clodgesley Slove; Holmbooks, Nelson; and Adimals. His Good, Kellicoe, Sir Rosslyn Wemyss and Sir Eric Geddes, are the authors of these obituary dicta, which have been put together to remind us of the debt due to the officers and men who kept the Empire intact and have made Britain what she is.

**400 PHILOLOGY.**


The section comprises 1,571 words, of which 917 are main words. Adoptions, or formations on, Latin words and stems predominated. Comparatively few of the words present remarkable features, but the extraordinary number of variations in the word "vouchsafe" down to the sixteenth century is especially noteworthy. The important word "vivam" does not appear.


The aim of this pamphlet is to be "to prove and make evident the naturalness, international [sic] and Anglo-Frenness of Esperanto."

**500 NATURAL SCIENCE.**

*Boapuet (Bernard), Implication and Linear Inference*. Macmillan, 1919. 8 in. 180 pp., 7/6 n. 513

See review, p. 514.

Ridgway (Robert). *The Birds of North and Middle America*: a descriptive catalogue of the higher groups, genera, species, and subspecies of birds known to occur in North America, from the Arctic lands to the Isthmus of Panama, the West Indies, and other islands of the Caribbean Sea, and the Galapagos Archipelago: part 8 (U.S. National Museum, Bulletin 59). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 10 in. 886 pp. 34 pl. index, paper. 596

Part 8 (the present volume of this important catalogue) deals with the Order Charadriiformes (plover-like birds).


The author has avoided purely artificial examples, and illustrates mathematical principles by cases drawn from everyday life. The inductive method is used, and the instances given are, as a rule, necessary parts of the argument. *Graphical representation, maps and plans, mensuration, logarithms, formulæ, chance, and games are among the subjects treated.***

**700 FINE ARTS.**

*Mennisky (Bernard), Mother and Child*: 28 drawings. With text by Jan Gordon. Lane, 1920. 10 in. 79 pp., 15/ n. 741

See review, p. 517.

**790 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.**

*Owen (A. G. L.), Modern Bridge*. Heath Stanton, 1920. 7 in. 95 pp., 2/6 n. 795

Major Owen's book is the outcome of many actual games played by a Bridge four—games set out here as illustrations of his ideas, which are suggestive and stimulating.

*Warner (P. F.), Cricket Reminiscences*: with some review of the 1919 season. Grant Richards, 1920. 9 in. 238 pp. il. pors., 15/ n. 797

See review, p. 508.

**800 LITERATURE.**


We have seen undergraduate papers that gave, on their first coming into the world, better promise than does the Cocoon. Its keynote of our notice is worth. That is excellent; but youth need not necessarily be associated with jejuneness, and the greater part of this number of the Cocoon is singularly crude and unripe. The three critical essays on Balzac, D'Annunzio and "Modern Poetry" do not strike one as being very interesting or new, and among the original verses we find but a gem which deserves Archipelago.

I shivered through some filthy slime in Hell. Losing my balance, once again I fell Headlong in some foul slime, so loud of smell My very innmost soul did belch in agony.
They were doing that at Oxford in 1910. It is to be hoped that the future numbers of the Cocoon will be more interesting than the first.

Gillea (E. A.). PERSEPHONE; AND OTHER PLAYS. Amersham, Morland (Foyle), 1920. 71 in. 86 pp., 3.6 n. 192.9

Four little plays by a young man, and prose, one of which is founded on Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market." They are intended, we imagine, for children. Personally, we believe in giving children something rather more solid than such a very mild and diluted form of literature.

Legat (Maurice). PENSEES SUR LA SCIENCE, LA GUERRE ET SUR DES SUJETS TRES VARIES. Brussels, Lamertin, 11 in. 59 pp., 3.6 n. 848.9

An immense and well-selected commonplace book. For the lovers of what Chaucer would have called "high sentence," and for all who like to ornament their style with unfamiliar quotations. M. Legat's book will be a treasure-house.

POETRY.

Carducci (Giosué). Croce (Benedetto). Giosüé CARDUCCI: STUDIO CRITICO. Bari, Laterza, 1920. 8 in. 182 pp. paper, 5.50 lire. 851.84

See notice, p. 523.

*Chénier (André). ŒUVRES COMPLÈTES DE ANDRÉ CHÉNIER, publiées d'après les manuscrits par Paul Dimoff ("Collection Pauls"). Paris, Delagrave [1919]. 71 in. 349 pp., 6fr. 841.56

See review, p. 522.


This little book is the first of the "St. George Series," which is, we understand, to comprise original work in poetry and prose as well as reprints of older literature. The printing and paper are both excellent. Miss Forde's poems on Love, Joy, Peace and the other "fruits of the Spirit" are unpretentious little pieces in a variety of measures.

Guest (Edgar A.). SUNNY SONGS. Fisher Unwin, 1920. 71 in. 101 pp., 1.6 n. 811.5

Mr. Guest is an American poet who, to quote the publisher's announcement, "is keenly sensible of the humour of domestic life, but is deeply sympathetic with the associations which combine in the word 'Home.' In his own line he is an extremely accomplished writer who deserves the success he has had in America.

Napier (Margaret). SONGS OF THE DEAD. With an introduction by Edward Garnett. Lane, 1920. 3/4 in. 80 pp., boards, 5/ n. 821.9

We are reminded that we read Miss Napier's book of that problem of our schooldays: What would happen if an irresistible force came up against an immovable object? We feel in these poems the struggle of an irresistible force of emotion with an immovable barrier of dumbness. They are poems of frustration, imperfect verbal equivalents of great spiritual experiences, greater in intention and conception than in realized execution. Miss Napier writes in free verse, in a curiously tortured style full of inversions (one has the feeling that she is trying to express, by the unnatural quality of the style, the more than normal intensity of her emotion). At moments she can write with complete simplicity:

Daily I watched over the hill
Day broke in blood-red glory,
Nature in her beauty appalling
As in her cruelty.

Tiger to me the one and the other,
Digger I delved not for meaning.

There is a strange quality in these lines that makes us look forward with interest to Miss Napier's next book.

Stewart (Edith Anne). POEMS. Second Book. Swarthmore Press, 1919. 71 in. 42 pp. paper, 2.6 n. 821.9

Most of the poems in Miss Stewart's volume are religious or ethical in theme. She writes for the most part with that almost forced simplicity, that deliberate flatness, which seems, among our contemporaries, to be the result of a kind of intellectual asceticism; they reject the easy beauty of rich words and phrases, preferring the dry crusts of language.

FICTION.

Constant (Benjamin). ADOLPH. Edition historique et critique par Gustave Rudler. Manchester, Univ. Press [Longmans], 1920. 71 in. LXXXVI-168 pp., apps. index, 7/6 n. 849.83

See review, p. 522.

Crommelin (May). SUNSHINE ON THE NILE. Jarrolds [1920]. 7 in. 256 pp., 7/6 n.

Robert Franklin, the son of a clergyman, in order to help his widowed mother and invalid sister, accepts the position of secretary-valet to Lord Ludsworth, who had been at the same college at Cambridge. Robert possesses from a position of great danger a rich Canadian girl with whom her father, is on a visit to Lord Ludsworth, and afterwards with his patron-employer meets her again in Egypt, where her father has gone on an archaeological expedition. This gives scope for plenty of local colour, and the outcome of the story may easily be divided.

Heyerdal (Charles). JEAN. Paris, Grasset, 1920. 71 in. 273 pp., paper, 8fr. 843.9

See notice, p. 525.


These sketches for the most part deal with the war. "Damn Good Fellers," in which the author pillories a certain type of shallow-brained army officer; "Equality of Sacrifice," a satire upon the difference between the treatment of a subsaharan whose father has twenty thousand francs a year, and that meted out to a private who in civil life is an omnibus conductor; and "In Token of Gratitude," which shows a business firm's meanness to a clerk who had voluntarily enlisted, are super-charged with arguments for the anti-militarist. The best sketch, from a literary point of view, is "Ahémiot: Goddess of Kindliness." The heroine is a French nurse—a living personage. "My Lady of Hoxton" also is a real character.


Lavender Drayton, who writes songs and has the face of a Madonna, becomes acquainted with David Osborne, a medical practitioner in the East End of London. The two fall in love, but are parted for a while. Osborne, however, is called upon to attend Lavender's artist brother, whose death the doctor afterwards thinks he has hastened by a misadventure. Matters are straightened out before the end of the book, which is stated to be the author's first novel. There are some subsidiary love episodes. The story is pleasant.


Mr. Le Queux lives up to his sub-title, for the Red Widow and her accomplices adopt the latest discoveries about germs and bacteria for doing to death the victims they have marked down in order to enrich themselves. Poisoners gained an unenviable notoriety in Italy in the Middle Ages, but they were often employed for purposes of revenge. The motives of Mr. Le Queux's characters are merely sordid.


910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

*Buchanan (Angus). WILD LIFE IN CANADA. Murray, 1920. 8 in. 286 pp. il, map, 15/ n. 917.12

The silent solitudes traversed by Captain Buchanan in an eight months' journey of some two thousand miles beyond the white man's frontier of Saskatchewan, are still as they were, unvisited by any other white man. He was an observant student of the animals, birds, and fishes, a graphic delineator of the scenery, and an understanding friend to the Cree and Chipewyan Indians, who are well portrayed in the photographs. The catalogue of birds are valuable, and the book is full of practical information for future explorers.

Chase (Beatrice). PAGES OF PEACE FROM DARTMOOR. Longmans, 1920. 71 in. 191 pp. il, 6/6 n. 914.235

A correspondent tells his. Chase, "though, as everyone knows, you can write English, you won't." Presumably she takes no trouble with her punctuation because she won't
yet it would improve her English. The book is the loving, the enthusiastic expression of all she feels and all she has felt in her life on Dartmoor, which “stands for unspoilt and magnificent creation fresh from the hand of God. No one can love Dartmoor without loving, even if only unconsciously, that part of the world that conceived and created it.”

*Hale (F.), FROM PERSIAN UPLANDS. Constable, 1920. 9 in. 248 pp. maps, 10/6. 915.3

See review, p. 508.


Mr. Newton’s bright narrative of the Prince’s tour in Canada only confirms the charming impression already formed by the public. We close this pleasant book with the conviction that the Prince of Wales will have almost unprecedented opportunities of influencing the world for good; and we believe that he will endeavour to take advantage of them.

Sousby (L. H. M.), THE AMERICA I SAW IN 1916-1918. Longmans, 1920. 7½ in. 217 pp., 6/6 n. 917.3

The worthy authoress spent two years in America, passing the time in a series of short visits; she found the Americans extremely kind and gracious. She felt like Tobit in Paragino’s picture, “wandering over the world with successive angels holding my hand.” Her heart is full of one big “thank-you.” Country life in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut; summer at Dan Harbour; delightful months in and near San Francisco; the deserts of Arizona whilst she lost the old-world atmosphere of Richmond and Charleston; conventions, mothers’ unions, and meetings at St. Louis, and undenominational meetings at Northfields under the Moodys—her impressions came from such varied sources. She appears to have dwelt in a spiritual Eldorado, a veritable earthly paradise. At the Moodys’ she felt “as if you passed the Lord at every turn on the stairs, and heard the rustle of his garments just leaving the room as you enter.”

920 BIOGRAPHY.

D’Oyly (Sir Hastings), TALES RETAINED OF CELEBRITIES AND OTHERS. Lane, 1920. 8 in. 171 pp. por., 7/6 n. 920

For a great many years in the Indian Civil Service, Sir Hastings D’Oyly put down these stories, he says, for private circulation among his relatives and friends. They may have been written with a mild interest for members of the general public.


A review, will appear.

930-990 HISTORY.

*The Annual Register: a review of public events at home and abroad for the year 1919. Longmans, 1920. 9 in. 550 pp. index, 30/ n. 909

There are far more important and valuable works of reference than the “Annual Register,” the present volume of which possesses all the excellent characteristics with which long user of the book has familiarized readers. The summaries of English History and of Foreign and Colonial History are admirable. Outstanding features of 1919 were the conclusion of the Peace of Versailles and the occurrence of many disputes in the world of labour. A very clear account is given of Lenin’s dissolution of the Russian Constituent Assembly in January, 1918.


See review, p. 507.


The author has produced a lively and interesting resume of Japanese institutions and conditions. He writes throughout as an admirer of the Japanese, although he is by no means undiscriminating in his enthusiasm. His book is distinctly illuminating, although we may complain that too much space is devoted to the dry bones of political and military matters, and not enough to the psychology of the people and its expression in literature and the other arts. The comparison of civilization with W. J. Locke is not calculated to awaken great interest in modern Japanese literature on the part of all readers.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Fuller (J. F. C.), TALES IN THE GREAT WAR, 1914-1918. Murray, 1920. 9 in. 355 pp. ill. maps, index, 21/ n. 940.9

Brevet-Colonel Fuller, who was Chief General Staff Officer of the Tank Corps from December, 1916, to August, 1918, gives an account of the work of the tanks, compiled from official records and the reports of eye-witnesses: shows that petrol will revolutionize warfare; producing a new type of weapon which is more efficient and less costly; and explains how the coming of the tank rendered possible a true “war of attrition,” with economy of life. “The main factor in future warfare,” says Colonel Fuller, “will be the replacing of man-power by machine-power.”


This work, by one of the most chivalrous, humorous, and kindly German officers of high military rank who took part in the war, is of great interest. The author, who remarks that he knew that the fate of the colonies, as of all other German possessions, would be decided on the battlefields of Europe, describes in concise terms the role of the East African natives, alludes to the “incredible way” in which rumours and news are spread even in the interior of Africa, and relates much that is instructive about European colonization in the “Dark Continent.” Alluding to the German shortness of supplies of medicine, General von Lettow-Vorbeck mentions that the “liquid quinine, produced by boiling Pervian bark, had an infernal taste,” and was known among the patients as “Lettow-Schnaps.” The author’s account of the receipt of the news of the armistice being signed is followed by the statement that the German troops, native as well as European, could have held out for at least another year, and it is pointed out that “in cold truth the German force, which at the most comprised some 300 Europeans and about 11,000 Askari, had occupied a very superior enemy force for the whole war.” Distinction is added to this notable book by the thirteen striking drawings contributed by General von Lettow-Vorbeck’s adjutant.

Livesay (J. F. B.), CANADA’S HUNDRED DAYS: WITH THE CANADIAN CORPS FROM AINSLIE’S MOUNDS, Aug. 8—Nov. 11, 1918. Toronto, Allen, 1919. 10 in. 431 pp. front. (por.) maps, index, 940.9

A detailed record of the fine work of the Canadian Corps under Sir Arthur Currie. The dash of the Canadians and the brilliant qualities of their commander are spiritedly delineated. The operations before the capture of Cambrai and the wanton destruction of that town previously carried out by the Germans; the entries into Valenciennes and Mons; the citizens’ rapturous reception of the Canadian troops; and numerous other matters of interest are reviewed by the author.

*McLaren (Eva Shaw), cd. A HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH WOMEN’S HOSPITALS. Hodder & Stoughton, 1919 9 in. 224 pp. maps, pi., 15/6 n. 940.376

The name of Dr. Elsie Inglis will long be revered in association with the foundation and organization of the Scottish Women’s Hospitals—a work for which, in 1917, Dr. Inglis sacrificed her life. The devoted labours of her colleagues, among whom were Miss Frances Ivins, Dr. Eleanor Soltau, Dr. Archibald Hutchinson, and the Hon. Mrs. Haverfield (who died very recently), will also be recalled with lasting gratitude abroad, as well as in England. The hospitals at Royaumont and Villers Cotterets, and at various centres in Serbia, were established very early in the war, and the achievements of the staffs were superb. The book before us, of which much has already been said in the various reviews, is particularly interesting; and there is a notable account of the celebrated retreat of the Serbians across the plain of Kosaovo and through the passes of the Albanian mountains.
Appointments Vacant

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SUNDERLAND EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

WANTED, an ASSISTANT ART MASTER, specially qualified in Design as applied to Metal Work, Pottery and Process Work for reproduction. Preference will be given to applicants capable of taking life classes.

Salary £180 by £10 per annum, to £220 and then by £18 per annum, to £370. Teaching experience, including approved courses of training abroad and to a maximum of ten years, will be taken into consideration in fixing the initial salary.

Applications, on forms to be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of stamped addressed envelope, should reach this office not later than Wednesday, May 12, 1920.

HERBERT REED,
Chief Education Officer.

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RAQUEL MELLER

D. RYDEN defined the characteristic failing of the English in the arts as never knowing when to leave off. And, though Dryden's instances of the failing were less convincing than the diagnosis itself, his judgment was sound. Not that the fact is wholly lamentable; not Dryden himself believed in his heart that it was. At the root of much that we hold most admirable in English literature lives the spirit of fine excess. But too often we find the excess without the fineness, the luxuriance without the pruning, a richness from which the dross has not been thoroughly purged.

Because we are a self-repressive race, we are inclined when embarked on a passion to tear it to tatters. Having with such pains broken through our first restraint, we lose all. It is hard for us to find the golden mean between too much control and none; we swing violently from under-to-over-statement. At times in our history we have become acutely conscious of our defect and have summoned the principles of our sweet enemy to our aid. As Dryden turned to the criticism of Bossu and Rapin, a generation ago we were directed to study the theories of a Flaubert and a Maupassant. But neither then nor now has much good come of the enforced engraftment. We have a finer fineness native to ourselves which languishes in the clear, cold chamber of French theory. In the matter of literature at least our neighbours have always had more to learn from us than we from them.

What we need is the control that supervenes upon complete abandonment, that is distilled like a quintessence from luxuriance itself, not superimposed upon it, at the source. We shall learn it chiefly from an assiduous frequentation of our own great heritage. But there are times when that process seems too slow and the tendency of the age is against it; and then it doubly behoves us to seize upon the examples of that strange perfection which occasion offers.

We have one in the acting and singing of Raquel Meller. In her, passion, of sorrow, of regret, of refusal, of physical surrender, is made expressive by the discipline of its own complete abandonment to itself. If the imaginative experience of the artist has been allowed completely to penetrate her soul, and her response is therefore subject to an instinctive governance so intimate that her acting and singing is a continuous and subtle revelation. There are no standards to which her gesture or the modulations of her voice can be referred; for she has achieved the end of a true artist and created something that bears the authentic impress of uniqueness. In her the control and the impulse to expression are no longer separate; they are, we feel, born together by reason of the fineness of her receptivity. The imagined experience strikes clean upon the whole of her sensitive being, and her response is modulated by an organic principle, an adjustment of the whole of herself to her new universe.

So we may conceive the slow turning of a flower toward the light or the languishing of a mind under the stress of pain crowded into an instant. There is a passing, a change, a rebirth of the whole being. It is this wholeness of Raquel Meller that sets her among the great dramatic artists of the world. She reveals to us never the surrender of a part to a part, but of the whole to a whole. So that, seeing her, we say to ourselves that this is how men and women would be if they were wholly what they are by intention, if the lie had not yet indurated their souls; and we understand once more, more fully perhaps than Keats himself, the words of his letter:
May not there be superior beings, amused with any graceful, though instinctive attitude my mind may fall into as I am entertained with the alertness of the Stoat or the anxiety of the Deer? Though a quarrel in the streets is a thing to be hated, the energies displayed in it are fine; the commonest Man shows a grace in his quarrel by a superior Being our reasons may take the same tone—though erroneous they may be fine. This is the very thing in which consists poetry.

This is, indeed, the very thing in which consists poetry.

M.

SOME LETTERS OF EDWARD THOMAS

THOMAS'S low state of spirits continuing, I told him of a little, romantically situated town, Llaurhan, in Caermarthenshire, that had much taken my fancy; and the three letters that follow describe his stay there for some weeks.

c/o Mrs. Wilkins,
Victoria Street, Llaurharne.
5. xi. 11.

DEAR GARNETT,

There was hardly any choice of lodgings, but I took the rooms at the bend in the road from the ferry, and they have turned out well so far. . . . By the way, if you do hear of any work that I can do, I wish you would let me know. Things go from bad to worse. . . . I hope it is nothing more than bad luck. I don't make friends, but neither do I make enemies, as a rule. Is my work worse? I shouldn't be surprised if I were made more careless than I used to be, having to do so much against the grain. I told you I was doing a book on 'Borrow.' What is there to say? yours,

E. THOMAS.

Llaurharne.
2. xii. 11.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

I am glad to hear from you, though everybody is becoming rather remote by this time. I have been to Manorbier, Haverfordwest, and St. Davids, and Swansea, but otherwise I have been immersed in Borrow and in my grievances. I tried to get Borrow's letters from Belloc, but got no book or answer; I will try something else. As to my 'Mullinick'—and many thanks for the review—that 'second edition in the press' is apparently only a dodge, as it has been announced six weeks now. I was glad to see De la Mare get that prize, tho' I much prefer the 'Mulla-Mulgars' to 'The Return.' A little while ago I borrowed 'Gerakli the Welshman,' but it is excruciatingly written and colourless, and at present I can't persuade myself to read anything—this is literally true; I read nothing except in the cause of my writing about Borrow. Mine will be a pure ex nihilo book without any foundation at all. It is written, and once it is done I shall hardly stay on here. After the New Year I may try Oxfich—if I go away at all, but I have convinced myself that food, etc., and any physical régime is practically worthless. Something will have to take place which cannot be brought about by any deliberate method, I think. I get no books here to review; I suppose I have disgraced E., as he never responds; same with the Saturday; while X. hypocritically 'regrets,' etc., and employs new reviewers twice weekly.

I am very sorry about Hudson and Mrs. Hudson. I have meant to write to him. Please give him a message if you see him on Tuesday.

Yours ever,

E. THOMAS.

Llaurharne.
13. xii. 11.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

My temperature being what you know it is, I naturally can't thank you properly for your letter—and also for the book sent me by Dewar at your suggestion, of which I am now using the wrapper for note paper. . . . The fact is I finished my Borrow on Tuesday, and then suddenly found myself reading it, for no reason, in order to stay on here for the present. So I am going to have a look at Swansea and Newport and Caerleon again, and may see you on my way home on Tuesday; I hope so, and Hudson, too.

If I had a few quiet months I could write a Welsh itinerary now, partly at any rate following Gerald, as I have been a good deal in his steps at St. Cleirs, Whitchurch, Llwhaden and Haverfordwest, Camrose, Newgate, St. Davids and Llanrhian, and I already know Caerleon, Newport, Neath, Swansea, Kidwelly and Caermaethen. Perhaps I shall fix myself somewhere on his northern route early next year and in a real Welsh district. Llaurharne is mostly English in language and other ways, though all the surrounding villages, except close to the coast on the West, speak Welsh and are only moderate at English. I have had some splendid bright windy weather, but of course too mild. I am just beginning to master the geography here and also the gossip of Llaurharne. But Borrow has absolved me, and I have scarcely written anything else. Sometimes a tune makes me think: 'Give me health and a day—' and I leave it at that. Did you ever see Haverfordwest? A most fascinating dirtyish old town with steep narrow streets up a hill, and with a castle and two fine towered churches on top, at the brink of a tidal river with many-windowed storehouses by the little quay, and some river mist, sawmill smoke, and a half moon before frost. I went twice, and walked up and down as I never did before in a town. The one drawback was that I felt Murhead Bone ought to be there for a few years. If I can possibly manage it I shall make some sketches out of this visit. I want to do a book on Swansea, which I know better than any town, but nobody wants it.

It was kind of you to speak to Dewar. Like everyone else—nearly everyone—he probably has 200 people to please and doesn't please any single one very much. Look at X. I am now competing for Xmas books with the Editor's little daughter and Y's schoolboy son and Z's niece and so on, above all of X himself. Some day I shall do a book on X's prose. I am collecting specimens now. Belloc did send me Borrow's letters after all, but I don't know if he will print my remarks.

The reason I asked you about Borrow was that you scoffed me out of doing the book three years ago. You probably didn't mean it as I took it, and will probably remember nothing about it. I don't revive it out of unkindness, but to show that, miserable sinner in journalism as I am, I am not the hardened and unconscious sinner that my misdeeds seem to proclaim. I sin with a sense of sin in these matters also. You sometimes rub it in, as if I needed telling!

Please tell me of your own, poet, prostitute or other hero that I can write a book about. My own list includes none that publishers will look at. Seriously I should like to see what I could make of some non-literary man or woman.

Yours ever,

E. THOMAS.

Scott James's notice of Davies was very good, and I hope you found something to like in the book. I think he is advancing into something stronger and more passionate as he gets sure of himself.

The two next letters refer to the composition of 'The Happy Go Lucky Morgans,' a book which, though of wistful, sensitive charm in atmosphere and characterization, had no more success than had Richard Jefferies' 'Amaryllis at the Fair.'

Wick Green,
25. xi. 12.

DEAR GARNETT,

We expect one immediately in search of a house. Did I tell you we very probably leaving ours for a cottage near the school which will save us a lot of rent and also garden trouble, but may mean rather more town life for me? a thing otherwise perhaps necessary if I am to pack up work. I have just finished the rough draft of a very loose fiction founded on early memories of a remarkable Welsh household in London twenty years ago. It has less pretensions in being a novel than E. V. Lucas's 'Listeners' Lure' or A. C.
enson's "Thread of Gold," but is something more than a connected series of essays. I wrote it to prove (to myself) that I could do something without being told to and on a fairly large scale.

Yours ever,  
EDWARD THOMAS.

Wick Green.  
Petersfield.  
6. ii. 13.

My dear Garnett,

I am sending you my MS. to-day. Is the thread too slender, too important? Do you ever perceive a thread? I hope the book was better than any probable collection of essays, but quite see the possibility that artistically the prentice of being more than a collection of essays may spoil it. I think of writing a preface stating that all the characters but one are from life and offering prizes for identification. My idea was to be pseudonymous—calling myself Arthur Foxfield.

Yours ever,  
EDWARD THOMAS.

The letters of 1913-14, which refer chiefly to private matters, I pass over, except one of October 24, 1914, which shows incidentally that Thomas, after producing for twelve years many books of remarkably fine imagination and critical quality, was in a worse position at the end than when he started. It recalls a remark of Conrad to me in 1899, viz., that the strain and anxieties of a seaman’s life were as nothing to those of a literary man.

Steep,  
Petersfield.  
24. x. 14.

My dear Garnett,

I got this letter more than a week ago and I ought to have sent it on to you at once. It is a very belated reply to the one I at once wrote to de la Mare after our conversation. Nothing has turned up since then. I get scrappy work, very few, and plenty of time to write what I like and find I can write. The other day I sent the Guardian something, but don’t know yet if they are keeping it. I was in Wales again lately in the Black Mountains of Caernartheshire — also at Carreg Cennen Castle — and among the Brecknock Beacons. I believe I could easily spend all my days this way, other things being equal, which they are not.

I hope to be up in London in a week or so to see you. Rupert Brooke, I hear, was under fire at Antwerp.

By the way, did Hudson ever lend you the book of poems I told you about—"North of Boston"—by Robert Frost? If he didn’t, I will. I should be very glad if they pleased you.

Yours ever,  
E. T.

The following five letters refer to Thomas’s new experiments in verse and the lack of encouragement he received, and contain his replies to some of my criticisms:

Steep,  
Petersfield.  
11. iii. 15.

My dear Garnett,

These verses have just come back from Blackwood’s. I sent them, but under an assumed name, and the poor man Blackwood found them "puzzling." I think I shall try the Nation.* But I do not want my name to be connected with verses yet. Will you let me have these back?

Yours,  
E. T.

Steep,  
Petersfield.  
13. iii. 15.

My dear Garnett,

Thank you for your letter and your criticism, which I can mostly agree with, except that I think the line England, old already, was called Merry.

* But the editor of the Nation agreed with his fellows, later on, in rejecting Thomas’s verse as a note to me testifies—"Mr. M. much regrets," etc.

looks more eccentric than it is and sounds. I like that piece best perhaps. But I don’t think I could alter "Tears" to make it marketable. I feel that the correction you want makes is only essential if the whole point is in the British Grenadiers, as might be expected in these times. I can’t be sure about the jog trot. Perhaps you are right in finding it at the end of “November,” where it gets a shade sententious and perhaps echoes the end of the “Sensitive Plant” in rhythm.

I am now sending you the greater part of what I have done since I began, including the very first, which is the longest one placed at the end, called "Up in the Wind." I hope you will forgive me and allow the swapwng. You cannot imagine how eagerly I have run up this byway and how anxious I am to prove it is not a cul de sac.

I did the article you suggested, and am sending it to the Nation first.

Yours ever,  
EDWARD THOMAS.

Steep.  
17. iii. 15.

My dear Garnett,

Your letter gave me a lot of pleasure this morning when few other things could because I had tided myself to death with two days’ cycling (to the sea and back) in this tempestuous and biting weather—which is my reason for writing only a short note. I am fit for nothing at all, really. I am glad to find you preferring certain things—like "Old Man" and "The Cuckoo" and "Goodnight"—and sorry to find you preferring them to certain others like "The Sign". But the great satisfaction is you obviously find them like me. I had fears left I had got up in the air in this untired medium. So long as I haven’t I am satisfied. Of course I must make mistakes and I hope your preferences help me to see where they may lie, though I shall risk some of them again—e.g. what you find petty in incident. Dimness and lack of comracteness I shall certainly do my best against. I hate them too much in others to tolerate them in myself—when I see them. 

It was almost as pleasant to know you like Frost.* The reviews they got here were one by Abercrombie in the Nation, one by Haecker in the Outlook, and a number by me in the New Weekly, etc. In America he got only one or two of these. He had been at American editors ten years in vain. . . . Most English reviewers were blinded by theories they had as to what poetry should look like. They did not see how true he was and how pure in his own style. I think the "Hired Man," the "Wood Pile," the "Black Cottage" and one or two others—such as "Home Days"—masterpieces. I was surprised, in this book, Much of it is very early indeed. Look, however, at "Moving" and the "Tuft of Flowers" (pp. 34 and 25). Hudson didn’t return "North of Boston," or not to me. I will send him some of my verses.

The reason of my wire is that I am only sending out verses at present under a pseudonym, and have already done so to the Nation, Times and English Review. I don’t want people to be confused by what they know or think of me already, although I know I shall also lose the advantage of some friendly prejudice. And I should be glad if you would not mention my verses to friends.

Frost is descended from early English (Devonshire) settlers, with a Scotch mottle. He has farmed for some years and has gone back to farm. He has also been a teacher of English and of pedagogy. There are some of his latest verses in the last number of Poetry and Drama.

Yours ever,  
E. THOMAS.

Steep.  
21. iv. 15.

My dear Garnett,

I am forwarding your letter to Frost. It will please him very much, for I had often spoken of you. I look forward to the article. From what he says it only to give a sufficient push to a ball that is now beginning to roll.

I didn’t tell you I was doing a book on Marlborough for Chapman & Hall. It is the most congenial job I ever took on. But as it is the only one I have, I think myself lucky. So far I have not given up verses. I will show you some more later on. No editor takes them.

MARSH I have only met once, and I don’t know his friends well enough to think of approaching him. The War Office has said nothing further.

Probably I shall look you up on Tuesday.

Yours,

Edward Thomas.

Steep, Petersfield.

Monday.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

Your parcel came this morning. My best thanks for it, particularly for the letter and "Frost." I don’t know yet how much I have to thank you for the "Dials and Poetry." The article* on Frost is absolutely right. I don’t think you could have scored more than by insisting on his subtlety and truth and quoting the "Hired Man," "Home Burial," and the "Hundred Collars." And you have shown his nativeness—his Englishness very delicately and without a possibility of hurting anyone’s feelings. There were two or three slips in the typescript that I took it on me to correct.

I am doubtful about the chiselling [of the poem] you advise. It would be the easiest thing in the world to clean it all up and trim it and have every line straight forward in sound and sense, but it would not really improve it. I think you read too much with the eye, perhaps. If you say a couple like

If they had mowed their dandelions and sold them fairly they could have afforded gold—

I believe it is no longer awkward. Then “because” at the end of a line looks awkward if one is accustomed to an exaggerated stress on the rhyme-word which I don’t think I should.

But I can’t tell you how pleased I am that you like the long piece in the main, and "Feltive" too. I am going to try and be just about the lines you have marked in "Feltive," though I am not sure whether you question the form of them or the "divagations" of the idea, but probably the latter. If only I could hit upon some continuous form such as you suggest! I doubt if it will come by direct consideration. But I think, perhaps, intermingled prose and verse would add a difficulty. Even as it is, I fancy the better passages in my prose lose by not really being happy in their places; verse might not lose so much, but the intervening prose would, unless of course, one was very lucky. I shall cast about for half a fiction twelve months ago in one attempt, but throw it up.

I am looking for a title for my volunteer stories.† If you like them I hope to have a title to suggest before they go before Duckworth. They are rather English, I fancy.

Scott James—I had almost forgotten to say—wrote and offered to recommend what I wrote on Rupert Brooke to the Bellman, and I am just setting about it. The English Review also wants a short notice of R. B.

Next week I expect to be up on a final visit to the Museum before beginning to write about Marlborough. It is a wretched summer task. I hope I shall see you again then.

Yours ever,

E. Thomas.

Thomas’s "Life of Marlborough," in fact, is a fine piece of critical biography, fresh in colour and atmosphere, and full of penetrating judgment. But from my long experience as a "publisher’s reader," I may say that had the book been pretentious and devoid of individual quality, it would probably have sold as well—nay, better. Although Thomas had certainly bad luck in the last few years of his life, the secret of his lack of success was simply that what he had to offer the public—fastidious taste, subtle insight and creative imagination—was beyond its comprehension, as is shown by the nigh universal rejection of his best poems by the London editors.

The last letter I received from Thomas was written a few days before he left England for the front. It contained a touching tribute to our friendship, inspired, no doubt, by a conviction that he would not return alive.

Edward Garnett.

* This appeared in the Atlantic Monthly.

UNREST

Whence comes this restlessness that maketh me
When in Montmartre remember Italy?
And when at last I see the falling leaf
In Vallombrosa, why this almost grief
That I can hear not the incoming seas
Roll in toward Appin, ‘twixt the Hebrides?

Where is my home? I have not any home
Save all the world. To rest I can but roam.
Strange names are friendly to me and I tell
Them o’er as beads. They move me like a spell.

’Twas ever thus since in my boyish years,
Blurring my school-books, there rose up Algiers;
The very names of caliph and of haik
Called me to Africa for their names’ sake.
And now how many an island, mountain, bay
From the blue crescent curved toward Monterey,
Outlined in silver thread ‘gainst yellow sand,
To where I first saw light illuminating
In Chili are as dear as any friend,
And how far severed!” ‘Tis some way to wend
From Aconagua unto Cruanchan!

Only in dreams can I wing up and scan,
As there were orange in my clutch, the whole
God’s bauble, magical from pole to pole.

My school-books sloughed, I did not once abate
My travel-speed when Illercilla weat.
Then caught my ear. I lived with discontent
Till I had seen the Rocky Mountains rent
By the great waters there, the cataract walls.
I saw, and passed; and now again it calls.

When I come home from each outlandish place
Each lure me back, as his beloved’s face
Called back Odysseus. Home is not my home;
I have no other rest except to roam.

How shall I rest? There is no rest for me
On any continent, or isle, or sea.

Down the steep gulch of Fleet Street I descried
Mount Shasta, not Saint Paul’s, against the sky;
My eyes are dim, I am lost utterly;
I must go forth again across the sea.

In Okanagan I shall buy a horse
And to the mountains ride. Perchance the gorse
Of Keston Common, breaking then, shall send
A message to me, but I shall not lend
An ear to that; shrewdly I shall recall
The mists of England, their distressful pall;
Or so I purpose as I walk the deck
And Rathlin fades into a foam-flecked speck.
There shall I camp on fir-boughs feathly laid
Neath some tall fir, in balsam-scented shade.

But shall I rest there? Waking in the night
Among meshed planets and the half-moon’s light,
Will not the old-time wonder come again,
Gazing on Mars, if bobolink or wren
Flit thereupon; the longing to inquire
Out of the ether on these sparks of fire
Again torment; once more the Milky Way
Rain restlessness to haunt my joyous day?

There is no home, there is no rest for me
Till, disembodied, all the worlds I see.

Frederick Niven.

This evening (April 23) Sir Israel Gollancz will deliver an address at the Royal Institution on "Shakespeare’s Shylock and Scott’s Isaac of York." Next Friday evening Dr. F. O. Bower will take as the subject of his discourse "The Earliest-known Land Flora."
REVIEWS

THE PROBLEM OF HENRY JAMES


T
hat sort of good luck which is the reward of good management attended Henry James all his days, and still attends. Having edited his own works, he finds for his familiar correspondence, in which his genius is expressed hardly less completely than in the works, an editor after his own heart, perfectly discreet in selection, perfectly competent, intelligent and sympathetic in comment. Yet, while heaping on Henry James every felicity, fortune withholds something essential. Everything has been done for him by himself and his admirers, except to"place"him. Never has a first-rate writer's personality been enshrined with such copiousness of explanation in so vast a monument of ink and paper—in rows of novels and stories, in analytical prefaces, in autobiographical reminiscence, in a mass of treasured and unpublished letters, and now in these two fat volumes which are the merest fraction of the mass. Why, then, is there an instinctive conspiracy to refrain from doing for him what he urged Mr. Gosse to do for Swinburne—"formulate and resume a little more the creature's character and genius"?

The fact seems to be that our appreciation of him differs in kind from our appreciation of other writers. It is a sort of fascination. If we like him at all, he goes to our heads, so that, quite naturally and instinctively, our enjoyment excludes the specifically aesthetic judgment. Or rather, it includes a certain peculiar depreciation, involving a plea to be let off from making the sort of judgment which, however crudely and unconsciously, we make of other writers as part of the mere act of enjoying them. The reason is that he is the most contagious of writers—contagious in the sense that he communicates an attitude. As we turn the charmed page or fondly recall the coloured and measured talk, we slip from the everyday world into a magic region, where a definite set of values purports indeed to be presented, but where it seems best, it seems only decent, to take the values for granted. When we ascribe this begulement to the perfection of his technical achievement, we are on the right track; but we must take a further step, and remember that there can be no first-rate technical achievement which is not the expression of an attitude to real life: so that we are led, if we want to isolate the germ of the infection, to attempt the analysis of that attitude, and to ask whether it does not include, deep in its central fibres, an element of refusal, a special kind of depreciation, nicely calculated to pull, while seeming exquisitely to satisfy, the critical faculty of a tired but exacting generation.

Henry James lived intensely from beginning to end. His letters will prove that, even to those who neither knew him nor read his novels.

If there be a wisdom in not feeding—to the last thro— the great things that happen to us, it is a wisdom that I shall never know or esteem. Let your soul live—its the only life that isn't on the whole a sell.

And not only did he live intensely, he set himself deliberately to live fully, to expose the broadest possible surface to experience. Accordingly he exiles himself in youth from the thin American social scene, and settles in London. "It takes an old civilization to set a novelist in motion"; and where but in London—certainly not in the tight, unmoral conventions of Paris—can he get, if his art is to be rich and deep, access with the riper fruits of times? And as soon as he feels that his receptive surface is growing stale and dull, he returns, late in life, to America to refresh it.

But the singular feature in this indefatigable cultivation of an omnivorous sensibility is that the experience is not absorbed into his being as the normal man or the normal artist absorbs it. It passes over him, playing infinitely delicate interludes ever so subtly, caressingly and warily over the rich procession of phenomena, but never getting inside a single item of the procession. And this although his main object is intimacy of penetration: he desires, above everything, to"do things from the inside. In a sense he succeeds, but always as by a construction, not by immediate apprehension. He says of the London world when at the height of his early and rapid social success, "I knew it all as if I had made it," and he adds, significantly, "but if I had I would have made it better." He knew it, he had it in his pocket, just as he had the technique of the stage, but—the question begs pressing—what exactly was it that he knew? Not, to judge from his letters either the letters see the surmise—the real reality, but a dream society, based on the reality at a remove. Had he known the reality, he must have hated or loved it with a greater self-abandonment. It may be objected that this is only the normal detachment of the artist, that Henry James could not assimilate himself completely to his chosen environment, simply because art was his preoccupation, and that in any case his sense of values would have detached him spiritually from an environment which he judged gross and dull. But that is only another way of stating a problem which cannot be solved unless we consent to criticize his account both of himself and of his poetic method. To understand either the man or the letters as resulting from an interplay of attractions and repulsions, of whose nature, restless analyst though he was, he was inhibited from being explicitly conscious.

Life pulled him, as it pulls us all, with strings of which he was not aware, and there is no dishonour to his memory if the fingers which try to disentangle them, though they fumble, are moved by sincerity. He believed, then, that his motive for dining out every night of the season was to saturate himself with something indispensable to his art, the atmosphere of an old civilization. We are tempted to suspect that there was more in it than that, when we consider the queer process by which in his earlier period he persuaded himself, against all the evidence, first that the drama was his proper form, and then, although fortune had placed him beyond anxiety about money, that the need to make money was his reason for writing plays. His appeals to his friends in the world of sawdust and orange-peel strongly suggest that the key to the process is desire for public success. For no success is so obviously success as that of the theatre. Later, when he has returned to his true vocation, we detect the same impulse at work in his unceasing sense of the failure of his mature art, as shown by the gap between his receipts and his reputation. He had won recognition, both here and in America, early and with comparative ease, and that he should have desired its continuance and enhancement is not strange. What is strange is the nature of his disappointment combined it with his Olympian contempt for even the most sympathetic criticism, and a settled conviction that the public is a gross beast whose paws can do nothing but mangle and defile. To ask why he should bother about public success, especially when he is smothered with the plaudits of the cultivated few, is to touch the hidden springs of character. Is it possible that in him, the desire for success is one of the forms in which fear masquerades? That clue, at any rate, will resolve much that is paradoxical. Although his whole existence is a dedication to the Muse, an intense and high-minded devotion to the solution of formal aesthetic problems, we watch him punctually, anxiously, and as by a hidden mechanism, obeying the impulse to be "respectable,"
to conform to the conveniences, to observe every current
decency almost to the point of mania. How, again, can
we reconcile his austerity of spirit, and the power and
subtlety of his intelligence, with his infallible selection,
out of all the possibilities that life offered, of the most
expensively cushioned side of civilization? The expla-
nation, we suggest, can only lie in a profound need for
safety—profound in proportion to his sensitiveness,
and so imperious that it produces, since it has to be
morally justified, one of the most elaborately far-
branching systems of illusion that an imaginative mind
has ever created. These well-dressed people who command
the resources of the world, and who alone are really immune
from the abyss—they must be exquisitely refined, they
must somehow be made out to have the rarest, the subtlest
passions and interpenetrations, their blandness must be
interpreted as the index of “the real, right thing”—else
life becomes intolerable for terror. And, to avoid awkward
questions, let us walk ever so delicately. Types are safer
than individuals, and the type, in an old and ordered
society, can be determined by external appearances.
Thus he develops towards the outward show the respect
of a mandarin and the sensitiveness of a fashionable
woman—indeed, of a feminine mind. The hard case of a
shell with a spiritual activity which defies all vulgar
standards, but which bears to the actual complexities of
the human spirit about the same relation as a geometrical
diagram does to the cluster of points at a railway junction.
It is the safety-impulse again, which, in the soil of his
genius, flowers into forms as fantastic as they are character-
istic—into that extravagance of preciosity by which, in
the daily accidents of life, the need for emotion is avoided
or its absence conceived, and into those involved
manoeuvres by which he ineretavely doxes the dreadful
act of calling a spade a spade. The classic instance of
this is in “The Ambassadors,” where the whole machinery
turns on the fact that there is no notice how important a master
(Mass.) by the manufacture of some small article which,
only the point of being named, is too sordid actually
to defile the printed page.
Now this rôle of mystagogue, if played consistently—
and Henry James is all of a piece—must interpose a veil
between the artist and his material. He played the rôle,
we suggest, because he needed the veil; and a veil it
remains, though it is shot with irony, though it is neither
pompous nor sentimental, and though it is the very stuff
out of which is made that miracle, his style. The irony
should not disguise from us the protective character of the
decrease; indeed, it is essential, if his work is to be
appraised, that we should notice how important a part
the method of comic appeal plays in the defensive structure
with which he carefully enamelled his soul. It would be
not too much to say that he achieved victory over life
by inventing and cultivating a comic posture. The picture
of “poor little old Lamb House and its cor-
pulent, slowly circulating and slowly masticating master”
is like the product of the insects that build a coral-
reef; lifted from the deep touch by touch, it stands
at last as the triumphant embodiment of a long
battle fought and won. How important is the humorous
element in the structure is only recognized when we
notice that there is hardly anything which this delicious
instrument cannot do. It compasses enviously and admir-
ably, almost every object in the universe. Do you want to
describe a dog’s illness, or the laying out of a garden,
or an outbreak of fire in your study, or a crisis in the
servants’ hall, or the horrors of a crowded train-journey,
or your feelings when asked to be a godfather? Look in
these letters, and you will almost be persuaded that
Henry James’s way is the best way. But it is inadequate
to the passions. You will not think so, as long as you
are under the enchantment. It is chiefly in its application
to public matters—the Parnell case, Protection v. Free
Trade, or the war—that its inadequacy becomes easily
apparent, for these must be handled without
ambages, if at all. The flatness of all such references when
they occur, in spite of his strong and genuine feeling about
the war, is very significant. Significant again, though we
have no space to prove this, is the fact that this particular
flatness almost disappears in his letters to Americans—
not the letters to the friends who resemble himself in
their eminence and their expatriation, but on those in which
he is in contact with the atmosphere of Boston and
Cambridge (Mass.). It is here that he reacts most directly
and sincerely.
This suggests that the analysis can be pushed a stage
further, and that the safety-impulse, for all its issue
in comedy, can be tracked to an ethical, to a religious source.
Not that he was interested in religion or in cosmic
questions. He had vague feelings about the British Empire (that
it was animated by a mysterious principle of toughness)
and about Free Trade (that it ranged everything decent
on its side), but, apart from the problems of his craft,
he had no intellectual energy to spare for the general or
the abstract. Still, it can hardly be doubted that religion,
the same in a large sense, is an instinct in his
man, and that his instinct is to approach both life and art as a
problem, so that, as an artist, he can never dive directly into his
material, but must focus his apprehension on the difficulties
to such a tune that the material, almost with a sigh of
relief, is sublimed away. In this light his controversy
with Mr. Wells is full of instruction. It pained him to
gather from “Boon” that, while he had enthusiastically
appreciated and generously proclaimed the merits of
Mr. Wells’s work, his own art seemed to the younger man
“extraordinarily futile and void.” It is only void, he
urges in effect, if no method is valid but that of a pell-mell
impressionism. For himself, he holds that
Interest is a thing which may be, must be, exquisitely made
and created, and that if we don’t make it, we who undertake to,
and nothing will make it for us.

Things, that is to say, are not, as Mr. Wells’s method
implies, interesting just in themselves; the whole
significance of life (and it is only through art that life
becomes significant) lies in the endless problem of making
them interesting. Admirable doctrine, but it advances us
no further. Everything depends on what is projected;
if a fullness of life, well and good; if not, however
fascinating the gesture of projection, there must in the long
run be futility and vacuum. Was it, then, a fullness of life
that Henry James projected?

I think Mrs. Brook the best thing I’ve ever done—and Nanda
also much done. Voilà! Mitchy marries Aggie by a calculation—
in consequence of a state of mind—delicate and deep . . . . It’s
absolute to him that N. will never have him—and she appeals
to him for another girl, whom she sees him as “saying” (from
things —realties she sees). If he does it (and she shows how she
values him by wanting it) it is still a way of getting and keeping near her.
She becomes, as it were, to him, responsible for his happiness—
they can’t (especially if the marriage goes ill) not be—given the
girl that Nanda is—more, rather than less, together . . . . Far-
 fetched? Well, I daresay: but so are diamonds and pearls.
William James, it appears, used to complain, surely with some justice, that this kind of thing was not life, and would urge his brother to address himself to realities. But the whispering ancestors, luxuriating in perplexities and clinging to a transcendental salvation, were too strong for the lover of life; inexorably the soul endured to create a phantom of God by unsubstantial Nandas and Aggies, and discreetly but firmly divorced from the lusts of the flesh, as the only world in which his emotions and his intelligence could be liberated. On those terms the surface of the visible world was free to his sensibility to range at will. With incredible virtuosity he made the fullest use of that freedom to set the two worlds in a created relation which, even if it lacks the qualities of the greatest poetic art, will continue to delight as long as any capacity to enjoy the refinements of literature survives.

SYDNEY WATERLOW.

THE BENT OF SCOTLAND

THOUGHTS ON THE UNION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

By Albert V. Dicey, K.C., and Robert S. Rait. (Macmillan. 16s. net.)

FROM the Reformation down to the French Revolution, and even later, the genius of Scotland was religious and philosophic rather than political. It is true that especially in the seventeenth century, politics were religion, and religion to some extent politics. But if we take the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and the Scottish Parliament as separate entities, we perceive at once how important was the first in the life of the nation, and how insignificant the second. The Assembly controlled education, both university and popular; it could give orders to inferior courts; it had its say in the administration of the poor-law. Round it, as Mr. Dicey and Professor Rait well remark, had collected all the romance of Presbyterianism and its martyrs. On the other hand, the Parliament, a unicameral body, with a representative system restricted to King's freetholders, was merely the mouthpiece of the Lords of the Articles, a committee nominated in turn by the Crown. Devoid of popular sanction, it raised no effective opposition during the "killing time," whereas the Church never exercised a greater moral power than while the Assembly was suppressed.

The union of the two crowns, which Edward I. tried to bring about by conquest and other English kings by marriage, all failed to establish any permanent connexion with the Tudor line. An incorporating union might have followed if James I. had been less of a pedant, and Charles I. not a bigot. But of all the hopeless religious adventures, that of imposing an episcopalian form of worship on Scotland was the most pronouncedly desperate, more especially when the comparative tactfulness of the "Five Articles of Perth" was followed by the ceremonial rigidity of Laud. Cromwell's legislative union was on the right lines, so far as the freedom of trade was concerned, but, imposed at the point of the sword, it was in the nature of a military occupation. His policy, at any rate, experienced a complete reversal at the Restoration, and upon the oppressions of the later Stuarts there ensued the massacre of Glencoe and the failure of the Darien scheme, wrecked, as every Scotch subscriber believed, through English intrigue. The two nations seemed further apart than ever, and yet, as so often happens, they were on the eve of junction, just as the South African war, a civil war in many of its features, led up to the Union of South Africa. And the compelling cause was not political or commercial, though the two Parliaments debated both topics at much length, but religious. A Union alone could avert the possibility of the return of the Stuarts, and their reappearance meant the domination of Louis XIV., the repealer of the Edict of Nantes.

Protestantism was thoroughly alarmed in both countries, and with reason. The General Assembly, therefore, threw its decisive weight on to the side of harmony, having obtained the all-important guarantee that the Presbyterian government, worship and discipline of the Church of Scotland is to be subject to no authority by the Commissioners. If what we now call a referendum had been taken on the Union between England and Scotland, both countries would unquestionably have rejected it with derision. But there was no question of that, of course; a few wise men, with Somers as their leading spirit, imposed their cut-and-dried plan upon two docile Parliaments, and their will prevailed. Was there much bribery of the Scotch Parliament? It is difficult to say; Mr. Dicey and Professor Rait take a charitable view, but some of the conversions seem to have been abrupt. At all events, the Union was carried in the teeth of such public opinion as then existed, and its unpopularity was progressive for over a half a century. In Scotland there was the feeling that the measure was not final, and the revival of the law of patronage, an adroit Tory move, unquestionably lent colour to the general apprehension. Complaints of over-taxation abounded, and while economists disputed the points at issue without satisfying anybody, smugglers, as the Porteous riots showed, were converted into public heroes. The decline of Edinburgh, through the removal of the Parliament, was not forgiven for generations. Sir Walter Scott confessed that, though he accepted the Union, he would never have voted for it.

In England the chief grievance was the intrusion of forty-five politicians into the House of Commons who voted precisely as they were told. The authors of this well-informed book make out as good a case for the forty-five as they can, and even discover principle in their revolt against Walpole, whereas the plain fact is that Sir Robert quarrelled with the Duke of Argyll and his brother, Lord Isla, who "managed" the Scotch elections. They asserted their independence when the question arose of punishing the Edinburgh bands that had executed mob law on the unfortunate Porteous, and, under the guidance of "Malachi Malagrowther," when the Tory Government tried to suppress the £1 notes. Otherwise they could be reckoned on to support the Government of the day, given a tall Lord Advocate whom they could follow into the right lobby. English resentment came to a head when Lord Melville, not only opposed it with the Scotchmen, but appeared about to impose a monstrous regiment of that race on Southern constituencies. He thrust "Ossian" Macpherson, for example, on distant Camelford. So Wilkes got to work in the North Briton; Dr. Johnson converted "Scotchman" into a term of knockdown opprobrium, and one Maccall judiciously reversed the syllables of his name in order to become the famous Almack.

Great international causes, such as the War of American Independence and the French Revolution, tended to bind the nations together, since it was no longer a case of vertical, but of lateral division of opinion. And, as time went on, the advantages of cooperation became overwhelming, particularly on the Scottish side. Trade, or rather careers, brought the Gladstounes to Liverpool and the Drummonds to London; and Ophionites, Elphions, and countless others went forth to seek fame and fortune in India. Mr. Dicey and Professor Rait, who bring their "thoughts" to a somewhat precipitate conclusion, fail to take India into account at all. They also ignore Dugald Stewart, Playfair and other illustrious teachers to whom the brilliant young Englishmen of the day resorted, and who taught them in turn to be good Britons, thus consummating a union of minds far more vital than a union of legislatures.

L. S.
THE WESTERN TEXT AGAIN

S. T. LUKE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By H. McLachlan. (Manchester, University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

TEXTUAL criticism of the New Testament in these days is moving towards a qualification of Hort's hypothesis. To call this movement a "reaction" would be too strong. Still, there are plain signs that Hort's resolute preference for the Neutral text over the Western text no longer commands the assent which it once enjoyed. Not that it was ever undisputed. Dean Burgon took care to make the world of letters ring with his protest, and he has had followers who have sometimes compromised their case by mixing up theological animus with critical analysis of the text. Nevertheless, for a time it did seem as if Hort had settled the general trend of criticism. That time is over, and from more sides than one the credentials of the Western text are being studied by men who profess to find more in it than Hort was willing to admit. This is especially the case with those who have had the patience to work over Von Soden's huge collection of arguments and data. Even by those who have no hypothesis to defend, it is realized that the Western text often preserves readings which intrinsically are superior to those of the Neutral text.

It is in Luke's two writings that the case for the Western text emerges most clearly. That the third Gospel and Acts came from the same pen is now axiomatic. That they were written by Luke is practically certain. That they bear a certain "medical" impress in their language is "a conclusion of modern scholars now seldom challenged," says Mr. McLachlan. As a matter of fact, it has been challenged recently by an American scholar, Mr. Cadbury, who is opening an attack upon this theory. But the theory will survive Mr. Cadbury's questioning, and, in any case, this is not a matter which really enters into Mr. McLachlan's business. He is out to uphold the superiority of the Western text of the third Gospel and Acts, to show how Western readings add often to our knowledge of Luke's personality and aim. His method is to select and discuss special passages which are regarded as salient. This makes the book somewhat scappy. The reader is hurried from point to point, from one aspect of Luke to another, through all manner of detail. What is provided is a handbook to the Lucan writings, which is dominated by the idea that their meaning is to be generally seized by adhering to the Western text. Instead of developing the idea along the lines of textual criticism, Mr. McLachlan has illustrated it at work. Which makes his book more interesting, we admit, but at the same time is apt to suggest a somewhat eclectic and impressionist judgment.

Whatever be the merits of the Western text, Mr. McLachlan has pushed his case too far. The Western reading in Luke xxiii. 15, for example, is surely not original, nor is the addition of the allusion to the "stratopedarch" in Acts xxviii. 16. The Western text of Luke iii. 22, on the other hand, is probably correct, as Mr. McLachlan argues; and there is a case for the Lucan affinities of the Pericope Adulteræ, to which he devotes a special chapter. But what are claimed in many cases as Lucan characteristics in the Western text are no more than scribal glosses, like that in Luke xxvii. 54.

However, apart from his theory, Mr. McLachlan has contrived to put some suggestive material into his book. Luke to him is a personality, a man with distinct sympathies, with an eye for character, with a literary sense, and even with humour. The evidence for the last-named quality is slender, however. For the most part, it is drawn from the later part of Acts. Luke, Mr. McLachlan concludes, had a keen sense of the ludicrous. The medley of great things and little, of things mundane and things celestial, of things low and things awful, is plainly shown in the juxtaposition of a Parable of the Kingdom with foolish pleas of guests invited to a feast, of the Lord's Anointer with the unlovely Friend at Midnight, of the thrilling scene at Ephesus and the part played by a ignorant mob, of the lofty address of Paul at Athens and the contemptible news-mongering of the citizens. It is in such contrasts that humour and satire have their place, pointing out an intense, unspeakable incongruity.

Perhaps. But it is grave irony rather than humour. And Mr. McLachlan has missed an instance of this dry irony in Acts ii. 15. When Peter is protesting against the excitement of the disciples being set down to intoxication, he remarks: "Drink? Why, it is only nine o'clock in the morning!"

It is right to add that the author has acquainted himself with the best literature upon the subject, and that his criticisms, e.g., of Professor Forrey on Acts, are occasionally to the point. This is a book from which the student of the Lucan writings will learn much, whether he is among the conservatives or the revolutionaries in textual criticism.

NEW STUDIES IN VIRGIL

THE TREES, SHRUBS AND PLANTS OF VIRGIL. By John Sargeaunt. (Oxford, Blackwell. 6s. 6d. net.)

VERGIL AND THE ENGLISH POET. By Elizabeth Nichie. (New York, Columbia University Press; London, H. Milford. 6s. 6d. net.)

VIRGIL has had a greater and longer influence on style than any other poet in the world, though to-day, in a century that defies tradition, he has somewhat lost his hold. Yet the aspirations which made him the guide of Dante are no longer so easily dismissed for their vagueness as they might have been. The mysteries of Life, Death and Nature still haunt us for all our new knowledge, and the grown man sees a new treasure in the verses he learned as a boy and did not really understand. No one else expressed with equal felicity and force the doctrines of Empire; but though there is much of the same spirit in the two greatest colonizing powers the world has seen, it is not fashionable to talk of our Empire to-day. No one glorified with a more charming pen the dignity of labour, or felt more deeply its distresses. What phrase could describe the ruined fields of Belgium better than "squalent abductis arva colonis," and who can render its force with equal conciseness and point? Readers are apt to forget that Virgil, though a writer of exquisite taste, began as a countryman and retained his rustic appearance as well as his love of the country. The Eclogues, which, with Dr. Nichie's leave, we rank above beginner's work, and the Georgics, though in spite of their obvious debts to earlier poets, are touched with realism, differing in this from the highly artificial and frequently porcine crowd of imitators. Horace in Jonson's "Poetaster" ends his generous praise of Virgil thus:

And for his poet, 'tis so rammed with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And live hereafter more admired than now.

We can well believe that a rude soldier drove Virgil off his land into the Mincus, and that the "improbos anser" worried him more than the reputation of Bavinus and Mevius. It is a blot on English scholarship that there has been for years no edition of the "Vite Vergilianae" such as that produced by Dichtl (Bonn, 1911). The tree and plant lore of Virgil has also been neglected since Martyn's time by English editors, who have been satisfied with misleading renderings. Mr. Sargeaunt has now filled the gap with a masterly catalogue in alphabetical order, with Italian equivalents and, where possible, English ones. The subject is full of traps and difficulties. The Romans had no cedars, peaches, and strawberries of our
sort Virgil sometimes used his own knowledge and sometimes followed the Greek flora. His adjectives may refer to a part of a plant which is of no importance to us; he may be embroidering tradition, writing as a Gaul rather than a Roman, or using obscure words for colours which give us no certain hints. Mr. Sargeant clears up these doubts convincingly. He has read, botanized in Italy, grown many of the shrubs himself, and even eaten some of the less desirable fruits and vegetables. He is able to compare the ancient and modern type of roses, though he slips over the name of Triptolemus Yellowley at the end of his account. We once heard a Canadian settler say that he had got some good hints out of the Georgics, and perhaps Mr. Sargeant could tell us more, if he chose, about the Virgilian angle for success. The distinction of the wild sort of verbena, the English vervain, not the cultivated flower known as verbena, is somewhat surprising, for it is not a showy plant at all. It has very small flowers which are surely not "blueish," but lilac in colour. Some lost folk-lore is at the back of its importance. One may compare the insignificant weed with the grand name Enchanter's Nightshade. Mr. Sargeant's work is full of interest and pleasantly relieved with touches of humour. He deserves in his own garden the success of the old Corydian.

A host of teachers in America want degrees, and get them with dissertations which are the result of industry rather than of original research, brilliant theory, or taste. Dr. Nitchie shows a splendid understanding of his subject and his taken to heart. Landor's caution about the folly of the parallel-hunter. But no one would take her for a Virgil enthusiast or a writer of distinction. She is solid and stolid. She puts forward, too, statements which are justified, perhaps, in America, but cannot be passed as true of this country. The connection between the English and classical literatures is perfectly realized over here, and not seldom "stressed" by the lovers and teachers of both. The man who can quote more than a few lines of Virgil is not rare with us, though he may be a prodigy round Columbia University. English education produces amateurs who are fully equipped and sometimes, when they turn into what O. Henry calls "error-sharp," give shocks to teachers. Even in Parliament Virgil has not been quite given up, as is frequently stated. A recent Prime Minister quoted him.

The most interesting of earlier users of Virgil is Chaucer, who put him on a pillar of tinmed iron. In explaining the use of a base metal Dr. Nitchie is ingenious and original. When we come to later poets, the amount of indebtedness of a direct sort is uncertain. Virgil belongs to the common stock of romantic material or everyday commonplace, and imitations of his imitators or translators are frequent. Milton clearly was a good Virgilian, and many parallels are cited. But when two which Keats admired intensely, Proserpine stolen by gloomy Dis, "which cost Ceres all that pain To seek her through the world" (P.L. iv. 270), and "nor could the Muse defend Her son" (P.L. vii. 38) strike Keats as "specimens of a very extraordinary beauty" and "exclusively Miltonic without the shadow of another mind ancient or modern." The scholar will recognize both as Virgilian. There is little of Virgil's spirit except his "curiosa felicita" in Pope, whose fine effects of metre are not in his pinchbeck Pastoral. There is some truth in Dr. Nitchie's contention that various admirers of Homer put Virgil in the background, but he carries it too far. From a short and rather vague sentence we gather that Gray preferred Greek to Latin. This is ridiculous: he was a man of great learning who knew, used, and loved both. His poems owe more to Latin poets from Virgil and Horace down to the Renaissance writers than to Greek.

It is odd that the learned notes of Milford (1814) and the latest American cram-book on the "Elegy" both ignore "mutas agitate inglorius artes" (Aen. xii. 307) as the source of "some mute inglorious Milton." The owl's "ancient solitary reign" is the "deserta regna" of Georgic iii. 476. The "bloom of young desire and purple light of love" in "The Progress of Poetry" is from Aen. i. 590. In "The Bard" the "sweeping whirlwind's sway" is Virgil at two removes via Dryden. Gray's Latin poems include such direct echoes as

Not ego vos posthac Arne di rape videbo,
and he has ventured "debellate" in a prose letter to Wharton, who doubtless understood the word better than one of Gray's modern editors. Collins wrote of "the temperate strength of Maro's line" in comparison with Lucan; and Byron, we note in view of the paragraph on him, thought it worth while to translate and publish over 400 lines concerning Nisus and Euryalus. Byron also ventured on the briefest fragment of a classical quotation known to us. Tantatn, appears in "Don Juan," xii. 33. Landor was a fine classic, but decidedly freakish in his judgment. His views lend a liveliness to Dr. Nitchie's page which is rare. Crabbe's protest against the Virgilian pastoral is duly quoted (p. 199); but no mention is made of the fact that it was considerably heightened in tone by Johnson, who revised the lines. The sequence of praise reaches its height in Tennyson's incomparable tribute to Virgil, which we are glad to see printed in full. But it is not improved by the spelling "forever," or a misquotation from it on the very next page. As Calverley remarked:

Forever; 'tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deem'd it two
And nevermore must printer do
As men did long ago; but run
"For" into "ever," bidding two
Be one.

Tennyson would have groaned over this Americanism, but we suppose typesetters' unions rule everything in the States, even the text of English poets in University publications. Quoting Matthew Arnold's praise of Virgil in the Essay on Joubert, Dr. Nitchie might have added Newman's, which gives with deeper feeling that appreciation of his tenderness and sad earnestness which seems essentially modern. She is mistaken in saying that "the Latin poet has left little impress" on Arnold's poetry. The very narrow of Virgil is in his tribute to his dog in "Geist's Grave," noting

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry.
The sense of tears in human things.

Here is the divine vagueness of the original which still engages the battle of the pedants. Not less felicitous is " Felix qui potuit " applied to Goethe in "Memorial Verses":

And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the liquid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

The present Poet Laureate is a declared Virgilian, and we remember a mock Elegy due to that strayed Augustan, Mr. Austin Dobson. "Autumn Idyll," with its "Say, formose pur," and rival singers for a prize, is delightful.

The biographer of Dickens on whom Dr. Nitchie relies for the statement that there is not one allusion to the classics in his books is wrong. "Christ's Church," is not English, though it might be, and Ben Jonson did not say that Shakespeare had "little Latin and less Greek." Finally, if the writer had read Donatus or Servius on Virgil, she would know that he was called "Parthenius," not "Virgo."
A CASE OF DEBILITY

Books and their Writers. By S. P. B. Mais. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

No book could illustrate better than this the want of balanced judgment in modern English letters. Not that Mr. Mais himself can be said in any high sense to belong to modern English letters, but unfortunately his method of frenzied and careless appreciation is just what may appeal to and deceive formless, illiterate minds with a vague sense of their own formlesslessness and a desire to improve without any self-discipline. At a time when critics of proved ability know that it is useless to visit a publisher unless they are ready to put their hands in their pockets, a second-rate chatterer who, on his own showing, has nothing of his own to say, is apparently profitable to his publisher because of his close affinity to the common mind. In Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd's new novel "Prestige" there is an editor of a popular journal who demands of his young writers "guts and glow." Mr. Mais would have warmed his heart indeed.

If it were only a case of Wilcoxism, one might say, like Falstaff to the over-appreciative hostess, "'peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tackle-brain," and proceed to other business, but what comes from Mr. Mais is much worse than pain.

He is a man of some education and intelligence troubled with auto-intoxication. The excuse that he makes for this exhibition proves it. Having, as he says, a very meagre mental garden of his own, and having been physically debarred from more useful occupations during the war, he has been reduced to plucking the flowers and fruit in other men's gardens, and wishes to share his "golden pleasures" with other people—that is how he puts it. But that is not what he has done. If he had displayed the posies and the fruit raised by other men, without any comment of his own, and offered them for sale to the public, it would have been as impudent but less unpleasant. Instead, he has passed all these "golden pleasures" through the irritable chemistry of his own brain, and it is the result of this process which he puts complacently before us. He has tried, he says, not to obtrude his personality, yet the whole book reeks of it. There is not one author so treated by him of whom the reader will get a just estimate, for frothy appreciation is not justice; but there is one author whom the reader will come to know all too well, and he is Mr. Mais. Even in his interminable and ill-written summaries of other men's work, of which the bulk of this book consists, Mr. Mais obtrudes himself. He cannot create, he cannot judge, and with his own clamour he deafens judgment.

He feebly promises that he does not set up to be a literary critic. Then why not keep these confessions for his own waste-paper basket? What excuse is there for writing a book of literary appreciations when you deliberately disclaim the only qualification for writing such a book, and when you deliberately set down opinions which imply critical judgments? It was not humility which dictated this excuse. No, Mr. Mais is not humble. He appears to himself quite a fine figure, a kind of jolly Grandgousier with a fabulous appetite for good things. "Ho!" he shouts, "I will show you how to be a literary trencher-man. Observe my gusto. Nothing comes amiss to me: solid joints and kickshaws, fish and fruit and fowl, I gobble them all. Look at me, you timid feeders, and learn how a man of parts enjoys himself at the lavish board of modern English literature!" And so with much smacking of the lips and sundry hicups Mr. Mais bolts Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Reginald McKenna, the Georgian poets, Dora Sigerson, Jane Austen, Dorothy Richardson, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Sir E. T. Cook, Lafcadio Hearn and others—all with the same lamentable results. Of course he is always hungry when he cannot keep anything down. Mr. Mais is not a literary critic, it is true, but the real reason why he does not try to be one is that he will not, or cannot, take the trouble. His affliction leaves him no time. He is so hungry that he cannot stop to think before he feeds, and when he has fed he must rush to the ink-pot to relieve the intolerable gripping of his brain. Out it comes, helter-skelter, in slipshod, hurried language, without order, grace or distinction. The personal "I," the editorial "we" and the generic "we" are all jumbled up, and it would appear, in some cases, that, having read a book, Mr. Mais immediately props it up in front of him and proceeds to summarize it clumsily page by page, so imperative is the reaction due to his unfortunate diathesis.

It is the presence of beauty that never fails to show Mackenzie at his best. He is one of Nature's great interpreters—and I am not sure that he is not woman's best interpreter.

What does that last sentence mean? With what other writers is the comparison made? Mr. Mais knows not and cares not. On, on the pen must go and never cease. After two inadequate pages on Mr. McKenna, in which he quite fails to deal with that author's "case," he remarks:

Having written so far, I am troubled. I don't want to cross it all out because it is in some measure true. But it is not the whole truth.

And his way of getting at the whole truth is only to summarize another "readable" book by Mr. McKenna. Was there ever such futility?

I suppose "The Lily of Malad" is the most famous poem in the book, and certainly in this magic narrative he [Mr. Squire] justifies his use of his extraordinary metre.

Poets of his calibre [Mr. Sassoon's] are rare indeed.

For all must be he of vision who cannot realise from the very first pages of this book [Mr. Robert Nichols'] "Ardours and Embrances" that he pursues his one aim with consistent zeal and a wealth of diction that will ensure his reaching heights undreamt of by most other poets of our time.

If it is the test of genius that it feels more acutely than the rest of us, Dora Sigerson must stand at the head of the geniuses of our time.

Mr. Strachey does give us a picture of life: it is interesting to know that in that molluscous age there were found people of energy, people of ambition, crafty, mean, spiteful, petty; passionate men and women—this last being the final sentence of a long chapter in which Mr. Mais has the assurance to give a complete decotion (to call it nothing worse) of Mr. Strachey's witty book.

These are the specimens which Mr. Mais presents for our inspection. Only a few have been selected, but they are typical; and if anyone thinks that Mr. Mais is being wronged in this review, let him read the reasons given why Mr. Mais was not at first interested in Mr. Strachey's biography of Cardinal Manning, and the still more terrible final pages of the last chapter, in which Mr. Mais exhibits without restraint the awful banality of his mind. It would be intolerable to have these things inflicted on one in a chapter or at a table, and there is no reason why they should be tolerated in a book. They all imply critical judgments, but they are based neither on comprehension nor on discrimination. It is the voice of M. Perrichon speaking without the excuse of M. Perrichon's career: for Mr. Mais is an Oxford man and a schoolmaster. He has lately been appointed the chief teacher of English to the cadets of the Royal Air Force. It is a sad reflection.

O. W.

A collection of paintings from the Galerie des Beaux-Arts of Paris will be shown at the Grafton Galleries from April 16 to May 4. Works exhibited by Monet, Renoir, Manet, Tiepolo, Greuze, Rubens, and others; and there will also be numerous works by Steinlen, by Henry de Groux, the Belgian artist, and by Fornerod.
KENSINGTONIA
A REMEDY AGAINST SIN. By W. B. Maxwell. (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE author who sets out deliberately to write a novel with a purpose must content himself with being a little less than an artist, a little more than a preacher. To accept life, and by thus accepting it to present us with the problem—that is not his chief concern. He is the brilliant lawyer who is bound to look at life from the point of view of his case—who cannot therefore afford to inquire into the evidence that would make the guilty less guilty, or, always with the success of his case in mind, to despise the ridiculous excess of painting the lily and throwing a perfume on the violet.

In "A Remedy against Sin" Mr. W. B. Maxwell has chosen to obscure his talents under a wig and gown that he may deliver a tremendous attack against the monstrous injustice of our present divorce laws. His description of the "typical" upper-middle-class family, of which the heroine, Clare, is the younger daughter, is very skilful and amusing. As we read of old Mrs. Gilmour drifting through her large, desirable family residence, always looking for something, or wondering what she has lost or forgotten or ought to have remembered; as we encounter full-blown Emily, the married daughter with the hard laugh and chaffing ways, and all the various members down to Clare, the young girl, just "out," whom nobody wants—who fitted in nowhere, we feel it would hardly be better done. It is an admirably painted portrait of what we might call an old-fashioned modern family. Then comes the adventurer, Roderick Vaughan, who makes up his mind to win Clare, and because she is lonely and vaguely unhappy and feels herself unwanted, he succeeds to the extent of her running away from home one afternoon and putting herself under his protection. The young man, trading upon the family sense of honour and horror of anything approaching a scandal, plays his cards so cleverly that they are forced to acknowledge him and to arrange for a fashionable wedding, even though he is almost a complete stranger and they know nothing of his past or his present and ignore the fact that he is vulgar, ill-bred and loud. Now, of course, comes the awakening for the poor heroine, and Mr. Maxwell makes her see that all are married to a beast, a bully, a torturer, and there is no escape. Up to this point we must admit that "A Remedy against Sin" is a great deal better than the majority of novels. The character of Roderick Vaughan—his disposition, which is, as it were, a series of bounds and rebounds—the whole temper and feeling of the book, place it far above the average. But then, more or less suddenly, we are conscious of the purpose.

Clare, from being an innocent, rather charming creature, changes into a martyr; she disappears, and is from henceforth a soft, cheery, consciseness, submissive to her lord, boundlessly forgiving, less than the dust, in fact, beneath his erosion wheels. We cannot imagine a more effectual goad to a bold bad man than the sight of so great meekness. The purpose becomes dreadfully clear. There is a child—of course there is a child—delicate, tender, born to wring our hearts and die. And as the book sets, the shadow of the Divorce Court grows larger and larger, darker and darker. Of course, the case is defended. Women of England—ye who have the vote—of course Roddy wins, and there is naught for the lily-white, white-as-snow Clare but to go out into the dark, a branded woman, with her innocent friend, a ruined man, at her side.

But—hold! Why did Clare's family let her marry the man? Why, having married, did she submit? Which was her greater tragedy—the loss of her innocence or seeing her name in the newspapers? And if the opinion of the lady shoppers in Sloane Street mattered so awfully—what was it worth? Why when the case was decided against her, did not her strong, splendid friend say: "Look here, darling, if people are so vile, let's go away and leave them to their villeness and be gloriously happy together"? Instead of which, she pinned on an hysterical hat and raved about being his mistress and "they went out into the darkness hand in hand." It is 1920, ladies and gentlemen! If we must have a novel with a purpose, let our novelist remember. Let him send them into the light hand in hand—with Kensington behind them for ever!

K. M.

AN AMMUNITION DUMP
THE CASE FOR NATIONALIZATION. By A. Emil Davies. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. paper; 4s. 6d. d. net.)

THE strength of the case for Socialist Democracy as it was presented by Karl Marx and his immediate followers lay in its appeal to man's passion for liberty. Capitalist society, in their view, was essentially a tyranny in which one class dominated and disposed of another. Nationalization, or rather communization, of the means of production was the method of liberation, the weapon by which the bourgeois tyrant was to be overthrown and a free society inaugurated and maintained; it was, so to speak, part of the strategy of emancipation.

With the development of a less revolutionary phase of Socialist thought, the case for nationalization inevitably and almost insensibly changed. If the common ownership of the means of production was to be achieved piecemeal, industry by industry, and through the ordinary methods of politics, it became necessary to justify each step not simply by reference to the ultimate and distant goal, but also by the results to be expected from it here and now in the existing structure of society. Hence the Fabian Socialists came to base their arguments more and more on the efficiency of State-owned concerns; to rely more and more on the plea that the nationalization of this industry or that would, even with society organized on its present basis, increase the wealth or, at any rate, the economic welfare of the community.

The current controversies about the mines and the railways will largely turn on this class of argument, and it is in this class of argument that Mr. Davies has specially concerned himself. The backbone of his book is the plea that the public will be better served if industry is in the hands of public authorities than it is by private enterprise. This view he supports not only on the ground that nationalization means substituting the "ideal of service" for the scramble for profit as the governing motive in industry, but principally by an appeal to experience; a large part of the book is taken up with quotations designed to show how successful various publicly managed enterprises have been in different parts of the British Empire. Mr. Davies is not very critical of the evidence he has collected; for example, several of his quotations are of the advertisements of the authorities responsible for the undertakings; would he himself accept the pronouncements of, let us say, Mr. Ponderelleo's publicity department as evidence of the efficiency of Tono-Bungay? Another prominent feature of the book is an array of damaging admissions from the speeches and writings of his opponents. Quotations of this kind are commonly accounted to be peculiarly effective on the platform—as also are "concrete" facts and illustrations. Mr. Davies' volume should, therefore, prove a useful armoury for propagandists in the forthcoming campaign; it is an invaluable ammunition dump for the army of nationalizing orators to draw upon. Scientific inquirers will look for a more critical and less one-sided presentation of the case.

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LIVES OF THE HUNTED
Monarch, the Big Bear of Tallac. By Ernest Thompson Seton. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON is a distinguished naturalist and a lover of animals. He is also a very excellent writer of stories; and it is this latter not easily definable quality that has won his fame. His tales of animals do not always ring quite true as records. We detect in them every now and then a tendency to "fake." They have not, on the other hand, the charm and power which give the "Jungle Books," frankly allegorical, a unique position in modern literature. They are the work of a good craftsman, not of a magician.

But they have, one and all, the real stuff of storytelling in them. Make a beginning of any of the stories of "Animal Heroes," and you shall find it hard enough to stop before the end. The author never lets your interest flag. He has many of the qualities of a good journalist—and the work of the journalist of the first quality has certain resemblances to that of the short-story writer of a quality a little lower than the first.

Mr. Thompson Seton lays claim to greater truthfulness than we have been prepared to admit. In each case, he tells us, he has adopted but two devices, each legitimate enough. He has selected for his hero an unusual individual, standing out from his fellows by reason of his size, strength, speed or cunning. Then he has ascribed to that animal a whole series of adventures which have been recorded of several of his kind.

The least composite, the truest to life, is said to be the story of Arnaux, the homing pigeon. It is certainly one of the best. But we confess we find some of it difficult to reconcile with the evidence of the Army "pigeonears," experts in their way. These admirably idle and contented persons whom we used to find, pipe in mouth, lying in the sun beside a motor-bus converted into a pigeon-loft, oblivious of the conflict of nations in which they played a not unimportant part, held that the memory of the very best pigeon even for his permanent home was relatively short. His memory for his motor-bus did not extend beyond a week, and it was the custom in the trenches, when birds were not released within four days, to take them back and repeat them by others from the loft. Conversely, they taught that a pigeon would lose a new place of abode as his home within a few weeks. Arnaux, the pigeon of this story, is imprisoned for breeding purposes by a fancier in Syracuse, N.Y., for two years, and on release makes straight for his loft in New York. We do not reject that story, but we should like to refer it to one of our "pigeonears" friends. They are scattered far and wide, living, we fear, more laborious days than when we used to converse with them.

We have spoken of Mr. Thompson Seton as a lover of animals. That is one of the characteristics which raise his work above the level of magazine fiction, to which it naturally belongs. There is a noble passion in his hatred of cruelty, a sympathy with the hunted, an admiration for the courage of the bear and wolf at bay, that give a real dignity to these stories.

Curiously enough, he seems to hold the dog in less esteem. But for Snap, the bull-terrier, the dogs of these books are a cowardly set. The difficulty in wolf-hunting is to combine sufficient speed with the requisite strength and courage. But surely Mr. Thompson Seton's foxhounds, "too thin-skinned to fight," that were routed by "Badlands Billy" and the "Winnipeg Wolf," were degenerates? We think four couple of really game hounds hunting "so that a table-cloth would cover them," as the saying goes, should be able to roll over in the open any wolf ever whelped.

MARGINALIA

To all lovers of unfamiliar quotations, aphorisms, great thoughts and intellectual gems, I would heartily recommend a heavy volume recently published in Brussels with the title "Pensées sur la Science, la Guerre et sur des sujets très variés." The book contains some twelve or thirteen thousand quotations, selected from a treasure of one hundred and twenty-three thousand great thoughts gleaned and garnered by the industry of Dr. Maurice Legat—an industry which will be appreciated at its true value by anyone who has ever made an attempt to compile a commonplace book or private anthology of his own. The almost intolerable labour of copying out extracts can only be avoided by the drastic use of the scissors; and there are few who can afford the luxury of mutilating their copies of the best authors.

For some days I made Dr. Legat's book my livre de chevet. But I had very soon to give up reading it at night, for I found that the great often said things so peculiar that I was kept awake in the effort to discover their meaning. Why, for example, should it be categorically stated by Lecamens that "si les animaux connaissaient Dieu, ils parleraient"? What could Cardinal Maury have meant when he said, "L'élégance, compagnie ordinaire de la liberté [astonishing generalisation!], est inconnue en Angleterre"? These were mysteries insoluble enough to counteract the soporific effects of such profound truths as this, discovered, apparently, in 1846 by M. C. H. D. Duponchel, "Le plus sage mortel est sujet à l'erreur."

Dr. Legat has found some pleasing quotations on the subject of England and the English. His selection proves with that fatal ease even the most intelligent minds are lured into making generalizations about national character, and how grotesque those generalizations always are. Montesquieu informs us that "dès que sa fortune se délabre, un anglais tue ou se fait voleur." Of the better half of this potential murderer and robber Balzac says, "La femme englaise est une pauvre créature vertueuse par force, prête à se dépraver. " "La vanité l'âme de toute société anglosaie," says Lamartine. Ledru-Rollin is of opinion that all the riches of England are "des dépouilles volées aux tombeaux."

The Goncourts risk a characteristically dashing generalization on the national characters of England and France: "Les anglais, filou comme peuple, et filou comme individu. Il est le contraire du Français, honnête comme peuple, et filou comme individu." If one is going to make a comparison Voltaire's is more satisfactory because less pretentious. Strange are the ways of you Englishmen, qui, des mêmes couteaux,

Coupez la tête au roi et la queue aux chevaux.
Nous Français, plus humains, laisons aux rois leurs têtes,
Et la queue à nos bêtes.

It is unfortunate that history should have vitiated the truth of this pithy and pregnant statement.

But the bright spots in this enormous tome are rare. After turning over a few hundred pages one is compelled, albeit reluctantly, to admit that The Great Thought or Maxim is nearly the most boring form of literature that exists. Others, it seems, have anticipated me in this grand discovery. "Les de m'emuyer des pensées des autres," says d'Alembert, "j'ai voulu leur donner les miennes; mais je puis me flatter de leur avoir rendu tout l'ennui que j'avais reçu d'eux." Almost next to d'Alembert's statement I find this confession from the pen of J. Roux (1834-1906): "Emettre des pensées, voilà ma consolation, mon délice, ma vie!" Happy Monsieur Roux!

Turning dissatisfied from Dr. Legat's anthology of thought, I happened upon the second number of Prou rbe, a monthly review, four pages in length, directed by M. Paul Eluard and counting among its contributors Tristan Tzara.
of "Dada" fame, Messrs. Soupault, Breton, and Aragon, the directors of littérature, M. Picabia, M. Ribemont-Dessaignes and others of the same kidney. Here, on the front page of the March number of Prose, I found the very commonest of Great Thoughts for which I have long been looking. The following six maxims are printed one below the other: the first of them is a quotation from the Intransigent: the other five appear to be the work of M. Tzara, who append a foot-note to this effect: "Je m’appelle dorénavant exclusivement Monsieur Paul Bouret." Here they are:

I faut violer les règles, oui, mais pour les violer il faut les connaître.
I faut régler la connaissance, oui, mais pour la régler il faut les violer.
I faut connaître les viol, oui, mais pour les connaître il faut les règles.
I faut connaître les règles, oui, mais pour les connaître il faut les violer.
I faut régler les viol, oui, mais pour les régler il faut les connaître.
I faut violer la connaissance, oui, mais pour la violer il faut la régler.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Legat will find room for at least a selection of these profound thoughts in the next edition of his book. "Le sens de la vie," affirms M. Raymond Duncan on another page of Prose. It is precisely after taking too large a dose of "Pensées sur la Science, la Guerre et sur des sujets très variés" that one half wishes the statement were in fact true.

AUTOLYCUS.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, April 16, 1920.

A fortnight ago as I wrote for this page there was nothing to disturb the repose necessary even to the most casual of literary joggers. It was the eve of Easter, to be sure, and the sensational press was making the preparations for a Sinn Fein rising which have become since 1916 as inevitable a journalistic annual as the sea-serpent. Our village Pressians, not to be outdone, were making great play with barred-wire entanglements and tanks, doubtless in order to refute the theory that the pen of Fleet Street is mightier for sensationalism than the sword of Dublin Castle. But, on the whole, it could be said, with the sublime inhumanity of the now consecrated phrase, that there was "nothing to report on this front." Heretofore, all events, to the exclusion of all else, were taken to the discipline of the Curfew law, and unattached to the service of militant Nationalism, nothing more terrible was promised by Easter than the opening of the Royal Hibernian Academy Exhibition. That threat, unlike the Rising, was realized, and on Easter Tuesday the worst was revealed. The experience proved no less formidable than usual, and, if a good average of "output" was recorded, nothing challenged special comment except the picture entitled "Homage to Sir Hugh Lane," by Mr. John Keating, A.R.H.A. Grouped about a table are Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Hamilton Poé, Bart., and Messrs. W. B. Yeats, George Russell, Dermot O’Brien, Richard Orpen, Thomas Boskin and Ahlemann Thomas Kelly, the recently released hunger-striking Lord Mayor of Dublin. These gentlemen all look exceedingly self-conscious and uncomfortable, presumably because they have just been shocked by the vision of Sir Hugh Lane as he looms in the background, green and wan, like one risen from the grave. Mr. Keating is one of our most interesting and original artists, but this defiant canvas does not throw him to advantage.

At the Academy there were only two pictures by Mr. Jake B. Yeats, but they stood out from the mass of conventional work by reason of their individuality and charm. Mr. Yeats is as original an artist as his brother with whom he is associated. His own exhibition, which followed the opening of the Academy in a couple of days, once more provided evidence of this, as well as an immense relief from the uninspired correctness of the academically blessed. The collection of drawings and pictures of life in the West of Ireland which is now being exhibited is exceedingly characteristic and representative.

Mr. Yeats, no doubt, has a convention of his own, which has already attracted imitators, but he has real vision and a perfect command of the means of expressing what he sees.

It is not the mere charm of the couplet which has charmed Mr. Yeats as the illustrator of "The Aran Islands" that again brings the two names in juxtaposition. For all his preoccupation with primitive life, Synge was sophisticated in his artistic delight in the selection of language and situation. The charm of Mr. Jack Yeats lies largely in the unafflicted naïveté of his scenes. His countrymen, no doubt, may have been led before us invested with the boyish glamour of their associations. A picture like the "Shamrock and Anchor Man" or "The Forester" is composed of elements as simple and as national as went to the making of Synge's "Riders to the Sea." While they evoke all the emotions with which each little detail is subtly tinted, they also have the universal emotion springing from a real vision of life. The gambler at a country fair, the ballad singer, the Indian rafier at a village circus, are figures called up out of the romantic memories of childhood, and drawn by a hand which can preserve the quality of childish imagination beneath a consummate technique.

Two creditable performances of Andrewes' "Life of Man" were given by the Dublin Drama League just before the activities of the whole country were rushed by the approach of a tragedy which banished all other thoughts from men's minds. For two days a national strike was made to protest against the refusal of the authorities to sign an agreement to recognize the status of the political prisoners in Mountjoy Prison. In the end a lawyer discovered that the hunger-strike to which the prisoners had resorted would involve the authorities in the crime of murder if, as they announced, they allowed the prisoners to die. The men surrendered at the point of death, and a period of ten days' excruciating tension ended in what the crowd regarded as a victory for the general strike.

In the circumstances our minds have been turned away from the pursuits which are normally the occasion of these Notes. Official institutions like the Royal Hibernian Academy remained open until the 13th April, but I noticed that Mr. Yeats closed his exhibition for the whole period of the strike. For myself, I was prompted to the only literary reference which the occasion suggested—the contrast between the punishment of mere detention inflicted on Cobbett and Leigh Hunt for proven political offences a century ago, and the barbarous treatment as common criminals to-day of men against whom no charge has been brought nor offence proven. When Leigh Hunt was condemned to two years' imprisonment for a treasonable libel on the Prince Regent, his prison quarters were described by Lamb as like "no other room except in a fairy tale" He had to grope in the dark whose face to Moone, and there, he says, "I wrote and read in fine weather." As for the interior, a full description of it would exceed the space at my disposal. The walls were papered "with a trellis of roses," the ceiling was "coloured with clouds and sky," the barred windows "screened with Venetian blinds," while his bookcases and a piano added to the amenities.

B.

We have received from the S.P.C.K. two excellent little tracts in their "Helps for Students of History" series: "Hints on Translation from Latin into English" (6d. net) and "Hints on the Study of Latin" (6d. net), both by Professor Alexander Souter. In the first, besides those general principles of translation which are totally ignored in nine out of every ten translations printed, the author insists on the value of consulting as many independent dictionaries as possible, not neglecting the very old ones. He insists on a fuller knowledge of meanings, instancing such words as debits, which means "mitted," not "weak," and comes, which is "attendant," not "companion." A list of good grammars, and a hint as to the reason for certain "poetical" forms of expression are also appended. Finally the translator is advised not to rely on the latest works—earliest printed sometimes preserve the correct form. The "Hints on Study" offer information as to the latest works on Latin, works connected with particular author, and special notes on their vocabulary. Even competent scholars might derive some information from Professor Souter's pages. The book is one mass of erudition.
Science

A PRINCIPLE AND ITS INTERPRETATION

If we contrast ancient with modern scientific theories we find that the chief distinguishing characteristic of the former is that they employ principles drawn from other branches of knowledge or speculation. It would be, perhaps, rash to say that modern science, in all its branches, is yet completely autonomous; sometimes, for instance, it seems to make assumptions which are the result of an uncritical philosophy, but even the grossest of these examples, compared with many celebrated early scientific theories, shows how great is the purification that has been effected. The chief error of the old speculators consisted in imagining that the world is a more obvious unity than we have now any reason to suppose. Hence they were always willing to argue by "analogy," comparing terms between which we cannot now find the slightest resemblance. The method was not only illegitimate, but sometimes led to quite unnecessary complexities of explanation. The Ptolemaic system of astronomy, for instance, conceived as the theory that the heavenly bodies revolve round the earth, was a perfectly reasonable and satisfactory theory. It was capable of explaining all the observed planetary motions, except a few minute irregularities requiring precise measurements for their detection. Its proper development required, of course, complete docility in face of new facts; but in an actual development it was forced to accommodate itself to quite other considerations. It had to take into account the venerable principle that, the celestial bodies being obviously sublime, incorrupt and perfect, their orbits must be perfect and described with uniform velocities. The only possible perfect orbit was as obviously a circle. Hence the Ptolemaic theory was loaded with the task of explaining the observed heavenly motions on two grounds: first, that the earth was stationary and at the centre of the system, and second, that the planetary orbits were circular and described with unvarying velocities. Alternative hypotheses were not only stupid but impious. The task thus set to the early astronomers was one of considerable difficulty.

The observed path of a planet, say Mars, or Jupiter, or Saturn, is by no means simple. If its motion amongst the stars be watched from night to night it is seen to be moving sometimes from east to west and sometimes from west to east. Further, in changing its direction of motion it does not retrace its path amongst the stars. Its actual observed path exhibits irregular loops, and, more rarely, a twisted line. It was at once obvious that a circular orbit, traversed with uniform velocity, would not suffice to explain these appearances. Nevertheless, the principle must be preserved. The astronomers overcame this difficulty by a device that strikes one as being almost disingenuous. They imagined a small circle whose centre traversed the circumference of the big circle with a constant velocity and round whose own circumference the planet moved with a constant velocity. By assigning suitable velocities to these two motions the crude features of the planet's actual observed motion could be represented— it would sometimes be retrograde and sometimes direct. This is ingenious, but it is questionable whether it preserves the principle. The planet's motion is obtained by circular motions, it is true, but it is not itself a circular motion with reference to the earth as centre. The astronomers have entered on a slippery path. We view them with the same suspicion with which we watch a Broad Churchman expounding the Thirty-Nine Articles. But they had to go further. The theoretical and the observed motions did not fit well enough. On the little circle it was necessary to imagine a still smaller circle, and to place the planet on that. After all, the interpretation of "circular motion" once admitted, there was no reason why it should not be followed up. But progress in this direction soon came to a halt. It became evident that this method would not, by itself, reconcile observation and theory. The principle had to be strained again, and this time in an almost indefensible manner. It was declared that the big circle was eccentric with respect to the earth and that the little circles were eccentric with respect to their supposed former centres. This assertion must have been a great strain on the faith of the orthodox believer. He may well have wondered whether, by this time, the pure doctrine of his fathers had not been subtly undermined. Circular motion was still preserved, in a way, it is true, but with so many circles, and their centres all over the place—this must have appeared something very different from what he supposed the principle to mean.

The same difficulty was felt by simple minds in modern times, when the correct explanations of statements in Genesis were worked out by the theologians. And just as the simple story of the Creation in Genesis became transformed into an extremely obscure and ambiguous anticipation of the discoveries of Geology, so the interpretation of circular motion advanced from complexity to complexity. Immutable principles must exist, of course—it is part of the glory of man that he should have been able to discover so many of them—but they sometimes seem more trouble than they are worth. The old astronomers found that yet again a more liberal interpretation must be given to the principle of circular motion. This time it was found that the circles do not all lie in one plane. Each circle has its own plane, which may be inclined at any angle to the others. By this time the theorists, whom we might call the "commentators," had forged a very powerful method. Circles could be multiplied; their centres could be placed anywhere; their planes could be inclined at any angle. The rich content of the principle of circular motion was now fully revealed. With all these variables to play with a very close correspondence between theory and observation was easily maintained.

The rise of the "higher criticism" of this system leads to the history of modern astronomy. It is to be noted, however, that the first higher critic, like the first higher critics in other departments, was not wholly emancipated from his early teaching. Copernicus effected the immense revolution of placing the sun in the centre of the system, but he did not abandon circular motion. So he had to retain parts of the epicyclic apparatus. The revolution was first completely effected by Kepler, but even he conducted his early researches as a semi-believer, a kind of very Broad Churchman. He made nineteen successive attempts to explain the motions of Mars by arrangements of orbits and observation was made, and only then did he frankly throw the great principle of circular motion overboard, and state that the actual paths of the planets were ellipses. And so, in a few years, a great immutable principle, a whole system of beliefs, the industry and thought of generations went for nothing, and now exist merely as an occasional cold reference in a treatise on Astronomy to the Ptolemaic system as a "monument of misplaced ingenuity."

S.

A licence, under Section 20 of the Companies' (Consolidation) Act, 1908, has been issued by the Board of Trade to the Scottish Shale Oil Scientific and Industrial Research Association, which has been approved by the Department as complying with the conditions laid down in the Government scheme for the encouragement of industrial research. The Association may be approached through Mr. W. Fraser, C.B.E., 138, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.
SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—March 25.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.

The following papers were read: "Note on the Central Differential Equation in the Relativity Theory of Gravitation," by Prof. A. R. Forsyth (in this note Professor Forsyth obtained an exact solution, in terms of elliptic functions, of Einstein's critical equation).


GEOLOGICAL.—March 24.—Mr. R. D. Oldham, President, in the chair.

Mr. Brinley Clifford George and Mr. F. W. White were elected Fellows.

The President, in announcing the death of Mr. Charles Laphworth, said: "He has added to our knowledge a wealth of observation and a number of those vitalizing concepts on which the life and progress of science depend, and has added lustre to our science and Society; not in this country alone, but in every land where geology is cultivated. Your Council has already put on record its appreciation of the services which our late Fellow has rendered, and sympathy with his family in their bereavement; but, considering, that the Society at large would desire an opportunity of associating itself with these sentiments, I will ask your concurrence."

The communication was unanimously approved.

The President announced that the Council had awarded the proceeds of the Daniel's Fund to the present year to Miss Marjorie E. J. Chandler, who proposes to investigate the Oligocene flora of the Horlick Chilts, Hampshire; and to Mr. Laurence Dudley Stamp, who proposes to make a comparative study of the Downtonian and Gallo-Brayian in North-Western Europe.

Two communications by Mrs. Eleanor M. Reid were read: "On Two Pre-Palaeozoic Floras from Castle Eden (County Durham)," and "A Comparative Review of Palaeozoic Floras, based on the Study of Fossil Seeds." Prof. A. Seward, Professor James Small, Mr. M. M. Allorge, Dr. C. W. Andrews and Sir Henry Howorth discussed the papers.

Portions of an atlas vertebra of a big elephant, probably near Elephas meridionalis, from the Downtonian of county Durham, were exhibited on behalf of Dr. C. T. Trechmann; and lantern-slides of fossil seeds, etc., were exhibited by Mrs. E. M. Reid in illustration of her papers.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—April 12.—Mr. J. H. Balfour Brown, Vice-President, in the chair.

The Chairman reported the death of Mr. C. E. Groves, and a resolution of condolence with the relatives was passed.—Mr. F. W. Bain, Dr. C. J. H. Hancock, Sir Leigh Heskyns, Mrs. Bayford Owen, Dr. C. Salvin, Mr. F. C. M. Welles and Miss M. Woodhull were elected Members.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 23. Egypt Exploration (Lecture Room of the Royal Society, Burlington House), 8.30.—"Revelations of Ancient Egypt," Prof. T. E. Peet.

Royal Institution, 9.—"Shakespeare's Shylock and Scott's Isaac of York," Sir Israel Gollancz.


Society of Arts, 3.—"Aluminium and its Alloys," Lecture III., Dr. W. Rosemann. (Cantor Lecture).


Wed. 28. Society of Arts, 4.30.—"Ancient Stained Glass," Rev. Mr. General C. H. SHEERILL.

Thurs. 29. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Origins of the Dwellers in Mesopotamia," Mr. R. Campbell Thompson.

Royal, 4.30.—"The Irish Eskers," Professor J. W. Gregory; "The Life-History and Cytology of Symphonia (Schilb.) Perz., the Cause of Wart Disease in Potatoes," Miss K. N. Curtis; "On the Structure and Affinities of Acrotyla Pan- cheri, Pilg.," R. Sahni.

Child-Study, 6.—"Edinburgh Palace Road, S.W.," 6.—"Biting Insects and Children," Dr. A. E. Shipley.


Fine Arts

THE TWO CUBISMS

The thirty-first exhibition of the Indépendants resembled none of its predecessors in its outward aspect. Those who were too much attracted by the picturesqueness with which the works were presented accuse the Grand Palais of supplying a too sumptuous and frigid setting to this exhibition, whose tranquillity deceived them. They attributed to the architectural framework an effect which is the result only of the cohesion of the efforts of young artists, who for the first time for many years have given up their extreme tumultuousness, and, weary of marking time in mere decoration, are slowly advancing towards a goal, if not identical, at least parallel with that of the new classicism.

Two things were characteristic of this Salon, things equally significant and of capital importance. The first is that which causes the greatest disillusion to those who previously were accustomed to look at the Indépendants for emotions whose force was derived from scandal. There was no "revelation." no genius came like a thunderbolt to set fire to the walls, no spontaneous birth, no lightning; the epoch of prodigies is over, our most recent experience having proved that they have no survival value. We see in this the sign that the time for outbidding each other is past, and that, even at the cost of a provisional effacement of their personality, the painter and the sculptor accept the function of levelling which will be the result of their less and less astonishing researches. They are seriously harnessing themselves to their task. The public on its part, interested for different reasons (of which the principal is that capital is involved) to know how to distinguish the good from the bad, authentic art from fake, has started work in the same way and commenced to pierce the mystery of techniques. It will become more and more impossible to impose on it by false masterpieces and astonish it by deliberate "revelations." Soon perhaps the play will be open on both sides, and what the contest loses in brilliancy it will doubtless gain in depth. If the expression which occurs to me to define the present tendency did not appear to me too slight, I would say that it will be necessary to substitute a single "ism" for the many which hitherto have been promulgated and which characterized only various infirmities. The new one would be "equilibrium".

What did the innovators of every kind—"accept my part in the responsibility—except cheat in the divine game of plastic exercise? I can find nothing better to express the artist's attitude than to compare him to a man walking a tight-rope, with his eyes fixed on a goal which is alternately illuminated and darkened by his instinct and his intelligence. On each side of the rope is danger: on the left the treacherous country of immediacy, the domain of nature, in the degraded sense in which it is understood by the realistic towards which his senses draw him; on the right the illimitable space of pure speculation, towards which his reason inclines. Refusing the difficult and insufficiently original work of maintaining equilibrium, many artists, lately anxious to demonstrate their false agility, have only taken the plunge to the right or to the left. It was then that the public at the sensational private views applauded, if there were some grace or some force about the fall. The failure was immediately baptized as a new "ism." General opinion seems now to have concluded that these amusements lead nowhere, not even to lasting pleasure, and that even a game implies rules. The rule here is to keep one's balance. Still to desire to discover a definitive formula too soon would be to confuse death with stability, and not to understand that the intoxication one experiences in constructing a
work of art has after all some resemblance to a departure for distant adventures. We do not desire to apply a single method to solve the problems our imagination puts before us. (But I reserve the development of this idea for the moment when I come to speak of personalities.)

The second event is the admission, by almost unanimous consent, of Cubism, to the rank of honest formulae. The majority of the critics have finally pronounced the *Dignus est intrare*, to the great astonishment of the Cubists themselves. It is a sign of the times: we are certainly looking for a spiritual discipline, and I think I may add that the general artistic taste is becoming more sensitive. What is the cause of this success? Certainly that the public, now become more serious, prefers to sudden "revelations," "affirmations" and "confirmations" of talent. A sudden leap has only a feeble interest now; a balanced movement of which the predominant inclination may be either sentimental or spiritual, marked by the conscious adjustment of the rope-walker of whom I have spoken, is become (at least I hope so) the most attractive thing for the connoisseur.

The Cubist works, against the will of their authors, who wished to appear together, were placed in three separate rooms. The impression was weakened, but was perhaps more intelligible. Grouped by their affinities, the artists show clearly the differences which divide them, and thus express the vitality of their manifold ideal. There are four nuances of Cubism: two absolutely opposite currents lead, by the opposed roads of painters and sculptors, towards two goals, which are united only by their antagonism.

I do not wish to be suspected of exalting one of these groups at the expense of the other. There is plenty of talent in both camps, and talent alone will decide the final selection. I simply desire to define as precisely as I can the attitude of those whom I call, for my purposes only, Cubists *a priori* or pure Cubists, and the Cubists *a posteriori* or emotional Cubists. To say that I reckon myself in this second group is not, in my view, to claim any supremacy for it, but rather to confess a weakness, which is capable, however, of becoming a virtue.

In my article "A First Visit to the Louvre," *having more urgent business in hand, I did no more than indicate the difference (in my opinion radical and incurable) which separates French artists from foreign artists, Italians in particular. These latter, I wrote, paint Gods directly; our best painters paint men and achieve Gods. We find in Cubism, a European art born in France, a very definite trace of this profound distinction, which marks the two races of artists who divide the universe between them. "It was not on earth that I looked for this type," said Leonardo, speaking of a head of Jesus that he had drawn. And Michael Angelo: "It is foolishly, it is absurd to pretend to obtain from one's senses a type of beauty which moves and uplifts to the heavens every healthy understanding." These are words which throw an admirable illumination on the methods of work of these masters. Endeavouring to express the divine or the universal, they construct the whole of their ideal by generalizing, they set both feet in the Eternal. The great Italians of the Renaissance are idealists and idealogues (or rather ideists, as Remy de Gourmont said). For them a picture is above all a speculation of the spirit, a temple where God alone reigns and where man finds refuge in the last resort. The pure Cubist painters, Braque, Juan Gris, Maria Blanchard, Metzinger, Marcoussis, Severini, Hayden, and the sculptors Lipchitz and Laurens, all conceive their work as a world wherein nothing quotidian can be admitted at the outset. Metzinger loves to speak of *l'effusion pure*. This phrase perfectly describes the effort of the artist for whom the work is essentially only a medium into which spiritual elements alone enter. The inspiration does not belong to the sentimental order, but to the plastic combination of differently coloured forms whose dimensions, position and tone are obtained by the exercise of a rigorous procedure. The picture is finished as soon as the purely abstract surfaces dividing it are organized; the rest of the work only consists in choosing among a small repertory of acquired forms those whose geometrical absolute coincides with each of the compartments of the picture. A plate justifies the circle, and the box a rectangle. Plainly, "it is not on the earth" that the pure Cubists look for their types. The universal is their familiar domain; the utilization of the particular is only a concession, never a motive with them. Having to represent the objects which constitute a still-life, they paint the glass, the dessert plate, the grapes, the apple, "in general." They conceive the object stripped of all contingency, recreated, uncontaminated by all terrestrial adventure. They make an inventory of the qualities of each thing, and make a minute and subtle enumeration of them on the canvas. They proceed by knowledge, like the academic painters in the noble sense. As Michael Angelo knew his muscles by heart, they know by heart their guitar, their pipe, their fruits; to represent them they do not need to have them before their eyes. Their memory is an arsenal of dissociated forms, all ready to be organized to the learned laws of Cubist composition.

Everything, even to the clear light that bares their canvases, expresses their disdain for appearances. It is not the warm, the abstract, Venetian light I would compare that of the Cubists. Is it because many of them are Spaniards that it seems to me that the lighting of their works is the same which gives an aureole of mystery and the absolute to the heroes of Greco or Zurbaran? To define the Cubists of the first category in a brief formula, one may say that being in possession of traditional laws of painting, they formulate and enunciate them, taking the objects as their example only in the last resort; they project their plastic dreams on to the object as on to a screen.

*(To be concluded.)*

**EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK**

**BROOMEHEAD, CUTTS & CO.**—Memorial Exhibition of Works by Walter Crane.

**WALKER'S GALLERIES.**—Painting and Sculpture by the "Seven and Five."

**BURLINGTON GALLERY.**—The Society of Australian Artists.

**FINE ART SOCIETY.**—Decorative Pictures and Landscapes by William G. Robb.—Waters of the Sussex Downs, by Ruth Dollman.

**REDMOND GALLERY.**—Bird and Animal Life, by George E. Lodge.

**TWENTY-ONE GALLERY.**—Sculpture and Carving in Wood and Stone by Alec Miller.

**WALTER CRANE was a very considerable celebrity in his day.** He figured among the Victorian demigods who are perpetuated in the portraits of Watts, and he takes his place historically as the last and least of the Victorian Proraphælites. His reputation, which once burned with a steady flame, had sunk to a feeble flicker before his death in 1915, and we fear that the memorial exhibition of his easel pictures will do little to revive the half-cold embers. For the futility of these paintings and water-colours must be patent to the trained sympathy of the public. The majority are, it is true, *parerga* done for amusement or as notes to be utilized later; but it is precisely in such sketches and studies that an artist reveals himself most completely. When, as here, they furnish no evidence of mental force, or sensibility or power of execution, it must be assumed that the major works are also lacking in these fundamental qualities. And indeed Crane's main work, his books and decorations and craft designs, strike us to-day as intolerably trivial, mere

* See Athenæum, August 22, 1919.
THE FUNCTION OF THE CAMERA.

THE FINE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By Paul L. Anderson. (Lippincott. 12s. 6d. net.)

The professional photographer and the amateur with ambitions in the field of so-called "pictorial" photography will derive much encouragement from Mr. Anderson's entertaining book, which explains a number of methods of teaching the camera to avoid the truth in the interests of "art." Mr. Anderson holds that it is the photographer's business to express the soul that lies behind the material aspects of things, and that this he achieves by essentially faking the outlines and values on photographic negatives. He believes in composition, manipulation, imagination—in anything and everything, it appears, except the camera. To judge by the examples of his work which illustrate the book, he has a horror of the sharp vision of the camera; his aesthetic sense is not apparent until he has transformed it into the sentimental approximate vision of the third-rate painter. This dissatisfaction with the camera strikes us as extraordinary. Here is a man who holds in his hand an instrument of perfect scientific precision and who refuses to allow it to be precise. It is as though a driver of a Rolls-Royce were to force the engine to run in jerks and bumps in order to secure the illusion that the motive power was an ill-trained horse. At its present pitch of development the camera can give us absolutely accurate black-and-white records of things both still and in motion. Properly exploited this power can be of inestimable profit and pleasure to man; and its exploitation is the urgent task of the photographer. Artists have been the first to accept and welcome the camera; the more intelligent among them have set about revising their standards in relation to its presence in our life. They must look with amazement at the spectacle of a photographer who deliberately impairs the efficiency of his machine and tampers with the admirable accuracy of its records. For, like ourselves, they demand nothing more than accuracy from the camera and refuse to accept anything less.

R. H. W.

AN IMPORTANT SALE

SAMMLUNG PAUL DAVIDSON : VERSTEIGERUNGSKATALOG. (Leipzig. C. G. Boerner. 30 M.; ohne Tafeln, 10 M.)

The Paul Davidson collection of engravings, woodcuts and etchings is about to be dispersed by auction in Leipzig. This magnificent collection, begun by Mr. Davidson in London about 1870, and continued subsequently in Vienna and Berlin, now numbers some 10,000 prints. All the great masters from the fifteenth to the first half of the eighteenth century are represented, in many cases by rare prints, and as a general rule it can be said that no important work in the medium is wanting. The first part of the sale, comprising prints by artists with initials A to F (2,200 lots), will be held from the 3rd to the 8th of May. From the auctioneer, Herr C. G. Boerner, of Leipzig, we have received the admirably printed and generously illustrated catalogue of this section, which constitutes in itself a valuable book of reference. A glance at the pages is sufficient to indicate the high quality of the prints. In addition to the practically complete sets of Dürer plates and blocks, collectors will be able to compete for works by Aldegrever, Albrecht and the Beham, Cranach, Callot, Giulio Campagnola, Van Dyck and Rubens, to take names at random from a list rich in masterpieces, which honours all ranks and all schools. The second section of the sale (to be held in the autumn) contains almost complete sets of Holler, Nanteuil and Van Ostade; and interest in the final section (timed for the spring of next year) will centre in the rarest set of prints.

It is sad to think that this almost unique collection, brought together with so much patience and enthusiasm, and epitomizing the art of three hundred and fifty years, is to be scattered once more across the earth. We hunger for a magic rug which could transport it intact to the new and accessible Gallery. Do we hope that some public benefactor will come to the rescue and take this opportunity of making good the gaps in our national collections? No one would grudge him a place in the Honours list after such a service, or deny his claim to national gratitude.
Music

"THE TEMPEST"

THE Surrey opera season comes to an end this week. It was a courageous venture and it has amply justified itself. The Miln-Fairbairn company have made their own audience and they have thoroughly deserved their popularity. Beginning with a modest repertory of old-fashioned favourites, they have gradually added to it operas which have attracted audiences to whom the south side of the river was none too familiar. More than that, they have given us two new operas by English composers. Their first season will be memorable for its latest achievement, the production of "The Tempest."

The play of Shakespeare which Mr. Nicholas Gatty has set to music may be regarded in itself as one of the historical foundation-stones of English opera. It is almost an opera as it stands. More than any other play, it embodies that Shakespearian attitude towards the dramatic function of music which Mr. Percy Scholes very thoughtfully analysed not long ago. When the Restoration reopened the theatres and added to the public stage those devices which in former times had been the exclusive property of the Court masques, it was "The Tempest" which pointed the way to English opera as conceived by Dryden and Purcell. From a literary standpoint it may be difficult to defend the additions and alterations made to Shakespeare's text by D'Avenant, Shadwell and Dryden; but to the historian of opera these atrocities were a necessary stage in the development of our musical drama. Purcell, at any rate, whose settings of the two well-known songs have become traditionally inseparable from the verse of Shakespeare. The principle of Shakespeare, which his seventeenth-century mitigators only amplified, was that music, apart from the grotesque songs of the drunken clowns, was the attribute of supernatural characters. It is because he sings and pipes that Ariel is Ariel.

In converting the play into a modern opera a composer might easily run the risk of destroying all that fantastic sense of the immaterial which gives it its peculiar beauty. When all the characters have to sing the whole time how is Ariel to be lifted on to a more ethereal plane? Mr. Gatty solves the problem with a very imaginative simplicity. As if he would hold that since he is older than the sea he makes his mortals sing Wagner and his spirits Purcell. The reader must not take this statement literally. Mr. Gatty has learned much from Wagner, as any musician of his generation did, and has learned much from Purcell too. But he has evolved in all his compositions a style of his own. It is not what is generally called a modern style, but it handles old material in a new and quite individual way. He is austere ascetic in his determination to use the fewest possible notes, the plainest possible chords; but this asceticism by no means prejudices either agility or passion, and at certain moments, both in "The Tempest" and in some earlier works of his, he attains by this very means a strangely rarefied and spiritual atmosphere of poetry, aspiration and romance. And this is the essential atmosphere of Shakespeare's play.

To see Shakespeare acted in a foreign language is an interesting test of what qualities in him make the deepest appeal to us. "The Taming of the Shrew" seemed to me to go better in Italian than in English. "The Merchant of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet," staged in German with all possible care, left me convinced that Shakespeare could exist in no language but his own. Mendelssohn barely rescued "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Yet "The Tempest," in the crudest of modern German settings, unfamiliar in language, unfamiliar, too, in the musical setting of Humperdinck—a setting which, though always sensitive and poetic, is inconceivable with the English text—seemed to belong to a sphere where words, German or English, were things of no moment. It is not a story which the poet has taken from a prose original and verified. It is in itself poetry; and the actual words are poetry because they are the fewest, the simplest, and the most direct.

Hence it did not seem to matter much what alterations Mr. Reginald Gatty had made in the text to compress it into a libretto for his brother. He has reduced the play to three acts set in a single scene. The only occasions when the situation seemed at all awkward were when the ship appeared, and these difficulties might probably be adjusted by a little more careful designing on the part of the stage producer. It is perhaps the greatest tribute that one can pay to Mr. Nicholas Gatty's music to say that it triumphed even over the ship and complements and scenery. Full of fantasy and romance in the best sense, it is never realistic, and for that reason realistic scenery brings no advantage to it. Mr. Gatty's storms and apparitions are as remote from pictorialism as Purcell's. He has an extraordinary way of transporting the listener into the land of magic and fantasy with the simplest devices. With a few restorations of a common chord he brings in the spirits with the banquet, the masque of Juno—one of the most ravishingly beautiful moments of the whole opera; and a few shakes and arpeggios on the flute suffice him to portray Ariel. For the part of Ariel he was fortunate in having Miss Gladys Moger. Both as a singer and as an actress she had formed a real conception of the character, and the intelligence and subtlety with which she showed in every phrase and every movement made Ariel the dominant figure of the opera throughout. It was just this lack of certainty which prevented Mr. Andrew Shanks from doing full justice to the difficult part of Prospero, in spite of a fine voice and a great dignity of manner. Another hard part to act is that of Ferdinand, but Mr. Lyon Mackie's delightfully natural and unaffected grace made his first entry immediately successful. The simplicity and ease of his singing gave great charm to the love scenes, and Miss Ida Cooper was a very attractive Miranda. The villains and comedians were less effective. Mr. Gatty has given them music to sing which at first sight tempts them naturally to a Wagnerian manner. It is a pretty safe rule for interpreters of music not to seize upon and emphasise such resemblance to an earlier composer as they may discover, but rather to look carefully in such moments for the less obvious points of difference. The whole company would interpret Mr. Gatty's opera the better if they would put themselves to the trouble of reading Shakespeare's play aloud in the intervals of rehearsing.

"The Tempest" has been very appropriately chosen to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday on April 23. It is a very notable addition to the list of English operas, and there is no opera which it would give greater pleasure to see revived at the next Surrey season.

EDWARD J. DENT.

The second number of Music and Letters, 3s. 6d. net, published by Messrs. Barnictt & Pearce, of Taunton, whose London headquarters are at 18, Berners Street, W. 1) is decidedly an advance on its predecessor. The editor contributes an article on Dr. Vaughan Williams and his work, and Dr. Williams himself is the author of a timely protest against the doctrine (held by certain eminent academicians) that reading a full score is the same thing as hearing it played. Mme. Suggia discusses on the violoncello; and amongst the other contributors are Mr. Plunket Greene, Mr. Wardie Fowler, and Mr. J. B. Trend. The reviewing is well done, so are the letters—of which the London one is the best, although for some reason operatic matters are left undiscovered. Sir Edward Elgar's tribute to Parry is not the least notable thing in the number, though the shortest.
of the Russian Ballet. It was due largely to her excellent training that "Venus and Adonis" was put on the stage—and on the most painfully cramped stage—with a clear-cut sense of design. She has effected a striking improvement in the comportment of the whole company, and one of her pupils, Mr. Robin Ford, executed a solo dance with remarkable agility and elegance. The parts of Venus and Adonis were taken by Miss Gladys Moger and Mr. Clive Carey, both of whom thoroughly understand the singing of old English music. The accompaniments were arranged for harpsichord, viol d'amore and viol-da-gamba by Miss Chaplin, and sounded fairly adequate in the small room; but it is to be hoped that a full band of strings will be available when Mr. Boughton brings his company to the "Old Vic" in the first week of June.

EDWARD J. DENT.

CONCERTS

In point of general interest the Saturday Symphony Concerts this season have stood comparison with any others that have been given, although the London Symphony and the Philharmonic have also shown an unusual degree of enterprise. On April 17 we heard a new Suite by Roger-Ducasse, Chausson's B flat Symphony, and Glazounow's A minor Concerto. The suite is an attractive piece of miniature painting, in which for once in a way Ducasse does not seem to be melodic inadequacy to be partially amolshed; it does not aim to do more than please, but it does that very gracefully, although the composer has a talent of breaking off suddenly in what appears to be the middle of a passage and starting afresh, as if he had been at a loss to find the proper continuation. Neither in the Symphony nor the Concerto do his respective composers appear at their best. The Symphony is immature, and although it contains no such direct reminiscence of Franck as the Poème for Violin (played by Miss Margaret Fairless earlier in the week), it is a less vital and really a less individual piece of work. The Concerto has a gay and showy finale, but the rest of it is lamentably full. Even the composer's remarkable sense of colour seems for once to have forsaken him; the scoring is as dry as a Bath Olive biscuit. M. Melsa is an artistic player, but this concerto does not suit him; the finale calls for more power of tone and greater brilliance of style than he at present commands.

One of the chief events of the season was, however, the remade appearance, and completely routed the critics who have been complaining that she has no voice and does not know how to sing. Her tone (with something of the roundness of the oboe in it) was admirable, and her rendering of arias by Bach and Franck showed that, for all her dramatic power, her artist ensemble is solid and lustful, and if there is no occasion for them. The fervour and simplicity of her style in these songs left a vivid impression on at least one member of the audience.

Some new pianoforte pieces by Josef Suk were played by Miss Fanny Davies at the Wigmore Hall on April 13. The first, the sub-title "to the sub-title "to the d'Oliver," but to anyone who had heard the spirited performance of Beethoven's E flat Trio, which preceded it, there could be no doubt that the "Joie de Vivre" was supplied by Miss Fanny Davies herself. The other pieces were of an elegiac character, loose and rambling in construction, but with touches of real tenderness and poetry. They could not have found a more adequately sympathetic interpreter. In Brahms' Trio in C major Miss Davies was joined by Miss Marjorie Hayward and Mr. Arthur Williams. Every moment of her playing was a delight, and it was pleasant to note that no one appreciated it more keenly than the almost equally distinguished pianist who paid her the charming privilege of turning over for her.

Miss Doris Fuller, who made her first appearance in London the same day, is one of the many young pianists whose playing shows no outstanding qualities, but is always refined and agreeable. She hardly seemed to grasp the significance of Chopin's B minor Sonata, and was more at home in Weber's Duo for clarinet and pianoforte, which she played with Mr. Francis O'Connor. But it is one of those second-rate classics which are not worth resurrecting nowadays.
Drama

VULGUS PROFANUM

Phoenix Society (Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith).—Heywood's "Fair Maid of the West"; or, A Girle Worthe Gold.

Globe Theatre.— "Birds of a Feather." By H. V. Esmond.

The "prayers of past tyme" had ample cause for lamentation at the Phoenix Society's performance, where full evidence was produced that English taste has not decayed. "The Fair Maid of the West" has in it no single line of merit, there is no metric triumph above those common to any modern penny-a-liner, the plot would shame the brothers Melville, and no actor of current melodrama but would jib at its lack of sophistication. One endures five acts saved only by the potboyc, by a few broad phrases, by a "Go buy me concubines" bellowed by the blackamoor prince, by a few obscenities which would not be funny if uttered, as they daily are, among a crowd of undergraduates, and which assume but a doubtful importance even when uttered by the plotter of one clergyman and one member of the British Academic Committee. Masterpieces are not produced by the gross; it is a fallacy to imagine that this occurred in the seventeenth century, or that it will occur in our own.

More honour, of course, to Shakespeare for having ventured to put poetry into "Hamlet," for having compounded "Lear" and "The Tempest," when the popular taste was set toward "A Girle Worthe Gold." This play is puerile melodrama of the crudest, and nothing but faddism can pretend the contrary; it is instructive, archaeologically, to see what the spasms days liked; it is well that one popular play of the period should be seen once; for "one must know a certain amount of the bad literature of any time or country before one can rightly appraise the good." The Fair Maid's part might carry better if done by a boy; some of the male actors were possible, but there seems no reason even for an archaeological society to adopt a stage convention for emotional speech, and for Mullahog to entune through his narrowed nostrils such verbs as "bee-uyeet-tee-fi-ihh." It is conceivable that plays of this type, if acted by the "Little Eyases," in a spirit of burlesque, in the general tone of Jack Yeats' pirate pictures, might have amused an audience of fond parents, but as dramatic art this play is null.

There is, however, one point of psychological archaeology which may detain us. The month's theatres provide us with a series of "conversion plays"; in 1920 the theatre mind is running on avarice. In Mr. Esmond's play we have a conversion; and in "Uncle Ned" we have a conversion. These modern conversions turn on sentiment. In Ruffman's we find this difference: Ruffman is a swaggering, bullying coward on principle, he is, in a loose way, a Machiavellian coward, according to plan. When his system breaks down he "cuts a loss" instantly; his personal moral shifts its ground as rapidly as a modern business man's system would be shifted in face of a new condition. I am inclined to think that this apparently crude metamorphosis in Heywood's play is probably true to the type of his time; is probably a better invention than it looks, and is probably better, very considerably better, than the samples of conversion offered in current productions. Ruffman is a creature of intellect, and he is quite as much himself in his attack on the three sailors as in his cowardice in the field.

Heywood's play gives us another ground for interminable research; I mean the Elizabethan concern with chastity and the "proving of women." There is Griselda, and there are a score of stories in Boccaccio and Renaissance writers. The time had had a new spur toward this problem, but one must presuppose a long past of bald Christian metaphors about souls being tried by fire, and of unanalysed sex contests, and possibly pagan trials of initiation into secret mysteries, to account for these spyings and prying and plottings and temptings of the steadfast wife or mistress. (There is also the curious evidence in the Musée de Cluny.) The subject is without end, and one only indicates it as the material for two score of doctors' theses. If the spirit of these tests is not unmodern, it has at any rate been relegated to the lower types of humanity.

Mr. Esmond's play is amorphous, crudely joined and without impact or incision. Miss Marie Lorr as even a semi-Semite is racing unconvincing; if Rowena must play this part she should make up to it, not sheding her pallid beauty unavailingly. Mr. Esmond acts well. Yet the points of the play are not made. Herringham's success in breaking his word fits the general design; he, by this, darkens his plumage sufficiently to enter the house of Usher, and adds his slight weight to the author's theory of "the influence of environment," but only a critic faced by the necessity of writing an article is likely to notice this facet of the design. And where have I heard those words: "What you feel for me is not love, it is . . . ."? The blank half of this line can be filled in at the reader's pleasure; there are several variants now working on the London stage, but they all tend in the same direction. It is "not love," it is some consanguine of lower order and less worthy of the higher pantheism of our era.

Mr. Shaw would have had at least the grace to permit his hero to analyse his own feelings, and to tell the darling of his reveries that what he felt for her was the mere desire for a concubine or a housekeeper or for someone to make out the washing list. This may not be true to the English national character, but it is vastly more amusing for the audience and has the merit of saving the heroine the onerous labours of sermonizing.

"Birds of a Feather" is, as I have indicated, a play against money-lust, but, like its current congeners, it contents itself with an attack by sentiment. Mr. Esmond, like other dramatists, is out to reform millionaires, but like all the rest of his fraternity, he is content with trite texts; he does not want the trouble of thinking about economics or of tackling the problem of wealth. There is in the play no real conflict of ideas; and it is by just that much the weaker. The Greek tragedians were, I think, actually concerned with showing the folly of violent action. The Elizabethan master was searching for, or at any rate staged the philosophy of his time. Mr. Esmond rather seems to want the paraphernalia of a problem play without coming to grips with the problem. Hamlet looks at his "bare bodkin"; the implement is not wrapped in bumbast or in rhetoric. "If in that sleep . . .!"

If in these twentieth-century plays the dramatists want the cogency of Ibsen, they will have to come closer to problems to which the answer is less easy and far more definite. There are plenty of amiable rich. The kind heart and the coronet are not in permanent and necessary antithesis. An assumption to this effect merely weakens the force of an action.

Miss Usher is a good caricature, or, if you like, a fairly accurate allegory. From the technical point of view, it seems possible that Mr. Esmond would write better plays if he tried the Abbey Theatre recipe of reducing his characters to the minimum possible number. Grisson and Gorwin are brought into the play, but for a great part of the time they seem to be there simply to stretch the piece over the necessary number of acts and hours.

T. J. V.
GOGOL

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.—Gogol's "The Government Inspector" ("Revisor"). Translated by T. H. Hall.

ACTED as farce and parody, "The Government Inspector" is so enjoyable an evening that one hesitates to question the wisdom or rightness of this procedure. It is, however, difficult to stifle all one's inner inquiries, and not wonder what the play would be like if acted as a scathing realist satire; not, of course, that it would be easy for the actors to behave like real people who have been garbed in billiard-table green coats, or possible for Mary Grey to act anything. The play is a curious series of soliloquies strung along a short-story plot; the actors soliloquize when alone, they soliloquize when they are supposed to be talking to others on the stage; there is practically no real dialogue, certainly small trace of construction or cogency in the action. The thing holds because of Gogol's wit and the soundness of the general outline.

Naylor Grimson, in the minor part of Ossip, is perhaps more convincing than any of his fellow-actors, though Claude Rains does good work as Klestakoff. Mosovitch is quite a good actor, but the attempt to exalt him into a great figure is merely another example of journalistic humbug. The last century did us ill service by its mania for great figures. The cult ascended from politics into literature, and descended from literature to dramatic presentation, breeding a distaste for exact criticism on the way.

The main point in a notice of this length should be that the play is worth seeing; the objections to acting it more closely and seriously are several. It would certainly be very difficult to get through the long soliloquies in any other tempo than the nattle-de-bang, file-and-drum corps tempo employed; also, as we have no criteria for the manners of provincial Russia in 1830, it may be advisable to present rather broad caricatures. Marya should perhaps be made a little less sympathetic if one is to feel satisfied with her final predicament. Mary Grey remains exactly the same figure that she presented as Portia, and one would do a kindness to the public if one could persuade her that this same character is not ubiquitously suitable for all plays of all species and kinds. It is, however, better as Anna than as Portia.

If Gogol was a rather grim satirist, this production of "Revisor" gives no hint of the fact, and one must admit that the tone of burlesque is maintained, in unity throughout the performance, and that this is perhaps, from several practical stand-points, the most advantageous way of producing the piece and of overcoming our public fear of "those gloomy Russians."

The proof of Gogol's vigour must rest in the fact that the series of almost detached monologues does not fail in interest, and that the play holds one's attention. Perhaps the nearest out of satire is on the programme: "Place. . . . Any small town in Russia." This is one of several indications that Gogol was being satiric, not merely boisterous.

T. J. V.

"CORIOLANUS" AT THE OLD VIC

THE producers of "Coriolanus" at the Old Vic have taken more than the customary amount of liberty with the Shakespearian text. By working into the stage action the castigation of Junius Brutus and converting it into the murder of both tribunes by the mob, a melodramatic significance was imparted to subsidiary characters, and there was, at the same time, something of the insignificance of melodrama in the portrayal of Coriolanus himself. Mr. Warburton's acting, indeed, lacked subtlety. There was too much of mere petulance in his manner to make the cleavage with the plebeians inevitable; he gave us class prejudice rather than a colossal and overwhelming naturalism. Marcus, with his attitude to war primarily as a means to get rid of "our petty superfluity," is a perfect example of the military overlord. The characterization was always thoughtful and serious, but it was no more hopelessly patrician than is the average portrayal of Othello that of a great helpless animal bruised in the wheels of the world. The consequence, of course, was that Mr. Mead and Mr. Fletcher as the people's tribunes were given too large a prominence. Their work was thrilling and sinister, and rounded off in a way suspiciously like teaching Shakespeare how to do it. The strength and dignity of the Volinaia of Miss Genevieve Ward (whose reappearance on the stage made the production memorable) were mostly allowed to run to waste, and our one consolation for it all was that added scope was provided for the company's truly excellent ensemble work. The suggestion of even greater crowds not visible to the audience was in itself a triumph, and the difficult groupings and concerted movements never failed, although in the Old Vic version of "Coriolanus" the mob is not merely required for listening and bustling purposes, but to fall on its unfortunate senators in our full view, belabouring them to death with intelligence and convincingly.

T. M.

PAVLOVA

DURRY LANE.—Ballet.

PAVLOVA, that bright bird of memory and fair flower of recollection, that image of whom no one was privileged to speak who could not compass blank verse, has returned in exquisite whiteness, in a shower of artificial snowflakes and the traditional Degas décor. She is well advised to begin her programme with a piece of technical bravura and to make her reappearance with sleights of foot which no inexperienced ballerina could perform. A decade ago it was Pavlova, it was her own delicate and very personal comment of emotion upon the choreographic lines of Pokine which won her the myriad hearts; today it is the mastery of her technique, chiefly the stillness of her pose and poise and the surety of her balance, which distinguish her from competitors. And she does well to demonstrate this maestria during the first section of the programme.

As a mime she is without merit, and despite the steps in her pas seul, "Amarilla" is a dreamy effort; it is also a stupid effort to mix two incompatible elements: expressionist dancing and the formal "classic" toe ballet. Volinine is delightfully elastic, but Pavlova's confusion when trying to seek sisterly consolations without giving up the modulus of the old-fashioned love dance is distressing. On the whole, the sooner this ballet is scrapped the better for her artistic reputation. The black-gowned "marchioness" who decorates the north corner of the stage is a danseuse of promise.

It, however, bodes ill for the management that, having such great resources at their command, they are so lacking in initiative and so mentally lazy that they do not even attempt to stage a third ballet. They give us a divertissement of scraps. Admitting that the youngest generation wants to see "The Swan," and that the Syrian dance is a decorative abbreviation of shorthand rendering of " Scheherazade," and that Mlle. Butovska is very supple and that Mlle. Beunova has talent, still the inclusion of this divertissement, when there are thirty men in England perfectly capable of designing new and really interesting ballets, is sufficient to dry up most of one's sympathy for the Pavlova-Chustine-Volinine enterprise. They are not so artistically serious as Massine, and if they are not very careful, they will be classed among historic revivals.

T. J. V.
Correspondence

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—I am much interested in the first instalment of the article by Mr. Edward Garnett on Edward Thomas in your issue of the 16th. I was to have met Thomas through the agency of a common friend, but the outbreak of war prevented, so to him I cannot make the suggestion I intended to make. I take this opportunity of offering it to his friends. I have on my shelves a notebook in which I have pasted, during the last fifteen years, many articles by him, articles which were never collected into volume form. I think several of them are too good to be lost in the files of newspapers. Much of his nominal hack-work had nearly all the good qualities of the work that he would not have so called, but had also an ease which, at times, is lacking in his more ambitious work. I think he was one of those who thought so clearly to begin with, and had so clearly the virtue of love of perfection, devotion to the craft of words, that there were occasions on which "let well alone" would have been a good counsel, even better than: "Go over it again." This—but perhaps I need hardly say so—is no oblique plea for the slippash, or what Stevenson called "the slapdash and the disorderly." To take infinite pains is excellent advice for any writer; to re-read his sentences, and see if he has expressed himself clearly, is the mere duty of every scribe. Too often we gather what a writer means instead of being informed by him. What I mean here, apropos of Edward Thomas, is that in his nominally best work the phrases sometimes stilt, if self-conscious, while his nominal hack-work often equalled in many ways, and excelled in ease, the acknowledged and collected good things. His remark in one of the very interesting letters to Mr. Garnett, regarding "literary phrases" and that "smell of the lamp" coming easily to him, and that what he had to seek was "the simple and direct phrase," makes me have an open mind on this view, even as I express it. I may be wrong; but such is the effect conveyed to my mind by comparison of the two kinds of work. At any rate, whatever the mental processes behind the work, his ostensible hack-work can't be ignored by anyone who would make a selection of his essays. Some day, perhaps, such a volume might be prepared, and against that day I beg to call the attention of those who may undertake the good task to an article called "From an Old Home" which appeared in the Daily Chronicle years ago (in which we hear of an epitaph written by the auctioneer and the autumn races, a very moving and human paper); also to "The First Cockoo" (which appeared in T.P.'s Weekly); also to "How I Began" (published in the same journal); also to "The Colour of Selborne," published in the Daily Chronicle. A selection of his review articles, as these have literary qualities and suggestions in them of great interest, should, as well, be given a place in such a volume among The Stray Papers of Edward Thomas.

Yours faithfully,

FREDERICK NIVEN.

April 17, 1920.

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—I have only just seen the letter of Mr. Farge in your issue of the 9th inst. May I say how grateful I am to him for the trouble he has taken to search for the source of many of the best things in my book? All the trouble has arisen on account of the loss I sustained in transit of the whole of the original MSS. of "Writers of Three Centuries" and of the other two books not yet published last year; and also of the fact that the printer did not correct all the alterations and mistakes when I returned the proof-sheets. To be perfectly candid, there must be more verbatim quotations not yet acknowledged. In the first place, the articles were put together roughly week by week to interest a few young people in literature, and I had little thought, besides that the book would ever be published. Secondly, to search for the source of every fact, quotation (sometimes anonymous) and idea would be—I am sure you will agree—almost beyond the power of anyone, now that I do not possess the slightest note of the original. As all the articles were written at various times and places, I am afraid that I cannot remember all the various books which helped me in the compilation of my volume. I alluded in the preface to being unable to properly acknowledge all my many obligations: I can only say "Pecavi."

I tender my sincerest apologies to our great critic Mr. Arthur Symons, and to any other writer and publisher whose copyright I have unintentionally infringed, as well as to those critics who have written kindly about my first endeavour in the world of letters.

Yours regretfully,

C. WILLIAMSON.

April 13, 1920.

MYSTICAL POETRY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with interest your reviewer's comments on my new book of verse, "The White Road" (Philip Allan & Co.), in The Athenæum of April 2, but cannot help feeling that it is somewhat unreasonable to object to the use of "mystical language" in what is obviously mystical poetry. If a "traditional language of mysticism" exists, surely the fact of its existence goes to prove that long experience has shown that certain spiritual states and ideas can only—or, at any rate, can best—be expressed by certain words and phrases. Any mystical writer (of either prose or verse) who should attempt to create a new "mystical language" of his own would, it seems obvious, only succeed in becoming either completely or partially unintelligible. Blake's "Hymnical Books" may be taken as an outstanding example, and, in another way, the works of certain poets of our own time, whose efforts to use new and often entirely incomprehensible methods of expression have caused among poetry-lovers widespread bewilderment and distress.

I may add that the translation mentioned by your reviewer is unknown to me, and that the words and phrases to which he takes exception were used simply because they presented themselves as a natural expression of the ideas I wished to convey. I have no extensive acquaintance with the mystical literature of the past, and was unaware that some of these words had been used with similar significance—which seems to suggest that the "language of mysticism" has a certain universality, and will be used naturally by any writer endowed with a mystical trend of mind.

Yours faithfully,

EVA MARTIN.

April 14, 1920.

The St. Martin-in-the-Fields Players are presenting at St. Martin's Theatre, on Wednesday, April 28, at 3 p.m., the London performance of Mr. John Mason's "The Locked Chest," followed by "Sir Paul" and the Holy Grail, by Christopher Home, and Mr. Miles Malleson's adaptation from Tolstoy's "Michael." A String Quartet and the Orima Madril society will provide music. This body of players is a company of professional actors who wish to renew the mediaeval Church and the theatre. It is their intention, if they receive sufficient support, to acquire a permanent home. At present they give performances in Parish Halls and similar places.
Foreign Literature

A DANISH PLAY

ENMANDGIVNEDFRAJERUSALEM. By Helge Rode. (Copenhagen, Gyldendal. 6kr. 75 net.)

I

IN 1917 Helge Rode, one of the most original and interesting Danish poets of to-day, published a philosophical study of man's spiritual attitude to war. By penetrating into the hidden mysteries of the soul the author endeavoured to convince his readers of the secret fascination which the idea of war unconsciously exercises over the human mind. "Krig og Aand" is a profound book, which as a contribution to the study of the psychology of war deserves to be translated and read also outside Scandinavia. It is of interest to contrast the author's views with those of another eminent Dane, Dr. Brandes. While the latter has refused to see anything in the war but a lamentable proof of the inconquerable stupidity of the human race, Rode has approached the problem with a spirit of true and genuine sympathy for humanity at large. His play "A Man went down from Jerusalem," which has just been published at Copenhagen, has again the war as its background.

Dr. Stern, a Danish Jew of European fame, has been living in France for years; he has been looked upon as a genius; eminent men and ministers of the Republic have consulted him and sung his praise. Now, a short time after the outbreak of war, he is told by the authorities that his German name has become a source of suspicion and that he will have to leave the country. His château in Brittany is commandeered and converted into a prison camp. He finds himself friendless; the treatment he is suddenly subjected to makes him regard himself as a martyr:

My name is soaked in lies— I fight for Peace—of course, one will say that I have been bribed. I fight for Truth—of course, one will shout that I am a liar. For twenty years I have worked for humane conditions in Europe—of course, they will howl that I am a beast, while they themselves are sprawling in blood.

The first act opens on a Southern scene of great beauty and calm. Here Dr. Stern has withdrawn with his wife and his vanity, a personal as well as a racial characteristic, to which the war has dealt this severe blow, is sustained by the frequent visits to his house of miserable revolutionaries and other questionable proletarian characters, who are still looking to him for help. He is flattered by their homage; but though he pretends to be able to adjust their grievances by composing all sorts of petitions to the various governments, he knows only too well the futility of his efforts and realizes fully his impotence. He grows more and more irritable towards his family. His only hope is set on Henrik, his wife's son by her first marriage, for whom he has a deep affection. When Henrik, who has been in America for many years, returns to join his mother and stepfather, Stern hopes to find in him the sympathy and devotion he so greatly needs. But Henrik has changed. During the years in America, a picture of his own dead father has formed itself in his mind; it has grown on him, and it now compels him to insist on changing the name of Stern for that of his own father. He is irritated with Stern's paternal tyranny, and gradually develops a dislike for the man, which soon after grows into a strong antipathy for the Jew.

The blow does not fall alone. One of Stern's daughters runs away from home to be married to an adventurer. The climax is reached when Mrs. Stern tells Henrik that Stern is his real father. She breaks this news to him in order to bring about a reconciliation. But Henrik feels nothing but disgust—disgust with his mother, disgust with his father, and disgust with himself:

Now I understand it all. Now I understand why I despise myself to the very core! and I loathe my own body, and I hate my own soul!

He leaves home to join the Army as a volunteer.

Thus Stern is deprived of his last hope, his deepest love. He is left alone with a wife, with whom he has nothing in common, and only his daughter to relieve his desire for human sympathy. When the curtain falls, he is standing leaning on his daughter's arm, watching the sunset behind the mountains, where the war is still going on, guns being fired and lives being lost, and where also his son will soon be.

Stern. Eli, do not leave me!

Eli. I remain, father.

Stern (weakly). Thank you, thank you! I do not believe in your God! But I thank also him, because you do not fail your old father. Pray that my lonely heart may stop.

Critics have complained that the character of Dr. Stern is shaped after the living model of Georg Brandes. Like Stern, Brandes enjoys a European fame, and like him he was once misunderstood and decried by his own countrymen. Further, Stern's views are exactly those of Brandes, while Stern's enormous personal vanity also reflects a well-known weakness in the eminent critic.

But the chief interest of the play is not concerned with this. Dr. Stern is drawn with a firm hand, but also with a gentle sympathy. The part of Stern played by a great actor would give life to an imposing personality endowed with the strong man's longing for affection. He would grow in magnitude as the play went on, till he absorbed the stage, till his tragedy became like that of Lear. The tragedy of Dr. Stern, it might indeed be said, is like that of a modern Shylock, suffering the fate of that unhappy King. It may be taken as a strong thrust against the invertebrate intolerance and deep-rooted antagonism with which the Jews are still looked upon in Europe. "Of all madness, the race-hatred is, after all, the most colossal stupidity of human malice."

The Jews may have many weaknesses, some perhaps greater than ours; but at bottom they are, like us, subject to the inevitable events that befall all human beings. To deprive them of our sympathy in such moments is, to say the least of it, utterly unjust. Dr. Stern is certainly not what one would call a prosy, characterization. But he claims our sympathy through the sheer force of his tragedy—like all men who have gone down from Jerusalem, and, like him, "fallen amongst thieves."

C. Ei.

THE FUTURE OF JEWS

AU PIED DU SINAI. Par Georges Clemenceau. (Paris, C. E. 5fr.)

WHEN a hack journalist writes a ridiculous story baiting the old bogey the millionaire Jew financier we know exactly why he does it. He hopes to make a few guineas by selling it to a popular journal. When he visits Carlsbad and writes brightly about the ringlets of Galician Jews and the antics of the Chassidim at prayer, we know that he hopes to defray part of his expenses by the sale of good "copy." But the raison d'être for the appearance of such superficial writing in book-form above the signature of a man who was but yesterday engaged in remaking Europe is not so apparent. Can M. Clemenceau really hope to add to his reputation as a statesman by the publication—or republication—of these absurd sketches? Is it possible that he really believes in the bogey Baron Moses? Is he serious when he states that the Jews are already rulers of modern society, and likely to extend their influence? Is he completely ignorant of the facts?
THE MAIMED SOLDIER

FAULH. . . ? Par Odette Dulac. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy. 4fr.90.)

THE hero of this novel is a young man who has lost a leg in the war. He wins the heart of a girl whose parents are horrified at the prospect of a marriage between them. We are led to expect an analysis of the delicate problem involved in the situation; but when the hero and heroine marry on the last page, we find that the problem is still unsolved, because the author has not made her figures generic. We are given a special case in which the judgment cannot be accepted as a precedent.

Madame Dulac has not attempted to grapple with the physiological aspects of her subject. The book deals more with the old problem of the maimed soldier and with the new problem of the maimed soldier. The major complication is beyond her powers; yet we are grateful to her for having divined its existence.

For there is a tendency nowadays to avoid the deeper aspects of the maimed soldier's tragedy. We can understand the reluctance of the armchair patriot to give the subject his attention. It is not pleasant to be reminded that youth bore and still bears the whole burden of the war; that what is left of the generation of boys which was battered to death, blind, crippled and driven mad has now to face the battle of life with a terrible handicap.

OBRAS COMPLETAS. By Felipe Trigo. 12 vols. (Madrid, Renacimiento. 4 ptas. each.)—Not long ago someone remarked that though the grimmest and most read books in every public library in Spain were certain novels of Pérez Galdós, the stories generally taken out by young people were those of D. Felipe Trigo. I never had the time or the curiosity to ask for one of his books in a Spanish library; but when a man's collected works are published in a country so rich in modern fiction as Spain, one ought to see what they are about. And it must be confessed, however that reading Trigo is depressing to read. Like D. Pio Baroja, he began life as a doctor; but unlike that writer he can never get away from the obsession of sex. When he describes student life in Madrid he is far less presentable than Baroja; but his "En la Carrera" is not half so convincing as Baroja's "Arbol de la Ciencia." It is rather second-rate D'Annunzio, with the fire of D'Annunzio's genius left out. If we were asked to recommend Spanish books for the drawing-room of a literary club, I should put down Pérez de Ayala instead of Trigo. Sr. Pérez de Ayala has not mastered the technique of writing novels as Sr. Trigo has; but he is interested in other matters besides pornography. Amongst other things, he is a devoted admirer of the music of Mozart. Sr. Trigo's books are not all tarred with the same brushe. They contain much observation of human nature and they are fluent; but they are not really very interesting, nor do they represent modern Spanish fiction at its best.

J. B. T.

The longest article in the belated Revista Lusitana for 1918 is that on manuscript ex-libris by the editor, Dr. Leite de Vasconcelos, who has now published twenty-one volumes of this important and original review. A Galician note, not included in this article, on the flyleaf of a copy of Frei Christovam de Almeida's "Sermoneos Varios" (1673) runs:

"This volume belongs to the parish priest Pedreres. Let him who finds it return it, and he shall be paid a farthing for chestnuts, for he greatly needs it for the preaching of his sermons." Other articles deal with philology and folklore.

The Amalthea Verlag, a German publishing house established at Vienna, Leipzig and Zurich during the war, has followed the practice of several of the leading German publishers in issuing an almanac for the year 1920. In a substantial and well-produced volume long extracts are given from important works which have been or are about to be published. The most interesting of these are a critical study of Gottfried Keller by the German critic Max Hochdorff, a new translation of "Peregrina de Tyre" by Karl Ettinger, the critical study of Opus Minus Ad Nymphaeum by Robert Baessi, which was reviewed in The Athenaeum for March 5 last, and a volume of important and hitherto unpublished diaries of Friedrich von Gentz, Metternich's political henchman. These last are expected to throw fresh light on European politics of the forties.
List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first number in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

- The Initiate. By his Pupil. Routledge, 1920. 7½ in. 321 pp. 7/6 n. 133

The veiled history of an adept in occult wisdom is presented in these pages by an occultist who is "a very well-known Englishman who prefers to remain anonymous." Whatever may be the source of his inspiration, its effect has undoubtedly been to make for the writer's happiness, and promises many a reader's also. The deeper aspects of the subject are dealt with in the latter half of the volume, and the result is stimulating. "Wonders never cease because they never exist." Sin is a form of childishness; it is a roundabout way to spiritual happiness instead of the direct way." "It is a strange trait in certain religious temperaments that if you prove a man's religion to him on a rational basis, he is undeniably shocked." And so on; the spirit of love and tolerance pervades every page of what is really an inspiring book.


This is the third of the "Free Lance Books," a well-printed and well-bound series of modern English and American books, translations and reprints. Mr. Mencken's translation of Nietzsche's last considerable work is lively and energetic, and his introduction is a happy example of his critical writing. Mr. Mencken has had to suffer for his admiration of the philosopher:

On the strength of the fact that I had published a book on Nietzsche in 1906, six years after his death, I was called upon [during the war] by agents of the Department of Justice, elaborately outstanding it as my duty to meet the charge that I was an intimate associate and agent of "the German monster, Nietzsche." I quote the official process verbal.

Such is life in the great Republic of the West.


150

A thorough but readable treatise on the new American method of psychology known as Behaviourism. The essential feature of this school is that it regards man purely as a "reacting mass," and endeavours to determine his reactions without importing into the observation preconceived ideas affecting interpretation. The present author, indeed, does not find it necessary to use such terms as "sensation," "perception," "attention," "will," "image," and the like. He states that he does not know what they mean, and he suggests that no one succeeds in using them consistently. This rigid insistence on unambiguous terms is certainly "scientific," and the results already achieved by the method are of great interest.

200 RELIGION.


222.12


226.4

See review, p. 540.


237.4

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Beveridge (Sir William). The Public Service in War and in Peace. Constable, 1920. 7½ in. 71 pp. paper, 2/ n. 381.1

Delivered in October, 1919, as a lecture at the London School of Economics and Political Science, the substance of this pamphlet is concerned with the changes in the Civil Service which have been brought about by the war, and with the personnel and organization of the Service in the future. Salaries and terms of service, the author thinks, should be re-examined; departments need better organization; devolution to local bodies should be widely followed; and there will be advantages in the extended use of advisory councils. Many branches of routine work "can be as well or, at an equal cost, better performed by women"; and there will be an extension of the employment of responsible women officers in association with health, factory conditions, and the like. The pamphlet is suggestive and practical.


See review, p. 543.


Sixteen chapters are responsible for the sixteen chapters of this work, and the result is a great deal of overlapping. The language is simple, the technical terms are carefully defined. The object was to help thoughtful people to answer such questions as: What do we mean by the League of Nations? Is the philosophy underlying such a League? What duties should it be called upon to perform? What shall be American relation to the League? The object is laudable, and has perhaps been attained, but the book is not one that compels a man to read it.

Hermathena, no. 42. Dublin, Hodges & Figgis (Longmans), 1920. 9 in. 174 pp. paper, 6/ 378.05

In the place of honour is a graceful tribute to John Pentland Mahaffy, the lamented Provost of Trinity, who, it is truly said, "will be missed by Irishmen of every shade of politics and every shade of opinion." A personal reminiscence of "The Evolution of the Subjective Form"; "Some Examples of Greek Arithmetic," by Dr. J. Gilbert Smyly; Mr. E. H. Alton's "Anna Perenna and Mamurius Veturius" and "Notes on the 'Cules';" and Dr. W. J. M. Starkie's bright paper entitled "An Aristotelian Analysis of the Comic." Illustrated from Aristophanes, Shakespeare, and Molière, are among the items in an excellent number.


The first article, "The British Empire, the League of Nations, and the United States," expresses the general disappointment that the greater part of Europe is in deeper distress and that the proclamation of the terms of peace; and the writer endeavours to trace the causes. The Peace of Versailles, he is declared, attempted too much. The Covenant of the League of Nations "aimed too high and too far." The course of events since the signature of peace has shown that nationalSentiment is too strong to accept the limitations imposed upon it by the Covenant." Other important articles, dealing with "International Finance Co-operation" and "The Growing Responsibility of Labour," clearly reveal the present gravity of the world situation. An able paper, "The Irish Problem Once More," ends with an eloquent appeal for a spirit of reconciliation and appeasement. The papers relating to India, and in particular to the Amritsar tragedy, are enlightening. There is much other good matter in the number.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Brook (Arthur). The Buzzard at Home. Witherby, 1920. 9 in. 38 pp. 12 pl. paper, 3/6 n. 598.2

In this record, all too brief, of Mr. Brook's watching and photographing of the buzzard during June-August, 1919, the resting-places and nests; the habits of the birds, especially when feeding their young;" the food—moles, frogs, and occasional wild ducks—and the final departure of the young, are described and depicted. The author made his observations
from a "hide" cleverly constructed hard by the buzzards' home.

Coppock (John B.). VOLUMETRIC ANALYSIS: adapted to the requirements of students entering for the internal and external examinations of Schools, Institutes, Colleges and Universities. Pitman [1920]. 7½ in. 100 pp. il. index. 3/6 n. 545.3


*Tancock (E. O.). THE ELEMENTS OF DESCRIPTIVE ASTRONOMY. Second Edition. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 7½ in. 158 pp. index. limp cl., 3/ n. 523 This is one of the clearest elementary introductions to Astronomy that we have read. The author wholly eschews the verbage—a kind of bad prose-poetry—common to many elementary books, and confines himself to describing essentials as compactly and clearly as possible. The illustrations are admirable.

700 FINET ARTS.


800 LITERATURE.

Chateaubriand (François René, Vicomte de). MÉMOIRES D'OUTRE TOMBE, première partie, livres VIII. et IX. (Chateaubriand et Anglettere). Ed. with introd. and notes by A. Hamilton Thompson. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1920. 7½ in. 120 pp. apps., 4/ n. 843.65 "Chateaubriand en Anglettere," as this is entitled on the cover, comprises those parts of the memoirs relating his life in England during 1793-1800 as a Royalist exile. Mr. Hamilton Thompson contributes an informing introduction, footnotes, chronological table, and a family tree.

The Gamut of the Poets: a saire. By VERITAS. Heath Cranton [1920]. 6½ in. 24 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 828.9 To argue lengthily is after all but twaddle; for, let us mind us just as letters make up words, so, these words do but trip their words towards, until at length they make a clear Parago [sic]. This farfago in unkempt rhymes is anything but clear to us; nor are we at all sure what it is that Veritas is trying to satirize.

O'Byrne (Dermot). RED OWEN. Dublin, Talbot Press, 1919. 7½ in. 51 pp., 2/ n. 822.9 The conflict between conventional respectability, or the instinct of the herd, and the call of imagination, poetry, romanticism, mysticism—or whatever you like to term the impulse of revolt—is the basis of this peasant drama. It is a kind of Comenius "Tambhăser" or "Faust," entirely Irish in manner; and the dialogue, though in prose, is as poetic as Synge's at his most imaginative.

Towseley (G.). MY HORIZON. Bell, 1919. 6 in. 120 pp., 3/6 n. 824.9 The main trend of these detached essays or series of reflections is ethical, and the teaching wholesome and uplifting. "Striving after Effect" exposes the viciousness of a common failing. Under "Reading" we are reminded that reading in the best of senses is its own reward, but it makes certain demands upon the reader. "Great readers are few, and, to be one of such, there is the necessity of a broad and understanding mind and heart." Virgil.


Waith (James F.). HENRY III. Allen & Unwin, 1920. 7½ in. 123 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 822.9 This is the first play in a proposed "Trilogy of Freedom," which is also to include an "Edward I." and a "Richard II." Mr. Waith has made what seems to us the mistake of trying to write in antique English. The result is, at moments, almost as peculiar as William Morris's translation of "Beowulf."

POETRY.

Anderson (John Redwood). WALLS AND HEDGES. Sidg-wick & Jackson, 1919. 7½ in. 83 pp., 3/ n. 821.9 Mr. Anderson is revealed as a poet of delicate yet virile perception, with an aptitude for word-manipulation. He is concerned with chimneys, lanes, a warehouse, an oil mill; and his freedom from conventional prejudice in subject is shown by these lines:

Rectangular,
A chaos of piled roofs that rise
Immense against the melancholy skies;
Rectangular,
The glare
Of many a lighted window square,
And here and there
Diagonal across the glow the bar
Of a great crane.

His vivid sympathy and poetic sensitiveness are particu-
larly apparent in his poems on nature. His technique
suffers occasionally from triteness of rhyme or phrasing,
but the feeling is always genuine.

Browning (Robert).

Ryle (Effie). Robert Browning: His Life and Poetry: a handbook of study, prepared for the use of adult schools and study and reading circles. National Adult School Union [1920]. 7½ in. 47 pp. paper, 6d. 821.8 Clear, concise, and instructive explanations of typical poems, which are arranged in classes illustrating Browning's development and the varied interests of his mind; notes on the initial difficulties readers meet with; and sets of stimulating questions, make up this capital little primer.

Doyle (Sir Arthur Conan). The Guards Came Through; and other poems. Murray, 1919. 7 in. 78 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 821.9 The title-piece and others show Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to be a master of evening-paper balladry. The verses go with a swing, and state the plain man's sentiments on British valour and on "all things foul and black" with energy. "The Bigot," and "Fate" voice similar feelings on the "unco guid" and on the author's recent discoveries in the psychical world.

Glanville (Henry J.). Nature Poems. With a foreword by John Oxenham. R. Scott, 1919. 7½ in. 48 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 821.9 Mr. Glanville is content to express his emotions about nature in well-worn poetical language:

In that gay garden lilies blow,—
Daintiest lilies, fragrant, bright;
And beauteous roses blossom there,—
Sweet summer roses red and white.

It is bright and pleasant enough, but the words slide from the memory like water off a duck's back.

Gleeson (J. Desmond). Songs of Saints and Sinners. E. Macdonald [1920]. 7½ in. 79 pp. boards, 5/ n. 821.9 Mr. Gleeson has a cheerful energy and gusto, but he lacks the power to give his emotions a fitting form. His poems, of which he says that they "were written with a sincerity that must take the place of their literary shortcomings," are apt to be curiously inconclusive and shapeless.

Macnicol (Nicol). Psalms of Marâthâ Saints: 108 hymns translated from the Marathi ("The Heritage of India Series"). Calcutta, Association Press (Oxford, Univ. Press) [1920]. 7½ in. 95 pp. front, index. 2/ n. 891.46 Rythmed translations from the poetry of Marâthâ saints of the 13th-17th centuries. Seventy-five of the 108 pieces in this volume are by Tukârâm, the last of the great Marâthâ saints, who flourished during the 17th century. Mr. Macnicol's versions are neat, though one wonders if it might not have been more satisfactory, from a scholarly point of view, to give exact prose renderings.
Mallett (Reddie). Poems FROM BEYOND. Watts, 1920. 71 in. 123 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

If Mackworth Praed had written the "Spoon River Anthology" this is how he would have done it. Mr. Mallett possesses a great measure of the fluency, the astonishing facility in fanning of that consummate writer of vers de société, and is placed after a dose of "Spoon River" and "Winstonbury Lines," to read something that rattles along so cheerfully as this:


Mr. Thirlmer's poems are solid and respectable, but at the same time a little dull. We never feel as we read them that thrill of excited discovery or recognition which a new illuminating phrase, or the perfect expression of some emotion we have often felt, can give us. Mr. Thirlmer comes nearest to capturing this quality of the best poetry in his poem "The Orchard," but here in no sense is he quite caught and we are left unsatisfied.

822.33 SHAKESPEARE.

Brooke (Stopford A.). ON TEN PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. Constable, 1919. 8 in. 315 pp., 7/6 n. 822.33

The sixth impression.

Brooke (Stopford A.). TEN MORE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. Constable, 1919. 8 in. 317 pp., 7/6 n. 822.33


There does not seem to be any sufficient reason for the publication of this book. In learning it is inferior to more than one existing study of Shakespeare, and the author's original comment does not inspire one with great confidence in his insight.

FICTION.


Campbell (H. M. F.). The STAR OF DESTINY. Odhams [1920]. 7½ in. 320 pp., 7/ n. 821.9

This is a stirring tale of German plotting in India. Krishna Iyer, a Hindu fanatic, is exploited by Mrs. Flora Ferguson, a spy in the pay of Germany. She entices Krishna's interest and help in her propaganda; and the heroine, Stella Hamilton, in her turn, is greatly influenced by the Indian whom she loves. The plot is discovered, Mrs. Ferguson is arrested, Krishna dies, and Stella, saved in time from the consequences of her own foolishness, returns to England.


A simple love-story, told in readable letters, which pass between the heroine, Patricia Macdonell, her aunt, "A. J. B.," and others. The correspondence deals with literary and other topics. "A. J. B." turns out to be Patricia's lover.


See review, p. 555.

Cooke (Marjorie Benton). THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS. Jarrolds [1920]. 6½ in. 304 pp., 2/ n. 813.5


See notice, p. 536.


In this, the latest member of the series of "Sagas Retold," Mr. Heawood relates how the high-hearted Thormod ("Cobrowne's Poet"), "very little of a Christian, but very much of a man," avenged the death of his friend Thorgar.


Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is an experienced writer of charming fiction. The adventures of the innocent and eminently readable Lily Fairfield at Monte Carlo, where she is temporarily the paying guest of a distant connection, a dreadful person who does not hesitate at murder, are remarkable and sensational. Several of the dramatis personae stand out in bold relief—notably the agreeable Hercules Poirot, whose task it is to track down the authors of the horrid villainy.


Stated to be founded "upon fact—or less than fact," Mr. Norris's very long, but interesting story has for its principal character Griffith Adams, who is said to be "a type of American youth, to all unfortunately familiar." Griffith is unlucky in his mother, a frivolous, reckless sort of woman, who has married three times, and is a desperate gambler; unlucky in his educational experience, and finally hand-cuffed in his search for employment, and (unsuccessful), as this is indecisive in his love-affairs. But all comes right in the end.


The hero of Miss Patterson's psychological study is a Frenchman of good family, Armand de Vaucourt, who throughout his life is powerfully influenced by women. Armand's pious and austere mother, the vipers and immoral publisher's wife, the good-natured Princesse Rounanstorff, and the neglected little Bernardette are very actual people. The feminine influences, as may be gathered, are partly good, partly bad; and their relation to Armand's career is gradually revealed in the book.

Skelton (Margaret). The BOOK OF YOUTH. Collins (1920). 8 in. 342 pp., 7/6 n.

Beginning in a Georgian manor-farm in the country, in the school years of the heroine, Monica Harthen, the action of this story passes to London, and includes a number of stirring incidents, some of which are associated with the feminist agitation during the period before the war. In the closing pages Monica has become the wife of Anthony Ralph, a young musician, and their love carries just as the troops are starting for the front. The story possesses a modern atmosphere and outlook.


Anthony Brook devises a greatly improved aeroplane, and its commercial prospects lead to a fierce conflict between two big financiers. The contest for the hand of a lady introduces further complications. Many exciting moments occur, but the inventor reaps his reward in the end.

Trigo (Felipe). ORNAS COMPLETAS. 12 vols. Madrid, Renacimiento, San Marcos, 42, 1919. 7½ in. paper, 4 pts. each. 863.8

See notice, p. 556.

Watson (Frederick). PANDORA'S YOUNG MEN. Collins (1920). 8 in. 295 pp., 7/6 n.

Readers who appreciated "The Humphries Touch" will welcome the author's new story. Pandora and her Victorian mother are "incompatibles," and the former leaves home to enter the new "Ministry of Recreation"—which is a failure, and has to be reconstituted as a "Ministry of Concentration."


A stirring romance is set in Volynia and the Ukraine, and relates to the famous Hetman of the Cossacks, Ivan Stepanovitch Maceppa, who in boyhood was bound naked to the back of a wild stallion, sent galloping into the wilds. To him the hero, Michael Falubovsky, the lover of Nathalie Kotchoubey, is sent on a mission, the nature of which is unfolded in the tale. Peter the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden are leading characters.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, ETC.


The third of a series of four books intended to cover the geographical course of a secondary school for the four years leading up to and including the year in which an examination of matriculation standard is taken. The author anticipates criticism of the wisdom of publishing a book dealing with the geography of Europe when the new frontier delimitations are
incomplete. To unlearn is laborious and confusing, and we think that it would have been better to delay the appearance of this volume a little longer.

Littlechild (W. P.), A SHORT ACCOUNT OF KING’S COLLEGE CHAPEL. Cambridge, Heffer, 1920. 61/ in. 30 pp. paper, 1/ n. 914.259

This noble example of the rich Perpendicular style of late Gothic architecture, designed by Reginald Ely, “master-mason,” possesses a roof which is probably without a peer upon the Continent, and is rivalled by very few specimens of English vaulting. The windows constitute “the finest series in the world of pictures in glass on a large scale.” The woodwork is remarkable. The memorials are of arresting interest. A building which combines these excellencies is justly world-famous, and can be neglected by no visitor to Cambridge. Mr. Littlechild’s book will be helpful to all who have the delight of seeing the chapel for the first time.


The object of this compendium is to furnish tourists with a brief but comprehensive guide to the ancient monuments of Rome, their history, purpose and architecture. It consists in the main of condensed articles on the various items of interest, which are indexed, and illustrated (not very satisfactorily) with reproductions of old engravings showing what they were like before the modern improver and restorer altered their appearance.

Sowerbutts (J. Crompton), KETTLEWELL PAST AND PRESENT. York, T. A. J. Waddington, 1920. 7 in. 50 pp. paper, 1/3 n. 914.274

The short preface to the Rev. J. Crompton Sowerbutts’ handy little guide to the delightful village of Kettlewell in Craven is a tribute by the late Professor Moorman. The topography, geology, natural history, archaeology, history, and modern features are briefly but adequately treated. The Aire in its passage from Malham Tarn does not emerge at Malham Cove, which is the exit of another subterranean stream, but at Airehead. We thought the “Lady’s slipper” (Cypripedium calceolus) was extinct, and are relieved to hear that a few flowers were seen in 1918.

*Thacker (Fred. S.), The THAMES HIGHWAY: a history of the locks and weirs. Thacker, 105, Mortlake Road, Kew, 1920. 8 in. 525 pp. il. maps, index, 12/ 6 n. 914.2 Thacker, in two other books on the subject, “The Thames” and “Thames Highway, General History,” which we reviewed at their appearance, Mr. Thacker here completes the task he had set before him by giving a methodical account of the locks and weirs, and, incidentally, of bridges, miscellaneous antiquities, lock-keepers, and such-like, working down from the source to Hammersmith. The photographs are interesting and appropriate, but the sketch-maps lack clearness.

Walbrook (H. M.), A HUNDRED YEARS OF THE ROYAL YORK, BRIGHTON. Brighton, 1920. 71/ in. 77 pp. il. 914.225

A readable sketch of the history of this well-known hotel, written in association with the hundredth anniversary of its opening, which was celebrated on September 27, 1919. Among the illustrations are reproductions of old prints, and there are several amusing caricatures, including some of Phil May’s work.

La Fayette (Gilbert Motier, Marquis de). *Morgan (George), The TRUE LA FAYETTE. Lippincott, 1919. 8 in. 489 pp. il. pos. index, 10/6 n. 920

“La Fayette, we are here!” These words of General Pershing when he landed in France, signifying that America had come to pay off the inexhaustible debt to the country of La Fayette, and had enlisted her millions in the cause that he had championed, were the inspiration for this very full, though very concise history of the man whose one great creed was liberty.

930-990 HISTORY.

Cresson (W. P.), THE COSSACKS: THEIR HISTORY AND COUNTRY. New York, Brentano’s, 1919. 8 in. 249 pp. il. por. map, $2.50. 947

Having spent two years and travelled many miles in Cossack country before and at the time of the Russian Revolution, the author was smitten with a desire to trace the history of this elusive people—a task he found to be extremely formidable. This sketch of their complicated story is the result. In the early half of the book Cossack legends and epitomes of Cossack documents—such as their arrogant and insulting letters to the Sultan and other potentates—provide a lively mixture of bariaic life. The narrative then becomes merged in the broader subject of the expansion of modern Russia.

*Dicey (Albert V.) and Railt (Robert S.), Thoughts on the UNION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND. Macmillan, 1920. 9 in. 429 pp. aps. index, 16 n. 941.06

See review, p. 539. 904


See review in last week’s ATHENEUM, p. 510.

*Hazen (Charles Downer), MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORY ("American Historical Series "). New York, Holt (Bell) 1920. 8 in. 664 pp. il. por. maps, index, 7/ 6 n. 940.9 A revised edition of the excellent text-book first published in 1917; it deals with Europe from the period antecedent to the French Revolution.

* (Sir Charles Prestwood), THE GOLD COAST AND THE WAR. Milford, 1920. 8 in. 36 pp. map, app. paper, 2/ n. 966.9

There is force in the author’s remark that the record of the Gold Coast in 1914-18, which is summarized in the pages of this brochure, admirably illustrates how well the Empire was served in the war in every part of the world and by all its provinces. The colony not only “carried on, and more than carried on,” but also gave active and substantial assistance to the Imperial Government, in men, money and material. The present account and similar records of other colonies or protectorates, “should be compiled on the same lines and published through the same channel,” will be embodied in the work on “The Empire at War,” in which the Royal Colonial Institute and the Oxford University Press hope to give a comprehensive narrative of the “co-operative effort of the Empire in the Great War.”


An attractively and copiously illustrated edition of this work, in which are descriptions of Gainsborough, Austerfield, Scrooby, Leyden, and Southampton, Plymouth and other places associated with John Robinson, Governor Winslow, William Brewster and their brethren. The book appears at an opportune time, for 1920 marks the tercentenary of the sailing of the "Mayflower."


To be able to think in terms of history is a valuable qualification for students who are to cultivate the larger view of human affairs. This little book should go some way to help them. An idea of the groundwork of English history is presumed, and an atlas must be used. The bibliography and time-chart will be serviceable.

*Printed for the Proprietors of THE ATHENÆUM by BRITISH PERIODICALS, LTD., 15 and 16, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and Published by THE ATHENÆUM PUBLISHING CO., LTD., at their Offices, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.
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Further particulars may be obtained by letter from G. Elliot, Esq., Egyptian Education Office, 28, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, to whom application should be made not later than May 22nd.

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A. C. WOOLNER,
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HERBERT REED,
Chief Education Officer.

Education Offices, 15, John Street, Sunderland.
April 13, 1920.

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F. C. SMITHARD,
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Education Offices, Beckett Street, Derby.
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By the late Rev. HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, D.D., Edited by the Rev. CANON WILFRID J. RICHMOND. The book consists of two sections—in the first an attempt is made to give Dr. Holland's thought and teaching as a coherent whole, while in the second is given a collection of his contributions to the study of the Fourth Gospel. 12s. net.

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By Professor FREDK. SODDY, F.R.S., University of Oxford. "Professor Soddy is one of the group of famous investigators who have revolutionised chemistry and physics by the experimental study of radioactivity. "We are the Professor's debtor for a most suggestive book."—Morning Post. 2nd Impression. 10s. 6d. net.

By ERNEST WEEKLEY, M.A.
Professor of French University College, Nottingham.

The Romance of Words

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"Under Professor Weekley's guidance a study of the origin and significance of surnames becomes full of fascination for the general reader."—Truth. Second Edition, 6s. net.

Surnames

"Mr. Weekley inspires confidence by his scholarly method of handling a subject which has been left, for the most part, to the amateur or the crank."—Spectator. 2nd Edition, 6s. net.

April

The Quarterly Review

Metternich and the Entente Cordiale.
The Contribution of Russia to Learning.
Some Aspects of the Italian Settimento.
Venereal Disease During the War.

The Sermons of a Poet.
The Levant Company and its Rivals.
Women and the Church.
Imperial Migration and the Clash of Races.
The 1st Lord Holland.
Germany, Turkey, Austria, and the Armenian Massacres.
The Jews as a Revolutionary Leaven.
A Strategical Retrospect.
The Economics of the Peace.
The Question of the Volga.
A National Industrial Council.

C. Ernest Fayle.

W. Morton Fulbrook.

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THE MAID OF KEINTON MANDEVILLE.

(A tribute to Sir Henry Bishop on the sixty-fifth anniversary of his death: April 30, 1855.)

I hear that maiden still
Of Keinton Mandeville
Singing, in flights that played
As wind-wafts through us all,
Till they made our mood a thrill
To their aery rise and fall,
"Should he upbraid."

Rose-necked, in sky-gray gown,
From a stage in Stower Town
Did she sing, and singing smile
As she blend that dexterous voice
With the ditty of her choice,
And banished our annoy
Therewhile.

Such song, such lure, were power
To fledge the heaviest hour
Of him who housed with her:
Who did I never knew
When her spoused estate on-drew,
And her warble flung its woo
In his ear.

Ah, she's an ancient now,
Time-trenched on cheek and brow,
Whom I once heard as a maid
From Keinton Mandeville
Of matchless mien and skill
Sing, with smile and swell and trill,
"Should he upbraid!"

THOMAS HARDY.
AN OLD LLOYD'S REGISTER

WITH the sensation that I had survived into a strange and a hostile era that had nothing
to do with me, for its affairs were not mine, I
was inside a submarine, during the war, talking to
her commander. He was unravelling for me the
shining complexity of his "box of tricks," as he
called his ship. He was sardonic (there was no doubt
he was master of the brute he so lightly villified) and
he was blithe, and he illustrated his scientific mono-
logue with stories of his own experiences in the Bight.
These to me were like the bedevilments of those
dreams from which we groan to awake, but cannot.
The curious doings of this new age, I thought as I
listened to him, would have just the same interest for
me as the relics of an extinct race of men, except for
the urgent remembrance that one of the monstrous
accidents this child knows of might happen now.
That made an acute difference. This was not night-
mare, nor ridiculous romance, but actuality. And
as I looked at this mocking youngster, I saw he was
like the men of that group on the "Queen Mary"
who were similarly mocking, for my benefit, but a
few weeks before, their expert share in forwarding
the work we had given them in this new age; and
then where were they? Ships I knew, but not such
ships as these, nor such work.

Another officer joined us, an elder man, and said
this to him was strange navigation. He was a
merchant seaman. He had served his time in sailing
ships. I asked him to name some of them, having
the feeling that I could get back to the time I knew
if I could but hail the ghost, with another survivor
from the past, of one of those forgotten ships. "Well,"
he replied, "there was the 'Cutty Sark.'"

If he had said the "Golden Hind" I should not
have been more astonished. In a sense, it was the
same thing. The "Cutty Sark" was in the direct
line with the Elizabethan ships, but at the end. That
era, though it closed so recently, was already as far
as a vague memory. The new sea engines had come,
and here we were with them, puzzled and embarrassed,
having lost our reasonable friends. I told him he
had known the "Cutty Sark," and had seen that
master of hers—a character who went about Poplar
in a Glengarry cap—who gave one of her masts (the
nuzzle, I think) a golden rooster, after he had driven
her from Sydney Heads to the Channel to break the
record—Captain Woodget. His men said it was like
living in a glass house. The effect of that casual
recolleciton on the submarine officer was distinctly
unwarlike. This memory, and not his present work,
might have been the real thing. He knew Woodget.
He wanted to know more; ever so much more. He
mentioned other ships and masters, to induce me.
I got the idea that he would let his mind, at least,
escape into that time, if only I would help him to
let it go. But there was that potent and silent
enigma about us...

No such escape for him. We have fashioned other
ships, and must use them. What we have conjured
up compels us to live with it. But when you do not
 go to sea you may have what ships you like. There is
some, but not much interest in the reappearance in
the newspapers of the sailing lists; a few of the old
names appear again, though new ships bear them.
But late at night, when a westerly wind with rain
turns for me a neighbouring yew tree into an invisible
surge, then it is the fortune of one who remembers
such as the "Cutty Sark" to choose different ships
and other times. Why not choose them? They were
comely ships, and now their time seems fair. Who
would care to remember the power and grey threat
of a modern warship, or the exotic luxury of a liner of
this new era? Nobody who remembers the gracious-
ness of the clippers, nor the pride and content of the
seaman who worked the n. To aid the illusion of the
yew, I have one of those books which are not books,
a Lloyd's Register of Shipping for 1880, that by some
unknown circuitous route found its way from its
first owner in Madras to my suburb. It goes very
well with the yew, when westerly weather comes to
unite them.

I should like to know how that book got to London.
Somewhere in it is the name of the ship which carried
it. Anyhow, I think I can make out in it the house-
flag of that ship. It was, I believe, one of J. H.
Allan's tek-built craft, a forgotten line—the "Rajah
of Cochin," the "Copenhagen," the "Lincelles"—
though only just before the war, in the South-West
India Dock, I met a stranger, a seaman looking for
work, who regretted its disappearance, and the new
company-owned steamers; for he said they were
good ships, "but more than that," he told me, "Allan
was a fine old gentleman who knew his own ships
and knew his men." This stranger said you forget a ship
now as soon as you are paid off, "and glad to"; and
"you don't ever know who owns her, even if there's a
strike. Parsons and old maids and Cardiff sharks, I reckon."

Very likely. But what sharks once were in it
have all disappeared from my Register. It belongs
to those days when, if you went to New Zealand, you
had to go by sailer; when the East India Dock had
an arcade of jibbooms and bowsprits, with sometimes
a varnished shark's tail terminal—the "Euterpe,"
"Jessie Readman," "Wanganui," "Waima,"
"Waimate," "Opawa," "Margaret Galbraith,
There were others. What is in these names? But
how can we tell? There were personal figure-heads,
there were shapely forms, each with its own narrative
of adventure, there was the undiscovered sea, and
there was youth; and these have gone.

It is all very well to say that the names and mere
words in this old Register have no more meaning
to-day than a railway time-table of the same date.
There are, hardly to be distinguished in some corners
of St. Paul's Cathedral from which night never quite
goes, certain forlorn regimental colours. Few of us
know now who bore them, and where, and why;
but imagine the deserved fate of one who would
allow a brutal word to disturb their dust. They
mean nothing, except that men, in a world where it is
easy to lose faith, treasure the few tokens of fidelity,
selflessness, courage and enterprise proved in their
fellows; and so those old staffs, to which clung faded
and dusty rags, in a real sense support the cathedral.
Poplar once was a parish whose name was more familiar in Eastern seas and on the coasts of the Americas, and stood for something greater and more august, than the names of some veritable capital cities. That vista down the East India Dock Road from North Street, past the plane trees which support the cupola of Green’s Chapel on a cloud, to the gateway of the dock which was built for John Company, was what many would remember as essential London who would pass the Mansion House as though it were a dingy and nameless tavern. At the back of that road to-day, and opposite a church which was a chapel of ease to save the crews of the East Indiamen lying off Blackwall the long walk to Stebonhithe Church, is the public library; and within that building are stored, as are the regimental colours in the cathedral, the houseflags of those very ships my Register helps me to remember—the tokens of fidelity and courage, of a service that was native, and a skill in that service which was traditional to the parish; tokens that now are dusty and in their night, understood only by the few who also belong to the past.

There is the houseflag of the “Cutty Sark” and her sister ships, the “Dharwar,” “Blackadder,” “Coldstream”—but one must be careful, and refuse to allow these names to carry one away. There are so many of them. They are all good. Each can conjure up a picture and a memory. They are like the names one reads in spring in a seed-merchant’s catalogue; they call to be written down, to be sung aloud, to be shared with a friend. But I know the quick jealousy of some old sailor, his pride wounded here by an unjustifiable omission of the ship that was the one above all others for him, is bound to be moved by anything less than a complete reprint here of the Register. How, for example, could I give every name in the fleet of the White Star of Aberdeen? Yet was not each ship, with her green hull and white spars, as moving as a lyric? Is there in London River-to-day a ship as beautiful as the old “Thermopylae”? There is not. It is impossible. There was the “Samuel Plimsoll” of that line—now a coal hulk at Gibraltar—which must be named, for she was Captain Simpson’s ship (he was commodore afterwards), the “merry blue-eyed skipper” of Froude’s “Oceana,” but much more than that, a sage and masterful Scot whose talk was worth a long journey to hear.

The houseflag of Messrs. R. & H. Green, in any reference to the ships of Blackwall, should have been mentioned first. There is a sense in which it is right to say that the founder of that firm, at a time when American craft like the Boston clippers of Donald McKay were in a fair way to leave the Red Ensign far astern, declared that Blackwall had to beat those American flyers, and did it. But that was long before the ’80’s, and when steam was still ridiculed by those who could not see it equaling clippers that had logged fourteen knots, or made a day’s run of over 300 miles. Yet some of Green’s ships came down to the end of the era, like the “Highflyer” and the “Melbourne.” The latter was renamed the “Maquarie,” and was one of the last of the clippers to come home to Poplar, and for that reason, and because of her noble proportions, her picture is kept, as a reminder, by many who wish to think of ships and the sea as they were. It is likely that most who live in Poplar now, and see next to its railway station the curious statue of a man and a dog, wonder who on earth Richard Green, Esq., used to be; though there are a few oldsters left still who remember Blackwall when its shipwrights, riggers, sailmakers and caulkers were men of renown and substance, and who can recall, not only Richard Green, but that dog of his, for it knew the road to the dock probably better than most of those who use it to-day. Poplar was the nursery of the Clyde. The flags which Poplar knew well would puzzle London now—Devitt & Moore’s, Money Wigram’s, Dutchie’s, Willis’s, Carmichael’s, Duncan Dunbar’s, Scrutton’s, and Elder’s. But when lately our merchant seamen surprised us with a mastery of their craft and a fortitude which most of us had forgotten were ever ours, what those flags represented, a regard for a tradition as ancient and as rigorous as that of any royal port, was beneath it all.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

THE BIRTH OF GOD

Night is a void about me; I lie alone;
And water drips, like an idiot clicking his tongue,
Senselessly, ceaselessly, endlessly drips
Into the waiting silence, grown
Empty for this small inhuman sound.
My love is gone, my love who is tender and young.
O smooth warm body, O passionate lips!
I have stretched forth hands in the dark and nothing found:
The silence is huge as the sky—I lie alone—
My narrow room, a darkness that knows no bound.

How shall I fill this measureless
Deep void that the taking away
Of a child’s slim beauty has made?
Slender she is and small, but the loneliness
She has left is a night no stars alloy,
And I am cold and afraid.

Long, long ago, cut off from the wolfish pack,
From the warm immediate touch of friends and mate,
Lost and alone, alone in the utter black
Of a forest night, some far-off beast-like man,
Cowed by the cold indifferent hate
Of the Northern silence, crouched in fear,
When through his bleared and suffering mind
A sudden tremor of comfort ran,
And the void was filled by a rushing wind
And he breathed a sense of something friendly and near
And in privation the life of God began.

Love, from your loss shall a god be born to fill
The emptiness, where once you were,
With friendly knowledge and more than a lover’s will
To ease despair?
Shall I feed longing with what it hungers after,
Seeing in earth and sea and air
A lover’s smiles, bearing a lover’s laughter,
Feeling love everywhere?

The night drags on: darkness and silence grow,
And with them my desire has grown,
My bitter need. Alas! I know,
I know that here I lie alone.

ALDOUS HUXLEY.
REVIEWS

SHAKESPEARE CRITICISM

A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.—THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr., Litt.D. (Lippincott, 25s. net.)

It is an exciting, though exhausting, experience to read a volume of the great modern Variorum Shakespeare from cover to cover. One derives from the exercise a sense of the evolution of Shakespeare criticism which cannot be otherwise obtained; one begins to understand that Pope had his merits as an editor, as indeed a man of genius could hardly fail to have, to appreciation the proxy and pedestrian pains of Theobald, to admire the amassing erudition of Steevens. One sees the phases of the current process by which Shakespeare was elevated at the beginning of the nineteenth century to a sphere wherein no mortal man of genius could breathe. For a dizzy moment every line that he wrote bore the authentic impress of the divine. Effavit deus. In a century, from being largely beneath criticism Shakespeare had passed to a condition where he was almost completely beyond it.

"King John" affords a good instance of the reverential attitude. The play, as is generally known, was based upon a slightly earlier and utterly un-Shakespearian production entitled The Troublesome Raigne of King John. The only character Shakespeare added to those he found ready to his hand was that of James Gurney, who enters with Lady Falconbridge after the scene between the Bastard and his brother, says four words, and departs for ever.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.


It is obvious that Shakespeare's sole motive in introducing Gurney is to provide an occasion for the Bastard's characteristic, though not to a modern mind quite obvious, jest, based on the fact that Philip was at the time a common name for a sparrow. The Bastard, just dubbed Sir Richard Plantagenet by the King, makes a thoroughly natural jibe at his former name, Philip, to which he had just shown such breezy indifference. The jest could not have been made to Lady Falconbridge without a direct insult to her, which would have been alien to the natural, blunt, and easygoing fondness of the relation which Shakespeare establishes between the Bastard and his mother. So Gurney is quite casually brought in to receive it. But this is not enough for the Shakespeare-drunk Corderidge.

For an instance of Shakespeare's power in minima, I generally quote James Gurney's character in "King John." How individual and comical he is with the four words allowed to his dramatic life!

Assuredly it is not with any intention of diminishing Corderidge's title as a Shakespearian critic that we bring forward this instance. He is the only great critic of Shakespeare; and the quality of his excellence is displayed in one of the other few notes he left on this particular play. In Act III. scene ii. Warburton's emendation of "airy" to "fiery" had in Corderidge's day been received into the text of the Bastard's lines:

Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot:
Some airy devil hovers in the sky.

On which Corderidge writes:

I prefer the old text: the word "devil" implies "fiery." You need only to read the line, laying a full and strong emphasis on "devil," to perceive the uselessness and tastelessness of Warburton's alteration.

The test is absolutely convincing—a poet's criticism of poetry. But this Corderidge went astray not once but many times, under the influence of his idolatries of Shakespeare, corroborates the general conclusion that is forced upon any-one who will take the trouble to read a whole volume of the modern "Variorum." There has been much editing, much comment—an intolerable deal of both—but singularly little criticism of Shakespeare. The pendulum has swung violently from nigiling and insensitive textual quibble to that equally distressing exercise of human ingenuity, idealistic encomium, of which there is a typical example in the opening sentence of Mr. Masefield's remarks upon the play: "Like the best Shakespearian tragedies, 'King John' is an intellectual form in which a number of people with obsessions illustrate the idea of treachery." We remember that Mr. Masefield has much better than this to say of Shakespeare in his little book; but we fasten upon this sentence because it is set before us in the "Variorum," and because it too "is an intellectual form in which a literary man with obsessions illustrates his idea of criticism." Genetically, it is a continuation of the bad element in Coleridge's Shakespeare criticism, a continual bias towards transcendentental interpretation of the obvious. To take the origin a phase further back, it is the portentous offspring of the feeble element in German philosophy (a refusal to see the object) after it had been submitted to an idle process of ferment in the flabby part of Coleridge's brain.

"King John" is not in the least what Mr. Masefield, under this dangerous influence, has persuaded himself it is. It is simply the effort of a young man of great genius to rewrite a bad play into a good one. The effort was, on the whole, amazingly successful; that the play is only a good one, instead of a very good one, is not surprising. The miracle is that anything should have been made of "The Troublesome Raigne" at all. The "Variorum" extracts show that, of the many commentators who studied the old play with Shakespeare's version, only Swinburne saw, or had the courage to say, how utterly null the old play really is. To have made Shakespeare's Falconbridge out of the old lay figure, to have created the scenes between Hubert and John, and Hubert and Arthur, out of that decrepit skeleton—that is the work of a commanding poetical genius on the threshold of full mastery of its powers, worthy of all wonder, no doubt, but doubly worthy of close examination.

But "ideas of treachery"! Into what cloud cuckoo land have we been beguiled by Coleridge's laudanum trances? A limbo—of this we are confident—where Shakespeare never set foot at any moment in his life, and where no robust critical intelligence can endure for a moment. We must save ourselves from this insidious disintegration by keeping our eye upon the object, and the object is just a good (not a very good) play. Not an Ibsen, a Hauptmann, a Shaw, or a Masefield play, where the ravages of these "ideas" are certainly perceptible, but merely a Shakespeare play, one of those works of true poetic genius which can only be produced by a mind strong enough to resist every attempt at invasion by the "idea" bacillus.

In considering a Shakespeare play the word "idea" had best be kept out of the argument altogether; but there are two senses in which it might be intelligibly used. You might call the dramatic skeleton Shakespeare's idea of the play. It is the half-mechanical, half-organic factor in the work of poetic creation—the necessary means by which a poet can conveniently explicate and express his manifold aesthetic intuitions. This dramatic skeleton is governed by laws of its own, which were first and most brilliantly formulated by Aristotle in terms that, in essentials, hold good for all time. You may investigate this skeleton, seize, if you can, upon the peculiarity by which it is differentiated from all other skeletons; you may, for instance, that "Othello" is a tragedy of jealousy or "Hamlet" of the inhibition of self-consciousness.
But if your "idea" is to have any substance it must be moulded very closely upon the particular object with which you are dealing; and in the end you will find yourself reduced to the analysis of individual characters.

On the other hand, the word "idea" might be intelligibly used of Shakespeare's whole attitude to the material of his contemplation, the centre of comprehension from which he worked, the aspect under which he viewed the universe of his interest. There is no reason to rest content with Coleridge's application of the epithet "myrrh-minded," which is, at best, an evasion of a vital question. The problem is to see Shakespeare's mind sub specie unitatis. It can be done: there never has been and never will be a human mind which can resist such an inquiry if it is pursued with sufficient perseverance and understanding.

What chiefly stands in the way is that tradition of Shakespearean which Coleridge so powerfully inaugurated, not least by the epithet "myrrh-minded." This method of approach is indicated in a critical comparison of Dante and Shakespeare which recently appeared in these pages.

But of "ideas" in any other senses than these—and in neither of these cases is "idea" the best word for the object of search—let us then as we would of the plague, in criticism of Shakespeare or any other great poet. Poets do not have "ideas"; they have perceptions. They do not have an "idea"; they have comprehension. Their creation is aesthetic, and the working of their mind proceeds from the realization of one aesthetic perception to that of another, more comprehensive if they are to be great poets having within them the principle of poetic growth. There is undoubtedly an organic process in the evolution of a great poet, which you may, for convenience of expression, call logical; but if you forget that the use of the word "logic," in this context, is metaphorical, you are doomed. You can follow out this "logical process" in a poet only by a kindred creative process of aesthetic perception passing into aesthetic comprehension. The hunt for "ideas" will only make that process impossible; it prevents the object from ever making its own impression upon the mind. It has to speak with the language of logic, whereas its use and function in the world is to speak with a language not of logic, but of a process of mind which is as least as sovereign in its own right as the discursive reason.

Away then with "logic" and away with "ideas" in the art of literary criticism; but not, in a foolish and imperceptible reaction, to revive the impressionistic criticism which has sapped the English brain for a generation past. The art of criticism is rigorous; impressions are merely its raw material; the life-blood of its activity is in the process of aesthetic ordnance of impressions.

It is time, however, to return for a moment to Shakespeare, and to observe in one crucial instance the effect of the quest for logic in a single line. In the fine scene where John hints to Hubert at Arthur's murder, he speaks these lines (in the First Folio text):

I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The Sonne is in the heaven, and the proude day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gaudes.
To give me audience: If the midnight bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowsy race of night,
II this same were a Churchyard where we stand,
And thou processed with a thousand wrongs:
O God, how many wrongs!

Then, in despight of brended watchfull day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

If one had to choose the finest line in this passage, the choice would fall upon

Sound on into the drowsy race of night.

Yet you will have to look hard for it in the modern editions of Shakespeare. At the best you will find it with the mark of corruption:

† Sound on into the drowsy race of night ("Globe");

and you run quite a risk of finding

Sound one into the drowsy race of night ("Oxford").

There are six pages of close-printed comment upon the line in the "Variorum." The only reason, we can see, why it should be the most commented line in "King John" is that it is one of the most beautiful. No one could stand it. Of all the commentators, only one, Miss Porter, whom we name honoris causa, stands by the line with any conviction of its beauty. Every other person either alters it or regrets his inability to alter it.

"How can a bell sound on into a race?" pipe the little editors. What is "the race of night"? What can it mean? How could a race be drowsy? What an awful contradiction in terms! And so, while you and I, and all the other ordinary Shakespeare lovers are peacefully sleeping in our beds, they come along with their little chisels, and chop out the horribly illogical word and pop in a horribly logical one, and we (unless we can afford the "Variorum," which we can't) know nothing whatever about it. We have no redress. If we get out of our beds and creep upon them while they are asleep—never mind—and take out our little chisels and chop off their horribly stupid little heads, we shall be put in prison and Mr. Justice Darling will make a horribly stupid little joke about us. There is only one thing to do. We must make up our minds that we have to combine in our single person the scholar and the amateur; we cannot trust these gentlemen.

And, indeed, they have been up to their little games elsewhere in "King John." They do not like the reply of the citizens of Angiers to the summons of the rival kings:

A greater powre then We denyes all this,
And till it be undoomed, we do Locke
Our former sculpes in our strong-Hart'd gates;
Kings of our feare, until our fears resolvd.
Be by some certaine king, purgd and deposd.

Admirable sense, excellent poetry, But no! We must not have it. Instead we are given "King'd of our fears" ("Globe") or "Kings of ourselves" ("Oxford"). Bad sense, bad poetry.

They do not like Pandalph's speech to France:

France, thou must hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger by the tooth.
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

"Cased," caged, is too much for them. We must have "chaeld," in spite of

If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent.

Again, the Folio text of the meeting between the Bastard and Hubert in Act V., when Hubert fails to recognize the Bastard's voice, runs thus:

Unkind remembrance: thou and endless nig'l.
Have done me shame. Brave Soldier, pardon me
That I may see it breaking from the tongue
Should scarce the true acquaintance of mine ear.

This time "endless" is not poetical enough for the editors. Theobald's emendation "eyeless" is received into the text.

One has only to read the brief scene through to realize that Hubert is worried and obsessed by the night that will never end. He is overwrought by his knowledge of news sitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible,

and by his long wandering in search of the Bastard:

Vive, here I wait in the black howl of night
To end you o! o!

Yet the dramatically perfect "endless" has had to make way for the dramatically stupid "eyeless." Is it surprising that we do not trust these gentlemen?

J. M. M.
MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG

Out of My Life. By Marshal von Hindenburg. (Cassell. 31s. 6d. net.)

We think it was Mr. H. G. Wells who remarked that some people seem to be "in character" all their lives. The same thing has been more scientifically expressed in Mr. Trotter's study of what he calls the "stable type"—people comparatively immune from mental conflicts, who early and easily make assumptions, moral, political and what-not, which are henceforth firm and unalterable. This quality of stability seems to be absolutely essential to success in practical pursuits; we expect it in a railway magnate, in a statesman, in a judge and in a soldier. We know that what is common to all these men is a vigour of conviction, a blindness to alternatives, a simplicity of emotional reaction, which artists and other unstable types can seldom compass. There is something impressive about unhesitating belief and action; even when we realize that it testifies not only to energy, but, in many cases, to something very like stupidity, it is easier to despise at a distance than at close quarters. It is true, nevertheless, that the stable type has its limitations—that its limitations, indeed, are essential to its achievements. Human beings, like horses, go straightest when in blinkers. In war-time these limitations become particularly important and desirable. It becomes necessary to one's mental comfort to acquire unshakable beliefs, of what kind is largely indifferent, and numbers of people suffer spiritual agonies in trying to convince themselves that they cannot see round the corner. The man who is genuinely blind to side-turnings then becomes an object of envy to the philosopher, and of admiration to a group; if his blindness is of the kind that the majority possesses he may become a national hero.

In this account of Hindenburg's life we are given an opportunity of studying the characteristics of this type in some detail. The first thing that strikes us is the extraordinary lack of plasticity in the man; combined with this is a doubt whether, as a child, Hindenburg was not quite as extraordinarily plastic. In describing his early education he states that his parents endeavoured to give us the best thing that parents can ever give—a confident belief in our Lord God and a boundless love for our Fatherland and—in whatever regard as the prop and pillar of that Fatherland—our Prussian Royal House.

It seems that such beliefs can be inculcated—certainly Hindenburg has held them unshakably throughout his life. But we wonder, in passing, whether other beliefs could have been as deeply planted. Could Hindenburg have been brought up in an equally convinced Bolshevist? It sounds fantastic, but can we assume that some men are predestined to be fanatically loyal to the Prussian Royal House? We must rather suppose that, as a child, Hindenburg was remarkably plastic. And yet, after a short time, he is granite. Like some kind of jelly, his mental substance "set" early and hard. Henceforth he is deaf to the teachings of experience; he walks assuredly in a clear, simple world; all objects have clear-cut outlines and are either black or white. All shapes which are not elementary and all shades that are intermediate are totally invisible. He is, in fact, a "strong" man. Perhaps the most perplexing of these "confident beliefs," derived from his parents, is the confident belief in "our Lord God." Hindenburg was a soldier, acquainted with battles. He also possessed a generous share of German sentimentality. Yet his confident belief never wavered. Did he ever see, we wonder, that any problem was involved? Have we here, a key to the mysterious stability of these men? Is it possible for the human mind to develop strata, as it were, which are completely unrelated to one another, so that the region of confident belief, for example, never makes contact with "sensation," "perception," and the other elements of the philosopher? It is not enough to say that such beliefs are merely rudimentary. Hindenburg's beliefs were attended with great emotional energy. When his Emperor said something like "Good-morning," to him as a young man, or even only looked at him, he was in ecstasy. His later close acquaintance with the next Emperor does not affect this feeling. It seems to be completely independent of all human attributes in its object, and yet to be excited by the presence of the object. Perhaps, in his dark researches, Sir James Frazer has met with analogous emotional states; doubtless something is "imputed" to the object, whether it be an Emperor or a tree. Unfortunately Hindenburg finds nothing mysterious in his conception of loyalty and gives us no explanation.

When we say that Hindenburg was a loyalist, a patriot, a conventional moralist, and that to the service of these convictions he brought a formidable physical and emotional energy, we really have, with some completeness, produced a formula which describes him. Simple deductions may be made, e.g., that he was very fond of hunting, and gives no sign of being interested in the arts. He dislikes politics chiefly because, so far as we can make out, politics has to take other people's feelings into account. As he says, "A powerful, self-contained State in Bismarck's sense was the world in which I preferred my thoughts to move." It would be truer to say it was the world in which he could not prevent his thoughts moving. As we have said, alternatives do not exist for him. In describing the German Revolution he says: "The Revolution was winning. Let us not waste time on discussing the reasons." He could not discuss the reasons; he would have found the reasons, in all strictness, unassimilable. In the same way the German collapse can teach him nothing. It would still teach him nothing had it been a hundred times as great. In that world in which his thoughts move there can come no rift, no outside light can penetrate its concrete.

I have an unshakable conviction that, as in those days, our historical continuity with our great and glorious past will be preserved or restored where it has been broken.

It is indeed an unshakable conviction; it is independent of evidence or even of his own volition.

I have often been asked the question on what I based my hopes of victory in 1918 when even in the days of 1914-1915 I could only point to my faith in the justice of our Cause and my confidence in our Fatherland and the Army.

In other words, those early acquired confident beliefs in God and Germany. And the third confident belief is just as unshakable as the others. He is speaking of the future: "Then from the tempestuous seas of our national life will once more emerge that rock—the German Imperial House . . . ." And so his world, his only possible world, is once more re-established.

What else Hindenburg has, besides this amazing force of character, it is difficult to discover. In all his military achievements he is inextricably associated with Ludendorff. Hindenburg obviously stands in awe of Ludendorff; his attitude is not that of an equal. But, whichever was the able man, it was a sound instinct that selected Hindenburg as the national hero. Ludendorff was too realistic to play that rôle. He was not strong enough to ignore facts with the superb unconsciousness of a Hindenburg. The German people felt that in all circumstances, of triumph or disaster, Hindenburg, "unshakably convinced," would remain imperturbably the same. And they were justified. When his army and his country collapsed, when the men who had adored him rejected everything he stood for, when his God declared himself against Germany and his countrymen seemed to him a nation of traitors, when, finally, his Emperor abdicated and fled, Hindenburg, unshakably convinced, remained at his post.

J. W. N. S.
A NOBLE ROMAN

Father Maturin. By Maisie Ward. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

Maturin’s secession, we read in the “Letters” of Canon Bright, is of much less importance than would have attached to an Englishman with a more balanced mind to an emotional, or, at least, a highly sensitive and excitable Celt.” More delicately does Father Herbert Vaughan, who was a colleague of Maturin’s in his Roman Catholic days, writes in the present biography: “There was, perhaps, a certain lack of discipline in his character.” No doubt Father Vaughan knew the story recounted by Miss Maisie Ward of how Maturin, on being asked by a Cardinal Archbishop what he considered the greatest obstacle to the spread of Catholicism in England, replied, “Your Eminence, I should say it was yourself.” If he was able to say such things in the green shady of his Roman Promised Land, we can guess the kind of things he must have said beneath the dry sticks of Anglican prelacy. No wonder the Canons went off at the very name of him!

Basil Maturin was the son of Dr. Maturin of Grange-gorman, who occupied, Miss Ward recalls, “the rare, at that date almost unique position of a Tractarian clergyman in Ireland.” According to George Tyrrell’s autobiography, the “terrible old Doctor” occupied a position even more Athenian than that. Not only, it seems, did he ban Popery and Dissent with the utmost rigour of his school; he also held that “at the first synod of the disestablished Irish Church, when the Prayer Book was expurgated and the Lectionary altered, the whole of that Church had gone into schism, and that he alone was left, a solitary Jeremiah, to weep over the fallen city.” It was not unnatural in these circumstances that his son should seek a Zoar for the parental creed in England, and in 1873 he entered the Cowley community at Oxford.

The “Society of St. John the Evangelist,” to give this brotherhood its official title, had been founded seven years before by the Rev. Richard Menz Benson, in whom a tenacity of purpose as great as Dr. Maturin’s own was united to a cool common-sense and a streak of grim humour. At a moment when the “revival of monasticism” suggested to pulpit-lording ladies an entertaining vision of sandals, cowls and Gothic traceries, he hired two adjoining villas of a peculiarly Victorian dullness in Oxford’s most modern outgrowth, and invited his handful of associates to live the Egyptian desert saints without the décor. The astonishing experiment succeeded, and restored to the Church in England the romance it had lacked since the days of Lantock. A quarter of a century later, when the stern old mystic’s eyes were dim, and his steps in need of support, these lodgings had become the “Mother House” of an order whose missionaries were travelling in four continents, and the tin chapel had given place to a great monastic church which in the severe grandeur of its architecture, the perfection of its psalmody, and the restrained splendour of its worship translates into outward shape the Founder’s mind.

With that mind the susceptible, passionate nature of Basil Maturin can never have been in true harmony. “My dearest Papa,” he writes home in the flush of his postulancy, “I hardly know how to tell you what I am going to write about, or rather to write so as to show you how serious and in earnest I am.” In this excited strain the letters bubbles on to the end. It is engagingly sincere, but—

We look again at Benson’s portrait, and know that the breach is bound to come. Maturin, whether he desires it or not, will work his way from the eternal restraint, the inflexible balance of Cowley into a warmer, more intimate home for his soul. Look beneath the surface of the long vacillation that did not end till 1897, and it appears one protracted struggle between the man who in his silence, his reserve, his dogged toil in a Church that drives, like a ship dismayed, before the gale, embodies the noblest type of Anglican piety, and the man who with his oratorical gifts, his craving for sympathy, his love of frank assurances in religion, already displays the winning charm of Rome.

It was not because he ever regretted his choice, but because of the human failings that beset officialdom (such failings as led to the epigram quoted above), that Father Maturin’s Roman Catholic life had a tinge of sadness. He did not, we gather, quite find his niche, though the blaze of his eloquence proved as seductive in his new Church as in his old. Condemned by his own life—history to be the oracle of intending converts, he would never let them do what he thought right so long as there was a chance that their motives were wrong, and he never spoke or wrote a word that could wound the members of the Church he had renounced. His end was sudden, among the victims of the Lusitania. “Survivors from the ship related,” his biographer tells us, “that they saw him standing on the deck very pale, but perfectly calm, giving absolution to several passengers.” Very pale, but perfectly calm—“a surface weakness and an underlying steadfastness. The death was just an epitome of the life,”

D. L. M.

THE VISION OF LORD KITCHENER

Life of Lord Kitchener. By Sir George Arthur. 5 vols. (Macmillan. 52s. 6d. net.)

Sir George Arthur thinks that it is possible that at the last moment, when the “Hampshire” went down, Lord Kitchener, whose eyes in life had “always strained to pierce the future” was permitted “in God’s good mercy” to see “in the storm and in the darkness, and in the death agony, the Vision of the Eternal.” We admit the possibility and also Sir George Arthur’s right to his opinion upon so important a question. The conjecture occurs upon the one thousand and twenty-seventh page of his book; the previous 1,026 pages deal with all the other moments of Kitchener’s 66 years of life, but no evidence is given that at any moment of those 66 years a Vision of the Eternal was vouchsafed to Kitchener in God’s good mercy. That is where we quarrel with Sir George Arthur and his biography. Biographically, the vision which comes to a great man in his death agony seems to us of no importance; it must remain always a subject of reverent and curious conjecture. What we demand of a biographer and a biography is that they should tell us what was the vision of the great man at some moments of his life which preceded the death agony. But here Sir George, through his three long volumes, gives us no help at all. At the end we know no more about Lord Kitchener’s vision than we did at the beginning. It is possible—if we may be allowed our own eschatological conjectures—that the fact gives satisfaction to the Field-Marshal in the other world, for we learn that during his life “an imperceptible intrusion into his thoughts he could treat with unforgettable severity.”

If the book tells the vision of Kitchener’s vision, it does leave us with a vision of Kitchener. At the beginning of the third volume there is a photograph of a Field-Marshal’s uniform with a man inside it. Possibly this might more accurately be described as the photograph of a pair of Field-Marshal’s boots with two legs inside them, the whole surrounded by a Field-Marshal’s baton, medals, and orders. No philosopher can mistake the real meaning of this photograph: it gives a representation of what Plato would call the Field-Marshalness of a Field-Marshal, or Aristotle the πνεύμα τοῦ Φίλος of a Field-Marshal. Even that is not philosophically accurate, for we have here not a picture of the essence of a Field-Marshal, but rather
a representation of what the photographer and his subject thought to be the British public's idea of the vō τῆς ὑποδαίρου of a British Field-Marshal. The truth of this statement will be confirmed by turning to the photograph at the beginning of Vol. II. Here we have a photograph of the uniforms of a General Commander-in-Chief in India and of his Staff, all with men inside them; but in the forefront of the group are two small spaniels, one with a piece of paper in its mouth. The effect of these spaniels is startling; they have defied the photographer and the biographer; they are unconscionably alive, the only human beings in the photograph and the biography.

If the reader will take these two photographs and compare them with any of the statues of British Generals, statesmen, or heroes in the neighbourhood of Whitehall and Piccadilly, he will get further light upon the biographical method of Sir George Arthur. If the photograph is a representation in two dimensions of the British public's idea of what a British General should be, the statues are precisely the same thing in three dimensions. And this biography is again the same thing manufactured out of words, printed ink, and paper. It is possible, of course, that Lord Kitchener really was only what these sumptuous and pompous volumes represent him to have been, a paste-board figure of a strong, silent man whose heart of gold would melt and whose eyes would fill with tears at the appropriate moment. Yet the vision seems to be almost too complete, too like the photograph of the Field-Marshall's uniform, and the statue of Miss Cavell. We read, for instance, that this stern soldier "would often wistfully say: 'I have no home.'" "A power of witty repartee was always latent" (its latency possibly accounts for the fact that no instance of it relieves the seriousness of these thousand pages). "But he had no joy in the double merchant of an impending jest," and when he found himself at "a somewhat improper French light opera," he showed "unmistakable discomfort. He was half puzzled, half dismayed, that any intelligent person should care to see such a piece; interest in the veiled indecencies was as unintelligible to him as the indecencies were themselves intolerable." When the war broke out, it was not only surmised that the Finger of God was writing history in order to "vindicate Divine Justice and Human Right," but also there came the natural conviction that "a great leader [i.e., Lord Kitchener] had been providentially called to the work."

It will be seen from these few quotations that we are here in the region not of realities and human beings, but of essences, biographical and patriotic essences. There is only one instance recorded in these three volumes where it is possible to see a human being inside the Field-Marshall's boots; and that is where Kitchener got very angry when someone looted his table. It is impossible that any human being, outside the world of the penny novelette, could have got himself into the psychological condition of Sir George Arthur's Lord Kitchener, and it is most unfortunate that the biographer should have considered it to be part of his duty to eliminate all the creases and wrinkles which make character, because it is quite probable that Kitchener had a rather interesting character. To attempt a reconstruction of it is now impossible, so effectively has the pumice-stone of the official biography done its work. But even that is not the greatest fault of these three volumes; they contrive somehow or other to make it almost impossible to form a judgment upon Kitchener's objective achievements as a General and an administrator. They leave upon the reader the impression that in Sir George Arthur's opinion Kitchener was, by his achievements, a great man, a great soldier with that "strategic intuition" which always goes with military genius, a great statesman and administrator, and finally a great leader chosen at a great moment by the Finger of God to write history. If we are to accept this estimate, we must do so almost entirely upon the word of the biographer, because his biographical methods usually leave us without the necessary material for forming our own judgment. One instance of this will suffice.

As a political administrator, Kitchener's reputation must depend upon his work in Egypt, and his Five Feddan Law must be the test of his constructive statesmanship. Sir George Arthur devotes two large volumes to Kitchener's activities before the Great War, and it might have been thought that he could have found room for giving us the material for understanding and judging the Five Feddan Law. The whole subject is dismissed in two and a half pages. The reader has to read the whole two and a half pages before he is given any material for understanding what exactly the law was, and he then finds part of the text of it tucked away in a footnote. He is also informed that "Kitchener's reform stood justified, and since his day the Five Feddan Law has brought contentment and prosperity into thousands of humble homes"; but he is given no figures or facts in support of this statement, and he is expected to accept it on the word of Sir George Arthur. But of all the problems which confront the administrator in the East none is more important, or has hitherto proved more insoluble, than that of the indebtedness of the peasantry to the expropriative Five Feddan Law has not escaped severe criticism, and something more than Sir George Arthur's assurance about the "humble homes" is required to meet it.

There is, in fact, no proof that Kitchener was a great statesman. There is considerable proof that he was not a great general. The Sudan campaign, by which he made his reputation, was certainly not a great feat of arms; it revealed no strategic genius, and it showed that at the crucial moment, when confronted with the enemy on the battlefield, Kitchener was afflicted by that fatal indecision which distinguishes the second-rate from the first-rate commander. He was only once, at Paardeberg, in command of a large body of troops against a civilized and well-armed enemy. His operations failed badly, and, though Sir George Arthur defends him manfully, the fact remains that the failure was due to Kitchener's methods and tactics. As a General, he belonged to the school of Fabius Cunctator, which is not a school of genius. His talents were those of the first-class entrepreneur. He worked slowly and liked to work slowly, building up an immense and intricate organization, and, in the best English tradition, assuring himself that the whole and each minutest detail was of the finest quality. It was these characteristics which made his achievements in the Boer War and the Great War possible and remarkable. Only an Englishman, or possibly a German, could have stolidly sat himself down to wire in the Transvaal, or again in 1914 could have sat himself down to create the Kitchener Armies. These are the achievements not of genius, but of a capacity for stubbornly taking pains which is probably more effective than genius.

Sir George Arthur, it will be seen, leaves us with no real vision of either Kitchener or his work. But there is one characteristic which the unreality, the romantic haze, and all the clichés of this biography cannot conceal. Kitchener had a real simplicity and honesty of mind, very rare in the world of politicians and soldiers in which he moved. You can see this in his straightforward, statesmanlike, and unsuccessful efforts, against Lord Milner, to obtain a "just peace" with the Boers in the beginning of 1901; and you can see it in his honest belief that "treason can go no further than for an Indian newspaper to speak of the King-Emperor as drunken, careless, sinful, and tyrannical."

L. W.
ALMS
THE MARBECK INN. By Harold Brighouse. (Odham's, 7s. 6d.)
LIGHT-UP TIME. By Ivor Brown. (R. Cobden-Sanderson, 7s. net.)

No; our case is not really as desperate as it seems to believe. We are standing on the back-door step with an empty bag, ready for anything as you may care to part with, sir; we are not sitting at the window of the dead drawing-room, wondering whether the couple on the opposite pavement is engaged or married or likely to be engaged and married. It is true that we have a lean and hungry look, but, oh, that our sympathetic entertainers would realize it is not to be changed by the crutches and the leavings they are so boundlessly willing to bestow! Nothing will satisfy us but to be invited as guests to the rich banquet—but to feel that our host is, for the wonderful time, our new discovered and yet mysterious friend.

We open novel after novel, we turn page after page, and there are the authors rummaging in dusty cupboards, turning over heaps of discarded garments to find something to fling at us; but our pity for their misguided impulse is always with satisfaction at the sight of so much cheerfulness. Can it be that they are enjoying themselves? We can understand the noble satisfaction derived from the performance of an act of charity, but the confidence, the buoyancy, the assurance which is the keynote of these novels is different and tempts us to cry, “Danger.” It is so fatally easy, in giving away what one does not need, to delude oneself that the gift really, after all, is no mean one—to find as one brings it into the light and dusts it down and hands it over how a surprising freshness and newness. How otherwise are we to account for the “air” with which Mr. Brighouse and Mr. Ivor Brown present their heroes, Sam Branstone, in “The Marbeck Inn” and Peter Penruddock of “Lighting up Time”?

Now Sam Branstone was the son of a railway porter and a strong, silent mother. He lived in a mean street in the city of Manchester. In Chapter I, we are told how, through his saving a boy’s life, the father of the rescued boy gives Sam his first start in life by sending him to the Grammar School. He is ambitious, and his mother is ambitious for him.

You are to picture Anne, with her forty years of a working woman’s life behind her, wrestling with algebra and trigonometry, blazing a trail for Sam to follow. It was heroic, and by some mental freak, successful. Day after day, in the intervals of cooking, cleaning, washing, she studied the text-books which so puzzled him. She had no education in particular, nothing but a general capacity and a monstrous will.

So with his mother’s aid he succeeds at school, and leaves to enter the office of an estate agent.

Meantime, he grew in knowledge of the world, and education came to Sam, not in the cloistered freedom of the Isis, but where in Manchester he went collecting rents. His eye for the main chance had always been on the corner and as on the straight high road.

In course of time Sam falls in love with Ada, “whose intimate clothing was flannelette,” and marries her against his mother’s will. He makes money by scoring off persons, institutions and things, and finally owns a publishing business. The mud of Manchester, we are told, is thick upon him. Enter Ethel, a real woman who determines to save him, to rid him of the mud and to reveal him a sparkling Sam, which she accomplishes by taking him away with her to the Marbeck Inn, sacrificing herself to him, and making him bathe in pools and rivers and tans and all places where water is, that the physical act of cleansing may be unto him a symbol.

She succeeds, but not before there has been a struggle between the lawful wife of Sam and his mother, who reappears upon the scene to wrestle with more complicated algebraic problems. And the end is Marbeck Inn again with the prospect of an infant Samuel. Then there you are. That’s Sammy Branstone for you!” cries Mr. Brighouse, handing us this lifeless figure in a frock coat with a moustache that droops over his mouth. “And there’s Anne. There’s Sam’s mother. There’s a woman for you!” he declares, setting down before us a pair of elastic-sided boots, an umbrella and a black bonnet. But his generosity does not stop at that. He goes on measuring yard upon yard of Manchester goods until—we had rather go empty-handed away than burdened with such a parcel.

Mr. Ivor Brown’s charitable dole takes the form of a theatrical novel. It tells how Peter Penruddock took pity on Mary Maroon, an actress whose success was on the wane, and engaged herself as her advance agent for a tour in the provinces. We have no doubt, of course, that the tour is going to be a remarkable success, owing to the remarkable ingenuity of Peter. There will be occasional setbacks: Monday nights which are “frosty,” little difficulties among the company, occasional displays of the familiar theatrical jealousy, and so on. We are not in the least surprised when a Lord appears on the scene, but we are mildly surprised at his immense importance in the author’s eyes. There is also a Honourable Cynthia who has had a family scrap with her papa and is come to Peter for a job.

“I wasn’t constructed for use. You see, I was educated at a more frightfully expensive school. . . . I believe it cost hundreds to get through the doors.”

“Did you get your money’s worth?”

“I learned comportment,” she said, and, putting her legs against the fireplace, lit another cigarette.

“Not a blue stocking then?”

“No, black milanes. Of course the price is awful, but then the cheap ones ladder straight away.”

Here is a typical example of Mr. Brown’s humour. After “sampling” it the reader will not be surprised to know he makes play with tinned salmon and boarding-house ham and a bottle of stout, and that there is a comic line here and . . .

But enough. Were we the beggars that these authors and their kind suppose us to be, we should not weep and make our moan for what we lack, but for what is ungrudgingly, unblushingly thrust upon us.

K M.

It seems a pity that Mr. Robert Scott’s series of “Hand books of Catholic Faith and Practice” is not more uniform in character. It has contained specimens of learned theology and history in Mr. Prestige’s study of “The Virgin Birth” and Professor Whitney’s admirable little treatise on “The Episcopate and the Reformation,” and of simplified theology and history in Mr. Hartry’s “Catholic or Roman Catholic” and Canon Oliphant’s “Reunion.” Now in “The Eucharistic Sacrifice,” by Dr. Darwell Stone (3s. 6d. net), we have only a course of popular sermons, cleft out with some technical notes, a disappointment which is almost ironical when we reflect that Dr. Stone is the greatest of English experts on all questions of Eucharistic doctrine, practice and history. Assuredly the sermons are excellent, and full of the calm spirituality that makes all Dr. Stone’s devotional utterances a real refreshment to the spirit, but more solid fare than this must be provided if the series is to continue its usefulness.

An agreeable publication on the same subject is “The Sung Eucharist,” by Mr. J. C. H. How, Precentor of Trinity College, Cambridge (Cambridge, Heffer, 2s. net), which provides simple and well-written instructions on Eucharistic doctrine, an analysis of the Liturgy with ceremonial directions, and Marbeck’s musical setting to the Mass. The printing and cover of the little manual are delightful, and it should make its mark among a crowd of competitors.
MARGINALIA

There are some people to whom the most difficult to obey of all the commandments is that which enjoins the utterance of oaths. Theprevailance of folly, its monumentality, unchanging permanence, and its almost invariable triumph over intelligence are phenomena which they cannot contemplate without experiencing a passion of righteous indignation or, at the least, of ill-temper. Sages like Anatole France, who can probe and anatome human stupidity and still remain serenely detached, are rare. These reflections were suggested by a book recently published in New York and entitled "The American Credo." The authors of this work are those enfants terribles of American criticism, Messrs. H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. They have compiled a list of four hundred and eighty-eight articles of faith which form the fundamental Credo of the American people, prefacing them with a very entertaining essay on the national mind:

Truth shifts and changes like a cataract of diamonds; its aspect is never precisely the same at two successive moments. But error flows down the channel of history like some great stream of lava or infinitely lethargic glacier. It is the one relatively fixed thing in a world of chaos.

To look through the articles of the Credo is to realize that there is a good deal of truth in this statement. Such beliefs as the following—not by any means confined to America alone—are probably at least as old as the Great Pyramid:

That if you, woman, about to become a mother, plays the piano every day, her baby will be born a Victor Herbert.

That the accumulation of great wealth always brings with it great unhappiness.

That it is bad luck to kill a spider.

That water rots the hair and thus causes baldness.

That if a bride wears an old garter with her new linen, she will have a happy married life.

That children were much better behaved twenty years ago than they to-day.

And most of the others in the collection, albeit clothed in forms distinctively contemporary and American, are simply variations on notions as immemorial.

Inevitably, as one reads "The American Credo," one is reminded of an abler, a more pitiless and ferocious onslaught on stupidity, I mean Swift's "Complete Collection of Genteel and Ingenious Conversation," according to the most polite mode and method now used at Court and in the Best Companies of England. In three Dialogues, By Simon Wagstaff, Esq." I was inspired after reading Messrs. Mencken and Nathan's work to refresh my memories of this diabolic picture of the social amenities. And what a book it is! There is something almost appalling in the way it goes on and on, a continuous, never-ceasing stream of imbecility. Simon Wagstaff, it will be remembered, spent the best part of forty years in collecting and digesting these gems of polite conversation:

I can faithfully assure the reader that there is not one single witty phrase in the whole Collection which has not received the Stamp and Approbation of at least One Hundred Years, and how much longer it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterdem and authentic.

How genuine, sterdem and authentic Mr. Wagstaff's treasures of polite conversation are is proved by the great number of them which have withstood all the ravages of time, and still do as good service to-day as they did in the early seventeen hundreds or in the days of Henry VIII.: "Go, you Girl, and warm some Fresh Cream." "Indeed, Madam, there's none left; for the Cat has eaten it all." "I doubt it was a Cat with Two Legs." "And pray, What News, Mr. Neverout?" "Why, Madam, Queen Elizabeth's dead." (It would be interesting to discover at exactly what date Queen Anne took the place of Queen Elizabeth in this grand old repartee, or who was the monarch referred to when the Virgin Queen was still alive. Aspirants to the degree of B. or D.Litt. might do worse than to take this problem as a subject for a Thesis.)

Some of the choicest phrases have come down in the world since Mr. Wagstaff's day. Thus, Miss Notable's retort to Mr. Neverout, "Go, teach your Gramam to suck Eggs," could only be heard now in the dormitory of a preparatory school. Others have become slightly modified. Mr. Neverout says, "Well, all Things have an End, and a pudden has two." I think we may flatter ourselves that the modern emendation, "except a roly-poly pudding, which has two," is an improvement.

Mr. Wagstaff's second dialogue, wherein he treats of Polite Conversation at meals, contains more phrases that testify to the unbroken continuity of tradition than either of the others. The conversation that centres on the sirlon of beef is worthy to be recorded in its entirety:

Lady Smart. Come, Colonel, handle your Arms. Shall I help you to some Beef?

Colonel. If your Ladyship please; and, pray, don't cut like a Mother-in-law, but send me a large Slice; for I love to lay a good Foundation. Sir, this Noble; tis my Duty. Neverout. Ay; here's cut and come again.

Miss. But, pray; why is it call'd a Sir-loyn?

Lord Smart. Why, you must know that our King James the First couldn't good Eating, being invited to Dinner by one of his Nobles, and seeing a large Loyne of Beef at his Table, he drew out his Sword, and, in a Frivolity, knighted it. Few people know the Secret of this.

How delightful it is to find that we have Mr. Wagstaff's warrant for such gems of wisdom as, "Cheese digests everything except itself," and "If you eat till you're cold, you'll live to grow old!" If they were a hundred years old in his day they are fully three hundred now. Long may they survive! I was sorry, however, to notice that one of the best of Mr. Wagstaff's phrases has been, in the revolution of time, completely lost. Indeed, before I had read Aubrey's "Lives," Lord Sparkish's remark, "Come, box it about; 'twill come to my Father at last," was quite incomprehensible to me. The phrase is taken from a story of Sir Walter Raleigh and his son.

Sir Walter Raleigh, [says Aubrey] being invited to dinner to some great person where his son was to goe with him, he sayd to his son, "Thou art expected to-day at dinner to goe along with me, but thou art an unruly and affronting child and I am ashamed to have such a bear in my company." Mr. Walter humbled himselfe to his father and promised he woulde behave himselfe mighty mannerly. So away they went; and the next day was very much in demand at last halfe dinner time. Then sayde he, "I this morning, not having the feare of God before my eies, but by the instigation of the devil, went . . . ."

At this point Mr. Clark, in his edition, suppresses four lines of Aubrey's text; but one can imagine the sort of thing Master Walter said.

Sir Walter, being strangely surprized and putt out of countenance at so great a table, gives his son a damned blow over the face. His son, as rude as he was, would not strikes his father, but strikes over the face the gentleman that sate next to him and sayd, "Box about; 'twill come to my father anon." 'Tis now a common-proverb.

And so it still deserves to be; how, when and why it became extinct, I have no idea. Here is another good subject for a thesis.

There are but few things in Mr. Wagstaff's dialogue which appear definitely out of date and strange to us, and these superannuations can easily be accounted for. Thus the repeal of the Criminal Laws has made almost incomprehensible the constant references to hangings made by Mr. Wagstaff's personages. The oaths and the occasional mild grossesses have gone out of fashion in mixed polite society. Otherwise their conversation is in all essentials exactly the same as the conversation of the present day. And this is not to be wondered at; for, as a wise man has said:
Speech at the present time retains strong evidence of the survival in it of the functions of bird recognition. The function of conversation is ordinarily regarded as being the exchange of ideas and information. Doubtless it has come to have such a function, but an objective examination of ordinary conversation shows that the actual conveyance of ideas takes up so small a part of it that we would, if we could see the exchange, take it for granted to consist of ideas which are necessarily common to the two speakers and are known to be so by each. Conversation between persons unknown to one another is apt to be rich in the exchange of ideas. In ordinary conversation there is a tendency to exchange ideas which are not common to the two speakers. The exchange of ideas is a common practice in the church and in the schools. But the exchange of ideas is not limited to the church and the schools. The exchange of ideas is a common practice in all human societies. The exchange of ideas is a common practice in all human societies. The exchange of ideas is a common practice in all human societies.

[...]

**Autolycus.**

**THE MECHANICS OF ELIZABETHAN PLAYWRITING.**

Not all the flowering of genius in the Elizabethan age, remarkable as that flowering was, suffices to explain the fact that many of the plays written in the three decades between 1580 and 1620, as well as the English stage had the good fortune to produce in the next three centuries. How chanced it that, although dramatic genius was not lacking in seventeenth-century France, neither Corneille, Racine nor Molière ever rose to Shakespearean heights? Don't tell me that more dramatists were drawn to the Elizabethan stage when the plot had become more complex, the characters more intricate, and the language more refined. If the French had the inferior dramatic capacity, Paris would, in the eighteenth century, never have become, what she long remained, the centre of the theatrical world. The real truth of the matter is that in seventeenth-century France the mechanics of the playwright's art hindered, while in Elizabethan England they helped. In large degree the Elizabethan constellation owed its superiority to its political condition. Of that contemporary the Three Unities. No English dramatist was expected to dance his hornpipe in fetters; Jonson essayed the feat, and for a time the spectators marvelled—only to desert him for the normal, nimbler jigging of a Shakespeare or a Haywood. In good sooth, rare and rugged old Ben apart, the Elizabethan dramatist troubled himself little about rules. Generally more absorbed in making lucid narration of a popular story than in moulding a new and shapely plot, he had little to bear in mind beyond the customary cutting of his play into the Horatian five acts. He was precluded from worrying over situations by the curtailing of his plays. The fact that he had no curtain to bring down. Psychology he sometimes outraged at the dictates of the pleasant ending, but on the whole there is a remarkable absence of artificial climaxes in the strictly Elizabethan drama. No setting of scenery gave him pause in the construction of his play. Little more had to be borne in mind beyond the time-lapse of the performance, the three-hour traffic of the stage. An act might consist of as many scenes as one pleased, and a scene might on occasion be of remarkable brevity. The note of the entire scheme was its grateful ductility. The prime appeal was to the imagination. Much of the uniqueness, and not a little of the high poetic quality of the Elizabethan drama is due to the fact that the playwright was compelled to paint in his backgrounds and create his atmosphere with his pen.

Other circumstances, less considered, aided in the building up of a monumental drama. The Elizabethan theatres were occupied by stock companies whose members were little given to chinning and changing, and the professional playwright invariably wrote to order for some particular company with whose qualities he was intimate. (There was no excuse for ignorance on this score, for everywhere he had the freedom of the house.) It is significant that Shakespeare, like Heywood and Will Key, and at certain periods in their career, was a regular writer for such plays. The Elizabethan playwright was expected to write to order for some specific company with whose qualities he was intimate. (There was no excuse for ignorance on this score, for everywhere he had the freedom of the house. It is significant that Shakespeare, like Heywood and Will Key, and at certain periods in their career, was a regular writer for such plays. The Elizabethan playwright was expected to write to order for some specific company with whose qualities he was intimate. (There was no excuse for ignorance on this score, for everywhere he had the freedom of the house.)

"Writings in "The Stratford Town Shakespeare," Mr. Henry Davy maintains that there must have been a preternaturally lean actor in Shakespeare's company for whom he designed Robert Fawcett to play King John. Given is "The Complete Writings of Shakespeare" in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Starveling" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." To this list I should be inclined to add Hooforners, Slander, and above all, Cissus. Caesar's dwelling on "the leman hungry look" is particularly noticeable."

Under my battlewings,

unless a hoarse-voiced hireling had been specially chosen to play the part of the messenger. No physical peculiarity escaped the observation of these old dramatists. Remark the allusions to the long-legginess of Churms in "Willy Beguiled." Why, look you now, says Will Crickit, "if I had been such a great, long, large, job-cocked, losised burden as Master Churms is, I'll warrant you, I should never have got Peg as long as I had lived, for you mark, a wench will never love a man that has all his substance in his legs." And later Leia says:

"Master Churms, are you not well? I must confess I would have chosen you. But that I never should sing it till now; Trust me, I never look'd so low before."

Even writers for the children-companies had particular boys in mind when they designed their characters. There is clear evidence that the younger who played Captain Jenkins in "Northward Hoe," when Dekker and Weisberg's lively
comedy was produced by the Paul's Boys, was much smaller than the average. Take the situation in the second act where the Captain asks Doll what sized man she would like for a husband

Doll. Of the meanest stature, captain; not a size longer than yourself nor shorter.

Captain. By God, 'tis well said; all your best captains in the Low Countries are no taller as I: but why of my pitch, Mistress Doll?

Doll. Because your smallest arrows fly farthest.

Apart from indications of this order, the fact that the Elizabethan dramatist wrote his parts for specific actors and kept them steadily in mind is substantiated by other evidence. He had a curious habit when writing the dialogue for some of his minor characters of prefacing the speeches, not by the name of the character, but by the name of its prospective exponent. Shakespeare himself adopted the practice, and, as existing MS. prompt copies testify, it survived his period. Why this substitution of the players' names should have been confined to a few minor parts is difficult to determine. The original manuscripts of plays were commonly used, after licensing, as prompt copies, and a manuscript in which all the speeches were prefaced by the actors' names would have been convenient for the prompter. The evidence, however, for the piece-wise application of the principle is indisputable. Thus in the induction to the pre-Shakespearean "Taming of the Shrew," the name of the actor, Sanders, precedes the speeches of the First Player. Shakespeare himself affords no fewer than three examples of the practice. In "2 King Henry IV.," Quarto, 1600, Act V., the officer's speeches are assigned to Sincklo; and in "2 King Henry VI.," in the forest scene as given in the Folio, Sincklo and Humphrey, two identified hirings, figure throughout as the keepers. What is still more remarkable is that both in the Quarto of 1600 and the Folio copy of "Much Ado about Nothing," the names of Cowley and Kemp are substituted before the speeches in Act IV. sc. ii. for that of Verge and Dogberry.

While it seems highly probable that these substitutions were made for the prompter's convenience, there is no reason to believe that they were the work of the prompter. Since the prompt copy was not prepared with any view to later publication, although often put to that purpose, there is no reason why, if wholly transcribed by the prompter, the principle of substitution should not have been applied to all the speeches. That it was confined to a few minor characters whose appearance was infrequent, was probably due to the circumstance that those were precisely the characters least readily identifiable by the prompter with their representatives. No matter how humble the player might be, the prompter was always sure of his name, but he was not always sure of the name of the character he was to play.

Of the influence of the actors on the whole trend of Elizabethan dramaturgy there can be no question. It is obvious that an era of many masterpieces must have been an era of great acting. No dramatist writing for a specific company could have been touched to fine lines unless he had been assured of the capacity of his interpreters. Without Alleyn and Burbage we should have had no Faustus, no Hamlet, no Othello. Doubtless the genius of these two was as paralleled in later times by Betterton, Garrick and Edmund Kean, but, viewed in its entirety, there were circumstances associated with Elizabethan histrionism which constituted it permanently unique. Especially is there reason to marvel over the inspired artistry of the boy-players of women, whose patiently acquired technic rendered it possible for a Juliet, a Rosalind and an Imogen to emerge.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD will deliver on Wednesday, May 5, in the rooms of the Royal Society, the fifth annual British Academy lecture on aspects of art. He has chosen as his subject "The Tangled Skein: Art in England, 1890 to 1920."

HIGH prices are being paid in America for Oscar Wilde MSS. At a recent sale at the Anderson Galleries, New York, $4,792 was paid for the handwritten manuscript of "The Importance of Being Earnest." The new edition of "The Importance of Being Earnest" with five letters to Lord Alfred Douglas. The total of the sale ($423 lots) was $46,800, over $10,000 at the present rate of exchange.

THE BRITWELL LIBRARY

This books from the Britwell Library to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby during the first week of May, if not of the supreme importance of some items it contains it is without a doubt of the greatest interest both to students of our history in general, and to bibliographers in particular. It may indeed be said that no collection since the days of Heber has contained so many unsuspected treasures as are to be found in the Christie-Miller library.

Monday and Tuesday's sale is devoted to volumes which were collected for their bindings, and it includes no fewer than 464 consecutive lots bound for the famous French historian de Thou or for his third son. The books themselves are, taken as a rule, of no great importance, being for the most part contemporary publications. We do not quite see how a book printed in London in 1641 could be attested with the arms of a man who died in 1617; probably his son continued to use them. One hardly expects a treatise on Natural Philosophy to be published at Dublin on the eve of the Great Rebellion. There are however, a book on cooking by the Pope's cook, a list of the Vatican types, a de Thou binding sold as a duplicate by the British Museum, and eight or nine very rare Spanish books. Among the remaining forty volumes there are some splendid pieces of work, to judge by the reproductions in the illustrated catalogue (price 5s.), including a superb Le Monnier, a Dacier signed binding (only one other known), a Maoli binding, several fine bindings of Hollar's Beggars, a Grolier binding, some Padvan, and a Canevari binding.

The other three days are devoted to sixteenth- and seventeenth-century theology, at a time, one needs reminding, when theology meant current politics. With the books in this catalogue before him, any man could sit down to write a history of politics in England from the fifteenth century to the Civil War. Though they are arranged alphabetically, they fall into distinct classes. The first is of course pre-Reformation devotional works: these include some very rare Wynken de Worde's, a very desirable set of sermons by Bishop Fisher early translations from Erasmus, and a number of Pynson's, Redmans and Berthelots. Next comes a very fine set (almost complete, though scattered over the catalogue) of the books printed by John Hochstraten at Antwerp for Tyndale and his friends from 1528 to 1533 under the pseudonym of Hans Lufft of Marburg. This set is made more valuable by the presence of an extremely rare book printed by Hochstraten under his own name at Malmo, when he had to leave Antwerp. John Gau's "Right Way to the Kingdom of Heaven." This is the only copy known, and ought not to be allowed to leave the country, and it is to be hoped that someone will purchase it for the British Museum. If the description of lot 479 is not in error, we have here one of the Obituaries of a Christian Man." Lot 478 is certainly not the first edition of "The Practise of Prelates." The beginning of the English Reformation is marked by the "Determinations" of the Universities as to Henry's marriage and the "Necessary Doctrin." The Edwardian period is mainly noticeable for the London reprints of Reformation books printed abroad, and the Marian period is very fully represented. With Elizabeth we get John Knox, the Bishops, and Martin Marprelate, the last-named nearly complete, though some of the items are catalogued under Penny. Later still we get a very full set illustrating the origin of the Congregationals.

The collection illustrates some of the difficulties of a cataloguer. There are, for example, two copies of a book by Bishop Cooper printed in 1562. It would seem that Powell the publisher, anticipating a large demand, had the book printed by two men with different standards of spelling. To all intents and purposes the two are identical, but they were obviously meant as one. Again, "The Royal Book" was issued partly by Wynkyn de Worde and partly by Pynson with different colophons only—are they separate editions? Of course a collector would like both. To conclude, there are an Oxford-printed incunable in an Oxford binding which some (who ought to know) have given the approximate date of 1720 endeavouring to teach the colonists of those days "The Reasonableness of Regular Singing, or Singing by Note."
Science

THE SCIENTIFIC CONTRIBUTION

For something like seventy years science has been the dominant intellectual activity of the Western world. During that period the range of its material has greatly increased until now the scientific method is regarded as the method proper to almost any investigation. Philosophy is still a partial exception, but there is a strong tendency to regard such philosophic problems as are not susceptible to the application of the scientific method as being essentially incapable of solution, or else as incorrectly stated. But although the prestige of science is so great, and the general attitude towards it so reverential, there is still much confusion respecting its function and achievement. Its relations to other human interests and activities are not yet clearly defined. The attempts to define them by allotting to science its "sphere" have proved, in the result, to be so ill-judged that it is now considered safer to waive the question of limitations altogether. The question is not settled. Everything is left open but it is not therefore assumed that science contains or will contain all we know or all we need to know. Science is not yet the one object of our contemplation; we have a number of interests which still lead separate lives. The separation is not complete. Science, if not openly, then indirectly, has invaded nearly all of them. The modern musical composition counts Copernicus as well as Beethoven amongst its ancestors. But it is admitted, of course, that we are not usually reminded of astronomy in listening to music; there is a sense in which music, and many other things, are autonomous. But it is interesting to notice that science, to a greater extent than any other pursuit, can be isolated, although its historical direction has been influenced, of course, by social and political accidents. Science has given generously, but has taken comparatively little, and its few borrowings are in process of being handed back with regret as being, after all, unsuitable.

What, then, is the precise nature and extent of the contribution of science to our total stock? Although we do not intend its practical applications by this question, we cannot wholly ignore them. It is impossible completely to separate the "material" and "spiritual" aspects of life, and the sum of the practical applications of science has even profoundly affected much of our abstract thinking. Where it has not originated questions it has at least made them acute, if by no other process than by creating or transforming social conditions. It is easy to trace the ancestry of whole schools of social philosophy to the steam engine and the dynamo, and it is probable that the influence of future applications will be even more extensive. The morality, art and philosophy of, for example, a disease-less world where the average span of human life was two or three times its present value, would certainly differ greatly from our own. We cannot, then, ignore the practical applications of science, although they are not, in themselves, pertinent to our question. But when we turn to consider the direct spiritual value of science we are conscious, at the outset, of some hesitation.

It was a common article of the Victorian scientist's creed that scientific study was, in itself, an "ennobling" and purifying influence. He stressed the complete detachment required, in scientific research, from all prepossession; the man of science was completely candid, completely devoid in fact of the facts. Until one became as a little child it was no use entering a laboratory. We have realized since then that scientific men are human, and have their full share of the unfortunate characteristics proper to that state. But it remains true that the scientific ideal of detachment and the scientific ideal of evidence are higher than the corresponding ideals elsewhere. In spite of the evidence furnished by our newspapers we may, if we are optimists, believe that science is gradually infecting the whole community with its conception of these ideals. If this is indeed the case it must be counted a direct and very important moral gain, as indisputably valuable contribution which may be set over against those somewhat ambiguous practical applications. A third contribution is to be found in the large store of aesthetic objects provided by science. Many of its theories are objects of surpassing beauty. This is particularly true of the mathematical sciences—indeed, there are a number of mathematicians who have felt impelled to write about their science in a kind of prose-poetry—but the almost equally strong of such a science as Geology. We can contemplate schemes which, in their own way, are as all-embracing as that of the "Divina Commedia," and it does not detract from their aesthetic charm to know that they are also true. The processes by which the theories are obtained are often as aesthetically important as the theories themselves. A subtle, elaborate and economical piece of reasoning often affords great aesthetic pleasure, none the less real because comparatively few people enjoy it. The fact that the history of a big scientific investigation, such as the Electro-magnetic Theory or Einstein's Theory of Relativity, is not generally regarded as a poem is due merely to an accident of language and education. But we have to admit that most people are affected by these accidents, and that the aesthetic objects provided by science are not valued by our count almost as few admirers as do the "beauties" of chess. If we may judge from the number of popular books and articles dealing with science, there is some hope, however, that this particular contribution is receiving more attention. The results of such increased attention will not be simple, but if it did more than add fresh aesthetic objects, the contribution would be important.

The fourth contribution of science, both in itself and for its reaction on other interests, is perhaps the most important of all. This contribution is, put briefly, the light thrown by science on man's place in the universe. Every branch of science conspires directly to this end. With some the emphasis is on the universe as distinct from man; others are concerned chiefly with man himself. To the general mind the result has been to make the universe bigger and man smaller, and this is, perhaps, no unfair summary. It is probably difficult, after hearing a duet sung by an astronomer and a psycho-analyst, not to feel depressed. But, such as it is, there can be no doubt that any conception of man's destiny that is to command attention must conceive that destiny as played against the background of the scientific cosmos. Whether the vision be that of a prophet, philosopher or poet, it must accept those postulates. The cosmos revealed by science, both in its direct influence upon the mind and in its almost equally direct influence upon religion, philosophy and the arts, is the most important part of the scientific contribution to our spiritual life. So far as philosophers and artists are concerned, this influence is recognized. It is probably desirable that the influence upon philosophy should increase, but in the case of the artist we are faced with a special problem. Its discussion would be interesting, the more so in view of the fact that artists themselves have contributed very little that is helpful to its elucidation. We think it essential to its solution to remember that the artist, like the scientist, starts with facts. But the system within which the facts are related is entirely different in the two cases. The scientific scheme must, of course, be accepted by the artist en bloc if his work is to be more than a pure fantasy. But this is very different from identifying his own scheme with the scientific scheme. That is to fail signally to perceive the limitations of the scientific contribution. An interesting particular case of this
problem is to be found in the question of the right relations of the psychological novelist to the science of psychoanalysis. A scientific investigation is often, as we have said, a work of art, but not necessarily a work of literary art. The scientific contribution is very considerable, but offerings from the older benefactors are still gratefully received.

SOCIETIES

LINNEAN.—April 15.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, Vice-President, in the chair.

Professor W. Grant Craib was elected a Fellow, and Mr. Ernest W. Swanton an Associate.

Capt. F. Kingdon Ward gave an account of his “Natural History Exploration on the North-East Frontier of Burma,” which was illustrated by a series of lantern-slides. The Hon. Mr. H. L. Bullock, Dr. O. Stapf, and the President contributed additional remarks.

Mr. R. Paulson showed and discussed lantern-slides illustrating definite stages in the sporation of Gonidia within the thallus of the lichen Evernia Pneumati 

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Fine Arts
THE TWO CUBISMS
II.

The French painter has a total lack of imagination in the general sense of the word. He has no gift for creating in cold blood and without outside assistance even a modest image. The Saints of our cathedral doors are primarily portraits. The image-maker who wished to carve them turned to his neighbour and copied his face; he put his question immediately to nature, but he looked it with love so deep, with application so remarkable, and such a sense of unity, that the model, as it were, was separating itself miraculously from its vulgar blemishes, lightened of its terrestrial attributes, assumed those of a divinity. The idiom of the French artist is as generalized as that of the Italian, but, unlike that of the Italian, the French seeks its elements in the particular. It is not the richer for it; it seems less abundant, but it preserves from its humble origin I know not what fragrance, which, for a French heart, can never be replaced. Look at the "Virgin among the Rocks" at the Louvre or Leonardo's "St. John." If you have passed through the room of the French primitives, if you have looked for long at "L'homme assis verre de vin," the two faces of the Italian master will become intolerable in spite of their ideal beauty, because they are anonymous.

The attitude of the French artist has not varied since the Middle Ages, and it seems to me that his programme ought not to change from what it has been so long in spite of the impressionist renewal. It is this fidelity to the traditions of the race which has led the most patient of the Cubists, perhaps unconsciously, to turn to the external world. Their aim is essentially Cubist; they are always concerned to address themselves to the highest faculties of man, and if possible to uplift to the heavens every healthy understanding. But, in spite of Michael Angelo and Metzinger, it is from their senses that they wish to obtain a type of beauty. The picture remains for them a speculation of the spirit, but this speculation, instead of exercising itself upon pure figures, imagined, can only operate upon figures that arise from an emotion towards nature. It is not the glass or the plate in general which will inspire them, but the novel combination which arises for them out of this glass, that plate, perceived in an unexpected setting, which will modify their shapes and suggest an expressive geometry to the painter. Thus, whilst the pure Cubists start from a concept, the emotional Cubists, whom I long to call Cubist-impressionists, start from a sensation. If the first are idealists, the second are realists in the manner of Cézanne. Like Cézanne, it is by means of meditation on what is given by sensation that they wish to arrive at spirit and order; they desire to follow the counsel of the Master of Aix and "make of impressionism a durable thing like the art of the museums." The formula is good; in it Cézanne has defined painting for a century or two, and perhaps for longer still.

The group of emotional Cubists was not complete in the "Indépendants." De la Fresnaye, Delaunay, Le Fauconnier were not there. But there was Léger with a picture of a Paris street, where the walls, by reason of the animation given them by their covering of many-coloured posters, seemed to move; while the human beings, reduced to the condition of grey silhouettes, are absorbed by the dynamism of modern life. There was Gleizes with his circuses, where the dancers and the clowns radiate movements around them like waves. I have spoken of the plastic dreams of the pure Cubists which they project on to the objects. Here the object, street, circus, bar or harbour, exists before the dreams; it awakes them; it arouses them.

The opposition between the two groups is increased when one compares the quality of the light in their pictures. Just as the lighting of the pure Cubists is artificial and only for the intelligence, the illumination of the works of the second group is like that which envelops and caresses French painting alone. The painter from the le de France combines with vision, gifts of which I spoke a sense of atmosphere unique in the world. The impressionism of Monet, entirely visual, is a monstrous exaggeration of this particular gift. Claude, Watteau, and Corot, though they may construct their canvases like so much architecture, never stop till they have bathed the contours in soft luminous vapours.

Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Zurbaran, El Greco, on one side, Claude, Watteau and Corot on the other. . . . One can only choose between these admirable masters on sentimental grounds. It is not, therefore, to give precedence to state that the pure Cubists are becoming more and more vigorous in defence of their own side; and it is perhaps no treachery on my part, who have always been the apprethence of the work and, to add to the Cubists' definition of a picture the two following amendments:

"A picture is a geometrical construction taking its rise from a sensation, a geometrical construction dissolved in light."

André LHOTE.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—Spring Exhibition. ELDAR GALLERY.—Etchings, Woodcuts and Lithographs by French Artists.


PATTERSON & CARFAX.—Paintings by Malcolm Milne.

GREATOREX GALLERIES.—Water-Colours by Harry Morley.

GOUPIL GALLERY.—Paintings by the late Mabel Nicholson.

AGNEW & SONS.—Portraits by Harrington Mann.

CONNELL & SONS.—Etchings and Drypoints by Theodore Roussel.

The catalogue of the R.B.A. informs us that a donor of one hundred guineas to the Society is entitled to a free-admission ticket to the exhibitions for self and friends for life. The price strikes us as excessive for a very doubtful privilege. For the R.B.A. exhibitions are mediocre with a mediocrity that hurts. The pictures are not only mediocre in conception and execution; they are mediocre in intention, mediocre on principle. The men and women who produce these feeble approximations of obvious appearances year after year, glory in a mediocrity which protects them from critical attack.

The Eldar Gallery has resuscitated that forgotten artist Rodolphe Bresdin, whose lithographs and etchings De Banville described as "worlds to study, minute, complicated, enormous . . . detailed even to dementia, and rivalling nature by the infinitely tiny sought even to the atom." As De Banville's words suggest, Bresdin tried to capture nature in an almost incredibly fine mesh. His work is the product of an intense vision which filtered into the devices of organic forms, but missed the rhythm of the main growths, of an intense intelligence driven a little mad by poverty and neglect, and of an intense emotion dissipated in laborious trilling. There is nothing flashy or popular in Bresdin's art; it is impeccable in intention, and it represents the very best he can do. But Bresdin's best is very far from the best of Dürer, by whom he was evidently inspired. To the modern eye these etchings and lithographs seem much ado about next to nothing. Not because they are too intricate, but because the intricacy is not directed and controlled by a major design. The details are as it were parochial, self-sufficient, oblivious of the larger national claims of the picture as a whole. Bresdin's art moves us less than the crudely coloured lithographs of Vuillard, where the symbolic statements of the various forms are all inter-related, and dictated by the central design. Vuillard's prints here, "Terrasse de Café" and "Nature
THE BRITISH MUSIC SOCIETY

T HE objects of the British Music Society, which was
founded about a year ago and is holding its first
Congress in London next week, may be most
conveniently summed up in the single word co-ordination.
It is working for the benefit of British music on much
the same lines as the British Drama League is working for
the theatre. It must not be supposed that the
principal function of the society is to give concerts at which none
but British music is performed. In 1911 there was held
in London a congress of the now defunct International
Musical Society. The London committee, being determined
to show its foreign guests that England was just as musical
as any other country, arranged a series of several concerts
devoted solely to native works. It was, moreover, very
properly anxious to be as broad-minded as possible, to
avoid all suggestion of being associated with cliques, and
to make its concerts representative of all styles and periods.
The result may be imagined. The concerts were intolerably
long—and with the exception of the concert of antique
music and the chamber concert of the youngest composers—
tolerably tedious. The one orchestral work which, as far as
I could gather, made a real impression on musicians from
abroad, was Parry's Variations in E minor, and in selecting
this as the best they certainly showed a very excellent
dejudgment. But to many English musicians the interminable
procession of native music brought a sense not of pride
but of shame. It was a painful if salutary experience. We
learned then, if we did not know it before, that if we loved
English music, it was our first duty to chaste it.

When the British Music Society was first started,
I approached various musicians of my acquaintance
with the suggestion that they should become members
of it. I was almost invariably met with the reply: "Yes,
no doubt it is a very admirable idea, but tell me frankly—
if I join it, what do I get out of it? Will the Society
perform my works or publish them for me?" The correct
answer, I suppose, would have been for me to assume
a serious demeanour and say: "You should join the
British Music Society not for your own advantage, but in
order to help others." Unfortunately my esprit d'escalier
was not ready in time, and I found the question embarrassing.
And indeed I fear that few composers would have found
that answer at all persuasive. They have very sound
business instincts in most cases.

The British Music Society has shown solid commonsense
in concerning itself mainly with other things. British
Music means to it a good deal more than pushing the
proxilities of Victorian composers before the noses of an
unwilling public. It has realized, too, from the start that
our musical life is not confined to the London concert-halls.
Its main activities will be very largely provincial. That
this was the right policy to adopt has already been shown
by the fact that a large number of provincial branches
have been started and have set to work with a good deal
more energy than London. The International Society in
1911 was able to draw upon plenty of money to spend.
The British Music Society is at present bent upon collecting
money rather than spending it. Its concerts therefore
are few in number, and the most important feature of its
Congress will undoubtedly be its discussions. These are
going to be severely practical in character, and the first
goes to the root of what is one of the greatest obstacles
to musical progress in the whole country. The word
"co-ordination" was never more appropriate than in
this connection, for if a number of persons are to join in
the performance of a piece of music, the first requirement
is that they shall all play and sing at the same pitch. London
concert-goers hardly realize that the absence of a universal standard pitch is, in the provinces, a very serious difficulty. It is more than twenty-five years since the Philharmonic Society took what was in those days the very decisive and important step of abolishing the old high "concert pitch" and adopting officially the normal pitch which is now the standard of most London concerts. But outside London the average pitch has remained very much where it was before. The reason is entirely economic. It does not cost much to tune an ordinary pianoforte in doubt to Philharmonic pitch, but the expense of standardizing the pitch of every organ throughout the churches, chapels and town halls of the Empire is a much more serious matter, for it involves in many cases drastic alterations, shifting of pipes and to some extent the providing of new ones. The number of organs which stand at the old high pitch is, I believe, not so very great; the trouble is that they stand at all sorts of pitches. When the difference in pitch can be reckoned in tempered semitones all that is necessary is for the organist to transpose his part; but complete anarchy in pitch means that most of the orchestral instruments cannot do more than roughly approximate to playing in tune.

But this more hardened reaction has been not the Church but the Army. The Philharmonic Society might express the pious hope that its excellent example would be universally followed, but military bands throughout the Army went on playing and still play at the old high pitch. The manufacturers of musical instruments have no choice but to conform to this practice. If the War Office had decreed in 1894 that every military band was to play at Philharmonic pitch, there would have been a loud outcry not only from the persons who had to bear the expense of providing a complete set of new instruments, but also from the manufacturers who would have found themselves left with large stocks of the old ones on their hands. Moreover, the second-hand shops would be flooded with the discarded musical instruments, and as the majority of players, amateur and professional, begin their studies on a second-hand instrument which they can buy cheap, there would have been every probability that amateur bands and orchestras in the provinces, and in London too, would have been obliged to continue at the high pitch.

The military question is of enormous importance, for there are innumerable orchestras all over the country which depend on military assistance for their wind instruments at concerts. Apart from such institutions as the Royal Academy, the Royal College of Music and the analogous music schools in the large cities, the Army is the main source from which the vast percentages of our best bandmasters receive their musical education. And the problem which the War Office could not bring itself to face a generation ago has now increased enormously in difficulty, owing partly to the greater demand for orchestral music all over the country and still more to the enormous increase in the cost of musical instruments. If the British Music Society can induce the joint efforts of Mr. Albert Coates and the Director of Kneller Hall to bring forth a solution of this problem, it will have been indeed the salvation of its country's music.

EDWARD J. DENT

THE TEACHING OF MUSIC. By Robert T. White, Mus. Doc. (Constable. 4s. net.)—This little volume should be of assistance to teachers. It does not profess to supplant existing manuals or to elaborate a detailed system of training; it is simply a series of suggestions as to the best methods of teaching music in High Schools, the principles on which the various classes should be graded, and the most profitable way of allocating the time to each respective branch of the subject without encroaching on the general curriculum. The suggestions are of a business-like nature, and so long as teachers do not expect to find in a text-book a substitute for a course of practical training, they can safely be recommended to devote a few hours to the consideration of Dr. White's remarks.

THE BACH FESTIVAL

It is, of course, impossible to pack anything like a representative selection of Bach into four evenings; the Cantatas and the organ works alone (to name no others) could each provide material enough for twice that number of performances, and still leave all but the surface untouched. As regards the actual volume of work done, Dr. Allen did wonders with the time at his disposal, and to criticize his selection would be to search in the grounds of individual preference would serve no useful purpose. One might observe, however, that one of the chief objects of such a festival is to give the public an opportunity of hearing works it would not otherwise hear, and that works habitually found in the ordinary concert-giver's repertory should for this reason be excluded as far as practicable. The first of the four concerts will serve to illustrate this point. The programme as it stood was long—quite long enough to justify an abridgment of the "Adeste Fideles" with which it concluded. But by omitting "My Heart Ever Faithful" and the Concerto for two violins, sufficient time could have been saved to admit of the Cantata being given in its entirety. Similarly on the Monday, the omission of the Choral Fantasia (a selection of its familiarity; we are not here concerned to question its attractiveness as a piece of music) would have made it possible to enlarge the very inadequate selection of the organ works given during the festival.

Turning to the actual performances, one was most struck, perhaps, by the unusual rapidity of the tempi throughout. Up to a point this was a virtue; it lent a touch of brutality that served as a corrective to the rather woolly atmosphere of devotion that is often generated on these high occasions. But on the opening night we must say frankly that Dr. Allen allowed his anti-sentimentalism to run away with his; he set the pace so hot that on two occasions at least the soloists (the particular soloists concerned were Mr. Adams and Mr. Murray Davey) were left floundering helplessly. Mr. Adams had never shaped well to the work, but Mr. Davey's misunderstanding was very regrettable, as he had addressed himself to the task of bruising the serpent's head with the utmost gusto, and would obviously have made a thoroughly efficient job of it if he had been allowed a reasonable time to do it in. The best performance, on the whole, was that of the B minor Mass. Here the tempi were still as a rule on the fast side, but not unduly so, whilst the solo work was on a far higher level than on the first evening. Mr. Gervase Elwes sang more like himself than we have heard him do for some time past, Miss Mann and Miss Lilian Berger showed that the practice of madrigal-singing has developed in them an unusual instinct for clearness of phrasing and flexibility of rhythm, although Miss Mann's voice is of rather too light a character for solo work of this type.

We have purposely kept the choir to the end, because they were the mainstay of the festival. They have improved out of all recognition, and their peculiar strength lies just where it is most seldom found—in the alto, whose tone came through splendidly all the time, without ever becoming obtrusive. But the whole choir did well. Occasionally an entry lacked incisiveness, and the volume of their tone is not such as to get the maximum of effect from numbers like the final chorus and fugue in "Sing Ye to the Lord." But in quality of tone, in discipline, in the art of obtaining effects of contrast and climax by means of subtle dynamic adjustments, they showed themselves worthy of high praise, and nowhere were these qualities more in evidence than where they are most required—in the "Crucifixus" of the Mass. The present Bach Choir and its conductor deserve well of one another.

R. O. M.
**CONCERTS**

**Drama**

**SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD**

**THE ATHENÆUM**

A new Spanish violinist, Mr. Manuel Quiroga, gave a recital on April 14. He commanded a significant technique with a tone-quality that, though only moderate in power, is curiously penetrating. His sudden changes of tempo, especially in a concerto of Mozart, were bewildering, and seemed equally bewildering to Mme. Quiroga, who acted as his not very competent accompanist. In spite of this Mr. Quiroga’s playing was always musically correct, and completely free from mannerisms or false sentimentality. He played the slow movements of Tartini’s “Trillo del Diavolo” and Schumann’s Romance in A with real feeling, while in Granados’ intensely passionate Spanish Dance in E minor he maintained a dignified restraint that made it all the more expressive.

Miss Floræa Woodman, who gave a concert with the Albert Hall orchestra (under the direction of Mr. Landon Ronald) on April 21, is a young lady with a light soprano voice and a beaming smile. How far she is dowered with musical intelligence one could hardly judge, for her programme consisted mainly of light songs and operatic excerpts in which temperamental manifestations would have been out of place. All one can say is that she has been carefully trained, has some instinct for coloratura, and keeps passably (though by no means perfectly) in tune. She had the support of a large and enthusiastic audience, which was not content with rapt silence to Grétry and Rossini, and chattered relentlessly throughout the orchestral pieces. This was unfortunate, as the orchestral items, which included the Overture to “Figaro,” “L’Après-Midi,” and Buttermoot’s “Shropshire Rhapsody,” formed by far the most interesting part of the programme, and first-rate performances were given by Mr. Ronald.

The chief impression carried away by us after hearing Miss Olga Haley’s recital of modern English song, at the Steinway Hall, on April 22, was that of a sensible diminution of our patriotic enthusiasm. It was not Miss Haley’s fault, for though there is no compelling magic about her, she is an intelligent and accomplished singer. And her programme looked interesting enough on paper; it contained most of the contemporary names that have made us what we are (whatever that may be) and several others besides. Also, it contained (as every recital programme should do) some four or five new songs. Yet (if one must be frank) there were not more than three or four at most out of the whole lot that one would ever wish to hear again, whilst the new compositions proved woefully undistinguished both in workmanship and idea. It is still, apparently, a difficult matter to form a satisfactory all-English song programme without calling the Elizabethan and Restoration periods to one’s aid.

As a matter of fact, our own songs usually sound best when there is a foreign mixture with which to contrast them, and this applies equally to foreign songs. It is well for singers to bear this tactical consideration in mind when building up their programmes.

The recital given by Mr. Francis Buckley, at Wigmore Hall, on April 22, was a combination of real singing with music which was on the whole unfamiliar and interesting. Mr. Buckley has a light tenor voice of great range and beauty, with an ease of production which other singers might envy and certainly ought to cultivate. The programme began with two Bach arias with string quartet, and was followed by a group of Brahms songs which few members of the audience had heard before. Nowadays people listen to Brahms for his merits, not for his music. They can make an audience for songs as fresh and as exquisitely sung as these. The English group was not so attractive as it might have been. The exception was Mr. Nicholas Gatty’s “Away, away from men and towns,” a song full of poetry, and one in which the words had really been set to music.

Mr. Albert Coates is as yet hardly known in this country as a composer, and it was interesting to have him represented at the last of the London Chamber Concerts, on April 22, by two short pieces bearing the titles “Angelas” and “Lacrasmia.” They were both reticent and expressive, with something of that thoughtful and introspective quality which is characteristic of the latest works of Liszt. Miss Myra Hess played them with exquisite delicacy.

To enjoy a Shakespeare Festival at Stratford demands a more indomitable resolution of character than that possessed by the shrewd Englishman, who consists of a good many things besides Shakespeare, of hotels and weather and food and fellow-mortals. Moreover these variables have a way of obscuring the constant. Tempers are as much exacerbated by damp and lumpy beds as they are mollified by Shakespeare’s poetry; and the resulting consciousness is not in the least festive. On the contrary.

If we have much to say in praise of the Shakespeare Company which is at present performing in the Memorial Theatre, it is not to be interpreted as an encouragement to any ordinarily fragile member of society to go there. He had far better wait until he can see the plays in comfort. Nothing could be more utterly alien to the genius of Shakespeare than the disciplinary purification of the flesh which is imposed on the Stratford playgoer in the first week of the festival. William himself would not have put up with it for a day. Bard of Avon, indeed! He would elect to be, what he is, the playwright of London; and the sooner the English nation realizes that the only place where a Shakespeare memorial theatre can fitly be is London, the better for everybody except the proprietors of the Stratford hotels.

There are things to see at Stratford: there is the grave and the bust. Better still, there is the exquisite grammar-school where (pace the legalists) Shakespeare was educated. But you do not need a festival in order to see them. A day is enough. Choose a fine one, slip away as quickly as you can; if you require a day of festivity wait for the Mop-fair. The affable familiar ghost of William may very likely be watching the gravy trickle from the spit to the gutter; he will assuredly never be found inside the New Place Museum with its assortment of colossal apocrypha. He might conceivably hover round the red-brick jubilee-style theatre: but his purpose would be arson.

No, if he were to find anywhere in the festival, it would be in the little hall of the coffee tavern where in the morning the actors of the company do that mysterious thing—”a run over for the words.” There he would have had the daily chance to find himself among friends. For whatever we may have subsequently to put forward by way of criticism, the members of Mr. Bridges Adams’ company are keen, and as far removed as Shakespeare himself from being precious. There is a nucleus which, with reasonable support from the public, may restore and strengthen a decent tradition of Shakespeare acting. Let there be two, three, four such companies; and every fair-sized town in England could have a month of Shakespeare every year, and London itself Shakespeare all the year round. We wish to assure Mr. Adams and every actor working with him of one sincere admiration for their common achievement; we leave it to them to decide whether our criticism is as helpful as it is intended to be.

We assume that they have definitely in view the creation of a tradition of Shakespeare acting. It is essential, we think, that the aim should be quite conscious. For consciousness in this matter imposes obligations that may be evaded or ignored if the tradition is allowed to create itself. First, in the matter of the text. The aim should be to give as much actual Shakespeare as is humanly possible. Mr. Adams has already worked heroically to this end. His realistic scenery is as simple as scenery of the kind can be; the shifting of it is less laborious, and involves much less delay than is generally the case. But
delay there is still. Precious time is lost; precious illusions are shattered. We believe it is a mistake to assume that the public insists on realistic scenery. If Mr. Adams had been present at the Phoenix Society’s production of "The Fair Maid of the West" a month ago he would have seen how perfect an illusion can be created by a sufficiently adaptable single scene. That method would permit us to have more, if not the whole, of the text. We admit, however, that the whole may still be impossible. Cuts will have to be made. The ghost of the man who spent a good many hours of his life cutting his own and other people’s plays would certainly not object on principle. The question is how to cut.

Mr. Adams and his company were rushed. They had not enough time for rehearsal. It is therefore a little unreasonable to assume that all the omissions which we noticed were deliberate; if, however, most of them were, we should say that there was a tendency to drop out some of the more exquisite poetry. We do not pretend to remember Shakespeare perfectly; but on more than one occasion in listening to a speech we had a queer, uncomfortable sensation of having been deprived of the key-words, of a half-appeal to the imagination having been substituted for a whole. And generally we found that lines of the purer poetry had been dropped. In the "Merchant of Venice" Arragon dropped (besides other things) "the fond multitude".

Which priess not to the interior, but like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall
Even in the force of wind and darkness. . . .

More remarkable still, in "Richard II." John of Gaunt was allowed to drop, from the speech which every schoolboy has to learn, the lines:

Renowned for their deeds as far from home—
For Christian service and true chivalry—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world’s ransom, blessed Mary’s son.

We could choose many other like examples; we, therefore, incline to believe on examination that Mr. Adams has been engaged in paring rather than cutting Shakespeare. We understand the temptation. To shave off a little here, a little there, induces in a producer the comfortable feeling of giving more of Shakespeare than his fellows. It does, in fact, enable him to give more scenes. But the paring method must be used with very great care. For ourselves, we should prefer a bold and openly-avowed cut. Still, if the paring is so contrived that we are not made unceasingly aware of being deprived of something essential, we have no serious objection to offer. But we insist that he maximum of time must first be gained by a far more ruthless simplification of scenery. Mr. Adams may then cut or pare to get within that maximum; and we suggest he would do well to consult a few of the less pedantic literary critics on the matter. His position is full of responsibility; it would be only reasonable that he should develop a little of it.

How far the actors themselves should be permitted to have a voice in deciding the question of the text depends upon the individual actor. There are actors in the company, one conspicuously, whose opinion on the matter would be well worth having; there are others (very often excellent actors) who obviously can only be made to learn and remember. But we are convinced that the general question needs more consideration in detail than Mr. Adams has yet been able to devote to it.

The question of the text leads directly to that of the conception of the varied characters, for in one case at least the cutting has been done in order to justify a conception of character which is in patent opposition to that which arises from the undecorated text. The question of character, in turn, leads swiftly to the consideration of the more outstanding actors, for an actor of great gifts is beyond the control of any director. Such an actor can set the precise emotional key of his rendering at will, even though he is outwardly obedient to direction. Thus he may contribute as much to the forming of a tradition of Shakespeare-acting as the director himself; he may give more. Beyond a certain point to which keen and obedient competence may attain, the subtleties of interpretation depend upon the amount of insight possessed by the director and the actor. If the actor’s perceptions are more exquisite, he will carry the day, and shape the tradition.

M.

(To be concluded.)

THAT HUMAN TOUCH

KENNINGTON THEATRE.—"Ned Kean of Old Drury." By Arthur Shirley.

THERE is an uninterrupted break in the voice; it lasts through three acts and well on into the third scene of the fourth. The Times declares that Kean’s success was due to "the human touch." A great many things have since been due to its introduction into British art, letters and theatricals. The Morning Post says that the play is based on the "healthy relations of life," and only those who occasionally assume the Morning Post can gather the full aroma of this pronouncement.

Despite these misfortunes and an incomparable array of linguistic clichés, Mr. Saintsbury, at the end of the third act, sweeps his audience off its feet or its seats, or whatever else one is supposed to say an audience is swept off, when an actor manages to disperse the little clots of egocentric insensitiveness and impose a single emotion on his auditors.

Le roman historique. II y a aussi la peinture historique, l’architecture historique, et, à la mi-carême, le costume historique.

The trouble with the catch-in-the-voice stage manner, the raw emotion, the soft music, the highest conceivable virtues, demarked utterly from the antipodal blackness in this play, is not, at bottom, that life isn’t just as raw, or that the emotion didn’t occur; it lies in what is perhaps a misconception of scale, and a misconception of Elizabethan fashions. We repeat that the painted phrase, the "multitudinous seas incarnadine," was to the Elizabethan era what an epigram was to the "nineties." It was a society fashion that spread. Yet Launce does not parley Euphues to his dog.

The transition, or rather the lack of transition, from quoted Shakespeare to the swinging and florid families which Mr. Shirley has put in the mouth of the landlady detracts from the full effect of "Ned Kean." Historic research would indeed have been needed to present the era of "Classic" stage tradition when, possibly, actors tried to talk like Greek Gods, as the eighteenth century did conceive them. In 1813 people may have talked as Mrs. Barbauld wrote, but we somewhat doubt it. To "reproduce" the early days of romanticism and Rousseauism, all that is done in this play is to relapse into slightly demodified manners of speech and of speaking, into eloquence and floridity, and to make them a shade more plausible by choosing, in the first place, an actor of 1813, and, in the second, by presenting him tipsy.

In "Trelawny of the Wells," we had a closer-knit argument for plays and stage presentations which "remind one of someone," i.e., someone living. Mr. Shirley’s people remind one chiefly of people on stages, as the scenery reminds one of hunting prints and of Christmas cards. On the other hand, the piece is well designed to display Mr. Saintsbury’s varied assortment of capacities;
one wonders whether he has been born a generation too late, and if he would not have been received as a great actor in the sixties of the last century. He is indubitably an actor of parts, and one can scarcely register an adverse judgment on people while they are being constrained to say "Under the Devonshire daisies" and other phrases of that timbre and donation.

POLITICS

Ambassadors Theatre.—"The Grain of Mustard Seed." By H. M. Harwood.

MR. HARWOOD and his actresses produce a certain atmosphere in the opening scene of his play; Mr. Kerr, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Gill, and Mr. Caine are convincing in their several roles of Rt. Hon. Lord Markham, M.P., election agent, rural individualist, and chauffeur; and there are several dozen good bits and well-turned phrases. The hero ascends from infant's food into politics, and again we find the paraphernalia of a problem play, although Mr. Harwood is almost as chary of coming to grips with the problem as is the gently satirized Lord Markham. The author goes so far as to allow his hero to say something rather vague about decentralized and to indicate finance as the root of the question. Possibly no more technical or incisive modus would be stageable in the present state of the theatre.

As a play of manners, the male part of the piece is entertaining, the leading feminine element raises doubts. The little sermons and disquisitions are damaging.

TOUCH

Haymarket Theatre.—"Mary Rose." By Sir J. M. Barrie.

The human touch at the Kemington is by no means so touching as Sir J. M. Barrie's touch at the Haymarket. Indubitably Mr. Thesiger and Mr. Loraine and Miss Compton, and indeed all the cast, act extremely well, and there is considerable cleverness interspersed in the play, which, on the whole, a fine example of what is wrong with the English stage. In perspective "Ned Keen" appears an earnest if somewhat florid and unsophisticated attempt to present the reality of grief, struggle, poverty; "The Grain of Mustard Seed" leaves a memory of dry, clean humour; "Mary Rose" leaves the feeling that the pudding and soup have been served simultaneously in the same plate. It is an argument for the "classic" belief that the matter of poetic tragedy should not be dished up in sentimental-comedy clothes. Pudding good in its way; soup good in its way; and Sir James quite amusing, only he should leave folk-lore to Mr. Yeats, and tragedy to some writer who has a trace of austerity.

"Nec puella proper sui simpliciatem, ut mamma et babbo, male et patre," wrote an estimable poet in the old days. Sir James will talk baby-talk, and, of course, a great many people like it. A writer, who must be near the great heart of a West-End audience, says the play is "Peter Pan grown up," "Barrie at his best," "and that means great achievement." With the first two statements we agree; the third we must take as an indication of the state of public criterion. Part of the tedium is due to parenthetic construction, but admirers of Sir James will readily pardon this, in return for Mr. Thesiger's acting of Cameron, and for Mr. Forbes', Mary Jerrold's and Mr. Whitby's realization of Victorian atmosphere. It is a "sweet" and "lovely" play, and the effect of the cinema on Georg Kaiser has probably been more salutary than its effect upon Sir James Barrie.

T. J. V.

A REVERSION TO STEREOTYPE

Shaftesbury Theatre.—"The Little Whopper" (Musical Comedy).

OTHER times, not necessarily other manners... The attempted resuscitation of musical comedy proceeds apace, mainly by the labour of Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard. Had the titles of recent productions been "The Silver Slipper" and "Floradora" instead of "Kissing Time" and "The Little Whopper," we could imagine with no difficulty at all that we were returned to the days, the very palmy days, belonging to Tom B. Davis and George Edwardes, of blissful and apparently irresistible memory. And this is exactly as it ought to be. For, like every other hybrid form of stage development, musical comedy has its distinct audience that, as recent experiments have proved, does not accept any digression or advancement from the afore-mentioned specimen of a previous decade. There is to be the same pretence at a plot which doesn't matter; the same energetic, and often pathetic effort on the part of the several principals to behave as if they enjoyed performing together when their chief motive all the time is to shine separately—gaining a personal advantage over the rest and in their absence by breaking into song on the slightest provocation; the same bright and vociferous choruses that may be contributing usefully to the general bustling effect, but whose individual gestures will not withstand a moment's examination; and, what is perhaps the major distinction of musical comedy, the same tremendous diligence for three hours on the part of everybody to make the comedy as unmusical as might be. If any novelty should chance to intrude upon such a stereotyped entertainment, it is not in the form, but in the byplay of the principal and therefore slightly privileged comedian. "The Little Whopper" is made distinctive by one original feature alone— and one that deservedly distinguishes it. The leading, and, as it happens, the only comedian is a sentimental valet whose secret talent is the writing of songs and the setting of them to music. One of these is introduced at the beginning of the piece in very burlesque fashion, but gradually its nature changes, and by the end of the performance it has become the musical number on which the whole love interest depends. The idea is delightfully introduced and developed by Mr. Davy Burnaby, who makes a droll valet, and with whom the honours of the evening are shared by the very hardworking Miss Lily St. John. If everyone concerned in the production is capable—and of this there is no doubt whatever—especially so are these two latest in the constellation of stars whose centre was the old Gaiety and whose orbit has since extended all round the town.

MISS CHAPLIN'S DANCES AT THE OLD VIC

There was a fine leap through time at the Old Vic on the first Tuesday of its Shakespearian festival. Miss Nellie Chaplin once again revived the old dances which, with a discrimination that is in itself an art, she has selected from the collection of over seven hundred examples published in the seventeenth century by John Playford. The charm of the rendering by the Chaplin Trio and their assistants is not merely historical; there is a direct poetic appeal in nearly every dance, and certainly in the well-chosen and visiably atmospheric music that accompanies them—the appeal, we may add that characterizes the dancing itself. It is indeed rare that our modern dancers can set forth such a long series of beautiful movements with the purpose of showing what they themselves like in them, and yet be able to give an
authentic stamp to each of their presentations. That there is a powerful element of personality in simple taste was shown by such amusing and dainty affairs as "The Merry Mocet" and "Kettledrum," and it was interesting to note how since the harmonic sense has outrun the melodic and rhythmic sense in dance music the individualities of dancers have merged until elasticity has become more or less impossible. We cannot doubt, all the same, that were present-day conventionalists to turn their interest in the direction of these pavanes, galliards, and minuets, so rich in scope as they still remain, we should find a swift recovery of the old silken flexibility. We might, in truth, detect such a desirable and much-needed quality often, even as things are, as it is definitely to be found in our unsophisticated, unsnobbish children dancing to the hurdy-gurdy at the pavement edge, if we could take our dancers unaware.

T. M.

Correspondence

LORD ACTON AND LIBERTY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—The reviewer of Mr. Fisher’s essays states (April 16, p. 510) that “it is difficult . . . . to decide what exactly Lord Acton meant by liberty.” The difficulty is that of turning to p. 3 of “The History of Freedom, and other Essays,” where Lord Acton writes:

By liberty I mean the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion. The State is competent to assign duties and draw the line between good and evil only in its immediate sphere. Beyond the limits necessary for its well-being, it can only give indirect help to fight the battle of life by promoting the influences which prevail against temptation—religion, education, and the distribution of wealth. In ancient times the State absorbed authorities not its own, and intruded on the domain of personal freedom. In the Middle Ages it possessed too little authority, and suffered others to intrude. Modern States fall habitually into both excesses.

Yours faithfully,

G. E. Fasnacht.

The Hollies, Chayton Bridge, Manchester,
April 17, 1920.

Our reviewer writes: “Lord Acton’s definition of liberty, as set forth by Mr. G. E. Fasnacht, to whom I am much obliged for calling my attention to it, is obscure, but does not advance matters much. It is really a counsel of perfection, since the conscientious objector is to be free to play, but authority is at the same time to hold its own in certain spheres, including the distribution of wealth. Now the distribution of wealth by taxation can obviously act unjustly on individuals. Are they to be ‘protected’ in their resistance? and if so, where is it all to end? Lord Acton was at heart a strong individualist, but, conscious of the complexities of modern life, he shrank from pushing his conclusions to their extremity.”—L. S.

SHAKESPEARE’S WELSH CHARACTERS

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—It is hardly necessary to refer, as does Mr. J. Logie Robertson in his article “Scottish Dialect in Early English Literature” (Athenæum, April 16), to Shakespeare’s Warwickshire home, after all very near Wales, in order to account for his familiarity with Welsh character and Welshmen’s English. There were many Welshmen in London during Elizabeth’s reign: one or two Welsh poets—Mr. Logie Robertson suggests two—may have written in Welsh—spent much time there; and references to Welshmen, even bits of Welsh speech, are not uncommon in the Elizabethan drama. There seem even, if we may judge by names, to have been several Welshmen among the actors of the time. Scottsmen too were numerous after James I.’s accession, but were presumably not so plentiful when Shakespeare was writing “Henry V.”

The point is not perhaps very important: but it is as well not to indulge in fanciful conjectures about Shakespeare’s boyish experiences when the facts can easily be accounted for by less hazardous means.

I am, etc.,

H. Idris Bell.

EDWARD DE VERE AND SHAKESPEARE

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Will you allow me to correct a misrepresentation of the contents of my work, “Shakespeare Identified,” which appeared in your issue for April 16? On his own admission, he [Mr. Looney] merely recapitulates the negative arguments of the Baconians.

My pages contain no such admission; and no Baconian would, I think, venture to make such a claim upon my anti-Stratfordian arguments. Indeed, several of these arguments cut almost as deeply into the Baconian theory as into the Stratfordian. Others are based upon an orthodox work which had just been published. I give many facts which I have certainly never met with in any Baconian literature, whilst facts which Baconians have previously pointed out, I have analysed and correlated in quite a different way. And in matters of evidence the whole of the point of an argument may depend upon these interpretative processes. The reason advanced for The Athenæum’s attitude to my work I take to be this: because, in the reviewer’s opinion, the Baconians have not proved that Shakespeare did not write the plays, my work was not entitled to be examined and exactly represented, but only to be derided.

It is common knowledge that many well-known men, who are no Baconians, have expressed publicly their disbelief in the orthodox views, and even Stratfordians have felt the weakness of their position, to which they have clung sometimes no doubt, for want of a better hypothesis to replace the old one. Now that a theory has been advanced which opponents have acknowledged generally to be the most plausible alternative yet presented, it is surely not in the best interests of our national literature that such a theory should be cavalierly brushed aside.

J. Thomas Looney.

THE FIRST FOLIO POEM INITIALLLED “I. M.”

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—I beg leave to report in your columns, with regard to the arguable traces of sub-surface signalling in the prefatory matter of the First Folio described by me in the issues of your journal for February 8 and March 5, that I have received communications therefrom from Sir Sidney Lee, Sir J. Gollancz, Dr. W. L. Courtney, and four other well-known Shakespeareans, but no challenge of the coincidences put forward for consideration.

Perhaps, too, you will allow me to seize the opportunity to give particulars of an as yet untold coincidence which quite clearly should be taken into account at the same time.

I have shown, Sir, that there exist in I. M.’s poem traces of signalling both by the word numerical values as such, and also by the digit addition totals or cross sums of the word numerical values. But without question the more important section of the described discoveries has been the digital section, while both sections have been based upon the words and values corresponding to the squares of half a chess-board.

I have hitherto assumed that experiment with the words and values corresponding to the squares of half a chess-board is, on my supposition that sub-surface signalling more or less associated with chess-board mathematics may have been arranged in this poem of chess-board depth placed next before the only Shakespearean play mentioning the game of Chess, sufficiently indicated by the fact that some of the eight lines contain less than eight words. There is very strong supplemental reason for so thinking in the fact that the digit addition total or cross sum of the positional numbers of the squares forming half a chess-board, 1 to 32 is 177—the equivalent of the poet’s publication name William Shakespeare. Further, according to the cipher key 24 is the letter-number code, and one of the two factors in the digital colour-of-square duplication coincidence described by me.

Respectfully yours,

Ravenwood,
45, Sutton Court Road,
Chiswick.
Foreign Literature

THE PILGRIMAGE OF PEACE


At the close of the third century A.D. the Emperor Aurelius Probus remarked: "In a short time we shall not want any more soldiers." On which a contemporary author comments: "No more Roman soldiers! Everywhere the State will rule, everywhere be secure. The world will cease to manufacture armaments and furnish supplies. The ox will be kept at the plough, the horse be bred for peace. There will be no wars, no prisoners, but everywhere peace, everywhere the law and justice of Rome." A century or so later Rome fell to the Goths, and for more than a millennium peace was a precarious episode in a world dedicated, by necessity and by choice, to war.

The causes of that long-drawn catastrophe were specific, and not such as are likely to recur. Overpopulation, climatic change, or other events of which we are imperfectly informed, set armed tribes on the march in search of new homes. One displacing another involved the mass in motion, and the waves of troubous sea beat incessantly on the frontiers of the empire. A breach was made, first here, then there, closed, burst open again, until at last the waters flowed in irresistible. During the long process of settling down that followed freemen were converted into vassals or serfs, heads of tribes into kings, and men pasturing or hunting, and fighting only by the way, into men whose only object and ideal war was. Feudalism took the place of the Roman State; and feudalism meant the consecration of the soldier's life. Warriors were now a professional class; and if there had been no occasions for war they would have had to make them, for otherwise they would have had to create war at all. The brute fact was thus converted into an ideal, and the European spirit inculcated with that romanticism of war from which, even now, we have hardly begun to free ourselves.

At last the feudal anarchy subsided, and the world we know began to emerge. But it was a world not, like the Roman, of one State, but of many. And war now received a new meaning. The mask in which it clothed its savage countenance was not now loyalty, but, first, dynastic interest, then patriotism. The necessity for war had passed, but the bad habit persisted, and where once wandering tribes had sought subsistence and adventure, kings and nations sought territory and power. The memory of the Roman unity, symbolized so long by Emperor and Pope, ceased to haunt even the dreams of men, and the Peace of Westphalia formally affirmed a world of competing States related only by war.

Through all these troubled centuries—looming so large in our perspective, yet, in fact, forming so brief an episode in the life of Man—reason and speculation did not cease, like a lighthouse in a storm, to twinkle and blink upon the tumultuous darkness. In the earlier period it is the Christian Church that handles the problem of war. Primitive Christians had condemned it, and many of them had refused military service. But by becoming an institution in the world, the Church had become its accomplice. War indeed, like slavery, it condemned in principle; for man unfallen did not fight. But with sin came war into the world, and evil though it be, it may be a means to good. After all, like everything else, it is the will of God, and may be regarded as a revelation of His Providence. To Dante, for instance, the history of Rome is one long ordeal by battle, and her victories the proof of the justice of her cause. The view outlives the Middle Ages, and finds in Carlyle and Treitschke its latest, if not its last exponent. The illusion that the cause that triumphs must be just dies hard. But if justice can and does triumph in war, then there must be just wars; and that there are, is an almost universally accepted axiom, down to our own time. It is, indeed, occasionally admitted that each party always thinks its own cause just. "It is the nature of war," says Alberico Gentile, "that each side shall pretend that its cause is just. That is due to the weakness of our human nature. But it is thought that there are objective tests of justice. They are the same as those about which our polemics still turn. A "defensive" war is just. But then, when is a war defensive? For it is seen that an apparently aggressive war may really be "preventive." A further definition therefore is suggested. The proof that a belligerent's cause is just must be supplied by his readiness, before having recourse to arms, to submit the issue to arbitration. The idea is already in Dante: "When it is a question of war all means should first be tried in the way of award, and only in the last resort should the way of battle be tried." In the Middle Ages there was in existence a world-authority that might have taken over the arbitration of all questions of great importance and move to dwell on the cases where Popes have acted as judges between princes. But that recourse was always precarious; and the dissolution of Christendom made impossible.

The idea of a preliminary arbitration indicates, nevertheless, the right road. The problem of war is political, not ethical or religious. Men fight originally not about right or wrong, but about food and drink and women. They begin to steal because it is the only way of getting what they want, and they go on stealing because they prefer it to working. This is the fundamental fact, and it is the duty of all those who fear and abhor feudalism or war to fight, first and foremost, because he lived by fighting, and would lose his position and his livelihood if fighting ceased. On that foundation rested the whole edifice of chivalry. The Crusades were not really wars for religion. The Holy Places merely supplied an excuse for an activity which would have expended itself otherwise in secular wars in Europe. And right down to our own time, behind all the talk and pretence, the real cause and object of war is theft. If any one doubts this let him look through the long series of treaties that have concluded wars for the last three centuries. He will find that they are all concerned with taking away territory from one State and transferring it to another. And he will find no exception in that respect in the treaties that concluded, after a war professing to be nothing but a war for Right.

Is there then no foundation for the idealism that has become associated with war? Not altogether so. For whatever be the object of a war, however grossly material, yet, for any nation, defeat in war will mean, or will seem to mean, a threat to its own national tradition. There is, perhaps, much illusion about this, for, in the things that matter to civilization, the conquered has often defeated the conqueror—as Greece did Rome. Still, this rally to the defence of the national tradition will never seem ignoble. It must be remembered, however, that the nobility is equal in the citizens on both sides, for however the war started, and whoever was technically the aggressor, it will have the same consequences to the defeated. It may be said, then, that whatever the real purpose of a war (and that, we insist, is always loot and power) the citizens fighting it are, to their own minds, always fighting in a holy cause. In one sense they are deceived, in another not. And in no case are they hypocrites. The situation, none the less, and indeed all the more, is terrible, to all save those (surely a diminishing number!) who judge war to be a good thing in itself. There is no way out, except
to end the general condition in which one State or another can think it worth while to be an aggressor, and all must, therefore, always fear aggression. What is required to end that is a recognized tribunal to which States first can, next will, last must, submit their disputes, recompense for force being arrested until that tribunal has decided.

There is the key to the problem. And in the long list of thinkers and writers on war and peace one or two stand out in relief who have firmly grasped it. Of these the most interesting included in our author's survey is Emiric de Cruce (born 1590). Like the other "humanists" of his time, he recalls men to their humanity:

Many find their triumph in explaining the mysteries of religion and proving them by irrefragable authority against unbelievers. That is good. But before all things it is necessary to uproot that vice which is the most common of all and the root of the rest, viz., Inhumanity.

Of that inhumanity, war is the crowning example and proof. With unusual perspicacity the author proceeds to analyse its causes and to unravel the tangle of sophistries in which they are disguised. Others, however, have done that, though few so ably. Cruce's originality is in his proposals for the maintenance of peace. He sketches an "assembly" (the very word used in the Covenant of the League of Nations) in which should meet the ambassadors of all the States of the world, not only Christian, but Pagan, China, Persia, Japan, Morocco, and the Great Mogul. This assembly is to be a "sort of permanent council of supervision and pacification." It will decide disputes about precedence and all other subjects, maintain good understanding among the members, anticipate quarrels and adjust them, peaceably if possible, but if not, by force." The last phrase implies a sanction. And it is Cruce's idea that if any of the parties refuses to submit to the decision of the majority, the rest should join with the party that does submit to coerce the recalcitrant member.

The general idea that underlies the Covenant is here clearly expressed, though Cruce would apparently have gone further than the Covenant in the way of coercion. That, however, is a matter of detail. The point is that he saw clearly that the remedy for war must be political, since its causes are political. States, like individuals, will aggress, if they can aggress with impunity. But it is the common interest of them all to put an end to the impunity. At last, after centuries of experience, they have learned that lesson and have formally embodied its teaching in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

From Dr. Lange's admirable survey of a millennium of history and thought a reader may draw, according to his temperament or his mood, encouragement or the reverse. So long, he may say and feel, men have seen the evil of war, discussed its causes, and proposed remedies. And now, look out on Europe! Yes! The mills of God grind slowly; and it is at rare moments that the strong idea coincides with the moment at which its realization is possible. But much has happened during the three centuries that have elapsed since Cruce published his book. In particular, the last century and a half have wrought changes to which there is nothing comparable in the long and vanishing past. Man has discovered science, and by its aid has unified the world materially and economically. The fact is palpable at this moment, just because we have tried to ignore it. All States are perishing because some have tried to destroy others. In this state of the world our political anarchy is a clear anachronism. The moment for the idea has arrived. That is why it has forced its way into life, against all unbelievers. That is why it may be destined to triumph—now, though never before.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

TOLSTOY AND GORKY

REMINISCENCES OF LEON TOLSTOY. By Maxim Gorky. (Petersburg, Z. J. Grizelban.)

FTER more than two years of Russia's spiritual and intellectual isolation, the first Russian literary work published recently which has reached us in this country is Maxim Gorky's "Reminiscences of Leo Tolstoy."

The book consists mainly of notes and impressions written down by Maxim Gorky during his stay in the Crimea in 1910, whilst Tolstoy was living in the neighbour hood of his first serious illness, and then after the writer's return. Anton Tchehov also at that period lived near by in Yalta. Gorky saw a great deal of Tolstoy, paying him frequent visits, and Tolstoy used to visit Gorky. The book also contains a very long letter of over thirty pages written by Gorky in Italy in 1910, during his banishment, on the occasion of Tolstoy's "leaving his house," and his death. "I publish this letter," Gorky says in the preface, "without correcting a single word in it, just as I wrote it then. Nor do I finish it now; this, somehow, cannot be done."

Perhaps the following passage from his letter will make it clear why Gorky, after Russia's eventful years since Tolstoy's death till the end of 1919, could not finish his letter:

He talked to me many times and a long time: what he lived at Crimea I used often to discuss with him, and he left the subject readily: his books I read attentively and lovingly, so I believe I have the right to say what I think of him, even though it be bold and widely differing from the general attitude to him. I am aware of lesser men and others that there is no man more worthy of the name of genius, more complicated, more contradictory and—more beautiful in everything; yes, yes, in everything. Beautiful in some exceptional sense, wide, not to be grasped by words—there is in him something which can only be laid hold upon, and is to cry out to all and everybody: Look what a wonderful man lives on earth! For he is overwhelmingly, and above all, a man of mankind.

But what always repelled me from him was his stubborn, despotism tendency to turn the life of Count Leo Nikolayevitch Tolstoy into "the saintly life of our blessed father, boyar Leo." You know he long intended to "suffer." To Yevgenii Solovoi, to Sulerzhizky he expressed his regret that he had not achieved it. But he wished to suffer, not simply, not out of a natural desire to test the resilience of his will—but with the obvious and, I repeat, despotic intention of expressing the weight of his religious ideas, of making an example of his teaching, to make his gospel irresistible, to sanctify it in the eyes of men by his suffering and to make them accept it, you understand, to make them. For he knows that that gospel is not sufficiently obvious; in his diary you will, in time to come, find good instances of scepticism, applied by himself to his teaching and his personality. He knows that "Martyrs and sufferers with rare exceptions are but despot and tyrants: he knows everything! And he says: "Were I to suffer for my ideas, they would produce a different impression." This always repelled me from him, for I cannot help feeling in this an attempt to do violence to me, a desire to take hold of my conscience, to blind it with the glow of righteous blood, to put the yoke of dogma on my neck.

He always exalted immortality on the other side, but he liked it better on this side. A writer national in the truest and most universal sense, he bodied forth in his giant soul all the defects of the nation. His most striking teaching of "truth," of "everyday life," the working of passivity,—this is all the unwholesome fermentation of the old Russian blood, poisoned by Mongolian fatalism and, as it were, chemically hardened in the fire of its mistriving creative work, with its indomitable active resistance to the evil of life. What is called "Tolstoy's anachronism" is essentially the expression of our Slav anti-stateism, again a truly national trait, a disposition to discard in a filtered intellectual idiom, in the time. Until this day we have passionately indulged that disposition, as you and everyone are aware. We are aware, but we disperse, and we always on the lines of least resistance; we see that this is pernicious, but cannot and will not further advance the others, for we are nothing but cockroaches, winding our paths and in this kind of time. Until this day we have passionately indulged that disposition, as you and everyone are aware. We are aware, but we disperse, and we always on the lines of least resistance; we see that this is pernicious, but cannot and will not further advance the others, for we are nothing but cockroaches, winding our paths and in this kind of time. Until this day we have passionately indulged that disposition, as you and everyone are aware. We are aware, but we disperse, and we always on the lines of least resistance; we see that this is pernicious, but cannot and will not further advance the others, for we are nothing but cockroaches, winding our paths and in this kind of time.

* An authorized English translation of this book, under the same title, will be published shortly in this country by the Hogarth Press, Richmond.
"He ought" (Tolstoy said) "to have made himself acquainted with the teaching of Confucius or the Buddhists: this would have set him at rest. This is the chief thing for everyone to know. He has not been able to find his beloved wife by throwing a billiard ball on his bald head, and he would move his ears. He felt a great deal, but thought poorly. It is from the Fourierists, from Burschevitch, that he learned to think. And then he hated them all his life long. There was something Jewish in his blood. He was diffident, ambitious, heavy and unhappy. It's strange that he is so much read, I can't make out why. It is painful [to read him] and useless, because all the Tolstoy, Raw Youts, Raskelevs and this—they were not like that, it is all simply clever..."

Gorky gives several instances of Tolstoy's attitude to women.

In my opinion [says G.], Tolstoy regards woman with irrevocable hostility, and he loves to punish her—if she is not a Kitty nor a Natasha Rostovzey, if she is not a creature not sufficiently limited. Is it the hostility of a man who has not succeeded in getting as much of life as he could? Can he not imagine the spirit against the "degrading impulses of the flesh"? But still it is hostility, and as cold as in Anna Karenin.

Gorky records the following words of Tolstoy:

In her body a woman is sincerer than man, but her thoughts are lying. But when she lies, she does not believe herself, and when Rousseau lied, he did believe himself.

Anton Tchekov, Sulerzhizky, Sergeyevitch [Tolstoy's son] and someone else, sitting in the park, spoke of women. Tolstoy listened for a long time in silence, and then suddenly said: "And I will tell the truth about women, when I have one foot in my grave. I will tell it, jump into the coffin, cover myself with the coffin lid—call me then to account!"

And what is Gorky's attitude to Tolstoy?

I do not know if I loved him, but does that matter—love or hatred of him? He always aroused enormous, fantastic sensations and agitations in my soul; even the unpleasant and hostile sensations evoked assumed forms that did not oppress, but as it were exploded the soul, widened it, made it more sensitive and capacious.

In another passage Gorky says:

I, who do not believe in God, look at Tolstoy somehow very warily, somewhat timidly: I look at him and think, "This man is God-like!"

Recording a meeting with Tolstoy in 1900, Gorky says:

I can't express in words what I felt, not thought, at that moment; the wide vastness in my soul and awe, and then all suffused in one happy thought: "I am not an orphan on earth so long as this man lives on it!"

S. KOTELIANSKY.

THE GOOD TALKER IN PRINT

Le Bol de Chine; ou, Divagations sur les Beaux-Arts. Par 
Pierre Mille. (Paris, Crès. 3fr. 75.)

There are three main kinds of essays: the literary essay written for all time, the journalistic essay written for the day, and the essay which should never have been written. M. Pierre Mille's "Divagations" belong to the third class, by which I mean that they do not contain anything either from the pen of the talented journalist who created Barnavault and gave us "Nas" Edeline et son épouse" are devoid of interest or merit, but merely that the thought behind them is too fragmentary and tentative to justify transcription to the printed page. They belong more to the sphere of conversation than of literature. The good talker is the man who can throw an idea into the centre of the room and induce the assembled company to play football with it. If he can contrive to kick off with a laugh, so much the better. It is no part of his duty to work out a theory, to analyse or develop an idea. His function is essentially to stimulate. As such he is a boon to society, and he contributes, more perhaps than most of us realize, to the thought of the age. M. Mille is, we imagine, bon causseur of this type, but he is not convincing or more than very mildly entertaining in these printed essays.

W.
List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being increased, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the list which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.


The "popular" style of this book defeats, to some extent, the author's purpose. We should have liked the exposition to be more clear-cut and reserved. As it is, the reader will have some difficulty in grasping the root ideas of the Freudian theory, although, if he is patient, he will find a good deal of information in this book. But an exposition is not "popular," which says of a number of facts that they demonstrate something "to the nth degree": it is merely irritating.


The author, a relative of Father Maturin, who was drowned in the "Lusitania," has gathered in this book a series of revelations obtained by the planchette in 1901-2, and described as "communications" from her son Charles Gordon Maturin, who had died in 1900 at the age of thirteen. The "communications" are of an intimate, affectionate, and boyish type.

200 RELIGION.

Shillito (Edward).  THE NEW DAYS: words addressed to the soul of the nation. Longmans, 1919. 7½ in. 116 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 204

In thirteen eloquent and thoughtful papers the author deals with the Christian ethic in its relation to war; the value of a good literary style in religious writings; the importance of earnestness and of personality in the preacher; the "burning passion" of many for a reunited Christianity; and other themes.

Stone (Henry John).  TOWARDS SPIRITUAL DEMOCRACY. Swarthmore Press [1920]. 6 in. 73 pp. boards, 2 n. 204

Notwithstanding the failure of organized Christianity to exercise such an influence on men's lives as would have prevented the late terrible war, the author sees many signs of the growth of a real feeling of brotherhood among men. He appeals earnestly for an extension of this feeling, so that the ideal of service to one's fellows and complete freedom in following the dictates of the One Spirit may replace the present system of competition and narrow religious creeds. Without a change of outlook among men, even the League of Nations may not be able to prevent a war more destructive than that just ended.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Craddock (E. A.).  THE CLASS-ROOM REPUBLIC. Black, 1920. 7½ in. 80 pp. 2/6 n. 371.57

Under the system applied by the writer, a form master at the Northern Polytechnic Day Secondary School, Holloway, the teacher delegates all disciplinary powers to a committee chosen by the boys, who form what he calls "a class-room republic"; thus he has nothing else to do than teach. It is the committee that awards prizes and punishments, and the class sets its own homework. "The teacher will advise, but not command; suggest, but not enforce." By this development of the "free discipline school," which, Mr. Craddock says, works efficiently, the boys develop self-control, and the instruction is far better. He says nothing about the common defect in professional teachers of being unable to impart the knowledge they themselves possess.

Gough (George W.).  HALF PAST TWELVE: dinner-horn studies for the odd half-hours. Methuen [1920]. 8½ in. 85 pp. por. paper. 1/

330.2

The son of a railway servant, Mr. Gough went to Oxford and won first-class honours in Modern History. Understanding the difficulties of working men and women, he throws off the cloak of the professor, and in simple, straightforward language explains the economic problems, and sets forth the old-established principles of the division of labour and the organisation of labour under the capitalist régime.


Among the more notable of the contents of this number are Dr. Arthur Underhill's article dealing with Lord Birkenhead's Law of Property Bill, Mr. Eastwood's paper "Constitutional Rigidity in relation to Empire Federation," and Mr. H. A. Smith's contribution "The Nature of our Constitutional Law." The layman will be interested by Episcopal Divorce" (an article by Mr. C. A. Hershoff Bartlett), and by "Superstitious Uses," by Mr. T. Bourchier-Chilcot.

Owen (Dorothy Tudor) [Mrs. Douglas Truman].  THE CHILD VISION: being a study in mental development and expression ("Publications of the University of Manchester: Educational Series," 9). Manchester, University Press (Longmans), 1920. 8 in. 196 pp. il. index, 6/6 n. 372.6

This very entertaining and instructive work was written as a thesis for the degree of Master of Education. It describes the method and results of teaching children composition—using the word to denote orderly expression. The child naturally thinks in visual images, and this fact suggested to the author her method, which combines sketching and writing. The method seems to us a great improvement in the usual practice of giving stereotyped "subjects," and the results achieved suggest that it is much more effective as a mental discipline.

400 PHILOLOGY.


465

Arresting items in the present number are Mr. Robert Gardner's article "The Siege of Prieuneste"; "The Change from the Ancient to the Modern Greek Accent," by Miss Clara M. Knight; and Mr. Joseph E. Gillet's "The Katharsis-Clause in German Criticism." Less noted is an illustrated paper entitled "Arcus" Mr. G. P. Bidder contends that by the word "arcus" Horace ("Carm." iii. 28, 7) means "bow-drills."


The theme of Professor Tout's lecture is the prevalence during the Middle Ages of every sort of forgery, and the ease with which, up to the most recent times, scholars were deceived by even the clumsiest frauds. After speaking of medieval forgery in general he illustrates the nature of the falsification of medieval documents by telling the story of the "Historia Broadsendis," purporting to be the work of a twelfth-century monk, but actually written in the late fourteenth century, and the "De Situ Britanniae," attributed to the fourteenth-century Richard of Cirencester, but composed by a young man called Bertam in the middle of the eighteenth century.

700 FINE ARTS.

Bosanquet (Bernard).  CROCE'S AESTHETIC: from the "Pro" readings of the British Academy," vol. 9. British Academy (Milford) [1920]. 10 in. 28 pp. paper, 2 n. 701

Croce's identification of intuition and expression, the priority of aesthetic to conceptual thinking, and the general equation of language with intuition and aesthetic with linguistic theory, are subject by Mr. Bosanquet to a destructive critique. The long appendix undertakes to correct Croce's erroneous conception of the "death of art" in Hegel.
Macdonald (George), THE SILVER COINAGE OF CRETE, a metrological note (from the "Proceedings of the British Academy," vol. 9). (For the British Academy) Milford, 1920. 10 in. 30 pp. il. paper, 4/ n. 737

See notice, p. 580.

780 MUSIC.


A second Press of this attractive and stimulating little treatise.


See notice, p. 581.

800 LITERATURE.


A further instalment of "The MSS. of Callimachus' Hymns," by Mr. M. T. Smiley; "The Miracle of the Wine at Dionysos' Advent: on the Lenaea Festival," by Mr. J. Vurthiem; Mr. E. Phillips Barker's "Hieisthron and Eikisthron," and "Classics and Citizenship," by Professor E. V. Wyndham (a temperate defence of serious literature), are the main contents of this number. Mr. J. K. Fotheringham has some interesting astronomical comments on Dr. T. Rice Holmes's note on the Julian Calendar.


Several articles of considerable interest appear in the present number. One of the most notable is Professor Albert Mathiez's on "Un Projet d'Alliance Franco-Britannique en 1790." Another arresting contribution is by Mr. Maurice Lasnon, who in "Le Discours sur les Passions de l'Amour," est-il de Pascal? concludes that the work is Pascal's, and ends the paper with these words: "il est l'unique document qui nous ouvre un jour sur la vie intérieure de Pascal dans la période la plus obscure de son existence."


A full number, containing notable papers by Mr. H. Somerville ("The Economics of Nationalization"), Mr. J. Hogan ("Two Bishops of Killaloe and Irish Freedom"), and others. A native-born Egyptian, Mr. Raphael Nakhlia, writes critically in reference to "The British in Egypt"; and Professor Alfred O'Rahilly deals with "The Democracy of S. Thomas."

POETRY.


Mr. Bethell has a sense of the picturesque; his verses are full of bright colour and contrast—not very suble, perhaps, but cheerful in their sensuous gaudiness, like a design by Bakst. He writes of Greece, of Spain, of London and the country, of the sea, of women; and in all he writes we find tales so picturesque in quality joined with a rare felicity of expression and technique, this picturesque ness would make Mr. Bethell's verses very agreeable reading.

Burrow (C. Kennett), POEMS IN TIME OF WAR; IN TIME OF PEACE. Collins, 1919. 81/2 in. 100 pp. boards, 5/.

Mr. Burrow possesses a sense of rhythm that makes his verse musical without creating music. Their themes are diverse: but whether they are of war or of peace, his treat

ment often successfully combines vigour and poignancy. Here and there, perhaps, is a lapse into jingling: That would be well for you, my heart, better than London town, Where all the light is darkness and all the darkness light.

The ache of change and spiritual pain and helplessness is never absent from Mr. Burrow's verse; but his faith is never seriously in doubt. All through we are confident of its eventual triumph:

With eyes new-purged and sane
I saw earth's beauty ministering still
To heal man's ancient pain
And newer agonies of body and will.

One feels that the vision of the war poems is occasionally more than the expression; but in his nature poems Mr. Burrow is inclined to express more than he feels.


A reissue of the volume which Mr. Graves published first in 1916, and which has been for some time out of print. A few slight alterations, including the suppression of two short poems, have been made: otherwise the book remains unchanged.

Raid (N. C.), PUCK'S GARDEN; and other poems. Selwyn & Blount, 1920. 71/2 in. 64 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Raid aims at an organ-voiced splendour, sweetness and richness, but his success is not always equal to his high intentions. It is in these terms that he addresses the nightingale:

Thy luring litany of love, late heard,
Oh magically music-hung bird,
Sounds in my brain like a sweet seraph's moan.

One cannot help feeling that something has gone wrong with the organ.

822.33 SHAKESPEARE.


FICTION.

Albanesi (E. Maria), PATRICIA AND LIFE. Ward & Lock, 1920. 71/2 in. 307 pp., 6/ n.

Madame Albanesi has produced another readable story. Patricia decides that she cannot marry the man who has been chosen for her by her father, and is compelled to leave home, but finds friends in an old schoolfellow and an officer whom she meets in a train. She shows a brave front to life, and has to endure many trials through her callous father and an unscrupulous woman. Her actress-schoolfellow and Dennis Ryan, the wounded airman, are very agreeable characters; and there are good descriptions of various aspects of life during the war. Notwithstanding her troubles, Patricia finds that life is well worth living.

Close (Evelyne), CHERRY ISLE. Grant Richards, 1920. 71/4 in. 245 pp., 7/6 n.

Charles Garston is a tenor who has "succeeded too soon and too easily." He possesses "faultless evening dress," and wears decorations bestowed upon him by "mighty rulers." Anthea Argent has one blue eye, one brown eye, and copper-coloured hair. Also she has a voice, even as Sir Willoughby Patterne had a leg. The two singers marry, but do not agree. Anthea's temper, like her voice, is uncertain; and through most of the book she is an unpleasant person. For a long while she lives only for professional glory, and to be avenged upon her mother's betrayer. The vengeance takes a tragic form. The novel, though readable, has elements of artificiality.

Cole (Sophie), THE CYPRUS TREE. Mills & Boon [1920]. 71/4 in. 244 pp., 7/6 n.

A pleasant novel, in which there is a touch of the supernatural. The title is the name of a sinister little black-letter tome which brings ill-luck upon its successive owners, none of whom, notwithstanding, cares to call it out. Ed. Johns, previously a classical master at one of the great public schools, on his return from the war becomes a collector of rare books, and for a while possesses the volume. He falls in love with and marries Genifer Thorn, whose first husband, supposed to be dead, unexpectedly appears, suffering from shell-shock and complete loss of memory. How the "Cyprian Tree" is destroyed, and other occurrences straighten out the complexities of the story, is told in Miss Cole's facile and attractive manner.

Morris Klaw, the Dream-Detective, is a psychical Sherlock Holmes. He has a flair for Eastern idols and historic jewels, and knows all the uncanny things that have happened to his possessors. The author displays great skill in elaborating the details of each case. The first of them, "The Tragedies in the Greek Room," is a good example of his methods.

Terhune (Albert Payson). | Lad, a Dog. | Dent, 1920. | 7½ in. | 309 pp., 6 n. | 8/3.5 |

According to the author, "nearly all the stories of Lad's life are true"; but there must surely be a great deal of romance in this history of a thoroughbred collie of extraordinary intelligence, in and around New Jersey; for instance, in all that happened to the dog in his thirty-mile run home after getting lost in New York. Though not on a par with "Owd Bob" or "The Call of the Wild," this will be pleasant reading to lovers of animals.


Mrs. Watson has invented a racy and plausible plot for her new novel—the tracking of a thief who stole some country-house jewellery on the occasion of a masked ball, with complications; but she misses her opportunity by using a rather nondescript method throughout her narrative. She does not appear to have asked herself what exactly were her intentions before she began to write. The consequence is that as a story the book fails in interest; as a study of character it lacks conviction; even in such a trivial matter as the use of the vulgarisms incidental to her particular grade of society she is uncertain when and where a suggestion is more potent than a whole page of them. And yet, with a more patient and more certain hand, the delineation of the same set of figures would make good entertainment.


The story opens in the Lake District, where Harry Gardiner, a young hotel-keeper, who is the son of a country parson, but is restless and unstable, in righteous indignation at a remark made by a guest, strikes and kills him. Although a verdict of accidental death is returned at the inquest, Gardiner later on is tried for manslaughter and sent to prison. He is "B 14." How all this is brought about is unfolded in a readable and spirited narrative.

920 BIOGRAPHY.


See review, p. 571.


See review, p. 571.

930-990 HISTORY.

Harris (James Rendel). | The Last of the "Mayflower." | Manchester, University Press (Longmans), 1920. | 9/6 in. | 130 pp., app., 5 n. | 975.22 |

In this publication of the John Rylands Library Dr. Rendel Harris tries to find an answer to the question, What became of the "Mayflower"? The name was a common one for ships in late Tudor and early Stuart times; hence the tracing of the antecedent "Mayflower" has entailed much research. Some ten years after the landing of the Pilgrims (1620), she was employed on a similar service, that of transporting the remainder of the Leyden colony to New Plymouth. Then she is traced in the whale-fishery, and to her last owner and master, Mr. Thomas Webber of Boston. Not long after 1654, the author says, "one is tempted to conjecture that she died in a nautical sense." Most likely she was broken up in Boston, or perhaps in the Thames on her last voyage to London.

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THE CONDITION OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

Undoubtedly, English literature is suffering from a reaction after the war. Where literature should be most alive, there is one most aware of a general lassitude; this lassitude is manifest, in the work of our writers under forty years of age, in two distinct and complementary forms. On the one hand we have a deliberately exaggerated expression of what the French used to call _aquerobonisme_, a literature based not merely on the conscious diagnosis of a malady of perception and will—if it were, it would at least be symptomatic of constitutional strength—but on a sickly combination of timorous, half-hearted analysis, and of pleasure in the surrender to inhibition. It might be mistaken to stress the perennial insistence of immaturity upon its own uniqueness, because the discovery that true artistic individuality comes only after an arduous effort to discipline a merely personal otherness may often be long delayed. But the tinge of complacency in the indulgence of immediate sensation at the present day is too apparent to be neglected.

On the other hand, we have, principally in poetry, a curious phenomenon which we may call "right-mindedness." It too, we imagine, is in the main the outcome of a war-reaction; for the lassitude of which the former literary tendency is a direct expression has been the common lot of all sensitive minds, _l'ennui commun à toute personne bien née_. "Right-mindedness" is, fundamentally, a clumsy method of exorcising the devil that walketh at noon-day; it is the attempt to combat an insidious disease by assuming the outward behaviour of a man in health. Now if this literary habit, of which we discovered alarming evidences in "Georgian Poetry," were a deliberate and conscious convention, it too would be a sign of health. For two reasons. Not only is it essential that the artist should remain conscious up to the extreme point where consciousness is no longer possible, and the mechanism of an artistic convention aids him in this; but the careful practice of a deliberate convention would sooner or later involve the general recognition of the fact that it is an indispensable part of the highest artistic achievement. That is completely forgotten nowadays, and by the right-minded most of all. Since these affect a kind of _bergerie_, nothing could be better fitted to stiffen their backbone than an examination of the pastoral convention from Theocritus to Milton. But that is impossible for them, and, as a matter of fact, the "right-minded" tendency sways indeterminately between a reflection of the pastoral convention and a reflection of the romantic return to nature.

The real cause of its indeterminateness is that its impulse is negative. "Right-minded" literature is the expression of a turning-away from something "whose nature it has not paused to examine towards something it has not the capacity to conceive. It embraces nature, without knowing what nature is; it upholds the banner of the tradition, without looking to see what the tradition is, or whether a tradition can be truly said to exist at all. The result is, for the most part, a curious literature of unconscious _pæstiches_: it is like and yet unlike the poetry which the public remembers. Hence its uncommon popularity, and the disconcerting fact that the verse of three or four of these sincere but unimportant poets is more widely read than the work of Dr. Bridges or even of Mr. Hardy.

At ordinary times we might have a reasonable hope that such a condition of things, in which the literary work of the younger generation is divided...
into two equally false tendencies, would be only a passing phase, for, if the times were ordinary, neither of them would have taken any real hold of the public. The writer would have been left to fight the battle of his own development alone. But the conditions are not ordinary. Various disturbing factors enter in. To name but two of them, there is a false sense of loyalty and a false sense of responsibility.

The young literary world is divided into two camps: the right-minded and the wrong-headed, the comprehensibles and the incomprehensibles, the top-dogs and the under-dogs. There are a few with a foot in both camps, and one or two in neither, but the general division holds, and a vigorous, if not altogether obvious warfare is carried on. It is a disastrous contest; it has none of the invigorating quality of a struggle between the old and the young, or of the struggle between one deliberate literary theory and another. It is like the social struggle, an internecine feud between the haves and the have-nots.

Since neither side professes allegiance to any literary principle, the loyalty that unites its members is purely partisan and negative. Thus the free production and discussion of literature is impeded, and, by the accident of circumstance, what might have been venial errors of partisanship are exaggerated by a false sense of responsibility into serious offences against literature. Never have so many young literary men had greatness thrust upon them as during the war; never has the immaturity of genuine, but unformed talent been so popular. It was not their fault. They were young, they were naive, they were credulous; they had had real experience of war, and they told what they could of the truth about it at a time when their elders were lying. They had every excuse for considering themselves creatures of genius, when their genius was so vehemently vouched for by people who ought to have known better. How should they know that they had barely begun the real work of literature? How should they know that most reviewers and most editors were as foolish and ill-educated as themselves? But not even the knowledge that the process was inevitable can reconcile us to the humiliating spectacle of these young great men delivering themselves of preposterous opinions with a slightly uncertain air of omniscience; and the spectacle is humiliating, whether we regard it as an exhibition how talent may be self-corrupted, or as indication of the contempt into which criticism has fallen.

A great many of our young men of letters have become public men at a stage of their development when they should have been employing all their energies in the repair of their interrupted education. We doubt whether there has ever been a generation of men of letters so startlingly uneducated as this, so little interested in the study of the great writers before them, so content to handle the English language as though it had been created de novo in the middle of the nineteenth century. The reason for this must be sought primarily; no doubt, in the war, which has inflicted upon so many the loss of five years in the most vital period of their intellectual development; but the tendency to jettison the burden of the past was discernible before the war.

Impatience of structure and thought, contempt for technique, the exaltation of sensational immediacy—all these were characteristic of young English literature before the war began; the war, by snapping the thin threads of tradition that remained, by setting literary apprentices in the position of literary masters, has hastened the process of disintegration.

It is easier to believe that the process must be checked than to see where or how. The general atmosphere of hostility and suspicion is inimical to a revival of criticism; yet this is the only way of salvation, the only means by which the fatal struggle between the haves and the have-nots can be converted into that most salutary of all encounters, a reasoned conflict between literary principles. If a critical protagonist from each side could be induced to state a positive case for work of the kind which he affected to admire and emulate, if it could be tacitly agreed that, however mistakenly, both sides were in pursuit of the same end, the advancement of English literature, and that insinuation and boycott are the weapons of a world morally inferior to that of literature, the atmosphere would be cleared of the miasma of bitterness which now obscures every critical issue of importance. As it is, we have chaos and anarchy and a lamentable waste of the best energies in capturing the popular suffrage.

J. M. S.

SPRING SICKNESS
The starlings clustered on the trees
Are gurgling in the rain;
From garden beds the white snow slips,
Leaving them bare again.
When shines the sun upon the earth,
And spring is everywhere;
Like Paradise, the apple trees
Are fresh and scent the air.
The spring will come to this gray town,
That stretches to the brink
Of rivers where the trees grow green
And almonds flush with pink.
A wish is mine, so fierce and vain,
A sudden wish to run
Where thrushes sing, where near the hedge
Are celandines in the sun.

Joan Arden.

CHINESE POND
Chinese pond is quick with leeches:
From its island knoll of beeches
Peers the temple, standing yet,
Heaped with dead leaves, all alone.
Mildew dims the lacquered panels
Where the channelling insect channels;
Blood-red dragons pine and fret
Who glare so grimly thereupon.
Mother-pearl and pink shells once
In formal geometrons
Counterchanged the inner wall:
Frieze and hangings, both are gone.
Knavish robin reconnoiters,
Unabashed the woodmouse loiters,
Brown owls hoot at shadow-fall,
Death-watch ticks and beetles drone.

Edmund Blunden.
REVIEW

THE OBJECTS

By NILE AND TIGERS. By Sir Wallis Budge, Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum. 2 vols. (Murray, 68s. net.)

THE objects lay quiet for thousands of years, many of them in tombs where love or superstition had placed them. When they were golden they sometimes tempted thieves; brick, stone, marble—when they were of these materials they built houses; when they contained animal matter or lime they were broken up to fertilize the fields; now and then they served as amulets. But they did not work on the general imagination of the living; or disturb sober Governments, until the fifteenth century after Christ. It was then that Italy began to take an interest in "the antique." "I go to awake the dead," cried Cyriae of Ancona; and an evocation began which seemed tremendous to contemporaries. The objects—mainly statues—were routed out of the earth, treated with acids and equipped with fig-leaves and tin petticoats; they were trundled about to meet one another, until they formed collections, which collections were presently dispersed through death or defeat, and the trundling recommenced. In the eighteenth century Egyptian objects also weighed in—not heavily at first, but Napoleon's expedition drew attention to them; and then the pace quickened. In the nineteenth century the soil was scratched all over the globe, rivers were dammed, rocks chopped, natives tortured, hooks were let down into the sea. What had happened? Partly an increase in science and taste, but also the arrival of a purchaser, wealthier than cardinals and quite unscrupulous—the modern European nation. After the Treaty of Vienna every progressive Government felt it a duty to amass old objects, and to exhibit a fraction of them in a building called a Museum, which was occasionally open free. "National possessions" they were now called, and it was important that they should outnumber the objects possessed by other nations, and should be genuine old objects, and not copies, which looked the same, but were said to be discrètable. Some of the Governments—for example, the French and the Italian—were happily placed, for they inherited objects from the connoisseurship of the past; others, like the German and our own, had less; while poor Uncle Sam started by having none, and Turkey relegated all to the will of Allah. The various Governments passed laws restricting exportation, and instructed their custom officials accordingly; and they also hired experts to buy for them and to intrigue against other experts. But an example will make the situation clearer. Let us follow the fortunes of B.M. 10470, or the "Papyrus of Ani." Ani lived at Thebes about one thousand and five hundred years before the birth of Christ. He was chancellor to Pharaoh and overseer of the royal granaries at Abydos, and, like all ancient Egyptians, he was troubled by the certainties of death. There was nothing vague in that river beneath the Nile, over whose twelve reaches Ani would have to make the voyage to the palace of Osiris. Its course was only too clear: there were myriads of details in it, and woe upon him if he forgot one! for he would be expelled from the god's boat and be damned. Everything spoke in that world of the under-waters. Even the lintel of the palace of Osiris said, "Who am I?" and the bolts, "Who are we?" The four Apses at the prows of the boat were vocal, and it was necessary to address them in precisely the following words: "... Let me pass through the secret doors of the Other World. Let cakes and ale be given to me as to the Spirits, and let me go in and come out from Rastan," so that they might reply: "Come, for we have done away thy wickedness and put away thy sin, and we have destroyed all the evil which pertained to thee on earth. Thou shalt enter Rastan and pass through the secret doors of the Other World. Cakes and ale shall be given unto thee. . . ." Ani could not hope to address the apos with accuracy. His memory was but human; so, buying a strip of papyrus eighty feet long, he had it inscribed with all he would have to say, and it was placed in a square niche in the north wall of his tomb, and was tied with a cord of papyrus and fastened by a clay seal. No apes and lintels would trouble him now, for his "Book of the Dead" would undertake every dialogue, and having reached the palace he would himself become Osiris, Osiris-Ani, an immortal.

The papyrus lay in the dust for centuries, and during the flux of time that we call history, not seeing the sunlight until 1886 A.D. It was then discovered by some natives. Egypt was still a nation, and had so far advanced as to have a Museum at Cairo and a Director, M. Grebaud. Britain had become a nation with a Museum in Bloomsbury, and had sent her Mr. (now her Sir Wallis) Budge to take what he could from Egypt. It was to Sir Wallis that the natives turned, because he paid more than M. Grebaud, although they risked imprisonment and torture. Going by night with them to the tomb, he broke the clay seal, and was "amazed at the beauty and freshness of the colours of the human figures and animals, which, in the dim light of the candles and the heated air of the tomb, seemed to be alive." From that moment Ani was dumb. His voice, his "Book of the Dead," was taken, and he can no longer reply to questions in the Under World. Sir Wallis put his find into a tin box, and hid it in a house whose walls abutted on the garden of a hotel at Luxor. M. Grebaud sailed in pursuit, but his boat stuck. However, he sent on a messenger, who told Sir Wallis that he was arrested on the charge of illegally acquiring antiquities, and then asked for bakhshish. "We gave him good bakhshish, and then began to question him." As a result, the native dealers gave a feast to all the policemen and soldiers in Luxor, and an atmosphere of good-fellowship was created. The house containing the Papyri of Ani and Osiris had not been sealed by the police, pending M. Grebaud's arrival; guards were posted on its roof, and sentries at its door. The dealers invited the sentries to drink cognac or to take a stroll, but they refused. However, the manager of the hotel was more sympathetic, and his gardeners dug by night through the abutting wall into the house, so that Sir Wallis could remove all the antiquities—though he left a coffin which belonged to the British military authorities, in the hope that it would make bad blood between them and M. Grebaud. Next day the Papyrus reached Cairo, and was smuggled across the Ksar el Nil bridge as the personal luggage of two British officers, to whom Sir Wallis related his trouble. The officers loved doing the Egyptian Government. Even more helpful was Major Hepper, R.E., met in the Mess; Major Hepper thus expressed himself: "I think I can help you, and I will. As you have bought these things, which you say are so valuable for the British Museum, and they are to be paid for with public money, they are clearly the property of the British Government." He then placed the Papyri of Ani in a case which was labelled in sequence with some Government property, and took it, in his military capacity, to England, where he gave it to the British Museum. It may not be on exhibit, but we have it, which is what matters. It would be humiliating to think it was on exhibit at Cairo.

The above yarn, and many another, are told by the author in the jolliest way. He has something of the Renaissance desperado about him, and one can well imagine him "collecting" for Simondon Malatesta or Isabella
d’Este with the assistance of a poignard. He enjoys being cruel to M. Grébaut, whose honesty and simplicity he despises; he enjoys pushing a young Turkish official into the waters of the Tigris. He has written a most delightful book, from which one could quote for hours, and yet he leaves an impression of vulgarity at the close. The vulgarity is not personal. It emanates from the system that tolerates the abuses, Tariffs, taxation, and snobbery of the Museum business come out strongly beneath this tale of derring-do. Our “national possessions” are not accessible, nor do we insist that they should be; for our pride in them is merely competitive. Nor do such fractions as are accessible stimulate our sense of beauty or of religion: as far as Museums breed anything it is a gibberish familiarity with labels. Yet to stock their locked cellars these expeditions and intrigues go on, and elderly gentlemen are set to pick one another’s pockets beneath tropic skies. It is fine if you think the modern nation is, without qualification, fine; but if you have the least doubts of your colossal, a disgust will creep over you and you will wish that the elderly gentlemen were employed more honestly. After all, what is the use of old objects? They breathe their dead words into too dead an ear. It was different in the Renaissance, which did get some stimulus. It was important that the Laocoön should be found. But the discovery of the Hermes of Praxiteles and the loss of the sculptures of Sargon II. are equally meaningless to the modern world. Our age is industrial, and it is also musical, and one or two nice things; but its interest in the past is mainly faked.

Sir Wallis’s own interest is no doubt genuine; he is certainly interested in his fellow-men, and there are moments when one feels him the ideal Oriental traveller. He is accompanying buggering “over behind me in Baghdad a little gift in the bosom made blind the eyes”; and yet he can treat the Oriental respectfully. On one occasion he was entertained by some thieves:

“My difficulty of the previous day repeated itself, and not a man, old or young, would accept a gift from me: when I pressed them each said it would be a shame; and the shékhs refused even tobacco. Just as we were going to mount the shékhs came up to me and said, “Knowest thou how to write?” I said, “Yes.” “Then,” said he, “take thy pen and write in thy book this: ‘I and my camels lodged in the house of Sulmán ibn Khidr, shék of the place, and when I rose he took me at daybreak; of all my possessions I had lost nothing except the service of Sulmán ibn Khidr.” When I had rendered his words to the best of my ability I took out my knife and began to cut the leaf out of the book and then weeping that he was to lose the paper added his&gt;&lt;div data-ctm="f5 0 2500 2500">of his honesty towards his guests. But he stopped me saying, “Cut not, cut not; keep the writing and thou shalt remember Sulmán.” Then I realized that all he wanted was that I should not forget the most opportune service which he had rendered me, and that he had treated me as a friend and wished to be remembered as a friend.

Indeed, Sir Wallis makes friends all over the East, who appear when most he needs them, and turn his career into an unending triumph. In practice it was probably a tussled compromise, like most careers, but he does not tell us so; and when he does come a crash (as in the Rassam libel case) he carries it off with a swagger. Of his adventures on rafts and in caves: of the old man who said Hâ until he dislocated the traffic of Mosul; of the lady in the same city whose garment was unwound by a dog; of the stewponds of Abraham and Potiphar’s wife; of the Nile boatmen who grounded, and cultivated melons upon the mud until the river rose again; of the parrot that cried, “Darn the minor Prophets!” —of these and of other treasures the book is inexhaustible mine; while the archaeologist will find in it a convenient résumé of the excavations in Mesopotamia, together with much other information. Despite its formlessness, it is the most fascinating travel book that has appeared for years, for Sir Wallis has not only learning and vitality, but the sense of fun and the sense of beauty.

The afternoon was bright, and the view one of the finest I have ever seen. The buildings of the city stood out clear with their domes and minarets, and the setting sun painted the stonework a blood-red hue... The city was surrounded with living green, and lay like a great green fan on the living desert which hemmed it in. The sight of it thus made it easy to understand why the writers and poets have raved about Damascus and called it the “garden of the East,” the “spot where beauty passeth the night and taketh its rest,” “the region the stones of which are pearls, the earth amethysts, and the air avertless.” Within the waters and its green fields and gardens and its flowering trees, was the Earthly Paradise. And Muhammed the Prophet, who stood on Mount Kasyrun one evening and gazed over the city for a long time, declared not to go down the mountain until he had seen its delights should spoil his enjoyment of the Paradise of God in Heaven.

Of the Missions recounted, by far the most thrilling is the third (r88-9), in which Sir Wallis, accompanied by a Mr. N. White, sails from Constantinople to Alexandretta and thence goes overland to Mosul. The position of the British Museum was different in Mesopotamia from what it was in Egypt: the injured rather than the injurious party, it was trying to stop the leakage of objects from sites that the Turk had discovered and was able to excavate. Sir Wallis’s adventures were tremendous, and his description of the caravan which slowly accreted round himself and Mr. N. White, and was finally robbed by the murderous Shammar, is a masterpiece of cumulative effect. Mr. N. White is also a masterpiece. Though nothing definite is told us about that young gentleman, one knows him through and through. He was the son of our ambassador at Constantinople, who obliged Sir Wallis to take him as the price of his diplomatic assistance. Handsome, clever and generous, but utterly selfish, he came as near as a human agent may to thwarting the British Museum. Sometimes he hurt his knee, sometimes he strayed with Turkish officers, and at one time with masses of petitioners from the neighboring villages and wished Sir Wallis to take them to Europe. He tried to break loose in India, but was brought as far as Egypt, where his father’s agent met him and put him on a boat which sailed, not to Constantinople, as he expected, but to Manitoba! Mr. N. White must have been a great drag on Sir Wallis, and perhaps for that reason our hearts go out to him. For, delightful as these volumes are, they lack one quality: they fail to enlist our sympathies with the author—the touch of the fillister in him prevents it. It is fun when he pushes the Turk into the Tigris, but it would have been funnier had he fallen in himself. We part from him with admiration, but without tenderness, and with an increased determination to rob the British Museum. “The Keeper of the Egyptian Antiquities is understood to be entirely prostrated as a consequence of the daring theft of the celebrated Papyrus of Ani.” Would that one was in a position to write such a sentence and to post it to M. Grébaut for his use in the Under World!

E. M. F.

“The Government Inspector.”

We much regret that in an article containing a criticism of this play which appeared on page 553 of our issue of April 23 certain words were used which might be construed as imputing to Miss Mary Grey want of ability in her profession of an actress. We deeply regret that any such words were allowed to appear in our columns. The article in question was received at a time when the Editor was away from town, and it was inadvertently passed by one of the Assistant Editors. Had the Editor himself been in charge at the time, the words in question would never have been passed. We unreservedly withdraw the said words, and beg to offer our sincere apologies to Miss Mary Grey for having printed and published them,
SPEECH AND EDUCATION

The Philosophy of Speech. By George Willis. (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Willis's book is not so much a connected system of philosophy as a series of thoughts on various subjects connected with the faculty of speech. Beginning with a discussion of the origins of speech (he adheres to the "bow-wow" theory and gives one or two suggestive examples of the way in which it is possible to escape from the poulty yard to which Max Miller eternally doomed the omnivores), he goes on to show the connection of the history of speech with the history of thought; he devotes a chapter to metaphor, another to the question of spelling and spelling reform, others to grammar and correct speech, and a final section to speech and education. One does not always agree with Mr. Willis, but one can never find him anything but very entertaining and stimulating. Within the limits of this short review it is impossible to discuss adequately all the subjects with which he deals. We shall confine ourselves, then, to a few comments on Mr. Willis's last chapter. "Speech and Education"—in many ways the most suggestive in the book.

An uneducated person [says Mr. Willis] is known by his speech, or rather by his want of speech, by the narrowness of his range of expression and comprehension. The reason of this deficiency is not hard to discover. Two-thirds of English words are borrowed from the Latin. Therefore, in order to understand the English language of to-day, it is necessary to have some knowledge of the elements of Latin. It is this knowledge which our Public Schools confer and which our national schools do not.

A knowledge of the derivation of a word of foreign origin enables us to attach a definite, sensible image to it: It is utterly impossible to apprehend the ideas which these words [c.e., crude, coruscating, evolution] convey without the mediation of some sensible image; once a word becomes disconnected with its sensible image it becomes useless, a mere encumbrance to the language, a piece of dropical vertig, a pitfall for the careless thinker, a cloak for sham learning, pseudo-science, and all manner of imposture.

The profound truth of this statement is proved every day by a thousand illiterate journalists. The remedy, then, according to Mr. Willis, lies in the universal teaching of Latin. But the Public School master must not begrudge too soon Mr. Willis is entirely opposed to the methods and aims of the teaching of Latin at the Public Schools. To whip grammar and syntax into the young, to try to make them write correctly in a foreign idiom, seems to him ludicrous. Latin is valuable to us only for its vocabulary, and he would have the child taught as little grammar and syntax as possible. Hence the authors the child must read should not be of the Augustan period, should not write a language that is even copper Latin. They should be medieval writers, whose vocabulary is Latin, and whose grammar is wholly English or French or Italian or German, or whatever their native language happens to be. A useful reading-book is the "Gesta Romanorum," with its limpidly simple syntax and its often quite amusing stories.

There is undoubtedly much to be said for Mr. Willis's suggestion. It would be easy to find among medieval writers plenty of works in prose and verse which should be a great deal less boring than Cicero, less incomprehensible alien than Horace. There is much pleasant reading, for example, in Guido delle Colonne's "Troy Book," the syntax of which is even less Latin than that of the "Gesta Romanorum"; while the Christian hymns of St. Bernard's school, of Adam of St. Victor and the rest, which often combine the highest poetical merit with easily comprehensible language and metre, would serve admirably as the basis of a child's poetical education. It would be very interesting to see how Mr. Willis's scheme worked out in practice.

IRISH PHILOSOPHY

A Short History of Celtic Philosophy. By Herbert Moore Pim. (Dundalk, W. Tempest; London, T. N. Foulis, 7s. 6d.)

A STUDENT of Irish writings in the vernacular knows that, with the exception of a few late fragmentary versions of scholastic texts, there is no formal philosophical composition in Gaelic. He is, therefore, tempted to generalize, and to declare that the Irish of mediæval and pre-mediæval times were not philosophically minded. But here he must reckon with Mr. Pim. Mr. Pim claims very reasonably that the "world-dignity" of a people is greatly enhanced by its original work in philosophy. "Think," he cries, "of Greece and Rome without their philosophers!" For our part, we find it very easy to think of Rome, at all events, without its philosophers. But it is certain that to have adventured boldly in speculative thought is no small addition to the credentials of a nation. It is Mr. Pim's task to prove that the Irish have produced a sufficient body of original philosophy to justify this claim.

He supports his thesis partly by reference to actual philosophical writing immediately recognizable as such, partly by a drastic use of the method of allegorical interpretation. Of formal philosophers he assigns four to the Celts: Johannes Scottus Erigena, Duns Scotus, Berkeley and Hutchinson. On this list it may be remarked that Erigena was inebriated, as his name implies, an Irishman; Duns Scotus is a mysterious person of whose origin little is known, but it is extremely doubtful that he was born in Ireland; and neither Berkeley nor Hutchinson would have admitted for a moment that they were Celts. The one philosopher of whose Celtic (or rather Irish) origin we can be absolutely assured is Johannes Scottus. His position in the history of mediæval philosophy is a considerable one; and he is a legitimate glory of the Irish people.

The philosophy of Johannes Scottus is commonly affiliated to Neo-Platonism. Mr. Pim agrees that his system "resembled to a large extent the doctrine of the Neo-Platonists." But he would have us believe that he "derived much of his pantheism from the mass of thought by which he was surrounded in Ireland." The chief aim of this book is to prove that such a "mass of thought" existed. We cannot say that we think that the case has been made out. Mr. Pim's method is simple. Plato we know, used myths to illustrate his philosophical doctrines. Now the old Irish legendary tales, says Mr. Pim, are just such myths, and the doctrines of the idealistic philosophy which they were composed to illustrate may be extracted from them by ingenious manipulation. The doctrines thus revealed are the "mass of thought" from which Johannes Scottus derived his philosophy.

The dangers of this method are obvious. The texts from which the doctrines are to be extracted are of various date and authorship. Though a considerable number of them have been published, there exists as yet no agreed arrangement and valuation of them. For instance, it is not yet clear how much they owe to the background of dark-age Latin tradition which was in the mind of their redactors. On p. 30 of this book Mr. Pim speaks as though he thought that the doctrine of the creation of the first man from the four elements was a part of Celtic mythology. It is in fact a general mediæval theme deriving in all probability from the Book of Enoch.

There is one main conclusion to be drawn from all this: that, until the early history of Irish literature has been investigated on normal lines, speculations of this kind are not very profitable, and can lead to no certain conclusions.

R. F.
INDIAN NATIONALITY

Indian Nationality. By R. N. Gilchrist. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)


EVEN those who have only been able during these recent years to follow what is happening in India at a distance of several thousand miles can appreciate to some extent the speed with which history is there in the making. It would have been incredible ten years ago that in 1920 not only would the beginnings of a system of self-government be actually set up in that country, but the Anglo-Indian official world openly profess its readiness to go on from to-day relinquishing by progressive stages the administration to Indian hands. Those perhaps who see deepest into what is happening do not waste the changes exactly with light-hearted jubilation, as if India were now bound automatically to enter upon splendid days; they see no certainty of success, but they do see a great opportunity from which good or evil may come according to the way it is dealt with by the multitude of human personalities upon whose action and interaction the issue depends. They see the difficulties to be overcome. Anyone ignorant of them can learn about some, at any rate, from Professor Gilchrist's little book on "Indian Nationality."

The idea of "India," as a national unity, calling for the devotion of the individual, is, as Professor Gilchrist makes clear, the outcome of quite recent conditions. It is a consequence of the whole of the peninsula having been brought under British supremacy. If British rule had been limited to a single Indian country, say Bengal, we should probably have had a nationalism for which Bengal, not India, was the nation, the motherland. Even to-day the idea of India is active only in the minority whose education has extended their imagination beyond the bounds of their immediate environment. It has, of course, long been recognized by Indians that there is a culture characteristic of India as a whole, just as Europeans recognize that there is a distinctive European culture; but that cultural unity has no more implied a single nation in the political sense in India than it has done in Europe. Professor Gilchrist sets forth the difficulties in the way of constituting India a single nation—its divisions of language and religion and caste; yet he is hopeful, in spite of all, that the idea inspiring present-day Indian Nationalism—India one nation—will be realized in actual fact in the days to come. But he holds that this can only be a federal unity, in which the diversities of language and tradition and government continue. We may agree with him not only that this will be so, but that it is good that it should be so. Such an India would be one much more rich in interest and life than an India in which centralization suppressed variety. No doubt if India were ever left to battle for itself amid a world of strong rival nations, it might seem necessary to Indians to subordinate every other consideration to that of efficiency secured by rigorous centralization. But it would mean the crushing out of much that might be gracious and pleasant in a life allowed, according to the diversities of race and region and history, to go its own way. And one hopes that the future world will be a more peaceful world, in which the peoples of India will have leisure to think of other things than efficiency in combat.

The spirit of Professor Gilchrist's book, in which the happenings of the present are looked at from the standpoint of the sedate historian, remote from the passions and animosities of the day, is highly commendable. It would be good for many inflamed minds to look at the facts, if only by a momentary detachment, in the same calm, comprehensive way. And there is one thing which may strike an English reader as cheering when, with Professor Gilchrist, he surveys, in its large historical outlines, the process by which an Indian nationality has been so far developed under the British raj—it is when looked at in its large outlines that the British raj, he may find, presents the most favourable aspect. The ugly things which have appeared in it from time to time—an Amritsar massacre, for instance—affect painfully enough those who stand so close to the structure that anything unsightly in the details of it may for the time being fill their field of vision. If we stand a little distance off and look at the structure as a whole, we do seem to see the progressive shaping and strengthening of the Indian peoples for one great Indian nation go forward through the century and a half during which our countrymen have had the control. Where there has been friction and bitterness it has been due to the blustering contact between individuals of a particular temperament and other individuals, and that is a kind of bitterness which happily may pass as the individuals who have caused it and felt it pass off the scene. On the other hand, an Englishman may cling to the hope that when British rule is looked back upon by a future generation of Indians, the population of India surveyed as a whole, the epithet "beneficent" will still remain attached to it.

The criticism that may be made of Professor Gilchrist's book is not that its presentation of things is untrue, but that it too often reminds one of Charles Lamb's description of the Scotchman: "Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth, which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm as announce it. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth (as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation." Is Professor Gilchrist only being true to national type when he writes such a sentence as "The creation and maintenance of a system of rights require the recognition, either explicit or implicit, of rights; in other words, the notion of citizenship must underlie the state"? This is not to say that the book does not contain a number of interesting facts and observations worth making. If they were concentrated and the truisms and repetitions cut out, the book might perhaps be considerably reduced in size, but it would gain in effectiveness.

Sir Verney Lovett, in his "History of the Indian Nationalist Movement," gives a narrative of recent events from the point of view of one who has been practically concerned in the administration of India. As might be expected, his book is mainly concerned to demonstrate the reality of the subversive agitation which compelled repressive measures on the part of the Government. What, however, is perhaps most remarkable in the book is the fact that at the present day a man like Sir Verney Lovett, recognized as the chief of the school of political thought which is one towards which it is natural and right that Indians should strive. There are passages which seem to show that Sir Verney is really aware that at the root of the whole Nationalist Movement is the desire for personal dignity. To find oneself a member of a subject race in one's own land cannot but be a personal humiliation. Had Europeans come into India who treated the Indians as social and political equals, it is quite possible that no Nationalist Movement would ever have come into being. The individual Indian might have felt his personal dignity secured to him, as the member of a society of modern European culture, just as the men of Western Asia in Hellenistic and Roman times felt themselves Greeks. When, on the other hand, the individual Indian found his position in European society one of unchangeable
inferiority, it was natural that he should seek to rescue his dignity as a man by raising and glorifying, against the assumption of the West, that society of which he was born a member. In order that he might feel proud to be an Indian, he had to recreate an India which should hold as honourable a place among modern nations as the India of the past held among the then existing peoples of the earth.

E. B.

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE

The Country Towns; And Other Poems. By the late William John Courthope, C.B. with a Memoir by A. O. Prickard. (Oxford: University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

W. J. Courthope, 1842-1917. By J. W. Mackail. ("Proceedings of the British Academy.") (Milford. Is. 6d. net.)

Felix opportunitate moris is a well-known, if a somewhat oblique congratulation. There is no obliquity in posthumously congratulating anybody who has escaped a biography of the kind too frequently accorded of late to persons of some notoriety by others who do not possess the very rare gifts for the purpose, yet who, at the same time, has received appropriate and proportionate tributes such as these two memoir-essays by Mr. Mackail and Mr. Prickard. The two papers have acquired additional value from the conclusion or division of labour between their authors—Mr. Prickard's dealing most with the life, Mr. Mackail's (as becomes an Academic obituary) with the work; but there is no absolute wall of partition, and the two are complementary rather than merely cumulative.

There is no doubt that a sufficiently enterprising and industrious member of the class that adds a new terror to death might easily have made a volume—perhaps even two, for such things have been done—out of Mr. Courthope. He had to the full that Public School and University education on which almost any required amount can be built. He had a long and successful official career. He occupied one of the most individual (perhaps the most individual of all) academic posts in the three kingdoms—the Oxford Professorship of Poetry. And after in youth doing original work of not a little brilliance, he betook himself to criticism, with the result—and not the only one—of accomplishing the most elaborate history of his professorial subject in English that has yet been composed. Nor was this, in Christopher North's sarcastic phrase on himself and Jeffrey, mere porter's work.

Whether Mr. Courthope's critical position was one fully worked out; whether it was entirely intelligible to others, or even quite completely commanded by himself, may be a question, and more than one question. That it was deliberately taken, and was one by no means merely prepared for him by predecessors, is quite certain.

Mr. Prickard has pointed out that something of this critical attitude was more than foreshadowed in the Prize Essay on "The Genius of Spenser" so long ago as 1868. Neither then nor afterwards did Mr. Courthope do justice to Spenser; but he did, in a certain sense, justice to himself by announcing his critical position, or one side of it, clearly enough. As Mr. Prickard puts it, this was the axiom, or at least the theory, that "the greatest poets have shown themselves to be such by the harmonious blending of two or more opposite tendencies forced on them by the conditions of time and national history." He thought that this "test" could be satisfactorily applied to Chaucer, Milton and Pope; that Spenser failed under it. It would be quite out of place here to argue over the correctness of these applications or the reality and sufficiency of the "test" itself, though the present writer would have no objection to doing so. But it is obvious that a critic who lays down such a test, or set of tests—for it will of course be seen that "the conditions of time and national history" complicate enormously, while they also restrict, the "harmonious blending of opposite tendencies"—indicates very clearly, though from some points of view rather fatally, his own limitations. He will not approach his subject with the question—at once as simple as individuality, and as wide as the universe—"Does this strike me as poetry?" following it up with "How?" and "Why?" if he thinks proper. He will constantly have his eye on his tests, and will have to satisfy himself first that there are the opposite tendencies, then that they are harmonized, then that this or that condition, etc., before he "passes" the poet. And this is practically what Mr. Courthope did in the abundant and sometimes distinguished critical exercises of his remaining half-century. His principles led him sometimes into what at any rate seemed to others, even when they agreed with him politically, unfortunate confusions of politics and literature; into, as it again seemed to others, undue "dumping" of social and historical matter on the ground of pure letters; sometimes perhaps even into actual literary heresy of the worst kind, as in his depreciation of Lyric. But at all events it and his other "Neoclassic" beliefs gave him a definite standpoint of his own, and one from which not valueless correcting sights could be given than taken.

In his own early original work something of this "harmony of opposites" might perhaps be seen when compared with this criticism. It is a long time since the present writer saw "Ludibria Luncy," which appears never to have been reprinted. But his impression of it is more favourable than either of the commentators before us seems to have formed—whether from personal judgment or from contemporary opinion, especially Conington's, is not quite clear. The "Paradise of Birds" which followed was, and has remained, an admitted success. But official duties and the additional occupation of editing Pope after Elwin, and writing his own extensive "History," not to mention some minor things seem to have dried up his vein for verse except very occasionally. Some of the occasional exceptions have been deservedly collected in this little volume. The earliest and by far the best thing in the book, "An Evening in Sussex," in very graceful octosyllables, dates from 1868. It stands between two other poems ("The Country Town" [Lewes] and "Hop-Picking") on the same county, which thus possessed two contrasted Laureates at the same time in Mr. Courthope and Mr. Kipling. Both, though one is in Spenserian and the other in heroic couplets, reflect that strong preference for eighteenth-century poetry which marked Mr. Courthope's later days. "The Chancellor's Garden" is also in Spenserians, but attempts the original style. There are two war poems—for 1900 and 1914 respectively; and two excellent stanzas on the theme "Labantur Annii," with as excellent translations into Greek and Latin by the late Professor Butcher. Last but one comes verses on the "Lac D'Oie," which may be either Mr. Courthope's or Mr. Paul Willerl's. From internal evidence the present writer would not assign them to the former. However this may be, the book is decidedly welcome, for the text as well as for the memoir. You cannot reasonably ask of a critic that he shall write poetry of the highest class; and he is quite entitled to write, or at least publish, none at all. But it may be demanded of him that he shall not write, or at any rate shall not publish, bad poetry; and it is a sort of not too flaunting feather in his cap that he shows himself able to write poetry in this or that degree good. It rounds off that character, "a scholar and a gentleman," which Mr. Courthope's other work amply vindicates for him, and which, in yet other ways, Mr. Prickard and Mr. Mackail fitly commemorate, and not a few of his contemporaries and acquaintances will gladly counter sign.

George Saintsbury.
A GREAT INVENTOR

The Life and Work of Sir Hiram S. Maxim. By P. F. Motteley. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

The list of patents obtained by Sir Hiram Maxim fills eleven and a half pages of small print. They cover just fifty years, the first being granted in August, 1860, and the last in August, 1916, and they range from an “Improvement in guns for firing” to “Improvements relating to the conversion of heavy hydrocarbons into lighter hydrocarbons.” A comprehensive account of such a career would obviously be unreadable; Mr. Motteley has wisely chosen to present us with a few sample inventions in order to illustrate the characteristics of Sir Hiram’s mind. He has naturally chosen those relating to machine guns, powders, explosives and so on, for Sir Hiram’s fame is indubitably bound up, in the popular mind, with the great advance in the means of destruction which formed part of the general progress of the last fifty years.

The first great leap forward was, of course, the Maxim gun. Sir Hiram had long puzzled over the problem of utilizing the recoil of a gun and making it do useful work, and finally he hit on a device whereby the recoil could be made to load and fire the gun automatically. No hand-worked gun could compete with it. In the German competitive trials the little Maxim gun shot off its 333 cartridges in half-a-minute and mortised a large hole through the very centre of the bull’s-eye. The Emperor placed his hand on the Maxim gun and said, “That is the gun; there is no other.” It was indeed a notable improvement, as the Soudan campaign showed. With the Gardener guns, which frequently became jammed, the British soldiers could not always stop the rush of the savage Soudanese swordsmen, and the advance of civilization in Egypt was thereby hampered. With the Maxim gun the advance was assured.

Sir Hiram next turned his attention to powders and high explosives. His insight was remarkable and his work in this connection of the greatest importance. Although not the first to do so, he independently invented a picric acid explosive, an explosive which can shatter a strong steel shell into fine dust. This magnificent substance is, however, somewhat recalcitrant, and for that reason its practical application in blowing up ships is unfortunately limited. Nevertheless, as an important constant, it is found in thirty-one explosives listed in the “British Service Dictionary of Explosives.”

In the course of his experiments Sir Hiram had been led to ponder over the cause of erosion in large guns. It occurred to him that it was due to the gas passing the driving band at the instant of firing. He at once thought of a remedy. “If the passage of the gas be opposed by a semi-plastic substance which is momentarily put under a pressure considerably higher than the pressures of the powder gases, erosion will be prevented and the life of a gun increased ten to twenty times.” Canet, in Paris, was convinced by Sir Hiram’s reasoning, but went on to say that it would never be adopted as “there is no country where those who have any say in the matter are not interested either directly or indirectly in the production of guns, or of steel for making guns.” Sir Hiram’s subsequent attempts to have his invention tested in this country convinced him that Canet was right. It is an interesting sidelight on the difficulties with which progress, even so popular a form of progress, has to contend.

Apart from his inventions, Sir Hiram Maxim does not exist in Mr. Motteley’s pages. He is presented to us, by omission, as a man wholly absorbed in mechanical and chemical devices. Perhaps this is, essentially, a just picture. We cannot imagine Sir Hiram taking any very wide view of his activities. His reaction to a mechanism was independent of the purpose of the mechanism; it was simple and instantaneous; he wanted to understand it and make it work better. It was a mere accident of circumstance, of the fact that he was born into a modern civilized community, that directed his inexhaustible energy and ingenuity to perfecting the means of destroying life.

AN AMATEUR PSYCHOLOGIST

The Broken Barrier. By the Rev. A. V. Magee. (Skeffington. 4s. net.)

From an author who sets out “to investigate seriously some psychical problems and to show . . . that the Church has means of communicating [with the dead] more certain than the séance,” the public is justified in asking some knowledge of the canons of evidence, some proof of independent study of the question, and, at least, some knowledge of the work of the present century on such questions as trance-mediumship. Not one of these conditions is fulfilled in Mr. Magee’s work. We find a story of an anonymous professor and medium, narrated by an unnamed letter-writer to an unnamed recipient, put forward as a case for: which neither animal magnetism (explained as electrical in its nature) nor lying spirits nor the subliminal self will account. It has not occurred to the author to cross-question his witness, nor to make inquiries into the facts for himself, or even into the medium’s reputation; yet these are precautions that no serious investigator would dream of omitting.

A resolution to avoid barren scepticism and blind credulity is no excuse for writing that “it is a well-known fact that in spirit control the medium takes on the likeness of the controlling spirit,” and following it up with the dictum that the case of Mrs. Piper does not “command assent.” The author’s references to the Piper case reveal his ignorance of what has been written on it during the last twenty years, and his theory of the case—lying spirits—does not even explain the most elementary facts. In her trances the hand of Mrs. Piper wrote scripts purporting to be the work of deceased human beings; the facts detailed in them were unknown to the normal Mrs. Piper, and were grouped in a manner to suggest to friends of the deceased that the consciousness of the latter still survived. But where it has been a question of reading a sealed letter, written by a deceased person, the knowledge was obtained by mediums whose failures have been unbroken by a solitary success. If the author’s lying spirits can ransack the minds of the dead and put forward a colourable representation of a supposed communicator, there is no reason to suppose that the contents of a sealed letter would be beyond their reach. Even if this were not so, there is no assignable ground for the actions of the supposed lying spirits; nor yet does the form of the communications suggest that their activity is involved.

Not only is the author’s judgment seriously at fault in the Piper case, but he shows no signs of having so much as glanced at anything besides the twenty-year-old book by M. Sage, which was not, even as a new work, a wholly satisfying popularization of the earlier Piper reports; he knows neither the reports themselves at first hand nor the discussions of them by Mrs. Sidgwick and other writers. His second chapter contains some vague talk about the powers of the subliminal; but it has not occurred to him to suggest that much of the confusion and positive error in trance communications may be due to the interaction of the medium’s subliminal with the communicating intelligence; yet it is a far more probable hypothesis than lying spirits. Mr. Magee’s total ignorance of method, wedded to almost total ignorance of facts and neglect of the work of experts, does not make for edification.
GERMANY AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION


EARLY in this excellent book Mr. Gooch quotes Wordsworth’s famous lines:

“Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.”

Youth is not a necessity for sympathy with revolutionary movements, since Campe, the Brunswick pedagogue, was advanced in years when he went to France, and wrote ecstatically: “Is it really true that I am in Paris; that the Newtonian Greeks and Romans whom I have among us for only a few weeks ago, are Frenchmen’?” But it is just as well to be young when thrones are tottering, because then the discovery that the glittering thing which takes their place is not wholly gold can be endured, or even ignored. The great Germans who ruled the world of letters when the Bastille fell were mostly middle-aged, with the “Aufflärung” and the “Sturm und Drang” behind them. So when to the fall of the Bastille there succeeded the September massacres, and to the September massacres, the executions of the King and Queen, they inevitably took refuge in conservatism. Friedrich Schlegel went some distance along the road of reform before he side-slipped into the classics, and that wonderful old man, Kant, actually drifted towards democracy; “my whole being shudders,” said he, “when I think of servitude.” But most of them were content with the benevolent despotism they knew, even if they could not altogether have blinked the fact that in many cases the despotism vastly exceeded the benevolence. “We must make citizens,” wrote Schiller, “before we present them with a constitution.”

Revolutions indeed, unless, like the Risorgimento, they are but lightly touched by civil bloodshed, seldom bear close scrutiny. If we compare the experiences of Pead, Garibaldi’s Englishman, and those other Englishmen who George Meredith commemorated in “Vittoria,” with the Germans in France, as described by Mr. Gooch in some chapters of “England’s Historical Involvement,” we are at once struck by the melancholy contrast. We get, for instance, the charming Georg Forster racing off to Paris with wild hope in his heart, only to break that heart. Adam Lux offered himself in his despair a willing victim to the minis of Charlotte Corday. And then there is Anacharsis Cloots, a man of extreme views, but then there is the bloodthirsty bufoon that Carlyle imagined him to be, who died on the scaffold with a smile on his lips, claiming the grim privilege to be the last of the batch to mount it. The infamous ex-monk Schneider perambulated Alsace, on the other hand, with a portable guillotine. No, the Revolution, as viewed at close quarters, was not nice, nor was its appearance on German soil agreeable, and yet, with their swagger and competition for food in the market-places, had already given France a bad name. The soldiers of Cunliffe, who followed them, fraternized with citizens who donned the tricolour, but soon displayed all the vices of an army of occupation, more especially as their currency assumed the form of depreciated assignats. “Liberté, égalité ou la mort!” wrote a disillusioned Bonn patriot, “the only change needed in this formula is the substitution of ‘et’ for ‘ou. And yet it is remarkable how reluctantly the various Governments entered upon the war. How those who could find a decent excuse declared themselves neutral, and how they all grasped at the first pretext of peace. The Duke of Brunswick, the commander-in-chief, was French at heart, and had actually flirted with a proposal that he should lead the French troops, when it seemed as if the war might be confined to France and Austria. His notorious manifesto with its extravagance of phrase was merely the modern journalist’s equivalent of “good copy.”

The fondness of the French for abstract ideas was, in any case, antipathetic to the German temperament, which, in the eighteenth century at any rate, adhered vigorously to the concrete. “We have no Paris,” Brandsen complained, “no city, no common goal.” There was no centre of light, that is, whence the gospel of the rights of man could irradiate the land, and, as Brandsen went on to remark, if the Mainzer stirred, the Hessian moved against him. Particularism inevitably bound down the Germans to local and partial reforms, and in States like Baden and Saxe-Weimar, and in Bavaria, when Montgelas was at the elbow of a well-intentioned Elector, the result was a contented, if supine population. For people who had so far been impressed by the excesses in France not unnaturally produced a diversion from the splendid generalities of Rousseau to the definite doctrine of Burke. English models had long been popular in the North, notably in the Free City of Hamburg, where corporate life pulsed strongly and where trade pointed steadily westwards. They received a general circulation through Burke’s “Reflections,” one of the most cogent treatises that have ever issued from the press. Much of its reasoning reads nowadays, no doubt, like pure reactionary hysteria, and we are inclined to forget that it had any constructive side at all. But here again the nearness of the French Revolution and its contagious possibilities have to be remembered. “Burke’s Reflections,” Jacobi wrote to Heyne, “will delight you beyond words;” it was to Burke that Niebuhr directed his pupils for political principles, holding that the constitutional monarchy, as settled by the Whigs in 1688, had saved England. We who remember the baseness of Bolingbroke and the corruption of the Pelhams, Bute and North may sometimes doubt, with Lecky, if the prize was worth the price, but to disturbed German minds the Revolution of 1688 seemed, and rightly, a safer guide than that of 1759.

Down to the close of the first Revolutionary war, the point at which Mr. Gooch’s admirable book practically ends, the moral influence of the French Revolution on Germany, though by no means negligible, was far from vital. Pitt’s agents, Heathcote and the rest of them, believed the situation in France was warming with Jacobite agitation, but that the Masons and Illuminati would take effective alliance with them. Three last picturesque episodes seem to have got on the nerves of the British Government with the full awesome force that secret societies can exercise upon respectable officials. But Pitt was ill served throughout the crisis except by Lord Malmesbury and one or two more; in Paris, for instance, there was Miles, whom Lord Rosebery has severely but correctly dubbed an old fool. In reality, despite alarmist reports, the waters of that formless thing that was Germany were but slightly ruffled, and darkness still brooded on the face of the deep. Later on, when Napoleon imported the principles of the French Revolution into Germany to serve his own purposes, it was a very different matter, as Sir Lecky indicates in some chapters that are in the nature of an epilogue. If elaborated, they would make another book as good as this one, and it is to be hoped that he will write it at his leisure.

A small grumble to end with. As Mr. Gooch’s chapters are long and full of detail that would have been improved by the equipment of analytical “contents.” The index, too, is on the meagre side.

L. S.

The Y.M.C.A. Haywood Room has been transferred to Mansfield House, 89, Barking Road, as an East-End Literacy Centre, dealing library, sale of books, pictures and models, poetry and drama readings, classes. It will be re-opened on Tuesday next, at 3 p.m., by Mr. Albert Mansbridge, chairman of the World Association for Adult Education.
MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S LAST NOVEL

Harvest. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

I f we attempt to analyse the feeling of respect with which we regard the large body of conscientious work produced by Mrs. Humphry Ward, we find that it springs from the fact that the angel who handed her the pen was never other than the "sister daughter of the voice of God." She recognized the problems with which her generation was faced; she felt it was her duty so to state, to explain those problems that men and women who were thrown into confusion at the thought of strange ideas and theories escaping from their cages and running loose in society should be comforted and calmed by the spectacle of many a noble man, many a gracious lady bringing them to heel, teaching them to bear harness and to carry them up heights too steep for the pedestrian, too narrow for the easy carriage.

In her early novels and in those of her prime we are never for a page unconscious of the deliberate task which she has set herself; the plot, the story, is the least important thing. What is important is the messages that her characters have to deliver; she sees herself, we fancy, as the person at the great house, receiving these messages and translating them to the eager, inquiring crowd about the gates, and then—returning to the library. For who can imagine Mrs. Humphry Ward away from that decorous apartment, that discreet and dignified room with its heavy doors shutting out the unmeasured tones of existence, its high windows letting in the pale light of the English country? Here she interviewed Life, polished and agreeable Life with an intellectual brow, an easy carriage, thoughtful eyes; ardent, rebellious Life, Diana in a plumed hat ready to die for the Cause; timid, underfed Life, coughing behind a thread glove; and honest, stupid Life, twisting a cap, grinning and pulling a forelock. The light gleams upon the books and upon the table with its paper and pens. One by one, or so many of them together in a prearranged order, the figures enter, yield the information they are expected to yield and depart, or are, more properly, removed, conducted, seen off the premises, with a quiet firm sentence or two.

But the inaudible and noiseless foot of Time passed and repassed, and the problems which had seemed to her so worth the solving seemed to dissolve, and with them her intense intellectual efforts. With the disappearance of the rich difficulties came the unbaring of the plot. She seemed to see how weak it was, how scarcely it held, and her later books rely upon the story. They are failures for this reason. She had no idea of what happened to those people when they had left the library; her imagination was poor—her sympathy did not extend beyond a kind of professional sympathetic interest.

The modern world came streaming through the library, making all sorts of strange demands, ceaseless, careless, changing even as she watched it. And the spectacle of the no longer youthful, of the woman tired and unlagging, trying to keep pace with the mood of the moment, is not without pathos.

She cannot be judged by "Harvest." It is a plain mystery novel; it bears the impress of her desire to emerge from the library and to walk in the cornfields—in the new land which is war-time England. But she is unhappy in such surroundings and her serenity is gone.

K. M.

A MEMORIAL exhibition of the work of Camille Pissarro, the famous French Impressionist painter, who died in 1903, will be opened next Wednesday at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. The collection will contain some of the artist's best-known pictures and a representative gathering of his drawings and etchings.

PRESSSED FLOWERS

A Lost Love. By Ashford Owen. (Murray. 3s. 6d.)

This little book was first published in 1854. In the monograph which precedes it we are told by the author how she was not above the age of twenty-four when she wrote it, and how it brought her famous friends and fame. Browning, Tennyson and Swinburne she kindled; as to the Carlyles, she gives us not only a glimpse of them "at home"—was ever a couple more special even?—but a view of Carlyle, alone, in the South of France, standing, as it were, in flowery fields, in the shadow of lemon trees, and shaking his fist at the bare mountains—"those starved pantiers." If "A Lost Love" had been a gentle carrying on of the monograph, if it had been permitted us to go on turning over the author's album, listening to her account of where the spring of holly was pulled, and who was by when she gathered the aster, we should have found it more beguiling than the formal, rather dark little novel which kind hands have brought into the light again.

It is pleasant to think of the grave young girl choosing a pen, and having found a pen to her liking, sitting down in her grave young way, and steeled herself for the great morning when the hero, brilliant and flashing creature, asks his affianced bride whether she will make up her mind to call him by his Christian name; it is pleasant, but the pleasure is a trifle pale. We read of the uncomfortable house where George Sandon lived and made brown-holland covers for her nagging aunt, and went on a visit to a house where she met the most perfect man who ever took a young girl down to dinner; we read of how she ran away to London and was found by that same young man outside a pastrycook's, where she had been for a glass of water, and of how he carried her to his mother's house, where she begged most pitifully to be allowed to go to Brighton before she swooned away. And while we follow the course of their loves we realize that "it is not to be." The charmer whose letter has never reached James Erskine reappears, and Georgy makes the supreme renunciation. We are not spared her pining away and dying, leaving James Erskine's only present to her to his little daughter; we are not spared the child's running up to her papa to show the bright thing and his: touching the fair curls while memories . . . memories . . .

These are pressed flowers: the fashion for them is no more. They are not to be laughed at or condemned, but we have too little time to languish over them. Nevertheless, now and again, when Miss Ashford Owen forgot how somnolent a thing it is to be a writer and to know all there is to know about Love and Death, she gives us a delicious little scene, as when Constance Everett runs up and down the passage in her ravishing little nightcap.

K. M.

"Il Convegno: Rivista di Letteratura e di Tutte le Arte." (Milan, Via Canova 25, 3 lire), seems likely to be one of the best of the many reviews which have appeared in Italy since the war. The second number contains not a few stanzas in its programme. Time will show whether it means to continue on these lines or to settle down with a regular stock company. There are characteristic contributions from Panzini and Linati, while Eugenio Levi writes interestingly on the small part played by the real poor in literature. Professor Donadoni puts up a sound defence of Pascoli's poetry against Croce, who has recently returned to the attack with an article on "Pallco Uccello" in La Critica. The title "Il Filosofia e il Francescano" indicates the point of view. Of special interest is Prezolini's plain-spoken review of post-war literature in Italy. Though the output has doubled, he considers that the quality has deteriorated, while the outlook has not changed. There are notes on literature, art and music.
MARGINALIA

A

ONG the discourses of the Abbé Jérôme Coignard I remember a noble dissertation about tables. Common and, in the cheaper restaurants, frequently unclean as the table may be, it is yet a respectable and a noble piece of furniture. It supports the nourishment by which man lives both in the body and in the soul; it supports his food and his books. It is the symbol of the most delicate carnal pleasure as well as of the most satisfying pleasure of the mind. For me, being, by necessity rather than by choice, a person of frugal and abstemious habits, the table is above all a symbol of studiousness. When my table groans it is beneath the weight of high thinking, not of high living. Even when high thinking begins to pall, when the assaults of the demon, charged with the propagation of the deadly sin of greed, become irresistible—even then my orgies are mostly imaginative, and it is still to a book that I must have recourse.

This book, which has been my stay and comfort in many a melancholy hour, is "The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight, Opened," a work that seems to have made its first appearance in 1669, a few years after its author's death, and of which the most readily accessible edition is the excellent reprint issued by Mr. Lee Warner, for the Medici Society, in 1910. Sir Kenelm Digby is one of those unbelievable characters to whom one returns with never-failing delight and infinite surprise. The existence, in a dull, mechanical, orderly universe of these fantastic creatures is one of the things that make one proud of being a member of the human species and proud of belonging, in particular, to that nation which has probably produced more eccentrics than any other of the tribes of man. I do not propose in this article to tell the story of Digby's adventures, spiritual or otherwise; his memoirs (which, by the way, badly need reprinting) deserve an article to themselves; his scientific theories and experiments another. In this place I shall speak only of that curious by-product of his restless activity, the cookery book which has come down to us under the title of "The Closet Opened."

It is in the pages of this work that I go feasting when the delights of high thinking grow stale. One feeds better with Digby than with Mrs. Beeton or any other of his successors. From no modern cookery book can one derive that sense of lavishness, of sumptuous prodigality, which makes itself felt in every one of Digby's receipts. I open the book at random and discover how one must make a White Pot. "Take three quarts of cream," the receipt begins (let it be six, I say; there must be no stinting), "and put into it the yolks of twelve eggs." Digby's lordly appetite makes nothing of a couple of capons, eight or ten pounds of beef and three gallons of bouillon for a single dish. And when the whole concoction is on the boil he likes to throw in a quart or two of white wine and perhaps a gallon of cream.

He is, as one might have expected from his interest in medicine, an expert in herbal matters. For one receipt we are bidden to "take Rue, Agrimony, Wormwood, Celadine, Sage, Balm, Mugwort, Dragons, Pinpermel, Marvold, Fetherfew, Burnet, Sorrel and Elicampane-roots scraped and sliced small. Scions, Wood-betony, Brown-Mayweed, Mints, Avence, Tormentil, Cardius benedictus and Rosemary as much as of anything else, and Angelica if you will." He includes even tulips among his edible herbs. Here is a very seasonable receipt which I should like to see made use of:

"In the Spring (about the beginning of May) the flower-leaves of Tulips do fall away and there remains within them the end of the stalk, which in time will turn to seed. Take that seedy end, (very tender) and pick from it the little green-scarious about it, and cut it into short pieces, and boil them and dress them as you would do Peas; and they will taste like Peas and be very savoury."

The frequency with which our earlier literature makes mention of possets renders interesting the following exciting receipt for the concoction of one of these forgotten drinks:

"Take half a pint of Sack, and as much Rhineish wine, sweeten them to your taste with Sugar. Beat ten yolks of Eggs, and eight of whites exceeding well, first taking out the Coocks-tread, and if you like the skins of the yolks; sweeten these also and pour them to the wine, and add a stick of cinnamon bruised, set this upon a Chafing-dish to heat strongly, but not to boil; but it must begin to thicken. In the mean time boil for a quarter of an hour three pints of cream seasoned duly with Sugar and some Cinnamon in it. Then take it off from boiling, but let it stand near the fire, that it may continue scalding hot while the wine is heating. When both are as scalding hot as they can be without boiling, pour the Cream into the wine from as high as you can. When all is in, set it upon the fire to stew for one or two hours (if you can hold it) on the top of it the juicest of a quarter part of a Limon; and if you will, you may stew Powder of Cinnamon and Sugar, or Ambergrease upon it."

There can be no doubt that anyone accustomed to drinking possets would turn up his nose at the most elaborate of American drinks. And what constitutions they must have had! Receipts like these encourage one to believe what one had hitherto supposed to be a mere vulgar error—that we are but weaklings compared with our fathers. "Thiers was the giant age before the flood."

But Digby's speciality was metheglin or mead (he appears to use the two terms indifferently, though it is said that a distinction was once drawn between them). The first hundred pages of his book are filled with receipts for making honey drinks. He evidently took the greatest pains to procure the best from all quarters. A correspondent writes and tells him how metheglin is made in Liège. From "Master Webbe, who maketh the King's Meathe," he gets an excellent formula. My Lady Hungerford's white metheglin is exceedingly praised; the Countess of Bulingbrooke furnishes a receipt; Sir Thomas Gower's metheglin for health is described, and several pages are filled by "my own considerations for making of meathe." Lady Stuart has a metheglin for the colick and stone, Lord Hollis an excellent Hydromel, the Countess of Newport is an expert on cherry wine. . . .

One has a pleasing vision of Sir Kenelm Digby, note-book in hand, wandering round the kitchens of all the great houses where he spent his week-ends. An enormous, Herculean figure, curly and floridly handsome like some Greek god of the worst period, one sees him cross-questioning the cook and the butler, copying out extracts from the kitchen books, sipping critically the home-brewed drinks, taking and giving advice on the fermenting of cider, the pickling of capons, the making of "marmulate." From the bailiff's wife he will learn that the best way to cram chickens is to "stone a pound of Raisins of the Sun, and beat them in a Mortar to Pulp; pour a quart of Milk upon them and let them soak all night. In the next morning stir them well together, and put them so many Crumbs of Grated stale white bread as to bring it to a soft paste, work all well together and lay it in the trough before the chickens (which must not be above six in a pot, and keep it very clean) and let a candle be by them all night. The delight of this meat will make them eat continually: and they will be so fat (when they are but of the bigness of a Blackbird) that they will not be able to stand, but lie down upon their bellies to eat."

Some day, when I possess a landed estate, with cows and hens working overtime to produce the requisite quantity of cream and eggs, I shall put Digby's principles into practice. I will drink posset, I will eat white pot and freely Portland's mince pies. It is useless to pretend that one can derive as much pleasure from the printed score as from music actually performed. To-day I content myself with the score, I feast in the imagination alone; but a time will come, a time will come . . .

AUTOLYCUS.
NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, April 30, 1920.

It is significant of the break with the Angloized literary tradition of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries that the Irish writers of that period have simply not existed for the readers and writers of modern Irish literature. When the Irish Theatre was the subject of general discussion in the foreign press, it rarely failed to excite the ire of the subject with references to Goldsmith and Sheridan as proofs of the existence of a national talent for dramatic writing. Yet, for the first time in its history, the Irish Theatre has this week produced an eighteenth-century comedy by an Irishman, to wit, Goldsmith’s “Good-natur’d Man.” It is nearly thirty years since this play has been seen on any Irish stage, but the more popular “She Stoops to Conquer,” as well as the Sheridan comedies, have been less neglected, owing chiefly to the visits of English repertory companies, and, on the whole, our interest in the building up of a national literature and drama during the last thirty years has not extended to the forerunners of Anglo-Irish literature. The charm and success of this revival of Goldsmith show that we have players, and a public, which can appreciate the pleasant humour of those artificial but living comedies. Now that Mr. Lennox Robinson’s thoughts have turned in that direction he might well consider the revival of other plays of the period, A faultless example of a writer’s ability to produce plays many years ago to produce a play which, although older than “The Good-natur’d Man,” has a definite contemporary appeal which is not shared by either Goldsmith’s or Sheridan’s work. I refer to Charles Macklin’s “The True-Born Irishman,” produced at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in 1762. This comedy is actually a Sinn Fein document, having for its leading motive, and the source of all its humour, the absurdities of the pseudo-English Irish, the type known in this country as “West Britons.” Long before Maria Edgeworth conceived the Lady Clonbrony of “The Absentee,” Macklin described the wife of the patriotic Murrogh O’Dogherty, a lady whose speech is felt for every Irishman as her sedulous apiing of all things English. If the Abbey Theatre will revive this play there would be an ideal combination of actuality and history, both literary and social. The great weakness of the Irish Theatre has been its too exclusive pre-occupation with peasant plays. If it will not enlarge its repertory by the performance of translated European drama, then it should rescue our literary ancestors from the oblivion to which we in particular have apparently consigned them.

There has always been room for a difference of opinion amongst authors and publishers as to how far the circulation of a book is assisted or impeded by favourable or unfavourable reviews. In the controversy between John Horne Tooke and the founders of the anti-Calvinist movement in the English Bible, the connection the English of Goldsmith is paradoxical, and may serve as an epilogue to what I wrote here, a few weeks ago, concerning the failure of certain classes of English publications to reach the Irish public. With some notable exceptions, the best of our current books have been well received by the English press, but, alas! there does not appear to be any corresponding demand from the public. The London bookshops make a show of precisely the same type of Irish literature as their Dublin colleagues of English. When the reviewers have been praising some new Irish author, I have looked in vain for any sign of the work in question in the places where one would expect to find it. To judge by the circulation and the publicity given to some books, nobody in England wants anything more novel or substantial than the traditional romance of some Wild Irish Girl, or the adventures of another charming, careless, devil-may-care young Irishman. It is not often that an Irish book of real merit reaches the English press, but the readers of these friendly critics are not situated from their allegiance to the false gods. In a word, the difference between the two cases, as I have seen them, is that Irish publishers reach the English press, but not the English public. In many cases the English publisher reaches neither the press nor the public in Ireland.

When Dympna O’Connor has written in her weekly column that affecting relic known in myth and story as the emblem of the Press. The arrival of Sir Nevil Macready in Ireland has added one more to our Irish varieties of human experience. The new Commander-in-Chief has established an Information Bureau, whose function he defines as the dissemination of official reports of military information. To a gathering of journalists he deprecated the intention to colour the truth in any way. All he desired was that the newspapers should receive an ungarbled account of any event in which the military were implicated. He reminded them of one paper in particular, in which he complained, a recent incident had been distorted. The representative of this journal pointed out immediately that his paper had printed in full the official version of the affair. Whereupon Sir Nevil Macready directed his complaint against the paper’s comments to the official report. It was not the practice of criticism which he desired, it was to encourage, it was an ever-pressing, perfectly legitimate comment, even if it could be proved to be based upon error. Yet this Information Bureau dispenses the wish to influence the press in arriving at judgments favourable to the present régime! Obviously, as the reviewer of von Hindenburg’s memoirs in last week’s ATHENEUM showed there is no use in attempting to maintain a military mind which is, to say the least, disconcerting to the more sophisticated intelligence of the mere civilian.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The following are some of the books recently added to the Library of the British Museum: Maphesus Veginus, De morte Astyanacitis, Robertus de Fano and Bernardinus de Bergamo, London, 1490. The copy now at our disposal is the only book printed at Baghi. In excellent condition.—Joannes Bifius, Miraculorum B.V.M. carmen, epigrammata [Eucharius Silber], Rome, 1484.—Guarinus Veronensis, Regulae grammatices carminibus differentialibus: J. Bif [Milan, c. 1490]. All is well with this in a bibliography, extending over several leaves, of the MS. and printed works of Bifius, a contemporary Latin poet. This appears to be the first compilation of its kind ever printed.—Guido de Cauliaco, Le Guidon en francois, Jean de Vingle, Lyons, 1488. A French translation of the Churigura,” with woodcut illustrations.—The Kalendar der Comptes, of the Shyppars, Antony, Vercar, Paris, 1503. A Scots translation of the Kalendar des bergers,” with a number of fine woodcuts. The only perfect copy known appears to be that in the Bibliothèque Nationale; the present copy contains 52 leaves out of 96.—Didacus Deza, Quaestiones super primo libro Sententiarum [Seville, c. 1515].—Arnaldus Albertinus, Tractatus de secreto, Franciscus Romanus, Valencia, 1584.—Antonio de Guevera, Epistolae familiares, Juan de Villaquiran, Valladolid, 1545, 1546. Two parts.—Juan Boscan Almogaver, Obras de Boscán y algunas de Garciasso de la Vega, En casa de S. Martínez, Valladolid, por I. M. da Terranova y J. de Llarcay, Medina del Campo, 1555.—Pedro Mexia, Sila de varia lectio, Herederos de Lobo de Menide, Leon de Francia [ibid.], 1570. An additional volume, with a preface and a few statements of the editors, has been preserved. Two parts.—Eucharius Silber, Tractatus cum quibusdam notas Antonii Augustini, Philippus Mey, Tarraconae, 1582. Six parts.—Florae for Latin spekeynge selected oute of Terence, compiled by Nicholas Udall, Thomas Berthelet, London, 1503. An early edition.—Sir Thomas Eliot, Bibliotheca Eliotae, Thomas Berthelet, London, 1545. The True Historie of the late and lamentable adventures of Don Sebastian King of Portugall, Simon Stafford and James Shaw, London, 1602.—Jose Teixeira, A Continuation of the lamentable adventures of Don Sebastian King of Portugale, James Shaw, London, 1603.—Disertatio brevis qua demonstratur quantum periculum imminent Augustinis suis. [London, 1545].—A man of letters, and a materialist. Discourse prosing what great danger will hang over our heads of England, etc. [London?], 1626. A translation of the preceding, by S.R. Edmund Wingate, The Use of the Rule of Proportion, M. F. for P. Stephens, London, 1645. The author’s own translation from his French original, written during the reign of Henry IV. Two parts.—William Congreve, The Mourning Bride, Jacob Tonson, London, 1697.—Colomella, Les douze livres des choses rustiques traductus by Claude Coteret, Jacques Kerver Paris, 1555. Ferdinandus de Enzinas, Magnorum exponibilibum rimmonum cum commentario Ferdinandi de Enzinas Mullerium [de Brocar], Compitii [Alcala], 1523.—Luís de Granada, Memorial de la vida christiana, Damian Barges en casa de Jayme Cendrat, Barcelona, 1588.—Relacion de suceso sucedido a la Armada de su Magestad desde que entraron Canales de Inglaterra, Cosme de Lara, Seville, 1588.
Science

THE PROBLEMS OF PLANT DISTRIBUTION

THE GEOGRAPHY OF PLANTS. By M. F. Hardy, D.Sc. (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. net.)

PLANT Geography is not only an interesting subject in itself, but by its numerous ramifications comes into relation with many of the important interests of human beings. Its preliminary concerns are with the horizontal and vertical distribution of plants on the surface of the globe and with the relations of the factors, climatic, topographical or biologic, which control these differential arrangements. Plants occur seldom in pure groupings, but generally in mixed formations or associations. It is the plant geographer's duty to disentangle, in such associations, the relations of the plants with each other and also with the other environmental features, such as light, water-supply, and the animal kingdom. When these are solved it remains to discover how the plants in question gain access to the areas that interest us. It may be said in general terms either that they are the results of successful "invasions" from other areas, or that they have been formed anew in that area. This problem then not only compels us to a consideration of the methods of plant-dispersal and their relative efficiency—dispersal being an essential preliminary to invasion—and of the conditions necessary for successful invasions, but even raises the more important question of the evolution of new forms. It was this latter aspect that made Darwin refer to the science as "that grand subject, that almost keystone of the laws of creation, geographical distribution."

In comparatively recent years the devastation by volcanic eruption of the island of Krakatoa has given us an unrivalled opportunity of studying the dispersal problem. Nine years after the catastrophe 137 different kinds of plants were collected in a few hours, and the vegetation was so dense in some parts of the island as to be almost impenetrable. These results are surprising when it is known that the nearest small island, from which restocking could have taken place, is 12 miles distant, and that Java and Sumatra, the largest near land areas, are separated from Krakatoa by a 25-mile stretch of water. It had been customary, before these observations, to explain a marked similarity between the plants in two or more areas separated by a wide expanse of water by postulating a former land connection between the areas. Darwin had always been against this attitude and had protested "against sinking imaginary continents in a quite reckless manner." Krakatoa and the laborious investigations of Guppy have shown that he was correct and that the efficacy of dispersal-means had been under-estimated.

Invasions of individual plants are known to be at times more than successful in areas more normal than that of Krakatoa; for example, the American water-plantain was at one time a pest in our English canals; the water hyacinth to-day presents an economic problem by filling up South American rivers which are the main traffic thoroughfares; a great part of Brazil is covered by an alien and undesirable cactus. The introduction of a fungal pest may result in a loss of several millions a year or may even entirely destroy an industry, as in the case of coffee-cultivation in Ceylon. A consideration of the latter cases has led recently to the establishment of Plant Quarantine regulations in the United States and in some of our colonies.

It is of course well known that the facts of distribution, and more especially the limited range of some forms on islands and mountain tops, set Darwin thinking on the question of the mutability of living organisms—thinking which took final shape in the "Origin of Species." Similar considerations have more recently led to the "Age and Area" hypothesis, set forth so ably by Dr. Willis, a theory which in some of its implications challenges the efficiency of natural selection in the formation of new species and offers a new solution to the problem of the limited range of some plants. It does not, however, touch such peculiarities as the existence of Arctic types on the tops of widely separated European mountains, but not on the intervening country. Forbes' explanation of such plants as the relics of a former widely and continuously spread flora, which retreated up the mountains on the climate becoming warmer, and a replacement in the valleys of such plants by others more fitted to the changed conditions, still holds.

The distribution of plants, especially those of economic importance, but also of those not directly useful, has a profound influence on the character, occupations and mode of life of the people in their neighbourhood; and it is obvious that their presence has an important modifying influence on the vegetation. For example, the thoughtless deforestation of areas may render neighbouring lands quite useless, by altering the water-supply, by causing the removal of soil by sudden torrents or by a combination of such activities. A consideration of such results indicates the necessity not only of the reforestation of the damaged areas, but also of planting woods in areas not formerly occupied by them. Other useful extensions of the subject are reached through hints of the economic possibilities of hitherto unexploited areas; through the study of soils and climates in their relation to plant life, of the possibilities of aclimatization and of the occurrence of "indicator" plants.

Dr. Hardy's volume considers the continents in turn, studying the climatic and other factors, and their effects on the character of the vegetation and on the distribution of the plant associations, and connects these phenomena with the life and occupations of the people, dealing with each new problem separately, as it presents itself. He makes no attempt to deal in a broad and general way with the fundamental problems of the subject—the relation of the plant to its environment, the spread of species, the factors involved in successful or unsuccessful invasions, aclimatization and adaptability in general. An attempt to treat the subject from a more general standpoint would have given a better idea of its more modern aspects and would have added immensely to the value of the book, as would also an inversion of the order by a detailed preliminary consideration of Europe and more especially of England. Against this it may be said that Europe more than any other continent has been modified by man. But man is a part of nature; he may complicate the picture, but he belongs to it, and after all it is presumably in England that most of the readers of this work will have to look for examples of the activities there discussed.

Considering the limitations which the author has imposed upon his subject, it must be said that his work is a reliable and well-illustrated description of the vegetation of the land surfaces of the world.

E. M. C.

SOCIETIES

EGYPT EXPLORATION.—April 29.—Professor T. Eric Peet delivered a lecture on "Recreation in Ancient Egypt." Man has been a hunter from the earliest times; in fact, as he was dependent upon his skill in this direction for his daily food and clothing, primitive man became an expert in many forms of sport. In Egypt we have exceptional opportunities for studying this subject, for the paintings on the walls of the tombs contain many illustrations of hunting, fishing, and catching birds. Here we see the wealthy Egyptian, accompanied by his retainers and dogs, shooting the wild animals which abounded in the neighbour-
hool; or going forth in his frail papyrus canoe, armed with a boomerang with which to bring down the wild geese and other birds of the marsh; or spearing the fish which were apparently extremely plentiful.

Having briefly discussed the question of sports, the lecturer turned his attention to the games of these ancient Egyptians, and in this connection it must be said that the most primitive form of gaming-table yet discovered is a mud gaming-table which was found in a pre-dynastic tomb, and which could not have been more ancient than 3600 B.C. and may be considerably earlier. Games played with pieces occur in the tombs, and in some cases were found in good preservation in tombs. The lecturer illustrated one of the finest of these by means of slides, and described the attempts which have been made to reconstruct the game, and asserting that it would have been a great fun if a method could be found of presenting it in a way that it would seem to have resembled some of the modern games.

In the interval between the games Mr. Read, Mr. W. B. Worthington, Dr. W. H. Maw, Mr. C. L. Morgan, Mr. Bash Mott; other members of Council, Mr. E. A. S. Bell, Dr. C. C. Chatterter, Col. R. E. B. Crompton, Mr. M. Descom, Sir Archibald Denny, Sir W. H. Elliot, Sir Robert Gore, Mr. W. W. L. Crowther-Beynon, Sir R. A. Hadfield, Sir Brodie H. Henderson, Mr. E. P. Hill, Mr. C. W. Humphreys, Mr. Summers Hunter, Mr. H. G. Kelley, Mr. G. H. Kirkpatrick, Mr. J. M. Marshburn, Mr. H. H. G. Mitchell, Vice-Admiral Sir H. J. Oran, Mr. F. Palmer, Capt. H. Riall Saxby, Sir J. F. C. Snaith, Mr. W. A. P. Tait, Mr. A. M. Tippett, Mr. E. F. C. Trench, Professor W. H. Warren, and Sir A. F. Yarrow.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—April 23, St. George’s Day.—Annual Meeting.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

The customary elections of officers and Council for the ensuing year were held, and the following were elected:—President, Sir C. Hercules Read; Treasurer, William Minet; Director, Sir Edward W. Brabrook; Secretary, C. R. Peers, Members of Council, Sir W. Martin Conway, Dr. Crowther-Beynon, H. R. H. Wall, W. J. Hemp, A. F. Hill, C. H. Jenkinson, Sir Matthew I. Joyce, C. L. Kingsford, Lieut.-Col. G. G. Croft Lyons; Professor J. L. Myres, Lord Northbourne, Professor E. Prior, J. E. Pritchard, H. W. Sanders, Major G. T. Harley Thomas, R. Campbell Thompson and W. H. Aymer Vallance.

The President delivered his Anniversary Address, taking for his subject 'Archaeology after War.'

It was not true saying that those who lived through great events found it hard to maintain a true perspective; it was difficult for an individual to see a great catastrophe in its true relation to himself, and this inversion of values led to the importance of great things being missed. The danger was, in the future, that things would happen in themselves, might be looked upon as the sole object of existence. For example, expansion of trade was a great end, but it was not the sole end. Here one might learn from our late enemies. During the forty years before the war their trade had increased to a greater extent than that of any other nation, but along with this the wealth of the country had furnished and endowed museums, learned societies and technical institutes; Germany had the largest ethnographical collections in the world before she had a single colony and had exploited the arts of the whole world, and all in the space of forty years.

With the resettlement after the war, the territories formerly under Turkish rule would give great opportunities for organized archaeological research, and the necessity of England's taking a foremost part in such research, especially as many of the countries concerned would be under a League of Nations, had been recognized by the formation of an Archæological Joint Committee of the chief learned bodies concerned. This committee had reviewed the conditions, and had drawn up a code of archaeological laws which it was hoped would serve as a model for the rest of Europe. Thus a solid foundation had been laid. But the need of funds was pressing: it was as necessary to endow archaeological research as purely scientific research, although the immediate good was perhaps not so conspicuous. The prospect of the next thirty years was not bright.

The present antiquities law in Egypt was a case in point, and even now that Egypt was a protectorate there was little prospect of a change, while a proposal that the Government should subsidize a British Institute of Archaeology had been bitterly rejected. The result of this indifference was that the archaeological riches of that country were finding their way to foreign rather than to British museums.

Another aspect of the same subject was to be seen in the tendency for our colonies and dependencies to pass laws prohibiting the export of objects of art from them. At first this might appear a matter for congratulation, but a little consideration showed that the reverse was the case. It was true that the local museums, where there were such, benefited to a certain extent; but it was equally true that British art and civilization were surreptitiously in spite of the law, and it would be foreign museums, and not British, that would be benefited. Learning was the loser by this policy; students would no longer be able to travel all over the world in pursuit of their studies, and the comparative study of antiquities, which could only be carried out where collections were centralized, would be a matter of great difficulty. Again, much money was being spent on education, and it is curious that it was at last being realized that education did not stop at the age of fifteen or thereabouts, but was continued throughout life. This being so, it was of paramount importance that museums should be recognized as an essential part of the educational machinery of the country, and not regarded as a by-product.

Lastly, there was the danger that the material improvement in the conditions of life might lead to material success being regarded as the supreme good in itself; and that humanity was not needed. Here again our late enemies could teach us much. The war had shown to what ends German materialism could lead; it was for Englishmen to see that a similar result did not follow in this country.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 7. King’s College, 4.—"Christian Art: The Byzantine World, Iconography and Ornament," Professor P. Deamer.

King’s College, 5.30.—"Bergson’s Concept of Mind: Energy: Consciousness and Unconsciousness," Professor H. Wildon Carr.

University College, 5.30.—"Roman Religion," Lecture I., Mr. Norman Baynes.

Philological, 8.—Annual Meeting.


Sat. 8. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth," Lecture II., Dr. F. Chamberlin.

Viking (University of London, South Kensington), 3.—Taper by Professor Herbert Wright.


King’s College, 5.30.—"Outlines of Greek History from the Sixth Century to the Nineteenth Century," Lecture II., Professor A. J. Toynbee.

King’s College, 5.30.—"Portuguese Literature and the European Revolution," Professor George Young.

Aristotelian, 8.—Discussion on Bergson’s "Mind-Energy."

Society of Arts, 8.—"The Decoration and Architecture of Robert Adam and Sir John Soane, 1758-1857," Lecture II., Mr. A. T. Bolton. (Cantor Lecture.)

Surveyors’ Institution, 8.—"Rent Problems," Mr. R. A. A. Symonds.


Bedford College, 4.30.—"The English Lyric before Chaucer," Lecture II., Professor Carleton Brown.

King’s College, 5.30.—"Kant’s "Aesthetic Theory," Lecture II., Professor H. Wildon Carr.

Zoological, 5.30.—"Fauna of Western Australia: I. Further Contributions to the Study of the Onychophora," Dr. W. J. Dakin; "Chilicothereidae from Baluchistan," Mr. C. Forster-Cooper; "Notes on Marine Wood-boring Animals: I. The Shipworms (T Errorinae)," Dr. W. J. Lydekker.

Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"Buddhism in the Pacific," Mr. Sir Henry Howorth.


School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, 5.—"The Scripts of Ancient Mesopotamia and their Decipherment: the Origin of our Alphabet," Mr. R. Campbell Thompson.

Thurs. 13. Royal Institution, 3.—"Welsh and Irish Folk-Song," Mr. A. P. Graves.

Royal, 4.—Election of Fellows: Demonstration of the Apparent "Growth" of Plants (and Inanimate Materials) and of "Aparent Contractions," Mr. A. D. Waller; Paper "On the 'Renal Portal' System (Renal Venous Meshwork) and Kidney Excration in Vertebrata," W. N. F. Woodland.
Fine Arts

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

The Royal Academy, we are told, repeatedly, is the home of traditions. It is no part of its functions to encourage experiment, to mirror the response of our artists to the creative impulses of the moment. Its business as a national institution is simply to stand still, and to ignore any progressive development until it has become a tradition. We do not agree with this interpretation of the duties of the Academy, we should prefer to think of it as an educational power, a humanizing force. But it is no use sighing for the impossible. We must accept the Academy at its own valuation—of the home of traditions. We may examine the present exhibition in the belief that, whatever may happen in the future, at the end of the day, the main attractions handed on to us by those whose pictures line the walls, and determine, as far as in us lies, if any of them are worth preserving in their present form.

The Grand Manner.

Sir Joshua Reynolds used to urge his students to attempt somnolence in the great manner of the Italian High Renaissance and Baroque painters. He refrained from any complicated heriocics in his own practice, because he was a prudent man and knew his limitations. He contended himself with a grasp of the Baroque double curve and the rudiments of Venetian impasto. But his Discourses set up the emulation of the Italian masters among all the members of the official functions of English Academic painters. Three pictures in the present exhibition respond to this ideal, Mr. Charles Shannon's "The Childhood of Bacchus" (1853), Mr. Glynn Philpot's "The Coast of Britain" (145) and Mr. Richard Jack's "Love tints the Shepherd's Reed" (123). Of these the first is something of a technical tour de force. Mr. Shannon's attempts to reproduce the texture and general appearance of Titian's pictures are well known. He has already devoted many years of his life to this singular ambition. This year he can congratulate himself on having come a step nearer his goal. A visitor passing rapidly through Gallery 111. might be pardoned for imagining that "The Childhood of Bacchus" had strayed from Trafalgar Square. Considered as a decoration executed in a prescribed medium, the picture is a success. The arrangement is well balanced and sufficiently complex—the impasto is handled with intelligence, and the color glows with Venetian splendour. When we look a little closer we note the general weakness of technique, the unrealized drapery, the absence of virility in the approach. But perhaps we have no right to peer too closely at this comparatively early stage in our village Titian's career. His forerunner lived and painted five score years. Mr. Shannon may achieve his heart's desire in 1870 or thereabouts. Mr. Glynn Philpot's work is harder to keep the sacred flame alive. He imagines, evidently, that he has the great manner in his pocket. "The Coast of Britain" is a mere underpainting such as some forgotten pupil of Carracci might have knocked off in two afternoons and abandoned without regret as a failure. The dish prepared by Mr. Richard Jack from the familiar recipe is extremely unpalatable, because Mr. Jack is a crude and slipshod chef. His ingredients are wretched in quality, badly blended and insipidly cooked. "Love tints the Shepherd's Reed" is conceived and executed in the spirit of a Fleet Street artist instructed to illustrate the word "Arcady." Pre-Raphaelitism.

Somewhere in the middle of the last century the Victorian Pre-Raphaelites, championed by Ruskin, drew the Academicians' attention to the Italian painting which preceded the grand manner of the Baroque. The early Italian masters they thought them capable and ugly, and the pictures painted by their English admirers eccentric and crude. But Ruskin made Pre-Raphaelitism a tradition, and the Academy submitted. It accepted Millais, and Millais returned the compliment by accepting the Academy and above all Pre-Raphaelitism. Pre-Raphaelitism does not know would have had no further trouble in the matter: that it could now safely accept pictures which looked like Millais' pictures and call them Pre-Raphaelite, and this it proceeded to do. Unfortunately, the trouble started all over again with Burne-Jones, and the Academy had to accept a second bastard Pre-Raphaelitism in the shape of pictures figu-ring a leading lady with a facial resemblance to Burne-Jones' favourite Botticelli model. Meanwhile the original Pre-Raphaelite movement ran a meteoric course outside, and finally fell to earth in the New English Style, composed of pseudo-naif, kept alive by forcible feeding from the Slade School. All three aspects of the moribund tradition can be seen at Burlington House. The Millais variety appears in the Wardour Street tableaux vivants concocted by Mr. Cadogan Cowper, Miss Fortescue Brickdale, Mr. Oswald Moser and Mr. J. W. Miller. It is dragged to the depths in Mr. Cowper's "Anis-al-Jilis" (148), but it is relatively inoffensive in his quaint, pseudo-naif portrait group of four doll-like children (592) with which he nearly scores a minor success. Other manifestations are Mr. Denis Eden's minutely painted Bowl of Lemons (418) and Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd's Old Countryman and his Wife (322), which is the only personal and intelligent adaptation of the lot. The Burne-Jones ladies seem, happily, to be dying out. But they still linger, distinctly Titianized in Mr. Charles Shannon's second picture "The Wise and Foolish Virgins" (87). The N.E.A.C. reflection, a somewhat gentle and deceptitious god, shuffles back a little final rump of the tradition of the Slade School in the pictures of Mr. Harry Morley, who is capable of better things.

Portraiture.

There are three traditions of English portraiture favored by the Academy. The first and oldest is that favored by Mr. J. J. Shannon, who draws from the long list of portrait manufacturers from Van Dyck to Lawrence who replied successively to the persistent demand of the English nobility and gentry for portraits to form handsome decorations in the hall and remind their descendants that they were persons of race and quality. The English upper classes have always demanded of the portrait painter the perpetuation not so much of themselves as of their type. The great success of Reynolds was due to his happy ability to graft a flattering suggestion of the individual on to the hierarchic representation of the type. As a result of his success the English upper classes narrowed their demands and commissioned artists more specifically to provide them with portraits in the manner of Reynolds. In the hands of Mr. Shannon the tradition is prettily threadbare, almost ready for the dustbin. The second English portrait tradition was founded in the nineteenth century to meet the demands of the new opulent bourgeoisie. This was the school of the Victorian cartoonists, whose work is in the mirror and decided that it was too cool. But this time the commission was for an exact replica of the picture in the mirror. The painter was not to intrude anything from his own vision or obscure the issue by any prejudices in favour of decoration. Thus arose the fetich of the seeking likeness, which speaks indeed, and says this modern longing to be distinct and not to be seen as a sitter. Mr. Ralph Peacock, who paints very smoothly, and Sir William Orpen, who paints with ingenious slickness, are now the most conspicuous repositories of this tradition, for which our old friend Sir John Everett Millais, in his last phase as P.R.A., is once again responsible. Of the numerous rival likeness-makers the most professionally proficient (as proficient perhaps as Sir William himself) is Mr. Walter Russell, a new Associate and sometime Slade School instructor, whose methods as exemplified in "Mr. Minney" (136) should delight the most satisfied of the neo-opulent Georgian patrons. Lastly, we have that portrait tradition founded by Mr. Sargent, who cut out the other two with a formula of his own contrivance, in much the same way that Kaeurn cut across the Reynolds tradition before him. The influence of Mr. Sargent's virtuosity is not as paramount now as it was some years ago, when a succession of flashily painted gentleman in riding breeches followed his portrait of Lord Hildes-ley as Master of the Foxhounds. The multitude of white-haired ladies in black dresses and pearls, seated by Louis XVI. tables, aped his portrait of Mrs. Wertheimer, but his influence persists. It can be seen in the work of Messrs. Esme and Barke, and its sparkle isimitated in the ginger ale of Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd. (Burlington Magazine, November 1919, p. 352). Mr. Sargent's vintage may possibly mature, but the ginger-ale substitute is assuredly destined to fizzle out quite soon.

R. H. W. (To be continued.)
IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

SUBSCRIBERS to the National Art-Collectors Fund and other patrons of the National Gallery responded in large numbers, on April 28, to the Director’s invitation to a private view of the new arrangement of the Dome Octagon and adjacent galleries which have been subsequently opened to the public.

The large Italian altarpieces and early Florentine and Umbrian works exhibited in the reconstructed system which, we suppose, the only one possible while many of the rooms remain unavailable. If we accept the principle of the decorative system the present arrangement of the reopened galleries must be accounted a great success. The general effect is sumptuous and impressive. Mr. Holmes has continued his admirable treatment of the arches and columns, and washed them with stone-coloured distemper, which is less insistent than the white of the first gallery and a better background in consequence. The light tone contrasts with the dark perpendiculars and doorways, and accentuates the architectural proportions, which, in this part of the Gallery, are reasonable and not without dignity. At the same time it increases the light on the pictures.

And what marvellous pictures they are! Cleaned, and ‘conditioned’ (a delicate process at once discreetly and courageously executed), they radiate light, warmth and colour. Even the minor works and works of the second water have the coherence and cohesion of the great altarpieces. The large altarpieces, for example, by Francia, Grandi, Cima and Signorelli respectively, are all four relatively uninspired, but what a magnificent decoration they make for the Dome Octagon! In the same way the Ansidei altarpiece, which has shed a coat of brown dirt, shines forth serene and luminous from a well-adepted background of damask; and the sweet faint blues in the Pintoricchio and Signorellian frescos are admirably supported by the buff background stretched across the grey in Gallery III. And then the exquisite examples of Crivelli, Marziale and Cosimo Tura, the Mantegnas, the intriguing Masaccio with its strange and subtle colour, the gentle sweetness of Benozzo Gozzoli, and the pale aloofness of the early Venetian Madonnas which come to us from the Lindsay and Layard bequests!

There are two new features among the works exhibited. The first is the central panel of the Quaratesi polyptych by Gentile da Fabriano, lent by the King. The Quaratesi Family altarpiece (of which other panels are in the Uffizi) was painted by Gentile in 1425. It was one of his latest works, and it is finer and simpler in style than the famous “Adoration of the Magi” in the Florence Academy. Few early Italian masters made more personal progress than Gentile appears to have done, and we are fortunate in seeing him here at the height of his powers. He was not a great master like Simone Martini, but he was undoubtedly a very intelligent and receptive man who was able to evolve a combination of Venetian, Siennese and Florentine influences and to become himself the first influence emanating from Umbria. The second feature is the reconstructed Pesellino altarpiece. It is built round the “Trinity” (727) which some critics formerly ascribed to the same pupil of Pesellino who painted the Dresden “Madonna Enthroned.” The Gallery has now secured the two angels which belong to the top corners (one from the Brown bequest and the other by purchase from Lord Somers, through the Temple West Fund) and the group of SS. James the Great and Simon Stock which, though anonymous, is so aptly introduced into the “Trinity,” the last an important fragment bought by Prince Albert in 1846 and now lent by the King. Thus reconstituted, the work can, it seems, be definitely identified as the altarpiece commissioned in 1455 for S. Trinità, Pistoia, commenced by Pesellino, and finished after his death by Filippo Lippi in 1459. We cannot resist the impression that this picture has been over-conditioned. But we are unwilling to stress the point, because, first, we recognize that the reconstruction of several fragments in varying degrees of preservation is much more difficult and may justify more drastic action than the cleaning of a single panel, and, secondly, because we are not in any favour to the panel as a whole, and not particularly practised by Mr. Holmes. Vasari in writing of this altarpiece mentions figures of SS. Zeno and Jacopo. Possibly, the Gallery knows the whereabouts of this missing group, and will eventually be able to secure it and complete the reconstruction.

R. H. W.
Music

THE SURVIVAL OF GLUCK

GLUCK'S "Orpheus" was revived at the Surrey Opera last Friday. Among the audience was Dame Clara Butt, who is to make her appearance in the same opera at Covent Garden. The performance did not show the Surrey company at its best. Further rehearsals were badly needed, and what was still more badly needed was a central directive idea, a determination to face the problem of Gluck's operas and solve it definitely in one way or another. "Orpheus" is not very often put on the stage, but it is put on sufficiently often for an opera-producer to imagine that there is a stock way of doing it which needs no further discussion or reconsideration. At the Surrey the only striking innovation was the removal of the entire orchestra to a place behind the scenes. This was a great gain in so far as it prevented the band from drowning the voices, and also softened down to some extent the roughness of the playing; but there were many moments as, for instance, in the operas contrasted in the ballet of Furies, when one could willingly have forgiven the roughness for the sake of a little more vivacity.

It seems that "Orpheus" is an opera which has somehow attained a sort of deification, to question which is rank blasphemy. Gluck, we are told, was the first composer who realized the dramatic possibilities of opera. He refused to pander to the vanities of singers; he broke through the stupid conventions of the old Italian operatic system, and never wrote a note that was not expressive and truthful. It must be admitted that even in our own day a Gluck opera presents much that is genuinely beautiful and impressive; but it is impossible to get away from the fact that in all his operas there are long stretches of dullness. The musical style is awkward and clumsy; it is even liable to collapse hopelessly just at the most crucial moments.

Gluck, as everybody knows, was a German by birth, who began his career as a moderately successful composer of conventional Italian operas. He did better with a series of French comic operas composed for the Viennese Court, but his real contribution to operatic history is "Orpheus" which he composed in 1762 at the age of forty-four. To the same period belong "Alceste" (1767) and "Paride ed Elena" (1769); then follows a further period of operas composed for Paris, beginning with "Iphigénie en Aulide" (1774) and ending with "Iphigénie en Tauride" (1779). It is from Paris, more than anywhere else, that Gluck's great reputation comes. He was fortunate enough to become the object of a prolonged literary controversy; and though he probably owed a good part of his Parisian success to the fact that being a German he was protected by Marie Antoinette, he became to be accepted as the champion of serious French music against the frivolities and vanities of the Italians. Gluck's operas contrasted with the Italians on the one hand and with Rameau on the other. The appearance of the Italian comic operas at Paris in 1752 had already given a shock to the pedestal of Rameau. They stood for the natural easy gaiety of common humanity against the pompous artificialities of Rameau's mythology. Gluck presented classical mythology in a new aspect. He had something at least of the naturalness of the Italians, and he had none of the traditions of the century of Louis XIV. His classical operas are not the conventional court intrigues and gallantries disguised under Latin or Greek names, but honest attempts to present the heroes and heroines of antiquity as living and feeling persons. Only in the ballets, more especially in the obligatory chaconnes, does he conform to the ritual of the Académie.

In the next century the high priests of the cult of Gluck were Berlioz and Wagner. For them Gluck represented not a new conception of opera, poignant and almost painful in its intensity of dramatic expression, but rather an austere monument of antique virtue. Rameau and Piccini were long dead and forgotten; the contrast lay with Rossini and Meyerbeer. Merely by his choice of subjects, if by nothing else, Gluck seemed to lift the opera on to a nobler and loftier plane. Opera has at almost all times been dominated mainly by musicians whose first consideration was worldly success. Among these we must place not only Meyerbeer, who finds few admirers in these days, but also such men as Cavalli, Alessandro Scarlatti, Handel, Mozart, Rossini and Verdi. Pure idealists such as Beethoven and Boito have left but little mark on the history of opera. Wagner and Verdi owed much to them, but not directly to their experiments in opera. It was not "Fidelio" and "Meistersinger" that influenced them, but rather Beethoven as a symphonist and Boito as a man of letters. Gluck, rightly or wrongly, has always been credited with being an idealist. His clumsiness of technique was not likely to damage him in the eyes of such men as Beethoven and Wagner, who were concerned with more abstract matters, and much more natural, to contrast Gluck with Mozart rather than with Meyerbeer and Rossini. The nineteenth century never fully appreciated Mozart. The idealism of the romantics found the magnificent manner of "Idomeneo" and "La Clemenza di Tito" formal and tedious, while "Figaro" and "Così fan tutte" were regarded as frivolous and even possibly immoral.

At the present day it is Mozart whom we have set up on a pedestal as the embodiment of classic perfection. We are no longer afraid of the eighteenth century; we are almost inclined to exaggerate its merits. There is even a disposition to admire Mozart not for that individuality of genius which makes him immortal, but because he seems to present his own century in its most quintessentially charming conventions. Mozart could never have composed "Idomeneo," perhaps not even "The Magic Flute," had he not had Gluck to precede him; but there is nothing which Gluck could do that Mozart could not do better. Gluck for us is a magnificent ruin; we contemplate him as we do some ancient Greek statue, admiring all the more reverently because its colour has been washed off, its arms mutilated and its nose chipped. When his music really appeals to us, it is not in those dramatic moments when he "tried to forget that he was a musician," but in those when he failed to do so. What all of us love best are his ballet scenes, such as the vision of the Elysian fields in "Orpheus" and the innumerable little "pantomimes" and marches which are scattered over his operas. They are not so much in idea, but not at all French in execution; their actual music is Italian melody seen through a German temperament. That is the combination which has given us Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—a good part of the world's greatest music. His recitatives are mostly unbearable. He abolished the harpsichord and the quick dramatic rattle of the old recitativo secco only to make the strings do what the harpsichord could do much better, while the voice slowed down its declamation to the tedious pace of oratorio. With his aria it is a toss-up. He is never quite certain whether he means to be conventional and musical, or declamatory and expressive. His melodic invention is almost always poor compared with that of Handel or Mozart. If he succeeds, it seems to be by sheer fluke. So much of his vocal writing is bald and commonplace, that the rare moments of real lyrical or dramatic power stand out with startling vividness.

Yet we must not forget that he wrote in an age of real singers. "Orpheus" has suffered in later years from two causes. The title part, composed for a castrato, is now
sung by a woman. The age of Berlioz was the age that discovered the contralto as the ideal voice of mothers and of angels. It was bad enough for Orpheus to lose his sex in the eighteenth century, but it was worse still when the nineteenth gave him back the wrong one. And from the Mendelssohnian angels comes the habit of slowing down the recitative still further and then destroying the cantabile of the arias by a would-be "expressive" style of singing. It is just because Gluck’s melody is so poor that it requires to be sung with an almost exaggerated sense of pure vocal beauty. It is not by his arguments that Orpheus convinces Hell, but by his music. His famous lute, it need hardly be said, is no more than a mere symbol for the art of music, and the art of music is primarily the art of song. This principle once accepted, there is no more need to disguise the formalism of Gluck’s phraseology. It is part of the idiom of his day, and therefore, if he is a good artist, part of his means of expression. And we then see that the formalism of the arias is balanced by that of the dances. Of recent years the ballets have been interpreted by bare-footed females draped in art shades who drifted across the stage trying to look like designs by Burne-Jones or Puvis de Chavannes. It was all very well for the nymphs and happy spirits; but what about the demons and furies? The more realistically they were put on the stage the more futile and incompetent Gluck’s scales in semiquavers sounded. The only thing to do is to start from the most difficult ballets, formalize the furies, and thence formalize the whole after the convention of the eighteenth century. Therein lies the solution of the Gluck problem—for the further time removes us from him, the more clear it becomes that Gluck, for all his revolutionary ideas, is after all an eighteenth-century composer.

EDWARD J. DENT.

CONCERTS

Mr. Arthur Bliss’ new Quintet, which he played with the Philharmonic Quartet at his concert on April 27, is a very heterogeneous mixture of styles. Mr. Bliss has learned something, it is clear, from Debussy, Delius, Elgar, Ravel, Stravinsky and Vaughan Williams, and some day he will weld the results of his various musical experiences into a style of his own. What is really individual and compelling in his quintet is its colour, and the melody line is highly reminiscent, but it has no clichés, no padding, no empty rhetoric; it is always vital and expressive, often genuinely noble and beautiful. It completely avoids those characteristic English vices, pompousness and sentimentality, and it is full of delightful and original colour-effects. Its only grave faults are its awkwardness of style and its looseness of structure. The other attractions of the concert were a moderately interesting Divertimento of Mozart and a new work of Stravinsky entitled "Rag-time"—a very labourous piece of facettiousness.

An American baritone, Mr. Cecil Fanning, presented an oddly mixed programme at his recital on April 27, repeated on April 29. He makes very skillful use of a magnificent voice as far as the technique of singing is concerned, but his interpretations, especially of folk-songs, are very much lacking in distinction and even in refinement. Another American singer, Miss Ethel Brown-Prestiss, also gave a concert on April 29. She appears to possess no marked individuality, though gifted with a pleasant, well-trained voice.

Mr. Alexander Cohen, who gave a sonata recital on April 24 with Mr. Anderson Tyrer, is a violinist of some accomplishment and a distinctly emotional style of interpretation. He played a Poem Sonata by Catoire which contained a few musical phrases and a few musical ideas, as well as giving a rather sentimental performance of César Franck’s Sonata. Mr. Anderson Tyrer is a rather careless player, though no doubt musical, and the ensemble was far from perfect. However, they made up for many deficiencies by a sight-seeing tour of the new sonata by Elgar, which they both seemed to understand much better than anything which preceded it.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

Although the big orchestral societies—Colonne, Pasdeloup, Lamoureux and Conservatoire—have now all brought their seasons to an end until October next, there will be no slackening in the flood of miscellaneous concert-giving until the middle of May.

Early in May we are to receive the visit of the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, who will give three concerts in the Opera-House. Paris still has no proper concert-hall fit for orchestral music.

On May 8 the Diaghilev Ballet returns once more to the Opéra, where it will alternate with the regular repertory performed several times a week, including some Fergolese-Stravinsky productions which, on account of the piquancy of the combination, should not be devoid of interest. The management have also decided to give "Parade" (Jean Cocteau and Erik Satie) in spite of the unreasonable hostility with which it was greeted here on its first production. In the last three years, however, much water has flowed under the bridges of the Seine, and it is not as easy now to shock, or even startle, as it was in days when values were more inflexible than they are to-day. In the meantime Satie’s latest work, "Socrate," has been something of a revelation even to his admirers. The composer has written a very passionate ballet, "Socrate," "Phaedra," and "Phedre" (in the translation of M. Victor Cousin) for two female voices and piano, and both as regards the treatment of the melodic line and the restrained nobility of the conception as a whole the work must be considered a very memorable achievement. It is in no way dramatic; it is pure and simple; but the simplicity of its style, which is a polyphonic character, and the smooth sense of classic continuity which it evokes are admirably adapted to the Platonic text. There are no high lights, no "purple passages," no exaggerations (just as all these things are absent from the original); and the wonderful description in the "Phedre" of the dreams of Socrates is not only superb, but often seems enhanced by the restraint and justness of its musical setting.

In the words of M. Henry Prounières ("Revue Musicale," April, 1920), one of the most able and distinguished musicologists of to-day, "long after the Trévèles Flasques, the Valse-country forme Dédiées and the Tristes Veux have been forgotten, ‘Socrate’ will still be sung as a classic"; and the same writer comments on the rare phenomenon of an artist producing his masterpiece when over the age of fifty. Rare, yes, but not unique, as Verdi and Titan attest. None the less, M. Satie is universally looked upon as one of the jewels of our time.

The concert given by the "Association Chorale de Paris" on April 20 contained some interesting first auditions—notably M. Florent Schmitt’s "Danse des Devasadiss" for voice and orchestra. The poem is a piece of Oriental imagery by Jean Lahor, the spirit of which has been most happily and effectively seized by the composer. M. Inghelbrecht’s "Le Cantique des Créatures" (St. Francis of Assisi), which was also performed, contains some massive choral effects, and is technically accomplished if not perhaps strikingly original or inspired.

The "Ecole Normale de Musique de Paris," which was started in October last, is making excellent headway, and is supplying a want which was very badly felt. It is open to students of all ages and nationalities without previous examination, its teaching staff consists of practically all the most distinguished living French musicians, and it provides a complete musical education for a moderate inclusive fee. Above all, it provides exceptional opportunities for foreign students who, owing to the greater exclusiveness of the "Conservatoire," would otherwise be obliged to go to Germany, as they have done in the past.

The School announces a special course of advanced instruction during the month of June, when lessons in interpretation by Messrs. Wunderly, Devadasis and Cousin) will be given, visits to the principal museums will be arranged, and pupils will be taken to various appearances at the Opéra and Opéra-Comique. This course is open to foreign students, who will be admitted either as performers or as listeners. The address of the School is: 61, rue Jaffrouf Paris (17); and the Director, M. A. Mangeot.

R. H. M.
Drama

SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD

II.

Of the actors in the Stratford company, Mr. Murray Carrington is in a class by himself. We hold to this opinion in spite of the fact that his performances were very unequal. As Richard II, he was all but perfect; as Benedick in "Much Ado," he was admirable; as Shylock he was almost detestable. May Heaven have mercy on the soul of that one of our critical colleagues who declared that Mr. Carrington's Benedick showed signs of fatigue after the strain of "his superb Shylock." He will have a great deal to answer for if Mr. Carrington takes him seriously.

We will try to diagnose the case of Mr. Carrington. He feels at home in the more delicate subtleties of character; he wears the exquisite complaisance of Benedick as a gallant's glove. The tinge of freakishness in the man's humanity is as natural to him as an easy gesture. "Much Ado" with Mr. Carrington for Benedick ripples as it should with wise laughter. His Richard was a continual delight; not a point was missed, not a point was made. (For an actor to make points is as bad as to miss them.) Act and irresolution alike came from one living centre. He made the unhappy king as real to his audience as Shakespeare had made him to himself. For a moment I believed that

Not at all the water in the rude rough sea
Can wash the balm from an appointed king.

But Shylock is not a subtle character. Shakespeare never meant him to be one; and he meant much less that he should be a tragic character. We doubt whether Mr. Carrington could ever play the part as the simple melodramatic element in a tragic-comedy that it is; at all events, it is not obviously his part. By trying to get subtlety in it he ruined it. He imported the stupid Ghetto realism that M. Moscovitch has made fashionable. He said "Tank God" and "By buddies," because it made what is to him a dull character more interesting. Mr. Carrington really has a mind well above this claptrap Yiddishness; and he knows, as well as we do, that Shakespeare would have written "Tank God!" if he had wanted it that way. He may possibly not be aware that by making Shylock a realistic figure the key of the play is hopelessly put out. To play tragi-comedy as tragedy is almost as bad as setting a High Mass in rag-time. It is to play to the gallery. It may do well enough for Shakespeare in Yiddish, just as Bohemia may have no coastline when the "Winter's Tale" is played in Prague. But in England we ought really to have got beyond the point where Shylock is taken seriously at all. He is just an Elizabethan bopey-man, vamped up out of old Marlowe. Only if he is treated as such will the trial-scene and the closing act of the play be freed from the preening cattiness and the outlandish which now, thanks to Mr. Tree and M. Moscovitch, have infected them. Here we are in imminent danger of a definitely false tradition. Shylock is a part which should be given to the most melodramatic actor in a company with the instruction that he should speak English and let himself go.

In another point also the "Merchant of Venice" has been distorted, either by following the Court Theatre production or in obedience to an older tradition. Arragon is turned into comic relief; himself made "the blinking idiot" whose portrait he is given. Within a year or two, if this goes on, they will put a pocket-mirror in his casket. By the text, Arragon is a perfectly sensible man. Apparently this falsification is based on a misunderstanding of Portia's

Oh, these deliberate fools; when they do choose
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

In the first place it applies to Morocco just as much as to Arragon. In the second the emphasis is on "deliberate," not on "fools." They hesitate and are lost; whereas Bassanio goes straight to the mark. Arragon's speech is merely not foolish, but very wise. The necessary transformation is, however, effected by omitting not only the lines we mentioned in our previous article, but also

Oh, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly...

No one, much less the director of the Stratford company, has the right to treat Shakespeare so.

Mr. Edmund Willard played Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew." Bolingbroke in "Richard II." Bassanio, and Posthumus in "Cymbeline." His Petruchio and Bolingbroke were excellent. He is possessed of a splendid voice which gave full scope to Bolingbroke's rhetoric. If he had been Shylock and Mr. Carrington Bassanio it would have been an exchange of mutual advantage. Mr. Willard can do things in the way of straightforward "acting" and enunciation of which Mr. Carrington is incapable; Mr. Carrington has an emotional compass more delicate than Mr. Willard's. Together they are a splendid foundation for the company.

The company is further blessed in an excellent comedian. Mr. Stanley Lathbury as Lancelot Gobbo, as Grumio, as Cloten was something more than good. He gave one the unusual sense of knowing by instinct or study what an Elizabethan fool really was and being it. We could not help regretting that he was not Dogberry instead of Don John in "Much Ado." Considering what he made of Grumio, we believe we should have had a more generous share of the quintessence of absurdity squeezed out of Dogberry by him.

Other excellent performances were those of Mr. George Cooke as York in "Richard II.," and Baptista in the "Shrew." Mr. Harvey Adams—a workmanlike actor of great promise—as Gratiano; Mr. Oswald Roberts, Mr. Mark Stanley, Mr. Earle Grey, and Mr. C. G. Carson—all of whom are likely to improve steadily under good training. But in the case of the New Shakespeare Company we feel it particularly invincible to omit a single name; we have the rare and exhilarating feeling that the members form a unity.

Miss Ethel Warwick and Miss Phyllis Relph divided the leading women's parts. Miss Warwick was Beatrice and Katherina; Miss Relph, Portia and Imogen. Undoubtedly Beatrice and Katherina were better realized than Portia and Imogen; but a comparison on such a basis is unprofitable. We like Miss Warwick's methods better; she conveys a robust sense of personality. Miss Relph is a little too much inclined to droop and languish for our taste. On the other hand, Miss Warwick is almost the victim of her own peculiar intonation. If Miss Relph would infuse a little more of the masculine, the spontaneous into her conception of a Shakespeare heroine—after all, none of them is "feminine" in the modern sense of that terrible word—and Miss Warwick would keep firm control of her voice production, they also will make a firm foundation. Miss Gwen Richardson, a promising player of minor parts, should also be on her guard against the devastations of femininity.

On the whole, it may fairly be said that the actors are excellent material. In the last resort, everything depends upon Mr. Bridges Adams. We have a good deal of faith in him; and if he will take our well-meant advice to study the text of Shakespeare, and for itself, again and again, if he will bear in mind that he is not so much the recipient as the creator of a tradition, we have little doubt that he will succeed in the difficult and fascinating task to which he has been appointed.
IN PRAISE OF THE OLD VICTORIANS

THE OLD VIC.—"Henry IV., Part I."

SINCE the "Old Vic" enterprise was started there has been nothing but praise for the management and the players. They have earned it, every word, But isn't it time now to praise the audience a little, too? The performance of "Henry IV., Part I." on Monday night was not at all bad, but it was certainly not remarkable. Now the audience at the "Old Vic" is distinctly remarkable. Might we then (just for once) face about from the stage, and speak straight to the house? If we might, we should like to say something like this:

Ladies and gentlemen, you have earned our thanks, not as the Roman Consul earned his Senate's thanks, because in tragic circumstances he did not despair of the Republic, but because in tragic circumstances you have kept us from despairing of our Republic of the Theatre. No doubt any one who passed with attentive eyes through your streets, and marked the quickening sense of life in them, the peculiarly exhilarating bustle of them, the essentially English beauty of your girls and the essentially English joviality of your men, should have guessed at once that no audience could understand Shakespeare as well as you. But we had a foolish fear that you might be bored. Now we know better. We realize that Falstaff was created for appreciation, and had you yet--and had you subtle Falstaff on Monday, how much more you would have appreciated him!—and that the serious scenes were written for serious listeners, like yourselves. We perceive the grossness of our mis-judgment.

Perhaps, if you were not so good-natured, you would have something to say in return. You might remind us that the Globe and the Swan, and the other houses for which Shakespeare designed his plays, stood, if not precisely in your neighbourhood, at any rate in neighbourhoods akin to yours. You might say that you, and all the rest of unspoiled England, had always found Shakespeare quite enough good. You never asked Davenant and Tate and Gibe to start rewriting him as soon as he was in his grave. You never asked gentlemen from Holland to spend thousands on gauds, and show you tableaux of paste-board figures to make him really interesting. You never wanted that, any more than you wanted your circus taken away to Berlin, your native-made pantomime turned into a Parisian revue, and your music-hall, which you had fostered into so rare an art, converted into a dumping ground for all that America finds it impossible to be amused by. You might even add, once you were worked up, that you had instructed Dickens to paint your portraits, and had only put up with Garvice out of politeness. "What use is it," we seem to hear you cry, "for us to provide the materials, the stage, and the handsome and national type of drama and literature, if we are to be for ever set aside in favour of the great twin-deities, 'The Public' and 'What the Public Wants'—beings we have never set eyes on, monsters whose reported judgments we profoundly distrust?"

Alas! You never actually utter your mind like this. You are too good-natured. You take what is given you (as you do in politics) and make the best of it. Yet it sometimes you were to protest, what a boon it would be!

Ladies and gentlemen, why are you so d—d good-natured?

D. L. M.

His Majesty the King has approved the award of the Geographical Society's Royal Medals as follows:

The Founder's Medal to Mr. H. St. John B. Philby, C.I.E., for his two journeys in South Central Arabia, 1917 and 1918.

The Patron's Medal to Professor Jovan Cvijic, Rector of the University of Belgrade, for distinguished studies of the geography of the Balkan Peninsula.

"HAMLET" IN ITS ENTIRETY

MR. CHARLES WARBURTON'S portrayal of Hamlet is his finest achievement, and the support accorded him by the rest of the company made it his completest; but there was something incomplete, all the same, about the "Hamlet" on which, by the Old Vic's bounty, our faculties were feasted these recent Saturday afternoons. Not that anticipation was thwarted thereby: Reared in an age of digested substances of nutriment, intellectual as well as physical; of stage-presents calling into play the actor's artistry less than his cunning, we can hardly hope, despite the implication of the playbill, that our bite shall be on the bare granite of Shakespeare's words. Current notions of scenery must be sternly relegated to their warrantable place before we can make more than pretence of the ideal, which is only incidentally the complete, "Hamlet." Our actors' memories must come of mentality, not of mechanism. And, most of all, if there be any handicap which proves insurmountable, our requirement is that whatever failings of omission are made shall be the result of a principle, not of prejudice. The principle (applied to the play itself) is that Fortinbras and the whole of the talk concerning him shall be the first to go—this in face of Coleridge's eulogy of Horatio's memory. The prejudice (as charged against the Old Vic production) is that of prudery, and its fear lest the reputation of Ophelia shall not come respectably through the ordeal of the second verse in that "pretty sad simple bawdry," as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has phrased it, of Saint Valentine's day. It did not seem to occur to anyone that Miss Florence Saunders would in consequence give us an Ophelia who is a mere doll, even though proper emphasis were laid on the sublime unselfishness of the maid's concern for Hamlet, and forgetfulness of self, after his disavowal of love for her—which it was, and with real emotional power. The stainless woman, the fundamental attitude of Shakespeare to her sex, revealed in the contrast of a girl cruelly stripped by madness of all her natural defences and unconsciously become a tragic echo of the surrounding coarseness—these we were not permitted to see.

T. M.

Correspondence

SHAKESPEARE'S WELSH CHARACTERS

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—The following note, which appeared in a Chester paper last January, may be of some interest in connection with Mr. Logie Robertson's article (Athenæum, April 16) and Mr. Idris Bell's letter (Athenæum, April 30). The note refers to a MS. of 689 folios, written in Welsh by Ellis Griffith, "a soldier of Caiais," and now deposited, with other Mostyn MSS., in the National Library of Wales.

In the last volume of the Flintshire Historical Society's journal, a reference is made to this MS. by the Rev. Meredith J. Hughes, B. Lit., Vicar of Prestatyn, wherein he identifies Shakespeare's "Griffith" in his play of "King Henry VIII.,” Act IV., scene ii.; and as this may prove of interest to those of your readers who are students of the drama and of history, and to others, I venture, as editor of the Flintshire Society, to send it to you as follows:

"MS. 158 is a remarkable volume, devoted chiefly to the history of Henry VIII., and his time. The author, Ellis Griffith, describes himself as a 'soldier of Caiais,' and in one of the B.M. MSS. he is said to have been a native 'Gronnawd Ucha, ymhilyw Llan Hasapyn.' We may, therefore, claim him as a Flintshire man, and his history, when completed, was sent to a friend living at Gwyasy, in the same parish. That the work is of great historical value is beyond question, but so far it remains a sealed book; but the future historian of the period cannot afford to ignore its contents. The style, too, is simple, direct, and graphic, and there are abundant evidences of an earnest and sincere desire to obtain exact information from reliable sources without passion or prejudice. His account
of the rising in Essex exemplifies the detachment of a true historian in dealing with material obtained directly from contemporaneous sources. The narrative of Wolsey's embassy to France in 1527 is full of the inimitable touch of a trained eye-witness. The Cardinal, he says, spent about twenty days in preparation for his journey, and on the eve of his departure he sent out word that all should be ready with their horses to ride with him at X of the clock on the morrow," and the historian adds, "an oldish gentleman among them answered: ‘Ha, sirs, you can dine at your leisure and be there in good time enough to see him mount his horse, because he will not start till the planet Jupiter enters the house of Venus. This takes place between two and three of the clock, an hour to which he and his astrologers have been looking forward for three months past, under the belief that whatever a man undertakes and begins at this time will prosper better and better.’" Wolsey's belief in premonitions and signs was a curious feature of his character. It is interesting to compare Elis Griffith's observations quoted above with Henry VIII.,' Act IV., scene i., where 'Griffith' describes to Queen Katherine the death of Wolsey:-

'Where eagerly his sickness pursu’d him still, and three nights after this, about the hour of eight, which he himself foretold should be his last, full of repentance.

'After my death I wish no other herald, no other speaker of my living actions, to keep mine honour from corruption, but such an honest chronicler as Griffith.—Ibid.

'Elis Griffith observes: 'At this time I was intimate with Master Philip's servants, who had all come from Wales, and who showed me many of the talks the Queen had many a time with their master and mistress in Spanish, a language which the men understood and spoke fluently, especially David and Robert, who had been born at Llangollen.' Philip, mentioned above, was a Spaniard and one of the Queen's sewers, and his wife was a sort of doctor to the Queen, as well as a cook in her chamber, and she was ordered by the manner of Spain. But who was the 'Griffith' of Shakespeare? Chronology, at least, permits his identification with Elis Griffith. The Weaver of Lavenham, 'a little man, wizened and ill-fermed,' who led the revolters in the Essex rising, made an admirable speech before the Cardinal in the Star Chamber, 'in which I, Elis Griffith, was then and there present'...

'and after a long process the Cardinal said that 'The King would pay for their board and lodging in prison, and the keeper thereof was ordered to give four-score pieces and ten of silver to every one of them, and to set them free to go back to their country.' Thus Elis Griffith, the historian—Shakespeare's Griffith:

'This Cardinal

Lotty and sour to them that lov’d him not;

But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

As in bestowing, madam,

He was most princely.'

I venture to think the Vicar makes out a strong case for the identification of our Flintshire historian, Elis Griffith, with the 'Griffith' of Shakespeare. I am, etc.,

H. T.

DRAYTON'S "BATTLE OF AGINCOURT"

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—The following point in prosody may be of interest.

I have always understood (following two or three books on the subject) that Drayton's 'Ballad of Agincourt' should be read thus:

Fair stood the wind for France, etc.

The other day, however, glancing through the poem, it struck me that it would go infinitely better thus:

Fair stood the wind for France, and so on, always,—two 'beats' in the line, no matter whether they come on important or unimportant, accented or unaccented, words. This gives, to my mind, an infinitely more spirited effect, something after the style of Hoggs's

Löck the door, Lériston, Lion of Liddesdale.

The difference corresponds to the difference in music, between "two-eight" and "six-eight", time, and I shall be glad if some of your readers, learned in such matters, would give their opinion.

Yours faithfully,

A. R. C.

P.S.—Perhaps I have stumbled on an old controversy, or which has been settled long since. In such case, I can only plead that I write as a "babe" in such matters.

THE MECHANICS OF PLAYWRITING

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Mr. W. J. Lawrence's interesting article on "The Mechanics of Elizabethan Playwriting" (April 30) gives examples of how the Elizabethan playwrights stamped characters with physical denotations of the original actors. Certain parallels from Molière may interest some readers. Two occur in 'L'Avare'. At the end of the side-splitting third scene of the first act Harpagon says of the departing La Flèche: 'Voilà un pendard de valet qui m'incommode fort, et je ne me plais point à voir ce chien de bouteux-là.' The valet's part was played by Molière's fame brother-in-law, Louis Bejard. Again, in the fifth scene of Act II. Harpagon remarks that he has no serious ailments: 'Il n'y a que ma fluxion, qui me prend de temps en temps.' The intriguing Frosine replies: 'Cela n'est rien. Votre fluxion ne vous sied point mal, et vous avez grâce à tousser.' Here of course Molière makes fun of his own malady, which caused his death a few years later.

Yours truly,

O. E.

May 1, 1920.

JOANNES STRADANUS "VESPUCCI LANDING IN AMERICA"

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Landseer Lucas's question in your issue of April 9, a reproduction of this drawing, "circa 1580," is given in Guirard's "First Four Voyages of Amerigo Vespucci," 1893, the small stock of which is now, I believe, in the hands of Messrs. Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, of Great Russell Street, W.C. It is also reproduced in the "Connoisseur" of September, 1919, p. 41, with some notes by Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman. A much earlier view—probably based on first-hand information—was lost 57 in the Phillips sale of June last, and is reproduced in the illustrated copies of the sale catalogue.

Yours very truly,

W. ROBERTS.

"THE GAMUT OF THE POETS"

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Esteeming it an honour even to have my effusion noticed by you, I am sure you will pardon me for writing to say that line 3 in your quotation (Athenæum, April 29, p. 558) should read:

So, these words do but trip their sense towards, &c.

Yours, etc.,

VERITAS.

THE VASARI SOCIETY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—The Committee of the Vasari Society has now decided to resume the publication of its annual portfolios of reproductions (from drawings by Old Masters. Subscriptions for 1920 (Part I. of the New Series) are due on May 1. Members should either send me their subscriptions by cheque, or fill up a form that I may register the subscription and forward it to the banker named therein. Delay in forwarding subscriptions may mean that copies will not be available, as only a limited edition is printed.

I am, etc.,

Yours faithfully,

A. M. HIND,

British Museum, W.C.I.

Hon. Secretary.

We have received from the Oxford University Press a copy of the second (1920) edition of the General Catalogue. It is a model of all that a publisher's catalogue should be, and, owing to the number and high quality of the books issued by the Oxford Press, a valuable work of reference. This edition contains the interesting announcement that further work on the "Dictionary of National Biography," which was presented to the University by the family of the founder, the late G. M. Smith, has been placed under the direction of Mr. H. W. C. Davis.
**Foreign Literature**

**THE POETRY OF FRANZ WERFEL**

GEBNEN AUS DEN DREI REICHERN: AUSGEBWHLTE GEDICHTE.

By Franz Werfel. (Leipsic, Kurt Wolff. 2 M. 50.)

EINANDER: ODEN, LIEDER, GESTALTEN. By Franz Werfel.

Third Edition. (Leipsic, Kurt Wolff. 5 M.)

**A**mong the younger German poets of the present day, Franz Werfel has a good claim to be considered as he who has best fulfilled the promise of his early work. When, aged twenty-one, in the year 1911, he published the volume of poems entitled "Der Weltfreund," of which, it is interesting to note, a third edition has recently been issued, discerning critics, although noting the influence of Whitman, nevertheless perceived an originality of thought and a confident technique, both in *vers libre* and in regular stanzas, which, they anticipated, would carry the young writer far in a poetical career. Two years later the forecast was held to be justified by the poems contained in the volume "Wir sind." The influence of Whitman, both on the poet's philosophy and his poetical method, was still noticeable, but the confidence and essential originality of the first volume were even more marked. "Wir sind" was followed in 1915 by the collection entitled "Einander," which has also reached its third edition, and this has just been followed by the series of poems called "Der Gerichtstag." Representative selections from all four books are given in the first volume under review, which also contains certain poems not yet issued separately.

The very first lines of Werfel's anthology give the keynote to his work:

Mein einziger Wunsch ist Dir, o Mensch, verwandt zu sein!

Bist Du Neger, Akrobat, oder rufst du noch in tiefer Mutterthat,

Klingt Dein Mäzenenlied über den Hof, lenkest Du Dein Floss in Abendschein,

Bist Du Soldat, oder Aviatiiker voll Ausdauer und Mut.

It is an echo, at least in substance, of Whitman's "Life's involv'd and varied pageant,

All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work,

All the seamen and the landmen, all the masters with their slaves,

All the hapless, silent lovers,

All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the wicked,

All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the dying.

Wolfe stands absolutely opposed to the symbolist and romantic schools of poetry; he is the opposite extreme to such poets as Stefan George, Rainer Maria Rilke, Hugo von Hofmannsthal. He has no sympathy with the undertone in much of their poetry of *odi profunum vulgus et arceo*. On the contrary, it is for him a direct poetic inspiration to have held communication with his fellow-beings:

*Herz frohlocke!*

*Eine gute Tat habe ich getan.*

*Nun bin ich nicht mehr einsam.*

*Ein Mensch lebt,*

*Es lebt ein Mensch,*

*Dem die Augen sich fechten,*

*Denkt er an mich.*

(From "Der Weltfreund."")

In "Wir sind" this kind of *Unanimimos* was carried further. The fine "Lebenslied" it contains is a triumphant assertion of the impossibility of the poet's, of anyone's, dissociating himself from the rest of humanity. Everywhere there can be found the "Anmut des Menschen lichen, all-enduring and all-uniting; hatred must yield to \"ein erdbewusstes Leben.\" In some of the poems of this volume this creed is given a dramatic expression, as in the poem on the widow by the bed of her son:

Mein Leben ist ein Sichergassen

In Dein gerundetes Lecht,

Im leidenden Ueberfließen

Erfüll ich die weltliche Pflicht.

Bald bin ich nichts als Dein Lachen

Nichts als Deines Mandes Gebot

Lass mich Deinen Schlauf bewachen,

Mein Kind, dein Daseins Tod.

It is evident that Werfel is not a mere poet of "joy in living," not a mere singer of the open air. He has given imaginative expression to human sympathy—in the literal and etymological sense of the word; the interdependence of mankind is become with him the very stuff of his poetry; it is almost a religion, as is shown in the poem "Veni creator Spiritus" from the volume "Einander":

*Komm heiliger Geist, Du schöpferisch!*

*Den Marmor unserer Form zerblich!*

*Dass nicht dein Maenner krank und hart

Den Brunnen dieser Welt instarrt,

Dass wir gemeinsam und nach oben

Wie Flammen meiander toben!*

The two principal criticisms levelled against Werfel are, first, that he has forced his art into the service of an essentially non-artistic doctrine; he has made his poetry a platform for the preaching of "human solidarity"—in the current banal phrase. The second charge is that, equally with the symbolist school, he opposes, he is un-national, his poems only a translation into the German tongue of foreign ideas and a foreign technique. It is recalled,—although what influence his racial antecedents have had on his poetry beyond a certain debt to the phrasology of the Old Testament is not stated or in evidence,—that he was born at Prague of Jewish parents, and certain Berlin literary journalists have played with the title "The Jewish Schiller." The reader of a representative selection from Werfel's work, and above all of the volume "Der Gerichtstag," his latest, will be hard put to it to explain the origin of these criticisms, and it would, perhaps, be better not to puzzle his head with them, but for the fact that they are plausibly urged in certain German reviews. Without venturing on a discussion as to the object of poetry or nationalism in art, the critic will have no difficulty in acknowledging the vigour and the artistic sanity of Werfel's work, and, especially in some of the poems of the latest collection—"Die heilige Elisabeth," for example—a beauty of image and word. There is no contemporary German poet, at least of Franz Werfel's generation, who has better fulfilled his promise than he; and he promises better than almost all even yet, for he is only thirty and his writing has shown continuous development.

**LETTERS FROM PARIS**

II. THE CENTENARY OF LAMARTINE'S "MÉDIATIONS POÉTIQUES"*

An anecdote that I have been unable to trace to its source, but which is reported by a most trustworthy authority—Mr. W. C. Brownell, in his "Victorian Prose Masters"—has it that Matthew Arnold, remarking once to Sainte-Beuve that he could not consider Lamartine a poet of much importance, elicited from him the following reply:

"He was important to me." The answer is perfectly apposite, and part of its value lies in the aptness with which it states the most baffling of the problems which confront the critic of literature: the frequent opposition between the national and the universal, or—to put the case in terms still susceptible of being measured—the European importance of a great writer, and the ensuing divergence of the two estimates. To take an example already familiar to our readers, probably not one among the French critics of note who have written

since Ronsard was rediscovered by Sainte-Beuve in 1828 would have found himself able to converse in the judgment passed upon him in The Athenæum of September 19, 1819, and yet, to a mind which strives—ambitious and vain endeavour!—to preserve, at least in literature, a European outlook, the judgment appears not to be wide of the mark. A century has just expired since the first publication of Lamartine's "Méditations Poétiques," and the date affords a favourable pretext to try to unravel some of the possible implications of Sainte-Beuve's curt reply.

On March 13, 1820, a thin, oblong volume, without author's name, was issued "au dépôt de la librairie Grecque-Latine-Allemande, Rue de Seine No. 12," under the title of "Méditations Poétiques." I am the happy possessor of one of the few surviving copies, and the poems are printed here by a "Avertissement de l'Éditeur," in which I find the following sentence:

Le nom de "Méditations" qu'a donné à ces différents morceaux en indiquant parfaitement la nature et le caractère; ces œuvres épandent tendres et méloédiques des sentimens et des pensées d'une âme qui se abandonne à ses vagues inspirations. Quelques uns s'élèvent à des sujets d'une grande hauteur; d'autres ne sont, pour ainsi dire, que des soupirs de l'âme.

Two soupirs of the soul: perhaps when he wrote these simple words M. Ernest Genoude did not attach much importance to them. But whether they are placed, they sound almost apologetic, and yet they touch on the very essence of what is finest in Lamartine's work, of what secures to it its unassailable position in the sanctum of French poetry.

In some of the articles written about the centenary, great and undue stress was laid on Talleyrand's verdict contained in a note addressed to the Princesse de Taloum, who had sent him the book on the day of its publication: "Il ne se pas prophète; je ne puis pas vous dire ce que sentait le poète, mais mon impression est que les lecteurs.

Il y a là un homme." The word of Talleyrand is nothing more than a textual repetition of the word of Napoleon to Goethe at Erlangen: "Vous êtes un homme, M. Goethe.

Napoleon has been overpraised; yet in Goethe's case it is undoubtedly apocryphal. The interesting fact is how, applied to Lamartine, it is almost ideally misplaced—so that it points the way towards the direction where the truth lies. "L'homme n'est ni ange, ni bête, et le malheur veut que qui veut faire l'ange, fait la bête." Pascal's proposition may be always true of man; it was, in fact, true, in a way, of Lamartine himself, of whom Paul Bourget penetrates, and remarks, "qu'il y avait en lui comme une fatale angélique"—yet it is not always the case of the incalculable genius that sometimes chooses to elect an abode in man's defective organism. There have been in most literatures a few, a very few, men whose genius cannot be characterized otherwise than as angelic; the human mind seems always to experience the greatest difficulty in recognizing this angelic character in genius, and when it does recognize it, it has an invariable tendency to discount it as all weakness, without perceiving the subtle quality, the fineness of the strength that lies behind. Everybody today would admit that the well-known phrase by which Matthew Arnold concludes his essay on Shelley, "In poetry, no less than in life, he is a beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain, retains but the strictly limited value of a telling mot d'expansion." Arnold had been careful to discriminate between what belongs to the man, and what to the genius residing in the man, the mistake would have been avoided. If Shelley's genius might be repeated what Joubert said of Plato—that one always hears the rustle of his wings: his genius soars far above Lamartine's, and that is precisely why a Lamartine with a Shelley has no use for a Lamartine; but it is not a little significant that Matthew Arnold should have misconceived them both, and it shows how his doctrine of a "Criticism of Life" as indispensable to all great poetry developed in his mind a certain bias against the higher forms of pure lyric expression. Now in French literature Lamartine represents the nearest approach we have had—the nearest approach possibly in the language—to that and that more than anything else is the reason why Lamartine was why he continues to be important to us. Between the two poets one could discover not a few points of contact:

An aerial music runs all through the best work of Lamartine. The words are disembodied, dematerialized, and the process is not one which can be traced in each word taken separately, but resides rather in an undefinable element of fluidity, on which the whole poem is carried. He makes us almost forget that he uses the language of a musical instrument—the true sense lies in the sound, in the unbroken, unchaltered flow of the melody. Lamartine is the great melodist of French poetry; his is not the "fall-throated ease" of Keats' "Nightingale," but rather the "wandering water ever whispering" of Rossetti's poem.

Talking the other day with the père Stoll among the living French poets, as I was discussing with him the subject of the music which I feel in each Lamartine's finest verse, he made the following remark: "Il n'est rien de si beau en poésie que l'impondérabilité, mais il faut que ce soit une impondérabilité obtenue par un certain poids; ou l'impondérabilité de Lamartine est due à l'impondérabilité même. There is a great deal of truth in this view, and the poet to whom I am referring has himself achieved the triumph of such "impondérabilité obtenue par les poids," yet to deny the quality altogether to Lamartine would be to go much too far. In the very poem from which I have already quoted, I come upon this passage:

Mais déjà l'ombre plus épaisse
Tombe et creuse les vases murs,
Le bord s'éclaire, le brou de cesse,
Le silence occupe les airs,
with its incomparable last line, in which a vapour floats over and enwraps the majestic central weight of the verb occupé.

Yet there is no doubt that by far the most frequent triumphs of Lamartine's verse are purely imponderable triumphs, and this pure imponderability must, after all, not be so easy to attain, as it has never been quite recaptured, except in brief snatches by Verlaine—and without that ample flow of song which, in Lamartine's best work, gives one almost a sense of irresponsibility. Verlaine nevertheless, as happens too often in literature, proved himself one of the most influential among Lamartine's critics. "L'Événement," in 1869 his first volume of verse, "Poèmes Saturniens," in the letter in which he acknowledged his debt towards the author of "Joseph Delorme," he aimed a shaft at Lamartine. To the last honouring of the critic—who, more perhaps than any other, was endowed with that rare attribute, an intellectual conscience—Sainte-Beuve, severely rebuked him, pointing out to the young aspirant that no man who had not lived at the time could quite realize what liberation the "Méditations Poétiques" brought to those who were entering the literary life in 1820.

However great—monumental and immaterial at the same time—will always remain such poems as "Le Lac" or "Le Vallon," yet the purely Lamartine essence is perhaps best to be caught in certain oblong-syllabic cadences, in which is felt that heaving of the soul to which "L'Avertissement de l'Éditeur" alludes—such cadences as the opening of the "Souvenir," with its luminous and poignant wistfulness:

En vain le jour succède au jour,
Il gisent sans lasser de trace;
Dans mon cœur, un amour mort,
O dernier souffle de l'amour!

Or, best of all, the unsurpassed close of "Le Golfe de Baya":

Ainsi tout change, ainsi tout passe;
Ainsi non-mêmes nous passons,
Hélas! sans baisser plus de trace
Que cette barque où nous glissions
Sur cette mer où tout s'efface.

CHARLES DU BOS.
List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first number in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Collins (Mabel), The Locked Room: a true story of experiences in spiritualism. Theosophical Publishing House, 1920. 7½ in. 176 pp. paper, 2/6. 133.9

Miss Collins grafts upon a jejune and improbable plot a series of incidents attributed to possession by the devil. The claim that the story is true is not in accordance with the facts.

Magee (John Arthur Victor), The Broken Barrier, Skeffington [1920]. 8 in. 127 pp., 4/6. 133.9

See review, p. 604.

Pim (Herbert Moore), A Short History of Celtic Philosophy. Notes by Professor Eoin MacNeill. Dundalk, W. Tempest (T. N. Foulis), 1920. 7½ in. 120 pp., 7/6. 199

See review, p. 601.

200 RELIGION.


This impressive volume, written by a number of scholars, is essentially learned prolegomena to the study of the Acts of the Apostles. It is divided into three main sections, each of which has its subdivisions. The three sections are (1) The Jewish World; (2) The Gentile World; (3) Primitive Christianity. The essays are attractively written, and are not mere technicalities but is necessary. A second volume, dealing with the literary phenomena of Acts, and a third, on the exegesis of the text, are promised.


The Bowyer Bible, which has found its way, on loan, to the Bolton Public Library, is probably the most portentous piece of "Gentrizerizing" in the world. Containing between six and seven thousand engravings and filling forty-five volumes, it represents thirty years' industrious collecting. In his pamphlet Mr. Sparte tells the history of this strange book and of the man who made it—Robert Bowyer (1758-1834), the miniature painter.

300 SOCIOLOGY.


The Order of Woodcraft Chivalry admits boys and girls, men and women, to membership, each applicant being required to know the meaning and aim of the Order, which may be stated simply as willingness and ability to do things for yourself, together with things for others. Emblems, legends, badges, etc., are elaborately set forth.

Drysdale (Bessie Ingman), Labour Troubles and Birth-Control. Heinemann, 1920. 7 in. 96 pp., 3/6. 312

Birth-control, keeping the family within the bounds of decent existence, is, according to the author, the remedy for most of our social ills. Practised by the educated classes during the last forty years, it has proved itself the very keystone of civilization. Yet the poorer classes have kept in ignorance of this cure for poverty, and continue to multiply beyond the possibilities of employment and subsistence, bringing forth fruit for hospitals, prisons, lunatic asylums, and brothels. Were the agencies now at work helping to remedy the miserable results united in the effort to prevent the cause, degrading poverty in ten or twenty years would cease to exist.

Handbook of Local Government for England and Wales; prepared for the use of Councillors, with special sections on matters of immediate importance, housing, town-planning, milk-supply, etc. Labour Party (Allen & Unwin), 1920. 8 in. 270 pp. apps. bibliog. 5/6. 352.042

Unoubtedly, it is the first substantial and complete preparation of this handbook was made," the object being to provide information for the Labour Councillors elected in large numbers in November, 1919; hence many defects, which should be removed in the second edition promised. There is no index; there are no page-references even to the table of administrative powers and duties that might have been used as a table of contents; and the directory of Trade Councils and Labour Parties is not up to date. Still the book is a useful compendium, especially on the more material side of municipal activities. Rural Councils are comparatively neglected, and there appears to be no mention of the powers recently granted to County Councils to establish and to carry out library services. A source of policy is indicated for the administering of the Education Act of 1918.

Phillips (Walter Alison), The Confederation of Europe: a study of the European alliance 1813-1825 as an experiment in the international organization of peace. Longmans, 1920. 9 in. 338 pp. index, 12/6. 341.1

In preparing a new edition of the treatise that first appeared in 1914, Professor Phillips came to the conclusion that, in spite of the immense changes due to the war, nothing has happened, or is likely to happen, that would deprive of its value the history of the attempt made a century ago to set up an international organization for the maintenance of peace. He has therefore merely restated the lessons he drew from that history in the light of what has since happened; he has modified the introductory section, and rewritten the conclusion. He has no mercy for the shallow and uninformed idealism of the pacifist movement, as he observed it in a visit to the United States, and makes an earnest appeal to the relevant facts of history.
The Social Question is discussed as a problem of economics, of human rights, and of spiritual life. "The most powerful driving force in the world of labour is a system of thought." The working man is revolting by the idea of selling his labour to an employer as one does goods in the market. He is fighting for "the rights of men in their entirety." Hence "Socialism will prove no more for the body social, but only a quack remedy, perhaps even a fatal one, unless men's hearts and minds learn, at least instinctively, to recognize the necessity for a threefold organization of the body social."

The economic ideas of Liberals and Socialists, particularly Marxism, are vigorously attacked by M. Valois, whose "new political economy" is a fresh statement of the system of personalization of the results of labour, based on scientific knowledge, it is claimed, of actual conditions.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.


Kenealy (Arabella). Feminism and Sex-Extinction. Fisher Unwin [1920]. 9 in. 229 pp. 8/6. 287.5 Dr. Kenealy has elaborated the truth that men and women inherit the characteristics of both sexes into an extreme doctrine which she uses as a weapon to attack feminism and the "unwomanly woman." She heads a chapter, "One side of the body is male, the other side is female"; and the next, "Masculine mothers produce emasculated sons by misappropriating the life-potential of male offspring." Feminist doctrine and practice are disastrous to human faculty and progress. She is in dread of the "impending subjection of man," because it will be a calamity for woman as well as for man. A book touching on so many cognate topics and illustrated by so many facts and statistics ought to possess an index.

800 LITERATURE.


A jeu d'esprit, with a serious sub-intention, developing ironically the ancient dictum that all men are fools. La Rochefoucauld said: "La plus subtile folie se fait de la plus subtile sagesse." M. Bloch rejoins: "La plus subtile sagesse ne se fait qu'à la connaissance de la plus subtile folie."


Professor Firth's identification of persons, countries, parties, and incidents in "Gulliver" with actualities of the author's time, of which a report appeared in The Athenaeum (Dec. 19, 1919), are interesting and convincing.

Fleure (Svend). Grim: The Story of a Pike ("Gyldendal Books"). Gyldendal, 13, York Street, W.C.2, 1920. 8 in. 163 pp. 6/6 n. 839.838

Grim is an omnivorous female pike, five feet long and fifty pounds in weight, and enjoying a semi-legendary reputation. After bawling for years the efforts of experienced fishermen, she meets her end through the instrumentality of a small boy, who is himself nearly killed in the process, and becomes forthwith the hero of the countryside. Grim's life-history from the egg upwards is narrated in detail and with much spirit, the author making a conscientious endeavour to place himself at his heroine's point of view. The net result, however, is unpleasant, especially when viewed in connection with bygone dinners upon individuals of Grim's species. The scene is apparently laid in Scandinavia, but the natural objects introduced are for the most part familiar.


A conspectus of all the medieval and modern non-French literatures of Europe, America, and Asia, giving a condensed account of authors, lists of their works, and the gist of all that merit particular attention, together with critical and historical works to be consulted. The compiler claims that the book meets a public need, since it gives universal literature at a glance.


These articles, reprinted apparently from sundry magazines, suffer in their book-form from the disadvantage of an eye-fatiguing type. The title essay deals in pleasant fashion with the author's preference for an atlas to any other kind of book, a preference which it is not quite easy to take seriously. Dissertations follow in the same strain on "local colour," medieval pilgrims, mountaineering, and the literature of travel generally. There is, besides, a chapter on novels, which seems to have no connection with the rest and proceeds on conventional lines of criticism.

POETRY.

Cook (H. Caldwell). Littleman's Book of Courtesy. Dent, 1920. 7½ in. 57 pp. il. 3/6 n. 821.9

In this volume Mr. Cook has turned the laws of "puéril et honnête" behaviour into rhyme. The affectations of an antique manner which abound in the verse are at times a little irritating, but on the whole the book is readable and the injunctions it offers unimpeachably sound. Mr. C. E. Brock has contributed a number of illustrations.


Mr. Coomaraswamy writes in English and French, and one gets the impression that he is not perfectly at home in either language. "New England Words" and "Body and Soul" are essays in Georgianness. "Béneste de ma Belle" is a not very successful attempt to write in the antique style of Guillaume Apollinaire's "Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine."


See review, p. 609.

De Candole (Alec). Poems. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1920. 8½ in. 86 pp. por. 4.6 n. 821.9

Like Sorley a Marlborough boy, and killed, like Sorley, in the flower of adolescence, Alec de Candole possessed a measure of Sorley's poetical talent, but more calmly reflective, less strange and disquieting, as well as less remarkable, less original than was Sorley's genius. The following sonnet, written to Rupert Brooke's memory: "They say there's a high, windless world and strange Out of the wash of days and temporal tide," is a good example of de Candole's poetry:

They say: and yet to me the human gleam Of chequered life, and many-coloured love, Are nobler than the eternal things above, Wherever sad and weary mortals dwell.

The white eternity that must remain Calm 'mid creation's rack, unchanged in change, Less sweet, less bitter is, less nobly strange Than hectic joy, and love, and hate, and pain.

And he who fixed this wild and varied flush Of infinite colour in human life, left cold Blank death should see us all submit.

We know not when nor how (as some great blush May mangle many sounds), in one vast white Where yet each hue is shining as of old.

Mature in thought, technically accomplished, it stands on the very border-line that separates the best verse from insubstantial poetry.
910.4

821.9

Mr. Hernung celebrates the heroism of the young guard in the picturesque colloquialism of Newbolt and Kipling.

811.5

Mr. Johnson is a very personal poet. He loves to personify abstract qualities, such as Fancy, Memory, Hope and the like. With their copious sprinkling of capital letters his pages have a rich eighteenth-century appearance. He likes to refer to the great poetical names of the past; and in such a phrase as:

O death! when I remember not
Such moments, may my current run,
Alph-like, to thy oblivion.

he makes a graceful allusion to accepted poetical masterpieces. Many of his poems are occasional in character, and in these he displays his happiest inspiration. He has the professional after-dinner speaker's talent for saying the right, the tactful thing about any person or event. Mr. Johnson would make an excellent Laureate.


Miriam's father was discarded by his wealthy mother because he married an actress, who, however, died soon after the child's birth. Miriam is brought up as a member of a touring company, but after her father's death her grandmother relents and Miriam goes to live with her. She is, however, frequently in conflict with her new surroundings, and the book contains many good passages contrasting theatrical and artistic views of life with those of conventional society. Miriam is an attractive character and has the courage of her convictions.


The Republic of "San Haytidor" is the background of this vivid romance dealing with an island which the chief villain of the piece describes as "my poor misruled country, now governed by those who are unworthy of her honourable traditions." The riffraff get up a revolution, create an army with more officers than privates, and behave generally in an absurd manner. The story is both amusing and exciting.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

916.2
See review, p. 589.
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THE SAINTS OF MAY

BROWSING is a habit sternly reproved by severe persons who take life and literature seriously. In spite, however, of the disapproval of these estimable people, I maintain that it is an admirable habit, indispensable for a proper literary education. By browsing the mind acquires an immense amount of useless and delightful information, and it is one of the great objects of education to reveal to us the true worth of the things which are valueless from a worldly and monetary point of view: our instructors, from the dame school onwards, see to it that we grasp the importance of all those kinds of learning which will help us to make our way in the world; and the more completely they are successful in this the more satisfied they are with the excellence of our education. Few of them can see that the bowl of flowers in the centre of the table is as essential as the round of beef at the end. Body and soul can be kept together by a series of variants on the theme of sausages and mashed, served on slabs of fossilized brawn at a Lyons restaurant, more securely, perhaps, than by continually feeding with Postlethwaite on the vision of a sunflower in a blue vase in the centre of a white tablecloth; but the soul that never even misses the sunflower will become more hopelessly attenuated than the body that sans the sausage. This is so far recognized that most dietetic practitioners recommend, and indeed enforce, brief periods for gazing upon sunflowers—the varieties chosen being usually the "Shakespeare," "Scott," and "Tennyson's" types and their hybrids, and the specimens preferably dried and furnished with diagrams and annotations. But the making of daisy-chains, cowslip-balls or bunches culled haphazard from a score of hedgerows is carefully discouraged as a waste of time. And Time is Money. So the poor browser is rebuked in his youth as an idler, and in his old age as a trifler; but if he has the root of the matter in him, he goes serenely on his way, browsing surreptitiously in his youth, and unashamedly in his old age.

Moreover, browsing is a science as well as an art. To begin with, the perfect browser should stand up to his book; or if he sit, it should be upon the library steps, or on the edge of a table, or the arm of a chair, or upon the floor; to settle down in a chair is to degenerate almost inevitably into a mere reader. Further, the books to be browsed upon are not the masterpieces of literature—save that these may be browsed over retrospectively, when they are already familiar; no one, for instance, would browse on Meredith, and the effect on a Philistine of attempting to browse on Browning has been admirably described by Mr. Birrell. In this connection one of the many pleasures of the habit may be remarked upon. If, as we are only too frequently assured, a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, a thing of ugliness may certainly be a joy for the moment, and the delight of a really bad book can only be savoured by browsing—to read it solidly would be to convert the delight into torture. But apart from bad books—someone once wrote a pleasant essay on "The Hundred Worst Books," which I make periodical vain attempts to trace—and great books, there is an abundant field for the browser, and if any one work more than another calls for his attention it is the "Acta Sancorom."
and great determination would be required. It would be a foolish and a suicidal thing to attempt to plough one's way through that weary waste of miracles and moralizing; but to skim over it is another matter, and an occasional dip below the surface will yield strange prey, worth seizing. Take, for instance, the seven volumes devoted to the Saints of May. I doubt if any other month has a greater claim to the attention of Englishmen. True, April has its St. George, and December St. Thomas of Canterbury; but May can show Augustine, Apostle of the English, on the 28th; Dunstan, who not only tweaked the Devil's nose, but also, as our history-text-books delight to tell us, founded the long line of ecclesiastical statesmen; Lanfranc, on the 28th—no unworthy successor of Dunstan; and John of Beverley, who performed the remarkable feat of taking his M.A. at Oxford in the year 720. Then there are three stars of learning of the first magnitude: Alcuin, the glory of York Grammar School, though he did consider Virgil a most immoral man; Aldhelm of Sherborne; and, on the 27th, the Venerable Bede. Nor is royalty unrepresented; for here are Queen Ethelgifu, who founded Shaftesbury, and King Ethelbert, over whose body the first stone church of Hereford was raised; as well as the semi-saints, Etheldred of Mercia and that poor thing, Henry VI. Lower by birth, but equally exalted after death, were Godric, the hermit of Finchale, round whose fire the snakes used to sit and warm themselves "et quos potenter sonos congratulationis emittebam," and Simon Stok, who lived in a hollow tree-trunk (whence his name) until the Carmelites came to England, when he joined them, became General of the Order, and, long after his death, had a shrine set up in his honour at Botzen in Tyrol.

The Scottish and Irish saints are too much even for the Bollandist Fathers, who are content merely to record their names, except in a few cases such as Comgall, who founded Bangor, the mother of a hundred monasteries, or Buriena, who emigrated to Cornwall; but Wales is represented by St. Asaph—whose recent promotion to the Archbishopric of Wales must have made St. David and Gerald de Barri write in their graves with indignation—and to some extent by St. German, who not only tied his stole round a dragon's neck and drowned it ignominiously, like an unwanted kitten, in a cistern, but also aided the Welsh to crush Pelagian heretics and Pictish invaders. St. Constantine the Great, whose day is May 21, though he was born in Britain, belongs to Rome, and may rank side by side with the great Pope, Gregory VII.

Another great figure this month is Athanasius of Alexandria, whose person seems to have been divided and his substance confounded, for while his body found eventual repose in Venice, one of his heads was in Spain and another at Tours. In the same way St. Juvenal of Narni had two bodies, one at "Fossani," near Meyran, and another at Narni. Of the two, that at Narni was rather more genuine, but that of Fossani was the more interesting, owing to the manner of its discovery. It seems that this body was stolen by a French canon, who died at Meyran. The canon and the stolen saint were buried together, and both alike were forgotten until a certain

Catherine, sole daughter of the King of England, was possessed by a demon, who declared that he could be expelled only by "Juvenaluccius." Such a saint being unknown, she was sent out to Rome, where at least fragments of most saints were kept, to look for him; and, staying a night in Meyran, could not be persuaded to enter the church of St. Mary-in-the-Fields, but, being dragged in, began at one spot to call upon St. Juvenal. Men at once set to work to dig at this spot, and two coffins were found, full of bones. The first bones tried were those of the canon, and produced no effect; but upon the application of the saint's bones to the princess the demon was expelled and vanished through the vault of the church, leaving a hole which was shown for centuries afterwards. Now the date assigned to this curious story appears to be 1229—at which time the King of England, Henry III., was still unmarried; but, oddly enough, Henry did have a daughter Catherine (born 1253), who was beautiful, but mute and wanting in intellect—a form of misfortune commonly ascribed to demonical possession. That she should have been sent on a pilgrimage to Rome before her death in 1257 is conceivable, though the fact does not appear to be recorded elsewhere; but if so, it is to be feared that the expulsion of the demon did more harm to the church than it did good to the child, for Matthew Paris certainly implies that she remained muta et inutilis to the day of her death. While, therefore, it is open to the devotees of St. Juvenal to maintain that the story is correct in every point but the small matter of date, it is also open to sceptics to say, as the Bollandist Fathers said with pained surprise when they discovered "The Four Sons of Aymon" inscribed in a Neapolitan martyrology—"Veremur ne ex fabulosis narrationibus desumpti."

L. F. SALZMAN.

Poetry

THE HIGHER SENSUALISM

Queen Circe the farmer's wife at the Fair
Met three sailor-men stumping there

Who came from the parrot-plumed sea, Ye-o-Ho!
And each his own trumpet began to blow:

"'We come,'" said they, "'from the Indian seas
All bright as a parrot's feathers, and these"

Break on gold sands of the perfumed isles
Where the fruit is soft as a siren's smiles

And the sun is black as a Nubian,
We have sung the beard of the King of Spain,

And have caught this gaudy queer-plumed boy—
(An angel, he calls himself) for a toy."

* * * *

The Angel sighed: "Please, ma'am, if you'll spare
Me a trumpet, the angels will come to the Fair,

For even an angel must have his fling,
And ride on the roundabout, in the swing!"

She gave him a trumpet, but never a flare
Reached the angels from Midsommer Fair,
May 14, 1920

THE ATHENÆUM

631

REVIEWS

THE GOLDEN PEAK

Sakuntala. By Kalidasa. A Version for the English Stage by Das Gupta and Laurence Binyon, with an Introduction by Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

WHEN reading contemporary literature we seek for the august and the eternal—vainly enough, no doubt, still we seek for them to compensate for their absence from contemporary life. But when we read the Classics, the august and eternal are taken for granted, and we seek instead for the pathos and the jokes of which contemporary life is so full. Perhaps it is an ignoble quest, but one always feels so grateful to the Classic when it is not as classical as it might have been. Concessions like the Fifteenth Idyll of Theocritus or "Amis and Amiles" go straight to the heart. We recognize our passing sensations in them, and, endorsing these, they seem to endorse something else: the continuity of passing sensations. It is really a great moment when one can say to a classic, "Oh, but how pretty!" or "Oh, but what fun!

We used to lavish such exclamations before "Sakuntala." A Sanskrit drama of the sixth century, connected by legend with the semi-mythical kingdom of Ujjain, it seemed an unlikely home for jokes and sentimentality. Yet we found them there, or thought we found them, and were filled with delight, so that one reader at all events, while waiting for his train at Ujjain railway station, has wandered off in a vague search for Kanwa's hermitage. This story of a Lost Ring was (one felt) the story of Brünnhilde and Siegfried transferred to the atmosphere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It was august, but it was also humorous, enchanted, gracious. Even in the last scene, where we left the lower earth behind, we did not leave fun, and Sakuntala's small boy seemed to have a very nice time on the Golden Peak, feasing a little lion and some ladies. But—if the present version be correct—we must sit up straighter and mind our P's and Q's. "Sakuntala" is not to be a classic that one can treat intimately, and connect with one's daily life. The small boy continues to have a nice time, but he has it sub specie aeternitatis, and not as you or I might. He dwells on the Golden Peak of austerity and penances, and teases the ladies there in no colloquial strains; "he absorbs," in the solemn words of Mr. Tagore, "all the lives of the trees, creepers, flowers and foliage" that surround him, and is consequently more lively than you and I will ever be, but scarcely with our liveliness.

Accenting the serious aspect of the play, Mr. Binyon has produced a beautiful translation, but a translation in the grand manner, which indicates rather than conveys gaiety. This defect (if it is one) was mitigated in the dramatic performances last year by the presence of actors and scenery, but in cold print it comes out unrelieved. Moreover, Mr. Binyon has rejected, for theatrical reasons, one notable device which must have animated the original Sanskrit—the constant change from prose to poetry; he relies mainly on blank verse, and a tendency to remoteness is the result. With him, however, seriousness is only implicit; it is explicit with Mr. Tagore, whose essay on the "Inner Meaning" of "Sakuntala" gives great pause to all frivolous adventurers among masterpieces.

It is the temperament of Mr. Tagore to believe that an inner meaning is necessarily more important than an outer: "Gitanjali" and all his best poetry cluster round this assumption. He mistrusts surfaces, arguing, logically enough, that they are superficial, and he loses no time in attacking the large and brightly coloured surface of "Sakuntala." Like a wasp on a plum, he sinks almost
immediately out of sight. What he seeks is not the bloom of appearances, but the metaphysical nectar that lies beneath them. He finds it in abundance, and no doubt justifiably, for an Indian play is likely to contain metaphysics, and of a kind that an Indian critic will appreciate. But there is one great objection to his borrowings: they undermine the play's constitution and destroy its merry and voluptuous outlines. It is never the same play again. He seems so didactic and elderly, blind not only to the human charm of the play, but to the element of fairy that figures so largely in its plot. And his standards of conduct are so prim that he can regard the lovely First Act as fundamentally a deabuch of lust: "the earthiness of the fall of Sakuntala" is the phrase he permits himself. King Dushyanta is likewise earthy, the proof of it being found not so much in his conduct as in the following lyric:

   Bee, O Bee, that eagerly
   Roamest after honey new,
   Thee the mango blossom drew,
   Thee it held with honey-kiss—
   Now it is the lotus holds thee
   Lost in bliss.
   Is the mango all forgot
   For that new flower that enfolds thee,
   Quite forgot?

One supposed that it was just a song sung "off" by a lady of the court, and having thanked Mr. Binyon for his charming rendering was about to pass on. But there is deep meaning in it, according to Mr. Tagore. It is an allusion to the "royal sin" and to the amorous and consequently treacherous character of Dushyanta, and it prepares us for the approaching rejection of Sakuntala—a rejection that we had hitherto ascribed to the incitements of an offended hermit. Thus in every scene there is a moral meaning, latent or manifest, the particular Where'er we walk, some universal law or other fans the shade, agitating the humblest flower and the tallest tree, and converting the final act from the union of lovers into the abstract apotheosis of love. We are hidden by Mr. Tagore to look up at love, as at a balloon, and to note that it has risen as high as can be humanly expected, and has reached the Golden Peak where "the beneficent tie of home life" and "the liberty of the soul" are harmonized, and where "a human boy plays with lion cubs and the hermit spirit is reconciled with the spirit of the householder." All this may be true, yet was it for this that Dushyanta ascended the car of Indra? He was young, and did not Kalidasa understand youth? Mr. Tagore has never understood it, despite much earnest attention, and perhaps that is why his interpretations are so depressing. He is scholarly, philosophic, humane, he is sensitive where the invisible is concerned, he writes no single sentence that one dare contradict; but he invariably forces the background into the foreground, and vice versa, until the heavy hand of a schoolmaster seems to tear the jasmine tendrils and to startle the deer. Of course, he may be right—he knows the Sanskrit and we do not. But if he is right, "Sakuntala" is not the play we hoped. It must join the ranks of the minatory masterpieces, and its sweet connections with our daily lives be severed.

E. M. F.

Owing to the condition of the exchange, it is practically impossible for the Universities of Central Europe to obtain British or American books on literature, philosophy, science, etc. A ten-shilling book costs more than £9 in Germany and more than £30 in Austria. It has, therefore, been decided to form an Anglo-American University Library for Central Europe, for the purpose of exchanging public libraries. Mr. B. M. Headicar, Librarian of the London School of Economics, will act as secretary of the library, and sympathizers—who should be many, considering the importance of the work—are asked to communicate with him.

THE ATHENÆUM

May 14, 1920

CANNED HISTORY

Holland.—Question of the Scheldt.—Neutrality of Belgium.

If Conversation Sharp was alive to-day, he would rejoice in the little green handbook which issued with the same zeal of the Foreign Office and under the able editorship of Mr. G. W. Prothero, to be number, all told, some 160. He would sally forth to dinner; his faithful partner Boddington would put a neat leading question, and out would come the erudition. Such talk is apt to be oppressive; but at least it is preferable to golf stories or fishing stories, or the appalling legal shop that starts with, "The judge took my point." The Foreign Office, however, has in its eye people of a more practical kind than the smoking-room oracle. Among those for whose learning these handbooks have been written are "publicists generally," and soon we may expect bright little allusions to the Christian-Coalition party in Holland, or von Jagow's speech on Belgian neutrality of April 29, 1914. Historical students, too, are expected to profit by the labours of Mr. Prothero's trained, and for the most part unremunerated, assistants. That means, it is to be feared, that they will swallow the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries out of the little volumes, while the meritorious works of Stanhope, Lecky and Walpole lie neglected. Still cram-books are a necessary evil, and these are good cram-books.

The series was prepared, it appears, for the information of the British Delegates to the Peace Conference. Somewhere, therefore, in its course we shall presumably encounter a small treatise that might have enlightened Mr. Lloyd George as to the precise geographical and political significance of Tecklenburg. But if he could envisage nothing better than a large fit for heroes would inevitably find little to his taste a literary diet which resolves itself into good, honest bully beef. The handbooks clearly address themselves to the ordinary taxpaying citizen, to the man in the street who has succeeded Palmerston's man on the omnibus; and the present instalment (Nos. 25, 28 and 29) conducts him not to the shores of Bohemia, as imagined by Shakespeare and possibly by Mr. Lloyd George, but to the neighbouring coast of Holland and Belgium, or, as they were formerly called, the Low Countries. For the earlier annals of the Burgundian Netherlands he is referred to No. 26, "Belgium," which will tell him, no doubt, all about the good old Jockey-Entry and the noble, good old Burgundian Entry and the noble, good old Leopold Entry. Starting, however, with the revolt of the Netherlands in the sixteenth century, he can read right on down to the resignation of the Heemskerk Ministry in 1913. A good deal of it tastes like meat extract of Motley, but the condensation is not without a flavour of its own. The writer is especially to be congratulated on the precision with which he conveys information on points for which encyclopaedias are often hunted through in vain.

The literature on the Scheldt would fill a good many library shelves, but under Mr. Prothero's editorship it is compressed within twenty pages. Since feeling still shoulders between Holland and Belgium about such delicate matters as the sovereignty over the Western Scheldt, their dispassionate discussion is of obvious value. In the handbook on Belgian Neutrality there sounds the note of controversy, almost of passion. The Germans, we are told, have interpreted the statements of the learned Belgian lawyer E. Nys "so as to support a theory that he would probably be the first to repudiate." A neutrality that gives an invading army a right of way is certainly a worthless form of defence, and it will be remembered that Herr Bethmann-Hollweg swept Schulte and his like aside with the frank confession that the Germans had broken international law.
The New Germany. By George Young. (Constable. 8s. net.)

Mr. George Young (we are sorry to have to say it) is unworthy of citizenship in a modern democracy.

The first words of his book condemn him. "When in January, 1919, I resigned my commission and made my way out to Berlin . . . . I had," he writes, "two purposes. One was to find out . . . . Good Heavens! What, we ask in blushing haste, was the other? It sounds incredible, but it was" "to find out" again. Shall a man then, just because he is sincere and intelligent, and has a knack of picturesque writing, be allowed to go about "finding out" things for himself in this utterly reckless way? One would suppose we were some race of savages without any newspapers. Mr. Young will, of course, try to defend himself by the plea that he is after all a newspaper man. He will blame us for omitting to quote his express statement that he went out to Berlin "as correspondent." Surely this only makes it worse. Had there been many correspondents like Mr. Young we might easily have been robbed of the fruits of Versailles.

Yet curiosity subsists, even in democracies. Mr. Young, we fear, traded on that rude instinct. When a man has actually been there"—hob-nobbed with Noske and Lenin in his military warder in the greenroom of the Weimar Theatre, marched into Potsdam side by side with prim little General Mäcker, saved the Brunswick Soviet from being blown up by its own supporters, stood by the Lüttwitz Volunteers while they bombarded the Lichtenberg insurgents, and then strolled across the line of fire to see how "Spartacus" was enjoying it—when a man has done all this, we can't help being rather interested in his story. And so long as we bear in mind that it is much easier to form a sane judgment on these matters in the calm of a London newspaper office, it may not do us very much harm to read Mr. Young.

He seems somehow on his travels to have formed his own peculiar vision of the German people. For our own part we fancied we knew all there was to be known about the Hun. He has been sketched for us—a grinning ape beneath a Pickelhaube. Yet, when Mr. Young is watching the Berlin demonstrations against the Peace Terms in the spring of 1919, this is how he talks:

"Look at that group, mostly elderly men and women of the middle class, thin and threadbare with the look given by hardship and hunger that once in Germany one saw only in paintings of the Middle Ages—daydreaming but not without devotional fervour. So they shuffle along round a placard inscribed "Wilson's Forty Points," as their ancestors shuffled in procession for Luther's theses. Unhappily Wilson did not succeed in nailing his theses to the portals of the Quai d'Orsay."

"Is it possible then that they are, after all, human beings, these Germans? What an ugly thought! For if they are human beings, how are we going to face this account of a children's hospital? Everywhere swollen bellies and shrivelled limbs—children of three that had nothing actually wrong with them, but couldn't yet stand, children with "English sickness," as rickets is called . . . . the most of them lying silent or wailing feebly . . . . "English sickness"—that barbs sticks. Can we shake it off somehow? Shall we remember that the patient throng shuffling after Wilson's theses was itself not long before nailing its own theses to the "Iron Hindenburg"? Shall we recall that if there is not a "German sickness" among English children, it is not for want of trying on the part of the U-boat captains? If we do that, we can seize ourselves with the thought of "Retribution."

We can echo our author's own musings as he returns from the Lichtenberg fighting:

"And so, in the twilight, back the way we came, wondering at the working of moral laws that have now subjected Berlin to a self-induced punishment of bombardments and bombings worse than any of those inflicted on other cities. That is highly satisfactory. We only wish Mr. Young had not added:

"Firing heavy artillery at crowded tenement houses, even with reduced charges and plentiful blank, means a butcher's bill of several thousands, mostly women and children."

Not content with stripping Bellona of her pretty, glittering armour, he must, it seems, tear the judicial folds from Nemesis, and show her, not merely lame, but altogether misspahen:

"Now that these trumpery tinsel tyrants, the Kaiser and his court officials, have retired to scribble and squeak and shuffle over dirty linen—a Valhalla of washerwomen—the men of the real Spartan breed, who carried the German arms from conquest to conquest until the catastrophe was complete, are working hard to redeem their country, not by rout and revolution. The workmen called them mercenaries and murderers, but it was absurd to accuse fine young men who looked like Balliol, with a leaven of Blues and Blues, of selling themselves for eight shillings a day and extra rations. These Spartans and their ideals will be heard of again unless Germany is given a square deal and a fair field."

On the one hand Spartans, and on the other Spartacus! A pretty mess you seem to have made of it, Nemesis! It's enough to make people agree with King Herod Agrippa. "The Treaties," says Mr. Young, "have for a time Bolshevised Eastern Europe, Balkanised Central Europe and Bottomlevised Western Europe." We can only say that it might have been put more graciously.

Mr. Young, whose adventures show that he is afraid of very little, is not afraid to offer advice. Germany has got to be pilled together, if only for the very indemnity's sake. Her salvation cannot come from men like the rotund, churlish, effete Nordhehden, who looks like Winston Churchill turned Papal Legate, nor from the nerveless National Assembly, whose choice of Weimar for its seat is as if a vanquished England were to "place a victorious and Victorian America by transferring Parliament to the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon." The external remedy is "Treaty Revision," and the internal remedy is "the Soviet." A good many people who would welcome the first may shrink from the second. Mr. Young's contention, however, is that the Soviet system makes revolution not inevitable but unnecessary. He argues the point with the utmost ingenuity. We might study his case, but we think it best to refrain. Why should people have an excuse for not reading his book?

That Friend of Mine: A Memoir of Margarette McArthur. By Josephine Kellett. (Swarthmore Press. 7s. 6d. net.)—Miss Margarette McArthur died on active service at Etaples in February, 1919. Her letters, which form the bulk of this volume, were never intended for publication; they are therefore sincere as well as beautiful. Prior to the war she wrote long, characteristic descriptions of her school life and of her journeys to Canada and Germany, a good part of which concerns natural scenery. The latter half of the book covers her war work in France under the Army Educational Scheme, and includes a description of an enemy air-raid, which is valuable as an uncensored revelation of terror. Miss McArthur's prose here is vividly vigorous, and in her later development generally possessed something of the same quality: had she lived it might have helped towards the accomplishment of a noteworthy prose style. It is perhaps unfortunate that the letters show her life only in a more or less objective light. Her personality was obviously so healthy and charming that to have been acquainted with her mental and spiritual attitude towards the inner problems with which she must have been confronted would be a privilege, though there is no indication throughout that she was so confronted. She retains an equanimity in face of the European tragedy that leads her into picturing the war as a series of pathetic incidents, as merely one of many dark places to be courageous about and to accept with conventional faith. We see in her, continually against our will, the less rare type of woman turned out by a system of feminine education equivalent to that of the public schools and the universities.
THE ATHENÆUM

MAY 14, 1920

VICTORIAN HEROES

FREE-THINKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Janet E. Courtney. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

It is strange that the Victorians should take so much killing. We have advanced a good deal beyond them—so far beyond them that we do not need to abuse them; we treat them with kindly contempt. And yet, whenever our attention is again directed to them, as by this book of Mrs. Courtney’s, we are aware of an odd misgiving. Even Mr. Lytton Strachey’s “Eminent Victorians” did not quite free us from this feeling. We saw how absurd the Victorians were, but we became aware of an element in them that the laughter had not killed. Somehow a just estimate must contain both respect and contempt.

Mrs. Courtney’s book suggests the kind of estimate this might be. In the first place we are conscious of the peculiar odour of the Victorian morality. The Victorians would never frankly admit that they were merely humanly selfish, for example, but always justified their conduct by appeal to some divinely established order of things. It is for this reason that nothing about the Victorians is more disagreeable than their righteous indignation. At the present time, while our conduct has not improved, we are more frank about our own moral shortcomings. On the other hand, the Victorians often displayed an energy and courage in defending their convictions, even when these were only translations of their interests, which extorts the respect of a comparatively debilitated generation. The fact that their virtues and defects spring from the same root is the cause of our mixed emotion when contemplating the Victorians. For their moral fervour was also the source of their courage. Somehow they took their morality seriously; every Victorian saw not only that it was desirable that the cause he advocated should prevail, but that the highest moral considerations made it imperative that it should. They had the courage which seems inseparable from aggressive righteousness.

We find this courage, and that of all the other great Victorian figures, in many of Mrs. Courtney’s champions, although in two of them, Frederick Denison Maurice and Matthew Arnold, the courage is relatively inconspicuous—compared, that is, with that of a man like Charles Bradlaugh. Bradlaugh himself is, of course, an epitome of the Victorian virtues; he had great courage, independence and tenacity of purpose. He was, like Huxley, a great fighter, and, again like Huxley, it is obvious that he enjoyed fighting; but both men were Victorian also in the sense that they recognized no motive, even in their gayest and most unprovoked combats, other than their obedience to their conception of public duty. All these men, in a way impossible to-day, conceived themselves as public figures. They were conscious of their responsibilities. Abstractions, such as public honour, public morality, were the very breath of their nostrils. Self-indulgence of any kind was unknown to them; whatever they did was done with a single eye on the public welfare. Hence their energy, their courage in attack and defence, and hence also their complacency and absurdity. For we know that their conception of themselves was untrue, that it is, indeed, impossible for men to be like that. They saw themselves as figures in an official biography. But their very absurdity was also their strength, and led to their undeniable achievements. We cannot imitate them, and we would not if we could, but there are illogical moments when we could almost envy them.

In her essay on Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Courtney confesses that the works of that remarkable woman are no longer read. The remark would apply to all her figures, with the exceptions of Arnold and Huxley, and even with Arnold we imagine there are now few who read “Literature and Dogma.” The reason for this is part of our general difficulty in estimating the contribution of these men.

Their victory, which we have inherited, is so complete that we can scarcely realize that it followed a hard and genuine fight. Their strong waves were the milk of our infancy. But Mrs. Courtney, in showing us the genesis of Victorian, also shows us how considerable the achievement was that we placidly take for granted. The historical perspective is necessary, and the fact that it is necessary shows how local and temporary were most of the Victorian problems. Even the greatest of the Victorians said little that is pertinent to our own time. We cannot quote from them as we can quote from earlier writers. The Victorian age is more remote from us as the Augustan, and Swift is more alive to-day than is any one of Mrs. Courtney’s figures.

J. W. N. S.

THE LATE W. D. HOWELLS

THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, the doyen of American men of letters, at the age of 88, follows closely upon the publication of a book which has again made him prominent in the minds of English readers. Nothing could give a clearer or more sympathetically critical estimate of his personality and character than the many letters addressed to him on questions of literary importance by Henry James, Howells, and other great men of letters. Henry James, the first American writer to be universally admired in England, and his writings, facile, polished, and of an equable excellence, amounting to little less than a hundred volumes, are the expression of this conviction. His novels deal exclusively with American life, though doubtless he would be held by many to have been concerned chiefly with the superficies of it. His pleasant, easy-flowing narratives had a period of great popularity here in England about a generation ago, and rows of the handy little volumes can still be found in the placid backwaters of country-house libraries. Subsequently, however, it was as editor of the Atlantic Monthly and Harper’s Magazine that he was chiefly remembered in England. His editorial columns were devoted to criticism of the causerie kind which had a considerable appeal on both sides of the Atlantic. But in criticism, as in fiction, he was distinguished by suavity rather than penetration. In consequence of this he holds a higher place in American literature than in English. His very devotion to the idea of an American national literature eminently fitted him to uphold the tradition of the common language during a period in which there were incessant danger of invasion by dialect and slang. His known convictions as a literary nationalist, whereby he was definitely distinguished from his more famous friend and contemporary, Henry James, lent persuasiveness to his judgments.

THE COINAGE OF NERO

THE COINAGE OF NERO. By Edward A. Sydenham. 4 plates. (Skrp & Son. 21s. net.)

Mommsen once complained that the study of Roman coins had been left to the dealers. Mr. Sydenham’s book is a reprint of articles which appeared in a periodical which, in origin a handicraft journal, has been transformed into an important organ of higher kind; and the sort of influence which Mommsen deplored has not affected the work, which does credit to publisher as well as author. The difficulty of controlling proofs printed in France may be held to account for a certain lack of finish in the setting forth of the matter. Mr. Sydenham has not only given a full and detailed description of all known Roman and of many of the Greek, coins of Nero, but has attempted with some success a scientific classification. His introduction covers the ground well, and makes some new points; notably he shows that from Nero’s accession to the reform of the currency in 63 the Senate issued the gold and silver inscribed with the name of the emperor. His account of the reform also marks an advance on previous writers. Monographs like this are cordially to be encouraged, as the best way of making the evidence of coins accessible to historians.
THE POETIC DRAMA

CINNAMON AND ANGELICA: A PLAY. By John Middleton Murry. (Colデン-Sanderson. 3s. 6d. net.)

The impotence of contemporary drama is a commonplace rule of cultured pessimism. A conviction of dramatic enthusiasts recently revealed, that on the one hand there are plenty of writers who could compose good plays if anyone would stage them, and that on the other hand there are a dozen producers ready to snap up a good play if they could find one. Poetic dramas are not infrequently printed; we have abandoned the speculation of why they are so dull. But Mr. Murry is an interesting case—interesting enough to revive once more the whole discussion; for he is a writer who might be, or might in a happier age have been (according to our hopeful pessimistic humours), a poetic dramatist. He has virtues which are his own, and vices which are general. It is therefore a real pleasure, an exceptional pleasure, to have a patient like Mr. Murry extended on the operating table: we need our sharpest instruments, and steadiest nerves, if we are to do him justice.

Two possibilities we may exclude at once. A poetic drama may be simply bad, in which case the cause of its failure will not be worth further examination. Or it may be poetry which should have been cast in some form which is not dramatic. Plays of this sort are written at times when drama is decaying, but when no other form is at hand: Browning wrote dull plays, but invented the dramatic model through a poetic dramatist. When the poetic drama has wholly disappeared, when it is, as at the present time, a lost art, this mistake is less frequently made. The natural evolution, for us, would be to proceed, in the direction indicated by Browning; to distil the dramatic essences, if we can, and infuse them into another, more liquid. The poet who now applies himself to the drama (I exclude, of course, those who are competent for nothing) will be one with a strong and (we may even say) philosophic conviction in favour of this form. He will be a very conscious poet, with an historical imagination; it is the consciousness, the construction of the possible meaning, the possible value in feeling which a triumph that poetic drama might have for the sensitivities of the most sensitive contemporary, that has moved him. This poet will be a complex person: he is impelled both by a desire to give form to something in his mind, and by a desire that a certain desirable emotional state should be produced. He is troubled and hampered by the complexity of conscious motives which lay claim to his attention. Such, we believe, is Mr. Murry.

The composition of a poetic drama is in fact the most difficult, the most exhausting task that a poet can set himself, and—this is the heart of the matter—it is infinitely more difficult for a poet of to-day than it was for a poet of no greater talent three hundred years ago. It is more difficult than it was for Shakespeare. Nor could Mr. Murry, for instance, content himself to plunge into Tudor literature and produce a "Death's Jest Book" or a "Duke of Gandua." He is too keenly aware of his precise place in time to care to perform any, however lovely, literary exercise. He wishes to do the difficult thing. It is interesting to consider why it is so difficult, and how far the difficulties disperse, and how far they direct, Mr. Murry's energies.

The difficulty is very baldly stated, as it has been stated so many times before, by saying that there is no audience. It will not do, of course, to leave the matter there. There is, "waiting" for poetry on the stage, a quite sufficient number of persons to fill a playhouse: there are even a few willing to subside the performance of any play of the mildest promise; there is enough effort on the part of both writers and the possible patrons and audiences.

But what is needed is not sympathy or encouragement or appreciation—we need not assume that the best of the Athenian or the Elizabethan drama was appreciated by its audiences, relatively to the second-best—but a kind of unconscious co-operation. The ideal condition is that under which everything, except what only the individual genius can supply, is provided for the poet. A framework is provided. We do not mean "plot"; a poet may incorporate, adapt, or invent as he prefers or as occasion suggests. But a dramatic poet needs to have some kind of dramatic form given to him as the condition of his time, a form which in itself is neither good nor bad—but which permits an artist to fashion it into a work of art. And by a "kind of dramatic form" one means almost the temper of the age (not the caprice of a few intellectuals), a predisposition, a habit, on the part of the public, to respond in a predictable way, however crudely, to certain stimuli. A very little knowledge of Athenian, or Elizabethian drama acquaints us with commonplaces, as Fate in the former, or Death-and-Worms in the latter, which turn up again and again, and which we presume by their familiarity always evoked the proper response. Commonplaces they were, but capable of indefinite refinement.

Consider now the position of Mr. Murry, a position which we may seriously call Prometheus. He has to supply his own framework, his own myth, he must do without the commonplaces which so stoutly supported even Eschylus and Shakespeare. He must stand quite alone: which means that he must, if he can, write poetry (not merely good blank verse) at every moment. The strain of such an enterprise is probably responsible for inequalities which occasionally disfigure the more relaxed passages of the play:

... new-fangled tin artillery. ... Garlic tried to load

The patent off on me. ...

may be appropriate speech for the rough soldier, but it is not appropriate that the same person should a few lines later remark of himself that

to myself I seem a wanton child. ...

This is not a blemish due to haste or carelessness. It is due to a concentration on the central interest, the focal moment of the piece, which has distracted the author's attention. There is enough evidence that Mr. Murry has studied blank verse with great care, and where he is excited he is also attentive to detail. But he is not held down by the necessity of entertaining an audience cruder than himself; the emotional structure is the only structure. In a dramatic structure the minor emotions, or the emotions of the minor characters, are related to the major emotions through the action. "Cinnamon and Angelica" is deficient in dramatic structure—although the emotions (the major emotions) are dramatic.

The labour and danger do not end here. The poetic drama cannot avoid all audience. In the middle of a rowdy seventeenth-century playhouse pit the thought of Shakespeare, the feeling and the slumbering personal experience of Shakespeare moved solitary and unsounded; solitary and free as the thought of Spinoza in his study of Montaigne in his tower. But Mr. Murry cannot escape an audience—comparatively small and comparatively cultivated—which has dramatic habits, but desires to share, to destroy his solitude. We may suspect that Mr. Murry is aware of this audience, and that he instinctively protects himself from its intrusion by the titles which he gives his characters:

I thought I heard the spinning of the wheel Of Destiny, and this is what she span: Such close-knit intertexture of two hearts ... That even the hungry Fates must hold their shears From so divine a pattern.
The adjective "hungry" may be questioned as irrelevant to the figure; but it is a fine passage. And I quote it to ask why the author should place such language in the mouths of personages to whom he gives names like Cinnamon, Angelica, Caraway, and Vanilla Bean. The key of the music is a lovers' melancholy with many under- and over-tones; the third act is pitched at that intensity at which language strives to become silence, and the end is definitely tragic. Why these grocery names? It is a movement of protest against the cultivated audience. Whoever is acutely sensitive of the pressure of this intruder will have his own grimace or bufferony, to avoid sentiment or to decorate sentiment so that it will no longer appear personal, but at most—safely fashionable. This concealment is a "give-away"; but we cannot say that Mr. Murry has given himself away either, for his "close-knit intertexture" is a maze of such subitized and elusive feelings as will hardly be threadied by any but those whom he would be willing to admit.

T. S. E.

**ST. FRANCIS AND THE FRANCISCANS**

**ASSISI: IMPRESSIONS OF HALF A CENTURY.** By Sir William B. Richmond, K.C.B. (Macmillan. 42s. net.)

**JACOPONE DA TODI, POET AND MYSTIC,** 1228-1306. By Evelyn Underhill. (Dent. 16s. net.)

The revival of Franciscan studies, and the creation of a wide public interested in the men who surrounded and followed the founder of the order, date from the publication at the end of 1893 of M. Paul Sabatier's "Vie de S. Francois d'Assise." It did not, it is true, "discover" (to use the current jargon) St. Francis, but he emphasized the man in the saint, and taught us to see him too. It is then with a pleasant shock that we find on opening Sir William's book that the Rossetti group were interested in Assisi thirty years before, that we are turned back to William Davies's "Pilgrimage of the Tiber" to find that he had lived a year in the little Umbrian city, and that it was his advice and his loan of a copy of the "Fioriotti" which sent young Mr. Richmond there in 1867, when Assisi was much in the state that Goethe found it on his hurried visit. In his turn he spent a year there, and there his eldest son was born; he visited the neighbouring hill-cities and villages, fraternized with the country folk, returned again and again, and even spent a month in the Carceri in 1904, living with the frari on the broken victuals they had begged at the doors of Assisi and elsewhere. The book is intensely personal, racy of the travelled Englishman who knows how to get the best of the places he lives in, full of his personal likes and dislikes, and not to be missed. On the artistic (detractable word!) qualities of the illustrations one hesitates to write in these columns, but if the fact of having seen most of the fine pictures of Europe and of knowing and loving the places represented qualifies one to speak to the general public as one man to another, these reproductions of Sir William's work may be recommended not only as splendid specimens of colour-printing, but as representing the Umbrian landscapes and atmosphere at their best and most characteristic, and recalling the frame of mind in which they were first seen.

Miss Underhill's hero is of another kind altogether. Jacopone da Todi was a Franciscan of the days when the order had done its useful work for the world, a convert of advanced middle age, of that class which, having more or less exhausted the pleasures of secular life, finds in religion a new source of pleasure. All that is known of his life could be told on one of Miss Underhill's pages, and all that is reasonably inferred on another couple. The rest of the book is devoted to a study of the mechanism of mysticism as exemplified in his verse, and to a "there or thereabouts" version of a selection from them. That Jacopone was a poet there can be no doubt, though there seems little reason for attributing to him the "Stabat Mater," which is rather out of his range; his verse is marked by a native force of speech, an erotic fire of a passion turned from earth to heaven by age and circumstance, a simplicity of purpose which has attracted to him sympathy and imitation through the centuries. As a mystic, he belongs to that class whose Faculty of expression and copiousness of language raise considerable doubt as to the reality behind it. A human soul absorbed by the immanence of the Divine Spirit, one thinks, have little thought or time to spare for jotting down its impressions. St. Teresa and St. Catherine we can believe in, but the long roll of writers from St. Hildegard to the German mystics leave us cold; we frankly do not credit them with more than a lively imagination. If we turn to Jacopone by way of escape we find his spiritual pride, arrogance and disobedience to his chosen superiors as the fruits of his religious experiences, until in his old age he settles down into that anarchic attitude to which has always made mysticism suspect in the eyes of the Church. From the point of view of everything that human society at its best values to-day, he was an ignorant and an enemy.

We have said that by his time Franciscanism had done its work in the world: that was to restore Christendom to the belief in Christianity which its leaders had almost destroyed. But it may be questioned whether it has not, on the whole, done more harm to the world than good. By the end of the thirteenth century its evangelical mission was dead—altogether at its centre, almost at its outposts. It is hardly disputable that any influence which tends to withdraw from a people a well-marked element of its population is harmful. The extreme popularity of the mendicant orders bereft Italy of the romantic element (to use a somewhat inexact term) of its people, and put a stamp on its national character which still marks it. Similar movements have left their mark on other nations. Portugal has never recovered from the colonizing efforts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; France still feels the effects of the Huguenot exile; Germany of to-day has no great liberty-loving class because of the wholesale emigration to America which followed each successive war. A few of the abbeys in England have lost much of the more enterprising and valuable stocks of workers to America in the same way. All these movements have had their temporary advantages, but they have left their mark deeply on the nations which suffered them.

We perceive we have got far away from Sir William Richmond and Miss Underhill. Either of them, we imagine, would feel, physically, very uncomfortable if shut up in a third-class carriage with St. Francis for a thirty-hour run. Fortunately that is impossible, and they, and we, can concentrate our minds on other aspects of the saint's humanity. We have already spoken our mind on Sir William's book: Miss Underhill has a fine flow of language, a nice choice of adjectives, and a thorough, if somewhat indiscriminating, knowledge of the literature of her subject (we refer to her reliance on the judgment of Professor Tamassia). Altogether her book is well done in its way, and it is not the slightest use wishing, as we do, that it had been done in another.

R. S.
A MODERN REACTIONARY

Prejudices: First Series, By H. L. Mencken. (New York, Knopf. $2.)
A Book of Burlesques. By H. L. Mencken. (New York, Knopf. $2.)
Heliconian, By H. L. Mencken and G. J. Nathan. (New York, Knopf.)

It is impossible to exceed the stay of the usual touring lecturer in the United States without making the acquaintance (either in the flesh or in print) of Mr. H. L. Mencken, for he is the most original, and is rapidly becoming the most important, critic in America. As in the case of the other creators of modern American literature, he has nothing in common with the academic models—the pale, professorial shadows of English critics, whose efforts are usually treated over here with the condensation they deserve. Mr. Mencken is vigorous, irreverent, violent and barbaric. The college pundits amongst his countrymen shudder at his name, and his prose may possibly strike the English purist as "vulgar." He is the author of a learned and diverting tome entitled "The American Language," his only book to be well received by the academically-minded, and he himself certainly possesses an amazing style. After a youthful indiscretion in verse, published in his native town and stronghold, Baltimore, he produced his first book, which was also the first study of Mr. Bernard Shaw by an American. This was followed in 1908 by a volume on Nietzsche, also the first Nietzschean criticism from an American, and now a standard work in the United States.

Mr. Mencken showed himself an admirer and disciple of "old Friedrich," as he usually calls him. Armed with the Nietzschean doctrine, he has crossed tirelessly against its most complete antithesis, the conventional dogmas of American thought and the conventional lies of American life. His first till was with the wealthy Socialist, Mr. Robert Rives La Monte, who invited this journalistic "wage-slave" to join the ranks of the proletarians. By letter the two engaged in debate, and the correspondence was published as "Men versus The Man." Although he always refers disparagingly to the book, it is typical of his attitude, it is vastly entertaining, and it contains the germ of the method and style which have made Mr. Mencken famous in the ten years since it was published. The role of the two men are exactly the reverse of what we should expect: the writer of a debate to have the place. The Socialist is conservative, conventional and uninspired in his feeble arguments. His opponent is iconoclastic, daring and brilliant. It is as if the celebrated discussion between Mr. Shaw and Mr. Mallock had resulted in the latter writing "Socialism and Superior Brains."

With this foundation of Nietzscheism and anti-Socialism Mr. Mencken turned to literary criticism, where he has examined the masterpieces of the past and the ideals of the present in the world of American letters. A great deal of this writing has appeared in the monthly article on literature which is a visible part of his joint editorship of the Smart Set. Those who have seen only the emasculated edition, designed for export, of this magazine cannot conceive it as it appears in New York, with the contributions of the editors, for Mr. George Jean Nathan's article on the drama is a worthy companion to Mr. Mencken's literary criticism. These two editorial features have never failed to arouse the American public. Both have the same Rabelaisian delight in the roll and swing of words of strange coinage, the same gusto in the smashing of shams, a ruthless impatience with polite conventions, an ungrudging pleasure in the discovery of good work. It is in these pages and in novels published in volumes that Mr. Mencken's indefatigable and ever-pugnent criticism has made him known all over the United States. The two volumes, "A Book of Prefaces" and "Prejudices:

First Series," now contain the quintessence of Menckenism. The former contains four essays, whose subjects are Joseph Conrad, Theodore Dreiser, James Huneker and Puritanism as a Literary Force.

A be the scourge of puritanism Mr. Mencken is at his best. He has flayed the ubiquitous back of what he has called "the libriuomo of virtue," the "moral expert," the "professional smuthound," with a vigour corresponding to the power of the oppressive force which he has challenged. In "A Book of Prefaces" there is a remarkable analysis and indictment of the philistine prudery and barbarity of America. Mr. Mencken traces the effects of this influence on the literature of his country, noting its power to boycott, devitalize and suppress every artistic manifestation which has seemed to threaten the omniscience and omnipotence of Primitive Methodism. To glance through the intellectual and literary history of America with him is to understand the forces which have conspired to make him Whitman and Poe objects of suspicion, and to find upon the English-speaking world an uninterrupted and unique supply of drizzling sentimentality. From literature Mr. Mencken turns to the general field of puritan endeavour: the Comstock Postal Act, establishing an uncontrolled moral tyranny; the Mann Act, which has branded as "white-slavers" men whose sole offence has been to travel from one State into another in the company of an unmarried woman; the Webb Act, which made possible the last great triumph of the "malignant moralists," the imposition of prohibition. Those who are curious as to the methods employed by American uplifters and the incredible results of their unnatural activities will find what they need in Mr. Mencken's essay. Moral endeavour has been organized on business lines, and is conducted by paid experts. Thus the process is described:

Religion lost all its old contemplative and esoteric character, and became a frankly worldly enterprise, a thing of balance sheets and ponderable profits, heavily capitalised and astutely manned. There was no longer any room for the spiritual type of leader, with his white choler and his interminable fortitudes. He was displaced by a brisk gentleman in a "business suit" who looked, talked and thought like a seller of Mexican mine stock. Scheme after scheme for the swift evangelization of the nation was launched. The V. M. C. A. swelled to the proportions of a Standard Oil Company, a United States Steel Corporation. Its huge buildings began to rise in every city; it developed a swarm of specialists in new fantastic moral and social sciences; it produced the same gargantuan talent which managed the railroads.

Down to our own day this justification of pious endeavour has gone on. When the mechanism of the moral crusade is understood in this country, we may cease to wonder at its triumphs or to be misled by them.

Mr. Mencken's "Prejudices" is a book which fully deserves the welcome which it received in the pages of The Athenæum (November 28, 1910, p. 1273). It is not only an excellent guide to contemporary American literature, but it is the most irresistible of all the author's works. It contains a chapter on "The Late Mr. Wells" which every reader of "Joan and Peter" will enjoy. It neatly sums up Mr. Bernard Shaw's talent for "stating the obvious in terms of the scandalous." Above all, it examines a large number of literary reputations which are accepted abroad as at least representative of the best America can produce. There is the chapter cruelly entitled "Six Members of the Institute," in which Messrs. Robert W. Chambers, Hamlin Garland, Henry Sydvor Harrison, William Allen White, Ernest Poole, and Clayton Hamilton are dissected by their candid countrymen. Of Mr. Harrison he writes:

Find me a second-rate American in any of the arts and I'll find you his master and prototype among the third, fourth or fifth-rate Englishmen. In the present case the model is obviously W. J. Locke. But between master and disciple there is a great gap. Locke's grotesque and often extremely amusing characters...
are missing; in place of them there are heroic cripplings, silent lovers, maudlin war veterans, and angelic grandans of the old-time Sunday-school books.

As for Mr. White, his affecting and successful masterpiece, "In the Heart of a Fool," is described as being "aimed deliberately and with the utmost accuracy at the delicate gizzard of the small-town yokel, the small-town yokel male, the horrible end-product of fifty years of Christian Endeavour, the little red school-house, and the direct primary." Then Mr. Mencken proceeds to summarize the story until

as the curtain falls the whole scene is bathed in luminiferous ether, and the professor breaks into "Onward, Christian Soldiers," on the cabinet-organ, and there is a happy, comfortable sobbing, and an upward rolling of eyes, and a vast blowing of noses. In brief, the finish of a Chautauqua lecture on "The Grand Future of America, or the Glory of Service." In brief, slobber.

It is evident from various signs that we shall be asked in the near future to salute the genius of Professor Dr. Thorstein Veblen, the latest idol of the intellectual marketplace of American Radicalism. The chapter on Dr. Veblen in "Prejudices" may be usefully recommended to all who might be tempted to take a plunge into the depths of verbosity which have been sounded by the author of "The Theory of the Leisure Class." One's venerable American review has been extinguished by the sheer weight of Dr. Veblen's prose, whose style Mr. Mencken describes as "a relentless disease, a sort of progressive intellectual diabetes." In order to do justice to the subject and his critical lengthy quotations from both would be necessary. Dr. Veblen is a product of conditions which no other American has so well diagnosed as Mr. Mencken, although he has not elected to do so in tomes like "The Higher Learning in America," where the process of Veblenization has buried a mass of important material beneath a rubble of words. Between the ignorant populace and the ignorant plutocracy there is little save an indistinct herd of intellectual emnuchs, chiefly professors.

To the absence of an aristocracy of culture, and the substitution of the vaunting middle-class, Mr. Mencken traces most of the evils and absurdities which he has so brilliantly analysed and exposed.

It is amusing to observe the reactions of the American to the stimulus of Mr. Mencken's innumerable goads. Those who rejoiced at his exegoration of popular humbugs are pained by his reverence and devastating attack on the Veblen cult. The plutocrats who dimly suspect the presence of economic treason in the tortuous pages of Dr. Veblen might applaud, if they were not deterred by the political heresies of Mr. Mencken himself. As for the professors, whom he pursues with savage joy, they have taken refuge in the theory that their tormentor is an emissary of the Wilhelmsstrasse, in proof of which they pick out the Teutonic phrases with which his polyglot vocabulary is bedecked, and hint darkly at his shameless dalliance with Nietzsche. They ignore the immense good-humour and wit of their opponent, whose works of a purely amusing, non-controversial character alone are sufficient to make him a welcome relief from the surfeit of machine-made fun to which the public on both sides of the Atlantic is exposed. Mr. Mencken's "Book of Burlesques," and the play "Heliogabalus," which he has just published in collaboration with Mr. George Jean Nathan, might well be substituted for certain threadbare importations of American humour, to which English publishers have vowed a pathetic fidelity.

E. A. BOYD.

The Times is informed that General Sir Arthur William Currie, who formerly commanded the Canadian Corps in France, has been appointed Principal of McGill University, in succession to Sir Auckland Geddes.

SOCRATES IN THE STUDIO OF PARRHASIOS

The Powers of the Air. By T. Sturge Moore. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)

WHEN Smikros, the little fellow who decorates vases, saw the new work Parrhasios had conceived, he was delighted beyond measure. But his imagination being quickened by rapture, he conceived an improvement, and with mop and paint splashed a sketch of it upon the studio-floor: thus, thus and thus should float the limbs of Orithya, caught away on the flight of ravishing Boreas. Parrhasios looked, frowned, but saw, and so fulfilled the immediate purpose of Smikros' impudence. And when the picture, "The Powers of the Air," stood finished in the house of Parrhasios, Smikros was among the sightseers, and claimed his own: no less than that below the group should be written: "The attitude of this figure was given to Parrhasios by Smikros, the painter of vases." It was resolved that the little man's claim against the great man should be judged by Socrates.

These preliminary events are related by Milo, the reader of Parrhasios; from his concealed vantage-point (for Parrhasios gladly listens to him, but the deformed body must remain hidden) he observes the coming and going, the grouping, the movement of persons and ideas within the studio walls. Through his eyes we witness the subsequent scenes, in which take part Parrhasios' beautiful Dionc, Kallias a merchant, Socrates, Aristodes (by some called Plato), whom Socrates is luring from poetry to philosophy, and Smikros again, in tragic disorder, having dreadfully burned his precious skillful hands at the oven where the vases are baked.

We pass now to the latter part of the book (if we may divide it according to a certain dramatic quality of presentation which it possesses), from the statement of beautiful reality to a discussion of the reality of beauty. Socrates, who is not possessed by beauty, as the poet or the painter, nor an interpretation of it, as Dionc, nor deluded to believe that it can be possessed, as Kallias may be—Socrates, who moves aware of it, yet detached from it, leads his companions to a point where his conclusions are visible:

The beauty we see and the wisdom we hear may be neither copy nor translation of the divine, but a distinct thing, sometimes covered by its flow, like weeds in a stream or foliage in the breeze. . . .

And I accuse poets and artists of fixating attention on the leaves or the weed, whereas it is the flow which bends them that is divine; their movement is only an occasional index to a greater, purer, freer life.

Nemesis, the pure goddess, holds sway in this clearer region, as her alluring sister Aphrodite, "who destroys as fast as she brings forth, and will treat no one thing as more admirable than another," controls the grosser element. These two are beauty, and to the artist both goddesses are manifest and desirable; but one is subject to change, while the beauty of the other is unalterable and creates a permanent ecstasy.

It is admissible, perhaps, to regard this as the central theme of "The Powers of the Air," though it is not the only one. We cannot attempt to discuss it even briefly here, but must content ourselves with welcoming this contribution to idealism, and recording our appreciation of the form in which it is given us. The narrative medium of the theme is not merely decorative; it is an atmosphere that envelops and penetrates. Perhaps this atmosphere is Grecian; we will not be bold to affirm or deny. But we believe that a related contemporary of Parrhasios and his friends would sniff it with something of reminiscent satisfaction.

F. W. S.
MR. MACKENZIE'S TREAT

THE VANITY GIRL. By Compton Mackenzie. (Cassell, 8s, 6d. net.)

W e will not deny that we have had our doubts before.
      We have imagined that too many pastries went in at the door and too much conversation came out of the window: but with "The Vanity Girl" there can scarcely be more than one mind about the matter—
Mr. Compton Mackenzie has set the pot boiling and invited all the flappers in the United Kingdom to tea. It is not so easy at any time to make the pot boil, even when the author is content with a delicate crackle or two, a handful of sparks, a jet of quick flame—and the whole ending in half-a-dozen bubbles and a plume of waving steam. But here's a great "wessel" filled with heavy cream and slow-melting chocolate slabs, and here's, while they slowly dissolve, such a spread of pastry and general jamminess and stickiness that 'tis a sight, as Betsy might declare, "to make the Evings themselves look down!" Nothing is missing; we hardly dare think how those mock appetites will be gorged, or of what Mr. Mackenzie, with his talent extraordinary for producing chocolate-pot boilers, will have left to put upon the table the next time.

It was our fortune some time ago to overhear the following conversation:

"Is that a new one, dear?"
"Well, yes, dear, I suppose it is."
"How far have you got, dear?"
"Chapter twenty-seven."
"Make room, dear; let's read the synopsis."
"Oh, that's not new, dear. That's just the same as usual."

The heroine of Mr. Mackenzie's novel is too beautiful for words—hair, teeth, ankles, figure, style—all are perfect. Her mother is meek, her father is horrid; she is the eldest of a family of nine, and they live in the wilds—Oh, those wilds—of West Kensington. We are told that Norah is clever, but she is not real enough to be clever; perhaps she has a little maid—Pert, Syl,—call her what you will, who is willing to do the answering back, and the getting on. Her friend Lily's mother—who has "a complexion like a field of clover seen from a passing train" and "a countenance like a tinned pineapple"—dies, so Lily is free to go on the stage with Norah. On page 54 Lily and Norah, whose stage name is Dorothy Lonsdale, find themselves in the train from Manchester to Birmingham, and Sylvia Scarlett is in the same carriage with them. Oh, what a surprise for Mr. Mackenzie's readers! However, it is Dorothy's book this time, and not Sylvia's. Soon, beautifully soon, they arrive at Oxford, and there is the tall young man "whose most immediately conspicuous feature was a pair of white flannel trousers down the seams of which ran stripes of vivid blue; but when he was introduced to Dorothy as Lord Clarehavern she forgot about his trousers in the more vivid blue of his name." We are given almost four whole pages of Debrett to blow our excitement into flame, and then Dorothy goes back to London and makes a new friend, Olive, and the two share a flat in Half-Moon Street which is provided for them by a very great man of high rank, who does not make love to them, but likes to have a little simple girlish gaiety to turn to when he gets tired of ... Buckingham Palace. And then Clarehavern returns, and Olive puts into Dorothy's head the amazing notion that he might marry her. "But why not?" thought Dorothy in her nighth "He's independent ... Countess of Clarehavern," she murmured. "The title took away her breath ... and it seemed as if the very traffic of Piccadilly paused in the presence of a solemn mystery."

Of course, after the usual trouble, she marries him, and is in no time the idol of his family, of the ancient villagers, retainers, and the M.F.H. We have a sample of every kind of delicious triumph a young girl from West Kensington could dream of, to Tony in pink silk pyjamas and Dorothy "in a deshabille of peach bloom," and for background the dark panelled walls. The coming of the child provides a very orgy of emotion, even to ... The grace and beauty with which she expressed her stage (compared with most feminine), was that of a seedling daffodil beside a farrowing sow." And then the confinement, and the child is born dead, and the husband turns gambler and gives up the cards for horses, and loses all, and she has a miscarriage, and he goes to the war and is killed, and she finds herself with child again, and this time all is well, and she marries the man who had always loved her and had purchased Clarehaven from her husband ... In whatever contempt Mr. Mackenzie may hold his public—how is it possible that he should dare to invite them to partake of such sickly food? We should not waste space upon so pretentious and stupid a book were it not that we have believed in his gifts and desire to protest that he should so betray them.

K. M.

A WOMAN'S BOOK

THE BOOK OF YOUTH. By Margaret Skelton. (Collins, 7s. 6d. net.)

"THE BOOK OF YOUTH" is one of those novels which appear from time to time and set the critic wondering what it is in its essential quality that makes him feel so impatient on the one hand and so anxious to deal gently with it on the other. We are impatient with its sentimentality, its quaint, impossible views of the relationships between man and woman, and its determination that through woman only the wicked world will be saved. We find very hard to bear this trick of simplifying everything, not by making clear, but by faintly blurring—not by taking away, but by adding to. And is it easy to tolerate the author's love for her heroine,—that soft boundless love which sees everything about her glorious, and almost makes us feel that no one woman should ever see another woman cry. We have remarked, in these novels, that the hero is never over-strong. He is an artist, in most cases—a poet, a musician, a painter—and he is pale, with "grieving eyes," easily pleased, easily hurt—a child. We would put our hand upon our heart and swear that he has a tragic, humorous mouth.

For all that, it is difficult to remain cold before the author's enthusiasm for her book, these are her people; she is having, as it were, so much the time of her life in describing it all that our withers are wrung at the thought of saying a too-unkind word. If "The Book of Youth" had been half as short; if Miss Margaret Skelton had been content with lakes instead of seas, and storms that threatened rather than broke; if Monica had possessed more of a sense of humour and less of a bubbling laugh—why, then it would not have been "The Book of Youth." Many thoughts, great and small, are stalking through the land. We are informed by the cultivated minds of our day that this is no time for artists. Unless a man is willing to sell his soul he will never have the wherewithal to feed and clothe his poor body. We are told also that we are on the eve of a literary renaissance. True, no star has been seen in the sky, but the roads are thronged with shepherds. This is the moment of attention. There never has been such a curious hour, when to-day is not there was yesterday—there may be to-morrow, but we are assured that is as much as any man dare say.

But Miss Margaret Skelton and her sister writers will go on producing longer and longer books of their kind, with many a serious chapter in them about sex and social evils, and slumland, and "the storm that broke over Europe," for ever and ever.

K. M.
MARGINALIA

I SPENT a day in Kew Gardens last week. The azaleas were out, the rhododendrons not yet over, the green of the grass was almost painfully bright, as though illumined from within. There were chiff-chaffs and at least one cuckoo, whose notes detached themselves from the multitudinous seething of bird-song which filled the air. Walking under the thin-sown trees, I reflected that it was more than two years since I had last been in those gardens. And from the fact itself I passed to its inner significance and began to reflect on that peculiar form of idleness, known in this Pelmanized world as “useful occupation,” or “business,” which causes us all to neglect our better interests in the search of the most dubious and chimerical of immediate advantages. Leave the mind empty, make no noise, and there will come into it, like shy birds, many strange thoughts. But to most of us the task of keeping quiet is an intolerable one and the end of this quiescence—the huring down of the birds—undesirable of attainment. We prefer to walk about twirling all manner of rattle, shouting, chattering, laughing, waving our arms in an incessant and futile activity. These are the processes known as useful occupation and business, and it may be added that they are perfectly efficacious in scaring the birds. It is only on the rarest occasions, as when, for instance, one makes a solitary visit to Kew, that one so much as catches a glimpse of the Creator. But that glimpse is enough to make us ask so many awkward questions, that in sheer self-defence one has to take the next train home to seek security among the familiar rattle and scarecrows.

Being a professional literary man, I turned for distraction from disquieting thought to the affairs of my own trade, busying myself to remember what poets had best described the type of garden I had just been visiting; dreaming of the curious little essay that might be written on the relations between poetry and the landscape garden. I thought at once of that loveliest garden in all poetry, the dream-garden which Chaucer painted in the “Parliament of Fowls.” It is simply Kew intensified, endowed with the quality of dream. Passing through the gate of the garden, this is what the poet sees:

For over all, where I mine eyen cast,
Weren trees clad with leaves that aye shall last,
Each in his kind, with colors fresh and green
As emerald, that joy was for to seen.
The builder oak, and eke the hardy ash,
The pillar elm, the collar unto careyne,
The box pipe tree, hone to whippes lash,
The salling fir, the cypress death to pleyne,
The shooter yew, the asp for shaftes pleyne,
The olive of peace, and eke the drunken vine,
The victor palm, the laurer to devyne.
A garden saw I full of blossomed bowis,
Upon a river, in a grene mede,
There as sweetnesse evermore is bowe,
With flouris white, blew, yellow and rede,
And colde well streames nothing dede,
And swimming full of small fishes lighte,
With finnes red and scalés silver brighte.
On every bough the briddes heard I sing,
With voice of angel in her armory,
That busied her briddes forth to bring;
The little conies to her play gunne he; And further abouten I gan espie
The dreadful roe, the bock, the hart and kind,
Squirrels and beasts small of gentle kind.

In “The Book of the Duchess” there is an almost equally delicious description of a park-like forest, in the glades on which there were so many flowers that it was as though

the earth envye would
To be gayer than the heaven;
To have no flouris swiché seven,
As in the welkin starrés be.
It had forgot the paverete

That winter, through his colde morrows,
Had made it suffer;
And his sorrow
All was forgotten, and that was seen;
For all the wood was waxen green;
Sweetness of dew had made it wax...
And every tree, by his self
Fro other, wol ten feet or twelv,
So greaté trees, so huge of strength,
Of forty, fifty fathom length,
Cherne, without bow or stick,
With croppes broad, and eke as thick.
They were not an inch asunder,
That it was shadow overall under,
And many squirrells that sate
Full high upon the trees and ate,
And in his mouth boxe and beets.

Once one has begun quoting Chaucer it is very difficult to stop. But now that we have seen our Kew in poetry we must be content. Chaucer’s description of his ideal garden had, as far as I am aware, no influence upon the practical art of the gardener. But the fancy of a later poet was to have a profound influence on the horticulture of a whole century. Milton’s description of Paradise was the ideal at which all the great landscape gardeners of the eighteenth century, the creators of many of the finest and most characteristically English parks, consciously aimed. Blenheim is the materialization, so far as our climate will permit, of that rich description in the fourth book of “Paradise Lost.” In “Les Jardins,” written at the close of the eighteenth century, the Abbé Delille gave complete poetical expression to the whole theory of landscape gardening, as it had been practised for the preceding eighty years or so:

Loin don ces froids jardins, colifichet champêtre,
Insidies réduits, dont l’insipide maître
Vous vaute, en s’admirent, ses arbres bien peignés;
Ses petits sashirs verts bien bons soignés;
Son plan bien symétrique, où jamais solitaire,
Chaque allée a sa sœur, chaque berceu son frère.

Delille preaches naturalness in gardening, by which he means that the paths must be curly and not straight, that ha-has must take the place of walls, that artificial waters should not be surrounded by stone edgings. The creators of the “jardin anglais” employed pictorial instead of architectural composition. The eighteenth-century landscape gardens were more “natural” than the geometrical gardens of an earlier period, to exactly the same extent as a picture is more “natural” than a house.

The most elaborate and luscious landscape garden in literature is surely that described by Edgar Allan Poe in his “Domain of Arnhelm.” To compose the perfect details of nature into an equally perfect whole was Poe’s dream, and in “The Domain of Arnhelm” he invents a multi-millionaire poet who realizes the idea. As you approached the domain you found that “the thought of nature still remained, but her character seemed to have undergone modification; there was a weird symmetry, a thrilling uniformity, a wizard propriety in these her works.” Poe can trust himself to describe only the approach to Arnhelm: the domain itself, as it bursts upon the view, can only be hinted at in these emupriled exclamations:

There is a gush of entrancing melody; there is an oppressive sense of strange sweet odour; there is a dream-like intermingling to the eye of tall, slender, Eastern trees, bosky shrubries, flocks of golden and crimson birds, lily-fringed lakes, meadows of violets, tulips, poppies, hyacinths and tuberoses, long intertangled lines of silver streamlets, and upspringing confusedly from amid all, a mass of semi-Gothic, semi-Saracenic architecture [it sounds distressingly like the Meadow Buildings of Christ Church], sustaining itself by miracle in mid-air; glittering in the red sunlight with a hundred orios, minarets and pinacles; and seeming the phantom handiwork conjointly, of the sylphs, of the fairies, of the genii, and of the gnomes.

AUTOLYCUS.
Science

EINSTEIN’S PROBLEM

THE FOUNDATIONS OF EINSTEIN’S THEORY OF GRAVITATION. By Edwin Freundlich (Cambridge, University Press. 6s. net.)

SPACE AND TIME IN CONTEMPORARY PHYSICS: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY AND GRAVITATION. By Moritz Schlick. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 6s. 6d. net.)

THE conception and working out of the Generalized Principle of Relativity is probably the greatest intellectual feat of which we have an historical record. Its sheer originality, indeed, much more than its mathematical form, has been the chief hindrance to its general intelligibility. It has been necessary to live with the theory for some time, to acustom the mind gradually to radically new ways of thinking, before Einstein’s investigations could be followed with any real sense of intimate understanding. Only gradually has it been possible to view this whole new domain from a centre, as it were, to seize a point of departure from which the whole theory can be explored, and from which the primary and secondary aspects of the theory can be seen in their right perspective. The two German accounts now before us, for the English translation of which we are indebted to that enthusiast, Mr. H. L. Brose, do, each of them in its own way, place the reader at such a centre. Each of them enables the reader to understand the nature of the problem that presented itself to Einstein. This is all that the average reader can hope to know about the question, and it is all, we believe, that he wishes to know. For rightly to understand Einstein’s problem is to enter what Professor Schlick calls the “thought-world” of the theory of relativity. The actual expression of the conceptions of that thought-world in mathematical language cannot be made intelligible except to mathematicians, and, important as this expression of the theory is to the scientific man, the ordinary reader is probably willing to credit Einstein with having solved his problem. What such a reader demands, more or less justifiably, is to have the problem made clear to him.

Without attempting an impossible condensation, we may describe the central point of view as presented by each of these writers. We are accustomed to accept the relativity of motion when it is a question of uniform motions in a straight line. We are willing to grant the physicist that, in a smoothly travelling train, it would be impossible to say whether we, or the landscape outside, were “really” moving. So far as the limited experiments we could perform are concerned, all our results would be just as consistent with a moving landscape and a motionless train as with a motionless landscape and a moving train. Now Einstein’s Restricted Principle of Relativity (1905) amounts to saying that by no conceivable experiments, optical, mechanical or other, could we decide whether we or the landscape were moving. If we set about discovering the laws of nature in our train we should discover precisely the same laws as a party of men working in a field outside the train. If we watched their proceedings, however, we should discover that their clocks were wrong, and that they described events as happening at the same time which seemed to us to happen at different times. In more exact words, Einstein’s first principle asserts the complete equivalence of two systems of co-ordinates which are in uniform rectilinear motion with respect to one another, and in order to establish it he found it necessary to modify our notions of time and space. A particular modification he effected was to show that time does not enter into physical phenomena in a way which essentially differentiates it from space. The three dimensions of space and the one dimension of time together constitute a four-dimensional continuum, and the way we choose to separate time from space is essentially arbitrary. This made things simpler so far as it went, but it must be noticed that the four-dimensional continuum was still Euclidean, that is to say, straight lines were still what we mean by straight lines, and rigid bodies were not supposed to change their shape simply because they were moved about.

These naïve assumptions, however, were not destined to endure. In our moving train there would, in normal circumstances, come a time when we should know definitely that we were in motion. For, in any real train, there would come a time when it would either slow up or go faster. In the first case we should experience a tendency to move forward and in the second to fall backward. Neither of these phenomena, we should feel confident, could be explained by eccentricities of motion on the part of the landscape. In other words, we are confident that while uniform motions may be relative, accelerated motions are absolute. On this we should be in agreement with Newton. Let us consider Newton’s problem. Is it the same thing to say that the heavens rotate round the earth as to say that the earth rotates on its axis? Considered as pure motion, they are the same things. But one reason why we believe the earth rotates is because it bulges at the equator. Spinning bodies have a tendency to bulge in the middle. Suppose that we were not spinning, but that their surroundings rotated round them. Would they bulge in the middle? Newton made an experiment with a rotating pail of water. When the pail rotated too slowly for the friction of its inside surface to communicate its motion to the water, the surface of the water remained level. When the pail rotated more quickly and communicated its motion to the water, the water rose at the sides. These phenomena testify to the existence of a field of force—centrifugal force, as it is called. Rotating bodies develop a field of centrifugal force. Now Newton believed that these forces would manifest themselves whether other bodies were present or not, i.e., rotation is a case of absolute motion. He could explain the presence of centrifugal forces by the fact that matter possesses inertia, that familiar property of matter whereby it persists in a state of rest or of uniform motion unless disturbed by some force. Each particle of the rotating body, therefore, has a tendency to persist in the motion it has at any instant, i.e., to fly off at a tangent to its circular path. This tendency reveals itself as centrifugal force. Now the inertia that a piece of matter possesses depends upon a characteristic of the body called its mass. A piece of matter has an inertial mass. Newton conceived this inertial mass to be entirely independent of the neighbourhood and motions of other bodies. He postulated its existence in a body existing alone in space. But we know of no such body.

Moreover, by observations of the movements of a body in a known gravitational field we can deduce a further characteristic of the latter called the gravitational mass. Now Einstein considers that it is a very striking fact that the gravitational and inertial mass of a body are identical. This fact suggested to him that there must be some relation between inertia and gravitation. How is an inertial effect to be distinguished from a gravitational effect? To the old physicists this was easy enough. They could speak of an “isolated” body and assert that it would manifest inertia. But it is part of Einstein’s merit that he sticks to experience. No isolated body being known, he prefers not to found laws on the supposed behaviour of such a body. No body known to us exists except surrounded by other moving bodies. Gravitational effects are attributed to the presence of these other bodies, why not inertial effects? But to admit this we must admit that the centrifugal forces of a rotating body are due to the presence of the rest of the Universe. Einstein
makes this assumption. We may ascribe the centrifugal forces to inertia or to the gravitation of the surrounding bodies—it comes to the same thing. If the earth were isolated it could not be said to rotate and it could not be flattened at the poles. Hence the presence of other bodies is essential to the existence of inertial effects, i.e., to the detection of accelerations. Hence accelerations are relative and we have the complete relativity of all motions.

But if all motions are relative, then physical laws should be expressible in a form which is not affected by such motions. We have already seen that, in his Restricted Principle, Einstein succeeded in expressing the laws of physics in a form independent of a uniform motion in a straight line, i.e., the laws retained their form when referred to either of two systems of co-ordinates having any uniform motion in a straight line with respect to one another. But if all motions are relative, then the laws of physics must be expressible in a form which is entirely independent of any particular system of co-ordinates. Now we have seen that the restricted principle was compatible, as it were, with a Euclidean four-dimensional continuum. It is not obvious that the measure relations inherent in such a space will permit of physical laws being expressed so as to satisfy the general principle of relativity.

As a matter of fact, Euclidean space does not permit of such a description, nor will the theory of accelerated axes of co-ordinates; that is, since Einstein asserts that inertial and gravitational effects cannot be distinguished from one another, it will not allow the existence of gravitational fields. Hence a Euclidean space will not permit a description of the phenomena with which we are most concerned—of phenomena within the solar system, for example. It is still adequate, however, to the measurement of phenomena which take place at a very great distance from matter. The gravitational fields which exist in Nature do, in fact, condition the space and time continuum in which we locate phenomena. What we observe are phenomena presented by moving bodies. From these phenomena we disentangle a space and a time. This space and time have no objective existence. Gravitation, space and time are inextricably entangled "in reality," Einstein's problem was to determine the metrical properties of this trinity.

We may envisage Einstein's problem from a somewhat different point of view by pondering Riemann's remark that the metric determining conditions of a space such as we have been considering must be found "outside it, in binding forces which act upon it." This is so because the number of dimensions in a continuum and the fact that it is continuous do not, in themselves, furnish sufficient conditions completely to determine its metrical properties. What Einstein has done is to identify Riemann's "binding forces" with gravitation. His point of view is, in reality, extraordinarily simple. He asks himself, Why do bodies move as they do? The old mechanics talked about inertia and "forces"—gravitational forces. But Einstein does not understand what these "forces" mean. Does one body command another to come closer? He insists that the motions must be "natural," and not brought about by incomprehensible forces. Now we regard uniform motion in a straight line as "natural." We invent no "forces" to explain it. And so it is natural—in a Euclidean space. But observed motions are never of this kind. Very well, say Einstein, they are still "natural," but our space cannot be Euclidean. In fact, neither Euclidean nor non-Euclidean; what it is depends on the gravitational fields present, and since bodies are in motion these fields are always varying. (By "space" here we refer, of course, to the four-dimensional space-time continuum.)

What, then, is the "natural" motion of a body launched into this Einstein space? It moves in the "straight line" appropriate to the space. This is not, of course, a Euclidean straight line, but it is a line which enjoys equivalent properties in its own space. The planet Mercury moves, quite naturally, in such a line, and, as is well known, this line agrees with Mercury's observed path, whereas the path deduced from the assumption of a Euclidean space and "forces" was inconsistent with the observed motions. Similarly, the path of a ray of light in Einstein's space cannot be the same as in a Euclidean space. No apparatus of "attractions" is involved. Light is not "attracted" by the sun when it passes near it. It merely keeps "straight on" through the space as modified by the sun's gravitational field. As we know, this prediction also was verified.

The reader who finds the present exposition obscure may be referred to either of the books above—Professor Schlick's book, in particular, may be read by those who are entirely without a mathematical education. They will find much else—Einstein's speculations on the finite character of space, for instance—and will be enabled to form a conception of the unprecedented revolution in thought implied in the general principle of relativity.

S.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—April 22—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.
The following papers were read: Reports on the Pressure Waves Set up by Surface Explosions by F. H. Newhall.


SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—April 29.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.—Col. J. B. P. Karshale read a paper on Silchester and its amenities to the pre-Roman civilization of Gaul.

Certain phases of Celtic influence were to be found at Silchester, and it was possible to recover the original layout of the settlement before it was modified by the street-plans and road-system of the Romans. Originally, it consisted of a polygon enclosed by two lines of entrenchments; and a boundary at a distance of about 2,900 yards, found as a broad road or track, marked the limits of the settlement's territory and jurisdiction. Its situation at the junction of three trade routes marked its importance as a trade centre, and the long earthwork to the north compelled traders to use the defined route past the town on their journeys to the coast.

The analogy to what was known of Gaulish settlements in France and Italy was alluded to. In the known area of Gaulish influence in Europe the polygon outline could be found, as well as the surrounding territory which had survived in France as the Jurasburg. Caesar laid stress on the transit dues paid by merchants as the source of revenue of a Gaulish civitas. It could be demonstrated that at Silchester the Gallic lónica of about 2,420 yards was the basis of the measure of the radius from the centre to the outer limit of the territory, and in the northern barrier bank could be recognized the machinery for collection of transit dues.

The excavation of Silchester by Hilditch enabled the date of the earliest occupation of that site to be fixed in the latter half of the first century B.C. The first settlements on the British coast were indicated at Chichester (Regnum) and Old Shoreham (Portus Adurni), both of which showed a polygon plan corresponding closely with Silchester. At Chichester a territory surrounding the town walls existed well into the Middle Ages, and "customs-banks" existed across the northern road of approach. From Chichester and Horsham, the Gauls occupied Silchester, as a centre commanding the trade route of the upper Thames Valley, and extended themselves to Bath, where was another polygon-shaped settlement.

At Canterbury, too, were remarkable points of similarity to Silchester, pointing to a similar Gaulish settlement at the same period. In Domesday it was stated that the King's peace extended for 1 league, 3 perches and 3 feet from the walls, practically the same measure as at Silchester and to the farm called Milestone Farm, on the Dover road, at this distance from the walls. Further, the survival of Gaulish transit dues could be traced from the Domesday record of the right of the churches of the Holy Trinity and St. Austin to collect custom dues from foreign merchants at the entrance to the city.
FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 14. King’s College, 4.—"Christian Art: Basils in East and West," Professor P. Deaunier.
King’s College, 5.—"Religion and Morality Distinguished," Professor C. C. J. Webb.
King’s College, 5.30.—"Hegelian’s Concept of Mind, Emotion, Perception and Memory," Professor H. Wildon Carr.
King’s College, 5.30.—"Ecclesiastical Music: Welsh Folk-Songs and Carols," Dr. Mary Davies.
University College, 5.30.—"Roman Religion," Lecture II., Mr. Norman Baynes.
Malacological, 6.
School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, 6.—"The Development of Modern Educational Institutions in India," Lecture II., Dr. S. Ahmad Khan.
Royal Institution, 9.—"Sidethal on the Evolution of Man," Professor Karl Pearson.

Sat. 15. Royal Institution, 3.—"A Philosophical Synthesis as proposed by Auguste Comte," Dr. Frederic Harrison.

Mon. 17. King’s College, 5.30.—"Outlines of Greek History from the Sixth Century to the Nineteenth Century," Lecture III., Professor A. J. Toynbee.
King’s College, 5.30.—"The Portuguese Language," Professor George Young.
University College, 5.30.—"The British Museum Library," Mr. Arundell Easdale.
Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—"Two Great Railway Stations of New York," Mr. B. J. Lubschez.
Society of Arts, 8.—"The Decoration and Architecture of Robert Adam and Sir John Soane, 1758-1837," Lecture III., Mr. A. B. Holmsley, (Cantor Lecturer).
Royal Geographical, 8.30.—"The Valleys of Kham," Capt. F. Kingdon Ward.

Bedford College, 4.30.—"The English Lyric before Chaucer," Lecture III., Professor Carleton Brown.
King’s College, 5.30.—"Kant’s Aesthetic Theory," Lecture III., Professor H. Wildon Carr.
Royal Statistical, 5.15.
University College, 5.30.—"Emile Verhaeren," M. E. Cannamaza.

Royal Microscopical, 8.

Thurs. 20. University College, 2.30.—"Recent Discoveries," Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie.
Royal Institution, 3.—"Welsh and Irish Folk-Song," Mr. A. P. Graves.
Royal, 4.30.—"Some Notes on Krypton and Neon," Professor J. N. Collie.
Royal Society of Arts (Indian Section), 4.30.—"Readers and Reading in India," Lord Curzon of Headcorn.
University College, 5.30.—"Greek Science and Modern Science: a Comparison and Contrast," Lecture III., Dr. G. Ganger.
University College, 5.30.—"Geoffrey Parini," Lecture I., Professor Cippico.
School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, 6.—"The Development of Modern Educational Institutions in India," Lecture III., Dr. S. Ahmad Khan.
tugging at some unpicked idea. Worry! worry! worry! Here is a crowd of old laggers still lingering and sniffing over " the blue period." A vast concourse is scattered about the spot where the nigger's head fell; and of these the strongest have carried off scraps for themselves, which they assimilate at leisure, lying apart; while round the trunk of Cubism is a veritable sea of swaying, struggling, ravenous creatures. The howling is terrific. But Picasso, himself, is already far away, elaborating an idea that came to him one day as he contemplated a drawing by Ingres.

And, besides being extraordinarily inventive, Picasso is what they call "an intellectual artist." Those who suppose that an intellectual artist is one who spends his time on his head mistake. Milton and Mantegna were intellectual artists: it may be doubted whether Caravaggio and Rostand were artists at all. An intellectual artist is one who feels first—a peculiar state of emotion being the point of departure for all works of art—and goes on to think. Obviously, Picasso has a passionate sense of the significance of form; also, he can stand away from his passion and consider it; apparently in this detached mood it is that he works. In art the motive power is heat always; some drive their engines by means of boiling emotion, others by the incandescence of intellectual passion. These go forward by intense concentration on the problem; those swing with breathless precision from feeling to feeling. Sophocles, Massaccio and Bach are intellectually in this sense, while Shakespeare, Correggio and Mozart trust their sensibility almost as a bird trusts its instinct. The artist who tested the head rather than the heart could criticize its own methods; and if Mozart could not write a tune wrong, that was not because he had first tested his idea at every point, but because he was Mozart. Yet no one ever thought of going to a swallow for lessons in aviation; or, rather, Dædalus did, and we all know what came of it.

That is my point. I do not presume to judge between one method of creation and another; I shall not judge between Matisse and Picasso; but I do say that, as a rule, it is the intellectual artist who becomes, in spite of himself, schoolmaster to the rest. And there is a reason for this. By expressing themselves, intellectual artists appeal to us aesthetically; but, in addition, by making, or seeming to make, some statement about the nature of the artistic problem, they set us thinking. We feel sure they have something to say about the very stuff of art which we, clumsily enough, can grasp intellectually. With purely aesthetic qualities the intellect can do nothing; but here, it seems, is something the brain can hold of hold of. Therefore we study them and they become our leaders; which does not make them our greatest artists. Matisse may yet be a better painter than Picasso.

Be that as it may, from Matisse there is little or nothing to be learned, since Matisse relies on his peculiar sensibility to bring him through. If you want to paint like him, feel what he feels, conduct it to the tips of your fingers, thence on to your canvas, and there you are. The counsel is not encouraging. These airy creatures try us too high. Indeed, it sometimes strikes me that even to appreciate them you must have a touch of their sensibility. A critic who is apt to be sensible was complaining the other day that Matisse had only one instrument in his orchestra. There are orchestras in which fifty instruments sound as one. Only it takes a musician to appreciate them. Also, one hears the others talking about "the pretty, tinkley stuff" of Mozart. Those who call the art of Matisse slight must either be insensitive or know little of it. Certainly, Matisse is capable of recording, with an exquisite gesture and not much more, just the smell of something that looked as though it would be good to eat. These are notes. Notes are often slight—I make the critics a present of that. Also of this: it takes a more intense effort of the creative imagination to leave out what Tchechov leaves out of his short stories than to say what Meredith put into his long ones.

In the Plutarchian method there was ever a snare, and I have come near treading in it. The difference between Matisse and Picasso is not to be stated in those sharp antitheses that every journalist loves. Nothing could be more obtuse than to represent one as all feeling and the other all thought. The art of Picasso, as a matter of fact, is perhaps more personal even than that of Matisse, just because his sensibility is perhaps even more curious. Look at a Cubist picture by him amongst other Cubists. Here, if anywhere, amongst these abstractions you would find a surreptitious, small room for idiosyncrasy. Yet at M. Léonce Rosenberg's gallery no amateur fails to spot the Picassos. His choice of colours, the appropriateness of his most astonishing audacities, the disconcerting yet delightful perfection of his taste, the unlooked-for yet positive beauty of his harmonies, make Picasso one of the most personal artists alive.

And if Picasso is anything but a dry doctrinaire, Matisse is no singing bird with one little jet of spontaneous melody. I wish his sculpture were better known in England, for it dispenses finely of the ridiculous notion that Matisse is a temperamen without a head. Amongst his bronze and plastic figures you will find sometimes a sense of something existing of several versions of the same subject, in which the original superabundant conception has been reduced to bare essentials by a process which implies the severest intellectual effort. Nothing that Matisse has done gives a stronger sense of his genius, and, at the same time, makes one so sharply aware of a brilliant intelligence and of erudition even.

Amongst the hundred differences between Matisse and Picasso perhaps, after all, there is but one on which a critic can usefully insist. Even about that he can say little that is definite. Only, it does appear to be true that whereas Matisse is a pure artist, Picasso is an artist and something more—an involuntary preacher if you like. Neither, of course, falls into the habit of puffing out his pictures with literary stuff, though Picasso has, on occasions, allowed to filter into his art a, to me most distasteful, dash of sentimentality. That is not the point, however. The point is that, whereas both create without commenting on life, Picasso, by some inexplicable quality in his statement, does, unmistakably, comment on art. That is why he, and not Matisse, is master of the modern movement.

Clive Bell.

DECORATIONS FOR THE LEEDS TOWN HALL

We understand that Professor Sir Michael Sadler has submitted to the Leeds City Council a scheme for the decoration of the Victoria Hall of the Leeds Town Hall, and that the scheme has been approved in principle. Professor W. Rothenstein has been entrusted by Sir Michael Sadler with the task of selecting artists and approving preliminary designs. Professor Rothenstein has invited Messrs. Paul and John Nash, Stanley Spencer, Albert Rutherston, Jacob Kramer and Edward Wadsworth to prepare sketches for panels, symbolizing the local industries and the character of the surrounding landscape, for eventual submission to the City Council, who will then, it seems, appeal to private donors for the necessary subscriptions. We trust that donors will not be found wanting when such an opportunity occurs of securing permanent decorations by a group of talented artists.
EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

MANSARD GALLERY.—The London Group.

GOUPI Gallery.—Spells of Russia, by Nicolas Roerich.

McLEAN'S GALLERY.—Paintings by Master Students.

THE LONDON GROUP'S EXHIBITION comes as a welcome refreshment between two visits to the Royal Academy. There is, we admit, a certain monotony in the endless still-life studies of apples and pink tulips and the endless Sickertesque glimpses of circus and music-hall. But the monotony is supported, given substance, as it were, by much genuine preoccupation with the problems of pictorial composition and it is a pleasure to follow the development of the painters who exhibit with this interesting group.

Any student or amateur of the arts who is still vague as to what the so-called modern movement in painting is all about could not do better than examine Mr. Bombberg's "Studio" (45), which is an elementary demonstration of the fundamental principle of the movement. The picture is made up of the lower part of an easel, a few floor-boards, a mat and half a window; but these things are not the subject of the picture. The subject is the relation of the lines and planes and recessions formed by this particular arrangement of the objects. Other objects in the same shape and depth make the same picture, but an even slightly different arrangement of the same objects would create an entirely different picture, because their mutual relations in space would be changed. The student will not find Mr. Bombberg's other exhibits so helpful, first because they are not so specifically abstract in intention, and secondly, because they are relatively unsuccessful attempts at compromise.

Much, however, might be learned from the work of a newcomer, Miss Cicely Stock, whose "Saw Mill" (27) is, in our view, the most notable picture in the exhibition. Here the eye travels over the component parts into a remote recession. The appeal as a whole is essentially aesthetic, like the appeal of Mr. Bombberg's "Studio," but the objects which form the component parts of Miss Stock's picture are much more varied in shape and volume and relation, and the appeal is, therefore, at once more complex and more impossible to describe in words. "Saw Mill" has one or two incompletely expressed passages, and suffers from a slight tendency to wooliness (also evident in Miss Stock's drawing, 91), but it is more satisfying than most of the pictures here because it is constructed with a consistent intention to achieve an aesthetic appeal and is eminently plastic in composition.

It is more satisfying, for example, than Mr. C. K. W. Nevinson's "La Grenouille" (19), although more interesting than most of Mr. Nevinson's exhibits at his recent exhibition, is a mixture of several points of view. It can be analysed into a decorative motif of star-shaped palm trees imposed upon a naturalistic painting of a bay, with some rather tipsy Cubistic houses scattered in between. Doremus, however, has never strayed far from the main line of compromise which it reveals, especially as they will have to admit that Mr. Nevinson's eclectic talent has somehow jockeyed the picture into effectiveness. Miss Stock's picture is also more satisfying than the exhibits of Mr. Scabrooke and Mr. Baynes, because Mr. Scabrooke's "Jay" (48), though attractive, is not more than decorative in intention and result, and Mr. Baynes' "Tulips" (14) is marred by the heavy diagonal of the window-sash, which destroys the structure of an otherwise delicately composed series of form relations.

Guiding our imaginary student round the exhibition, we have tried to keep the issues as simple as possible, and have, therefore, postponed appreciation of a number of quite individual artists. The brothers Nash, for example, once more delight us with evidence of their subtle sensibilities. Mr. Mark Gertler continues with commendable concentration his search for a conventional formula of expression. He has more and more clearly abandoned any conflict with the presentation of the human figure, but he has not yet attacked the problem in its larger application to the whole world of visible things, and he is comparatively uninterested in abstract pictorial composition. The same is largely true of Mr. Meninsky, an able draughtsman of the John school, whose drawings have in them little that is truly suggestive of the "jazz" impulse. He forgets that the material which will see him through a small drawing is apt to prove insufficient for a large oil painting. He calls in the help of pretty colours, pink and green and blue; but the artifice is too evident. The picture, which is not created de novo, remains palpably an enlargement from a drawing, and often a quite lifeless enlargement. Then there is Miss Nina Hannett, who has a remarkable eye for silhouette and a stylistic facility of touch, and Mr. Ethelbert White, who weaves intriguing and intricate tapestries in his drawings and which is less successful than his study of a Gainsborough decoration. Neither Mr. Duncan Grant nor Mrs. Vanessa Bell is represented, but expressionism is upheld by Mr. Roger Fry in a characteristic flower piece. Finally, we must signal Mr. E. M. O'R. Dickey's "Power-Station" (85), a solid piece of naturalistic painting seen through a haze of purple and green, which is less successful than his study of a Gainsborough decoration. We are unable to find either confirmation or negation of our concept in Mr. Roerich's pictures, because they fail in the first place to convince us as works of art. They excite a mild interest as decorations executed in harmonies which are strange and happen to be repellent to our local taste, but we are no more inclined to believe that they represent the Russian spirit than to believe that a mandarin's coat represents the soul of China.

The French pictures now collected at Messrs. McLean's Galleries are more interesting than any works recently shown there. It is instructive to see once more characteristic pieces by Bouguereau, Fantin-Latour, Fantin, and Fantin-Latour. Fantin in "Tannhäuser at the Venusberg," here shown, attacked the same problems which subsequently attracted Cézanne, and which had previously attracted Eddy in "Youth on the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm." And Fantin's relative failure is not without its message to contemporary students.

R. H. W.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

As an exhibition of recent acquisitions, by gift and purchase, to the Department of Engraving, Illustration and Design, has been arranged in Room 132 of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The exhibits include a group of Old Master drawings, notably those by Perino del Vaga, Primaticcio and Perugino, together with some important ceiling designs by Sir E. A. Poynter. Modern draughtsmanship and design is well represented by a series of original studies by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., for his painted decorations in the Great Hall of the Skinners' Company, and by a collection of drawings by Sir E. J. Poynter. The Poynter drawings range from sketches for details of the Museum Grill Room, the Ashanti war medal and other decorative work, to figure studies for well-known paintings, such as "Israel in Egypt" and "The Catapult." Several water-colour and pencil drawings by Samuel Palmer are exhibited, together with a fine series of his etchings, chiefly the gift of the late Mrs. J. Merrick Head of Bath, at one time an intimate friend of the artist. Among them of kindred interest is shown in a first proof of Edward Calvert's "The Ploughman," which Calvert gave to Palmer in the early days of their friendship, when both were young and ardent disciples of Blake. Of special interest are some designs for Norwich printed fabrics made in the early part of last century. In their combination of black and purple, and use of "jazz" patterns, they strike a curiously modern note.
Music

THE VIRTUOSO VIOLINIST

LAST week Mr. Lamond drew a full house to the Queen's Hall to hear him play five of the most abstruse sonatas of Beethoven. It was not a demonstrative audience, but it was a closely attentive one. Nobody would ever describe Mr. Lamond as "the sensational middle-aged pianist." He gave up being a child prodigy long ago, and he is still a long way off the age when decrepitude brings real popularity. He is not at the time of life for being sensational, even if he wished to be thought so. He is merely a great artist who interprets the greatest of music with modest dignity and dignified simplicity. By no other means has he attained that honourable position which the musical public has accorded him.

Let us suppose for a moment that Mr. Lamond had chosen to be not a pianist, but a violinist. He would in that case have become the same sort of player as Joachim. Yet it may be doubted whether he could have filled the Queen's Hall for a programme of Bach's unaccompanied sonatas. The "Kreutzer" would have drawn an audience, but to perform the "Kreutzer" he would have had to engage a pianist of approximately equal reputation. The solo pianist can take his choice from the music of three centuries; he can make up a first-class programme in any style and up to any degree of difficulty. The violinist, when he wishes to give a concert by himself, is in a very different position. He can give a sonata recital, he can lead a quartet; but there are many excellent players who feel now and then that quartet concerts and sonata recitals are not enough. They want, for one evening at any rate, to stand alone and express their own personalities without the restricting influence of partnership on equal terms. It is a perfectly legitimate ambition. Yet the fact remains that of all concerts which profess to be serious, the violin recital is generally the dullest and the least artistic. There will be a concerto, with the orchestral part played on the pianoforte by an average respectable accompanist; but as nobody wants to listen to him scrambling through an awkward arrangement of the long interludes. The violinist stands uncomfortably idle, unable even to screw up his courage by joining in unnoticed as many do when they play with an orchestra, the allusiveness of the tutti is scrambled altogether and the structural balance of the work destroyed. It may be dull to listen to an orchestral introduction played on the pianoforte, and the pianoforte can never give the effect of mass and weight which even a small orchestra produces; but the treatment of the subjects in the solo part requires in most cases the preliminary statement of the orchestra in order to make it properly intelligible.

After the concerto comes the group of pretty little things—Chopin nocturne and the rest selected from that mass of "hyphenated music" on which violinists are far more dependent than any virtuoso pianist. And then, to wind up with, Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins" or something in the Hungarian manner. It is not altogether the fault of the wretched violinist. "You can't be always playing sonatas," he says with perfect justice. But whereas the pianist has Schumann's "Carnaval," Chopin's Nocturnes and Impromptus, Brahms' Intermezzi, to say nothing of all the modern literature of short or moderately short pianoforte pieces, the violinist has practically nothing whatever that corresponds to it. Composers of repute will write violin sonatas and quartets, but since the days of Paganini they have utterly refused to write miscellaneous pieces for the violin.

In the eighteenth century people wrote sonatas and concertos for the violin because they wanted to play on their fiddles the same sort of music that the Senesinos and Farinelli were singing at the opera. They cast their music in that form because it was the standard form of the operatic aria. The violin became the common domestic instrument the accompaniments were of very slight importance. It was only the development of the pianoforte that made the violin sonata a partnership on equal terms.

Paganini and Spohr were the last of the old generation of violinist-composers. Corelli, Tartini and the rest were all violinsts themselves as well as composers—real violinists, not just composers who occasionally took up the viola like Mozart and Beethoven. It is as composers that we remember them today: Paganini is no exception, and Spohr, if he is remembered at all, is remembered less for his violin music than for his oratorios. But in the nineteenth century the best composers did not become violinists, although many violinists went on trying to be composers. Modern music has developed almost entirely from the pianoforte. The pianoforte has led the way in harmonic experiment, in modernity of expression, and also in modernity of execution. Looking at the purely technical side, there has been an enormous advance during the last hundred years. Of the violin that cannot be said. The virtuoso of today who wants to exhibit his technique can find nothing more showy than Paganini. Modern virtuoso music for the violin may be more difficult in certain directions, but it is completely out of touch with modern pianoforte or orchestral music. One never hears anything that would have puzzled Paganini in a musical sense at all. He might have been puzzled by the violin concertos of Delius and Elgar, but difficult as they are, they do not belong to the category of virtuoso music.

This is perhaps the appropriate moment for a digression on the nature of virtuoso music. The sort of stuff that fiddlers love remains old-fashioned because it is designed to allow the player to concentrate all his attention on mechanical dexterity. Mechanical dexterity does require a certain mental concentration, and in order to economize brain-power the composer exacts a minimum of concentration on purely musical difficulties. When music is at all near to expressing anything that would have puzzled Paganini, it is clear that the next note is to sound like before he heard it. That requires mental effort. When music is written in the conventional rut, the finding the right note becomes largely automatic. Pianists now play with perfect ease certain types of scale and arpeggio which in Clementi's day would have been regarded as being not music at all. The whole tone scale will very soon be within the grasp of the sort of people who play "La Priere d'une Vierge." But violinists, it seems, are still living in the days of Thekla Badarzewska.

Their virtuosity has contributed nothing to modern music. Paganini was the spiritual father of Liszt, and so the ancestor of all modern pianoforte music; but in the direct line he has had no progeny worthy of his name. The technical achievements of the pianist are absorbed into serious artistic music; indeed, many of the most remarkable technical achievements originate with serious artistic music. But the virtuoso music which the modern sensational violinist plays has no connexion with modern chamber-music at all. The composers of quartets and sonatas entirely ignore the "plug de perles" which Bazzini, Hubay, Popper and the rest have cast before them. Yet there is no reason why it should be regarded as immoral to write melodies in harmonies or pizzicatos for the left hand. Paganini still remains a great composer; if anyone doubt this, let him go and hear Miss Jelly d'Aranyi.

Edward J. Dent
THE GLASTONBURY PLAYERS

A London Committee has been formed, with Sir Edward Elgar as Chairman, to bring the Glastonbury Players to London. In view of the remoteness of Glastonbury and the limitation of its capacity for visitors, it has been felt that some special steps should be taken to bring before a larger public the musical and dramatic work now being carried on in the little town under the direction of Mr. Rutland Boughton. Since August, 1914, when the work began and (despite a break of over two years when Mr. Boughton was doing military service), over a hundred performances have been given and six new British operas have been produced. At the last Summer Festival the tiny local hall proved as inadequate for the audiences as it has always been for the performers.

The London Committee has therefore arranged with Miss Hayes to give the company a fortnight’s season at the Old Vic, from May 30 to June 9. The Players will bring to town Mr. Boughton’s “Immortal Hour,” which, since its production in 1914, has received the Carnegie award. Two other distinctly excellent works will be given: the seventeenth-century masque Venus and Adonis, by John Blow, and a programme of choral and orchestral music. The conductor will be Mr. Charles Kennedy-Scott, who helped the Glastonbury people when first they produced “The Immortal Hour” in 1914.

WAGNER AND GREEK TRAGEDY

WAGNER'S DRAMAS AND GREEK TRAGEDY. By Pearl Cleveland Wilson, Ph.D. (New York: Columbia University Press. 8s. 6d. net.)

ANY thesis, as we all know, can be prejudiced by a too great anxiety to prove it; and the thesis contained in this volume, which is briefly that Wagner’s music-dramas have a close resemblance in form to Greek tragedy, is spoiled by the author's accentuation of resemblances which have no significance, in the shadow of which the significant resemblances are lost in gloom. Mrs. Wilson’s industry would be admirable if it were equalled by her discrimination, but, as it is, it confuses her argument instead of defining it. When she discovers similarities, for instance, between Odysseus and the “Flying Dutchman,” and between Calypso, who keeps Odysseus on her island, and Venus, who keeps Tannhäuser in her grotto; and when she says that “the story of ‘Lohengrin’ resembles that of Zeus and Semele”; it is obvious that she is mistaking for a mere resemblance between Wagner and the Greek what is in reality a similarity of racial myths. We know, however, that myths the world over have not only a superficial, but a fundamental similarity; and the resemblances between the myths treated by the Greek tragedians and Wagner are, therefore, not surprising, but to be expected. Many of the other resemblances discovered by Mrs. Wilson are, it is to be feared, equally without foundation. The “tendency to fable” of which the连接 between Antigone and Brünhilde, unites both to Cordelia; “the perfect clarity of youthful innocence,” of which Ion and Elisa are the types, can be paralleled by scores of examples from English literature alone; and Promethes and Siegfried have a “flame of courage” no more “unchangeable” than Milton’s Satan and Ibsen’s Brand. These resemblances are not resemblances which define either Greek tragedy or the music dramas of Wagner. Yet that there is a resemblance the volume leaves one with little doubt. The most relevant chapter is that upon Wagner’s Use of the Orchestra as a Medium of Poetic Expression. It is clear that Wagner tried to make the orchestra fulfill the role of chorus, as well as of accompaniment, and do much more. The question, indeed, is not whether there is a resemblance between “The Ring” and the “Orestes,” but whether Wagner imitated Greek tragedy. There is little doubt that he did.

CONCERTS

The sixth concert of the 108th season of the Philharmonic Society provided a rather dull programme. Rachmaninoff’s Symphony in E minor is a professorial work which always does what it should (except in the excessive use of muted harmonies); it has no surprises and very little interest. Much the same might be said of the other programme, for Madame Suggia’s playing of the Bach unaccompanied Suite (or most of it) in C major. Her playing of Bach is superb, alike in beauty of style, understanding of the music and the singing quality of the voice produced. There are a dignity, volume and sweep about those dance movements as interpreted by Madame Suggia which no one else can attain. Is it after all purely a question of technique, and a fact that there are only one or two cellists in the world whose technique is really faultless? It is seldom indeed that such perfection of technique is united with such an understanding. Lalo’s Concerto in any other hands seems detestable; Madame Suggia made it sound like great music, and it was worthily accompanied by the orchestra under Mr. Landon Ronald’s direction.

The British Music Society’s concerts last week certainly proved the necessity for the Society’s existence, and also demonstrated the wisdom of its pronouncement that “all- British concerts are not to be recommended.” Some people seem to have assumed that the Society intended to give a festival of purely British music, and criticized it severely for including foreign works in its programmes. It would probably have drawn larger audiences to hear what was good in British music if it had had the courage to be more severe in its choice and less exclusive of foreign works. Undoubtedly the greatest success of all the programmes was the performance of Vaughan Williams’ “London Symphony.” It has been considerably revised by the composer, and may now be regarded as in its final definite shape. Mr. Albert Coates thoroughly entered into the spirit of the work and secured a magnificent performance of it, the finest performance which it has yet received; but at the same time we must not forget to honour Mr. Geoffrey Toye and Mr. Adrian Boult, who bore the brunt of introducing the symphony at a time when it was less clear in expression and audiences less prepared to understand it.

“Heldenleben” was sacrificed to the protests of a few noisy persons who for some reason have made up their minds that it is “un-British.” Prussianism. “Symphony of Ecstasy” was substituted for it, and supplied an equal amount of noise and sentimentality without endangering the patriotic reputation of its admirers.

The discussions held during the three mornings of the Congress were less exciting, but more valuable as an earnest of the Society’s future work. The various chairman were thoroughly efficient in keeping business to practical lines, and the majority of the speakers made really sound and useful contributions to questions which are of fundamental importance to the welfare of British music.

The Bohemian Czech Quartet started their series of five concerts with a Czech programme that included quartets by Dvořák and Novák, and a pianoforte quintet by Josef Smeták, who has for many years been a member of the quartet. This last work was composed in 1883, when it was dedicated to Brahms, and revised quite recently. In certain places the revision has been very considerable, and it is probable that they have produced a happy result. The quintet is a sound piece of nineteenth-century writing, and the addition of a few modern harmonies has only accentuated the old-fashioned character of the rest. The quartet by Novák is by no means a new work, but shows originality of treatment and deserves to be given oftener. It is a real combination of Schumann, Brahms and Schubert, and the third a classical programme. It would have been better, in view of London audiences, to make the programmes less homogeneous and to distribute the classics and early romantics over the series. Most supporters of chamber music in this country are people who prefer to hear the older works, though often quite willing to sit out more modern music.
Drama

TOYING WITH UTOPIA

LITTLE THEATRE.—"Husbands for All." By G. E. Jennings.

IT is the Utopians who make Utopia a bore. Who cares a jot about what strange laws imaginary peoples go on? But to see the society in which we live turned topsy-turvy—that is always worth the price of admission. The thrill with which we read in "The Sleeper Awakes" of the "charming little woman" who was "one of the subsidiary wives of the Anglican Bishop of London" would not be felt if we substituted for the last words the Grand Lama of Nephelococcygia. Therefore let authors plan their Utopias not in the clouds, but in the future—in as near a future as imagination will allow.

The author of "Husbands for All" has grasped this important principle. The play takes place "a few years hence," and London does service for the Isle of Utopia. To the eye not much is changed. Pictures have gone from bad to worse, which seems a likely evolution, and fashions have grown extremely unbecoming, a forecast which, after glancing through the first number of *Feminina*, we feel to be truly dismal. Yet really everything has changed. The Government—here indeed Miss Jennings makes a heavy call on our imaginative second-wind—takes the problems of peace as seriously as those of war. There is a Controller of everything who actually controls. The food shortage is remedied by compulsory tabloids, the servant-problem by prohibiting servants (perhaps we exaggerate the change in official methods), war-slang is taboo, and, as the difficulty of the birth-rate remains, a form of marital conscription is imposed. By the "Lateral Marriages Act" you not only may but must, unless you can wangle an exemption (we should be fined for the phrase in wise Utopia), fool a medical board, or exhibit seven children, have at least two wives. Applied, not to Plato's guardians, but (so to speak) to ourselves, this measure is full of entertaining possibilities.

We fear Miss Jennings has not made the most of them. She has achieved neither a Shavian apologue for the new order, nor a Gilbertian vindication of the old. When we heard of a gentleman who had selected for his marriages the girl from the dairy and the lift-woman at Earl's Court Tube, our hopes rose high. When the trio appeared in the habitations, and accompanied by the jests of Victorian farce they were killed, scarcely to revive at any later moment of the evening. From the episode of the simple-hearted hubby, John Eastwood, who preferred to go to Dartmoor as a "conchie" rather than pin his sweet little wife by taking his legal second, no more fun could be expected than Mr. Malcolm Cherry's admirable laconic comedy and Miss Doris Lytton's sympathetic charm put into it. Something, we thought, might possibly be in store when a wicked Parliament raised the age-limit for marital service and entangled the profoundly celibate souled Controller, Austin Murray, in his own net, but nothing above the farce level came of it. Nor was Mr. Campbell Gullin's *Staccato* style particularly adapted to the part of the austere legislator. Miss Dorothy Minto, on the other hand, did everything for "Jenima," the illegitimate maid-of-all-work, and (we rather gathered) the raison d'être of the piece, opposing cockney sentiment to scientific State-management in the dialect which Miss Jennings wields with rare force.

Moreover, though Jenima may have knocked some sense into the Controller, and induced him, while taking to his breast his charming secretary, Coral Edison (Miss Edna Best), to vow that his Act should "go up the chimney to-morrow," we do not see what power she had to cut the knot this way. Even in Utopia, if Utopia is a parliamentary State, laws do not vanish in smoke because the man who brought them in is tired of them. Fable has its rules as stringent as those of fact, and Miss Jennings' conclusion is not a conclusion at all. You need not enter Utopia unless you wish to, but once you are in you can't get out by the chimney.

D. L. M.

ART VERSUS ARGUMENT

ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE—"The Skin Game." By John Galsworthy.

THERE is a moment in Mr. Galsworthy's earlier play "The Silver Box" at which a window is lifted and the moan of desolate children drifts up in accusation from the street to the listening rich man who is the cause of their plight. It is sheer melodrama thrust on a piece of work which in other respects held conviction, if not significance; an old stage trick, this cry heard for an instant "off," familiar as that of the strange face at a window, and there is hardly an example of his writings for the theatre into which Mr. Galsworthy has not introduced some sort of equivalent. Since we know him as an idealist whose energy is concentrated upon the blending of art and deduction in the theatre, it is, he is not altogether at ease about these remarkable draughts of his, each written with the severity and precision of a legal tribunal, his characters as aloof from one another, though they be kinsfolk by virtue of blood or love, as obligation would make them once they had entered the judgment chamber of actual life. He seems aware of some quality lacking that might make his play an awakened of the imagination; and we would have our hesitation well apparent before venturing to account for such an experienced writer's use of these puerilities of sensationalism as his one way of trying to quicken with colour and warmth and vitality what otherwise is nothing more than a dramatic treatise on the futility or inevitability of certain modes of action.

In "The Skin Game" Mr. Galsworthy employs for a similar purpose what has long been the common possession of theatre-craftsmen—an awareness of the infinite possibilities of the stealthily opening door. There is, of course, no reason why these common possessions should not be made use of by him; the greatest of all playmakers rang the changes on a ghost already worn by overwork to the merest shadow. But the maid at the St. Martin's who spies on her mistress (with an uncanny and never-ceasing smile) by peering through the door for a moment and withdrawing—peering for similar moments, indeed, throughout the scene—appears to have no part whatever in the play's unity, the information she is able to gather leaking out at the crisis through distinctly other channels. Incongruous to extremity is this melodramatic element in relation to Mr. Galsworthy's general scheme; and we are tempted to suggest that if he *must* follow a blind alley he might just as well have gone a step further and made the butler peer through a second door at the same moment as the maid peers through the first. The double espionage would be equally legitimate, possibly less ridiculous, and far more sinister.

By any such cheapening of his method Mr. Galsworthy is in danger of missing completely the only true way out of the trouble. He has the actors, Miss Meggie Albanesi, Miss Helen Haye, Miss Mary Clark, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn would be reliable in face of any demand he could make. The materials of his expression are adequate enough in themselves; in "The Skin Game" there are the aristocratic Hillcorks pitched in bitter feud against the "self-made" Hornblowers; and there is Mr. Hornblower's daughter-in-law, whose sordid past is discovered and made deadly use of by Mrs. Hillcrist. If a dramatist were to work on such a theme as an artist and with the artist's freedom, the warmth and colour and vitality would come
Correspondence

THE GRAVES OF THE FALLEN
To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects, having examined the proposals of the War Graves Commission embodied in the descriptive account entitled “The Graves of the Fallen,” consider them extremely satisfactory. They especially urge that the principle of uniform headstones, combined with the accentuating features of a cross of sacrifice and stone of remembrance, should be maintained as a fine aesthetic expression of the common service and sacrifice they commemorate. They further urge that the advice of the competent designers employed by the Commission should be accepted without reserve in order to ensure simple and dignified treatment of the War Cemeteries abroad.

We are, Sir,
Your obedient servants,
John W. Simpson, President.
Ian Macalister, Secretary.
9, Conduit Street, W.1,
April 24, 1920.

THE MECHANICS OF ELIZABETHAN PLAYWRITING
To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Mr. W. J. Lawrence is no doubt right in maintaining in his article under the above title (ATHENÆUM, April 30, p. 575) that in drawing their characters the Elizabethan dramatists often took into account the physical peculiarities of the actors when they were to interpret them, but one of his examples, I think, is based on a misunderstanding. He writes: “There could be no point in Lady Macbeth’s reflection,

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements
unless a hoarse-voiced hirling had been specially chosen to play the part of the messenger.” But, as it seems to me, this reflection is prompted not by the voice of the servant who appears on the stage, but by his description of the actual messenger. This man, whom we do not see or hear at all, has travelled at top speed to announce the king’s approach, and

Almost dead for breath had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
It is this picture of the breathless courier gasping out his great news that suggests to the Lady the hoarse croaking of the raven, not any peculiarity in his fellow-servant who merely brings in the message.

May 9, 1920.

Yours, &c.,
Gordon Crosse.

SIR,—Let me correct Mr. W. J. Lawrence’s statement concerning my list of the characters in Shakespeare which are definitely thin men, almost Living Skeletons, and were obviously intended to display an individual personality. I advised the Apothecary, Pinch, Robert Falsenbridge, the First Bearde, Holofernes, Starvling, and Petruchio’s Tailor, as characters specially invented for this actor. Gunt, Aegon, Egeus, Febole, would also be suitable for him. These are all small parts in the earlier plays. Since the Stratford Town edition appeared, I have identified the particular actor: the Quarto of “2 Henry IV.” names, instead of “Beadle,” the actor Sinklo.

There is at present no clue to the identity of the female impersonators—one short, one tall—who are required in the earlier and middle comedies.

This theory, that Shakespeare adapted his conceptions to the physical peculiarities of his interpreters, I developed more than forty years ago; it much interested Halliwell-Phillipps, G. A. Sala, and especially Professor Dowden. See also Secombe and Allen’s “Age of Shakespeare,” ii. 102. It appears to me that Shakespearian investigation should follow this and similar lines. At the end of “The Comedy of Errors” every character is on the stage, except Pinch. Why is he absent? He was required to play Aegon. Cordelia disappears after the opening of “King Lear”; the Fool then appears; after Act III. he disappears, and Cordelia reappears.

Yours faithfully,
H. DAVY.

89, Montpelier Road, Brighton.

MUSIC AND ITS INFLUENCE
To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—Reading through a book titled “Impressions and Comments,” by Havelock Ellis, I was attracted by the following paragraph:

Why is it that, notwithstanding my profound admiration for Beethoven, and the delight he frequently gives me, I yet feel so disquieted by that master and so restively hostile to his prevailing tempo? I always feel that he is a Satyr among musicians, a fallen angel in the darkness who is perpetually seeking to lift his way back to happiness, and to enter on the impossible task of taking the Kingdom of Heaven by violence.

This paragraph is striking because it proves conclusively the machiavelism of Beethoven. Not that this fact has ever required any proof, but a remark such as this serves well to show that his music is Beethoven’s autobiography.

I assume that the writer was, at the time of writing, unacquainted with the character of Beethoven’s life. It is. I think, almost generally known (I implore nothing to Mr. Havelock Ellis) that Beethoven, from his childhood, waged perpetual warfare against adversity in every shape and form. Hunger, impecuniousness, and unrecognized talents burdened his youth, and, just as he was entering on, and beginning to enjoy, a more fortunate phase in his career, he was visited with that infirmity, difficult above all things for a man of his character and temperament to bear, deafness. And yet through all his adversity he was striving after “joy,” which for a brief period only he tasted. And even that period brought him no material gain. It was the joy of the conqueror over his suffering, but his suffering did not cease.

“Sacrifice, sacrifice always the trilles of life to art,” was his motto.

I do not propose to write a biography of Beethoven’s life. I write with the intention of attempting to remind people of a latterly much-forgotten fact, that music has a meaning and an interpretation by which impressionable men and women may profit.

Few can deny the regrettable fact that the standard of music is deteriorating. I refuse to believe, however, that the mind of the average person is so shallow as to prefer the inane strains of a popular rag-time to the works of a master of music. After all, what is the result of the former but a monotonous aesthetic exfoliation as opposed to the soul-scouring and uplifting influence of the latter?

One has been hearing lately of the moral degeneration of the world, said to be attributable to the war. Indirectly I have no doubt this is true, but I am firmly convinced that the degeneration is, to a very great extent, due to the rapid growth of cheap and sensuous music which has affected less stable wits.

Life is the molting of ideals to form a harmony, and one’s ideals are drawn from the surrounding atmosphere. If, therefore, this atmosphere is corrupt with sensuousness, our ideals will have a flimsy basis and we will hold but little harmony. Yet, however, this phase has passed—and I am certain that, when the world has ceased to simmer over the furnace of the last five years, it will pass—music will again attain its exalted peak from which it has been temporarily dislodged, and the world will thrill to the poem of its redemption.

M. B. (of the Indian Army).
Foreign Literature

THE LIFE OF FOGAZZARO


To those who know Fogazzaro from his books alone this biography will be both a revelation and a confirmation. He was no regular purveyor of a yearly volume, and even the most superficial of readers must have guessed that he put a good deal of himself into each of his novels. But we now know that they are a reflection of his personal history to a far greater extent than most people can possibly have realized. Sig. Gallarati-Scotti describes the surroundings of the early years in considerable detail—the tyrannical old grandfather, the religious upbringing by that true Catholic and patriot, his father, and the influence of his saintly aunt and uncle, Sister Maria Innocente and Don Giuseppe, with the schooldays in Vicenza, where Zanella, who introduced him to Heine, was his tutor. Then came the university, first at Padua and afterwards at Turin, where he did little but enjoy himself, Luigi Luzzati being a fellow-student and afterwards a lifelong friend. Arrigo Boito's friendship dated from early days in Milan. Fogazzaro took up the law to please his father, sorely against his will, the family then being in financial difficulties, but he abandoned it before his marriage. He had always wished to devote himself to literature, though even Zanella disapproved the idea, and he never seriously weakened in his purpose.

As a young man Fogazzaro had lost his faith, but for one of his temperament a return to the Church was only a question of time. His conversion, which was as sudden and as genuine as Manzoni's, followed upon the reading of Gratry's "Philosophie du Crédé." Fogazzaro's mystical tendencies date from early childhood, when at Oria he was suddenly seized with an irresistible conviction "that in the things around me, in the dearly loved country, there was a Spirit, a living Being which understood me and loved me in return." and he never lost this sense of intimate communion with Nature, which largely inspired his first book, the volume of poems devoted to his beloved Valsolda.

Sig. Gallarati-Scotti tells us that Fogazzaro's whole life was a long struggle against the temptations of the senses, against an overmastering sensuality "that can turn everything to ashes, pervert everything"; and he adds that, had he once yielded, as Corrado Silla yields in "Malombra"—for Silla shows us Fogazzaro in his tempestuous youth—his end would have been no less tragic. Our author calls the early novels the novels of temptation. Marina in "Malombra" is obviously little more than the romantic dream of an imaginative youth, whereas Edith "is only the reaction of conscience and religious feeling, born of terror of the pit." Henceforth, however, Fogazzaro drew from life, and we know that "Daniele Cortis" is a faithful picture of his own temptations. Elena, we learn, is a real woman who had lost her faith and whom he endeavoured to convert. The extracts from his note-books and his letters to her show the depth of his love, but the single entry in English, "Friend, not lover. Never," explains everything. For it appears that, like Elena, she actually left Fogazzaro at his own bidding, yielding to the scruples of a faith she did not share, though he never ceased to love her. This mystic friendship with Elena gave Fogazzaro a new life, a manly sense of vigour, of faithfulness, of spiritual youth. Though the next novel, "Il Mistero del Poeta," is certainly his weakest, it is necessary for the understanding of his author. Violet is no longer the temptress, but the heavenly guide, the Beatrice; for to Fogazzaro earthly love is "the beginning of the divine and a path to things eternal." But in order that she might fulfil her mission he has to remove her from the world, just as he put the sea between Daniele and Elena. The man who had loved Marina and Elena could never have found peace even in marriage with Violet.

He belongs to the family of those great, unhappy spirits to whom Christianity, while offering every hope of the future, can bring no peace in the present. He is the last of the Catholic romantics, sickled o'er with that religious melancholy that comes from a heart which must abandon itself completely to the divine will, but which is conscious of the life eternal from having tasted of it. For such tortured spirits earthly happiness is always an unattainable myth. The mystic solution is the only solution, death the one hope, the life beyond the grave the one reality.

For a moment the sensual side of Fogazzaro was at rest, and then every other feeling was soon swallowed up in the great sorrow of his life, the death of his only son. It was in these circumstances, when the whole man was for once in perfect balance, that he wrote "Piccolo Mondo Antico." This is undoubtedly his best book, his one complete artistic success, since the religious and other aspects are all completely merged in the work of art. The scene is laid in his own Valsolda, while Franco is his father and all the other characters are drawn from life. And to our mind it will be read long after novels like "The Saint" or even "Daniele Cortis" are as dead as the problems which loom so large in them. The success was immediate, and soon after its appearance Fogazzaro was made a Senator.

But this peace was not to last. Jeanne Dessalle of "Piccolo Mondo Moderno" is again a real woman. Much younger than Fogazzaro, she fascinated him for a time. She also appears to have appealed to him to give her the faith she did not possess. Maironi, though Fogazzaro expressly declares that he never loved Jeanne, obviously possesses Fogazzaro's own weaknesses, and his creator deliberately endowed him with them. But Sig. Gallarati-Scotti sees that they were a fatal bar to his conceivably becoming a great reforming saint of the Church. The interviews with the Pope and the Ministers ring hopelessly false.

Fogazzaro's relations with the Modernists and his attempts to reconcile science and religion are, of course, fully discussed here. His submission to the Church of the "Saint" has fascinated him for a time. But we are from him not only the Modernists, but the Liberals, who even attempted to have his name removed from the "Consiglio Superiore per la Pubblica Istruzione," while the Clericals refused to believe that it was genuine. But Fogazzaro was a fervent Catholic, if no Clerical. He believed as firmly in the Roman Church as he did in the need for its reform, while he was tolerant of other Christian Churches. To him the religious life meant "charity, life, action." In a document he left behind him he says:

The world cares little about theologies, old or new, or about the authors and writers of the Scriptures, but in a religious man it respects the faith that expresses itself in an elevated morality. . . . The world is Christian at least in this, that it judges the tree by the fruit.

These are the aspects of Fogazzaro with which this biography is largely concerned, for its author is an enthusiastic Modernist, and we confess that it leaves us with a sense of incompleteness. We miss the virility and energy of the man of affairs, the broad sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men that enabled Fogazzaro to people his books with a host of living men and women. Above all we miss the humour, though it flashes out occasionally in Fogazzaro's own letters and notes, and we are expressly told that it did not desert him, even in his last illness, when he re-read several of the novels of his beloved Dickens; and his humour is
a quality in which he is as near to Manzoni as in his religion. It is this broadly human side that enables many who have no sympathy with Fogazzaro's ideas to delight in his novels, and Sg. Gallarati-Scotti hardly seems to us to have brought it out sufficiently in his "Life," valuable and profoundly interesting though it undoubtedly is.

L. C. M.

THE SCIENCE OF CONSERVATISM


Par A. L. Galeot. (Paris, Nouvelle Librairie Nationale. 15fr.)

TAKE the first two columns in l'Action Française, remove from them all M. Daudet's genius for venomous sarcility, inflame them with the science of sociology until they fill 400 pages—the result is M. Galeot's book on the organization of modern society. And a very interesting result it is for the psychologist and the sociologist. Here is a man who appears sincerely to believe that he is a scientist, that he has arrived at his political beliefs by induction, that he can conclusively demonstrate certain truths about what he calls the "rational-experimental organization of human society." Yet all this tremendous parade and paraphernalia of science and logic and terminology cannot conceal the little seed which has produced this exuberant flowering of philosophy, M. Galeot is a French royalist; M. Galeot is a reader of l'Action Française; M. Galeot dislikes the Socialists. There is the seed of prejudice; the interesting thing is to watch the process by which it flowers into an elaborate scientific system which proves that Liberalism, Democracy, and Socialism are false organic systems of society and produce nothing but material and moral misery, and that the only rational-experimental system, particularly for France, is a monarchy based on the sanctity of private property. A monarchy is the only rational form of human organization because, says M. Galeot, the qualities required in the head of a State are "specialization and continuity." The probabilities are that a hereditary monarch will be better endowed by nature with the qualities necessary for the head of a State than anyone else. In fact, kings are very rarely bad, sometimes excellent, and usually good and wise. Such kings give their countries discipline and peace. Witness the history of France; whenever there has not been a descendant of Hugh Capet at the head of the government there has been nothing but misery, invasions, and disasters. Consider, too, the kings of England, Belgium, Serbia, and Roumania. Even Nicholas II., though he had certain faults, was not as bad as Lenin. And then there rises up before the disciple of M. Daudet the spectacle of Wilhelm II. What is he to say of Wilhelm II., a king and a legitimate king who hated Socialists, Liberals, and Democrats? Well, being a good Frenchman, he has to admit that Wilhelm II., "showed himself morally inferior," but "that is the temperament of the whole German race."

It is difficult to say whether M. Galeot's love of kings or his hatred of Democracy and Socialism is the stronger. They are certainly the twin bases of his rational-experimental system. It is a great pity that he has given his intellect, such as it is, so completely into the hands of his emotional prejudices. Despite the immense output in France and England of books dealing with the State and political and industrial organization, there is still room for a really ruthless investigation of the postulates and axioms of Democracy and Socialism, and a testing of them in the fire of experience. M. Galeot intends his book to be a guide for his fellow-countrymen at a difficult and dangerous point in their history, but his methods are too ill-tempered, confused, and pretentious to be of much assistance.

PREHISTORIC ADVENTURES


IT is all no doubt a little absurd, but not the less pleasant on that account. Our mind was prejudiced unfavourably. This was a story, we gathered, dealing with Primitive Man. A blurred, uneasy recollection arose in our minds, shifting images of primitive man, whole tribes of primitive man and woman, clustering about fires, engaged in primitive occupations, dressed in primitive—but perfectly respectable—furs, carrying primitive weapons; all this with an air at once uneasy and complacent, turtively dashing, ferociously bashing. It was a French film, perhaps an adaptation of one of M. Rosny's books; but certainly it lacked M. Rosny's atmosphere.

On the strength of this recollection, and remembering one or two French scientific romances which had not gripped us, while forgetting, presumably, those which had (Jules Verne's, for instance), we were prepared to exclaim: "The French cannot do this kind of thing. They are too sophisticated. They've not Anglo-Saxons, like Mr. Wells or Jack London; they have not the instinct, the tradition, the—the in a word, the 'je ne sais quoi' of the Anglo-Saxon." Musing somewhat after this fashion, we plunged without more ado into M. Rosny's atmosphere. We made us a spasm a little at first. Within half-a-dozen lines we had been introduced to "Aoûn, fils de l'Urux," and to his friend Zouhr, "fils de la Terre, le dernier des Hommes-sans-Epaules." It seemed unlikely the acquaintance would lead to intimacy.

Still, their friendship, we discovered, had a human quality, and their predilection for the banks of subterranean rivers was pleasantly odd. The last of the Men-without-Shoulders (the Red Dwarfs who massacred the rest of his tribe) was weak-chested and thoughtful, by contemporary standards; Aoûn, son of Nalol (here a false gleam of recognition shone, but faded immediately), was muscular but rather slow-witted. Evidently, they constitute an admirable pair to undertake an adventurous exploration. And upon this they start without delay. By subterranean ways they pass the mountain, which had proved an insurmountable barrier to the nomadic tribe to which they belong. On the further side they discover a country abounding in game and beasts of prey, where they hunt and are hunted with a particularity which would be tiresome, perhaps, if one did not feel that M. Rosny enjoys every word of it.

After many days they reach a chain of rocks beside a river, and discovering a cavern of great residential convenience, they settle there. The cavern or fissure extends quite through the hill, narrowing however before it reaches the opening on the other side. This is an extremely fortunate accident, for beyond the narrow portion is a cave, inhabited by the Félin Géant: they can look at him, but he cannot eat them. And now comes the most charming and original incident in the book. Aoûn and especially Zouhr contrive to bring about a friendship and alliance with the monstrous beast of prey. This sounds preposterous, but it is told very convincingly, with a quality of romance, the romance of human kinship and sympathy with the animal world, which reminds one of the Jungle Books, but is less sentimental.

Their subsequent adventures—contact with friendly and hostile tribes, the capture of Zouhr by the latter, his rescue by Aoûn, how the latter met a party of Amazons and fell in love with one of them, how they were pursued by relentless Dog-Men, and saved by the intervention of the Félin Géant—all this makes good reading, and the book will please throughout those readers to whom a quality of dream-like reality appeals.
Long before the end is reached we have discovered, of course, that it is the Anglo-Saxons who are sophisticated. This narrative is not so clever as the story of the Stone Age which appears in one of Mr. Wells’s collections, or as Jack London’s “Before Adam”; but its profound childlike seriousness and its other qualities give it perhaps a more enduring charm.

F. W. S.

**List of New Books**

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being defined, in the interest of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

**GENERAL WORKS.**

**BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.**

Deedes (Cecil), and others. The Old Town Hall Library of Leicester: a catalogue with introductions, glossary of the names of places, notices of authors, notes and list of missing books. Oxford, printed for the Corporation of Leicester, 1919. 9 in. 252 pp. por., 5/s. 017.1

An exceedingly well-arranged catalogue, printed in clear type on good paper, and valuable equally to the bibliographer and the student for its glossary and notices of authors. From the bibliographical point of view the “get-up” leaves nothing to be desired, and is an example to curators of local collections of ancient MSS. and books.

100 PHILOSOPHY.


This work turns out to be much better than the preface would indicate. We were led to expect a purely academic discussion, but the author quotes his opponents with so obviously honest an attempt to avoid bias that the book becomes, in fact, an unprejudiced account of modern work in metaphysics. We are given a choice, and if we do not always choose the author’s side, it is merely to tribute to his fairness.


The contents of this substantial volume represent an immense amount of labour, and the mass of information garnered by Mr. Spence can be turned to with profit by many persons especially attracted by the out-of-the-way subjects related to the occult “sciences.” Other readers will be interested by such articles as “English Occult Fiction,” “Rosicrucians,” “Psychical Research,” “Necromancy,” and “Astrology.” Some of the illustrations are weirdly fascinating. The brief biographies of Van Helmont, John Dee, Avicenna, Roger Bacon, William Blake, Cagliostro, and numerous others are a prominent and acceptable feature of the Encyclopedia. On p. 335 “Redcliffe” (Mrs. Ann) should be Radcliffe.

300 SOCIOLOGY.


Try to think rightly, so as to govern well and produce well, is the lesson of M. Aimel’s sermon. He preaches the cult of national intelligence for the service of national interest. The reforms necessary are intellectual and moral. The many innovations proposed are unworkable, and only constitute vulgar replaitages, unless established upon a fundamental reality. Metaphysics and mysticism must be excluded from the political domain; politics must be treated as a serious affair.


See review, p. 651.


Writers on education have seldom excelled in lightness of touch, and Mr. Lajpat Rai is, we fear, no exception. Apparently, what he desires for India is a system of universal education, in which national ideals, duly modified and modernized, shall play a prominent part. He strongly disapproves of the purdah, and also of the amazing movement for reverting to ancient theories of medicine. “We cannot go back to the traditional methods of bringing our men and women into the world, and then letting them die by hundreds in every thousand, in order to be more truly national.” In a less degree he opposes the revival of Sanskrit, “except for purposes of scholarship.” He lays great stress on the need for school hygiene and physical training. “Hardly one in a hundred graduates of our universities can be confidently said to be possessed of normal health.” The religious difficulty he is inclined to discount. Hindu and Buddhist can attain to essential unity on the broad basis of patriotism, in which loyalty (or terms) to the British Empire is included.


The rise of judicial procedure between States of the American Union; the stability of States by citizens of other States; attempts by citizens of States to bring action against other States by methods of induction; and numerous other themes, are discussed in this learned work by the Professor of Law in Columbia University.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.


See review, p. 641.


See review, p. 641.

700 FINE ARTS.

*Kimball (Fiske) and Edgell (George Harold). A History of Architecture ("Harper’s Fine Art Series"). New York, Harper (Batsford) [1920]. 8/ in. 646 pp. il. biblog. glossary, index, 18/ n. 720.9

Written and arranged on much the same lines as Banister Fletcher’s well-known handbook, but, as the authors point out, corrected by the results of the study of the monuments carried out by well-trained scholars during the last twenty years, this promises to be among the best introductory works. The illustrations are perhaps not quite so good as those in Banister Fletcher, but they are a still better selection, and it is interesting to find our historians giving very full and serious attention not only to post-Renaissance architecture, but to the work of the moderns, particularly American architects. Mr. Edgell deals with the Middle Ages; the earlier and later chapters are by Mr. Kimball. The German embodiment of Reims laid bare the level crowns of the vaults over the cathedral, an interesting though defective photograph of which shows the structure. A striking merit of the book is the way history and description are made to go hand in hand with the philosophy of the art.
Rowed (Charles). Collecting as a Pastime. Cassell, 1920. 9 in. 148 pp. ill., 7/6 n. 704


See note, p. 634.

780 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.


The author has been greatly puzzled by that difficult question: What is the correct swing in golf? A professional player, Mr. Ernest Jones, has solved his problem for him, and this book is a detailed account of the solution. There are many photographic illustrations, and it is conceivable that the publication of this book will lower the average golf handicap of the country.

800 LITERATURE.

Art and Letters. Spring, 1920. 9, Duke Street, Adelphi. 9 in. 52 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 805

This number contains, as usual, several good things. The outstanding contributions are three poems by the late Wilfrid Owen, and the story by Miss Katherine Mansfield, "The Man without a Temperament." The last three lines of Wilfrid Owen's sonnet, "The War," we laughed—knowing that better men would come, and greater wars: when every fighter brag

He fights on Death, for lives: not men, for flags, if they have not the imaginative power of certain of his other poems, has a tense force of their own. Miss Mansfield's story is remarkable for the complete success with which she has captured an elusive emotional overtone. We have the sense—so rare in reading English short-stories—of an absolute mastery of the instrument. Its harmonious beauty contrasts rather violently with Mr. Aldous Huxley's exercise in the same genre. The best of the drawings is that by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, "A Woman with a Cat." Mr. T. S. Eliot, in a critical essay, falls heavily upon Professor Gilbert Murray's versions of Euripides.


A selection of Courier's letters written from France and Italy, the "Pétition aux Deux Chambres," the letter to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, the one to the editor of the Censer, the "Simple Discours," the "Avertissement sur la lettre à M. Renouard," and the preface of the translator of Herodotus, form the text of this well-edited volume.


Miss Farnell thinks the interest in the literature of the Latin races, relatively to that in German literature, will be greatly stimulated as a result of the war, and offers this representative selection to the reader who does not know Spanish. The passages are chosen from Juan Ruiz, arch-priest of Hita, Don Juan Manuel, Francisco Imperial, the Marquis de Santillana, "La Celestina," Garcilaso de la Vega, Luis de Leon, San Juan de la Cruz, Arcegnaola, Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, Rioja, Espinosa, Valera, Ramon de Campoamor, Nunez de Arce, Blasco Ibáñez, Ruben Dario, Martinez Ruiz (Azorin), Machado, Villaespera, and some anonymous works. Historical and critical prefaces and notes enhance the value of the book.


See review, p. 651.

Latour (Louis), ed. French Passages for Reading and Recitation, from Malherbe to Clemenceau. Compiled and annotated by Louis Latour. Methuen [1920]. 8 in. 192 pp. index, 4/6 n. 841.8

These "passages for reading and recitation" are for the most part minute extracts torn violently, according to time-honoured precedent, from their context in play, novel or other work, a few short poems being the only exceptions. We encounter one by one our old acquaintances, De Musset's pelican, Béranger's grand-mere, Athalie's nightmare vision; but the collection is brought up to date by a quotation from a recent speech by M. Clemenceau. The notes contain information on such varying subjects as the reputation of Homer, the style of Livy's History, the characteristics of elves, and—more relevantly—the distinction between a écez and a curate, a vicar and a vicaré.

Moor (T. Sturge). The Powers of the Air. Grant Richards, 1920. 8 in. 77 pp. boards, 6/6 n. 820.1

See review, p. 688.


See review, p. 635.


The Old Testament is such an easy prey that we are surprised that so witty a writer as Mr. Pearsall Smith should waste his time in sniping at it. He writes in the parodied style of the Biblical commentator who glosses the crude text with those sentimental, "psychological" explanations so dear to the heart of that certain class of religious writers. The result is, frankly, a little dull. Personally we prefer the commentators themselves—that unforgettable note, for instance, on wolves in sheep's clothing: "Dean Stanley remarks that the wolves in Palestine are larger and of a greyer colour than those found elsewhere."

POETRY.

Dircks (Helen). Passenger. Chatto & Windus, 1920. 7 in. 71 pp., 5/6 n. 821.9

Miss Dircks can give to simplicity a singular charm. "Changeling": is an example of the way in which she can body forth or propound an interesting psychological truth in words of one syllable:

My dear lover, Who could fail To find you like a changeling In a fairy tale? Sometimes you're a prince And I a beggar-maid, To knead before you, Humble, afraid. Sometimes you're boy, And I a girl with you, To laugh and play The long day through. And sometimes you are—as I like best— My little son Upon my breast.

Earle (May). Acte, a Love Sequence; and other verse. Chapman & Hall, 1920. 7 in. 160 pp., 5/6 n. 821.9

Acte, first loved and then banished by the Emperor Nero, a worshipper of Venus who became a Christian, is the subject of Miss Earle's sequence. Miss Earle writes in a vigorous, highly-coloured, post-Spanish manner, style dashing along as a great pace through thick and thin, putting Pegasus at the highest gates, and not much caring if he knocks off the top two or three bars so long as he gets over somehow.

Picabia (Francis). Unique Euxque. Preface by T. Tzara ("Collection Dada"). Paris, Au Sans Pareil, 1920. 7 in. 68 pp. por. paper, 3fr. 50. 814.9

"Les myriapodes philosophiques ont cassé des jambes de bois ou de metal, et même des ailes, entre les stations Vertu-Realité. Il y avait toujours quelquechose d'insaisissable: La Vie." M. Picabia's poem is an attempt to seize
the unsizable, to live "sans prétexte," as M. Tzarz puts it, without philosophy, literary arrangement or any other effort of outward and inward convention of tradition..."Unique Ennuye" is the sort of stuff one writes when one makes the mind a blank, sits quite quiet, and allows the pen to write what it will in a species of automatic writing. It is, if you like, more alive, closer to the vital processes, than the kind of literature that is not automatic, but the product of consciously exercised will and reflection. Personally, we prefer life as it is informed and made significant by thought. It is already a piece of philosophic pretentiousness to express life in words; why not carry the process a short step further and turn it into literature? or, better still, why not refrain altogether from writing?

**FICTION.**

Doucetault (Ruth Holt). The Rose of Jericho. Putnam, 1920. 8 in. 489 pp., 7/6 n. 813.5

This very long story, set mostly in America, deals with the fortunes of Sheelah Brent, who becomes a successful actress, and retains the keenest affection for her son Michael, although she has a chequered life and more than one adventure in love. Poverty, and relations which end in beggary or separation, are among the themes touched on in this well-filled novel, which holds the reader's attention to the end.


The tale opens at the wedding of Folly Vallance, actress, and Anthony Bond of Saskatchewan. The bridegroom is rich, the bride pretty, and the match is supposed to be for love. Really it is a marriage only in name, owing to Bond's irreligious resentment at a remark made before marriage by the thoughtless but affectionate Folly. Bond's "best man," who is a good fellow, saves the bride from dangerous paths, and is happily in the end. Perhaps the best thing in the story is the portrayal of the irascible old general, with his "dust and ashes" wife.


Fifteen charming little stories, generally dealing with the problem which the author has set himself: Why has the Church failed?" But the Church, he declares, "has not wholly failed," and will "surely reform herself." There will be no more Kikuyu controversies or the like. Withholding the Communion from sick soldiers, and squabbles over the right of preparing soldier-candidates for confirmation, will be matters of ancient history. One of the best stories in the book is "Redemption," telling of a sometime Montana apache who, dying on the battlefield, is ministered to by a priest whom in former days he had robbed and nearly killed.

McCutcheon (George Barr). Shot with Crimson. With illustrations by F. R. Gruger. Jenkins, 1920. 8 in. 165 pp., il., 3/6 n. 813.5

A vigorous spy-story by the author of "Brewer's Millions." Mr. McCutcheon introduces us to the reserved and unsympathetic wife of a patriotic American, consciously unknown to her husband, is a secret-service agent of the late German Government, and is concerned in the engineering of various terrible deeds. She in turn meets her doom. We are becoming rather tired of spy-stories; but this is a good, crisp tale of the sort, not too long, and many readers will like it.

Ostrander (Isabel). The Clue in the Air. Sheffington [1920]. 8 in. 288 pp., 7/6 n. 813.5

Miss Ostrander's new story tells how a girl is murdered by being flung from a high window into the street, and of the tracking-down of the murderer by the Scottish Yard men—or their equivalent in America. Complications are introduced through the discovery that the victim was the wrong girl, and the interest becomes absorbing. The author, indeed, handles her situations so capably that we are held breathless to the conclusion. One of her technical advantages is her power to appreciate the essentials. We have to recognize, however, that it is hard not to write an interesting story when all the primitive passions are in the crucible. Murder, revenge, self-gratification, hatred—Miss Ostrander is lavish with them. But the interest is hardly other than that of the police columns in the lower-grade Sunday newspapers.


See review, p. 851.


The practised author has managed to introduce a new feature into her latest story—a Jewish moneylender and his wife who are noble and lovable characters. Denys Fitzmaurice dreams how he may benefit his neighbours by reclaiming bogs and developing the foreshore, but the people cling to their old life and treat him as an enemy. There are graphic descriptions of an outbreak of typhus and the heroic efforts of doctors and nurses to combat it; and as a relief a charming Irish heroine.


"The Baking of Bertram by War" is the sub-title of the major portion of Wren's story, and might have been a apter title for the book itself. But the whole immemorial process of "baking" as a transvaluer is being examined just now, an increasing number of people having learned how to keep healthy on raw foods. Warfare is the means of baking Bertram Walsingham Greene, who is a poet, and by it he is made a dull-sensed, hardened, practical creature who has suited his earlier repugnance for indelicate things, his horror at the suffering and death of his fellows, and become an adept in the usual army speech—surely an important factor in such "baking"—and unjust and brutal to his inferiors. Finally he loses his sense of ideal love. He is, in short, baked to a turn.

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See review, p. 638.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Gambetta (Léon Michel).

* Deschanel (Paul). Gambetta. Heinemann, 1920. 9 in. 344 pp. por. bibliog. index, 15/ n. 920

The original edition of the President's able and distinguished biography of one of the greatest and most patriotic sons of France was reviewed in our columns on March 10 last, p. 381.


See review, p. 636.

McArthur (Marguerite).


See notice, p. 653.

930-990 HISTORY.

Young (George). The New Germany. Constable, 1920. 8 in. 349 pp. app. index, 8/ n. 943.085

See review, p. 633.
Appointments Vacant

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May, 1920.

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JAMES BIRD,
Clerk of the London County Council.

Appointments Vacant

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, COMPULSORY DAY CONTINUATION SCHOOLS.

APPOINTMENT OF PRINCIPALS.

THE Council invites applications from men and women for APPOINTMENT as PRINCIPALS of Compulsory Day Continuation Schools to be established under the Education Act, 1918. Applicants will be required to produce evidence of good genral education, recognised academic or technical qualifications, teaching or lecturing experience, and organising ability. Experience in social and welfare work is also desirable.

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Applicants in the service of the Council, who may be selected for these appointments and who are receiving salary within the limit of the above scales, will be transferred at salaries not lower than their existing salaries.

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Apply (enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope) to the Education Officer (T.3.), London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2. Form T.3.3 will then be sent, and must be returned by 11 a.m. on May 26, 1920. Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD,
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ST. GEORGE SECONDARY SCHOOL.

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Salary according to scale—£100 rising by £10 annually to £300. Previous service up to 10 years will be taken into account in fixing initial salary.

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Guildhall, Bristol,
May 6, 1920.

DURHAM COLLEGES IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LECTURER in English Language and Literature in the Durham Colleges in the University of Durham. Candidates should be graduates in Honours of a British University. Salary at £500 per annum.

Further particulars may be had from the Secretary of Council, University Offices, Durham.

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APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of CATALOGUER in the Library of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, at a salary of £250 per annum.

For further particulars and application forms apply to the Registrar, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

Applications should reach the undersigned not later than June 11, 1920.

J. H. DAVIES,
Principal.
Appointments Vacant

WALTHAMSTOW URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL.
PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

TWO MALE ASSISTANTS are to be appointed on the Public Libraries Staff and applications are invited from persons with practical experience in Municipal Libraries. Candidates must hold two Library Association Certificates.

Salary £200 per annum. Applicants in candidates own handwriting, stating age, experience, etc., and accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, to reach the undersigned by post not later than 12 noon on Saturday, June 5, 1920.

C. SYDNEY WATSON,
Clerk to Council.

Town Hall, Walthamstow, E.17.
May 12, 1920.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

THE EDUCATION COMMITTEE invite APPLICATIONS for the following POSTS for the term commencing in September next:

George Dixon Secondary School for Boys.
Assistant Master (Principal Subject: FRENCH).

Erdington Secondary School for Girls.
Assistant Mistress (Principal Subject: BOTANY).

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P. D. INNES,
Chief Education Officer.

Education Office, Council House, Margaret Street.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

EVENING INSTITUTES.

APPLICATIONS are invited for APPOINTMENTS as WHOLE-TIME RESPONSIBLE MASTERS of the undermentioned literary evening institutes:

1 (a) The City (Grays infirmary) Training College, Brooms Buildings, Petter Lane, E.C.4.; (b) The Holloway County Secondary School, Hilldrop Road, Holloway, N.7.

2 (a) The Dalston County Secondary School, Dalston E.S.; (b) The Poplar George Green's School, E.14.

3 (a) The Plumstead and Woolwich County Secondary School, Old Mill Road, Plumstead Common, S.E.18.; (b) The Eltham County Secondary School, Downfield Road, Well Hall, S.E.9.

In each case two institutes will be conducted, as set out above, by one responsible master. The Poplar and the Eltham institute have to be established for the session 1920-21, which commences in September next; the remaining four institutes are already in existence.

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Apply to the Education Officer (T7), Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2 (stamped addressed envelope necessary) for form T17, which must be returned by 11 a.m. on Wednesday, May 26, 1920.

JAMES BIRD,
Clerk of the London County Council.

FULHAM BOROUGH COUNCIL.

APPOINTMENT OF DEPUTY LIBRARIAN.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES COMMITTEE of the COUNCIL are prepared to receive APPLICATIONS for the POSITION of DEPUTY LIBRARIAN.

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Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, and accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, to be addressed to the undersigned and delivered not later than Saturday, June 12, 1920.

All canvassing will disqualify.

J. PERCY SHUTER,
Town Clerk.
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May—June, 1920.

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Societies

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THE DIFFICULTIES OF CRITICISM

A FEW weeks ago I wrote an article in The Athenæum on Craftsmen Critics, and this article has been rather severely handled by one of my friends on the ground that it was nonsense. He has been able to quote several foolish estimates formed by craftsmen, and he has also emphasized one very serious difficulty which lies in the way of the craftsman critic. This difficulty is one of social relationship. The ideal critic has no friends, no prejudices: he is not called upon to meet intimately the persons he has just been criticizing or is about to deal with. He lives remote, in the world, but not of it; full of gusto for life, but outside the vehemence of its partisanship. He is neither in camps nor in dinner parties, and yet is sensitively aware of all productivity and its significance. The suggestion implied is that if I meet an artist (a rare experience), I must be influenced by the personal contact; and that if I work as a craftsman in one or more of the Arts, I cannot escape preference for my own limitations as an executant. There seems to be something to be said for my friend's objections. Let him who is without prejudice among us cast the first stone.

But to return to the exact difficulty. The fact that one ridiculous person or another, who has seen his name upon a dozen title-pages, makes characteristically ridiculous remarks upon another person equally ridiculous, does not invalidate a general theory. And if a craftsman who is also a critic meets at dinner another craftsman who is not a critic, must the first be biased against the second? Ideally, he should not be. In fact, he is not. He is certainly not more likely to be biased than is the critic whose criticism is his only craft. The critic may be influenced by many considerations, but his judgment, which alone matters, since the expression of it is inevitably imperfect, need not be affected. What is far more to the point is that there are certain definite conventions which govern journalistic criticism. The critic who is honest never dreams of thinking (let alone saying): "I do not like this work because I dislike the man who made it." He possibly recognizes in the work characteristic defects which he has observed in the man. He may hear the author's voice, may know the model, may pierce by social knowledge an artistic humbug which would have deceived him as a critic. Need he be unfair? I cannot see why he should be unfair; and yet I have certainly observed that inferior critics use facts gleaned in personal gossip in order to substantiate inferences derived from the work itself. The inclination is not singular to the artist. It is common to all who are overworked and perfunctory.

The defect I observe chiefly in current criticism is an absence of candour; but it is enforced insinuousness, dictated by the policy of those other than the critic. One may not explicitly say in any paper, for example, until he is dead, that a writer is an inefficient writer. One may not name him in condemning the class of work with which he is associated. One may say, "This book is quite definitely the worst book ever written"; but one may not say, "Mr. Swinnerton is a dull and pretentious writer." One may hint, as one does in French conversation; but one may not be outspoken, as one is in English conversation. The work may be condemned; but not the person who did the work. The convention is legal and editorial; but it affects the contributor, who knows that good-breeding must be observed in newspaper columns as in social intercourse. This convention breeds death.

We have all met the writers who beg for our candid opinion; we have all dressed the naked opinion in flowers and found ourselves still unforgiven.
What wonder that we set the social conveniences above ideal truth? We are humane, and humane-ness is a form of cowardice; just as candour is a form of arrogance. But we are humane as human beings, not as craftsmen. I still suggest that the craftsman has a surer sense—a less tramelled intuition—of what quality lies in a work of art than the critic can have who has never discovered for himself, by actual experience, what lies behind the creative act. All that concerns me here is the difficulty—not of perception, but of expression. If we cannot name a man whom we believe to be a bad craftsman, and deal faithfully with him, then criticism is dead. We need not be vituperative, although even vituperation is better than politeness; but we ought to be able to be explicit. In criticism, however, as in everything else, "good form" is the curse. It is plebeian, it is vulgar, it is unforgivable, to be outspoken. One may stab, but one may not strike. The alternative seems to be the silly brawling of the correspondence columns.

Can nothing be done to remedy this? There is one singular convention which bears upon it and which one may see illustrated at the present time. Humaneness is still the cause. It is that beginners and those who are supposed to be relatively unsuccessful receive undue praise, while those who are understood to be popularly established are by way of having their work unduly attacked. Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett have long been subjected to a guerilla warfare of this kind. Mr. Compton Mackenzie, suspected of too great and too conscious popular success, is being handed malodorous bouquets by the reviewers of his new book. He is being accused of writing for the public, and not for the reviewers. It does not matter at all. It is mimic warfare. Everybody knows that the tone of all the reviews in the world will not now affect Mr. Mackenzie's sales, that it is a sort of joke. With a writer of smaller popularity the case might be different; but reviewers, being on the whole too tolerant, would exercise discretion, and they would never rush to harry even Mr. Mackenzie if they thought their attacks likely to harm him. They are too kind; their editors are too cautious; the convention is too well-established. It is not that they are fellow-craftsmen (although Mr. Mackenzie quotes proudly among his press-extracts remarks made about him by Mr. Hugh Walpole and myself, in order to show that we enviously watch his successes), but that they are reviewers governed by a general and inflexible etiquette. And until that etiquette is broken, until the critic is allowed to say, quite definitely, that the author, or painter, or composer, is incompetent, we shall have stumbling criticism. The knowledge of the critic is not to be estimated by the timidity of his expressed judgment. Otherwise we should be forced to the conclusion that all reviewers were the nincompoops they appear; which would be absurd. The knowledge of the critic lies in what he is capable of finding in the work. It lies in his power to estimate the essential quality of that work, and not in his public verdict upon it.

There is another difficulty arising out of this question. Some reviewers are not content to appear stupid. They are still as discreet, they still accept the convention; but they expose rather their own brilliance than the quality of the work they are essaying. It is a danger. It is unfair to their subject-matter, for in bravura they lose sight of the critic's function, which is aesthetic appraisal. The judgment may be "there or thereabouts"; but there has been a very curious abandonment of an essential faculty. For the sake of what is often true and amusing as objective comment, these critics have denied themselves the exercise of a function incomparably higher and finer. They have suppressed imagination, which is sympathy; and have sought only to display their own skill. It is pardonable; but it is not criticism.

What, then, is criticism? It certainly implies a double process—of subjection to the work of art and of detachment from it. It is, like poetry, emotion remembered in tranquillity. It is for each of us the thing we have made for the preservation of our own self-respect. Art is only one of the aspects of life with which it is concerned. With moral and aesthetic theory we can occupy ourselves for generations; but in the application of improvised moral and aesthetic theory we spend all our thoughts upon life and the arts. Something tells us when a piece of music is sentimental, when a poem is more than a lozenge of words, when a novel is the result of a conception or a recipe. It tells each of us, perhaps, a different thing; but there is not a great deal of difference in estimate, as we may see by the way in which (for example) writers achieve a sort of equilibrium, half-way between the position claimed for them by idolaters and the neglect dictated by the superior spirit. The superior spirit may be anemic and affected; and the idolater may be a fool; but only an inferior artist will be deceived by either, and if he is deceived he will unquestionably fall into insignificance. That is what time does; it waves aside all reviews, good or bad, friendly or indifferent. It is then that quality tells, above all accidents and preciously cultivated tricks of execution and judgment. The leaven of real criticism thus works all the time. The mischief is that it works in spite of printed opinion. It will not be possible for printed opinion to regain (or attain) authority until it becomes the expression of imaginative sympathy; and as imaginative sympathy is a rare and precious gift, to be found at its highest only in the truly creative artist, we must not expect it to penetrate literary criticism at any time. Few of us will take the trouble to comprehend a work of art. Critics either wish to think of brilliant things to say about it, or they remember the author or his successes and failures. They sacrifice a personal imagination to a false regard for opinion or their own dexterity. And in both of these weaknesses they are abetted by editors, who, to a man, dread a tedious sincerity of estimate as much as they dread the law of libel. It is time good form and brilliance were alike discarded in favour of a love of life and art for its own sake. But as long as gentility remains reputable it will not be recognized for the procurer it is.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

Under the auspices of the Egyptian Exploration Society a lecture will be delivered by Professor E. P. Grenfell, D.Litt., at Burlington House, on Friday, May 28, at 8.30 p.m., on "The Present Position of Papyrology."
ARThUR SYMons

To me, as to many another man who remembers the English poetry of twenty and of fifteen years ago, there have befallen certain accidents of memory and oblivion; certain adventures in appreciation and depreciation. I am, I presume, not the only man who has worn dog-eared a volume, one volume or another, of Arthur Symons’ poetry; who has lost or lent it, and even lost or lent a second or a third copy.

There come to me two poems of “the Road,” of the somewhat Borovian or even Stevensonian “Road,” “Gipsies” and “Wanderers,” who had chosen the better part; “Faces of friendly strangers, not the slow monotony of friends”; “decadence,” that is, flying in the face of British wholeheartedness; “the rat gnaws at my heart,” “The Brown Sparrow,” the “Hymn to Immortal Beauty” with its “I am the torch,” she saith, “but where is the moth dare burn?” “I am Isuuld and Helen, I have seen Troy burn and my fondest knight lie dead.” “Time has been the breath upon the glass.” And men have said:

Age after age in rapture or despair
Love’s few poor words, before mine image there.

One remembers a poem in broken lines and by phrases. I am deliberately beginning this essay from memory, and in the surety that there has been no book of Symons on my shelf since some vague period “before the war.”

Yet in the flurry of new values and new poets I wonder how many there are who will leave so many lines, or so many distinct poems, in the faulty memory of the reader in 1940. There were in Symons’ books translations of Verlaine, and there was likewise a poem of Verlaine’s own on the Fountain Court, a poem made for Symons by Verlaine, non sine gloria.

There was also a book, prized above the essays on Siena and the Italian cities; a book seemingly of variations on “Louis Lambert,” “Spiritual Adventures.” It was perhaps the best of the Paterine prose books of the nineties, treating of Degas, of Esther Khan, of some fictitious person (probably in semi-autobiography); all of these making a distinct, a separate flavour in the mind, and, as time proves, a basis of durable memory.

Of the Bensons who were poets in that time I remember nothing distinctly. Dowson has been made distinct by death, and by being compact in one volume; Yeats has continued in the Irish Theatre and in progressive activity. Symons, after severe illness, has reappeared as if still in the land of ’95, writing still of Javanese dancers, and certainly very much “out of the movement,” and, on that account, possibly too much out of our minds when we indulge in the schoolmasterly game of “estimating the period.”

There is a somewhat harsh judgment of Symons registered in the private papers of Lionel Johnson, the man least fitted among men of Symons’ own decade to understand Symons’ particular beauty, for Johnson was entrenched in a very different belief and a very different comprehension of values; yet even at the end of that note of his we find the praise or the compensation: Symons, “a slave to impressionism, whether the impression be precious or no. A London fog, the blurred, tawny lamplights, the red omnibus, the dreary rain, the depressing mud, the glaring ginshop, the slatternly shivering women: three dexterous stanzas, telling you that and nothing more. And in nearly every poem one line or phrase of absolutely pure and fine imagination...he might be of the elect.”

For the generation that was to come after the impressionists these definite things have come to have considerably more meaning and significance than can any general statements of theology, and what impresses one to-day in re-reading Symons’ earlier work is scarcely its dexterity. Indeed, one has difficulty in finding in the earlier books just the poem one wants for an illustration of Symons’ datum. One has, assuredly, the impression of Monet and of Degas, not always incomparably “put on.” Poem after poem strikes one as not quite the thing to convince a younger audience that Symons was, in the nineties, a permanent poet; on the other hand, the early books, after this disappointment in the individual poems, leave one with the aroma or conviction or general sense of having been in contact with a poet, with a poet having really a datum of his own, and one which he declines, on any terms whatsoever, to surrender. This is not because “poetry is something undefinable.”

Granting this slight blur or muzziness, granting it to one’s imaginary opponent in debate, one turns to the translations in the “Knave of Hearts”:

I know that rich and poor and all,
Foolish and wise and priest and lay,
Mean folk and noble, great and small,
High and low, fair and foul, and they
That wear rich clothing on the way,
Being of whatever stock or stem,
And are coffled newly every day,
Death shall take every one of them.

It is Villon, and one’s impression is not of dexterity; it is perhaps nearer Villon than was Swinburne’s magnificence; it has a quality of Villon which is not in Syngue’s inspired renderings. And with all our past ten years’ talk of direct treatment and hard phrasing I do not know that the “next generation” has gone much further toward that desirable plainness of Villon than had Symons. He carries a touch of it even into the verses from Chénier, so that we may lay it, at least in part, to his own later conception of style.

For dexterity, and for the sort of translation that adds and remarkes a poem, we find:

Your soul is a sealed garden, and there go
With masque and bergamasque fair companies
Playing on lutes and dancing and as though
Sad under their fantastic frilleries.

In reading the translations of Verlaine it may come upon one that Symons’ truth was the truth of impressionism, the wisdom Degas’ colour-scheme. Whistler was, after all, wiser than Blake, but one had to see the two exhibitst of these antipodal artists side by side at the Tate Gallery eight years ago, before one ever thought of the antithesis. Verlaine’s time did perhaps find the sky too blue and the sea too green, and for the next fashion neither sea nor sky has colour sufficient. This parenthesis is no part of the argument.
We come next to the Catullus:
Old men’s sayings are for old men wise enough:
Give them a farthing for the price of the stuff.
We find in this rendering of the “Vivamus” a sustained
piece of translation, and when one thinks how utterly
“untranslatable” Catullus is, we can but wonder if
any man, in English, has better succeeded in finding
the tone and idiom to render him or his quality:
But thou, Catullus, know that ease
Wrong thee: put off thy idleness.
Older and happier states and kings
Have perished for no less.
Symons in his translations shows himself a master
of cadence, and cadence is not dexterity, it is the
emotional man. And what we do not know in this
country is the value of a new kind of cadence, or a
new modus in the sequence of words; though in
painting a new pigment would breed a whole crop
of essayists, and a new manner of speech is as great a
boon (if not a greater) to the intelligence as a new
colour among painters. And the “classics” are still
rendered by a type language modelled upon “Not
only do the Batavians,” and we run so fast after
novelty that we cannot take the good things lying
to hand.

Ezra Pound.

Poetry

THE NIGHTINGALE

Hark! What has the night to say of love
For love to take unto itself, and brood
And ponder on, until the midnight finds
Love self-creative, shaping in the dark
An immortality of future morning?
The cypress, troubled of the evening wind,
Sighs, swaying unto the east, whence come
The later shadows. Now her boughs are dumb
As with a benediction and a warning,
Looming before the altars of the night,
Eternal monument of sleeping life.

Westward the sickled moon and star are bright,
Waning together, amorous sister-spheres,
Princess and queen of sorrow-burdened tears,
Divided thrones that never shake with strife,
Never with human restlessness.

Hark! Hark!

Now stir the heavy curtains of the dark.
The lush laburnums tremble, odorous music
Floats from the lilac bloom along the lawns,
Preferring passionate change from divine silence
To a diviner eloquence.

Afar off, more remote than dawns
Half forgotten, more previous than youth,
Afar off wakes the oracle of night.
Listen, O Love, for the eternal truth,
Behold the blindest vision, darkest light;
See the long, slow glory creeping up,
The wine of life all tumbled in the cup,
Bubbled with careless rapture, glinting rare
With glancing lights from a worldless atmosphere
Whose form is other than an earthly air.
There breathe in changeless time and seasonless year
All things we long for and abandon here,
All joyful things that grieve us till we die,
All loves united which our love-dividing earth
Sunders by barriers of mortal wrongs, sunders with pain,
Poverty, blindness of eyes, sickness of birth.

Hark! Hark! In the copse,
From the heart of darkness drops
Piteous sound; sound of the tears
Of the sorrowful yearning of years
Gathering, surging, agony fierce in the night,
Ever unanswer’d, echoless, lost in the silent despair
Of time ever receding, ever at ebb, ever in flight;
Piteous sound, yearning for dreams that are fair
Ebbing with time, outward; dreams that are lost
In the darkness of night, in the whiteness of noon,
In the falsehood and lure of the moon;
Dreams in a limitless host
Fading and dying away,
Never at rest;
Locked in the heart of the day,
Beating. . . . beating at the breast
Of the night, when mid silence of life,
Joined with the wail of the vanishing years,
Is heard afar off the din of the soul in its strife;
And the future is dimmed with its fears.

Richard Church.

EPITAPHIC

I, to whom now the world has grown too strange,
May turn my meditation, well-content,
Upon the last unmarred completest change,
Once feared, held now the surest mornment.
And so foreboding speechless long repose
That shall receive my spirit after strife,
I hold the gates a moment ere they close,
Pondering how I may say farewell to life—

Shape what conclusion with my latest breath
And wisdom’s ripeness to this end deferred?
By what confession win my shrift of death?
Sum up my love and hatred in what word?

“Here, Life, thy lover thou hast foully slain.”
But should I tell if I had loved thee right?
“Here’s one who sought the life-long day in vain
He knew not what: him overtook the night.”

Or this: “I found the things I did not seek,
And could not love them, for the things I sought.”
—So mustering conclusions vain and weak
To hold the strength and depth of my last thought,

I’ll grant the leave my day-worn heart awaits
And turn in silence from the falling gates.

F. W. Storke.

CELIA AND SYLVIA WAREN

What is that tapping? There it is again!
A spray of roses blown against the pane—
Thorns scratching and a softly-thudding bloom.

It’s strange, as we meop here in this prim room,
Yawning for bedtime in the cold lamplight,
To think of roses blowing in the night,
And just that thin glass shutting them outside,
Oh, how I long to fill the window wide!

Roses and thorns!

Ayi, thorns too, if need be!
Rather than hear them tap incessantly
The cold glass that shuts in my heart, I’d bare
My bosom for the sharpest thorns to tear.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.
REVIEW

THE POWER OF WORDS

The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma. By Henry Adams. (Macmillan, 15s. net.)

It is unfortunate that there are such a limited number of words in the English language. As a result the reader not only has too few words to indicate the objects of his thought, but he is in danger of becoming confused from the fact that most words possess more than one content. For this reason the mathematical logicians have dispensed with words as far as possible, and use instead very carefully defined symbols. The result sometimes looks a little comic, but after reading the writings of Henry Adams we wish the practice were universal. Failure to distinguish between the different meanings a word may have is more marked, of course, with some people than with others, but it can seldom have been more complete than it was with Henry Adams. He belonged to a distinguished family—his grandfather was President of the United States—and he himself manifested grand ideas of action, and other (a descriptive "systems," and, being a child of his age, he saw that such systems must be based on the discoveries of science and must be built on "scientific" lines. His peculiar ability to use an ambiguous term, intending all its meanings simultaneously, enabled him to construct such a system. A criticism of his writings is really a criticism of his employment of certain key-words. From such an examination we can construct his mental processes. His mind seems to have worked in such some fashion as the following.

In the course of his reading he found that some scientific generalization, such as the second law of thermodynamics, has a practical application. The system—producing part of his mind seized on this, and he began to dream of some vague but impressive universal application. His excitement increased until everything, whether it be in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, existed solely as an example of the second law of thermodynamics. A careful scrutiny of his remarks gives us no reason to suppose that he ever understood this law. That was not, perhaps, necessary for his purposes; it was the "broad outline" he wanted, the vaguer the better. The passage from this emotional state to the actual construction of a system was easy; in virtue of his peculiar attitude towards words, he selected a number of suitable words—suitable because besides their precise scientific meanings they had a number of indefinite, more general meanings—and proceeded to use them in all senses at once.

We have, for example, such words as energy, intensity, tension, degradation and so on—purely technical words. But these words, in all sorts of different meanings, are also employed in common speech. Now, various scientific "laws" state that between the scientific meanings of these words certain relations are invariable. This was enough for Henry Adams, and he proceeded to state that between any meanings of these words the same relations are invariable. The effect of this method upon the reader is very curious. He is continually in the state of a man who has a name "on the tip of his tongue." One is always just on the point of attaching a meaning to Henry Adams' remarks, and the meaning always eludes one. This peculiar quality, and at the same time the essentials of Henry Adams' "system," can best be exhibited in the following quotation:

The processes of History being irreversible, the action of Pressure can exist only in one direction, and therefore the variable called Pressure in physics has its equivalent in the Attraction which, in the historical rule of phase, gives to human society its forward movement. Thus in the historical formula, Attraction is equivalent to Pressure, and takes its place.

In physics, the second important variable is Temperature. Always a certain temperature must coincide with a certain pressure before the critical point of change in phase can be reached. In history, and possibly wherever the movement is one of translation in a medium, the Temperature is a result of acceleration, or its equivalent, and in the Rule of historical phase Acceleration takes its place.

The third important variable in the physico-chemical phase is Volume, and it reappears in the historical phase unchanged. Under the Rule of Phase, therefore, man's Thought, considered as a volume, passes through a series of phases. In each of these phases is assumed to follow the analogy of water, and to pass from one phase to another through a series of critical points which are determined by the three factors Attraction, Acceleration and Volume, for each change of equilibrium.

The "scientific" basis of his system consists, it will be seen, in Gibbs' phase rule and a miscalculation of the kinetic theory of gases. The rest is done by confounding the meanings of words, or even by depriving them of meaning. In science, for instance, the "attractions." Henry Adams read about always varied inversely as the square of the distance. It was interesting to watch how he would bring this in. It appears on p. 291:

Throughout these three hundred years, and especially in the nineteenth century, the acceleration of thought suggests at once the old, familiar law of squares. The curve resembles that of the vaporization of water. The resemblance is too close to be disregarded, for nature loves the logarithm, and perpetually recurs to her inverse square.

The inverse square of what? Of the distance of thought? Its distance from what? And which logarithm does nature love? The logarithm of 2? And he refers to a "curve." What were his units? What could have been his units?

After this it is not astonishing to learn that, under the indefatigable influence of the inverse square of nothing in particular, Thought may reach the limit of its possibilities in the year 1921. At this point a question occurs to us: what will happen to comets in 1921? The question may seem irrelevant to one who has not read Henry Adams, but it is suggested by the following passage from the same essay:

The nearest analogy would be that of a comet, not so much because it betrays marked phases, as because it resembles Thought in certain respects, since in the past place, no one knows what it is, which is also true of Thought, and it seems in some cases to be immaterial, passing in a few hours from the cold of space to actual contact with the sun at a temperature some two thousand times that of incandescent iron, and so back to the cold of space, without apparent harm, while its tail sweeps round an inconceivable circle with almost the speed of thought—certainly the speed of light—and its body may show no nucleus at all. If not a Thought, the comet is a sort of brother of Thought.... If such elements are subject to the so-called law of gravitation, no good reason can exist for denying gravitation to the mind.

It will be seen that our query is relevant. The passage is, we admit, difficult. It seems to suggest that there are Thoughts, or the tails of Thoughts, which sweep round "inconceivable circles" and "may show no nucleus at all."

We are inclined to believe that such Thoughts do, in fact, exist.

J. W. N. S.
RURAL ENGLAND

Grain and Chaff from an English Manor. By Arthur H. Savory. (Oxford, Blackwell. 21s. net.)

THERE is only one "Selborne"; but a little of its original virtue is enough to keep a book fresh and sweet for years. And as with the process of "civilization" that virtue becomes ever rarer in our daily lives, we treasure the little that is given to us in the pages of modern books as a soothing balm, an anodyne. Mr. Savory's book is one to keep on a cool shelf with a bowl of pomanders close by Mr. Warde Fowler's "Kingham Old and New" and Mr. Cecil Torr's "Small Talk at Wrexall," for like them, it is the slow fruit of a lifetime's familiarity with the English countryside.

Mr. Savory's manor was Aldington, in Worcestershire, in the rich vale of Evesham, where in a fat year the plums of a careless orchardist will strip the tree of twigs and branches by their own sheer weight, where the land is so heavy that the long wooden wheelless plough with a pear-tree mould-board is still the best implement. No wonder that in this blessed land, where a scholar might almost farm by the "Georgics," Mr. Savory should have been persuaded that his manor gave its name to the Antonia flaeus that Ostorius fortified. Were there not on his land the evident signs of a flourishing Roman-British township, with one of the earliest consular designs to Gratian? Was not Aldington always spoken of as Aventon, and written Anton in the constable's records in the early 16th century? We do not know what the experts will say to it all, nor do we greatly care; Mr. Savory's evidence is good enough for us.

Into his pages he has put with a genial discursiveness all the knowledge brought him by long experience. It is the only knowledge that has a lasting flavour. He marshes us with time-honoured turns of speech, quaint characters, anecdotes with a tang to them, pungent proverbs. We can but choose a few to show their quality. Mr. Savory quotes as an instance of the peasant's habit of understatement an incident to which, strangely enough, we have an exact parallel in our own experience:

To a nephew of mine who was surprised to see his gardener's little son leaving the garden, the man explained: "That little fellow be come to tell I a mididdlin bit o' news: 'e come to say as his little sister be de-ad."

Our own story concerns the cowman on an Oxford farm who drowned himself at dawn. There was no discoverable cause for the suicide. A friend being asked what he thought about it, replied after careful thought: "Well, I reckon that was a pretty middlin affair."

Mr. Savory notes other curious uses of language, They connect the word "friend" with the signification "benefactor" only; a man, speaking of someone born with a little inherited fortune, said that "his friends lived before him." I told an old labourer that my little daughter considered him a great friend of hers. He looked puzzled, and replied: "Well, I don't know as I ever gave her anything." They still distinguish between two words now carrying the same meaning. I told a man that I was afraid some work he had for me would give him a lot of trouble. He corrected me: "Twill be no trouble, master, only labour."

A splendid Dogberryism is that of the old man who said Mr. Savory with an omniscient, then newly invented, and said to him: "I didn't know as you'd got a philosopher" (velocipede: philosopher). Of exceptionally vivid speech there are few examples; but this is good from a man giving thanks for a Christmas present of beef:

"It ain't like that sort of biff we folks has to put up with, that tough you has to sit in the middle of the room at dinner for fear you might dash your brains out agen the wall a-tuggin' at it with your teeth."

But birds and beasts, and trees and flowers rightly hold as large a space in the book as mere humans, though what the author has written about them does not so largely lend itself to quotation; and there are a thousand odds and ends of satisfying knowledge to be gleaned from it, a thousand aids to answering the eternal question: Quid faciat letas segetes? And above all the book is sun-warmed and apple-scented, fragrant with a deep love of the English countryside which inspires this charming apostrophe:

Steady, go steady past these woods; see the blue haze of wild hyacinths, the cool carpet of primroses. Look at the cowslips yellowing that meadow; do you see the horon standing patiently in the marsh? Look overhead, watch the hovering hawk; hack! there! The nightingale. Stop a moment at the bridge; can you see the spredled beauties with their heads upstream? Thank God for the blue, blue sky! Thank God for the glory of the sun, for the lights and shadows beneath the trees! Thank God for the life that lives with us, and for the fragrance and the beauty! Thank God for rural England!

There is, indeed, nothing left for us but to go and live in it.

THE STORIES OF JULES LEMAITRE

Serenus. By Jules Lemaitre. Translated by A. W. Evans. (Selwyn & Blount. 7s. 6d. net.)

Even of literature it is true that we learn and pass on. There is literature which presents life in a way that is inadequate to the premises of that literature; the author fails to understand his material. There is literature which is almost pure entertainment: such a literature has alternate periods of life and death because the taste in amusement is as variable as the fashion in clothes. These stories by Jules Lemaitre belong to both these categories. We are forced to allude here to that King Charles' head of modern critics—Anton Tchekhov. His importance to the critic is that he has shown how far it is possible for the artist to exhibit understanding of his material within the short-story form.

In "Serenus," a story of the Early Christian Church, Lemaitre describes a sceptical, kindly Roman patrician who associates with Christians because he admires their simple goodness and because his dearly loved sister is a convert. By an accident of circumstance, he is condemned to the death of a Christian martyr. He poisons himself, and concealed on his body is a manuscript explaining his sceptical, kindly position. The rest is the indulgent French irony with which Anatole France has made us familiar. The manuscript never becomes public—the few who read it think it better, on the whole, to keep silent—and the rational, clear-headed, scientific, unbelieving Roman goes down to history as a saint. He becomes finally a famous saint, and the grossest superstitions cluster round his name. Lemaitre makes his point excellently by copying out some of the more absurd Christian miracles from the collection of Bernardus Scholasticus and attributing them to his saint. It is a neat point: the thing is quite possible, for certainly the beliefs of Christians in the Middle Ages were very ridiculous. And it is amusing to think of the sceptical patrician giving rise to some of those absurd beliefs. The irony is justified. But it is a point of view we have assimilated. This peculiarly French compound of the discerning eye and the melting heart strikes us now as, if not merely insincere, then just a trifle fatuous. The discerning eye does not seem to us so very discerning, and in the next story, "Myrrha," we have our doubts about the quality of the melting heart. It is the story of a young Christian virgin in love with the Emperor Nero, and persuading herself that her sexual emotions are inspired by a desire to serve God. The theme is treated with aredux of sympathy.

The other stories are agreeably entertaining; but the volume as a whole has chiefly interested us as proving that we really have learned something since the days when the French were our literary exemplars.
HAVING offended an incarnation of Siva, the gods lost their power, and asked Vishnu how they could regain it. He advised them to churn the ocean of milk until the nectar of immortality was formed, and to ally themselves for this purpose with the demons. They obeyed him. The churning stick was a mountain on the top of which Vishnu sat as a balance. He also lay underneath the mountain as a tortoise, and as Krishna raised the gods and demons at the tail of a serpent which served as a churning rope, and which was more or less himself. The head spat fire at the demons, but the tail refreshed the gods by clouds of spray. It would take too long to record the various objects which presently rose from the milk: they included a cow, the goddess of intoxication, a fruit tree, nympha, and the moon, also poison, which last Siva swallowed, to save the other gods. Finally, the nectar of immortality appeared. The demons snatched it, but a lady, really Vishnu, deluded them and won it back.

If we contrast such a legend with the Nibelungs' Ring, which also deals with loss of power, a liquid and a demonic alliance, we may gain some notion, not indeed of Hinduism, but of the problems that Hinduism sets its art. More unstable than water, the legend is as unstable as milk; milk, butter, buttermilk, gods and mountains, snakes and milk, pass into and out of one another, until we lose all sense of individuality. Once inside the churn, anyone becomes everyone or anything. Vishnu is bound to no form or sex. Siva, wroth with the gods, tries simultaneously to save them. And in other legends Siva can be Vishnu, and both of them can be Brahma, and Brahma either of them; for not only is matter a veil that hides reality, but the meshes of the veil are themselves interchangeable. Consequently, the Indian artist has an unusual task before him. Confined as he is to the gross mediums of paint or stone, he cannot hope to attain the reality that lies behind appearances; only the yogin, the yogini, the higher grade of his art, can do that. But he can express the superficial churning, the changes, the interchangeableness, and this is what his religion has asked him to do. In his most typical achievements (e.g., the Kailasa Cave at Ellora or the temples of Khajuraho) he has covered vast surfaces with seething blobs of figures which indifferently beckon to each other, to the architecture, and to the visitor, until all the universe reds and codsices. Isolate these figures in museums, photograph or frame them, and you will get a result that is often interesting and sometimes beautiful, but you will be telling Vishnu that he is Vishnu and nothing else, and Siva that he cannot both create and destroy; you will be misapprehending the basis of Indian Art. This explains and justifies the curious "foreword" that Messrs. Chatterjee affix to their interesting Picture Albums. They request their public "not to be guided or misguided by the names and descriptions of the pictures, but to rename them if better ones occur to them." The Westerner smiles, yet from the Hindu point of view the foreword is legitimate, for Botticelli's Venus may be the Moses of Michelangelo really. And Mr. Havell, who has studied the Hindu point of view so enthusiastically, makes a similar appeal: he entreats us to abandon our individualistic formulae and the academic rules that we have derived from the practice of Rome and Greece, and to approach Indian Art without prejudice and through its only portal—Indian religion. He would even have us believe that art existed before artists, and that in Vedic times, when rishis were frequent and devas sat at human feasts, all the achievements of future ages existed in the form of thought. Was this so? The present reviewer, incurably tepid on the subject of a Golden Age, feels it wasn't. But the question may be left for historians. Mr. Havell is a sound enough guide to the present. His books, though their arrangement is confused and their tone polemical, are the best interpretation of Indian Art that has yet appeared, because they have a profound knowledge of Indian religions. The more one reads him the better one understands.

To understand is not to love, and Indian Art, like Indian cookery, too often leaves a lugubrious taste behind it. We shall never really swallow that ocean of milk. Mr. Havell looks at his pictures; he tends to our limitations than he admits, and with innocent grace he sometimes comes forward with more acceptable dainties, and when we have enjoyed them exclaims, "Now that was Indian!" For instance, he quotes from Rodin that "The test of good art is that the eye shall be perfectly satisfied." How relieved one is to read this statement! Yet how it conflicts with the tests that Mr. Havell applies elsewhere! for his thesis is that art should satisfy not the eye, but the soul—that through the senses it should stimulate something that annihilates sense. Again, he is prompt to point out instances of naturalism in Indian Art, because he knows they will soothe us, or to compare one sculptor with Pheidias and another with the Florentines, because this too in no way affects the sense. Yet naturalism and the West are by definition his foes. Moreover, his photographs—how cunningly he chooses them, how he presents as isolated objects figures that are really part of some architectural whirl! The frontispiece of the goddess Parvati, the sunlit horse in the Temple of Vellore—they are so beautiful, but seen in position they would surely produce a different effect; they would beckon and melt, and they would tend to be anything and everything, and so, from the narrow Western standpoint, nothing. The truth is that, though usually running with the hare, Mr. Havell sometimes joins the hounds for a few strides. His main, and surely his soundest, argument is that Indian Art is different from European. But when an opportunity offers he will also argue that it can beat Europe at its own job, so the reader must be on the alert accordingly.

These are the humours of propaganda. But when one thinks of Mr. Havell's career and of the splendid work he has done against officialism and self-righteousness, both in India and England, one's caution vanishes, and a warm gratitude takes its place. Few men have done more to open spiritual India to us. Even if some of his claims fail, much remains. The South Indian statuette of the Dancing Siva (p. 78) is an exhilarating masterpiece that finds no parallel in the West. Religion for a moment is at one with beauty, and the god, from the tips of his four arms to the tip of his extended left toe, is himself a whirl, a vital fury, a creative fire.

The "Ode to the West Wind," remarks Mr. Havell, "expresses perfectly the whole idea of Yoga in art." It is more important to us that Yoga in art should express the "Ode to the West Wind," and perhaps it comes near to doing it in the statue of the Dancing Siva.

As for the Chatterjee Picture Albums of Modern Art, they are pleasant enough, but so miscellaneous in content that it is difficult to describe them, and they neither challenge nor develop the art of the past. Many of the artists seek inspiration from Indian masterpieces, especially from the Ajanta frescoes, but other influences press in—the
American book-illustration, the commercial quaintness of Japan, the shameless sentimentality of our own Royal Academy—so that the outcome is not specifically Indian. One feels that the religious impulse is weakening, and that the art weakens with it. Abanindranath Tagore and Mocholam, the most interesting of the artists represented, may still believe in the Churning of the Ocean with one side of their heads; but they certainly believe in submarines with the other.

E. M. F.

THE LORD HARRY

Henry V. By R. B. Mowat, (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

They say that in the fifteenth century the Middle Age went mad and mocked itself before it died. The grey austerity of the Gothic in which six generations of men had glorified God by the chill, stern magnificence of their tall cathedrals wrought into the rococo convolutions of the Flamboyant manner until it blossomed into that strange flower of medieval decadence, the Sainte Chapelle. Manners took on that air of conscious archaisms which always marks the end of an age. Priests became more priestly, maidens fatter more maidishly, and knights bore themselves more knightly than they had ever been seen in the real world of priests, knights and maidens, and the whole generation clung to the ways of its fathers with the desperation of men who see clearly that their sons will take a different road. It is not surprising that there was born into this world of deliberate medievalism and self-conscious chivalry a king whose whole career typified to the point of travesty the royal life of the Middle Ages. Henry V., in whom a hasty posterity has sometimes overrated to see a handy summary of the medieval monarchs, was in reality an ingenious reconstruction of his predecessors in the heroic age. But then Posterity, poor dear, is so American: she loves epitomes, and the temptation to take Henry II., Edward III., Philip Augustus, and several Dukes of Burgundy all in one by getting up King Henry V. has proved too strong for her. He is, to say truth, a somewhat dubious antique. One feels all the time that he has been subjected to a drastic process of restoration. The colours have been brightened and the worms holes have been deepened. His chivalry was so much more chivalrous, his Round Table so infinitely rounder, and his castles so far more castellated than the real thing that one may walk admiringly round him as though he were a medieval masterpiece of that art of architectural reconstruction with which the ingenious M. Viollet-le-Duc delighted the contemporaries of Napoleon III.

This king, if one may adopt the language of the sale-room was Sheraton at best; and his misfortune is that he is generally sold as Chippendale. But his career, if one is free from these antiquarian scruples, forms an excellent subject for biography. After all, he lived a long time ago 1415 was not the day before yesterday, even if it seemed at the heart of the Middle Ages. Knights were very sufficiently bold then, in spite of the disturbing element introduced into the gentlemanly pastime of war by the grimy innovation of artillery; and Mr. Mowat, who has a wide range of mediaval knowledge, finds in the King’s career an admirable foundation for a creditable piece of sound historical writing. One begins with a fine confused picture of England when Henry IV., was engaged in making it, and his aristocracy was (like Penelope) unmaking it when his back was turned. One passes to the Shakespearean controversy as to the reality of the artists represented of comic relief whilst mild-eyed historians hit like maiden aunts over the naughtiness of princes. Mr. Mowat handles this part of his problem with skill and dignity, and when he gets Henry on the throne, his narrative takes a broader sweep and becomes a really valuable text-book of Anglo-French history between 1418 and 1422.

Prince Hal (one falls inevitably into the dialect) had a birthplace which was one of those periodical concessions which the British monarchy makes to Welsh susceptibilities. He was born at Monmouth on the Welsh border in one of those fortresses which were erected by English civilization to dam back the eastward-setting tide of Celtic barbarism, and it does infinite credit to the capacity of Welsh tradition that he has been greeted in these circumstances as a Welsh hero. Early, perhaps too early, he went to Oxford, since the age of eleven seems unduly tender for an undergraduate, even after one has made allowance for the morbid precocity invariably displayed by heirs to the British throne. But as his residence was limited to a period of six months, the Oxford influence on his formation was of the slightest, and time was even wanting for the resident preceptors to proclaim those indications of exceptional ability which they have never failed to detect in the sons of the very great. The remainder of his education (it was conducted in a bishop’s house, and the school-bills included eightpennyworth of harp-strings, a fourpenny work on grammar, and a new scabbard) would appear to have been confined to instruction in the colour of the Middle Ages.

His real training began when his father sent him to govern the Crown colony of Wales. Owen Glendower, who was (like most national heroes from Pym to Robespierre) a lawyer, had raised the country behind the English garrison. He possessed the rare accomplishment of making snow in America and his Welsh enemies enjoyed the more substantial assistance of the French, who operated from the coast, and exhibited in the interests of the Welsh that burning sympathy with small nationalities which is always experienced by the enemies of large nations. This war, and the succeeding period of feudal confusion which resulted in the elimination of the Percies from the governing class, provided Prince Henry with his education in military statesmanship; and when he inherited the throne, he took with avidity to that recognized form of sport, a war with the French, which provided the Kings of England with an appropriate and dignified pastime before the public spirited institution of Newmarket Heath by King Charles II.

If Mr. Mowat has a fault, it is that he is a trifle inclined as a military historian to exaggerate the intelligence of medieval warfare. Strategy in the Middle Ages was an affair of mere collision. If a malicious fate brought the vaguely roaming armies in contact, there was a battle, and the ingenuity of generations of historians would be exercised in attributing to the respective commanders a depth and a precision of military design of which they were profoundly innocent. If, however, the collision was averted by some stroke of luck or loot, there was no battle, and the campaign is reduced in the text-books to the rank of a mere raid. The exercise of writing military history upon these terms is all very well, and one has an art that has brought merited fame, ennoblement, and a seat in the present House of Commons to Sir Charles Oman, we must not deny to Mr. Mowat, who is a young historian, this opportunity to place his foot upon the rungs of the professional ladder.

With the historical problem presented by Prince Henry as vivere he is even more satisfactory than when he attempts an apology for his persecution of the Lollards. One finds it somehow difficult to see this cross between Haroun-al-Raschid and St. Louis presiding at the burning of the heretic Badby, and the fact that the prince interrupted the ante-diluvian in order to offer a half-charred man a perspicacity of one and nineteen a week for the sale of his soul cannot leave as favourable an impression on all minds as it has on that of Mr. Mowat.

P. G.
Those who are acquainted with the works on the English language already published by Professor Wyld will not be surprised to find that his phonetic interest predominates in his new book. It may be described, in one way, as a documented history of English pronunciation from Chaucer to the present day; in another, as an attempt to show that, “during the last two centuries at least, the modifications which have come about in the spoken language are the result of the influence not primarily of Regional, but of Class Dialects,” the final result being the “Public School English” which is now the normal spoken idiom of the educated classes. The author has deliberately omitted any consideration of the vocabulary and of the semantic aspects of language—omissions which, though justifiable from the phonetician’s point of view, seem to leave the book somewhat top-sided and of utilitarian interest for the lay reader who is as a rule less concerned with the sounds of words than with their psychological history. The absence of an index is also a very serious drawback in a book of this class, containing such a vast amount of learned and detailed information. In fact, it is so full of matter that it is bound to be used largely for reference rather than continuous reading, which makes the lack of an index all the more vexatious.

In Chapter I, the author surveys in broad outline the various problems dealt with in minute detail later in the book. The current accepted language is defined as “Received Standard English,” having Provincial or Regional variants which Professor Wyld calls “Modified Standard.” These conditions are, as a result, the most important of which will occur at once to the mind of anyone who reflects for a moment, are indicated by the author with completeness and precision. As the London dialect was formed from three distinct “Regional Dialects,” we find the most curious inconsistencies in its phonology. Thus one Old English sound ([y]) is represented by three distinct modern vowels, e.g., by kiss, sin, bridge; bundle, thrush, caged; hedge, knoll, merry, this apparently haphazard distribution being, in Professor Wyld’s opinion, possibly due to the operation of “Class Dialects.” This would be difficult to establish, but, in the simpler case of the pronunciation of [ar]-the influence of “Class” can be clearly discerned at work. Instances of the change of this sound to [ar]-are very rare before the fifteenth century, but from the sixteenth century onward the [ar]-sound is normal; and the author tells us that about the end of the sixteenth century larn’d was probably the educated pronunciation of “learn’d,” while, according to Leigh Hunt, Kemble (d. 1823) pronounced -ar- in virtue. In the nineteenth century the extension of a superficial education led the finical to substitute a “spelling pronunciation,” with the result that, but for a few words (clerk, Derby, etc.), the -ar- sound has been restored, except in cases where the spelling itself had been definitely altered, as in dark. And here it may be remarked that Professor Wyld would have found valuable material for his book in the study of our surnames (e.g., Clark, Darby, Earned, Merchant, Barclay, Harvard, etc.), which, with all their eccentricities, are as a rule much nearer to phonetic accuracy than the ordinary vocabulary.

Chapter II, dealing with “Dialect Types in Middle English, and their Survival in the Modern Period,” contains an elaborate phonetic description of the three main contributory dialects, followed by specimens of London documents ranging from William I’s charter to Chaucer, in which the characteristic sounds are traced in detail. With Chapter III, we come to the fifteenth century—that period so desolate in literature, but the most fascinating for the student of modern English and its origins. It is here that we first find accessible in any quantity the everyday language as recorded by people of all classes in letters, wills, business documents, gold records, municipal regulations, etc. It is in such documents that Professor Wyld studies those “occasional spellings” the importance of which was first recognized by Professor Harjord, and which give valuable clues to the pronunciation which is not indicated by the more or less traditional spelling of the professional scribe. Great is the debt of the learned to those antiquarian societies which supply them with a continuous stream of texts, mostly without literary interest, but gold-mines for the student of the past, whether his hobby be life or language. These documents fill the gap between the (for the layman) unintelligible speech of Chaucer and the practically modern English of Skelton.

Chapter IV, on “from Henry VIII. to James I.,” shows us the English language arriving at the self-conscious period, when style and vocabulary are criticized, the “court language” is recommended, and pronunciation becomes the subject of discussion for the educated. The “Received Standard English” of the period was, in a way, the creation of those gallant gentlemen who were equally at home in the field, at court, on the deck of a ship, or at the Mermaid tavern. Fortunately they wrote familiar letters as well as sonnets, and, more fortunately still, they had less cultivated contemporaries, such as that rather vulgar coxcomb, Henry Machyn, whose Diary, as Professor Wyld well says, “is of priceless value in that it enshrines, not a counterfeit presentment, such as we might find in comedies, of lower-class speech, but the genuine thing, naturally and unconsciously set down by a man who is obviously putting his own spoken English on paper. Machyn’s vacillation between the words andolvaske (wool-sack), his Amant courte, Alabacco, harth (earth) and Hamurrose, suggest just the kind of venerable coxcomb whom some of us can still vaguely remember.

With Chapter V, “Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries,” we are on modern ground, though it is pointed out that Swift, so intolerant of inaccuracy in others, rhymes ferment with remit, the latter of which he probably pronounced warrant, if not varmint. The literary language was now more or less crystallized, but Professor Wyld finds rich material for his theme in less formal linguistic documents, such as the Vernon Memoirs, Dr. Baillie’s Correspondence and the Wentworth Papers. Moreover, Regional Dialect having almost ceased to influence the written language, the investigator can now go much further afield for his treasure. To this period belong also the early phonetic theorists, from Gill, who published his “Logonomia” in 1621, to Walker, whose “Pronouncing Dictionary” appeared in 1791. Nor must we forget Dr. Johnson, who, in the grammar prefixed to his Dictionary (1755), tells us that “for pronunciation the best general rule is, to consider those the most elegant speakers who deviate least from the written words”; to which Lord Chesterfield replies, in the World, that “we have at present two very different orthographies, the pedantic, and the
omitting all passages in his letters which dealt with religion and the higher emotions"—rather a remarkable omission, we must confess.

Here, at all events, is the last memorial of what might have been. That thin, keen face with its bright red hair and (in the Dardanelles) its bright red "Captain Kettle" beard no longer scrutinizes rather intolerantly less fortunate and less gifted fellow-men. Patrick Shaw-Stewart—and one feels it the more keenly the more one realizes all that lay beneath—is a little unfortunate in having all his young intolerance laid bare to the world without the mitigation of a personal appeal or of a justifying maturity. For he was intolerant, and so were they all, those Eton and Balliol young men, not only of less bright intellects, but of less bright lives. They abhorred the humdrum, the workaday, the common prejudices and enthusiasms. From Oxford he wrote of an Old Etonian dinner:

I don't think Balliol were very popular at the function—they sat together very distinctively in a corner which they had secured beforehand, and were as usual arrogant, noisy, and uncompromising.

To appreciate these words quite exactly implies a knowledge of some finer shades, but they repel at first sight, as other things of the kind repel; his record, for instance, how glibly he voyaged to America, aged 26, not knowing "one soul on board, thank God! Such a collection of funny and frumps, you never did see." Of Rupert Brooke's death he wrote: "He was a very jolly man, and I was sad about it." This might seem feeble comment, but it is esoteric. The world made of those young lions was divided into very jolly men and others: the former were very few. But it is clear that he realized the forthcoming, for on another occasion he wrote of Rupert Brooke:

I think he had drawn in his horns and abandoned his insolence (as some others of us have tried to do) for the war, in order to live happily with queer hotch-potch brother officers.

Well, Heaven knows we all have our petty intolerances, and very poor they would look in print. The point is that, if Shaw-Stewart had lived, they would have fallen into their proper place in the complete picture, and our own age, it must be remembered, has become intolerant of a social intolerance which less than a hundred years ago was accepted as right and proper. Shaw-Stewart, it is clear, had his definition of his own social and political tastes, and it was that which made him so much disliked by the uncomfortable, the common and the sordid. Having swept the board at Eton and Balliol with consummate ease, he did not choose any of the usual narrow channels through which clever boys, with many pains and disappointments, struggle to success. Having already become absorbed in the pleasures of what is generally called "high society," which he set out to conquering, rather, as Father Knox suggests, like a condottiere, he plunged for money. Wanting success before self-expression, he entered Baring Brothers, and it is not difficult to imagine the use he might eventually have made of three powerful levies, remarkable intelligence, money and social influence. He died gallantly, a leader of men, and of such waste who can speak sadly enough? What lay behind his mask can be seen in his letters on the deaths of Charles Lister, Julian Grenfell, Foss Prior, and Raymond Asquith. His poem, already published, which begins

I saw a man this morning
Who did not wish to die.

proves that he had a soul, and there is ample evidence here, particularly in letters to his old nurse, that there was room in it for warm common affections. With great qualities, he had it in his power to live greatly in great places. He might have learned at last what greatness meant, and have seen that "jolliness" was but a part of it. Yet perhaps he was happy in his death; for the "jolly" world had passed away, and who can say if it will ever return?

O. W.
A JAPANESE NOVEL

An Adopted Husband. Translated from the Japanese of Futabatei by B. Mitsui and Gregg M. Sinclair. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)

The introduction to this charming novel seems to have been written with the express purpose of assuring us that it is a very serious work of art and that, whatever absurd eggshell notions we may have of life in Japan, they will be broken for ever by this presentation of modern Japanese domesticity. It is even suggested that the problem stated is not by any means unlike one of our own. There is at any rate a jealous wife, a weak husband, an annoying mother-in-law, a stupid servant, and a very gentle lovely girl who is the wife's sister and, fatally for her own and the husband's peace of mind, lives with this family. But there, it seems to us, the resemblance ends—if it has ever really existed. For the persons of the story are caught in the delicate net that is flung over their lives and are only seen through its meshes. Their loves, their sufferings, their jealousy and their anger are all somehow exquisite, touched with fairy, and wonderfully, beautifully remote from the commonplace complications of our London and provincial novelists. Consider, for instance, Tetsuya, coming home from his lecturing at the University and being met by his sister-in-law.

She caught sight of him, put her lamp by her side, placed her delicate hands on the floor, the muslin-de-laine sleeves hugging her forearms, and bowed her head; a ribbon and some colour at the tinsel of a night fluttered; and her decide fairy face appeared through the screen of some back hair. She said, "I am glad to have you home again."

It was impossible not to become deeply enamoured of this exquisite little creature, Sayo-ko, and there is in the description of her love for Tetsuya a grace, a lightness of touch, as though the author were afraid of her vanishing under his pen. And poor little Tetsuya, so cruelly treated by his wife and mother-in-law, plays the lover with a kind of awkward grace which makes us smile as though he were a doll. What could be more delicious than the description of her first meeting in the little "room of six mats" above a shop that he has taken for her?

He entered the store, saying, "Pardon me."

The landlady with good sense called from the bottom of the stairs, "Miss, he's come." She then stepped aside and Tetsuya began to climb; it was not an easy task—"Please be careful," said the landlady, from below.

"All right, ..." But his posture did not look at all right. He reached the top with great difficulty, and found waiting at the entrance of the room—Sayoko.

Later, they decide to go out for the evening.

"To-day let us return to our school-days and have whole-hearted fun."

Sayo-ko was pinning her plush shawl with a butterfly buckle. She smiled. "All right; I will be a romping girl."

"Romping?" Tetsuya exclaimed, in a sudden flush of joy.

"Capital. If you will be a romping girl I will be—I cannot find a corresponding word—" I will be riotous."

The temptation to quote from "An Adopted Husband" is very great, but it is not fair to a novel which is, like so few of our English novels, seen as a whole, and then worked out—so we gain the impression—with deliberate and fastidious care. We could not for the life of us take the tragic happenings tragically—and perhaps we are not meant to, for the author keeps putting little touches as though he too smiled at the little creatures who were caught in such an unpleasant storm, whirled about, so cruelly separated and sent flying in all directions. But let us not convey the impression that "An Adopted Husband" is not a serious work of art—it is. But after a long rolling on the heavy seas of our modern novels the critic feels as though he had stepped into a blue paper boat and was sailing among islands whose flowery branches overhung the water.

K. M.

AN ENIGMA

Passion. By Shaw Desmond. (Duckworth. 7s. net.)

Well, if the truth were known—are we not curious about everybody we meet? What do we mean when we say that he or she does not interest us?

"A bore, a frightful bore, I shouldn't care if I never set eyes on him again." But how many of us would run away if the rejected one suddenly proposed to tell us what he had never before told anybody—the real, true story of his life? ... We are wary, aloof, and on our guard—Heaven forfend we should be heard crying, like Whitman, "Passing stranger, you do not know how longingly I look upon you”—nevertheless human beings, ever mysterious and strange, are our passion...

One might turn to us and say: "What a feast you must have nowadays, when every third book that is written is a confession!" And every author who does confess is consumed with the desire to leave nothing untold—to take us over the house of his being as it was in the beginning and is now, without any preparations that might create in our minds a false impression of orderliness or comfort.

Here is Mr. Shaw Desmond, for instance, simply determined, we feel, from the very first paragraph, to let nothing of importance pass. From the moment he cut his "prilling teeth"—in his grandmother's blue-veined hand—we shall have the whole of him. He shall brood with him over the time when he was not long out of tartan frocks and "his mind was virgin; ductile; expansive; fluid to the impress of the Power beyond." He will have us cry with him: "Why did it change? Why should sclerosis infiltrate the soul-arteries as Time, the sifter, the cramer, the definer, does his work?" Why? Why? These questions go running through the book, losing their way, for certain, were it not for the three main passages into which they are directed—passages and sets of chambers which Mr. Shaw Desmond inhabits one after the other and which are called Love and Money and Power.

For according to our author it is not possible to tell a human story unless one adopts some such system of division. The whole house cannot be occupied at once; some rooms are bound to be shuttered and dark while the others are in use. He almost asks us, in fine, to forget their existence, while we make our prodigious, solemn rummage in those of the moment. The result is depressing in the extreme. We feel as though we have been conducted over a house wherein three young gentlemen of promise have been attacked by, dreadfully suffered from, and finally out of three years of this parish are not a black pin to choose between their agonies, but—alas the day!—why are they recorded by the author with such dark and fearful relief? Even in the moments of more or less relief, when the poor three-in-one hero very shakily takes the air, apes lurk behind the innocent trees, and girls with the paint dripping on their cheeks in "encarnined lines."

"Passion" fails for the reason that so many of these novels of confession fail. Our curiosity about human beings, our longing to know the story of their lives springs from the desire to "place" them, to see them in their relation to Life as we know it. But Mr. Shaw Desmond and his fellows are under the illusion that they must isolate the subject and play perpetual showman. He has the key, the inventory, the plan for everything. "Turn to the right. Ladies and Gentlemen, and you will observe me at the age of sixteen' "battling with the after-appetite" and dashing out 'nefariously into the powdery face and black humorous eyes of Mr. Belomo. ... to ... spend a whole sixpence on a madeira cake. 'To your left you have me "haunted by the sex-shadows that Sheringham had sterilized." ... No, the voice is too loud, the gesture too crude. Better a half-truth, beautifully whispered, than a whole so solemnly shouted.

K. M.
MARGINALIA

"See life steadily and see it whole." How infinite a capacity for self-deception human beings possess! This remark was addressed primarily to literary men, and it is quite possible to meet a number of them who will tell you, in those somewhat frequent moments when they at last reveal to you the high seriousness of their secret aims, that their object is to see life steadily and see it whole. It is an object, one would think, that requires great self-discipline and very remarkable powers for its attainment. Take, for instance, the latter half of it: to see life whole. The phrase instantly conjures up a panorama. I think—being literary—of Dr. Johnson's 'from China to Peru'; I pause for a moment to think of the possible strange universes of thought and feeling slumbering in those four hundred million queerly-shaped heads in China; I remember there are some hundreds of millions of Buddhists—people who yearn after what seems to us the ultimate nothingness of Nirvana; half-forgotten stories of lost civilizations come to my mind—a horrible Aztec manuscript I once saw, with its record of a vigorous, artistic people, but so alien, so utterly inhuman! And what were the thoughts and feelings of those who erected the great carven figures on Easter Island?

But this is unnecessary. I am quite sufficiently discomposed by a railway journey. I had been bewildered by the implications in the conversation of a man who is a retired diamond merchant and thinks Bexhill is not what it was, when an old shepherd and his dog became prominent on the platform of a wayside station. The shepherd met my stare with his very young, very bright eyes. I suppose I imagined the slight irony in his glance, but just for a moment I saw that my attempt to live in the country has its comic side. As for the diamond merchant, he knew less about trees and fields, winds and the shapes in the sky, than I did. Such people should be shot through from London to Bexhill in pneumatic tubes. But what does the old shepherd think about it all? Does even Thomas Hardy know?

The last time I heard Matthew Arnold's phrase was from a young and esteemed contemporary with whom I was lunching. He was deploying the "short-windedness" of modern poets; he thought the time had come for poets to essay "comprehension." He mentioned "the Universe," and then he quoted Matthew Arnold's phrase. He is a very pleasant and exceptionally intelligent young man. He frankly cannot understand religious people and he finds the scientific mind unsympathetic; he took a good degree at Oxford and is learned in eighteenth-century French literature. Our conversation was interrupted by two men coming to sit at our table and discussing their own affairs rather loudly. They appeared to be cinema actors, and the extraordinary oddity of some of their sentiments caused my friend and myself to exchange whimsical smiles. He made a little gesture of comic despair as we went out: "Such is life in the great West," he murmured.

When a statement sanctified by long usage is taken at its face value and discovered to be nonsense, the right thing to do seems to be to discover in it a profounder meaning. We need not yet dismiss Matthew Arnold's phrase. We may, which is fashionable, invoke a scientific analogy. A scientist, given an ounce or two of lead, a gill of sulphuric acid, a bladder of gas and a speck of radium, proceeds to legislate for the entire material universe. He looks at some thin black lines on a rainbow-coloured ribbon and says: "There is iron in Sirius." Can we literary people do the same? Can we grasp the whole of life from a few samples? We are accustomed to say that every human being is unique. Can we say that, in the majority of cases, the uniqueness does not matter, that what men have in common is the essential thing? I suppose that no gill of sulphuric acid is exactly like any other gill of sulphuric acid. The scientist can neglect the differences. Can we? If we cannot, it is no use generalizing from our samples. But perhaps this impasse is more apparent than real.

We must be a little less strict about the uniqueness of human beings. It is a doctrine which, if we were stupidly logical, would kill literature. We must at least modify it by adding that convenient phrase "unity in diversity," otherwise we must admit that only a miracle renders Shakespeare and Cervantes still intelligible. So that there is a sense in which uniqueness does not matter. In point of fact the great humanists and novelists have been interested in what men have in common. That is why great writers are also popular. Because they can reveal what is common to humanity they are great; because they do reveal it they are read by all sorts of people. Those of our moderns who stress uniqueness are not, of course, widely read. They are interesting only if you are peculiar in their way—if you have a passion for purple table-cloths, or if you reverence snakes, or if you suffer from a complicated inferiority-complex. Such people would certainly have irritated Matthew Arnold, who, whatever he was, was not " queer." He was always urging people to write from the "centre." It was the same feeling that made him urge people to see life whole. He didn't mean that, because it simply cannot be done. Emphasizing what men have in common is not seeing life whole, but that is probably what he meant. And, after all, how far is even that possible? How do the Chinese regard Shakespeare's characters?

And even if the life known to Shakespeare and Cervantes was a partial life, yet think of what they knew! The London of Shakespeare's time was almost a microcosm, and it is evident that Shakespeare sampled it all. He had a rich, welcoming curiosity; he could hobnob with everybody. And Cervantes, of course, had been everything in his time. Their work is the work of immensely experienced men. What equivalent can we find for this? Our whole attitude is different; we are professional writers in a sense that neither of those two men would have understood. We write first and live incidentally. We are so specialized that even the tiny literary world of England is too large for us; we write for one of three or four cliques into which it is subdivided. We are delicate explorers of every fold in about half-a-dozen craniums, and the rest of mankind—business men, engineers, scientists, saints, East-End Jews—is a blur to us. If we can succeed in talking on level terms with a coal-miner for half an hour, we feel singularly pleased with ourselves. "See life steadily and see it whole." Whatever it means, I am afraid it is not for us.

AUTOLYCUS

The May number of the Chesterian, the excellently produced house magazine of Messrs. Chester, the music publishers, contains a short paper by Mr. Festing Jones on "Samuel Butler as a Musical Critic," which will be welcome to the collectors of ana. Mr. Jones has found in the British Museum some numbers of the Drawing-Room Gazette on which, as readers of the recent " Life," will remember, Mrs. Savage was employed, and to which Butler occasionally contributed musical criticisms. 1920 was the year of Miss Savage's death. But the Colonel would have added: 'And things of that sort,' but there are no 'things of that sort,' except Handel's." We are not surprised, therefore, to find the three notices of which Mr. Jones gives us extracts almost wholly concerned with Handel. Bach's "Passion" comes in for a half-share of one: "We believe it to be one of the dreariest and most unattractive and utterly unlovely works that ever came from the pen of any musician."
NOTES FROM IRELAND


Far be it from the intention of the writer of these strenuously non-political Notes to discuss the sublimine decree of the Government that Ireland shall be partitioned, that the existing recognition of Irish national unity shall be expelled from the records. It may, however, be permissible and interesting to point out a few points wherein the literary space is affected by the great denial. Indeed, I may perhaps be able to show why the much dreaded "politics" of Ireland so ubiquitously intrude into places where the sympathetic foreigner neither expects nor understands them. After all, the word in this special sense is invariably synonymous with nationalism. It is entirely non-political for a Ulsterist to manifest his pride and delight in the British Empire, but when the mere Irishman expresses a corresponding emotion towards his own country his action is "political," at least, if not actually "reasonable."

It so happens that the portion of Ulster which is to be cut off from the remaining twenty-six counties of Ireland is intimately associated with the greatest achievement of Irish literature, the epic of the "Tain Bo Cuailgne." CuChulain, the Achilles of our legend, was the hero of Uladh, the North-East Ulster of to-day. All the stories of the Red Branch, the romance and tragedy of Deirdre and Naisi, are rooted in the soil that is today to be cut off for the foreign nation. In our historical literature many of the most honoured names are those of men whose astonishment would be great if they could witness to-day the decision of the politicians whereby Ulster is detached from the realm of Ireland. The Princes of Uladh played a great part in the struggle for Irish independence, and were the last to surrender. Domhnaill O'Neill led the first national confederacy which made Edward Bruce King of Ireland. Later Shane O'Neill tried to unite the whole country against the common menace of the English conquest. It was another chief from North-East Ulster, Hugh O'Neill, who organized the resistance which eventually, in the end, was led to the great Irish novelist, William Carleton, belonged to Tyrone. Sir Samuel Ferguson, of Belfast, is the poet and archaeologist whose work in both fields made him the starting-point of the Irish literary Renaissance. To use the convenient phrase which describes the creation of a genuinely national Irish literature in the English language, in that movement itself Ulster names are not lacking. The most prominent is that of Mr. George W. Russell (A. E.), whose Armagh birthplace has no more made him safe for Carsonia than John Mitchel's Derry. Others in the same category are Miss Moira O'Neill, author of the popular "Songs of the Glen of Antrim," Miss Alice Milligan, and Dr. George St. George, the literary historian of the modern literary movement. An Irish Dictionary of National Biography, if it existed, would enable me to exhaust the subject and your patience. Let these names, as they occur to me, suffice.

At an assembly of foreigners, assisted by a small group of Englishmen materially interested in the transaction, proceeded to carve up England in accordance with the precedent now created, what would happen? Stratford would be declared outside the jurisdiction of the English Government, and as the decision would rest upon national grounds, Shakespeare would be represented as the prophet of literature as an interesting foreign writer. Whatever counties produced Drake and Nelson would find themselves similarly ostracised as being un-English. Many of the places associated with the most glorious epochs and events in your national story would become alien territory. If Mr. Thomas Hardy were, under this régime, to return to his birthplace he would find Dorset-

shire, as A. E. would find Armagh, under an administration to which he, and all his works, would be anathema. Such transmutations have, of course, occurred before now in the external affairs of mankind, but the literary historian is forced to ask himself whether we are progressing backwards to that point when national unity could be fixed by a mere ukase resting on force. And he will recall with a sense of its appropriateness the title of the Ulsterman Mitchell's book, "The Last Conquest of Ireland (Perhaps)." Is this an attempt?

THE BRITWELL COURT AND OTHER SALES

On Thursday, April 29, and the following day, Messrs. Sotheby sold books and manuscripts, of which the following were the most important: E. L. Stevenson, Memoirs of Robert Bruce, 1518, New Arabian Nights, 2 vols., 1882, £102. Chaucer, Works, Kelmscott Press edition, 1806, £162. Hours a Psalme of Paris, Hardymon, c. 1518, £10; a Psalme of Rome, c. 1567, £76; Horae B.V.M., French, 155th century, £14; another, £250. New Custom, an Interlude, 1573, £155. Dekker and Webster, Northward Hoe, 1607, £98. J. Webster, The White Divel, 1612, £150. Lady Elizabeth Carew, The Tragedie of Marian, 1613, £90. Shakespeare, Poems, 1594, £250; Works, Second Folio, 1632, £400. Missal ad usum ecclesiae Eboracensis, English MS. 15th century, £475. Heideloff, Gallery of Fashion, 9 vols., £1704, 1803, £225. £140. The total of the two sales was £9,813.

Messrs. Sotheby were engaged from May 3 to May 7 in selling two further portions of the Britwell Court Library. On the 3rd and 4th the sale consisted of books from the library of J. A. de Thou and books in fine bindings, the chief prices being: A. & B. Novum, vnum historia, bound by C. J. Almon, £145. Plaidoyez et harangues de Monsieur le Maistre, 1575, in a signed binding by Bordmore Ladur, £140. A French commonplace book, bound "a la fafane" for Louis de Marillac (d. 1672), £285. Doni, Letters, etc., 1744-7, bound for T. Maioil, £92. Ovid, Heroides and Metamorphoses, 1468-7, in a fine contemporary Italian binding, £250. S. Niger, Translationes, 1521, bound for J. de Sambay (d. 1656), £300. Heures de la real, 1516, £100. bound by A. M. Papeloup, £400. Selden, Marc Clausum, 1655, bound for Charles I., £86. Della Stella, Meditations de l'amer de Dic, 1586, bound for Henri III, £150. G. Villani, Chronicle, 1587, with the dedication signed to Demetrico Colonna. These books were bought by Chois Eve for Marie Marguerite de Valois de Saint Rémy: Justinius, 1585, £88. J. Ravisius, Dialogi, 1590, £74. A. Vesulus, De humani Corporis fabrica, 2 vols., 1542, £140.


The total of the two sales was £16,677.

In their annual report for 1919 the Committee of Management of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers record the largest annual election since the foundation of the Society; 380 new members were elected, bringing the total membership up to 2,800.
Science

THE YEAR

I t would be rash to say that a purely scientific curiosity played no part in the origins of astronomy, but whatever the motives may have been that inspired the early sages, it is certain that practical considerations made their discoveries imperative. The oldest astronomical discoveries of which we have trustworthy account, such as the Egyptian, were made in agricultural countries. In such countries seasonal changes and their recurrence are obviously of the first importance, and we may reasonably assume that attempts to fix the length of the year were made very early in the history of such a country. Doubtless, the time separating two warm seasons served as the first rough approximation to the length of a year, but the frequent, yet unpredictable variations in this length must soon have necessitated the adoption of a more constant standard. It is easy enough to determine what this standard must have been.

At some given period, say in the spring, let us observe the position of sunset with respect to trees, houses, or what not on the horizon. As we repeat the observations, day by day, we find the point of sunset shifting towards the north, at first with some rapidity, and then more and more slowly. Finally, a point is reached where, for some time, no further movement takes place. But as the observations are continued, we find that the sun begins to move slowly back towards the south. This movement quickens to a maximum, and then slows down again to another stationary point on the other side of our original starting-place. The first stationary point is what is known as the summer solstice and the second as the winter solstice. The time which elapses between two successive solstices of the same kind is a year. This method of determining the length of the year is very simple, but it does not lend itself to any great exactitude, for the sun's motion near a solstice is too slow to permit the time at which it reaches a given point to be determined exactly. It was early recognized, however, that it is not necessary to employ the solstitial points in determining the year; any intermediate point will do—the farther from a solstice the better, as then the sun's motion is more rapid. It was doubtless also noticed that the days are longer than the nights at a summer solstice, and shorter at a winter solstice. Hence it was easy to infer the existence of equinoxes, where days and nights are of equal length. It was not so easy, however, to determine the equinoctial points, for the sun's motion between two solstices is complex and the mid-point does not correspond to an equinox. Some authorities claim that the Egyptians were enabled to determine these points from the positions of their pyramids, and Mariette, in 1853, found that the Grand Pyramid enabled him to determine the vernal equinox within thirty hours of its true time, in spite of the considerable irregularities, produced by weathering, in the faces and edges of the pyramid. It is this year, the time between two successive vernal equinoxes, which is the basis of our calendar. Its present value, neglecting fractions of a second, is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 46 seconds, which is roughly 365[1/4] days.

This value, 365[1/4] days, seems to have been attributed to the year from a very early age. There is some reason to suppose that the Egyptians used a year of this length some thousands of years ago. The civil and religious year was exactly 365 days, a year which, at the end of 700 years, would make summer crops grow in the middle of winter. For agricultural purposes, however, they seem to have employed the more exact year of 365[1/4] days, determining it by noting the times at which Sirius and the Sun rose together. The same year seems to have been used by the Chaldeans considerably later, and the Greeks were slow in discovering it. The latter, indeed, used a year of 360 days for a long time, but the famous cycle proposed by Meton gives a year of 365.24 days.

Our own calendar is based on the Julian calendar, which Julius Caesar constructed with the help of the Alexandrian astronomer, Sosigenes. Many of the early calendars suffered from the attempt to co-ordinate the lunar month with the year, but Caesar abandoned all such attempts. He adopted the year of 365.25 days and ordained that every fourth year should contain an extra day. This year, however, is not correct. The equinox-year is longer than the true mean interval by about 14 seconds. The date of the equinox, therefore, comes about 3 days too early in 400 years. By the year 1582 the date of the vernal equinox, instead of occurring on March 21, as at the time of the Council at Nice, occurred on March 11. This state of affairs was remedied by Pope Gregory, acting under the advice of the Jesuit astronomer, Clavius. He ordered ten days to be jumped, and altered the rule for leap-year to its present form. Protestant nations were slow to adopt the change; in England it was not adopted till 1752 and the change led to great disturbances. In Bristol several people were killed during the rioting of the indignant populace, which clamoured for the eleven days of which it conceived itself to have been robbed. The change was not universal even then; indeed, it is only within the last year or so that Russia and the Greek Church have abandoned the Julian calendar.

The Gregorian calendar itself is not quite accurate. After about 4,000 years the error is one day. For practical purposes, therefore, it will give a sufficient approximation to the true equinoxial year for some time to come. The equinoxial year is the important year for calendar purposes as the seasons depend on the sun's place with respect to the equinoxes. It is not, however, the only possible year. The word 'year' is ambiguous until the recurrent phenomena referred to are specified. The equinoxial year is not, for instance, the time taken by the earth to complete a revolution round the sun. This time is determined by noting the positions of the 'fixed' stars, and is about 20 minutes longer than the equinoxial year. The difference exists because the equinoctial points are not quite stationary on the earth's orbit. Their motion, called the precession of the equinoxes, means that the sun meets the vernal equinox sooner than it would if the equinoctial points were stationary. Besides this motion there is a motion of the earth's actual orbit in space. The line joining the point on the earth's orbit that is nearest the sun to the point on its orbit farthest from the sun always moves slowly towards the east. If, therefore, we reckon the year as the interval between two successive passages of the earth nearest to or farthest from the sun, we obtain a year a little longer than the sidereal year. The interval of time separating members of this third set of recurrent phenomena is called the anomalistic year, and is the longest of the three years by about five minutes.

Societies

ROYAL.—April 20.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:

The Irish Eskers" by Professor J. W. Gregory. "Eskers" are banks of sand and gravel, typically occurring as ridges on the central plain of Ireland, where they were deposited during the recession of the ice at the close of the glacial period. They have generally been attributed to deposition along glacial rivers, like Swedish osar. Their structure and composition indicate that the most important Irish eskers were formed along the margin of the receding ice sheet, although floods of water due to the melting of the ice. It is proposed that the term "esker" should be continued for Irish ridges and mounds of sand and gravel, but that in glacial geology the term osar should be used for ridges formed along the course of glacial rivers, and hence used for ridges deposited by water along the margin of an ice sheet.

Geological. May 6.—Sir R. T. Oldham, President, in the chair. The following communications were read: "The De
dian of Fossils (Lower Boulonnais)," by Mr. J. W. Dudley Robinson. Mr. L. D. Stamp congratulated the author on the interest in the district in which he had worked. "The Cambrian Horizons of Comley (Shropshire)," and their Brachiopoda, Pteropoda, Gastropoda, etc., by Mr. E. E. Sterling Cobbold. - Illustrating the author's paper of 1911, printed Q.J.G.S., vol. xlvii, pp. 282 et seq. Lantern-slides and rock-samples were exhibited by Mr. W. Dudley Robinson in illustration of his paper, and diagrams and drawings of fossils were exhibited on behalf of Mr. E. S. Cobbold.

Linnean. May 6.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair. Mr. A. Lionel Gooday was admitted a Fellow. The following were elected Fellows: Mr. S. Percy-Lancaster, Mr. H. W. Pugsley, Mr. J. Omer-Cooper, Miss Lucy E. Cox, Dr. G. K. Sutherland, Mr. H. B. Harding, and Mrs. Elinor Egerton Harde.

The following were elected Foreign Members: Professor Gaston Bonnier, Professor Victor Ferdinand Brothers, Professor Giovanni Battista de Toni, Professor Louis Dool, Professor Paul Marchal, and Professor Holger Roost. Dr. G. P. Bidder read three communications on Sponges, which were discussed by Professor Deny, Mr. Harold Russell and Mr. J. B. Gatesby (visitor), the author replying. Mr. Edward L. Bedford showed a series of thirty exquisite water-colour drawings from British marsh orchids, with their numerous varieties and hybrids, further illustrated by seventy lantern-slides from his photographs of the growing plants in situ. Mr. H. W. Pugsley and Mr. T. A. Dykes contributed further remarks.

Royal Institution. May 1. Annual Meeting. Sir James Crichton-Browne, Treasurer and Vice-President, in the chair. The annual report of the Committee of Visitors for the year 1919, testifying to the continued prosperity and efficient management of the Institution, was read and adopted; and the report of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory Committee was also read. The books and pamphlets presented amounted to 193 volumes, making with 399 volumes (including periodicals purchased) purchased by the managers a total of 592 volumes added to the library in the year.

The following were unanimously elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, the Duke of Northumberland; Treasurer, Sir James Crichton-Browne; Secretary, Col. E. H. Hills; Managers: Dr. H. T. Brown, J. H. Balfour Browne, J. W. Buchanan, W. A. Burdett-Coutts, Sir J. J. Dobbie, Dr. J. Dunsford Grant, Dr. D. C. R. E. Wood, Miss E. B. H. May, Sir Ernest Moon, Sir Charles Parsons, Sir James Reid, Sir Ernser Rutherford, the Right Hon. C. Scott-Dickson, and Sir Henry Wood, Visitors, Sir Hugh Bell, Sir W. H. Bennett, W. K. Boshield, J. G. Britton, Frank Clove, Miss Margaret Ellis, Miss J. J. Keynes, Miss J. M. Leson, T. B. Lightfoot, F. K. McLean, W. S. Norman, H. M. Rose, J. Shaw, T. H. Sowerby, and Sir Almroth Wright.

May 3. Sir James Crichton-Browne, Treasurer and Vice-President, in the chair. The Chairman reported the death of Dr. Rudolph Messel, and a resolution of condolence with the relatives was passed. Sir John Cadman, Miss de Lara, Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, Hon. Lady Parsons, Lieut.-Col. W. W. Bailey, Mr. Marcus Samuel, and Mr. R. E. Thomas were elected Members.

Society of Antiquaries. May 6. Mr. W. Minet, Treasurer, in the chair. Lieut.-Col. H. F. Bidder read a paper on recent discoveries in the Anglo-Saxon cemetery at Mitcham. The Mitcham cemetery during the excavations had been much larger than was at first supposed. The site extended to ground across the Mitcham-Morden road, where, in the middle of the last century, numbers of bones and relics had been turned up in the cultivation of lavender and liquorice. In the last few years further remains had been found and some of the objects had been preserved.

In the field where excavation was originally begun, further graves had been opened, and there was every indication of a large number likely to be yet found, and it would be possible that the cemetery contained between three and four hundred graves. It was thus larger than any Saxon cemetery so far discovered in England, with the exception of that at Stamford in Lincolnshire. The character of the objects found confirmed the opinion that the cemetery was an extremely early one. A pierced bronze buckler lately discovered was of Romano-Celtic type. Several swords had been found, in two cases with bands of gilt bronze, ornamented with interlaced grooves, round the shaft. The orientation of the bodies was very irregular. While the majority were laid in an easterly direction, a considerable number were not.

Professor G. Parsons gave some particulars of the measurements of the skeletons and other bones. He found in the skulls a greater element of the Nordic or Celtic type than usual in Anglo-Saxon skulls from cemeteries in this country. This might point to admixture with the native race and would tend to corroborate the early date of the cemetery.

Zoological. April 27. Dr. A. Smith Woodward, Vice-President, in the chair. The Secretary read a report on the additions to the menagerie during March. Mr. Arthur Lord EDGEWORTH-MYNS and Mr. C. H. CHURCHILL travelled to southern Africa on a collection of snakes which he has obtained in East Africa during 1915-19. Miss L. E. Cheesman exhibited and described a series of lantern-slides illustrating the life-history and habits of the ichneumonid, Rhyssa pustulata. Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell exhibited and made remarks on a series of photographs (taken by Sir H. A. Byatt in German East Africa) of the rare Abbe's duiker (Cephalophus sylvaticus). Dr. D. H. Smith exhibited a series of lantern-slides showing the life-history of the blond duiker (Lophophorus imyioua). Mr. L. Hogben exhibited a specimen of Amblystoma, the metamorphosis of which had been brought about by about one month's cultivation with ox-tongue, and drew special attention to theatrocious transition to the Amblystoma-type of pigmentation during the metamorphosis.

In the absence of the author, Mr. F. F. Laidlaw's paper on "Contributions to a Study of the Dragonfly Fauna of Burma: Part IV. A List of the Species known to occur in the Island," was taken as read. Dr. C. W. Andrews gave a résumé of Dr. R. Bloom's paper "On some New Theropod Reptiles from the Karroo Beds of South Africa."

Forthcoming Meetings.


King's College, 5.30.— "Bergson's Concept of Mind: Intellectual Effort," by Professor H. Wildon Carr.

Philological, 5.30.— "Dictionary Evening," by Mr. T. O. Towns.

University College, 5.30.— "Roman Education," by Professor E. Butler.

Royal Institution, 9.— "The Thermionic Valve in Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony," by Professor J. A. Fleming.

Sat. 22. Royal Institution, 3.— "The Reaction, and the Critics of the Post-War School of Thought," by Dr. Frederic Harrison.


Bedford College, 4.— "The Development of the Steam Train before Chaucer," Lecture IV., Professor Carleton Brown.

King's College, 5.30.— "Kant's Aesthetic Theory," Lecture IV., Professor H. Wildon Carr.

University College, 5.30.— "Flanders and England in History," by M. H. Sutcliffe.

Thurs. 27. Royal Institution, 3.— "Dreams, with Special Reference to Psycho-Analysis," by Mr. W. Archer.

Luncheon, 5.30.— "Linnean Society, University College, 5.30.— "Giuseppe Parini," Lecture II., Professor Cipriani.

School of Oriental Studies, Linbury Circus, 6.— "Tibet," by Mr. E. H. C. Walsh.
Fine Arts

HOUSING AND FURNISHING

THERE is much talk of Housing at the present time, valuable and necessary talk, but yet up to the present it is a case of much talk and little house. Still it is necessary to try to stir up general interest, even enthusiasm and passion, in the hope that a real beginning may soon be made.

Housing, of course, is not merely a cottage question; it is an immense national question and also an immediately individual question in which we should all be decidedly interested. Housing is health and temper and a large part of living. It must be one of a very few greatest of all questions. Pride of home is pride of country. Housing is the necessary preliminary "plant" and "capital" for our national life. We have to accumulate force for renewal. We need to clear our general aims and to consider our policy as a whole. Our aim should be to develop a fine tradition of living in houses. It is a matter for experiment, like flying. We should seek to improve in detail point by point. There are enough sketch designs; now we want solids. Exquisite living on a small scale is the ideal. "House-like" should express as much as "shipshape." Our airplanes and motors and even bicycles are in their way perfect. We need to bring this ambition for perfect solutions into housing of all sorts and scales.

The chief obstruction to our having better houses has been the superstition that they should be built in a style. There is great difference between being built in an imitative style. Elizabethan, Jacobean or Georgian, and being built with style. "Motor+car is built with thought for "style," that is finish and elegance, but it is not built to look like a sedan chair or a stage coach. To be concerned with style imitations and what the Americans call period design is not only irrational in itself, but it blocks the way to any possibility of true development. If you have your eye on that you can't see this. To go on building houses in the cocked-hat and brass-candestick style is not only rather imbecile play-acting, but it destroys rational growth. We have to put an efficiency style in the place of this trivial, sketchy picturesque. Even leaving out the style trimmings would be something. If you cut away disease and sores and strengthen you consolidate. There are many cases in which the half is greater than the whole. We have to prune our building forms as we prune a fruit tree and sternly cut away the dead wood. Whenever we concentrate on some directing datum, some reality like health, serviceableness or even perfect cheapness, true style will certainly arise as the expression of this and the other human qualities embodied. To design in "a style" is to design a seeming which stands in the place of style proper. This style superstition is a much greater evil than I could persuade you to believe. It filters down to lower and lower strata, and the poor man is at last persuaded that nightmares of vulgarity and discomfort are necessary offerings to "style.

The dwelling-house should be sound, dry, light, warm and sweet. We should save in all thoughtless extravagances, and concentrate on the conquest of dirt, disorder and waste. Houses must be built for living rather than for letting. A false and confusing opposition between science and craft has been allowed to arise, and indeed is rather fostered by expert simulators who "go in for old-world effects"; but properly there is no strife between science and art in architecture. It does not matter a bit if we call flying an art or a science; the art of house building is practically one with the science of housing.

If we must worry over strict definitions, "science" may stand for codified preliminary knowledge, and "art" for operative skill, experiment and adventure. Science is what you know; art is what you do. The best art is founded on the best science in every given matter. The art of shipbuilding is the science of shipbuilding in operation. The notion that there are special "art forms" or "art colours" has led to all sorts of pretences and sham picturesque. Art is high competence in doing what is worthy to be done. Very occasionally there is in art a sort of poetry over and above: such addition of feeling, can be expressed by giving it an H and calling it heart.

Soundness and convenience, light and heat are the great essentials in house-building. In planning a house there are two main requirements which are to some extent in opposition and must be compromised in various ways: the needs for sunlight and for compactness. The difference between a sunlit room and one that is not so blessed is so great that it cannot be measured. To get sun in every room, some spreading of the south front is desirable, but much can be done by projections and bay windows. On the other hand, a square unbroken plan is the most economical and conserves heat. Four straight walls will cut the greatest space when they form an exact square, and all ins and outs are costly in respect to walls. Again, simple roofs are less expensive and much sounder than complicated ones. A too "picturesque" roof will certainly become a leak in your income. Fireplaces should be put in the internal walls to keep the heat in the house.

Other things being equal, so far as may be, preference should be given to local materials and to traditional ways of using them. This traditional use is embodied experience. On the other hand, we should beware of supposing that any reasonable materials such as concrete cast-iron or plastering are necessarily inartistic. It is the business of art to use the materials given to us by Nature so that they will look well; and when they are well used they will look well. For example, there seems to be an assumption that Welsh slating is inartistic; but this can only be the effect on us of the dreary rows of little speculative red-brick houses which we have seen that have such roofs or rather lids. If the houses ceased to be dreary the slates would soon look quite another colour. Some slight modification showing that there had been care for good work would at once make a difference; and at last they might glow with the light of heaven. Concrete should be frankly used. If blocks are better for constructive reasons, then use blocks by all means, but do not imitate stone. The surfaces should be finished with white or colour wash.

Frankness is the great thing; disguises and subterfuges are always repulsive in building. Bungling, pretence and compromise are the enemies to be feared.

W. R. Lethaby.

NOTES ON ART SALES

The figure reached at Christie's on May 14 for Romney's "Sir Christopher and Lady Sykes," 97in. by 73in., was £2,830. The same artist's "Misses Mary and Louisa Kent," 32in. by 27in., was purchased by Messrs. Colnaghi & Obach for £9,000; and his "Mrs. Morley," 29in. by 24in., for £9,075 (Morton). Raeburn's "Lady Behavin," 35in. by 27in., fetched £9,975 (Ashburton); his "Mrs. John Pictorain," 36in. by 26in., £1,095 (Croal Thomson); and his "Lieut.-Col. Alexander Mackenzie Fraser," 29in. by 24in., £1,012 10s. (Connell). "Francis Basset," by Reynolds, 49in. by 38in., made £2,925 (Kent); and Lawrence's "Lady Blessington," 29in. by 24in., £1,050 (Colnaghi). The portraits of Lord Brooke, 38in. by 42in., by Nattier (£3,675), and of that of Countess Albizzi by Vigée le Brun, 18in. by 14in. (£1,022 10s.), went to Messrs. Agnew; and a Holy Family with the infant St. John, by Ghirlandajo, on a 38-inch circular panel, was sold for £977 10s. (Ballard).
THE ROYAL ACADEMY

II.*

IMPRESSIONISM.

I

MPRESSIONISM was born of English parentage on foreign soil, and the Academy had no difficulty in ignoring its existence until it was long past its prime. For its claims were not insistent and local like the claims of Pre-Raphaelitism, and it was not championed by Ruskin. When Manet and his friends were fighting their battles in Paris there was only one impressionist painter of certain repute in England, and he was an American whom Ruskin denounced as a charlatan. In these circumstances there was no need to compromise. But by 1903 when Whistler died the situation had completely changed. Impressionism had triumphed and had become a tradition throughout Europe. It was so much the fashion that even the attenuated variety provided by the Glasgow School was sufficient to procure an international reputation for its purveyors. With reluctance the Academy decided that the moment for a cautious recognition had arrived. Forty years after the French Impressionists had opened the flood-gates to modern art, twenty-five years after the Post-Impressionists had commenced to direct the torrent into classical channels, and a hundred years after Constable and Turner had forecast the future, the Academy reconciled itself to the admission of a little mild pointillism, a little broken colour, and an occasional plein air study.

The most effective Impressionist echoes in the present exhibition are those of Philip Connard, "Oratio Obliqua" (561), to prove that the jury had "moved with the times" and had not remained blind to modern tendencies in art. We trust that no one has been hoodwinked by this rather impertinent attempt to exploit a scholarly, ingenious and painstaking artist. For the art of Mr. Bayes is in no way characteristic of the Post-Impressionist or Cubist tradition. It harks back to Impressionism itself via the art of Mr. Sickert. This was very evident in the vast illustration of a scene in a London Tube Station during an Air Raid, with which Mr. Bayes stormed the Academy three years ago. In this year's picture (as in those of last year) the true nature of Mr. Bayes' art is obscured by a purple and green colour formula (which is mere affectation) and an intelligently devised and skilfully executed conventional representation of a ray of light breaking across the middle plane. Shorn of these trappings, the picture becomes something which we have all seen many times before.

"Oratio Obliqua" is perhaps the most ambitious work in the Exhibition, and its composition is large, and interesting because it is elaborately mannered in treatment. But its emotional content is so slight that it could be contained in a small lithograph. By exhibiting these pompous machines at Burlington House Mr. Bayes has allowed the Academy to gain a certain amount of false kudos at his expense, and he has received a certain measure of publicity in return.

A BAXTER LICENSE

The Le Blond Book. By C. T. Courtney Lewis. (Sampson Low & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

In 1849 Le Blond & Co., printers, of Walbrook, London, obtained a licence from George Baxter to trade in prints produced by his patent oil-colour process, and from this date until about 1860 they issued continuously a large number of such prints. The little book before us is designed as a guide to and catalogue of their output, and it forms, incidentally, an appendix to the author's larger work on George Baxter. We cannot pretend to share Mr. Courtney Lewis's enthusiasm for Mr. Le Blond and Le Blond prints, although we recognize their importance in the history of colour printing. Mr. Lewis praises the Baxter print as "in effect a printed oil painting," and claims that the process renders pictures in their "natural and proper colours"; we infer from such utterances that he is insensible to the fundamental craft error inherent in any attempt to give a sheet of paper the appearance of an oil painting. Baxter's skill and patience were wasted because he set out with false ideals; he was a bad craftsman because he took no delight in the surface upon which he worked, but tried instead to conceal and disguise it. Abraham Le Blond followed him into the same error; he was also less skilful as a printer. There seems to us some reason to suppose that Philip Conard, Mr. Bayes' arm, himself executed any designs for his prints; unlike Baxter, who sometimes produced elaborate compositions for the purpose of reproduction, Le Blond seems always to have employed artists; but he rarely had the courtesy to mention their names on his prints. His selection of subject and treatment was always popular and in harmony with the trivial and sentimental taste of the day. There is a certain sartorial and historical charm in such a print as "Her Majesty at Osborne," representing Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort and Prince Albert Edward in costumes of the period; but we cannot endorse Mr. Lewis's admiration for the Morland "ovals," although we are prepared to admit that they "present novelty and subtle designs to put our brains upon the rack." The catalogue is, nevertheless, a useful work of reference; let us hope that it will not be a stimulant to increase the already excessive vogue of these prints.

R. H. W.
THE DECORATION OF "AS YOU LIKE IT"

I t is difficult to analyse the agreeable impression created by Mr. Nigel Playfair's production of "As You Like It" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Many factors contribute: the complete absence of pomposity in every department, the unpretentious and charming music, the youth and almost amateur enthusiasm of the players, the accomplished but unaffected elocution of Miss Athene Seyler, the grace of Miss Mc'Gill, and the humorous embouchment of the wrestler. But, above all, the atmosphere of gaiety depends, we believe, above all on the brilliant colours and primitive straightforwardness of Mr. Lovat Fraser's decorations. They are not the delicate pink and lemon and white of Mr. Rutherford's theatrical decorations (though Miss Mc'Gill's dress as Phoebe might have been designed by him); they are scarlet and green and ultramarine, with a dash of gold tinsel in the best "Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured" tradition, and their very garishness frees us at once from the oppression of the grand luxury productions and the "artiness" of the plain curtain variety. At the Lyric Theatre we feel that "As You Like It" is the only possible title for the show placed before us, because every detail is designed in that spirit, every dress is a light-hearted experiment, every head-dress a gesture of frivolity. To those who have been educated at His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Playfair's production must appear like an impromptu charade. But is not spontaneity the very keynote of "As You Like It," and was not Shakespeare's idea of a comedy performance much more like a charade than the magnificence of "Chu Chin Chow"?

R. H. W.

"RUPAM"


Indian art, so long despised by Europe, has at last begun to enjoy a more sympathetic attention and a closer study, though it is still too often discussed from a partisan point of view, on one side or the other. The Tokyo magazine, the Kokka, has for many years been making known the masterpieces of Japanese and Chinese art in superb reproductions. Rupam, the first number of which has just reached England, essays to do the same sort of service to Indian art. It is edited by Mr. O. Gangoly, well known to students by his work on the bronzes of Southern India; and it promises to be scholarly and instructive. A beautiful spread of a panel, with a single figure, from Mamallapuram (seventh century) forms an attractive frontispiece. Painting is represented by a series of Nepalese miniatures, illustrating an article by E. Vredenburg, to be concluded later, on the Continuity of Pictorial Tradition in Indian Art. The singular gap between the frescoes of the seventh century and the small paintings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has been often noted; but this great hiatus is quite explicable, and it is certain that the tradition was maintained, though a whole world of art has perished except some few relics like those Nepalese paintings. The reproductions of these are in colour. Other articles deal with Gandara, and with architectural ornament, both of real value for students. We hope that examples will be given, later on, of the lovely paintings and drawings of Rajputana. But Rupam promises well. It may be of interest to note that the magazine is printed on hand-made paper, made in Bengal. It is supported by the Indian Society of Oriental Art in Calcutta.

On Monday, April 29, and the two following days, Messrs. Sotheby sold the engravings of the late Mr. Lawson Thompson, the chief prices being: A. Durer, The Nativity, £200; The Passion of Jesus Christ, 18 plates, £600; The Prodigal Son, £50; St. Hubert, £120; Melancholia, £190; Knight, Death and the Devil, £225; The Life of the Virgin, £80. Rembrandt, The Angel appearing to the Shepherds, £50; The Triumph of Mordecai, £62; Landscape with Cottage and Hay Barn, £61; The Windmill, £145; Cottage and Farm Buildings, with a man sketching, £112.

Music

A VENETIAN CARNIVAL

Y ears and years ago Vernon Lee wrote a book about Italy in the eighteenth century. It was a book in which vast learning was presented with a charming air of sentimental elegance, but it came, like all works of genius, before its time, and although a second edition was issued not very long ago, it is a book which has not found many readers. And it is probably little compensation to the writer to know that those few readers are at least always ready to read it over and over again. A generation later a sprightly Frenchman, observing that the picture-dealers had begun to take a serious interest in Guardi and Tiepolo, read Vernon Lee and wrote his own book about Venice in the eighteenth century. He did not know much about music, but fortunately for him Vernon Lee knew a great deal, and possessed too the art of writing about it in language so free from technicalities as to afford no difficulties to a translator. The French book arrived just at the right moment. Besides, English people are always on the look out for French books that are really nice, and when art is approached with such a superior if the book you are carrying is not obviously a Baedeker. So, nowadays, we are all quite at home in Venice of the eighteenth century, or at any rate feel it our duty to appear to be at home in it since M. Diaghilev introduced us to his good-humoured ladies.

They danced to some very delightful music at the Coliseum, but Venetian it was not, unless some learned researcher succeeds in proving that Scarlatti came under the permanent influence of local folk-song when he studied at Venice under Gasparini in 1708. The real music of Venice in those frivolous days can be found by those who know where to look for it, but it is comparatively unfamiliar even to musicians who are definitely interested in eighteenth-century Italian song. The names which appear in our concert programmes—Scaialtti, Pergolesi, Leo, Durante—belong not to Venice but to Naples. Galuppi, whose comic operas were once the rage of London, is now remembered only by that toccata which he never composed. It was Galuppi whom Burney considered to have had more influence on English composers than any other musician of his day. Everything comes to London, music included: and if you want to know the sort of songs that the good-humoured ladies and their gentlemen friends really used to sing, it is in a London-printed edition that you may find them. Three volumes of popular Venetian songs in the Venetian dialect, composed by Signor Hasse and others, were issued by a London publisher in the eighteenth century. Hasse was a German by birth, but he had been a pupil of old Scarlatti at Naples, and even while officially Kapellmeister at Dresden kept constantly in touch with Venice, where he spent the last years of his life in retirement. His three volumes may be met with occasionally in old music shops. There are other collections in manuscript, some in England—there is a good collection by Angelo Colonna in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge—and others in foreign libraries. From one of these sources a selection of songs has just been published in modern dress under the editorship of Dr. Hermann Springer, the head of the musical department of the National Library at Berlin, under the title of "Canzonette da battello, aus Auswahl venezianischer Gesänge aus der ersten Hälfte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts von Hermann Springer und Edward Buhle." (Berlin, Schlesinger. M.4). They bear no composers' names, but the style is generally that of Galuppi and Hasse. Some of them may perhaps have been take
from comic operas, but they are not in the usual operatic form. They have no da capo, but are simple little songs, generally with several verses. Some of them have refrains to be sung in chorus. They remind an English reader at once of the popular songs of Arne and his contemporaries.

As Arne sings of Polly... and other unromantically-named damsels, so the Venetian songs of Batta and Anzioletta in the plain colloquial style of Goldoni's comedies. To a German reader they recall rather some of the German songs of the period, such as the "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken?" in Anna Magdalena Bach's song-book; and the German editor, who, by the way, has shown a most un-German carelessness in the correction of his proofs, has sometimes been tempted, as any editor is who prides himself on scholarship, to treat the accompaniments in a style that suggests the Thomaskirche rather than the Rialto.

The songs are well worth reading if only for the sake of the words. They are not poetry of a high order, but they give a vivid picture of Venetian popular life. If Venice in the eighteenth century possessed a Raquel Meller, one could well imagine her singing such a ditty as this, set to a melody that Bach might not have been ashamed to write out in his wife's book:

Vago e no torno più,
bondi, te lasso;
se ti m'ha trattà mal,
mi te perdone.
El ciel t'aggiura, t'aggiuro tutto el ben,
za'l cuor che xe in sto sen,
mi te lo dono.
Almanco no me odiar, te prego, o cara,
mi no t'ho fatto mal,
questa zè vera.
Avanti de partir
dârme solo un bondi
e fâme un fâ de pi
de bona ciera.

But there is satire as well as pathos. Bettina is one of those pretty ladies who in carnival time are delightful but expensive company. Her admirer, who evidently takes after his father Pantalone more than Pantalone himself would ever admit, disposes of her politely but firmly:

Cara Bettina,
dolce mia Xina,
cei in rovina
no posso andar.
De piu diria,
a xe finia,
abbie la bonta
de perdonar,
questo xe quello
che posso far.

She soon finds another friend, who can afford to bring a boat-load of musicians to serenade her. The gondolier looks on with a knowing eye:

Semo alla riva,
siò illustissimo,
la vostra diva
vedo al balcon.
Con forte strepito
tocchê quei pidari,
battê quei timpani
sonê ! trombon !
Godèvela, carissima,
a spalle del paron !

We see her learning to dance the minuet with a French dancing-master who talks a mixture of French and Venetian. As she stands on her balcony she is hailed by half-a dozen familiar Venetian figures—the boy with the marmoset that dances to the merlitt, the man who has a parrot to sell—

El vol descorvere,
farne finezze,
el vuol carezze,
de vu granmetto
S'e inamorà.

"E's in love with yer already, lidy!" There is the Turk with his embroideries and carpets, the beggar-woman who calls herself a pilgrim, and one of those horrid Germans who are always drunk—Wein, Weib und Gesang, they were singing just the same songs in the days of Lorenzo de' Medici three hundred years before.

The other gentleman is practising economy. But a gondola is always cheap, "e pô el batello xe un gusto bello," if only there was not such a crowd on the Grand Canal. The gondoliers in eighteenth-century Venice were little different from London taxi-drivers—

Premi via, preni o stai,
se premer no ti vol!
A far al barcaiò,
di me, chi t'ha insegnà?

After all, there are better occupations than love-making. Lovers are poor company. If they dance they muddle their steps, if they sing they are out of tune, if they laugh it is false merriment:

A coro che se canta
mi voglio tutti quanti,
ma che no gh' intra amanti
che gh'abbia el cuor strazza.

Coro : Volemo bevarci
che gh'abbia allegri i cuori,
fa questi l'allegria,
quando i ha ben zuzza.

Was Dr. Arne one of that merry company? For over in London he sings to much the same rhythm—

Come drink till every taper shines like two,
Let whining Love in bumpers deep be drown'd,
And all things like the circling glass go round.

Edward J. Dent.

COVENT GARDEN
PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE

In the days before the war " Pelléas et Mélisande " was still a much-discussed opera. An eminent British composer of operas had gone to hear it and had walked out after the first act, saying, no doubt, like Grétry at " Uthal "—" Je donnerais un louis pour entendre une chanterelle." Some said it was the ideal of all operas, others that it was not an opera at all. Take any page of it at random, and it was beautiful; as a whole, intolerably boring. Somewhere about the third act, if not before, a brass band at the back of one's brain would start playing the march from " Aida." It was worse than boredom, it was suffocation, paralysis, anæsthesia....

Five years make a great change in one's outlook. " Very early Debussy, isn't it?" we say loftily; " almost Wagnerian!" It has passed out of the region of discussion. Mr. Percy Pitt conducts it. He even conducts it very well, too. But it was never an opera for Covent Garden. Perhaps in those days there were few people, even French people, who understood how to sing it. The speaking voice did not seem to carry in that vast house, and almost all the singers made the fatal mistake of singing the opera as if it were Massenet, Mme. Edvina does so still. Otherwise, if she could only learn to speak clearly without effort, she would be an ideal Mélisande. How essential good speaking is to the opera was demonstrated in a very wonderful way by some of the other singers, notably M. Maguenat, who took the part of Pelléas. For Debussy differentiates his characters by the tempo of their speech. More than that, he achieves his dramatic climax by a very subtle gradation of speed. It is so slow, so gradual, that for the first two acts one barely notices it. And to make it perceptible in
Drama

MODIFIED RAPTURE

Aldwych Theatre.—"Nono." By Sacha Guitry.

It must be confessed that a French company appearing in London has always something of a walk-over. There is not the least danger, to begin with, that its real merits, whatever they are, will miss their due appreciation owing to any latent mistrust or jealousy of the "foreigner"; that particular feature of our theatrical tradition has happily entirely vanished. Next, a French company, besides its intrinsic merits, has the advantage of being a change. Its good points are not only good, but, except to those who go often to France, they are new. We do not, most of us, see enough French acting for it to lose its freshness. Hence a temptation to be just a little more pleased by it than scrupulous critics ought to be. This is inevitable, and not too serious an evil. What really is a serious evil, and upsetting to criticism, is a certain factitious enthusiasm for French ways which always declares itself when a Parisian success is brought over here. The impulse to let people see as ostentatiously as possible that you really do appreciate these things (these naughty things) in all their subtlety is—to put it in a phrase as close to the feelings of those of whom we complain—a kind of snobism that is far too prevalent. It is not good for those who indulge in it, nor is it good for those who are supposed to be honoured by it. How are we to find terms in which to praise M. Sacha Guitry when he gives us something remarkable if we are expected to go into ecstasies when he shows us things that are as ordinary as can be?

For "Nono" is ordinary; just an ordinary French comedy of intrigue, almost a farce. There are the conventional puppets of the genre—carved a little more delicately, painted a little more ingeniously, if you will—elderly and boring mistress, young and butterfly mistress, elderly and disabused amoret, young and inexhaustive lovers. Even the manservant and the chambermaid, with some extra virtuosity in their viciousness, are there to fill in the background according to rule. To find even cynicism in the crisis-cross of their dealings is preposterous; you might as well find "pity and terror" (as the youthful Mr. Gosse did) in Punch and Judy. You can only hope that the dialogue may scintillate, and even here the flashes were intermittent. That jest, for instance, which carried so much of the last half of the play on its shoulders, about Robert's obligation to return to Jacques either his mistress or the 4,000 francs which Jacques has been innocently paying for her upkeep, with which he has been deceiving him with his friend, would not, we think, have afforded such infinite pleasure had one of our best English dramatists risen to the height of conceiving it. It is not any wittier really when spoken in French.

Is M. Guity himself as pleased with it now as he was when he wrote this work at the age of sixteen?

When we turn from the play to the acting there is need of uncomfortable reserves. M. Guity as the insouciant, insouciant Robert carries it off so easily and breezily that it seems almost hypercritical to hint that somewhere about the middle of the third act his technique showed signs of exhaustion, especially as to gesture, and that only the final curtain, on which the curtain is opening, and thereby spoiling, most of the touches that had charmed us during the opening stages of his performance. Mlle. Suzanne Avril, as the forsaken Madame Weiss, had not enough to do to place her in the same risky position, but she is so finished an artist that we feel sure she would have come through triumphantly in any case. And of Mlle. Yvonne Printemps the least we can say is that she did
come through triumphantly. She so husbanded her slender material as the feather-brained Nono that she had always something fresh to offer. She builds not only on charm and cleverness, but on observation. She was Nono, and all that the class Nono stands for, in every shade of meaning that crossed her face (and what a gift of expression she has!), in every gesture, and in every step. In the spasm of laughter that shakes her suddenly, irrationally, in the third act, at some inconvenient reminiscence of her youth, she conveys by a momentary contortion of her body the whole psychology of courtiership. M. Guitry, we feel, has still his best in store for us, but it will be hard for Mlle. Printemps to surpass herself.

D. L. M.

TOO CLEVER BY HALF

COMEDY THEATRE.—“Why Marry?”  By Jesse Lynch Williams.

WHY marry? John (whose surname is not on the programme and has unhappily escaped us) had a clear answer to give to the question. He had a large house, somewhere in the U.S.A., a larger estate, a huge business and a hardly won social status. If you were heretical on the subject of marriage, you were not respectable. If you were not respectable, you would be ostracized. If you became the scorn of your neighbours, and were cut by the best people, of what use was your house, your estate, your fortune? Would your money even be safe if you outraged the men with whom you had to deal, from whom you might reasonably hope to elicit marriage-portions for your female relatives? John, in short, was a social Realpolitiker.

His cousin Theodore was equally clear on the main issue. He was a clergyman and knew that you ought to marry. Unfortunately he could not tell why you ought to. Moreover he was sentimental and would not have you marry for money. He even threatened not to officiate at the wedding between John’s younger sister and a wealthy young libertine whom she had deftly snared, until he was reminded that it would be perfectly easy to cut off supplies from himself, his sick wife and his six needy children. He thereby (poor buffer-state!) earned the contempt of John’s other sister Helen, who worked as assistant in a laboratory and loved her professor, a brilliant young Galahad of the test-tube, but was resolved that if he wanted her she should have it without the mutual friction of married existence. To her brother this determination was a sentence of social extinction, and the struggle between him and Helen provided the stuff of a genuinely exciting contest.

For a time things came up to expectation. It was impossible not to admire the gesticulating, grimacing little cad adroitly played by Mr. A. E. George as he struck down his opponents one by one; gagged the priest with dollar-notes; terrified his wife, who showed a flash of rebellion, back into her normal hypocrisy; kept the family skeleton from the well-born heir whom his more dutiful sister had hooked, and stung Galahad himself into a desire to marry Helen and save her from further persecution. Nothing remained by the end but the stark opposition between Helen’s romantic idealism and his practical genius. Would he, we asked ourselves almost breathlessly, find a way of coercing or fooling her too? Or would he throw up the sponge, and, if so, what would he look like when defeated?

Alas! It was the author who threw up the sponge. The process of the battle had been much encumbered by a certain “Uncle Everett,” a Judge who hung about the house with a store of epigrams which Mr. Aubrey Smith’s finished comedy-style almost succeeded in palming off as real witticisms. After boring us intensely with a cock-and-bull tale of a divorce which he and his wife wanted and did not want, and finally decided not to have, the Judge took a hand in the game with the young people. He goaded Helen and her lover into some violent language testifying to their love for one another (“In the sight of God . . . my husband . . . my wife”), and then informed us that by the law of the State (or the Stage, it does not matter) they were married whether they liked it or not, by affirmation in the presence of witnesses. If the author had a trick like that up his sleeve, it was scarcely fair to interest us in his characters. Helen, who possessed, in Miss Rosa Lynd’s playing of her, so much biting American wit and self-assurance, would have had the direct reply to the Judge hoisted in her hearing. But it is no use arguing with a falling curtain; you can only record your grudge against the author.

D. L. M.

MR. MASEFIELD AND OTHERS

WE are indebted to Miss Penelope Wheeler and the St. Martin-in-the-Fields Players for permitting us to gather that Mr. John Masefield’s playlet “The Locked Chest,” which, thirteen years after the writing of it, was published last year, acts considerably better than it reads. There is nothing in such a melodramatic trifle to indicate, as Mr. Masefield’s later work sometimes indicates, that his impulse has been, like that of his sea stories, the result of deliberate artistic struggle. His concern is wholly with technique; we see the mind of a young writer being disciplined by the form rather than the form by his mind. Nor can we avoid identifying the Icelandic action of a murderer’s escape from his pursuers, by means of a woman’s trickery, with the noisy bid for success which usually accompanies a dramatist’s failure to cope with a technical demand that is not merely for strict economy and concentration, but one which is stumbled on, as we feel Schnitzler and Synge stumbled on it, rather than the result of deliberate approach. But the St. Martin-in-the-Fields Company made a very lusty and enjoyable episode of the play, and their tendency toward over-acting will not prevent “The Locked Chest” from proving one of the most effective pieces in their repertory when they are able to commence in a theatre of their own.

The matinee performance given recently in the St. Martin’s Theatre by Miss Wheeler and her colleagues was an endeavour to gain public support for a movement in which they, a group of professional actors, intend to re-establish some sort of relation between the Church and the stage. So far as could be gathered from the remarks made during an interval by the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, the relation will be extended to the poorer class of audience for preference, the players already presenting their repertory in halls in the East-End of London. The success of similar work at the Old Vic indicates the possibilities which lie ahead of the movement if it refrains from elaboration of presentment. And so far as there is no attempt to insist on the plays being didactic, it is a movement which compels the co-operation of everyone concerned for the widening of the appeal of art. The two plays given in addition to Mr. Masefield’s did not altogether escape the charge of didacticism. “Sir Palomides and the Holy Grail,” by Mr. Christopher Home, and “Michael,” Mr. Miles Malleson’s adaptation of Tolstoy’s “What Men Live By,” may not prove quite so puzzling to their allegorical consistency to working-class audiences as they did to the patrons of the matinée; but we should imagine that charming and graceful tableaux of saints and angels, and lengthy moralizing monologues, will, when the novelty of the work has worn away, make only an indifferent appeal to a class of playgoer which instinctively seeks for warm and rough-and-ready humanism.

T. M.
Correspondence

THE CONDITION OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—It may be of interest to recall that, when dealing in 1914 with "The New Novel, Henry James remarked: "We feel it not to be the paradox it may at the first blush seem that the state of the novel in England at the present time is virally very much that of the state of criticism itself; and this moreover, at the risk perhaps of some added appearance of perverse remark, by the very reason that we see criticism so much in abeyance."

Criticism, as was pointed out in The Athenæum of the 7th inst., is fallen into contempt, and even in better days we have had in our English field but the scantest growth of any ability to pronounce with authority on our literature. We had, it is true, Matthew Arnold and Walter Pater, and we, had with us even later Henry James. The small extent to which we at present need to reckon with criticism has been forcibly shown us in the caperings over the grave of the last—I mean the reviews which have appeared concerning the recently published letters of Henry James. Reading them, I have been reminded of a story (I think by Mr. Wells) which recounted the adventure of a normal man lost in a country which contained a blind population. They regarded him (I remember it but vaguely) with great distrust, and finally determined to tolerate him only on condition that they removed by an operation the peculiar growths which made him different from and dangerous to themselves. Our reviewers have been busy about a similar operation, and have been similarly foiled of their purpose. Henry James is carried out of their reach by the peculiar possession of a genius which they sufficiently prove themselves as unable to see as to estimate.

Surely an opportunity has been missed of pointing out that the younger generation, if they can be induced to go back no further, might find in the study of the work and method of Henry James a way of salvation. One can scarcely, with the sense of our present sickness strong upon us, find any sterner discipline than the spectacle of this rare alliance of a vision and a technique alike magnificent, this march from achieved perfection to achieved perfection, with never a falter by the way.

Yours, etc.,

J. R.

JOANNES STRADANUS' "VESPUCCI LANDING IN AMERICA"

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to add the following information re "Vespucci Landing in America," respecting which some remarks were made in your issues of April 9 and May 7. The original drawing by Joannes Stradanus was produced in the second half of the sixteenth century in Florence, where this prolific artist lived for over fifty years. He had probably some then existing portrait of the famous Florentine navigator before him; but of all this full information will be found in my "Sport in Art" (Simpkins). I bought this extraordinarily interesting drawing many years ago from old Mr. Quaritch, and it is now (as part of my collection of over 4,000 drawings and prints on old sport) on exhibition in New York at the Anderson Galleries.

Then there is the engraving after this drawing made in the last decade of the sixteenth century by one of the celebrated Antwerp family of engravers, Galle, and it forms the first plate in that most curious series of twenty prints called the "Nova Reperta," dealing with various inventions, the discovery of America being given the place of honour. It is a costly series and difficult to find complete, even the Museum Print Room lacking a complete set, though the Victoria and Albert Museum has one. In the Commaissor of last September I published a slightly reduced reproduction of the print as a whole, while Quaritch's "First Four Voyages" (1892) gives but a portion, viz., the central figures. Lot 57 in the Philippis Collection sold June 24, 1919, was the earliest xylographic representation of anything relating to America, and (older by some 60 or 70 years) probably suggested the motive to Stradanus. Being a unique woodcut, it fetched very nearly £500 (480), and it has also, I believe, crossed the Atlantic to find a home in a well-known transatlantic collection.

1 shall be glad if you can find space for these brief notes.

Yours faithfully,

Royal Societies Club,
St. James's Street, S.W.,
May 17, 1920.

MUSIC AND ITS INFLUENCE

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—M. B.'s remarks are interesting and misleading.

The paragraph from Havelock Ellis is indeed testimony to the power of Beethoven's music, but in asserting that Beethoven's music is his autobiography M. B. certainly does not prove Beethoven's mastershhip. Mastership implies more than the subjectivity of lyricism.

M. B. writes also: "After all, what is the result of the former [i.e., dramatic music] but a momentarily aesthetic exhalation as opposed to the soul-scoring and uplifting influence of the latter [i.e., the works of a master of music]?"

"Aesthetic exhalation" is a term dangerously misused here. It should mean the highest effect which art can produce in the mind, but M. B. refers to the sensuous satisfaction of popular phrases and rhythms in music. That kind of pleasure is as legitimate (or illegitimate) as the pleasure derived from sugar, tobacco, fashions in dress, perfumed soap, and kissing. There may be an element of pure beauty in any of these, just as there is in the cheapest melody, but our perception of it does not arise from sensations pleasant or otherwise. Professor Santayana's definition of beauty as "objectified pleasure" is very much closer to the truth, and Kant appears to have said the last word about aesthetic appreciation when he insisted that aesthetic pleasure was neither sensuous nor moral, and arose from the free play of imagination and understanding.

Sincerely,
446, Camden Road, N.7.
May 16, 1920.

LAMARTINE

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Sainte-Beuve's dictum to Matthew Arnold on Lamartine ("He was important to us"), to which M. Charles Du Bos refers in your issue of May 7, was quoted by Arnold in an essay on "The French Play in London," which first appeared in the Nineteenth Century for August, 1879 (vol. vi. pp. 228-43). The essay was reprinted with Arnold's "Irish Essays" (1882), and may be found in vol. xi. (pp. 200 foll.) of the complete edition of his works (Macmillan, 1904-5). The sentence is cited with a difference ("is... was") in Mr. Saunders's article on Lamartine in the current edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." It may, however, for aught I know, occur elsewhere in Arnold's works.

May I comment on another matter in M. Du Bos' article? The line from "Le Golfe de Baïa" that he especially praises:

Le silence occupe les airs—

might perhaps be accepted as a poet's evidence in considering the delightful and wholly venial syntactic ambiguity of Gray's line:

And all the air a solemn stillness holds.

Each poet is describing how still evening came on. I may add that my old Lamartine (1834) personifies "silence" with a capital S.

Yours truly,

May 10, 1920.

O. H. E.

P.S.—In the chapter on "Les Médiations" in René Dounis's Lamartine monograph "l'éloge de Gray. "Sur un cintre de campagne," imité par Fontanes dans "le Jour des Morts" [1785]," is expressly mentioned as contributing to the atmosphere in which "Les Méditations" were produced.

We are informed by Mr. Humphrey Milford that "Wagner's Dramas and Greek Tragedy," reviewed in The Athenæum last week, is published in England by the Oxford University Press for the Columbia University Press.
and Berber that survived, still speaking Punic, down to the end of the Roman imperial period; and M. Gsell acutely observes that the speedy adoption of the Arabic tongue after the Moslem conquest was no doubt due to the similarity of the invading tongue to that which the Carthaginians, whom Rome had destroyed seven centuries and more before, had in the course of the seven preceding centuries of their empire deeply rooted in the soil of Africa. M. Gsell also traces the speedy African victory of Christianity in earlier days to the Semitic character of the religion of the land. The Liby-Phoenician never took kindly to the gods of Greece or the so-called gods of Rome. That Tanit Pnê-Balâ (“the face of Baal”: we do not know why M. Gsell so definitely rejects the theory that makes this “face” that of the full moon; it seems probable enough), the Tanît, or goddess, of the “New City” (Qurt-hadasht), whom all worshipped in Africa, would easily be identified with the Mother of our Lord, we can see.

Carthage was uninteresting, but she was not without character by any means, and she could impress this character on the weaker-minded Libyans. But the wit of Greece and the strength of Rome (how much of her easy domination of the Greeks may not Rome owe to a Cynic’s observation that “they are not faithful and passionate relics are the dullest and least interesting in the world.” In the British Museum may be seen a row of the miserable funerary stele, with their mixture of poor imitations of Greek artistic motives with the clumsy emblems of the Phoenician gods, which represent for us the art of the city of the Magonids and the Barca, the city that sent forth Hannibal from Spain over the Alps to Canne, and all but destroyed Rome. More recent excavations on the spot in the necropoles of Carthage have hardly produced anything better. Of temples, palaces, great works of art, even of imported Greek art, nothing survives. There must have been something better than the rubbish that as yet has been found. Still, there may not have been much. The Phoenicians themselves at home had no art of their own. They never originated anything, never were anything more than bad and cheap copyists of others. The references in classical authors give us no hint that any great critical production of the human mind ever issued from Carthage. As M. Gsell observes, the Magonian treatise on agriculture, which was rescued for use as a text-book in Italy, is poor stuff; and the Periplo of Hanno a dull production. Great men Carthage had, men of energy, such as Hannibal. Yet they failed. There was something rotten in the state of Carthage that condemned her to stave.

M. Gsell’s “Histoire” is a chronicle of sterility. This fourth volume alone contains more than 500 pages; the three that preceded it are also important tomes. It is a chronicle of the jejune, the dull, and the uninteresting, and a record of the unknown. M. Gsell proposes question after question: What did the Carthaginians know about this? what did they do about that? The answer is, we have no idea. We only get the impression that whatever they knew or did about this or that matter in question would have been extremely uninteresting and hardly worth knowing. And only a certain amount of this ignorance can be due to Roman destruction. In Sicily, where we know them from Greek sources, the Carthaginians never could carry out what ought to have been easy enough, with their material power, had they had the kind of brains that were needed. Like the three sons of Gama, “On the whole they were Not intelligent.” Hannibal remains the one great exception to the rule. Yet in Africa they succeeded, probably more by vis inerzia than by active and intelligent policy, in creating a Liby-Phoenician population, a combination of Semite
that what we do know is as dull and uninteresting as it
possibly be. But that is the fault of the Carth-
aginians, not of M. Gsell.

The book suffers, so far as the general reader is con-
cerned, from its total lack of illustrations. In England
such a book could not be published without illustrations;
nobody but a few savants would look at it. But in France
they still preserve much of the old-fashioned grand style
in these matters, which ignores illustration as an unworthy
ancillary to the argument; the mind must apprehend
the author's meaning through the medium of his logical
and precise language alone. Happily there is a real
index, not a useless "Table des matières."

YOUNG FRENCH VERSE

ROSE DES VENTS. By Philippe Soupault. (Paris, Au Sans Pareil
3fr. 50.)

LAMPS À ARC. By Paul Morand. (Paris, Au Sans Pareil. 7fr. 50.)

DIX-NEUF PoêMES ELASTIQUES. By Blaise Cendrars. (Paris, Au
Sans Pareil. 6fr.)

DU MONDE ENTIER. By Blaise Cendrars. (Paris, Nouvelle
Revue Française. 6fr.)

M.

SOUPAULT is on his guard against saying any-
thing too significant. He does not want to be
taken for one of those absurdly earnest folk who
strike philosophic attitudes in the face of life or who take
human emotions seriously. He presents us in his volume
with his sensations and impressions in their native purity,
uncontaminated, as far as it is possible, with the faintest
tinge of thought. His technique may be a little unfamiliar
at first:

le train passe
— c'est un nuage

déménagements pour tous pays
à l'entresol
cinq heures
le vent part
En voiture:

but it is not difficult to see the connection of these phrases
with the title of the poem from which they are quoted,
"La Grande Mélancolie d'une Avenue." We recognize
here a more "advanced" and coherent form of what
our novelists call psychology ("There was a hole in the
curtain. She noticed it for the first time. It was shaped
like an iguana's head. It became an obsession..."
and so on). The novelists go on in this vein for three
hundred pages. We are grateful to M. Soupault for his
self-restraint in writing no poem more than a hundred
words long.

"Lampes à Arc" is the 1920 version of "Poèmes
Arystophanesques." Laurent Tailhade celebrated his
"ancien bandagiste," his "ioures au nez circonflexe" in
exquisite quatorzains. It is in vers libre that M. Morand
sings of his motor-load of Spaniards:

Sur les strapontins trois filles maures,
poids lourds,
avec un ducot sous lequel tref de bouche,
avec un sourcil sous lequel tref d'yeux
baignant dans une eau bleue.
Au fond il y a le fils de famille sans menton,
avec, en pase de nez,
ung carre de drap noir.

M. Morand has a good share of that verbal wit which makes the
"Poèmes Aristophanesques" such good reading. Phrases like "les cactus orthopédiques" remain, a constant
source of amusement, in the memory. On the whole,
however, we prefer M. Tailhade's quatorzains to the
"Lampes à Arc." You can get more epigrammatic point
into a sonnet than into a loose-knit piece of free verse.
Furthermore, by using the sonnet M. Tailhade could
produce comic overtones, suggestions of parody and
literary criticism, which cannot be got out of a form that
has not been hallowed by a long and noble tradition.

The two volumes of M. Blaise Cendrars contain some
of the best work that is being done by the younger French
poets. His prose poem "J'ai tué," which was noticed in
The Athenæum last year, was an only partially successful
tour de force. "Du Monde Entier" and "Dix-neuf Poêmes Elastiques" show him at his best. Unlike M.
Soupault and his collaborators in the various little journals
in which he is interested, Blaise Cendrars has something to
write about. He has travelled from China to Peru, and the
whole world, as it passes in a perpetually changing panorama
before his eyes, is the theme of his poetry. He is a Romantic
in his liking for the picturesque, for the lavish
beauty of the earth: a Romantic, too, in his willingness
to talk about his own emotions.

PASSION

Feu

Roman-féminil

Journal

On a beau ne pas vouloir parler de soi-même
Il faut parfois crier.

It is just because he is prepared to cry out, without caring
if he makes a fool of himself, it is just because he is not
affected with that over-refinement and that morbid self-
consciousness which prevent so many of his younger
contemporaries from writing about anything serious at all,
that M. Cendrars is a poet whom it is possible to read with
pleasure and interest.

A. L. H.

YOUTH'S BURDEN

LE POIDS DU PASSÉ. Par Marguerite Regnault. (Paris, Calmann-Levy. 4fr. 90.)

The times being what they are, one might expect from
a book with such a title as this a new proof of the growing
sense of revolt against the "vested interests" of tradition
and society. But the note of this book is sacrifice, not revolt.
It is the story of a girl who from childhood devotes her life,
first to her mother, then to her death to her weak and dissolve
father and her little brother. For them she gives up her
career as a pianist which seemed to offer success and happiness;
for them, later on, she renounces the fiancé—a German, by
the way, for which the author makes apology in the preface—
who desires to carry her away and leave the wretched widower
and his five-year-old son to shift for themselves.

But for the coming and the passing of Herrmann Vogel,
the book contains no plot. It is a study in the development
of a girl's character—of, we are thankful to record, the
character of a reasonably normal girl, and not one of the
tiresome "Futurist" children who, having peopleed books
for some years, are beginning to step forth into real life
with distressing frequency. But it belongs in type to those
very modern studies in childish psychology which were first
made fashionable by "Marie Claire," as such a study it is
in every way admirable, and can be recommended with confidence
to lovers of this kind of fare. For ourselves, we confess to
a liking for meat over more highly seasoned, whether it be
with incident or emotion. But perhaps our palate is jaded.

It is all very clever and very delicate, but even within
its own bounds it seems to lack something of power and
precision. Ninette displays a weakness and irresolution that
do not seem to accord well with genius, so that we begin to
wonder whether her music would in fact have brought the
triumphs she expected. And Herrmann Vogel, surely he
becomes too swiftly the "German," the enemy, after having
been the perfect lover of a girl's fancy? The author tells us
that this book was written before the war, but we wonder
whether, perhaps even in the proof-reading, one or two deft
touches were not added to paint him a true representative
of his nation and, incidentally, to make it harder to understand
Ninette's heart-break at his loss.

The second volume of the "Catáleg de la Col·lecció Cervantina
formada per D. Isidro Bonsoms i Sicart" (Barcelona, 1919,
30 pesetas), of which the first volume appeared in 1916,
carries this important list of works by and about Cervantes
from 1801 to 1879. It catalogues and comments upon nearly
500 volumes (nos. 400-1172). A third volume will include
the works from 1880 to 1916, and finish this catalogue.
List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding to the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-divisions being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Works in this List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES.

Boe (P. N.) and Moreno (H. W. B.), A Hundred Years of the Bengali Press: being a history of the Bengali newspapers from their inception to the present day. Calcutta, H. B. Moreno, Central Press, Wellesley Street, 1920, 6° in. 130 pp. paper. 79

No small number of English writers should be interested by this account of Bengali journalism. The first journal in Bengali, the Bengal Gazette, was established in 1816, according to the authors, by a Brahman, Gangadhar Bhattacharji. Among the papers included is the Bharati, founded in 1877 by Jotindra, a brother of Rabindra Nath Tagore. 'It has taken a hundred years,' say the authors, 'to consolidate Bengali journalism... There is still a great deal to be done... the Vernacular Press... must cease merely to criticize without helpful suggestions.' The authors state that this is a growing tendency among the vernacular journals.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

La Motte (Ellen N.). The Opium Monopoly. New York, Macmillan Co., 1920. 8 in. 104 pp. paper, $1. 178.8

This is a violent, but unfortunately not baseless indictment of the 'British Empire's trade in opium.' America, it seems, menaced with the drug habit, and to obtain the means of satisfying it by way of Canada or Mexico will be perilously easy. National pharisaism and a strong anti-English feeling are a conspicuous part of the writer's equipment, but the facts which she adduces must give us to think.


This treatise, expressed in highly technical terms, is intended for professional students of philosophy rather than for the general public. The author acknowledges his obligation to Dr. Schiller for criticism and suggestions; but that lucid and arresting style which he wishes "America" to consolidate Bengali journalism... a popular book scarcely ranks among communicable gifts, and any trace of it would be vainly sought for here.

200 RELIGION.


This difficult and perennially fascinating subject is treated by Professor Peake in scholarly, but also in simple and interesting fashion. On the perplexing question of the date and place of the tradition in question, the author has the courage to confess himself undecided; but on the whole he thinks that the Apocalypse, though written during the reign of Nero, appeared first under Domitian, and that it is not by the author of the Fourth Gospel, but by the son of Zebedee.


This little volume contains, we are told, Dr. Sandy's "last public utterances as Lady Margaret Professor... but not, we trust, his last contribution to the story of Biblical criticism. He seems here to suggest that his delightful books dealing with the Fourth Gospel have been in part founded on a mistaken hypothesis. We are also assured that he goes so far as to re-assert his belief in a broad distinction between miracles of healing, now generally recognized as humanly possible, and the so-called "nature-miracles," on which Science has so far bestowed no official sanction. His inspiring faith in a divine plan, clearly traceable through the course of history, has survived even the ordeal of the war.

300 SOCIOLOGY.


These criticisms of the new Italian military law come from the general who commanded at Caporetto. He considers that Italy is now in no danger of surprise attacks by her neighbours. In other quarters she will have the help of the League of Nations. Hence there is no need for an army of the size contemplated by the new law. Whether the number of officers proposed is out of all proportion to the nation's needs. Moreover, the authorities are making the mistake of relying too much on the professional element, which will give the country an elaborate organization, but a poorly equipped force. General Capello pays a warm tribute to the valuable work done by the citizen soldier of all ranks, and would prefer to see a force organized more on the Swiss model. Soluci, who served on General Capello's staff, testifies to the seriousness of his illness at the time of the disaster, which he considers to have been his misfortune rather than his fault.

Parry (A. W.). Education in England in the Middle Ages. University Tutorial Press, 1920. 7½ in. 272 pp. 4s. 6d. (bibl.) index, 7s. 6d. 3422

Elementary English education begins, in Mr. Parry's opinion, with the charity schools in the seventeenth century; but from the Anglo-Saxon period onwards he finds traces of an educational system, designed primarily as a preparation for Holy Orders or for the monastic life, yet extending to individuals in every social rank. The subjects taught seem to have been reading (Latin) and singing (with a view to public worship). Writing, as a difficult art (we know that it was so considered even in Hannah More's time), would only be learned exceptionally. As regards the nursery schools for gentlemen's daughters, and the small number of pupils who attended them, the natural inference would appear to be that girls not attending them (in other words, the great majority) received no instruction whatever. Mr. Parry says little of the early Benedictine nuns, the earliest class of recognized female teachers, as we think, in the world's history. In love of learning they were not far behind the monks. Henry I's queen owed it to her convent training that she had read not only Jerome, but Cicero, and could conduct correspondence in Latin.


This book, by the Professor of Economics at New York University, is restricted to a discussion of principles—hence the title. Intended to prepare the mind of the student for the contents of more advanced and specialized treatises, Professor Turner's work is a clear exposition of fundamentals associated with essential institutions, as well as of such subjects as price, value, supply, money, banking, rent, capital and others. The concluding pages deal with corporations, monopoly, and trust legislation.

400 PHILOLOGY.

O'Grady (Hardress) and Catty (Nancy). The Early Stages of Spoken and Written English ('Handbooks in the Art of Teaching'), Constable [1920]. 7½ in. 618 pp. 4s. 6d. 144.4

Apparently, the Board of Education does not see eye to eye with those who would apply the science of phonetics to teaching English. The authors even wonder whether the moderate zeal shown by the Board towards the extirpation of dialects is due to a "reactionary desire to keep distinct the classes of a regard for the Utopian ideal, that speakers should retain the English racy of their soil and also be masters of "Standard Received English," they think that local peculiarities must go. The book is an instructive manual on teaching to read and training in verbal expression, and gives valuable hints on method.


An English Grammar, being one of a series of books for Serbs in the Latin script issued by the Clarendon Press. It
is arranged by parts of speech, and planned for use with the English Reader by the same authors. English students with a slight knowledge of Slav will also derive much profit from it, not least from the phonetic transcripts of their own language.


See review, p. 669.

600 USEFUL ARTS.


Fifty years have passed since most of the events recorded in this volume were new (for this railway was thirty years in the planning, though only six in the making). The writer tells, vividly and in sufficient detail, how this "wonder of its age" came into being—"the stress, the soil, the toil of mind and body which overcame the physical difficulties."


With admirable clarity the author discusses the principle of State sovereignty over the air, and the opposite principle of free circulation; the problems concerned in the nationality and registration of aircraft; the formalities to be observed by the international aviator; the certification of aircraft and pilots, and numerous other subjects. Every flyer should possess the knowledge embodied in Dr. Spaighl's pages.

700 FINE ARTS.

*Lewis (C. T. Courtney). THE LE BLOND BOOK. Sampson Low, 1920. 7 1/2 in. 138 pp., 10/6 n.

See notice, p. 644.

780 MUSIC.


The second edition, revised and enlarged, of the Rev. W. Meredith Morris's excellent dictionary. The first edition, which appeared in 1904, has been out of print for some time.

Smith (Charles T.). THE MUSIC OF LIFE: education for leisure and culture; with curricula evolved by experiment in an elementary school. King, 1919. 8 1/2 in. 150 pp. boards, 4/ 6 n.

In this second edition there do not appear to be many alterations. The object is to show how the elementary school curriculum can civilize by eliminating those sordid factors and opportunities for vice that produce unhappy, demoralized, and embittered citizens. To this end the teaching of music, folk-dancing, and literature can be made an efficient means. The musical examples (see, for instance, p. 101) might be much more clearly reproduced.

800 LITERATURE.


Most of the selections are from the first two-thirds of the "Mémoires," and are passages illustrating the declining splendour of the reign of Louis XIV. The Roi Soleil and Mme. de Maintenon are presented in their daily life; and after the longer pieces come a series of portraits illustrating the incisiveness of Saint-Simon's pen. A full historical introduction, a few notes, and two appendices form the apparaits criticus.


Opening with Michelet on Jeanne d'Arc, and closing with General Pétain's ordre du jour of November 18, 1918, this selection is particularly rich in pieces sacred to the glory of French history. Forssoart, Des Périers, Marot and Louise Labé are also among the writers represented; and, apart from the high literary interest of the contents, the reason for the particular order of the arrangement may please the reader with some mental exercise.


These essays, most of which appeared in Everyman, although containing no particularly new ideas, are readily and brightly written. They consist of agreeable comment on questions of the day, written from a "moderate" point of view.

POETRY.


See review, p. 684.

Cendrars (Blaise). DU MONDE ENTIER. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 1919. 7 1/2 in. 128 pp. paper, 5fr.

See review, p. 684.

MacKaye (Percy) and Barnhart (Harry), THE WILL OF SONG: a dramatic service of community singing. New York, Boni & Liveright, 1919. 7 1/2 in. 70 pp. app., 70c.

"How," Mr. MacKaye inquires, "how may the surging Tides of Man be sluiced in Conduits of Art, without losing their primal glory and momentum?" The answer to this enigma is contained in the present volume. The "Will of Song" was composed for "community singing" by the inhabitants of the Oranges and Bufallo. At a "Community Sing" the audience—call it the congregation, for the Community Sing is a service in the religion of Democracy—participates in the performance—is, indeed, itself an actor, a Group Person. The Will of Song is a very adequate expression of that idealism, none the less uplifting for being a little vague, which stars not only in America, but also among most earnest believers in democracy elsewhere.

Mirlees (Hope). PARIS. Hogarth Press, 1920. 6 in. 23 pp. paper, 8/ n.

In singing the praises of Paris, Miss Mirlees has adopted the idiom of the younger French poets—not the "youngest" of all, but those who stand between Dada and the Nouvelle Revue Française. It is the idiom, roughly speaking, of M. Sina in "Prikaz," of M. Cendrars in "Du Monde Entier," of M. Drieu La Rochelle in his later manner. "Paris" is immensely literary and immensely accomplished. One reads it with pleasure and interest, admiring the author's learning and wit, and the skill with which the verse is handled:

The sky is apricot;
Against it there is purple
Across the Pont Solférino
Pikes nibbling the celestial apricot—
That one with broad-trimmed hat and tipped pelisse must be a priest.

They are black and two-dimensional, and look like silhouettes of Louis-Philippe citizens.

These lines illustrate Miss Mirlees' qualities and defects—her clear, witty vision, and the quite superfluous pedantry which so often comes shutting down, heavily and darkly, across it.


See review, p. 684.

Soupault (Philippe). ROSE DES VENTS. Paris, Au Sans Pareil, 1920. 7 1/2 in. 56 pp. ill. paper, 3fr. 50.

See review, p. 684.


Three poets are represented in this number of the Chapbook, namely, Eugene Webster, John Redwood Anderson and A. E. Coppard. Miss Webster is so technically accomplished that one finds it very difficult to say what is the real merit of her poems. "*Betty*" and "Death of a Child* are the best of her six pieces. Mr. Anderson is represented by a series
of nine poems on "October Fair-time." He treats the clowns and merry-go-rounds, swings and freaks—objects so much beloved by the poets of the advance guard—in a large, picturesque, romantic style, brought superficially up to date by a small admixture of Edith Sitwellism. Of the three poets we like best, Mr. A. E. Coppard, whose work gives tokens of a curious intensity of emotion and sensuous appreciation:

The huge uprearing sky has a million lures—
The wind confuses at its coy mischief—
Dust is gone up on curtains of visible air—
The unrelenting elm is passionately tossed—
And seven pale doves are thrown like stars—
Under the black cloud.

FICTION.


An unreal story of a doctor who takes on his shoulders the sins and the evil name of his diasopianiac half-brother, a feeble-minded missionary, and a self-sacrificing woman who loves the former, but marries the latter to complete his reformation. The scene is a settlement on the Congo.

Cobb (Thomas). MR. PRESTON'S DAUGHTER. Lane, 1920. 71 in. 285 pp., 7 n.

A story of a woman's unfounded suspicions and jealousy. The heroine, Monica Dasant, suspects her lover of wavering affection, and believes that her rival is the vulgar and frivolous Esa Maynard, whose antecedents have been chequered. The secrecy of Esa's past is maintained until the last pages, in which the skein of complexity is finally unravelled.

Desmond (Shaw). PASSION. Duckworth, 1920. 71 in. 331 pp., 7 n.

See review, p. 671.

Futuhatei. AN ADOPTED HUSBAND. Trans. from Japanese by B. Mitsu and Gregg M. Sinclair. Hutchinson, 1920. 71 in. 255 pp., 7, 6 n. 885.23

See review, p. 671.

Grant (Graham). THE DIARY OF A POLICE SURGEON. Pearson, 1920. 71 in. 188 pp., 3, 6 n.

These cameos-stories and sketches, constructed out of episodes in the experiences of a police surgeon in the East End of London, deal with fights, stabbings, murder, theft, disease and the like. The notorious affair at Sidney Street is described in one of the tales. A Practical Joker" has some light touches; and "Dan and Nellie Brown" is a sad little story.

As a whole the book will scarcely be attractively readable, except to those who have a liking for realistic details of sordid crime.

Hendryx (James B.). THE GOLD GIRL. Putnam, 1920. 71 in. 349 pp., 7, 6 n. 813.5

The background of this bright and interesting story is Montana, where the father of the heroine, Patty Sinclair, "made a strike of gold" shortly before his death. But he neglected to file the claim; and Patty, with the aid of a somewhat cryptic map, sets to work to locate the reef. She is nearly caught in the toils of two unscrupulous rival in the search; but, befriended throughout by "Vil" Holland, a rough but estimable cowboy, Patty is ultimately successful in discovering her father's "strike," and in the concluding chapter she marries "Vil.".


See review, p. 666.


Julian Hunter, soldier poet, has corn ripe hair and the proboscis of a Greek god or an advertisement for collars. Being a poet, he addresses young ladies in such terms as these: "Where is thy Court, Titania?" or "My dainty goddess Freia. Contrary to expectation, the heroine does not marry him. "Julian, I tell you, you are in love with me, you are in love with Life. You need no sweetheart, for your Sweetheart is the World." Prudently, she chooses the proffered hand of Mr. Winston, who makes munitions. Selections from Julian Hunter's poems as well as black-and-white illustrations enliven the book.


See notice, p. 684.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

* Bland (J. O. P.). MEN, MANNERS, AND MODELS IN SOUTH AMERICA. Heinemann, 1920. 9 in. 327 pp. il. index, 12, 6

The author of this vivacious and gracefully-written book protests with justice against the "Blue-book stodginess" of many works which deal with that portion of the Western hemisphere south of the equator. It is undeniable that the general reader wants, not dry particulars of South American trades, industries, and manufacturing possibilities, but silhouettes of the men and women and their social life; descriptions of the prairies and forests, of mountain gorges and the everlasting hills." Mr. Bland, who portrays numerous types of South American life, vividly describes the places he has visited, successfully avoids the faults to which his stricture applies. His book is heartily to be commended.


A description of Aurès in Eastern Algeria, a region on the threshold of the desert, full of mountains, torrents, and forests, and so little known that even the Algerian on hearing the name has to look it up in the atlas. The author tells the story of its people, and describes its primitive village life, adding chapters on Tunis, a Tunisian marriage, and the women of Tunis.


See review, p. 666.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Shaw-Stewart (Patrick). KNOX (Ronald). PATRICK SHAW-STEWART. Collins, 1920. 8 in. 205 pp., 8, 6 n. 920

See review, p. 670.

Treloar (Sir William Purdie). A LORD MAYOR'S DIARY, 1900-7: to which is added the Official Diary of Micahah Ferry, Lord Mayor, 1738-9. Murray, 1920. 81 in. 281 pp. il., il. por., 10, 6 n. 920

One of the principal reasons why the unconventional Lord Mayor who in 1906-7 filled the civic chair with conspicuous success had wished to become chief magistrate was that "the position might enable him to do something permanently to benefit the little crippled children of the Metropolis." During his mayoralty Sir William Treloar founded the Cripples' Hospital and College at Alton, the welfare of which was, and remains, very near his heart; he received numerous royal and other distinguished persons at the Guildhall; danced the "Furry" dance in the streets of Ledet; and, with considerable éclat visited Berlin and Potsdam in a ticklish period in the history of the relations of this country with Germany. Sir William's description of Lord Mayor's day—which might be called "Impressions of 'Der Tag' from the City State Coach"—is vivid. The diary leaves the impression that "Lord Mayor" is synonymous with "hard worker"; and in the mayoral seat there seems to be much dignity, but not a large amount of ease. The eighteenth-century Lord Mayor's diary (the only previous record by a Lord Mayor of his year of office) is held reading by comparison with Sir William Treloar's chronicle.

930-990 HISTORY.


The author deals at considerable length, and in a facile, pleasant manner, with the bellicose aspirations of Germany, and the eternal conflict between Church and State, and the latter as exemplified in the revolt of Republican France against the alien or Papal direction of schools, in the Italian struggle for liberty of conscience, and the Kulturkampf between Wilhelm the Invincible and Pius the Infidel. The
new States of Bohemia and Poland, says Mr. Biglow, have yet that fight before them. The author is far from hopeful in relation to the pacific intentions of Germany: “Prussia must be made harmless if the world is to be made safe; and Prussia will stay harmless just so long as she is compelled to—and no longer.”

See review, p. 683.

Henry V. Howat (R. B.). Henry V. (“Kings and Queens of England”). Complete, 1919. 9 in. 349 pp. il. pors. maps, apps. (bibllog.) index, 10/6 n. 942.042
See review, p. 668.

Lock (H. O.). The Conquerors of Palestine through Forty Centuries. With an introduction by Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby. Scott, 1920. 9 in. 131 pp. map, apps. (bibllog.) index, 7/6 n. 933 and 956.9

Major Lock usefully and clearly summarizes the history of the military operations which have been carried out in Palestine from the era antecedent to the time of the Pharaoh, down to the red-letter day when the distinguished write, of the introduction, accompanied by his victorious army quietly and modestly entered Jerusalem. The Egyptians Assyrians, Jews, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Crusaders, Saracens, Ottomans, Mamelukes, as well as the French and British, pass in succession across Major Lock’s crowded stage.


Mr. Millard discusses at great length the real character of Japan, the policy of the Japanese in the war, the Japanese diplomatic demands upon China in 1905, the Siberian question, and numerous other topics. The author sympathizes with China’s appeal to the democracies, and declares that American financial policy in China must keep free from association with Japanese business methods and political aspirations as they have been revealed in recent years.


The impact of Western forces upon the East has had two different motives: commercial and political, moral and religious. Professor Moore describes the influence of Greater Europe on the rest of the world, and endeavours to trace the results in the life of practically all non-European peoples. “The movement began in being a conquest, or at least an attempted one, and it continued in being an exploitation of the weaker by the stronger for the purposes of trade. It cannot be described as a vast and complex assimilation leading to the standard of the West which is evidenced in every phase of Eastern life.” He describes the process of assimilation in the departments of civil life and government, in economic relations, and in education and morals. As to the reflex action of the East, in no aspect of life, he says, has that been more profoundly felt than in religion.

Stevenson (John). Two Centuries of Life in Down, 1680-1880. Belfast, McCraw, Stevenson & Ott; Dublin, Hodges & O’Gog, 1920. 9 in. 516 pp. il. pors. maps, index, 21/ n. 941.56-7

The author tells the story of the first successful Plantation in Ireland, and of the life led by its settlers and their descendants. The scene is the territory in North Down granted by King James I. to James Hamilton and Hugh Montgomery. The period covered begins with the arrival of the adventurers in 1605-6, and ends at the dawn of the industrial era in the first decade of the nineteenth century. The numerous portraits add considerably to the interest of this informative book.


An arresting book in which the authors survey the post-war situation as a whole. They deal with the “Balkanization of Europe,” “The New Balance of Power,” “The Meaning of Bolshevism,” and the like. The picture painted is gloomy. In the period since the Armistice, there were no less than twenty-five wars going on in Central and Eastern Europe.” “There was hardly a country in Europe, on whichever side it had fought—or even if it had not fought at all—where deep-seated resentments and grievances had not been sown.” The class war which succeeded the national war now became local political war for the first time since 1848, and on an infinitely greater scale.” “The excesses of Russian Communism were exploited to create a popular bogey, in order that this in its turn might be used to discredit all forms of Socialism . . . Bolshevist’ became as opprobrious a nickname as ‘pro-German’ had been during the war.” If we have estimated the situation rightly, it becomes evident that the emergency with which we are faced is one of a much longer duration than five years.” These brief extracts will serve to illustrate the authors’ views and conclusions.


Reviewing German policy and dealings, Mr. Dane shows that in 1885 and 1890 the German diplomats agreed that it was the duty of the Powers to preserve the native races of Africa and to protect them from slavery and oppression; but he concludes that German rule in Africa portended a revival of chattel slavery on a great scale, and that this would not have been confined to the German continent. Happily, he says, the evil was rooted up. A harrowing account of the German treatment of the brave Hereros is given. The last section of the book is devoted to the war in the Pacific and the siege of Kiaochau.


This extremely painful statement of Mr. Forder is valuable as a record of personal experience at the hands of the Turks during the war. The author, who was a missionary among the tribes of the Arabian desert for twenty-five years, had the misfortune to be imprisoned by the Turkish authorities for four years without adequate trial. The life within the prison was unbelievably horrible and inhuman. Even of all descriptions, tainted with every kind of disease, were herded together so closely that there was barely room to lie down; certain prisoners went altogether foodless, and the rest were kept in a state of semi-starvation—unless there were friends outside to augment the daily ration. The story of the arrival of Mr. Forder’s wife in Damascus after a long separation from her husband, of her death from privation, and of his own survival, both in faith and body, makes sad but heroic reading.

*Hardie (Martin) and Allen (H. Warner). Our Italian Front. Painted by Martin Hardie; described by Warner Allen. Black, 1920. 9 in. 203 pp. il. (50 plates in colour), map, 25/ n. 940.345

The white or tinted houses, broad piazzas, and shady arcades of Italian cities, the ruined churches on both banks of the Po, and the rich colouring of the Italian mountains are vividly brought before the reader by Capt. Hardie’s very effective illustrations. Mr. Allen’s text is eminently readable, and the story is told with unswerving humanity. Even of all the Italian campaigns in the great war. It describes the experiences of the British Expeditionary Force from the moment of its arrival in a country which had never before seen a British army, down to the final and victorious offensive. The fifty illustrations are strikingly successful reproductions of Capt. Hardie’s water-colour drawings. The wrapper showing “The Street of the Arches, Arquata,” “Hills of Italy,” “The Colonel’s Washing,” and “In an Italian Village”—to name only a few of the pictures which adorn the volume—is particularly attractive.
Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

COLEG PRIFATHROFAOL DE HEUDIR CYMRU A MYNYW

The Council of the College invites APPLICATIONS for the POST of PROFESSOR OF LOGIC and PHILOSOPHY. The commencing salary will be £600 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom 100 copies of applications and testimonials must be received on or before June 7, 1920.

D. J. A. BROWN, Registrar.

University College, Cardiff.
May 15, 1920.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

COLEG PRIFATHROFAOL DE HEUDIR CYMRU A MYNYW.

The Council of the College invites APPLICATIONS for the POST of SECOND ASSISTANT LECTURER in the Departments for the Training of Men Teachers for Elementary and Secondary Schools. The commencing salary will be £250 per annum.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications with testimonials (which need not be printed) must be received on or before Monday, June 14, 1920.

D. J. A. BROWN, Registrar.

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May 15, 1920.

BRIGHTON MUNICIPAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

Principal: W. Mansergh Varley, M.A., D.Sc., Ph.D.

APPLICATIONS are invited from Honours Graduates in Arts (men or women) for the following Positions:—
LECTURER IN ENGLISH AND HISTORY.
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F. HERBERT TOYNE, Secretary.

54, Old Steine, Brighton.

GLOUCESTER.—CRYPT SCHOOL.

VACANCY in September, for SCIENCE MASTER, capable of taking up work to Senior Locals standard. Present salary scale, £200—£700—£20—£120. The school numbers 250 boys, has two advanced courses, and is represented on H.M.C.—Apply HEADMASTER.

STAFFORDSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

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2. ASSISTANT MISTRESS, with good degree in Classics, willing to do part-time secretarial work.

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Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES.

ABERYSTWYTH.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of CATALOGUER in the Library of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, at a salary of £250 per annum.

For further particulars and application forms apply to the Registrar, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

Applications should reach the undersigned not later than June 11, 1920.

J. H. DAVIES, Principal.

DURHAM COLLEGES IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LECTURER in English Language and Literature in the Durham Colleges in the University of Durham. Candidates should be graduates in Honours of a British University. Initial salary £250 per annum. Further particulars may be had from the SECRETARY OF COUNCIL, University Offices, Durham.

SHANGHAI MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.

PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

TWO ASSISTANT MASTERS are required for this School. Candidates should be 25 to 30 years of age, unmarried, graduates of Oxford or Cambridge University preferred. They must hold Government certificates and trained teachers' diplomas. Be-experienced teachers and disciplinarians, able to prepare Cambridge Local Preliminary, Junior and Senior Candidates. Pay Taels 287.50 per mensem without allowances, except participation in the Superannuation Fund and free Medical Attendance, under agreement for three years, with increase of pay if agreement is renewed. At present rate of exchange Taels 2 equals £1. Exchange is, however, subject to fluctuation and this rate should be considered abnormal. The pre-war rate was Taels 8 equals £1.

First-class passage is provided and half pay during voyage. Further particulars and application form may be obtained from the Council's Agents:


May, 1920.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

THE EDUCATION COMMITTEE invite APPLICATIONS for the following POSTS for the term commencing in September:

GEORGE DIXON SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

ASSISTANT MASTER (Principal Subject: FRENCH).

BIRMINGHAM SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

ASSISTANT MISTRESS (Principal Subject: BOTANY).

DOMESTIC SCIENCE MISTRESS with experience in organising School Dinners.

Forms of application and copies of present scale of salaries may be obtained from the undersigned. At present the following war bonus is paid:

Men £74 to £78 per annum according to salary.
Women £66 to £70.

Applications must be sent in not later than June 3.

P. D. INNIS,
Chief Education Officer,
Education Office, Council House, Margaret Street.
Appointments Vacant

LANRWTST COUNTY SCHOOL.
Headmaster—H. PARRY JONES, M.A. (Oxon).

REQUIRED for September, GRADUATE (experienced), with Honours in Physics and Mathematics. Salary £180—£40, plus benefits of War Bonus Awards adopted by the Council. The present War Bonus attaching to this appointment is £123 17s. 6d.

Applicants are invited by the Public Libraries Committee for the POST of a SENIOR ASSISTANT in their Libraries at a salary of £100 per annum, plus the benefits of War Bonus Awards adopted by the Council. The present War Bonus attaching to this appointment is £123 17s. 6d.

TOTTENHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES COMMITTEE.
SENIOR ASSISTANT.

APPLICATIONS are invited by the Public Libraries Committee for the POST of a SENIOR ASSISTANT in their Libraries at a salary of £100 per annum, plus the benefits of War Bonus Awards adopted by the Council. The present War Bonus attaching to this appointment is £123 17s. 6d.

Prefered will be given to Ex-Service men possessing the necessary qualifications, and who have had practical library experience, including classification and cataloguing.

Applications, together with copies of three recent testimonials (which will not be returned), must be sent to me not later than June 7, 1920.

Envelopes to be endorsed “Library Assistant” in the top lefthand corner.

REGINALD C. GRAVES, LL.B.,
Clerk and Solicitor of the Committee.

May 21, 1920.
Town Hall,
Tottenham, N.15.

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EASTBOURNE EDUCATION COMMITTEE.
SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.

WANTED, permanent STAFF ASSISTANTS, as follows, commencing duties in September next, part-time services, salary according to scale.

ASSISTANT ART MISTRESS.—Well qualified in general Design and Drawing, with a specialized knowledge of Dress Design, Cutting, Making and Ornamentation. Millinery a speciality.

B. ASSISTANT ART TEACHER (either sex).—Highly qualified in Painting and Figure Composition, with a specialized knowledge of one or more forms of Process Reproduction. An additional qualification in the case of Male Teacher, rank of “Deputy Head Master” may be offered with additional salary.

Forms of application, particulars of appointments, and salary scales may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications should be sent not later than June 14, 1920.

H. W. FOYARGUE,
Town Clerk and Secretary.

Education Department,
Town Hall, Eastbourne.

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RIPON HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

WANTED in September a FULLY QUALIFIED MISTRESS to teach English throughout the school and some Latin. Salary according to the West Riding scale. —Applications to be sent to the Headmistress on or before June 6.

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UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

FORBES LECTURESHIP IN SPANISH.

The University Court of the University of Edinburgh invite APPLICATIONS for the vacant FORBES LECTURESHIP in Spanish Language and Literature. The Lecturer will be required to deliver Elementary Courses of Lectures for Students who have not passed the Entrance Examination, as well as Graduation Courses qualifying for the Degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Commerce. The salary is £400 per annum, rising by annual increments of £10 to £450 per annum, and the appointment will be for a period of five years from the date of fixing the salary. The Lecturer must be a native or a naturalized citizen of the United States, and the application must be submitted before October 1, 1920, or for such shorter period as the Court may determine, with eligibility for re-appointment. Applications are required to send the Secretary four copies of their letter of application and four copies of any testimonials they may wish to submit, not later than June 30, 1920.

WILLIAM WILSON,
Secretary to the University.

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CITY OF LEEDS TRAINING COLLEGE.

The LEEDS EDUCATION COMMITTEE invite applications for the POSITION of VICE-PRINCIPAL (Womans) for the above Residential Training College (180 men and 300 women).

Particulars of conditions of appointment and of duties with forms of application, may be obtained from the undersigned.

The salary is at the rate of £600 per annum, with house (including rates).

Applications must be received not later than June 30.

JAMES GRAHAM,
Director of Education.

Education Department, Leeds.
Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL

AN APPOINTMENT to the CHAIR OF PHILOSOPHY will shortly be made. Stipend £800. Applications before June 10, to the Registrar, from whom particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES, ABERystwyth.

The UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES will shortly proceed to appoint a PROFESSOR to the CHAIR OF WELSH LANGUAGE.

The initial stipend of the Chair is £600 a year.

Particulars may be obtained of the Principal of the College, whom applications should reach on or before June 15, 1920.

J. H. DAVIES, Principal.

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WILLIAM BECKFORD

WILLIAM BECKFORD is a signal example of ill-starred genius. He did not go mad or die young; he did worse, he ossified, and is now almost forgotten, except as an eccentric. Yet “Ithakin” does not age: its date—it was begun six years before Byron was born—is as astonishing as the lies which Beckford told about it in his dotage. It is not true that he wrote it in three days and two nights at one sitting, or that he did not know who translated his French text. It took him more than a year to compose, and he gave the MS. to the Rev. William Henley to translate, the plan being that the French original and the English version should appear together. But Henley, disgusted with Beckford’s indolence and caprices, published his version without warning and with the statement that it was translated from the Arabic. This forced the infuriated author to publish the original; but he published it at Paris and Lausanne, and the French Venetian remained practically unknown until it was reprinted with an introduction by Mallarmé. The “Episodes,” again, missed fire. At the end of “Ithakin” the Caliph and Neurionihar listen to three stories from the lips of princes who, in the palace of Eblis, are awaiting the same punishment as themselves—the heart turned to flame and the extinction of all consciousness save that of remorse. Not until 126 years later was the world allowed to read these stories, and then only in a carelessly transcribed text and an incompetent translation. They deserve a better fate. Their theme is the same as that of “Ithakin”—the heart turned to flame and the extinction of all consciousness save that of remorse. Not until 126 years later was the world allowed to read these stories, and then only in a carelessly transcribed text and an incompetent translation. They deserve a better fate. Their theme is the same as that of “Ithakin” persistence in complicated depravity; and the method is the same—the Voltairean Eastern tale, transformed by an imagination once sensuous and romantic, while the cynicism is preserved and even heightened. Beckford wanted to print them during his lifetime, but, being rich, he held out for extravagant terms.

Very rich young men often enjoy the sense of having exhausted the whole circle of human experience; often, again, they have been romantic, especially in the eighteenth century. In Beckford the combination of wealth, cynicism and romance was unique: the wealth was fabulous, the cynicism made Lockhart tremble, the romance had the force of hallucination. His father the Alderman left him a million in ready money and an income computed at £110,000 a year. On his mother’s side (she was a Hamilton) he was of noble, even of royal descent. He was more than the usual young miller making the grand tour with his tutors and his doctor, paying his compliments to Voltaire and Madame de Stael and sending home rhapsodies on Swiss scenery. He was also being exceptional and apart, handsome, high-spirited and witty, without responsibilities or duties, lifted to a pinnacle above common human fate. Chatham was his godfather, and there were attempts to make him a statesman. But the sensitive creature preferred the luxury of dreams. What had the world’s coarse traffic to offer him? He buried himself in books, and cultivated a scornful solitude, in which he never became morbid, for he never knew ennui; his mind was too tough and too agile for that. Once, when detained at Lausanne, he bought Gibbon’s library to have something to read, and all was well. When he tired of books and pictures he could write his “Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters,” a learned squib that still amuses, was composed in his 17th year. Thus he became doubly isolated, first by his position, and then by the intoxication of his imagination, which transmuted his environment as effectually as opium. The halls and corridors of Fonthill dissolve into endless Oriental perspectives, the butler becomes a chief enmich and the maids the ladies of the harem. In an early letter we see him, after a lonely stroll on a December afternoon, sitting under an oak and watching
the rook's scatter in the sky. Then he walks home to tea.

The Bats fly frequently before me and many an Owl—according to the mythology of Birds, hastened to perform incantations. I then ascended to the steps which lead to a vast hall paved with Marble and seating myself, like the Orientals, on Cushions of Brocade placed by a blazing fire was served with Tea and a species of white bread which has crossed the Atlantic. Meanwhile my thoughts were wandering in the interior of Africa and dwelt for hours on those Countries I love. One instant I imagined myself viewing the marble palaces of Oriental princes seated in the green woody margin of lakes, studded in sands and wildernesses; the next transported me to the rocks of Carena where Atlantes strove vainly to preserve Ruggiero from the Perils of War. Some minutes after, I found myself standing before a thick wood listening to impetuous waterfalls and screened from the Sun by its foliage. I was wondering at the Scene when a tall comedy Negro wound along the slopes of the Hills and without moving his lips made me comprehend I was in Africa, on the brink of the Nile beneath the mountains of Amara.

Such was the effect on this boy of the Dorsetshire downs and the fireside hour. But he is not really carried away. The cool half of his mind watches the dreams and enjoys them with a hard and brutal egoism. Thanks to this coolness, he could create; what gives "Vathek" its force and flavour is not merely pleasure in dallying with the vertigo of sin, but the knowledge that he is never for a moment in danger. His imagination, had he been born a generation later, might have been nourished by ideas. But it never got beyond the sensuous, and, when the fumes of sense cleared, hardened into a fastidious intolerance of the commonplace, finally shading off into the complete gentleman's conviction of his own superiority. Artistically sterile, he spends the rest of his long life in laborious trifling.

After perambulating the Continent, the image of British morgue, for eight years, he came home in 1794, pulled down the old house and built a gmcrack abbey (with a great tower, which fell down) to hold his art treasures. The abbey was built "partly in ruins," and its contents were in keeping: Hazlitt, who went to the sale in 1822, calls it "a cathedral turned into a toyshop." Beckford, who hated Horace Walpole, said that Strawberry Hill was "a species of Gothic mouse-trap, a reflection of Walpole's littlenesses." His own taste as a collector, if more virile and dash than Walpole's, was evidently bad, though it should be remembered that he had reserved his best things and taken them to Bath. The cause of the crash was partly a lawsuit which deprived him of two estates said to have been worth £30,000 a year, and partly the depreciation of his property in Jamaica.

At Bath, established modestly in Lansdown Crescent, he was still able to buy land on Lansdown Hill and to indulge his taste for towers. "He was scarcely known to be in Bath," says the inevitable diarist, "before a beautiful tower, planned in the purest taste, suddenly appeared on the summit of the highest eminence in the vicinity." In this tower, as the nineteenth century wore on, the spirit "all air and fire," which had created "Vathek," pestered out in the pursuit of hobbies. He became a furious bibliomaniac, following the London sales and driving his bargains with the hardness of senile passion. Heraldic and genealogical research was another craze. His "Liber Veritatis," in which "I pull the peacock sadly about," is in the archives of Hamilton Palace. The Alderman's son had a weakness for rank. According to the Gentleman's Magazine,

By a patent dated August 11, 1791, Mr. Beckford's arms were placed within a bordure or, charged with a treasure fryal gates, as a memorial of his lineal descent from the royal blood of Scotland; and by a second grant dated March 20, 1810, the single was changed into a double treasure, in consideration of the extraordinary accumulation of descents from royal and illustrious families concentrated in his person.

These pursuits kept him happy to the end. There has been much snobbish fuss about his eccentricity and the intrepidity of his dandyism, but no one has tried to explain, for no one has noticed, the tragedy of his decay. This little lonely old-fashioned gentleman, correct, dignified, well-preserved, straight as a dart, riding about the outskirts of Bath with a g Ramsey at a respectful distance, or thumbing his catalogues and arranging his stained-glass windows so that a rosy light should fall on his marble cupids—how could an original genius come to this? We suggest that the pride of wealth and power first prematurely forced and then did a deadly work upon his soul. No breath of generous inspiration could ever reach him, so that he dried and toughened and froze—for he could not become flabby—until there was nothing to distinguish him from other men of fashion save his loneliness, his oddities and the hypertrophy of his possessive instincts.

S. W.

Poetry

THE WHISPER

To what enchanted twilight fall,
Where things of sense and things of thought
Are to a scarce material
Oneness refined,
Beckons my softly whispering mind?

Soft, with what whispers too soft whispering
Hath mind envenomed being with a kiss
Whose sullen, unabating sting
Derides the bliss
The mind once whispered—did it whisper this?

Only where thou art not shall thy calm be,
Deeper than thy most deep discovery,
Thou finite lover of infinity,
Follow thou me.

I am thy not-self perfect shaped by stress
Of the defect of thy own imperfection;
Only with me shalt thou, the comfortless,
Ease thy distress.

Where at the last thy baffled hungry eyes,
Turning downcast from their high enterprise,
Droop at the veil of heart-inwoven lies.
There I arise;

And the dumb longing in thy soul entwined
That gads thee from the ways of all thy kind,
Pain-marred, self-exiled, mutilate, purblind
Among the blind,

Is love of me who love despairingly.
Thy fellow-exile from felicity,
And waste unsought my cold virginity
That is unloosed to be...
The triumph and the consummation
Of the unstained desire that feeds upon
Love’s treachery to love, wherein alone
I to thyself am known.

Yet love’s defection that alone may see
The hemlock eyes of love’s true loyalty,
Being fevered by his canker frailty,
Hath but a dream of me.

Soft with these whispers too soft whispering
Mind hath envenomed with his kiss,
And with the poisoned pleasure of his sting
Hath numbed what in me is
All but the ear to hear the whisper whisper this,

HENRY KING.

CONTORTIONIST

This strange man has no bones, he bends
All ways, his head and heels like friends
Affectionately meet and kiss,
Around that supple frame of his
His limbs, fantastically spangled,
Are all deliciously entangled.

Contortionist insensibly,
Out of the straining body we see,
Becomes a system of design,
Of interpenetrant tone and line.
Coloured planes that mingle and shift
Across that heaving torso drift.

I saw the bellicose Cubist
Agaze at this contortionist,
I said: “Observe the delicate tones
That mark the play of muscles and bones.
Those gracious curves in all his tangles
Should put one out of love with angles.

He has no pyramidal eyes,
Nor iron girders for his thighs,
Nor thorax like a mangled box,
Nor shoulders built of solid blocks.
Oh, do not to a Cubist plan
Reduce this shapely little man!

God bless the good contortionist,
And help him through each wriggle and twist!
And do not let him ossify,
But keep him agile as a fly!
And give him a kind, obedient wife
To make him happy all his life!”

J. J. ADAMS.

ESTHER MILBURN

Once realized, what else was left to do
But part and go our separate ways anew?
I’ve not set eyes upon him since that night.
Why did we marry? Why did that paper light
I held the match to? Yes, it’s gone black out,
Leaving the sticks unkindled, and no doubt
The fire must be relaid, before ’twill burn.
But when love fails, there is no second turn.
If once the paper doesn’t fire the wood,
Or the blazing wood, the coal, there’s little good
In striking matches to eternity:
They only shunt and flicker mockingly,
Scorching the fingers, to illuminate
Charred litter in the cold bars of the grate.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.
heavily. The Portsmouth mail coach has already lost its way; several ships have foundered, and Margate pier has been totally destroyed. At Hatfield Peverel twenty sheep have been buried, and though one supports itself by gnawing wurzels which it encounters near it, there is a grave reason to fear that the French king's coach has been blocked on the road to Colchester. It is now the 16th of February, 1808.

Poor Mrs. Mitford! Twenty-one years ago she left the breakfast-room, and no news has yet been received of her child. Even Mendacity is a little ashamed of itself, and, picking up "Mary Russell Mitford and her Surroundings," announces that everything will come all right if we possess ourselves in patience. The French king's coach was on its way to Bocking; at Bocking lived Lord and Lady Charles Murray-Aynsley; and Lord Charles was shy. Lord Charles had always been shy. Once, when Mary Mitford was five years old—sixteen years, that is, before the coach were lost and the French king went to Bocking—Mary threw him into an agony of blushing by running up to his chair in mistake for the page. He was not to have left the room. Miss Hill, who, somewhat strangely, finds the society of Lord and Lady Charles pleasant, does not wish to quit it without "introducing an incident in connection with them which took place in the month of February, 1808." But is Miss Mitford concerned in it? To some extent; that is to say, Lady Charles was a cousin of the Mitfords, and Lord Charles was shy. Mendacity is quite ready to deal with the "incident" even on these terms, but we have had enough of trifling. Miss Mitford may not be a great woman; for all we know she was not even a good one; but we have certain responsibilities as a reviewer which we are not going to evade.

A sense of the beauty of nature has never been altogether absent from English literature; yet no one can deny that the difference between Pope and Wordsworth in this respect is very considerable. "Lyrical Ballads" was published in 1798; Miss Mitford's "Our Village" first saw the light in 1824. One being in verse and the other in prose, it is not necessary to labour a comparison which contains, however, elements of justice. Like her great predecessor, Miss Mitford much preferred the country to the town; and thus it may be not be inopportune to dwell for a moment upon the King of Saxony, Mary Anning, and the ichthyosaurus. Let alone the fact that Mary Anning and Mary Mitford had a Christian name in common, they are further connected by what can scarcely be called a fact, but may without hazard be called a probability. Mary Mitford was looking for fossils at Lyme Regis only fifteen years before Mary Anning found one. The King of Saxony visited Lyme in 1844, and, seeing the head of an ichthyosaurus in Mary Anning's window, asked her to drive to Pinny, and explore the rocks. While they were looking for fossils, an old woman seated herself in the king's coach—was she Mary Mitford? Truth compels us to say that she was not; but there is no doubt that Mary Mitford often expressed a wish that she had known Mary Anning, and it is singularly unfortunate to have to state that she never did. In the year 1844 Mary Mitford was fifty-seven years of age, and so far what we know of her is curiously negative; she had not known Mary Anning, she had not found an ichthyosaurus, she had not been out in the snowstorm, and she had not seen the King of France.

But then, in justice to Miss Hill and her fellow-biographers, what do we know of people? Even in the case of our friends the deposit of certainty is still span over by a myriad changing shades; what they are depends upon who we are; then there are marriage, separation, the taking of office, and the birth of children; in short, when we come to say what anyone is like we often find ourselves in Miss Hill's predicament without her excuse and merely reply that an anonymous old woman once sat in the King of Saxony's coach. If this is so with the living, what can we know about the dead? Surely we can only invent them, and the best biographers are those who have most inventive power, along with an affinity of temperament which easily transmits shocks of love and hatred. Therefore poor Miss Mitford—but how "poor!" Miss Mitford if we know nothing about her? The truth is, however vain, trifling, or inspired a biography may be, so long as it makes mention of man or woman, it never fails to stir vibrations of sympathy—account for it how one can. A phrase in a letter, a glance from a portrait, an old name on a tomb, and the mischief is done—we love or we hate. Admitting that the adjective is probably wrong, we go on: Poor Miss Mitford was poor from a variety of reasons. In the first place she was consumed by a passion for her father. Squat, broad, beetle-browed herself, she could never see him in his blue coat and buff waistcoat without feeling that she scarcely deserved to be his daughter. Mrs. Mitford was entirely of the same way of thinking, only, as she was wont to say when the two women took counsel together, her case was worse than Mary's." Lord Bocking found $3,000 which the Rev. William Harness would not allow her to touch, and besides, Mary was so clever with her pen. "If only we had a pony carriage," she sighed, for they were now in a small cottage on the Reading Road, and all the china was sold or broken, "I could take him for a drive and it might distract his mind"—from dwelling upon schemes for lighting houses, she meant. Mary looked out of the window. As it happened, two dogs were fighting, a beggar-woman was sauterning down the road, and a tinker's cart stood in front of the wheelwright's shop. Seizing her pen, she dashed off a description of the scene, and once more won the prize. "Our Village" went into three editions in a hurry. "Miss Mitford's stories have been put out in the pony cart three or four times already, to my great delight," she wrote. A pony cart seems a handsome return for looking out of the window, and yet if we consider what it must be like to sit at the same window, year in, year out, hoping that a dog may trip up an old woman, or that the cobbler's little girl may break the jug in which she is carrying his beer in order that the Americans may rejoice in the simplicity of rural England, one feels that to smash the window, strangle the doctor, and hangstring all the ponies in Berkshire would, as they say in novels, be the work of a moment. Even Miss Mitford has been known to curse the leveret. Her own taste was for tragic. She made the death of Mr. Murry—Rienzi, the friend of Petrarch; about Charles I., and Inez de Castro; but how write plays when your father is "addicted to games of chance"? Back to the sitting-room went poor Miss Mitford. "Not for all the gold of Peru would I exchange him for another!" she exclaimed, however. For people had a way of pitying her; and that she could not stand.

So one word is by no means enough for Miss Mitford. There are thousands craving to be used of her. Again, consider all the scenes of which she is the centre. Which are we to choose? Her father lay decaying on the sofa. He would not let her leave the room. He slept at last. Putting her fingers to her lips, andundoing the latch without disturbing him, she stepped out on to the common. Her heart rose within her. So safe, so good, so holy it all seemed to her, and the air so sweet. There was a cuckoo and the church bell ringing for service. She thanked God for England. Then old Dr. Mitford died. How kind people were—coming to the funeral from miles away! Then she made the acquaintance of Mr. James Payn. Then Keren-Happuch found a glowworm in her bedroom. She was extremely fond of glowworms. "K. said that 'now I could not go to them they came to me.'"
they come in with the wild woodbine? She liked writing all this to a letter to a literary young man, and he liked to hear her talk of "Keats, Wordsworth and myself" all in the same breath. It was a little awkward when she got upon her father, as she was apt to do, and kindling and querying said what a patriot, what a martyr he had been when all the world knew—or did the world know? One never can tell. Anyhow, it was easy to lead her back to her books. Her walls were packed with them. They were strewn on the floor. She would denounce a bad book "as though it were a thing of life." All sorts of books, all sorts of men she would discuss with vehemence, yet with sobriety. "But then I suppose I am the least romantic person that ever wrote plays. Do write good English, Mr. Payn, and for Heaven's sake, don't go and marry for love!" That was one of the queer things about her, and her cottage was such a commonplace villa, too, standing right on the high road without a creeper to its face. Then, again, though she was undoubtedly dressed, no one could tell what she was dressed in, or know from looking at her as she lay on two chairs which was tiny Miss Mitford and which was rug quilt, skirt, or dressing-gown. There was no mistaking her face, however—immensely broad, with a "deep globular brow" and two such eyes as Charles Kingsley had never seen in an Englishwoman's head—glowing and glittering and yet "perfectly honest the while." But now we must stop making up stories about Miss Mitford.

V. W.

HOW OR WHY?

PSYCHOLOGY AND FOLK-LORE. By R. R. Marett. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

TWO schools of anthropology are at daggers drawn in England. One, the ethnological, believes in the transmission of culture of all sorts from one people to another, and insists on the need for the analysis of culture before the data are utilized in speculations concerning origins. The other, known as "evolutionary" or psychological, is totally opposed to the idea of culture transmission or ignores it importance; if its less extreme adherents, of whom Dr. Marett is one, recognize the historical method, they make it the handmaid, not the equal, of their own psychological mode of attacking the problems.

The validity of a method is best tested by its results. What has been attained by the study of Australian data from the purely evolutionary standpoint? Sir James Frazer based his theory of totemism on the twin assumptions of the primity of the Arunta and the homogeneity of totemism wherever it has been described. Yet, even before he wrote, Arunta primity had been disproved by the discovery that their language is not Australian; the analysis of culture would have shown him that his theory was based on the sand. To-day the second of his assumptions has also gone by the board; the supposed unity of totemism is the creation of the European observer. As a result, the psychological school may seek grounds for revising its axiom that "there are certain pervasive elements of culture susceptible to separate treatment." To take the rubbish heap of travellers' tales for supposed parallels, regardless of the writers' real knowledge or ignorance of the peoples, regardless also of cultural affinities, is to invite disaster. It is not surprising that, as Dr. Rivers said a few years ago, the main problems of the history of human society are little, if at all, nearer solution, while some points which were regarded as settled are to-day as uncertain as ever. Research is bound to be harder when the workers do not agree as to fundamental principles.

There are other weaknesses inherent in the psychological method besides those mentioned above; it makes the wholly unproven assumption that modern man can from his own inner consciousness evolve ideas that will throw light on the group psychology of the early stages of human evolution. Yet there is little in common between primitive man and the twentieth-century student of human culture. It is, perhaps, not an accident that opposition to the ethnological school is most marked among those whose experience of the peoples whom we unjustly term savages is small or non-existent. The field worker realizes more deeply the complexity of culture, the uncertainty of the theories poured out without stint by the armchair anthropologist, and the unreliability of many of the data on which the comparative method relies. Take up any work on comparative religion. The word of the casual traveller is as authoritative as that of the man who has lived forty years among a people; knowledge of the language of a tribe lends little or no authority to the work of a writer; theories in comparative religion are based on the documents of forty years ago. Despite the flood of anthropological literature, nowhere is there any attempt at a complete survey of the facts of a given area.

As a psychological anthropologist Dr. Marett lays little stress on changes due to outside influence; regarding transformation as the result of internal forces, he proposes to substitute auto-suggestive methods for the analysis of culture. He holds that the student can better understand our own folk-lore if he dances round the maypole. If his object is to understand and describe the mental state of the less cultured portions of his own race, we may, perhaps, look for progress in this direction, though it is clear that the simplistic observation of the psychologist on his own emotions is hardly the same as that of the tiller of the soil. Much less, then, is it that of the man of two thousand years ago from whom the rites have come down to us. Kiss-in-the-ring may be a relic of early European marriage customs; but it is not clear that either Dr. Marett or his pupils can elucidate these customs by observing their emotions when they take part in the game. If this is true of data belonging to our own age and culture, how much more is it true of the inheritance of an alien people? But if light is to be thrown on origins by such a method, where are we to stop? Ought Dr. Rivers, who studies marriage and the duties of kinship, to lead home a dusky bride in every isle of Oceania?

As a concession, perhaps, to group psychology, Dr. Marett takes as his starting-point the study of communal lore, dances, songs, drama; but though he begins by suggesting that we thus study the phenomena of culture contact from the inside, he ultimately admits that behaviourism is the correct method. We must observe the peasant's behaviour and "infer as best we can how allowance is to be made for the necessary differences in the accompanying frame of mind." If this caution is necessary in dealing with our own peasants, who have lost their original home, and whose arts are in the later stages of transformation, how much more is it needed when we investigate the mental state of those whose language and mode of thought is a sealed book? Dr. Marett hardly does himself justice when he tells us that the pigmies have a well-marked distinction between the natural and the supernatural. Neglectful of his own warning that a common measure of inward experience is often lacking, he puts down this conclusion as a result of an hour's conversation through an interpreter.

Needless to say, Dr. Marett's presentation of his case in the eleven essays here reprinted is vivid and arresting; at times dryly logical, at others vividly unbalanced. In justice to Dr. Rivers he should have omitted or qualified the statement (p. 15) that the latter wishes to rule out the psychological method.

N. W.
CHAUCER AND SPENSER

A Commentary on the Poetry of Chaucer and Spenser. By Adolphus Alfred Jack, Chalmers Professor of English Literature in the University of Aberdeen. (Glasgow, MacLehose & Jackson. 8s. 6d. net.)

ONE has often heard recently, and has sometimes sympathized with, complaints of the sort of réclame now commonly put on the wrappers of books. It is of course irritating to the not completely philosophical mind when it suggests that the publisher thinks that mind incapable of making itself up, and therefore kindly supplies it with a ready-made approval. On the other hand, the practice may be very useful when the advertisement is confined to an explicit statement of what the book is intended to provide. Although perhaps more people read prefaces nowadays than used to be the case, it is not a universal practice; and even a preface-reader may miss the clou. In the present case the wrapper has been utilized for the purpose of presenting an extract from Professor Jack’s own Preface, which is eminently useful and to the point—especially the central sentence of the extract used to do. What is the interest in Schoolmen that poem to the modern reader is practically the sole question with which I have continuously concerned myself.” The words which we have italicized at once pose the book, and free it from any grumble such as “What! more about two poets who have been, for years, decades, and generations past, historied, essayed and lectured about, edited, commented and taught?”

Of course the cross-bench mind will not be disarmed even by this declaration of purpose. What business has the modern reader in respect of his modernity to be specially catered for? Ought not literature to be as much as possible brought sub specie aeternitatis? Is it not, in effect, the chief merit and excellence of literary study that it lifts the mind out of “the cackle of its bourg,” the close atmosphere of its home climate, the trammels and limitations of its special environment? There might be a very great deal to be said for these objections if it were not that they favour, if they do not necessarily involve, the old error of asking a writer to do something else than that which he has explicitly announced himself as meaning to do. No doubt Professor Jack could have treated Chaucer and Spenser perfectly well from the point of view indicated in the objections themselves. But he has chosen to do something else, and is entitled to avail himself of the unanswerable “Quaerat alius diversorum” if people do not like what he has provided.

There is moreover, beyond doubt, something both chivalrous and charitable in the attempt to be modern with the modernist, if by any means you may save him for the enjoyment of something more than mere modernity. As Professor Jack very truly observes, readers to-day do not shy at the mere language of Chaucer or of Spenser as much as they used to do. "Actual teaching in Schoolmen have had something to do with this, but critics and commentators from Tyndall and Wattons onwards may claim some of the credit. On the other hand, the sense of something strange and uncomfortable—as he or she would very likely call it, "something weird"—in atmosphere, thought, manners, has probably grown. Once upon a time a shopgirl in Lamb’s Conduit Street heard somebody mention the country. "The country!" she said. "I was there once, and I don’t like it. There are no" (and her not uncomely visage took on hues of amazed horror) "gaslights in the roads!" It was just before electricity, or no doubt she would have postulated that. Undoubtedly there are, thanks to chivalry in education and other things, more readers who are horrified or bored at not finding gaslights in the roads of the "Canterbury Tales" and "The Faerie Queene" than there used to be—among those who read these poems at all.

It is for their benefit that Professor Jack has undertaken this book, though we are by no means to be understood as maintaining that he has actually done Chaucer and Spenser made easy,” or “reduced to words of three letters.” On the contrary, there is to be found here—more specially present perhaps in the Spenser part, but by no means absent in the other—a view of the poetical characters of the subjects which is quite worth the attention of readers who would most indignantly disclaim the charge of modernist purliness. Only the anxiety to provide substitutes for gaslamps—or at least to explain how there is moonlight, even in the country, for repayment, and how when there is no moon you can still indoors and employ or amuse yourself pleasantly there—is the main object. And it is one which, on the great principle of Spathian nactus est, nobody can belittle.

One advantage of it is that Professor Jack, while manifesting all due acquaintance with the infinite studies in the infinitely little—biographical, philological, etc.—which have been bestowed on these two great poets, has acquired and availed himself of the right to summarize results pretty briefly. On disputed points, such, for instance, as the endless worry about the parts of the English “Rose,” he nearly, if not quite, always takes the common-sense view. There may be perhaps a little over-anxiety, with a consequent arbitrariness, in separating Chaucer’s "young" and his older work. One fancies that what with the poet’s evident habit of leaving some things unfinished and retouching others, and the not improbable habit of imitators in meddling with his work, sharp assignments of date are pretty perilous. But as far as youth is supposed to imply imitativeness on his own part, and maturity originality, there is no need to quarrel. The presentation of Chaucer’s essential geniality is capital: though the modern Rimmon is perhaps a little bowed to in acknowledgments that he was not a wholly serious person. In the Spenser part—which, even without its lion’s share of the Appendix, is much the larger—it is particularly satisfactory to notice how, while Professor Jack excepts against his author on some points where one would unflinchingly support the poet, the marvellous charm of that squalloned magician has practically reconciled him. Only the mildly scolding Yeats’s censure of Spenser as “too wide,” he accepts most of it because “poets are best judged by poets.” This is perhaps a case of treacherous generalities. Certainly Mr. Yeats is a poet; but is not Spenser the author of “The State of Ireland”?

The use of the word "continuously" in the sentence which we quoted above is not careless. No very small part of the book, both in main text and in appendix, contains matter directly intended for others besides those who believe that, as in a sort of chronological handicap, the world—at least the world worth attending to—started at a later date. Chaucer and Spenser receive rather minute attention; there is an interesting chapter on the contrast of Spenser’s "Fairies" with the more usual subjects of that precious key— or queen—dom; and appendices deal with Spenser’s similes, his peculiar "pictures of soft peace" and his and other "Archaic language." Also, one may note some obiter dicta collecting. It may not be quite true that "we are all Palammonians" (the present writer has from his earliest youth been an Arcritic stalwart), but the statement is interesting. It is a comfort to find somebody saying of Mr. Swinburne that "in substance he was never an imitator," for Dick Minim to-day says just the contrary. There are very sound remarks on Dryden: and we may finish with an excellently appreciative distinction on William Morris: "The Defence of Guenevere" gives us
something which, though it cannot be mistaken for
medieval writing, opens a window on the romance of the
Middle Age.”

George Saintsbury.

BOEHME

The Confessions of Jacob Boehme. Compiled by W. Scott
Palmer. With an Introduction by Evelyn Underhill. (Methuen.
5s. net.)

There is less purely autobiographical matter in this
little volume than its title would suggest. Lovers
of gossipy Half-Hours with Great Men will look in
vain for the small personal details of Boehme’s life. But
those who wish to know about the psychology of the
mystic—and, when all is said, the most interesting thing
about any system of philosophy is the light it throws on
the temperament of its author—will find much that is
instructive in these pages.

The belief that lies at the bottom of Boehme’s philosophy,
as of the systems of all the great religious teachers, is that
the universe is interested in good and evil. It is a belief
that is in origin purely temperamental. Either, like Boehme,
you do, or you do not “find in all things evil and good,
love and anger; in the inanimate creatures, in wood,
stones, earth and the elements, as also in men and beasts.”
The belief in a good and evil universe is simply a feeling,
as a sensation. One man may be born with a peculiarly
good eye for colours and another with none; the
colour-blind man will never know the sensations of the
other and no persuasion can make him believe in their
intensity, no description can cause him to share them.
From the original postulate that the universe is preoccupied
with good and evil, Boehme advances to a position in
which he can “declare that the eternal Being, and also
this world, is like a head driven to the point of nothing
but that which is like itself; as you find man to be, so
is eternity.” On the foundation of his original temperamental
conviction Boehme built up the elaborate superstructure
of his philosophical system. But in this, as in all other
systems of mystical philosophy, the value consists not in
the doctrines enunciated, but in the emotions which
underlie them and of which the doctrines are the intellectual
expression. Emotions can only be immediately expressed
by exclamation—the “Oo-oo” of the crowd looking at
fireworks; they appear in literature digested by the
intellect, explained. To use the traditional phraseology,
mystical philosophy starts in the heart as a feeling and is
converted by the intellect into a doctrine. Emotions are
the works of the mystics start from the other end,
beginning with the intellectual doctrines. As truth these
doctrines may not possess the slightest value; but they will be
valuable if we can get back through them to the cordial
feelings from which they were originally developed.
Mystical philosophy will be worth studying if we can arrive,
through it, at the emotional state, so calm, so serene, of
the mystic.

Mr. Scott Palmer has selected many of Boehme’s sayings
about the road which must be followed in order to reach
this state of blessedness. It is not an altogether pleasant
road; for before there can be rebirth there must be death.
The process seems to be one of getting into touch with the
immense stores of life which have their dwellings in the
subconscious mind. The discovery of that life is the source
of the mystic’s strength and serenity. But to find it a man
must put his individual conscious self out of action, must
wait through what may be a long period of ennui and
spiritual death until the new, more copious life begins to
flow into his mind. The psychology of mystical rebirth
has, we believe, much in common with the psychology of
poetic inspiration. The subject deserves investigation.

“LEDA”

In the passage which we find among the most interesting
in a book which is to our immediate sense a document
rather than an achievement, Mr. Huxley writes thus
of “Beauty”:

It is not a far-fetched, dear-bought gem; no pandemon
will be smelt only when the crowd becomes too stinkingly insistent; it is
not a rare birth of oboes or violins, not visible only from ten to
six by divine permission at a nominal charge, not a thing solidly
apart, but an ethic, a way of belief and of practice, of faith and
works, mediavel in its implication with the very threads of life.
I desire no Paphian cloister of pink monks. Rather a rosy
Brotherhood of Common Life; marrying and giving in marriage;
taking and in adulterv; reading, thinking, and when thinking
fails, feeling immeasurably more subtly, sometimes perhaps creating.

These are the discordant accents not of a vision, but of
a glimpse, most precisely not of a faith, but of a velleity,
the new Thelem of a neurotistic Rabelais of 1920.

It is good to be Rabelais; hardly possible not to be
neurotistic—to respond to contemporary experience one
needs to be, like the best pianos, a little overstrung—but
how combine them? To react against preciseness:

Ad vocare gradum superasque vadere ad auram
Hac opus, hic labor est.

In this labour Mr. Huxley is apparently and painfully
engaged. Fleeting glimpses of that high empyrean
courage him and us; but predominantly we are aware
of the dust, the dust and above all the sweat. Not that
Mr. Huxley really likes the smell of it, but he is involved
in a desperate remedy. This is his “medicinal balm”:
for the present he is absorbed in rubbing his nose in it.

On the question whether a pink monk is likely to
become a convincing rosy brother by Mr. Huxley’s method
we have no wish to dogmatize; but we do believe that the
process is one best kept from the general eye until the
novitiate has been triumphantly ended. The Beauty that
Mr. Huxley has glimpsed would justify—more, give a value
to—the most intimate diary of the journey towards it,
when once it has been achieved. What makes us uneasy
is a suspicion that Mr. Huxley, who is clever and sensitive
and learned and knows this, must believe that he has
attained the object of his search and struggle. We feel
that he puts his long poem “Leda” before us as the
evidence of victory.

We cannot accept it. The elements that Mr. Huxley
has desired to combine, the precious esoteric beauty and
the ugliness which were to be blended into a new
comprehensive beauty in whose light nothing should appear
common or unclean, are still as unmixed as oil and vinegar.

The beauty that the poem has— and it has not a little—
is the old beauty of elimination; the ugliness that it has—and
it has a passage of surpassing ugliness—is the old
ugliness of repulsion, naked, unresolved. Mr. Huxley has,
we think, deceived himself. His reconciliation of opposites
is unreal; and the reason why, being so clever, he has
deceived himself is precisely that he is so clever. He has
chosen his ground too adroitly, for the myth of Leda and
the swan is one of the few that permit ugliness to assume
the vesture of beauty.

In other words, it is a conjuring trick played with the
incidents of poetry. It has the air of being an advance
upon the early Keats; it is in reality a long step backwards
from him. It looks for a moment as though it were a kind
of classical perfection of modern poetry, whereas it is an
evasion of the problem that modern poetry, with all its
stupid and intelligent hesitations, is trying to face. Were
it another than Mr. Huxley, we should accuse him of playing
to the gallery. A man of a little less than complete
sincerity may, however, play to the gallery of his own
mind.
“Leda” is a retrogression from “Endymion,” from which it outwardly derives, because the beauty at which it aims is purely external. Nothing could be more “richly apart”; it is emphatically not “an ethic, a way of belief and of practice,” as was the beauty which Keats sought with groping confusion and flashes of insight in “Endymion.” Like the classicism of M. Pierre Loty’s, of whom it continually reminds us, it is without significance. A classicism without spiritual significance, as Mr. Huxley himself in the passage we have quoted clearly sees, comes near perversity. On the other hand, “Leda” is an evasion of the problem which the most authentic modern poetry is endeavouring to solve, which is to give beauty a fuller content by exploring unfamiliar paths of sensation and perception. At present the issue is obscured by the importunities of the rank and file whose only notion of poetry is that they themselves want to be advanced, but the most original spirits of our time leave the discerning in no doubt that their aim is a new acceptance, a new comprehension and, paradoxical though it may sound, a new asceticism. “Leda” seems to us, both in form and content, a self-indulgence rather than a self-discipline.

If Mr. Huxley wishes to be judged, he should elect to be judged, not by “Leda,” nor by any of the shorter poems in this book, but by “Soles Occidere et Redire Posunt,” which we hope and believe was written after “Leda.” It is fragmentary, unrealized, and chiefly it lacks an essential austerity in the use of rhythm and language; but it is definitely in the main stream of modern poetry. In it Mr. Huxley has had no more than glimpses of what he wishes to express; the emotional music has been only half-heard. But whereas “Leda” is a backsliding, “Soles” is an advance. As for two-thirds of the shorter pieces, we think he would have been well advised never to print them. They might have their place in an _appendix_ in the present condition of the author’s achievement they will not only make the ignorant blaspheme, but cause even the well-intentioned to stumble.

J. M. M.

**MR. FOSTER’S LIVY**


The flood of classical translations, good and bad, continues; and among the good we are delighted to find Mr. Foster’s _Livy_. For the whole of the first decade we now possess the text of Messrs. Walters and Conway, a work of distinguished excellence, to which, for the first two books, Mr. Foster’s translation is a valuable complement. His Introduction is intelligent and strictly relevant, and his version reaches and maintains a quite remarkably high level both of accuracy and of interest. For accuracy we have tested it by comparison with the original. As for the other qualities which make of it a book, not simply a good crib, we testify that we have read the English version not twice but three times through, and intend to read it again when Mr. Foster’s second volume appears.

Livy, we were told at school, had no notion of a critical method, and was unfortunately prone to sacrifice the strictness of historical inquiry to the picturesqueness of his narrative. At school we were too much entangled in the difficulty of the Latin to give full credit to this story. Indeed, as our instructors drew attention to the author’s Gracisms, and warned us to remember in our cases that Livy was not Ciceroian, some of us thought the story of his picturesqueness was a pretty fable. We did not mind at all about his wicked tendency to be unscientific. We were only sceptical about the theory that the aim of his inaccuracy was to make the story vivid. Read Mr. Foster’s version and you will see how wrong we were. The story is delightful, exciting, never dull, and, in spite of all mythsologies, it tells the truth. And if Mr. Foster sensations, any one of half-a-dozen annalists— or, we may add, of modern source-hunters—would have served to tell us what the Romans did. It required the genius of Livy to make us realize what the Romans were. If we hated Livy, as many of us did at school, it was not Livy’s fault. Read Mr. Foster’s version aloud to a class of little boys or girls, then help them to read Livy’s text for themselves. You will not find them grumbling at his dullness, nor much agitated, we fear, about his scientific method.

Consider, for example, his account of the arrival of the Tarquins family in Rome. Lucumo, you remember, was a rich and an ambitious person, not appreciated at Tarquinii, where his wealth could not compensate for alien origin. But... the self-confidence implanted in his bosom by his wealth was heightened by his marriage with Tanaquil, who was a woman of the most excited birth, and not of a character likely to endure a humber rank in her new environment than she had enjoyed in the condition to which she had been born.

Tanaquil formed the project of emigrating from Tarquinii, and Rome appeared to her most suitable for the adventure. Amongst a new people, where all rank was of sudden growth and founded on worth, there would be room for a brave and strenuous man. She had no trouble in persuading a man who was eager for distinction...

And so they packed their possessions, and removed to Rome. When they reached the Janiculum, as they were sitting in their covered carriage, an eagle freshly descended on them, plucked off Lucumo’s cap, rose in the air, then stooped again, and deftly replaced the cap upon his head.

This augury was joyfully accepted, it is said, by Tanaquil, who was a woman skilled in celestial prodigies, as was the case with most Etrusci. Embracing her husband, she bade him expect transcendent greatness; such was the meaning of that bird appearing from that quarter of the sky, and bringing tidings from that god... Such were their hopes and their reflections as they entered the city. Having obtained a house, they gave out the name of Lucius Tarquinii Priscus.

“Domicilioque ibi comparato L. Tarquinium Priscum edidere nomen.” Such traditions, Livy tells us, “as are rather adorned with poetic legends than based upon trusty historical proof,” he purposes neither to affirm nor to refute. He does not much care whether the Horatii were Romans, the Curtii Albans, or vice versa. He credits heads among his authorities. But he knows what are the hopes and the reflections with which Tanaquil and Tarquins transfer themselves from the provinces to found a family in Rome. “Quae vita, qui mores fuerint...” these are the questions to which he would have his readers give their minds. “What chiefly makes the study of history wholesome and profitable is this—huc illud est praeclare in cognitione rerum salubre ac frugiferum”—that you behold the lessons of every kind of experience set forth as on a conspicuous monument.” This, his first principle, Livy never forgets. And that is why his history superseded every other Roman history; why a Spanish reader travelled all the way from Spain to Italy to see him; why the Middle Ages drew such knowledge as they had of ancient Rome from a poor summary of Livy’s work; why Beccadelli sold his country house in order to obtain the money for the purchase of the original; and why even in these scientific days it is worth while for Mr. Foster to complete his task.

J. T. SHEPPARD.

The Royal Society’s Balfourian Lecture will be delivered by Sir Ernest Rutherford, F.R.S., on June 3, at 4.30 p.m., on “The Nuclear Constitution of the Atom.”
AN EPIC OF SOUTH AFRICA

THE SOUTH AFRICAN FORCES IN FRANCE. By Lieut.-Col. John Buchan. (Nelson. 15s. net.)

It is difficult to read the record of the units which came to the war from overseas without gathering the impression that these men did a disproportionate amount of that fighting which wrested victory from the Germans. This is not the case, and no one realizes it better than the authors of these tributes. But there were in the war numerous critical moments in which some unit or other left its mark on history, and the South African contingent can remember with pride some four or five such incidents. It was but a brigade in strength, though much stronger than the normal British brigade; and the men were drawn from all parts of the Union, from various professions and races. Some 15 per cent. of the original force was Dutch; but before the end it had increased to 30 per cent. By that time its losses in France were nearly 15,000, about 300 per cent. of the original force, though there were still some living of those who had fought their way through from their first brush with the Senussi.

General Lukin, who at first commanded them, had been with Botha in the campaign of German South-West Africa, and his brigade was first engaged, in January, 1916, on the western frontier of Egypt. At Baladiz and Agaga they first showed of what they were made; but it was on the Somme they first won fame. Delville Wood is a name that will ever be remembered by the British Army. This terrible wood was seized by the South Africans, and held against the fierce assaults of three German divisions for four days. Over 3,000 strong the brigade had been when it attacked; it could muster no more than 750 when it was relieved. The troops fought also at the Butte de Warlcourt, another of the bloodiest encounters in the war, and in the following year at the battle of Arras. They advanced through the wet mist of September 20, north of the Ypres-Roulers railway, in one of the most successful engagements of the third battle of Ypres. By this time the men had become skilful tacticians, and could give full play to their courage and tenacity. It was their success, very largely, that kindled the hopes of people who had been hitherto sated with the slaughter of this ill-conceived battle.

At the beginning of 1918 the 3rd (Transvaal) battalion had to be absorbed into the other battalions, owing to its losses; and it was the reconstituted brigade that stood at Gauche Wood on March 21. Of its standpoint on that day Col. Buchan writes well. With the exception of the wood itself, the brigade maintained its line intact, despite persistent and almost overwhelming assaults. But the crowning achievement of the force was its steadfast resistance at Marrières Wood. The brigade was now some 500 strong when it stood, on March 24, behind the northern part of the Wood, and it was annihilated. It was reduced to 100 strong, and without ammunition, when it was compelled to surrender; but for a day it held up the Germans, from whom its valiant charge forth the highest admiration. A new brigade was organized, and fought at Messines and on the Lys; and the troops on November 11 were at Grandriez, the easternmost point gained by the British armies in France.

Col. Buchan has produced a very readable account of the achievements of the brigade, and the background into which they are worked is admirably suggested. We have no faults to find with his perspective; but we wonder if it was necessary to be wholly sparing of criticism of the conduct of the war which led to the South Africans being faced by such conditions as those of Delville Wood. Apart from this the Union Government is happy in the choice of its panegyrist.

THE TIGER OF THE WEST

CORRESPONDENCE OF JEAN-BAPTISTE CARRIER. Collected, translated and annotated by E. H. Carrier. (Lane. 15s. net.)

The reconsideration of the French Terrorists has proceeded apace during the last twenty years or so, and if we get more books like M. Madelin’s “Fouché,” and Mr. Bellis’s “Danton” and “Robespierre,” so much the better. Hippolyte Carnot and David d’Angers undertook their apology for Barrère too soon, so Macaulay, to the delight of generations of schoolboys, had an easy task in gibbetting the “Jacobin carrière” they attempted to ensnare. But we have supped so full of Russian horrors that men who were incredible to the comfortable Victorian age have put on humanity of a sort again; and an enlarged view of history persuades us that if the Terrorists were the creators of the Revolution, they were also its slaves. None of them, with the possible exception of Collot d’Herbois, has left a more sinister reputation than Carrier, “the Tiger of the West.”

Candidly reviewed, Carrier remains a typical and repellent figure. He belonged to the attorneys, as Carlyle calls them, who played such a prominent part in the Revolution; he voted with the Mountain for the execution of Louis Capet and other root-and-branch measures, and became one of the formidable “deputies in mission.” First at Rennes, then at Nantes, he purified clerical and particularist, rather than monarchial, Brittany on behalf of the Republic, One and Indivisible. The prospect would have cowed most men, and his colleague Pocholle soon retired to his seat on the Mountain, to “gather from that soil all the new Time lacked.” The British fleet threatened descents on the coast; the émigrés swarmed in the Channel Islands; that redoubtable De Wet, Charette and his “brigands” were perpetually swooping on the raw, bootless and starving troops of the Republic; the population, led by the women and the priests, were at best sullenly hostile. Troubled by no doubts, and sustained, despite chronic ill-health, by an exalted mind, Carrier set himself to stamp out the counter-revolution. It is clear that he had some fine qualities, unselfishness among them. Instead of spying on his generals, like most deputies in mission, he loyally backed them up, and he could tell a good soldier like Kéler or Marchand when he saw one.

Time for Marat Carrier, who was twenty again, which performed the domiciliary visits, noyades and other crimes at Nantes, though he used it, was not his creation, but a legacy from his predecessor, Gillet.

That was a strange mental process that converted a quiet teacher like Fouché or a “doux et méme assez charitable” lawyer like Carrier into ruthless oppressors in the name of humanity. For of their ruthlessness there can be no doubt, even if we admit that later investigation has considerably reduced the victims of Carrier’s noyades, and that it was the insurgents who began the practice of butchering prisoners. “Priests have found their grave in the Loire: fifty-three others are to undergo the same fate,” he wrote exultingly; and when “the guillotine no longer sufficed,” he had Charette’s followers shot by hundreds. Deputies in mission, it must be remembered, had to colour their despatches to please the Committee of Public Safety, itself driven on by the occult forces of the Sections. Carrier’s are stuffed with revolutionary phrases accordingly, and, like Fouché at Moulins, he gloated over a carmagnole at Nantes, at which little children assisted in devote to the flames Madonnas and other “last remains of tyranny.” He also, as was the mode, indulged in tags from the classics. Nor was a classical allusion wanting to his old schoolfellow Milhaud, when the day of reckoning came. He voted for Carrier’s execution because in the eyes of the universe the convention was a family of the brothers of Brutus.
TWO NOVELS

Madeline of the Desert. By Arthur Weigall. (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.)
The Lonely House. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d. net.)

Of these two novels the first only is by an inexperienced hand. In the way in which it is written—in its composition—the author has been at no great pains to discover a path that is less trodden than the familiar, popular route. We glance at the opening sentence and read: "The blazing orb of the Egyptian sun had passed behind the rugged hills of the Western Desert when Father Gregory, tall and gaunt..." And then there follows a description of the retreat which he has made for himself and other souls in need of peace and—enter the heroine, "beautiful beyond the ordinary conception of beauty," riding a donkey, smoking a cigarette in a long amber holder, with something of the Russian Hussar, something of the boy and yet something "essentially feminine" in her appearance. Her white slender hands are like those he has seen in the Florentine paintings of the Madonna. She has, of course, come to tell him the story of her life, while the light changes from gold to grey, the smoke rises from the burning fires, and the shepherd returns with their flocks. She is, of course, very naïve, very bitter, very indifferent as to what the end will be. Her mother was an English dancer in a café in Port Said; her father, so they told her, an Irish revolutionary. At sixteen she ran away with a kind man, who, kinder still, died, and left her a fortune. So she came to London, educated herself, played the Magdalene in a pageant, and then drifted—drifted. Now she is sailing down the Nile with an Italian Prince. Why does she tell him all this? Because she has heard him preach in London, because she wants him to look at her as he looked at his congregation then, "with all that blessedness in your face. Oh, man, don't you see that I'm miserable, miserable?"

This for the hardened reader is a by no means promising beginning. And when, a few days later, the holy man receives a letter from her telling him she intends to commit suicide in Port Said, and we are informed at the same time that his nephew has arrived from England and is occupying a room on the same landing as she; when we are forced to trace his growing fascination for the half-gate, half-tragic girl, which culminates in his rescuing her from the moment of despair when she tries to throw herself over the balcony, and to listen to his "God sent me to you just in time," we feel that our worst fears are realized. Here is a new novel—a new unhappened one—about a new carriage hitched on to the same old engine, making the same journey, stopping at the same stations and running into the same sunset. But no, this first novel cannot be dismissed so lightly. Under its appearance of superficiality there is a quite unusual and remarkable understanding of the character of Madeline. However absurd it may seem in this workaday world, it is nevertheless true that there are these little delicate creatures who drift through life until they fall in love as she fell in love with her rescuer. She fell in love and she was born again. The description of her relationship with this ordinary, rather stupid young Englishman is entirely convincing. We wish that Mr. Weigall had been content to write their story without introducing the labour party and their absurd extravagant behaviour. As to Madeline's speechmaking and public appearances—they seem to us irrelevant. In our opinion he should have concentrated on the story of her relationship with Robin and developed the highly amusing character of Daisy Jones. In fact, he should trust himself more and free himself from the idea that a novel is not furnished if it does not contain all the furniture mentioned in all the catalogues.

The case of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is very different. She belongs to yesterday, and her latest novel is written with such expertise that we feel it were impossible that anything could have been described differently. She has her certain rules; she follows them and she arrives at a certain conclusion. There is something determined and resigned in her manner which reminds us of your carver who has carved chickens for the past—how many—years. There is only one question which suggests itself to the admiring reader. How seriously does she mean us to take these dreadful murders? How shocked are we expected to feel by the spectacle of Lily, that "delightfully pretty, happy-hearted, simple-natured, old-fashioned English girl," on her way to the English church and finding her path barred by the decomposing body of a very nice man whom she had dined with only a short time ago? Whenever incidents of this kind occur, the author has a trick of saying that never in all her life would Lily forget—this or that tragedy of the moment. Wouldn't it be a trifle surprising if she did? The story is simple. Lily is sent to stay with some relations who are not really relations at their villa above Monte Carlo. The household is three in number—Aunt Cosy, the Count, her husband, and an ancient servant, Cristina. From the moment of her arrival we are prepared for the worst, but Lily can face mystery after mystery without suspecting that she is living with arch-criminals. Their habit is to invite wealthy men to dinner, give them delicious food, drug them, and then take them off to some quiet spot, shoot and bury them. In this way their son, a young man of fashion in Roman society, is kept supplied with pocket money. If Lily had not gone to stay at the villa, ten to one they would never have been discovered, unless the trio had become so careless about disposing of the bodies that they had left them like fallen fruit under the trees. Their lack of precaution is one of the most entertaining features of the book. For the reader is entertained and thrilled throughout. His suspicions being awakened from the moment the Countess told Lily she could only have a boiled egg and a piece of bread on her arrival, his eyes are big to see something sinister in everything—even in the bath towel with the hole in it that the heroine finds, later, is used for drying the dishes. Perhaps, after all, this discovery, for the modest young girl, is more dreadful than the finding of that dead body.

K. M.

LOOKING ON

One after Another. By Stacy Aumonier. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d. net.)

It would seem nowadays that there is some readjustment going on in the general mind between the importance of feeling and the importance of thought. Was feeling ever simple? We doubt it, and yet we find some of our younger writers looking back upon it as something which it was not impossible to live by in other times, but which, owing to the immense complication of modern existence, has been proved inadequate. They remind us, in fact, disarmingly enough, of a party of men who realize that unless something is done, and done pretty quickly, they will find themselves winter-bound, ice-bound. So this is no time for feeling; they must think a way out. But what is the use, to your artist at any rate, of thought that is not the outcome of feeling? You must feel before you can think; you must think before you can express yourself. It is not enough to feel and write; or to think and write. True expression is the outcome of them both, yet a third thing, and separate. "One after Another" is a novel which lies as it were half way between the two. Now it inclines towards feeling, and now towards thought. And so it divides and subdivides. It is rich and poor, cold and hot, dull and deeply interesting. There are moments
of fusion, as, for example, the death of Laura, which give us a glimpse of this book as it might have been, and set us wondering what other author to-day is capable of such sincere and powerful work. But the impression of the whole is of something which has just not succeeded.

There are times when Mr. Aumonier's hero reminds us of that strange character in Tchehov's story, "My Life." He is, in the same way, obedient to Life, and content to be used. Some things move him, and move him profoundly at the time, but the feeling that everything passes is his strongest feeling of all. He begins life as the son of a publican in Camden Town and brother to the famous Laura, a dark, passionate girl who is determined to live, to have a career, to escape from all that she dislikes through music. At the end of his life-story we feel that he is still the son of that simple, living father, that all that has happened to him has been a kind of protracted looking-on at the queer people who came and went. But Laura has, in some strange way, become the dark, passionate music in which she desired to lose herself.

K. M.

ON WIT

WITH THE WITS. By Paul Elmer More. Sheilburne Essays. Tenth Series (Houghton Mifflin. $2.50)

It is satisfactory to find so influential a writer as Mr. More endorsing in public one of one's own long-cherished opinions, repeating aloud one of one's own privately-whispered prayers. "Send us more malice" is the petition he puts up to the gods in the preface to this pleasant collection of essays: "Send us more malice." Criticism, literature itself, cannot live without malice. For if brevity is the soul of wit, malice is its life. And a criticism without malice is a criticism that lacks savour, an unlearned lump, a ponderous, but ineffective, missile that does no execution among those at whom it is aimed.

We are witnessing at the moment one of those 'returns' on which the historian of literature loves so complacently to dwell. The return on this occasion is taking place in the domain of criticism—a return from appreciation to principles. Our hope is that the return to principles may be accompanied by a return to the malice that made the older criticism by principle effective, a return to the acridity of Pope, to Swift's mangled laughter and gasping of indignant teeth, to the Red Indian methods of the Scotch Reviewers. "Our own day," says Mr. More, "has its peculiar weakness, and would take no harm from the application of special remedies. We suffer from a murky surfeit of self-flattery and sham philanthropy, and a little of the opposite excess might help to clear the air. Some balance of sanity might be struck off from these clashing extremes of flattery and detraction applied to human nature; or, at least, if balance is not to be attained in that way, the result would be mightily amusing. There are several people in the world who need to be vexed. There is almost nobody, indeed, who does not. We need malice in the criticism of life, and malice, too, in the criticism, or, more modestly, the reviewing, of literature. To those who object that the frosty and astringent powers of malicious literary criticism may nip young genius in the bud we would point out that the example of Keats is now entirely out of date. The multiplication of literary journals and the development of advertisement have robbed the critic of that power of life and death which he once possessed. There is in "Illusions Perdues" a chapter, very interesting for the historian, in which Balzac describes the great diminution in the power of criticism brought about, even in his own lifetime, by purely external and mechanical causes. When journals were limited in number and size, when the affiche did not exist and the newspaper advertisement was scarcely born, a critic's abuse or silence was almost enough to destroy a book. But we have altered all that, and to-day it is possible for a book to find a large public without being mentioned, or in spite of being attacked, by the critics. Malice will not suppress genius, and it may conceivably rankle in the hide of the fool. Moreover—and this is our chief reason for desiring it—a little malice would do a great deal to brighten literary journalism. Send us more malice, then—malice to sharpen the pens of our writers, malice to guide the caricaturist's pencil, malice to inspire new Swifts and Popes, new Gillrays and Dammiers and Rouveyres. And now, after having given this extra turn to Mr. More's prefatory prayer-wheel, let us examine the book itself.

One principal criticism of Mr. More's book is that it lacks a central idea. He presents us with a series of critical biographies of individual wits, but he does not explain what were the qualities that gave these different men their common appellation. He would have made a more interesting book if he had started by defining "wit" and showing in what way each individual furnished an example of the general principle. Malice is certainly a very important factor in all wit; but malice without cleverness is of little avail. An analysis of the purely intellectual elements of wit would have been very instructive. We wish that Mr. More could have taken one of the "metaphysical" poets of the seventeenth century, such as, say, Cleveland or Cowley, in whom the purely intellectual qualities of wit are developed to the point of extravagance. We learn to understand normal psychology through the study of the abnormal, and in the same way we shall understand the mechanism of wit by studying those examples of it that come nearest by exaggeration to folly.

But if "With the Wits" lacks a central unifying idea, it is, in compensation, rich in critical thoughts and suggestions scattered by the way, Beaumont and Fletcher, of whose character as wits Mr. More hardly speaks, evoke an interesting discussion on the nature and aim of tragedy. In his final essay on decadent wit—the wit of the eighteen nineties—Mr. More, instead of analysing those qualities which make it still possible to admire Beardsley and to tolerate portions of Oscar Wilde, wanders off into a disquisition—interesting in itself, but too serious to be really relevant to the case in point—on the relationship between morality and art. Mrs. Aphra Behn suggests one of the few generalizations that are pertinent to the central subject of wit. In his essay on this not very exciting authoress, Mr. More calls our attention to a fact of great significance in the history of wit: "Comedy hitherto [up to the time of Steele] had been based on the perception of evil and folly as essentially inherent in human nature; it undertook to strip off the disguise of hypocrisy and to expose the real foibles and vices behind them. Like Wycherley's Manly, the comedian 'spoke ill of men because they deserved it.' The new school of writers would proceed on the very opposite principle. Confidence in the goodness of average human nature is the mainspring of sentimentalism." This confidence in the goodness of human nature is still with us. The point of view of the Restoration wit is alien and strange in our eyes. A modern dramatist who should write a play according to the standards of the Restoration would not be able to hold the stage for a week. One has only to see one of Sacha Guitry's plays to realize the great gulf that separates our point of view from that of the Restoration, our wit from theirs. In one respect—in his attitude towards marriage and the relation of the sexes—Guitry adopts in his comedies precisely the same views as were expressed by Wycherley and Congreve. But here his resemblance to his predecessors end. The almost terrifying hardness and ferocity which underlie the wit of the Restoration are absent in these modern comedies of cuckoldage. In their
place we find a fundamentally philanthropic conception, a belief that humanity, in spite of its little faults, even because of them, is wonderfully decent. This change in first principles has brought with it a change in the tone and quality of wit. Instead of Wycherley we have Sir James Barrie. What will be the next development?

A. L. H.

MARGINALIA

The Guitry season at the Aldwych is very agreeably demonstrating to those who can afford seventeen shillings for an evening’s amusement, the power of good acting. To what extent a piece of good acting can compensate for the badness of the play in which it is exhibited may be seen at the present moment in “One Night in Rome,” in which Miss Laurette Taylor’s careful and intelligent performance has power to render supportable one of the feeblest entertainments of modern times. In the same way M. Sacha Guitry’s little farces, “Nono” and “La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom,” both of them exceedingly clever pieces of third-rate work, are made really delightful by the marvellous accomplishment not only of M. Guitry and Mlle. Printemps, the stars of the company, but also of all the subsidiary actors in the troupe. Bad acting is powerless to spoil completely a good play. If the players know their words and speak them in a fairly audible manner, a good play can be left to itself to make its impression. Some of the most pleasing performances of Shakespeare I have ever witnessed were given by small boys at the Oxford Preparatory School. They knew the speeches and they spoke up: Shakespeare did the rest. And recently we saw how stupidly Tchekov’s “Three Sisters” resisted the most determined assaults of actors and producers, and not merely resisted, but, so to speak, counter-attacked. triumphantly broke through and took the audience by storm.

* * * *

Bad acting, then, cannot kill a good play. Conversely, good acting has ample power to cause a bad play to live and an ordinary, indifferent, slight thing to seem enchanting. “Nono” and “Berg-op-Zoom,” distinguished from the common run of light farces only by being a little cleverer and fresher, seemed masterpieces of originality so long as one was under the spell of the Guitry company’s acting. Patient and intelligent training in a good tradition was responsible for the French players’ triumph. Sandwiched between “Neno” and “Berg-op-Zoom” was the first night of a new English comedy. Comparisons are odious; but then, why be so foolish as to invite them? The note of and, in the worst sense, amateurish performance of the English actors demonstrated that absence of talent plus absence of proper training equals naught. The completely accomplished performance of the French players showed that a person without talent can be made highly competent by education, and that this same education provides an actor of natural gifts with the best vehicle for expressing his own peculiar genius.

* * * *

The French players had at their fingers’ ends—and not merely at their fingers’ but at the extremities of every limb and feature—the whole traditional language of what we may call, if Mr. Boll has not already patented the expression, “significant gesture.” Watching them, one felt that they could, at a pinch, have acted the whole play in dumb show, conveying even the finer shades of meaning without uttering a word. And that surely is the test of skilful acting. The place to see significant gesture as it is developed to its highest pitch is, of course, the music-hall, where the performers must, in order to hold the attention of audiences by their individual effort, possess the greatest natural talents and the most exquisite technique. How much brighter the legitimate theatre would be if it possessed a few more players equal to, say, Marie Lloyd or Frank Tinney; or if anything so accomplished as Little Tich’s compromise between natural gesture and the symbolical gesture of the dance could be seen in it! Charlie Chaplin, in the same way, has devised a symbolism of gesture half way between natural acting and the dance. The Guitry code of gesture, which is simply the French tradition intelligently taught, stands in its turn half way between Charlie Chaplin’s symbolism and nature. It is on the whole the best vehicle of expression for most ordinary purposes of acting.

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M. Lucien Guitry’s performance in “Pasteur”—a monologue with occasional interruptions—bore out what the first week of the French season had already made plain: that good acting can alchemically change what is bad in a written play to gold upon the stage. Readers of “Pasteur” may be excused for finding the play just a little tedious; but acted by M. Lucien Guitry, it was absorbing. In the same way “Abraham Lincoln,” so melodiously, so dim in the reading, proved when acted to be an excellent stage play. These new chronicle plays, dealing with characters who died, practically, only the day before yesterday, these Pasteurs and Lincolns exhumed in public before their bodies have decently had time to turn to dust—are they not pregnant with disquieting possibilities, do they not add a new terror to death and, developed, a new horror to life? For it is obviously only a matter of a little time before the playwrights, celebrating persons ever nearer and nearer to their own time, begin to write about those who are still alive. And then, weo unto those who are famous enough to be written about! But, on the other hand, what fun for those who do the writing!

* * * *

As a matter of fact, a precedent of the kind was set during the last months of the war, when a Homeric cinematograph film of “Life and Heroes of Action.” Mr. Lloyd George was actually prepared. Unhappily it has, so far as I am aware, never been released. The change of feeling brought about by the coming of the armistice was, perhaps, in part responsible for the suppression of this great work of art. Perhaps, too, a certain unconscious, unintentional irony made itself felt in the midst of the epic... I do not know. But I cannot help being sorry that the film never made its appearance. Many well-known people appeared in it, and it is said that an eminent art critic, whose contributions sometimes honour the pages of The Athenzum, refused a lucrative offer to play the part of Mr. Winston Churchill. My hope is that, when and if Mr. Lloyd George ever goes out of office, the opposition Government which then comes into power will finally release the film—release it with a vengeance and suitably ironic comments between the scenes.

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And here once catches a Pisgah glimpse of all the rich possibilities of the cinema as an instrument of political propaganda. It has already been used in this way, but only bunglingly, tentatively, on a small scale. At every general election of the future the picture palaces will flicker with propaganda. Each candidate will issue a film showing what he did in the Great War, testifying to his goodness as a husband and father, his kindness, his industry. And another film of his opponent’s life, which, steering cautiously clear of libel, will display Mr. X in infancy, muling and puking, Mr. X receiving chastisement for stealing sweets, Mr. X at school, making a false quantity, Mr. X being sent down from the University for drunkenness, Mr. X among the chorus girls, Mr. X at forty, grown very stout, and so on. In the great days that lie ahead I see prodigious power and wealth awaiting an industrious Guitry, and for Mr. Drinkwater, millions, even a coronet...

AUTOLYCUS.
LITERARY GOSSIP

Mr. Charles M. Doughty, the author of "Arabia Deserta" and more recently of "Mansoul," is to be the degree of D.Litt. Mr. Edmund Gosse will be similarly honoured on the same occasion.

We learn from Messrs. Macmillan that a second impression of Mr. Festing Jones' "Life of Samuel Butler" will be shortly ready for publication. Although, as we indicated in our review, we do not think the book adds to Butler's own reputation, it is undoubtedly one of the most interesting biographies published in our time. The second edition will contain portraits of Miss Savage and Alfred Cathie; those who, like ourselves, possess the first will be glad to hear that they can obtain these additional portraits from the publishers by sending them a P.O. for two shillings.

"The Reign of Patti" is the title given by Mr. Herman Klein to his forthcoming biography of the great singer who died last September. It has been for some time in the press, and will be published this month in New York by the Century Company, whose summer catalogue describes it as "the authorized biography of Adelina Patti." It is dedicated to her husband, Baron Gederstrom, with whose aid the author completed the final details of a task that has occupied most of his leisure time since 1914. The illustrations extend over the entire range of the famous diva's repertoire, and include reproductions of several little-known early photographs of her in operatic costume.

We understand that the limited edition on fine paper of the collected poems of Mr. Walter de la Mare, shortly to be published by Messrs. Constable, is already wholly subscribed for by the booksellers. The Millstock edition of Mr. Hardy's works (Macmillan) was likewise snapped up by the booksellers long before publication.

It is, of course, inevitable that these books will be at a premium shortly. The quality of Mr. Hardy as a major artist, and of Mr. de la Mare as a minor one, is durable. They are therefore a gilt-edged investment for the bibliophile. But the demand for limited editions and the productions of private presses at the present time is not restricted to gilt-edged securities. It might almost be advisable to begin a series of notes for modern bibliophiles in THE ATHENEUM. If there are still a number of bargains to be made, there are more investments to be avoided.

Book-prices at the present moment are decidedly erratic. We have long been searching for a good set of Sir Walter Scott's eighteen-volume edition of Dryden's works (1808) in the booksellers' catalogues we could find nothing under £10. A week or so ago we found in the Publishers' Circular "Dryden, 18 vols. (1808), boards, 25s." That number of the Circular was a week old, and we naturally imagined that the book had been immediately sold. Still, we made the inquiry, and to our intense gratification found it to be a fine set in packeted cal. Yet it had stood six days in the Circular at 15d. a volume.

Mr. Humphrey Milford sends us three sets of pictorial postcards printed at the Oxford University Press for the British Museum, the price of which is 2½d. per set. Each set contains fifteen cards and is sold in a stout envelope for 1s. In particular we would recommend to everyone for the purposes of correspondence the marvellous series of Blake drawings and designs. People are inclined to forget the pleasure they may give to the most sophisticated correspondent by sending their message on the back of an exquisite reproduction of a masterpiece; they give him a little oasis of contemplation amid the desert of bills and business. For ourselves, we always experience a little shock of gratitude to one of our own friends who has this delightful habit. Nowadays, when a plain postcard costs a halfpenny, it must be one of the cheapest, as it is certainly one of the most genuine, pleasures we can bestow. Besides the Blake drawings, there is a set of miniatures from the Psalter of King Henry VI., and an alphabet of ornamental initials from English MSS. of the twelfth century.

"Frederick Locker Lampson: a Character Sketch," by the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, will be published by Messrs. Constable on the 1st of June. Mr. Birrell is one of the most original contemporary writers, and has contributed to a critical and biographical dissertation a selection of letters received by Frederick Locker from Leigh Hunt, O. W. Holmes, Robert Browning, Tennant, Thackeray, Ruskin, Calverley, Froude, Matthew Arnold, Cruikshank, Dickens, Rossetti, Walt Whitman, Henley, R.L.S., Thomas Hardy, and others. The book concludes with a careful annotation of the principal books of the Rowland Library collected by Locker. The volume is illustrated with a photogravure reproduction of Du Maurier's portrait of Locker, two colour plates (Eleanor Locker after a contemporary water-colour and the Rowlant Quarts by Kate Greenaway), and three pages of book-plates belonging to the Locker family. A limited edition on hand-made paper signed by Mr. Birrell will also be issued.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Science

UNIT-CONCEPTS IN BIOLOGY

Monographs on Experimental Biology—The Physical Basis of Heredity. By T. H. Morgan. Inbreeding and Outbreeding. By E. M. East and D. F. Jones. (Lippincott, 10s. 6d. net each.)

In various parts of the East there may be seen great temples, finely planned and richly decorated, which have been carved out of the solid rock. But this monolithic architecture is rare; it never has been, nor ever can be, of great importance. For man to erect what his will desires and his imagination conceives, he must first learn to make and to employ units of building. In science, such monolithic carvings-out of solid reality by impatient mind have been commoner than their architectural counterparts, but will as inevitably be supplanted by the use of units.

The perfection, since the time of Dalton, of the unit-concepts of molecules, atoms, ions, and electrons, has constituted by far the most potent factor in the recent progress of the physo-chemical sciences, and has afforded the basis of great syntheses such as the theory of gases and of solutions, the energy concept, and the periodic law.

Biology is now reaching her Daltonian period. She is discovering her units, shaping them, polishing them, learning how to fit them together. The progress of our knowledge of biological units dates from the first half of the nineteenth century, when the cell-theory was first laid down. In the second half of the century the cell was in its turn dissected. The conception of the chromosomes as units within the cell-nucleus, each self-perpetuating, each with its own individuality, was then established. Finally, the twentieth century has already seen the chromosomes resolved into more convenient frameworks for the huge aggregations of still smaller units or genes which appear to be the essential realities at the base of the visible structure. It is like the diminishing sequence of units in chemistry—molecule, atom, electron.

Professor Morgan's book is a statement of our present knowledge as to the nature of these hypothetical units within the chromosomes, and of the evidence that exists for identifying them with Mendelian unit-factors. He and his school of workers have been the principal agents in discovering this evidence, which, though many are still unconvinced, gets stronger day by day, and will in a short time, we have no doubt, win general acceptance.

Through his labours of research and interpretation, we can now get a new view of organisms, a new mental model of the processes of heredity. We can see every species and every individual as the result of the interaction, during development, of the external environment with a great number of inheritable unit-factors or genes. These are located in a linear series along the chromosomes. Thus every organism contains two complete series of genes, one from its father, the other from its mother, which are, for purposes of convenient handling, cut up into a fixed number of chromosomes, each containing a particular portion of the gene-series, and each, therefore, with its own characteristic size and shape.

The genes are thus inherited in groups, each group corresponding to a chromosome; but owing to a peculiar process known as crossing-over, the linkage between the members of a single group is not absolute, being greater as the two genes are closer together in the chromosome. Two lines of advance are thus opened up. We can in the first place set out to construct chromosome maps (not on a reduced scale, like the Ordnance Survey, but vastly magnified) on which the relative position of all known genes can be plotted; and, as a matter of fact, such a map for that classical object in genetics, the pomace-fly Drosophila, greets the visitor to Morgan's laboratory. And secondly, we can try to discover how this predetermined internal structure...
chromosomes to heredity. He knows by experience how rapidly our knowledge enlarges and our views are modified in genetics... and as a result has been content not to round off his subject, not to pursue or link up the fascinating side-issues and speculations that open out on every side. That, however, the intelligent reader can do for himself; and there can be no hesitation in recommending both books to those desirous of following progress in genetical science.

J. H.

SOCIETIES

GEOLICAL.—May 5.—Mr. G. W. Lamplugh, Vice-President, in the chair.

Dr. W. B. Bryan, G. Rudd Collinson, A. C. Gardner, Trevor Starkey (of Nelson, British Columbia), and E. A. Allen were elected Fellows.

The communication read was on "A Natural 'Eolith' Factory beneath the Thanet Sand," by Mr. S. Hazeldine Warren, describing a section in the Bulleid Head at Graves where the conditions have been favourable for the chipping of the flints by subaerial pressure.

In the author's opinion the section affords the most complete and conclusive evidence hitherto obtained in support of the theory of the origin of the supposed Eolithic implements by purely natural agencies. The views put forward were criticized at considerable length by Mr. H. Dewey, Mr. Reginald Smith, Sir Henry Howorth, Mr. H. Bury, Mr. Walter Johnson, Mr. A. S. Kennard, Mr. A. L. Leach, Mr. J. F. X. Green, and Mr. F. X. Haward.

ZOOLOGICAL.—May 11.—Professor J. P. Hill, Vice-President, in the chair.

The Secretary read a report on the additions to the menagerie during April.

On behalf of Messrs. E. Gerrard & Sons, Mr. R. J. Pocock exhibited a mounted specimen of a pale variety of the white-bearded gnu (Connochaetes albojubatus), shot by Capt. Keith Caldwell in Masaiahland.—Miss J. B. Proctor exhibited and made remarks on a living specimen of the trilled trachonius, Spelar polys fusca, Bonaparte, born on May 8, 1920.—Professor J. E. Du Ruex exhibited a remarkable series of lantern-slides illustrating the sexual display and nesting-habits of the ostrich.

Mr. W. J. Hakin communicated his paper on "Flora of Western Australia: III. Further Contributions to the Study of the Onychophora"; and illustrated his remarks by lantern-slides and microscopic specimens, showing points in the structure of Peripatus.—Mr. Forster-Cooper gave a résumé of his paper "Chalcidoidea from Baluchistan," illustrated by specimens.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

May.
Fri. 28. King's College, 4.—Christian Art: Liturgical Developments. Professor P. Dearmer.

King's College, 5.30.—Bergson's Concept of Mind—Energy: The Brain and the Mind. Professor H. Wildon Carr.

Royal Institution, 9.—Crystal Structure. Professor W. L. Bragg.

Sat. 29. Royal Institution, 3.—Recent Revolutions in Physical Science: The Theory of Relativity. Dr. J. H. Jeans.

Mon. 31. Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—The Improvement of Crop Production in India. Mr. A. Howard.

June.

Tues. 1. Royal Institution, 3.—The Evolution of Large Bridge Construction. Lecture II. Major C. E. Inglis.

Zoological, 5.30.—Reports on the Entozoa collected from Animals which died in the Gardens during the past Nine Months. Dr. G. St. Nevers.

On an African Trip, the Secretary.

Sociological (65, Belgrave Road, Westminster). 8.—Social Finance. Mr. John Ross.

Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—The Economic Pursuits of the Trobriand Islands. Dr. B. Malinowski.

Wed. 2. Royal Archæological Institute, 4.30.

University College, 5.30.—The Developments of Language in the Child. Professor Otto Jespersen.

Royal Institution, 3.—Dreams, with Special Reference to Psycho-Analysis. Lecture II. Dr. W. Archer.

Royal, 4.30.—The Nuclear Constitution of the Atom. Sir Ernest Rutherford. (Harkness Lecture.)

Linnian, 5.—Exhibition of 50 Drawings of the Oil-palm, Elan guineensis, Mr. R. Swainson-Hall; "Objects observed in the Neighbourhood of Bora during the War," by Mr. Whitehead; "Voyaging in the Southern Ocean." Professor W. J. Dakin.

School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, 5.—The Philosophy of Japanese Buddhism. Dr. W. M. McGovern.
struggle for quality. A room, like a garden, can only be kept in order by continual weeding. There are two main data, affection and efficiency. If there is any pot or pan you really love, go on keeping it till you don't, but wash it and put it, "keeps nothing you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." The recent over-use of the words "art" and "artistic" has led to some insincerities, and at this time it would be better, I think, to aim at being scientific in both our house building and furnishing. Beware of much ornament, especially of the machine-made sort. Merely routine ornament is quite a disease, a surface eruption which is often repulsive.

Another point: the buying of old furniture, the pawnshop ideal of furnishing, has been overdone; it has encouraged dealing and discouraged making. A fine piece of old furniture is, of course, a delightful possession if you have it, or if it "comes to you," but the right thing now must certainly be the encouragement of living makers; further, you will thus escape the danger of buying sham antiques. Some time ago I saw in a shop a carved chest labelled "saved from Ypres" and all scorched by fire. It had been made antique with a sandblast, and burned by a lamp.

Some admirable experiments in the making of cottage furniture are being made at the L.C.C. Furniture School in Shoreditch. For small rooms it is desirable to get things for corner positions, where they are more out of the way.

The first aim in decoration should be to brighten and stimulate. Decoration which adds to gloom would be better undone. As decorum is something beyond utility, it should be good of its kind, and a little that is good goes a long way. Not only is one good picture worth a thousand bad ones, but they are a positive balance on the wrong side. Aim at quality, at cheerfulness and brightness. The use of much white is not merely a fad; a white room is much lighter than if otherwise coloured and it looks larger. I should like to have two rooms arranged at an exhibition, one with whitened walls and a few averagely good things, the other covered with a deep crimson paper and other objects "to match." Everyone would, I believe, feel the stimulus of the former. It is sometimes argued that dark tints don't show the inevitable dirt, but to some extent all dirt is bad, and that it shall not show more dirt is doubtful policy. A not too dirty fair room looks cleaner than a very gloomy one.

Do not allow any blue to be put into white for ceilings, rather a touch of yellow to make it slightly creamy. Greys, buffs, and fair yellows (not hot) are all good for painting; also some greens, but these require judgment. Black occasionally, as in skirtsing, is sharp and clean without being frowzy. Arrangements of any two of these are likely to be pretty safe. In the case of painted chimney pieces and the like it is good policy to paint the flat part of the shelf red or black—just the flat without any thickness. The edges of doors might very well be painted in the same way differently from the surfaces. Graining of woodwork might well be brought back if the graining was not imaginative but frankly ornamental, and not in beery browns but in simple gay colours. Wall-papers should be fair in colour, with the pattern distributed all over and not in bunches. Beware of all extremes like the Viennese black-and-white chequers lately so much in vogue. Beware, too, of purple—a mourning colour. Distemper washes are good, and some of them take varnish very well and make an excellent surface. There is a custom of hanging pictures too high; if they are not good enough to be seen, banish them still further. Finally, I would suggest that enough use is not made of our Schools of Art. Picked students might be employed in decorating houses with interesting personal work if they would take an oath to be simple, sane and sweet, and not acid, frantic and sad.

W. R. Lethaby.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

LEICESTER GALLERIES.—Memorial Exhibition of the Works of Camille Pissarro.


PAWSON AND CARFAX GALLERY.—Stone Carvings by Jean Milne.

ALPINE CLUB GALLERY.—The Russian Revolution, seen and depicted by Edward Saltoff.


BLACK GALLERY.—Paintings and Water-Colour Drawings of the South Downs by Adam Slade.

HAMPSTEAD ART GALLERY.—Drawings and Paintings by Clara Klinghoffer.

The first and dominant impression at the Pissarro Memorial Exhibition is amazement that these unobtrusive pictures ever had the power to excite indignant protest and violent abuse; the second is amazement that they also called forth passions of dithyrambic praise. The whole of Pissarro's life is a recognition of their real and incontrovertible merit. After studying this representative collection we are forced to the conclusion that Camille Pissarro's work may be destined to outlive that of several of his gifted and popular colleagues. Many of the other Impressionists, as pioneers, were inevitably doctrinaire, hypothetical and extremist. Pissarro was fundamentally sober and, we imagine, always a little sceptical of enthusiasm. He threw in his lot with the Impressionists not because he believed their doctrines to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, but because he realized that they opened the gate to a vast untilled field, and he decided to pitch his tent in this field because it offered him a pragmatic solution of the harassing problems of what to paint and how to paint it, without sacrifice of personal dignity or concessions to materialism. Owing to this absence of fanaticism in his work he is apt to appear the dull dog of the Impressionist troupe. He appears dull compared with Monet because he could not accept the spectrum palette, pointillism, the paramount claim of light and so on as constituting a finite religion in themselves, and his temperament prevented his adopting a completely conventional formula of expression. He appears a dull dog compared with Manet because he had nothing of their triumphant virtuosity. He never convinced us that he was a born painter. We always felt a suspension that his technique was possibly nothing but an intellectually evolved substitute for talent. It is always evident that he arrived at good painting more by hard work than by instinct. He appears a dull dog, too, compared with Renoir, because he was not the fortunate heir to the Galatia of Fragonard and Boucher, and he made no obvious response in his art to the appeal of purely charming and sensual aspects. But the very qualities which make him appear relatively dull are the qualities which may ensure the permanence of his art. His scepticism enabled him to keep an intermittent but quite perceptible and most valuable hold on constructive possibility; his lack of facility imposed upon his disastrous concentration that could only be maintained by moral pressure, and his freedom from specifically French sensibility helped him to keep his art comparatively severe. Both Pissarro and Renoir foreshadowed the subsequent reaction against the theory of Impressionism—Renoir by a great natural instinct for art, Pissarro by temperamental moderation and common sense; and it seems at least possible that these two Impressionists will make the greatest appeal to our descendants.

Mr. I. W. Brooks, who is clearly a young man of unusual talent, makes a most promising début at the adjacent Burlington Gallery. His work is delicate and assured. There is a wealth in it and Markant and Nicholas is a personal factor as well, which exploits the influences with an almost disconcerting facility. "Rain at High Tide" and "The Green Gate" are both delightful solutions of minor problems, but Mr. Brooks would, perhaps, be well advised to spend an hour in the Pissarro exhibition and realize the value of patient research and continuous effort.
Music

HUMAN SCENERY

One of the chief points of interest about the Glastonbury school of opera is that it is a place where experiments can be tried. It has no traditions to which public opinion might oblige it to conform; it is trammeled only by its physical limitations. But for the artistic imagination, limitations are often a stimulus to creative experiment. There are some temperaments to which such limitations are always a hindrance. Some composers like to feel that inspiration need take no thought for practical convenience; if it occurs to them in the middle of a work that they would like to hear a certain phrase played by six trumpets, six trumpets they must have, even though they are never wanted again. To others the necessity for cutting and contriving presents a positive attraction. People who would be simply bewildered by the knowledge that they could have absolutely anything they wanted in the way of materials will find that when they are called upon to work with the scantiest of resources they are thereby stimulated to real originality. If resources are limited, the artist is obliged to concentrate attention on absolute essentials. He is obliged, indeed, to analyse his own mind and come to a decision as to what really is absolutely essential. He must think out definitely what he wants to express and how it is to be expressed. This, one would imagine, was the obvious duty of every artist, whether his materials be scanty or plentiful. But artists are as reluctant to think as ordinary people, and a large number of them consider that their function as artists is not to think, but to feel.

One of Mr. Rutland Boughton's first ideas for the Glastonbury theatre was to use an orchestral chorus in his operas as well as the chorus on the stage. This was an example of feeling rather than of thinking. But in the Glastonbury Assembly Room there was no room for an orchestral chorus; there was no room for an orchestra at all, even if the players could have been provided. Elaborate scenery was also out of the question, and for most of the productions the limits of what could be used had been set down. But here ingenuity came to the rescue, and it occurred to Mr. Boughton to make use of the chorus singers themselves to give a suggestion of scenery. He does not seem at present to have worked out any very consistent method of employing his "human scenery," but he has tried a number of experiments on a small scale, most of which will be seen at the forthcoming performances at the "Old Vic."

The most daring adventure in this direction was the opening of "The Birth of Arthur," which I saw at Glastonbury in the summer of 1915. The scene is supposed to represent Tintagel Castle. There was a background of dark curtains. A group of men in brown and grey stood at one side, some with arms held above their heads, to represent the castle, while a group of women in blue and green crouched below, partly on steps, to represent the sea. Both groups sang, and the women executed various movements which were quite effectively suggestive of waves. As far as I remember, they generally remained low down in the foreground, crouching, kneeling, or moving with bent figures, so as to make a contrast with the tall, upstanding outlines of the men.

There was no attempt to make the men look like an actual castle. These walls had neither plaster nor loam nor roughest cast about them. They had their own movements, and when the main characters came in to act the real drama, the walls subsided and the castle retired into the background—

R. H. W.

FROM BOSTON AND NEW YORK

We have received the most recent Bulletins published by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Metropolitan Museum of New York. The latter is now celebrating its Fiftieth Anniversary by a special exhibition which includes some sixty first-rate paintings loaned by private collectors. Among recent treasures acquired for the permanent collection, we note (a) a Chinese T'ang Kanshitsu figure, reported to have been found under the remains of the Tai Fu Szü temple in Ch'eng ting fu (province of Chihli), which has apparently suffered little from ill-considered repairs; the Bulletin gives no indication of its size; (b) a conversation piece by Hogarth, "The Price Family," painted about 1741, which was in the possession of the Price family until 1893, when it appears to have been sold by auction; the Metropolitan Museum has acquired it by recent purchase. The Boston Museum has been enriched by a notable Italian painting, a "Madonna and Child with St. Jerome" by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, presented by Mrs. W. Scott Fitz. The Museum Bulletin prints a photograph of this work and promises comment in a subsequent issue. Foreign readers would appreciate a description of the size, colouring and so on, which appear from the photograph to be similar to our Saling Bequest. Glastonbury, presented by Mrs. Fitz. In the Boston picture the Child stands on a parapet (as in our own) supported by the Virgin, who stands behind. Her mantle partially envelopes His body and drapes the parapet. St. Jerome's head and hand appear behind the Virgin's left shoulder. There is a landscape background. The picture is said to be in an excellent state of preservation.

R. H. W.
Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

Mr. Boughton was not the first dramatist to think of a human wall, but in any case this attempt to suggest masonry by means of men was an uncompromising assertion of a new principle in serious opera. The waves were to my thinking more effective as a living decoration, but that may well have been because they were less challenging to one's preconceived ideas. It was easy to accept them as nymphs or maidens who would have been nothing at all unusual in a romantic opera. Indeed, several of Mr. Boughton's further experiments in this direction have been nothing more than personifications of the customary type. In his ballet "The Moon-maiden" he says that it is "the dancers and not the gauzes or steam-pipes that produce the ideas of clouds and mist." "The Moon-maiden" is a most charming and poetical little composition which certainly does not require steam-pipes for its presentation. As for the gauzes, there are plenty of them, disposed on the persons of the young ladies. And a chorus of clouds is older even than the human wall. Again, in "The Immortal Hour" the idea of the forest is suggested by the trees themselves. It is impossible to avoid such choruses and dances as these as "human scenery." They certainly fulfil the function of scenery to this extent—that when there is no scenery, the choruses of nymphs or dryads serves very adequately to give the desired impression; but one could imagine Mr. Boughton's opera produced in the conventional manner without any difficulty. Realistic scenery would not make these choruses superfluous. They have a musical and a poetical function as well. The personification of natural forces sets the spectator at once in the atmosphere of romance in a way that no paint and canvas by itself could ever do. In "The Round Table," performed last summer at the Round Theatre, in fact the combination of human and painted scenery. Merlin's tomb was a piece of scenery, and there were canvas wings with flags and bulrushes painted on them, while in the foreground on the steps were grouped a number of nymphs attending on the Lady of the Lake.

A much more original employment of human scenery was shown in "The Sumida River." This is a Japanese play set to music by Clarence Reynbould. The scene represents the Sumida River, with a boat going across it. At Glastonbury the boat remains fixed at one side of the stage, and the river is represented by six women dressed in blue, who at first stand motionless along the back curtain. When the boat is supposed to start they proceed at something between a walk and a run, with various motions of the arms as well, across the back of the stage from left to right, returning—certainly more at a run than at a walk—behind the curtain and crossing again in front, so as to give the impression of a continuous procession of figures. This went on for about ten minutes, during which one of the characters in the boat has a lengthy monologue. Something analogous to this was done at the Surrey Theatre recently in the last act of "Walküre"; the flames lit by Wotan were represented by a row of ladies standing behind a piece of scenery and waving gauze scarves above their heads in a red light. At a greater distance this might well have made quite an effective illusion; as it was, one was not quite sure whether it was intended as a chorus of tree-spirits. About Mr. Boughton's river and castle there is no doubt. At present there is some temptation to mirth, especially for anyone who has taken part in rehearsals, or stood behind the scenes and watched the waves scurrying round at the back—one hot afternoon at Glastonbury only five turned up instead of six, which necessitated a considerable quickening-up of the tempo. But the opening of "The Birth of Arthur" was genuinely impressive; and what matters is not that one should find the idea comic at times, but that one should have ever admitted, if only for a few bars, that it succeeded in its intentions. If it was successful and impressive at any one moment, that moment can be seized and amplified. Human scenery is at present an undeveloped idea; but it certainly has possibilities of very interesting elaboration, and for that reason no scenic designer or producer should neglect the performances to be given next month.

EDWARD J. DENT.

CONCERTS

The Bohemian Czech Quartet wandered a long way from their native heath on May 17, when their programme included the string quartets of Ravel and César Franck. Of the two, we should certainly have prophesied that the latter would have been more amenable to their style and method, but we should have been wrong. The Ravel they gave us was not the Ravel we know best, roguish and elusive; it was the tender and appealing Ravel whom the other one rarely more than half conceals, though he tries desperately hard to smugle him out of sight altogether. It is the former who is the most exciting of all conductors, pianists and singers alike, and there is no need to complain because our friends the Bohemians prefer to enjoy the society of Jekyll without admitting the existence of Hyde. We can always make a mental reservation. Their Franck was less convincing as a piece of interpretation, and it also revealed some unsuspected technical weaknesses.

Mr. ARCHY ROSENTHAL at his pianoforte recital on May 18 played a set of pieces by J. Leo Pavlova "in the Viennese idiom," which means that they more or less resembled Tausig's transcriptions of Strauss or the morceaux de salon of Schuhoff. Had it not been for the mention of Pavlova among their titles, one would have imagined them to have been composed half a century ago. Mr. Rosenthal very cleverly succeeded in giving them a certain kind of a general idea, and they were carried along in a painstakingly sentimental manner, in the rest of his programme he was anything but sentimental; his style is cold, accurate and precise, admirable in its lucidity, but making no great appeal either to emotion or to intellect.

Mr. BRONISLAW HUBERMAN, on May 19, gave the second of his two recitals devoted to Bach's unaccompanied violin sonatas, which he played with real loveliness and dignity of expression. Programmes devoted to Bach's music are not generally to be recommended, and it might be thought that an afternoon of Bach sonatas would be more monotonous than a pianist's Chopin programme; but these works positively gain by being played consecutively. They are wonderfully varied in form and style, and the entire absence of the pianoforte throughout the whole programme enabled the player to get into the right frame of mind for appreciating their beauties. One ceases to regard them as tours de force either of the composer's or of the player's technique, and listens to them simply for the musical thought which they express.

Mr. JASCHA HEIFETZ played the Chaconne at his recital the same afternoon, but in this case it was merely a triumph of dexterity. His technical skill is enormous, and his tone always exquisite, though small, but he fails to show any marked individuality as an interpreter. At his age, one naturally would not expect maturity of understanding; but even the obvious exuberance of the Mendelssohn concerto failed to arouse in him playing any expression of enthusiasm.

MISS MYRA HESS is certainly one of the half-dozen best of present-day English pianists, and her playing is too well known for her recital to demand a criticism. She prefers the more spacious masters, the Bachs and Francks, and it is always from them that her programmes are largely drawn. But she is no pedant, and on May 20 she showed us that she can tackle Albeniz and Debussy with the best of them; indeed, her playing of "Ce qu'a vu le vent d'Ouest" was the most remarkable thing of the evening. We knew it for a piece of gusty impressionism, but we never suspected that such a crashing, cataclysmic force was there until Miss Hess showed it to us. Perhaps it was she who put it there.
**MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS**

The New York Symphony Orchestra gave their first European concert in Paris on May 16. Under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, they played the "Eroica" Symphony, Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture, Vincent d'Indy's "Istar" variations, some fragments of Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé," and (inevitably) the "Marseillaise" to begin with, and the "Star-Spangled Banner" at the end, so that, whatever the rest of the music may have been, there was no mistaking the definitely national flavour of the "hors d'œuvre" and dessert. Mr. Damrosch is, however, an able and experienced conductor who knows thoroughly what he is about, and has his forces well in hand. Some of his tempi in the Beethoven rather startled the Parisian musical public, but otherwise his readings were impersonal and straightforward, and the ensemble was exactly inspired. The orchestra is remarkably well-disciplined, and the tone of the brass and woodwind in particular very brilliant, but their playing as a whole is a little inclined to be rigid, after the manner of a military band. None the less they are a first-class body of instrumentalists, and gave fine performances of such very different works as the difficult "Daphnis et Chloé" and (at their second concert) Dvorák's "New World" Symphony. Mr. Albert Spalding, who played with them at their second concert, is a really fine violinist whom one can praise without reserve. He seems to possess all the essential qualities of the ideal executant—interpretation, flawless technical control, a fine tone and breadth of style. One would like, therefore, to hear him playing something other than Saint-Saëns' Third Concerto, which, however effective it may be from the violinist's point of view, does not give the hearer much opportunity to judge the inner musicality or interpretive powers of the soloist.

Amongst other recent concerts of foreign music the most noteworthy have been that of the "Hague Quartet" (April 26) and one consisting entirely of works by modern Finnish composers (May 13). The Dutch players, who form an admirable ensemble, performed for the first time in Paris works by modern Dutch composers, of which the most interesting were a Piano Trio by Alexandre Voormolen, and a string quartet by B. Van den Sigtenhorst-Meyer, in the form of a Suite written round various episodes in the life of Jesus. The composer has not attempted to write programme-music to illustrate, e.g., "The Adoration of the Magi" or "Jesus chasing the merchants from the Temple," but he has allowed himself to be inspired by the idea of these scenes, and the result is some very sincere, original, and at times beautiful music.

The Finnish concert was a disappointment. This is the case when we are being introduced to "national art." Apart from Sibelius, Palmgren would seem to be the most important of the moderns, and his piano concerto ("Le Fleuve"), skilfully played by M. Ihmari Hannikainen, is certainly interesting and individual, if unequal. Of the orchestral works the best movements of a suite by M. Toivo Kunn, entitled (on the French programme) "Il pleut dans la forêt" and "L'esprit dans les bois," M. Robert Kajanus, who conducted the orchestra, played his own "Sonnetta," which struck us as ponderous and rather academic, and, in view of its great length, quite undervalue the diminuendo of the diminuendo, and rather academic, the other "new" composers, who appeared as writers of songs, were Erkki Melartin and L. Matedaga.

Of "Pulcinella," which was produced by the Russian ballet at the Opéra on May 15, space forbids us now to give a detailed criticism. It will perhaps suffice to say that the ballet was something of a surprise to those who were expecting to be surprised. The music is much more Pergolesi than Stravinsky, and the choreography shows no advance on that of, e.g., "The Good-Humoured Ladies," to which, indeed, after a first sight and hearing, we are inclined to consider the new ballet inferior. Picasso's "décors," however, is very good, and his costumes pretty and satisfying. The Pergolesi 2s is said to have been sung by Stravinsky in the Naples Library, and dated 1790. These are vocal parts just well as which are sung by three singers placed in the orchestra. The music is very good of its kind, and has been allowed to preserve almost all its eighteenth-century character.

R. H. M.

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**Drama**

**M. GUSTRY THE GREATER**

**ALDWYCH THEATRE.—** "Pasteur," Pièce en 5 Actes de M. Sacha Guitry.

R EVIEWING Huysmans's "Soures Vatard" in a volume dated 1880, Zola predicted that the novel of the future would dispense with a plot. "On finira par donner de simples études, sans péripéties ni dénomément, l'analyse d'une âme d'existence, l'historie d'une passion, la biographie d'un personnage; les notes prises sur la vie et logiquement classées." The novelists have not shown themselves inclined to follow this formula of naturalism, and attempt no more than a collection of notes taken on life, and Zola himself as he aged only stuck deeper and deeper in melodrama. It is all the more surprising then to find this recipe, or something like it, suddenly applied to the stage, the very last place where it could be expected to succeed. What makes M. Guitr's "Pasteur" as fresh as his "Nono" was shop-soiled is the boldness with which this experiment is made. It is simply "la biographie d'un personnage," or some cuttings from a biography. We are shown the figure of Pasteur in five attitudes, five significant moments of his life, and that is all. The attempt at a plot, no crises, no conflict, and, except for the superficial fact that Pasteur carries a heavier load of official honours at the end of the play than at the beginning, there is no climax. The cinema has occasionally ventured to treat a career in this way, but then the cinema has special facilities. On the stage such an experiment would appear faredomed.

Yet the strange fact is that it succeeds. And, stranger still, what succeeds is the method rather than the work. "Pasteur" is not a _tour de force_ that wins its way by sheer brilliance in spite of its unsuitableness for its medium. On the contrary, it is a rather mediocre work, which remains interesting just because it is suggestive of what might be done in its kind. It shows that we can be deprived of a great deal which we have grown to look upon as essential to drama and not feel the loss of it a bit. A few scenes taken almost haphazardly from life, if only they are alive, are enough. It is really possible to do without structure. Playwrights will be quick to make use of this lesson—and to abuse it. But the lesson has been taught and will not be forgotten. For that M. Sacha Guitr deserves our thanks.

When we come to consider "Pasteur" no longer as a genre, but as a specimen of its genre, we cannot help being reminded again of Zola. We recall those "Savans" (avec un grand S), as Léon Daudet calls them, who in "Pasteur" and the "Quatre Evangiles" open their great heart in words, announce that this excess of misery is about to end, mount the promontories of Montmartre, and melt at the spectacle of the sun setting in its glory." They are loquacious, dogmatic, intolerant, puffed up with deceit, everything that a scholar ought not to be; they never give any evidence of the powers on which they pride themselves; and yet they are undeniably impressive. To this breed belongs the Pasteur of M. Guitr. He may not mount the promontories of Montmartre to proclaim his moralism, but that is because he finds a pedestal everywhere. The Sorbonne, the tribune of the Academy of Medicine, his laboratory, his class-room, his domestic armchair, are all one to him; he is always on Sinai. He only wavers once, and that is when he is called upon to do something, to have an actual sick child inoculated with one of his infallible remedies. But with the help of a doctor and an assistant he manages to pull through somehow; and by the next scene he is older, indeed, but as sure of his unique value to the world as ever. Is this
a fair portrait of the true Pasteur? Or is it perhaps the only way of presenting a man of science on the stage? M. Sacha Guitry is a brave challenger of convention, but not even he could make the real work of a scientist an entertaining spectacle. There are things, it seems, after all that the stage cannot touch.

And yet these savants of fiction and the theatre are, as we said, impressive. They are more impressive even than the stage priest, and without the help of a purple cassock and a shopful of rosaries. If you are moved (as most people are) by Le Docteur Pascal and Bertheroy, you will be much more moved by this bluff, gruff, single-minded, large-hearted Pasteur. And you will not be to blame, for there is a magician in the business. That magician is M. Lucien Guitry. It would be impossible, even if the attempt were feasible, to take to pieces his wonderful impersonation, to sort out and reckon up all the sure and delicate strokes that make it so thorough, so convincing. Just consider his way of taking up a book (a thing that hardly any actor can do plausibly), and note that he handles it exactly as a scholar and no one else handles a book. That small incident—it comes somewhere in Act IV.—is a study in itself and an index to M. Guitry’s methods. Multiply and enlarge it; and you have the lecture scene of Act II., where, standing at a desk alone, in front of a backcloth, M. Guitry, with a “voice” or two from the front of the house to give him his cues, conducts the whole of a stormy scene of the Academy. When he has done you not only think you have heard his lecture, when you have not, but you feel you have been taken on in the ugly rush of the protesters at the finish. The only person obviously not exhausted is M. Guitry. He has, to put it vulgarly, been playing it on his head. He knows exactly what has to be done and the moment at which to do it. It is one little touch deftly laid on top of another, unerringly and with absolute ease. Enlarge your scale again, and you have the whole five acts, which are simply a monologue for the single character. If M. Guitry stumbled once, if he ran out of petty cash for a moment, and repeated himself, the spell would be broken. But that he never does. The course is mapped out, the supplies assured, and he reaches his goal in as perfect condition as when he set out. M. Pasteur is not only a wonderful performance, but an inestimable lesson in the art of acting.

BACK TO EXOTICA AGAIN

Daly’s Theatre.—“A Southern Maid.” By Dion Clayton Calthrop and Harry Graham. Music by Harold Fraser-Simson.

T HE English party arriving!” cries Dolores in her Southern orange-garden—and what a thrilling cue that is to us elderly gentlemen! In the classic days of Dalydom there was always an “English party.” Once (according to Mr. Rutland Barrington’s memoirs) it got lost in the chaos of rehearsals and did not make its appearance even on the first night, but that was unusual. Normally it arrived, anything but travel-stained, in that wonderful land (we think called Exotica) where the foliage would make the tropics turn pale with envy, and it is always sunshine—even at midnight on the spot where the heroine stands—and marble is the only building material, and nobody was ever long-sighted enough to catch a glimpse of his own ceiling. A pleasant land, Exotica, in the glamour of reminiscence! What dressmakers in the humblest village! What women to wear the dresses they made! No wonder the naval officer, who always led the landing-party from England, used to vow that he must take away the one with the nicest frocks and the sweetest voice. No wonder the local potentate would threaten reprisals and carry them out upon the “merryman moping mum,” who was sometimes the officer’s body-servant, and sometimes a native of the locality, but always, to judge from his conversation, suffered from the delusion that he was living in the Old Kent Road. Happy days!

And yet days that can be recalled! They are recalled at the moment of writing. The English party has come back across the ultramarine sea. It is to South America this time, but the girls are as fair as ever, and the costumes, if anything, more glowing. The naval officer is there, and in good voice, in the person of Mr. Claude Flemming; the belle of Exotica is there, endowed by Miss Josi Collins with a good deal more temperament and character and local colour than there is any real need for, but proportionately more fascinating to watch, and singing so well and with so little strain that we grudge her a minute or two to rest between songs. We miss, indeed, the impassive potentate with his single hour of unbending in topical verse, because, although there are three pyramids at Gizeh, there is only one Rutland Barrington in all the lands of musical comedy; but we have as substitute a stately sort of brigand with a vendetta, who gives Mr. Bertram Wallis scope for a capital piece of burlesque acting. Lastly, we get, of course, the merryman (keeping the worst inn in Santiago), perhaps rather a shadow of his past spontaneity and wit, and yet made amusing enough by Mr. Mark Lester. All of them do exactly what we knew, and they knew, they ought to do. The English party has arrived, and earned its welcome.

There was once another party at Daly’s—a party, if we recollect right, from Vienna. The war chased them away. It is not the libretto to the “Southern Maid” nor Mr. Fraser-Simson’s music that makes us think of them. They come back unbidden to memory. Some people disliked them immensely; others, when they went, missed the undeniable corrupt charm of their pieces and their music. The English party, when it came back again, seemed just a trifle stolid and middle-aged. Criticism means confession, and we must confess, for our part, that even beneath the fervid skies of Exotica we sometimes wish that Herr Lehar could be returned to us, say via Poland. If for no other reason, we would welcome it for this one: it would give Miss Josi Collins some parts worth her playing.

DUMAS WITH A DIFFERENCE

Haymarket Theatre.—"A Marriage of Convenience." By Alexandre Dumas. Adapted by Sydney Grundy.

A COMEDY in four acts by Alexandre Dumas, declares the programme. Is it possible? And which Dumas can it be, the father or the son? It seems too moral for the first, and not to have been moral enough for the second. "Adapted," the programme adds, "by Sydney Grundy." We wonder whether Mrs. Grundy hadn’t a hand in it.

Anyhow, we can fix its period. (We had hoped Mr. Dickinson’s new book on "The Contemporary Drama of England" would give us its date, but it fails us.) This in its present form belongs to the eighties, we vow, or the early nineties. Comte and Comtesse and Chevalier, gentleman’s gentleman and chambermaid—the last two needed of course to explain the position at the opening. The position is simple. M. le Comte has married Madame la Comtesse (fresh from her convent, as you guessed) according to only a engagement made by his uncle. Madame, who has never met this husband provided for her, has an amouret with the foppish Chevalier de Valclos—red heels (the husband’s) to play and mate in three acts. Finding no more characters on the programme, you know the issue will not be complicated. Secure, after a scene or two, of Mrs. Grundy’s collaboration, you know that it is the Chevalier who will get his marching orders. Curtseys,
Correspondence

THE DIFFICULTIES OF CRITICISM

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—With reference to Mr. Swinnerton’s article in your last week’s issue, it seems to be obvious that a craftsman’s criticism is of supreme importance to the craftsman. The review by a reviewer, or, alternatively, the popular, critical, may be useful to the general public. I have never read any in English that could be—but it may be that some get written.) A good “critique” is a work of art, and so constructive. It reveals the writer’s temperament, and as such may be of value; but it won’t help artist or layman much, beyond that. But Napoleon’s remarks on the strategy of Beradotte; or Flaubert’s on early efforts of Maupassant; or Chippendale’s on journey-work of his apprentices—these would be inestimable value to all soldiers, authors, or carpenters.

Yours faithfully,

G. M. Ford, Capt.

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Mr. Frank Swinnerton mentions, I think impiety, the case of Mr. Compton Mackenzie as an instance of his contention that reviewers are prone to praise unduly the work of unknown novelists, and to chide too gently that of authors who have achieved popular success. Surely the function of a critic is to judge a book by its artistic merit, regardless of its author’s popularity or otherwise.

The point of regret about “The Vanity Girl” is that so distinguished a writer should so misuse his talents as to write a type of novel which could have been almost as well done by a dozen lesser novelists. The amazing beauty of “The Passionate Elopement,” “Carnival” and “Guy and Pauline,” the romantic realism of “Sinister Street,” and the colour and fertility of invention displayed in “Sylvia Scarlett,” stamped Mr. Mackenzie as insubstantially the foremost Georgian novelist. It is surely therefore a matter for regret that he should in his latest book have neglected his gift of blending poetry in his prose for his less admirable facility for describing the somewhat uninteresting pleasures and vicissitudes of the aristocracy.

The critic who designated “The Vanity Girl” as “an inglorious success” said in those three words really everything vital that could be said on the subject.

Yours, etc.

May 24, 1920.

JULIAN D’ALBIE.

MR. MACKENZIE’S TREAT

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—I venture to doubt whether your reviewer’s condemnation of “The Vanity Girl” as a “pot-boiler” and a betrayal of his art (Athenæum, May 14, p. 639) is justified, and to suggest that it may be the most subtle work that he has yet produced—the picture of a girl of a very ordinary middle-class family who, perhaps by reason of a remote touch of “blue” blood, comes to subordinate all else to making herself the instrument by which a great family is to be perpetuated and its possessions handed on unimpaired. If I am right in my opinion, great art is displayed in showing the extremes of callousness to relations and friends, amounting sometimes to cruelty, and the perverted self-sacrifice of which this slowly idealized ideal, if such it can be called, makes Dorothy Lonsdale capable.

Yours obediently,

S. GASELEE.

Carlton Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1.
May 19, 1920.

[Our reviewer writes: "I would I could agree with Mr. Gaselee that in 'The Vanity Girl' we have a most subtle work—that great art is displayed in showing us the portrait of a silly young person who, gradually, dreams dreams, hears voices, folds her hands in solemn sacrifice, while she cries: 'All for Enguerrand and the world well lost.' But what proof is there? Her cruelty to her family and friends began long before she ever set eyes on Lord Cherhaven. As to that remote strain of 'blue' blood, we do not believe there is a family in West Kensington without it. And what is the self-sacrifice to which he refers? We cannot find it; we believe she loved every moment of it. That Mr. Mackenzie is holding up one division of his public for the other to laugh at; that he is taking his sophisticated public to see the funny little animals feed, is highly possible. But it is a dangerous proceeding, and we do not withdraw the word ‘betrayal.’ —K. M."]

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—I am glad to see that a correspondent, who, if I remember rightly, is one of our newer poets, has taken M. B. to task, and I think Mr. Mégroz’s reference to Kant’s clear definition of aesthetic perception is unanswerable philosophically. But I could wish that he had dealt more fully with the influence of music, especially Beethoven’s. Whether mastery implies or whether art is not so vital a question as whether Beethoven’s music reveals “the subjectivity of lyricism” or a Shakespearian power of objectifying experience.

Personally, I consider Beethoven to be both lyrical (subjective) and a master of his medium of expression. And if Beethoven’s music, especially the Symphonies, be truly subjective and lyrical, I should be inclined to regard lyricism as the supreme quality in art, which can produce in us “aesthetic exaltation.” This is because, fundamentally, the human race is a unity, and a great lyrical, subjective utterance by an artist finds its echoes in each perceptual individual. Deep responds to deep.

Faithfully yours,

ERNST H. CONNELL.

Ib, Palmerston Road, Edinburgh.
May 24, 1920.

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—I should like to ask Mr. Mégroz if any music can be great music that has not an uplifting moral effect upon an audience. If as I think, and as Aristotle said, moral significance is an inseparable attribute of Art, the greatest Art must be significant of goodness as well as beauty. Hence the influence of great music is always good ethically, and so there is no reason why aesthetic appreciation should not at least be guided by the moral sense. Possibly, as Plato maintained, beauty itself implies goodness; in which case Mr. Mégroz and Kant must do quite well.

Yours faithfully,

NORMAN H. JOHNSON.

Red House, Wooler, Northumberland.
May 26, 1920.
Foreign Literature

PETER PAN IN PARIS

AU TEMPS DE JUDAS : SOUVENIRS DES MILIEUX POLITIQUES, LITTÉRAIRES, ARTISTIQUES ET MÉDICAUX, DE 1890 À 1908.
Cinquième Série. Par Léon Daudet. (Paris, Nouvelle Librairie Nationale. 6fr. 80.)

"Eh quoi, sîôt après la grande guerre, allez-vous rouvrir l'ère des discordes civiles?" This is the question which M. Daudet fears will be provoked by the title of the fifth volume of his memoirs. As a matter of fact, the title is the only provocative thing about the book. If there are still fires in the ashes of the Dreyfus Affair, M. Daudet has taken care not to stir them up. Having added since those days the scalps of a Minister of the Interior and an ex-Prime Minister to his trophies, he can well afford to be magnanimous. He insists, it is true, that both Dreyfus at his degradation and Malvy at his trial showed the same "couleur traitre," which is (secret service detectives, please note!) "d'une nuance intermédiaire entre le blanc et le terreux"; and he draws up a damning table of dates, which proves, for the benefit of those who had not observed the fact, that France was invaded by the Germans only twenty years after the outbreak of the Affaire, but he is content thus simply to hint at the strength of his case. It would, indeed, be wrong not to scrutinize that table too closely. It would be palpably unfair to inquire, for instance, whether "1894, Arrestation d'Alfred Dreyfus," or "1899, Dreyfus gracié," is meant as the black-letter date that precipitated the disaster. We will allow M. Daudet to be enigmatic, as enigmatic as that kindly old Dreyfusard lady who went about (he tells us) murmuring, "Ah! comme notre pauvre Alfred est innocent, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, quel malheur!" In fact, we will try to outdo him in generosity. Since M. Daudet forgives M. Reinach the lead he took in the Affaire, we will try to forgive him the seven-volume history he wrote of it. Of these crimes, the latter was the heavier.

The present instalment of M. Daudet's reminiscences suggests, like its predecessors, though perhaps more mildly, that his pugnacity, his irreverence, his craze for lampooning, must have made him in his lifetime a source of great annoyance to a large circle of refined people. His biography is unmistakably the biography of a popular man. The number of houses he has visited (and continued to visit in spite of his indiscretions) is evidence of that. He has probably been pardoned everything in consideration of his wonderful innocence. He is (if he will excuse the comparison) more innocent than Dreyfus himself, and there is no need in his case to add "Quel malheur!" He has put nothing so funny into this book as his grave discovery that "Le service militaire, avec ses injustices qu'il entraîne, est un ferment d'antimilitarisme," except, perhaps, his repeated expressions of wonder at the timorousness of the generals of the Third Republic in face of the civil power. It is useless, it seems, to remind them of Brachet's mot that not Austerlitz, but Brumaire, constitutes the grandeur of Napoleon. They stop their ears relentlessly. "Que cela est étrange!"

We must not, however, assume that M. Daudet is the man to credit just any old superstition. He knows now that the Freemasons do not assassinate their enemies. He knows it because he has been at the throats of both Malvy and Caillaux—and behold he still lives! He knows, too, that Léo Taxil was a fraud, and the charming Miss Diana Vaughan a myth. "Que de bonnes dames dupées, juste ciel! Que de vieux généraux fourrés dedans! Quel saccage de canards!" He remains convinced, nevertheless, that "en politique on n'a jamais trop d'imagination." That is a singularly dangerous axiom—for him, for the good ladies and the old generals.

Yet none of his readers could bear the thought of a changed M. Daudet, a Daudet grown-up. He must for ever patrol Paris with his own incommunicable mixture of candour and malice, and set down for our delight all that he has observed, exactly as he observed it. He has the gift, which distinguishes the great from the mediocre cartoonist, of verisimilitude in caricature. It is Zola himself, we are persuaded, who passes jauntily by in these pages, promising to redeem his bad books by a religious romance, "'chafte' et même 'myтиque, mon bon.'" In the stupefied salon of Madame de Loynes, when the news is brought of Syveton's assault on the Minister of War in the Chamber, we hear the uprising (we cannot doubt it) of the very voice of Ernest Judet: "Bsurde, bsurde, toudiskaphzimplizikite." These things are as authentic as snapshots taken during a battle, and the book is full of them—full, too, of sublime designations such as "Boule de Jui," applied to a prominent Dreyfusard, or "Saint Thomas Taquin," a title for that tortuous apologist Brunetière. And the anecdotes? Here is the author himself, at an evening party of Hebrews, confiding to an important guest that he is "un agent en bourgeois, chargé de surveiller les colliers de perles"; and here is the German Prison Camp Commandant, demanding of a French officer, convicted by court-martial of circulating French newspapers and books among his fellow-captives, the name of the commune where he was born in order that the sentence may be communicated to the Mayor: "Pourquoi cela?" demanda Cuignet—"Afin, mossié le commandant, que votre contamination l'étouffante soit bortée zur fureur canier chatafée."

In the last chapters of the book, devoted to the fate of Gabriel Syveton, we see the author under a different aspect. The grim tale of the last days and the mysterious death of this strange personage, the centre of so many shattered Nationalist hopes, is told with extraordinary power and realism. The scene of the finding of Syveton's body sends us back in thought to the death of Mon pavon in "Le Nabab." Something, at any rate, of the father's talent has descended on the son. "Le jour où la France reviendra au régime normal et indispensable à son relèvement, qui est le monarchique héréditaire,"—on that day, no doubt, many fine things will happen. For ourselves, we should hail it with considerable satisfaction if it set M. Daudet free to write novels in earnest.

A MEDIOCRE NOVEL

JOSEPH SOLVASTER: EIN ROMAN. Von Henri Gullbeaux. Aus dem französischen Manuskript übersetzt von Hermynia von zur Mühlen. (Dresden; Rudolf Kaemmerer.)

This book might be classed as a more or less disguised autobiographical novel, or taken to be mainly an inventive directed against modern Parisian artistic and literary tendencies and personalities. From either point of view, the book achieves no more than a rather fresh and vigorous mediocrity. Time-worn ideas and sentiments are presented as novelties; the stale tricks of naturalism and impressionism are performed with the clumsy fervour of the amateur conjurer; the self-importance, if slightly annoying, is another defect of immaturity. But the bitterness, the contempt for his fellows, the morbid (or, as Joseph Solvaster would say, sensitive) pleasure to scrutinize that tender mem of the Dreyfus affair, is undoubtedly a great and shabby aspect, cannot be altogether excused on the same grounds. For one who advocates a broad cosmopolitan attitude towards humanity, Joseph Solvaster is singularly intolerant of his immediate neighbours. The kind of exclusiveness and ill-humour which he shows in judging them is, with his excessively supple self-esteem, precisely the mood of chauvinism applied to personal instead of international relations. No good reason appears why this novel should not have been suffered to remain in its French manuscript form.

F. W. S.
THE APACHE

L’ÉQUIPE. Par Francis Carco. (Paris, Emile-Paul Frères. 5fr.)

THE Apache of Paris has a curious fascination that Bill Sikes can never possess. Even when he is a dissipated little rat of sixteen, polishing a house-front with his puny shoulder-blades, he contrives somehow or other to strike a picturesque attitude. Equally as M. Carco clearly commands, but we did know a grizzled "flic," a Corsican with bristling moustaches, who had descended alone into a cellar where nine of these youths were discussing their wine with the ladies of their kind, and brought up from it two who were "wanted" for murder. As many rats would have done better against a bagful of ferrets.

That is the chief fault we have to find with this curious and troubling history. Marcel Bouve, the captain of the Équipe, is too obviously the author’s "hero." Without saying as much in so many words, he seems, perhaps half-consciously, to desire that we should see in him something other than the scoundrel and assassin which he is. We feel the weight of the indignation of Coleridge when he went to see "Bertram," or, the Castle of St. Aldobrand," at Drury Lane, at being called upon to admire Marcel Bouve.

For the rest, M. Carco has handled with great skill an incident that recalls the theme of "Crime and Punishment." Bouve, liberated from prison, finds that his band has been in his absence seduced by a stranger, a Marseillais, and has deserted his standard. There follows a long and varying struggle between the two, at the end of which he knifes the intruder to death. But the mother of Boboche, the dead man, has guessed that he is his slayer. She owes him no particular ill-will; she is too much of the world of bandits for that; but she has a fierce and morbid desire to know how her son came by his end and how Bouve has disposed of the body. The man is haunted by her, mastered by dread that she may betray him, mingled with a strange sympathy for this wretched old woman he detests. His resolution is broken, he dares attempt nothing. For long he is on the point of murdering her, but cannot summon up the necessary courage. Then at last he goes to her, tells her in fullest detail of the duel—and lifts the weight from his shoulders. He celebrates his recovery by a burglary that same night.

The story is dated by one of those torchlight processions that were inaugurated by M. Millerand when Minister for War, which is described with bitter sarcasm by M. Carco. The captain, in company with a young disciple, returns to his lodging, thinking of the possibilities of a war.

Il prit conçu de Bouve, qui gravit les escaliers de son hôtel, et il imagina, tout en pensant à son pèlerin:

—La guerre, alors... non, quelle horreur! Ah! si y avait la guerre.

Et il conclut:

—Il m’aurait paix. But doublez... ils l’avaient!... et doublez he was fashioned into very serviceable cannon-loder of a much-decorated victor.

C. F.

LETTERS FROM ITALY

X. HISTORICAL MATERIALISM

ORIANI could not reconstitute his environment all in a moment at a time when Positivist theory had not yet completed its curve. A forcible introduction of an intuitive system which was altogether new had not the smallest chance of success. On the contrary, it was essential that Positivism should mature amid an environment of its own mental premises. A true historical consciousness only attain maturity as the result of the critical condition of philosophical methods devoid of thought and of a sociology of Positivism, due to the spiritual claims of the immediate data of historical experience, the economic facts. The so-called materialist school of economists, which sees in the economic aspect an immanent criterion of the interpretation of the data, has played a part not unlike that of the empiricist and intuitionist schools in the renewal of our philosophic culture. In its eyes economics are not a coarse materialism denying all spiritual independence. They appear as an elementary and primary form of psychic life, strong enough to impress its own character on all the other forms. And the orthodox Marxian theory contains a strongly rationalistic interpretation of the social significance of the social struggle. As a historiographic canon Marxism has breathed new life into modern historical writing by delivering it from the influence of literature and opening its eyes to the reality of the most vital interests of contemporary society.

Oriani owes his theory of historical realism to Antonio Labriola. Though lacking in depth and real speculative ability, he is a lively, acute writer, who has succeeded in giving Marxism an individual note. While in Germany it was degenerating into an empty dualistic ideology, he transformed it into a historical doctrine with strictly monistic tendencies. "History," he tells us, ("Saggio intorno alla concezione materialistica della storia") (1895), "does not rest on the difference between truth and falsehood, or between the just and the unjust, still less on the more abstract antithesis between the possible and the real—as if the facts stood on one side, while on the other side their own shadows and phantasms were ranged against them as ideas." It is invariably all of a piece, and rests entirely on the process of the formation and transformation of society. This must be understood in an entirely objective sense, altogether independent of our likes and dislikes." Yet Labriola’s objective outlook, which recalls the teaching of Vico and Engels, does not refuse to recognize the human values in history, but only the purely human judgment. Hence he cannot lose his faith in the social progress, even in the most artificial background, man has produced himself; and in this lies the real kernel, the concrete reason, the actual foundation of all that, by various fantastic combinations and logical syllogisms, has given rise to the certain truth of the idea of the progress of the human spirit." This is downright idealism; and for this very reason Labriola should be less than ever inclined to insist on the distinction between the economic structure and the political and social superstructure of society, as is shown also by the acuteness of his criticism of the doctrine of the factors of history. Hence the same objective and monistic doctrines of Marx do not seem quite at home in his philosophical history, and he often succeeds in producing a simple travesty of Hegelian ideas. Thus he asserts that, for historical materialism, the process of becoming, or evolution, is real, is, in fact, reality itself, just as work is real, since through it man produces himself and is always in the immediate character of animal existence to perfect freedom, which is communism. And again, there is no such thing as an unknowable, or at least there is no knowable limit, because, in the immanent process of work, which is experience, men know everything that they need and that it is necessary to know. But apart from these, the substance of Labriola’s work lies in the fact that, by deepening the concept of history, it contains the implied refutation of historical materialism. Once you deny all dualism, every theory of the factors of history, and every interpretation that supposes human development, all reason for separating economics from the social
superstructures and making economics the foundation of these disparities in history. Taken thus in its most concrete form, and without that combination of history and nature that gives it a characteristic significance in the work of Marx and Engels, there can be no justification for historical materialism as a philosophy of history.

And in his review of Labriola's work Croce laid stress upon this liquidation of historical materialism as a philosophy. For Croce it remained a simple canon of historiography, or, better, a sum of new data, of new experiences that enter into the conscience of the historian. All the ups and downs of historical materialism, from Labriola to Loria (who is, however, more daring and fantastic in his constructive work), Cicotti, Salvenini and Volpe, have a realistic tone, a sense of the concreteness of historical intuition, which are a complete contrast to the abstract tendencies of the sociologists and the mistrustful pedantry of the philosophers. Salvenini and Volpe are the best representatives of a more modern school, the so-called economic-juridical school, which is distinct from the materialists and is more successful in satisfying the inherent needs that form the premises of its philosophy.

The field in which the investigations of the new tendencies most readily meet is the life of the communes, studied in its origins, as Volpe remarks, to the interest of the research is very different from that which inspired the investigators of the nineteenth century, who saw in the ancient municipalities the foundations of the Italian commune. Their theories are valuable for the history of their century and are precious documents for the bourgeois nationalists, who were then struggling to render their own country what it once was for a people, a country and animate it with the breath of memories. (Volpe, "Questions Fondamentali sull'Origine e Svolgimento dei Comuni Italiani," Pisa, 1904.) Today, on the contrary, we see in the commune the first stirrings of the renewal of economic life that is paving the way for the Renaissance and the modern world; and instead of seeing in the struggle between Guelphs and Ghibelines a military episode in the age-long struggle between the Empire and the Papacy, we endeavor to bring out the real interests involved in the conflict. For Volpe the history of the communes is the history of the progressive differentiation of the preexistent communal embryo, a differentiation which is both the co-ordination and the combination of the individual units which foreshadow Italian unity. The conception is, of course, abstract, since it has not yet become profound feeling, and is therefore so much the less capable of determining a political action, but it none the less foreshadows a "Studi sull'Origine e Svolgimento dei Comuni Italiani," Pisa, 1902.) As contrasted with feudal individualism, the age of the commune, an age of social progress, of close organization, of continued alliances between city and city, begins to give us in Humanism "the man," who is of value in and for himself, both in philosophic theory and practice of man as consciousness and as a builder of History, who is both subject and object of the culture of the Renaissance.

Among Italian historians Volpe is the most highly endowed with philosophic ability, the first to break away from the bad tradition of mental degradation of recent times, when historians make a display of their ignorance of or their contempt for philosophy. The loss is all their own. At present the student of modern education is surprised by a consciousness that serious historical culture cannot dispense with a serious philosophic preparation, and that the elements of Vico's synthesis of philosophy and philology cannot be kept apart except at the risk of mutual sterilization. Mindful of their highest traditions, historians are naturally the first to recognize the necessity of forming their minds upon a philosophic basis. Nor do these requirements affect them alone. The same tendency is seen among workers in every field in which the subject possesses a profoundly historical foundation and comes into contact with the facts only in so far as it comes into contact with the historical mind that possesses and realizes them. The philosophic education now required of every scholar is not one which, in accordance with Positivist principles, endeavors to bring together the latest results of the different sciences, but on the contrary one which applies itself earnestly to the environment of every science, penetrating the object of research with thought, and overcoming its passive resistance in the transfiguring light of consciousness.

We observed on an earlier occasion how these requirements are gradually making themselves felt in particular subjects; but there is an opposite tendency which contrasts with it and originates in the sociological movement that still flourishes. The social sciences, which those would lend themselves most readily to a historical-philosophical treatment—if for no other reason, because thought applied to them earlier than to the natural sciences the great principle that man knows what is happening in order to act upon it—individualistic and Positivist state. Without lingering over the lesser writers, I propose to mention the most prominent and recent leader of the school, Vilfredo Pareto, who is generally regarded in Italy as a great master. I have read his "Trattato di Sociologia Generale" (Florence, 1916) with a feeling of genuine regret at seeing how a writer of such vast and constructive learning, such keen political and social insight, so different from the gratifying scientific austerity, has managed to reduce his eminent qualities to impotence in a work constructed on abstract and mechanical principles. The "Philosophophobia" which appears in every line and almost develops into persecution mania, the wrong-headed conviction that human actions can be cut into slices and catalogued like so much merchandise, the blind belief in the possibility of applying mathematical principles in every conceivable way, are responsible for Pareto's sociology.

The author's attitude is very like that of the critics of science (Poincaré, Mach, etc.), who shrink from any research into essentials and regard the scientific process as a complex of useful fictions. Pareto goes even further. "Let us examine the uniformities that are presented by the facts," he says, "uniformities to which we give the name of laws. But instead of the facts being governed by the laws, the laws are governed by the facts." This is the usual prejudice of formal logic, which treats thought as worthless at the very moment when it is proposing to examine it, placing the laws lower than the chaotic mass of the facts. And Pareto, certainly not to his credit, gives us an enlarged and far more systematic form of this prejudice when he heaps up a vast mass of instances and emptying them in so-called laws and unimportant uniformities that represent the residue of a dead abstraction. He begins with a general division of actions into logical actions, "which unite the actions logically to the end, not merely with regard to the subject which the actions complete, but also with regard to those which have wider cognitions," and illogical actions, in which the connection is only imaginary, having no objective value. Then, based on this impalpable distinction, follow synoptic and graphical pictures, complicated with sub-classes and sub-sub-classes, with hosts of examples through hundreds of pages. A further classification, which is worked out in the second volume, distinguishing, in accordance with the actions, theories and opinions in the residuums, which include feelings and instincts less subject to variation, and "derivatives," which represent logical elaborations, explanations of and deductions from primal elements. I shall not spend long over this Lullian art. I shall merely say that the system which Pareto seeks to build up upon these clumsy formulae is a general theory of social equality based upon the properties of the "residuums" and the "derivatives." And the ultimate result, which could have been achieved even without this monstrous mathematical machinery of classification, is the principle of the circulation of the dites, of the successive appearances of aristocracy in history.

I do not mean to say that all Pareto's work is a collection of futilities of this kind. It teems with historical references that make it interesting in spite of the abstractions and the failure to put the facts in context and connected, like that awakened by a weekly review or a daily paper, to the modern idea of the "Larousse" type. Historical learning which is not inspired by a central idea giving it life, which has no genuinely historical outlook, but brings facts together in the strongest confusion, can possess no scientific value. But in Pareto we may well find the typical inspiration of the "futurae opusistorum," in the balance with which he passes natural science through the most abstract mathematical journalism to the most detailed historical detail. Both characteristics originate in the same inability to take up a central position and maintain a concrete grasp upon the data of thought.

Guido de Ruggiero
List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the subject-class being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.


200 RELIGION.


"The Hebrew Word," says Mr. Zangwill, "alone was made flesh"; and in this identification of a divine mediating influence with a historical character Professor MacKintosh sees one striking instance of originality. He enumerates also the principle of an atonement initiated not from beneath, but from above, the active characteristic of Christianity, and the dignity which it has conferred on manual labour. (In Indian, Greek, and Roman philosophies, intellectual activity alone was considered worthy of an enlightened disciple.) There are some interesting remarks upon those syncretistic religions which became fashionable over the Roman Empire about a century after our era.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Gantt (H. L.). ORGANIZING FOR WORK. Allen & Unwin, 1920. 7 1/2 in. 121 pp. charts, index, 5/6 n. 331.1

The American writer proposes to counter the schemes of Socialism, Communism, and Bolshevism by reforming the industrial and business system, and, without any revolutionary change, making it once again serve the community as its primary aim. Admitting that through the concentration of interest on profits it has made the community subservient to itself, the author emphasizes the active power of evil, and as great a menace to peace, as was the autocratic power of the Kaiser—he neverthelesss argues that the system is sound at its basis, and, as American experience taught during the war, can be directed to useful ends. Mr. Gantt expounds scientific methods of management that he claims, bring out the maximum of productivity, and illustrates their efficiency and fairness, and how the full control can be obtained, by a series of diagrammatic charts.


Martin (Joseph). A GEOGRAPHY OF ASIA ("Macmillan's Practical Modern Geographies"). Macmillan, 1919. 7 1/2 in. 314 pp. ill. maps, indexes, 5/6 n. 572.89

The author emphasizes those aspects of the regions which bear directly upon the lives and activities of the people. The lessons consist of statistical exercises and map-reading, followed by descriptions of the countries, with suitable questionnaires. There are many reasons why the coming generation should be well informed about Asia, and Mr. Martin’s book will be decidedly helpful to schoolmasters and their pupils.

*Reed (Thomas Harrison). FORM AND FUNCTIONS OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. Hartrop, 1919. 8 in. 567 pp. ill. apps. index, 10/6 n. 353

Intended primarily for High School pupils, this book luminously deals with the background of American government; with parties and elections, State constitutions, local governments, the Congress of the United States, Civil Service, territories and dependencies; the functions of government, such as national defence and education; and numerous other topics.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

*East (Edward M.) and Jones (Donald F.). INBREEDING AND OUTBREEDING: THEIR GENETIC AND SOCIOLOGICAL SIGNIFICANCE ("Monographs on Experimental Biology"). Lippincott [1919]. 8 in. 285 pp. ill. bibl. index, 10/6 n. 575.1 See review, p. 706.


700 FINE ARTS.

*Valence (Aymer). OLD CROSSES AND LYCHGATES. Batsford, 1920. 10 in. 216 pp. pl. ill. bibl. index, 18/ n. 723.51

It is affirmed that the illustrations in this fine monograph form the most complete collection of types of crosses and lychgates ever brought together in a single volume. Mr. Valence has grouped his subjects comparatively, so as to show the evolution of the shafts on steps, the Eleanor crosses, the preaching and other types, and finally the market cross, from the rude monolithic form. Few old lychgates remain, and these are described with knowledge.

800 LITERATURE.


Thomas (Walter). BEOWULF ET LES PREMIERS FRAGMENTS ENQUES ANGO-SAXONS: étude critique et traduction. Paris, Didier, 1919. 10 in. 125 pp. paper, 2r. 50. 829.3

Like most French works on Anglo-Saxon and Middle English, this study and rendering of "Beowulf" etc. is of little interest to scholars and is unsatisfactory as a school-book. The best that can be said of it (and it is not much) is that it is a great improvement on H. Perring’s "Poèmes Anglo-Saxon de Beowulf" published in 1912.

POETRY.

Bartlett (Vernon). SONGS OF THE WINDS AND SEAS. Elkin Mathews, 1920. 7 in. 58 pp. 3/6 n. 821.9

"God made the country, but man made the town"—Mr. Bartlett has rediscovered the old truth, and restates it with an obvious sincerity. In his expression of it he is somewhat hampered by that vague "poetical" tradition which is a degenerate combination of many old poetical styles, corresponding to the Academy style in painting.

Dante.

Grandgent (Charles Hall). THE POWER OF DANTE. Harrap [1920]. 8 in. 254 pp. 7.6 n. 851.15

We have no doubt that these lectures, which were delivered at the Lowell Institute, served in the first instance an excellent purpose. Whether it was necessary by their publication
to increase the already enormous literature of the subject may be another question. In Professor Grandgent's justification we must say that he gives his readers not only much writing about Dante, but also much of Dante's writing, though sometimes through the necessarily distorting medium of a verse translation. In accordance with a fashion initiated, we imagine, by Carlyle, he idealizes his hero, representing as an effect of righteous indignation those traces of cruelty and vindictiveness which ordinary minds attribute to the influence of an age one or two degrees worse than our own.


Mr. Golland grinds the anapastic barrel-organ of humorous verse with vigour and occasional skill. "The Grit," "Let Us Forget," and some of the "Commentaries on the Classics" are among the pieces that come off.


See review, p. 700.

*Jack (Adolphus Alfred). A Commentary on the Poetry of Chaucer and Spenser. Glasgow, MacLehose & Jackson, 1920. 8 in. 381 pp. app. index, 8/6 n. 821.17 and .31

See review, p. 698.

*Masefield (John). Enslaved; and other poems. Heinemann, 1920. 7½ in. 125 pp., 6/ n. 821.9

The poem which gives Mr. Masefield's latest volume its title is a kind of Henty narrative of capture and escape, full of thrills and heart-breakings. "The Hounds of Hell" and "Cap on Head" are long ballads of supernatural happenings. The book concludes with a number of sonnets, in which Mr. Masefield displays himself at his best.


Mr. Eden Phillipotts' poetry demands respect for its seriousness and its high accomplishment. Of some of his pieces one has the impression that they were written in an exercise in verse. "Noon," "June," "Night," "Wind of the West"—for the writing of these Mr. Phillipotts seems to have had no compelling reason. But in others a genuine inspiration is apparent. "The Neolith," "and "Tiger" contain fine things.

Smith-Dampier (E. M.), tr. Danish Ballads. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1920. 7½ in. 167 pp. boards, 6/6 n. 839.81

Miss Smith-Dampier has made a straightforward rhymed translation of some thirty Danish ballads, prefacing them wherever necessary with a short historical explanation. It is interesting to find among the ballads of magic the original of Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman." The old ballad ends on a curiously grotesque note. "Oh, think of the big ones, and think of the small," implores the Merman ("The cows have flown, the little mice mouse, in Arnold's poem): "Of the baby in the cradle think thou most of all." The moral wise replies:

I think not of the big ones, I think not of the small,
Of the baby in the cradle I'll think least of all!
Ha, ha, ha!

Of the baby in the cradle I'll think least of all!

FICTION.


Apparent author of this novel, which is largely concerned with racing, betting, "booksies," and the like, has endeavoured to assume the mantle of Nat Gould. Apart from love, "the turf" is the main interest in life of the principal characters. A homely heroine, who attempts suicide because of her lover's supposed detection, a greedy, vampirish woman, a shady tipster, and a very unheroic hero are of the set filling the foreground of Mr. Applin's story.

Aumonier (Stacy). One After Another. Hutchinson [1920]. 7½ in. 280 pp., 7/6 n.

See review, p. 702.

Brand (Max). Trailin'! Putnam, 1920. 7½ in. 375 pp., 7/6 n. 813.5

A good tale of the Far West, whither Anthony Bard, an educated Easterner, of Western parentage, journeys in search of the man he supposes to have murdered his father. Savage buck-jumping horses are greatly to the fore, and the hero's feats upon some of these animals, as well as his exploits with firearms, require an effort of faith on the part of the reader. But Anthony, though he "looks like a tenderfoot" and "sounds like a tenderfoot," "ain't a tenderfoot"—to quote the text. Anthony discovers his man, finds a wife, and has a great surprise. The story undeniably grips.


See review, p. 715.


See notice, p. 714.


The heroine, Beryl Tennyson, is a "mouse," that is to say, a suffragette who has been released from prison under the "cat-and-mouse" Act. Arnold Sinclair, her lover, has been trained and educated by his strait-laced mother to the main end that he should not resemble his sport-loving, "normal" father. The two women are temperamentally antagonistic, but agree in their hatred of war. Armageddon comes, and the heroine makes the only sacrifice, and the book has its points, but as a whole it somehow misses fire.


See review, p. 702.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

*Hanson (T. W.). The Story of Old Halifax. Halifax, F. King & Sons, 1920. 8 in. 286 pp. ill. maps, index, 914.294

History—at any rate the teaching of history—should begin at home, and Mr. Hanson, long known as an historical and literary student of Halifax and the neighbourhood, is one of a growing band who have chronicled the annals and the social development of their towns with an eye to the boys and girls who live there. The book loses nothing in interest for older people through this primary aim; it is a sound piece of work that should be in every good general library. Most of the photographic illustrations, by Mr. H. P. Kendall, are first-rate, and the drawings and panoramic sketches are clear and appropriate. The Borough Librarian, Mr. Green, has contributed a good index. Unfortunately, the publishers have overlooked the serious objections to employing the two principal maps as end-papers.


This is the record of a summer tour, made while yet the war raged, among our National Trust possessions in the West of England. To many readers the very existence of the National Trust for acquiring and protecting "places of historic interest and natural beauty," will come as a pleasing revelation, and lend additional charm to Canon Rawnsley's glowing descriptions. The localities visited include Barmouth, Tintagel, Nether Stowey and many others, and we learn with pleasure of the genuine "restoration" of buildings and landscape, resulting from the activity of the National Trust. The illustrations, like the letterpresses, are agreeable.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Carrier (Jean-Baptiste).

Carrier (E. H.), ed. Correspondence of Jean-Baptiste Carrier (People's Representative to the Convention) During his Mission in Brittany, 1793-1794 Collected, translated and annotated by E. H. Carrier. Lane, 1920. 8 in. 302 pp. index, 15/ n. 920

See review, p. 701.


See review, p. 714.
Ligne (Charles Joseph, Prince de).


The first instalment of a selection from the intimate and voluminous correspondence (preserved in the University of Ghent) of the famous soldier and writer, Charles Joseph, Prince de Ligne. The correspondence is of interest and importance from the light which it throws on the manners and customs of the time, and on the economic and political history of the Low Countries of France during the period covered by the letters. Those included in the present series range from 1771 to 1787.

Mitford (Mary Russell).

*Hill (Constance), Mary Russell Mitford and Her Surroundings. Lane, 1920. 9 in. 403 pp. il. pors. index, 21/11.

This is a collection of letters written by a hard-working and chaste at the Y.M.C.A. hostel in France from 1915, who was killed at Etaples during an enemy air-raid in May, 1918. Written when she was between seventeen and twenty-one, the letters are full of everyday details. They are revelations of hospital life, an air-raid, and the sound and flash of gunfire on the far horizon. Taken altogether, they make a beautiful record, whose beauty comes wholly from simplicity and homeliness. The writer is too busy, too zestful to be troubled in spirit. As a revelation of courage, endurance of cold, hunger and cold, the record is inspiring and something supremely touching in the revelations we have had of late of young and sheltered girls who for an ideal have endured so sweetly and unconcernedly the burdens that call on the full strength of character. They are all the more poignant for that sweetness and unconcern.

930-990 HISTORY.


Most people will, we think, be surprised to learn that in the early days of the Dutch East India Company the Cape population received a considerable reinforcement from French Protestant refugees. A few much-distorted place and family names are the only linguistic traces which remain of this immigrant. It seems needless, indeed, that use of the church or school was, after the first years, governmentally forbidden. The settlers were chosen with a view to their skill in distilling vinegar and brandy, and also in vine and olive culture, and Mr. Botha thinks that they contributed in no small measure to the prosperity of the colony.


This manual is written from the American point of view, and contains a good deal of useful information, conveyed chiefly in the unattractive guise of statistics. Those who remember the struggle over our own Health Insurance Act will be interested to learn that a somewhat similar measure (since passed in a modified form) was defeated by Referendum in 1900, mainly through the opposition of the voluntary societies. Woman suffrage has so far made little progress in Switzerland. In one canton (Vaud) women are, however, permitted to help choose parish councillors and pastors, but "not made eligible to these offices." This placing in juxtaposition of two somewhat distinct functions is perhaps due to transatlantic dry humour; but it is not amiss to remember that Miss Maude Royden has been invited to preach in the Cathedral at Geneva on the occasion of the approach of Geneva. The illustrations supply a note of romance which is not conspicuous in the text.

940.3 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.


See review, p. 701.

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THE POETRY OF LEIGH HUNT

It is perhaps the fault of Leigh Hunt himself that his poetry is largely inaccessible to-day. The eagerness and assurance with which he put forth his early work changed, under such a prolonged and ferocious critical onslaught as few writers have ever sustained, into hesitancy and self-deprecation. "I have done my best," says he in the collected edition of 1832, "to render my verses as little unworthy of re-perusal as correction and omission could make them. I have availed myself of the criticism both of friends and enemies; and have been so willing to construe in my disfavour any doubts which arose in my own mind, that the volume does not contain above a third of the verses I have written." It is unnecessary to discuss these principles; their application, however, may well give rise to suspicion when Hunt in the next paragraph remarks that he has admitted the "Sonnet on the Nile" only at the request of a partial friend. The volume thus ruthlessly whittled down was followed by a pocket edition in 1844, in which there was small change; and just after Hunt's death in 1859 appeared his final selection, which by no means includes even many poems familiar to the anthologists of the nineteenth century. This volume, if not superseded, has been pleasantly supplemented by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson's edition (1891); other half-hearted attempts have been made, but more to Hunt's detriment than otherwise.

A sketch of Hunt's poetical career may not be out of place. Its very opening was inauspicious. A large volume of "Poems, written between the Ages of Twelve and Sixteen," was published in 1801, bought with indecent haste, and a fourth edition called for; while Hunt "was introduced to literati, and shown about among parties." In spite of these temptations, he refrained from printing another book of verse until 1814, when he sowed enmity broadcast by reprinting from the Reflector his untidy and swashbuckling satire "The Feast of the Poets." With this intolerant pasquinade were bound up a few translations from Catullus and others—work of much more value, and not yet surpassed in fidelity of colour and sense. These translations were his main claim to poetical success so far; but the following year he published a really notable volume. It was a masque, "The Descent of Liberty": the scenery bright, aerial, and yet not unearthly; the tale one of enchantment, and the allegory of Napoleon's overthrow delicately shadowed; the verse graceful and gentle:

While the clouds hush off in racks
And in long-leaved golden tracks
Ships to ships on the still sea
Glance with broad sail courteously:
And on land, for countless miles,
Passion rests and Nature smiles,
And not a harsher sound is heard
Than of nest-resuming bird.

With locks, and streams, and village calls
And bells, that winds fling out o'er walls
From joyous towns at intervals.

Hunt prefixed an essay in which he wished no other stage setting for his masque than the reader's sympathy; none the less, he was curiously circumstantial in his directions: "Poetry breaks at once from out the air . . . in a robe of carnation or flesh-colour, scarfed with green, her wings like the bird of Paradise, her head crowned with laurel and surmounted by a lambent fire, and a magic wand in her hand." The lyrics here and there are good, and follow Bacon's rule: Let the songs be loud and cheerful, and not chirpings or pulings. "The Story of Rimini" followed, in 1816. Its unpopularity was so widespread that it went through three editions; and Hunt was accused of practically all the vices, including sexual perversion, on the evidence
of the mildly passionate theme, chosen from Dante. The grave error into which he had actually trained himself was flippancy. It is not that he was overfond of his gawky coinages, "scattery light," "clipsome waist," "dings of sunshine" and the rest: indeed, they are not so numerous as to be really troublesome: but he had so far overlooked the dignity of poetry as to be writing lines like these—

"May I come in?" said he:—it made her start,—
That smiling voice:—she colour'd, press'd her heart
A moment, as for breath, and then with free
And usual tone said,—"O yes,—certainly!"

On such trivialities the critics might have based the truest anathema: not content, however, with legitimate grist, they ground up the poem wholesale. For it is, taken broadly, a momentous and a genuine poem. Hunt had an instinct for warm lights and shades, and invariably succeeds in his background; he loved the town with the country, and the pageantry of his first canto is full of human interest and poetic radiance. That great heirloom, the English heroic couplet, once more became in his hands a trumpet for "soul-animating strains"; of its most sonorous utterances he was not capable, but he put the parcelled monotone of the preceding century to shame. And it is as certain as may be that the free movements and sensitive cadences, then recaptured, had some share in the making of Shelley and Keats, and later of Swinburne and William Morris.

As yet undismayed by the hornets' nest which he had aroused, Hunt hastened to produce his excellent 1818 volume, namely, "Foliage." A sort of poetic manifesto ushered in the poems, according to his custom; the book was further subdivided by a happy fancy into " Greenwoods," or original verses, and "Evergreens," or translations from the poets of antiquity. Of one of the latter, the "Atys" of Catullus, he says finely that "it comes among the other pieces like a spectre at noonday"; nor has he failed to represent its storm-rhythm and its grimness. The first of the new poems demands ample treatment than can be given here; it is "The Nymphs." Not unlike "Endymion" in its lyrical development, nor unlike "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" in its subdived and imaginative description, this poem more than any other of Hunt's longer pieces deserves recognition. It contains, indeed, more "quaintnesses and neologisms" than "Rimini," but more than makes amends by the spiritual certainty and the musical variety which characterize it. There is the fine vision of the passing cloud:

It passed with its slow shadow; and I saw
Where it went down beyond me on a plain,
Sloping its dusky ladders of thick ruin;
And on the mist it made, and blinding awe,
The sun, re-issuing in the opposite sky.
Struck the all-coloured arch of his great eye;
And up, the rest o' the country laughed again:
The leaves were amber: the sunshine
Scored on the ground its conquering line;
And the quick birds, for scorn of the great cloud,
Like children after fear, were merry and loud.

I turned me tow'r'd the west, and felt the air
Thinner and soft and nimble on my face;
The sun was shadow'd by the elms; and made
A little golden ferment in one place,
A strawy fire:—as when within the shade

He used to get of old, and harbour him
Beside a fountain's brim
Who often looking round, came winding there,
Led by the lustre of his beautiful hair.

Surely the simple, the sensuous, the passionate genius is there; nor is the passage unaccompanied, but occurs naturally and without contrast. From mountain-top to deep-sea caves he leads, and everywhere brings to life again the nymphs in all their orders. How gracefully does he trace the home of the Ephydiads!

And O, ye sweet and coy Ephydiads, you,
Why are your names so new
To islands which your liquid lips serene
Keep ever green?

There, there the Ephydiads haunt; there where a gap
Betwixt a heap of tree-tops, hollow and dun,
Shews where the waters run,
And whence the fountain's tongue begins to lap.
There lie they, bullied by little whistling tones
Of rills among the stones,
Or by the rounder murmur, glib and flush,
Of the escaping gush
That laughs and tumbles, like a conscious thing,
For joy of all its future travelling.

The lizard circums in them: and his grave will
The frog, with reckoning leap, enjoys apart,
Till now and then the woodcock frights his heart
With brushing down to dip his dainty bill.

Shelley considered "The Nymphs" to be Hunt's highest achievement, and without any paraphrase urged him to pursue the vein; but it is curious that Hunt should have left the poem to oblivion, and that his editors have been no less apathetic. There was every reason why Hunt should have been producing his best poetry in 1816 and 1817: the war was over; he had been released from gaol; he was surrounded with friends of the finest genius and judgment; and his own age was ripe for work at once original and sound. We find, therefore, in "Foliage" those noble and enduring sonnets, "To His Wife," "The Grasshopper and Cricket," "On a Lock of Milton's Hair," and (greatest of all) "On the Nile":

It flows through old hushed Ægypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream...

The less familiar "Power and Gentleness" belongs to this period, in which Hunt gives the lie to his contemporary and his posthumous critics who consider him the poet of suburbanism:

Towers on hills, with foreheads out of sight
In clouds, or shown us by the thunder's light,
Or ghastly prison, that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea;—

he crowds his sixty lines with grandeur.

With the volume known as "Hero and Leander," produced in 1819, Hunt's most poetical phase appears to have come to an end. The nerve-strain of journalism was becoming too severe for the constant intensities of poetry; the wild and catastrophic Italian enterprise, in which Byron through Shelley persuaded him to join, merely left him ill, dishonoured, and dejected; indeed, it is astonishing that he should have survived as a literary personality at all. Nevertheless, he continued to write poems, and poems of true quality, from time to time, until in 1844 he realized his ambition and saw his work published in a pocket edition. In 1850 the chance of his being chosen Laureate evoked from him a characteristic pean in favour of Tennyson,
almost a prophecy: "May he live to wear his laurel to a green old age; singing congratulations to Queen Victoria and human advancement, long after the writer of these lines shall have ceased to hear him with mortal ears."

The collected edition of his Poems issued in 1860, though it by no means gives all of his best, represents his maturity work well enough. The old hatreds had died away, and the recklessness had gone from his verses; there was little left for him to do but take his leisure in trim gardens, and to see the good in things both human and divine. His own verse describes these later poems:

Their very house was fairy: none
Might find it without favour won;
For some great zeal, like errant-knight,
Or want and sorrow's holy right:
And then they reached it by long rounds
Of lanes between thick pastoral grounds
Nest-like, and alleys of old trees,
Until at last, in lawny ease,
Down by a garden and its fountains,
In the ken of mild blue mountains,
Rose, as if exempt from death,
Its many-centuried household breath......
There, walls were books; and the sweet witch,
Painting, had there the rooms made rich
With knights, and dames, and loving eyes
Of heaving-knew kindred, sweet and wise;
Of bishops, gentle as their lawn,
And sirens, whose talk was one May-dawn.
Last, on the roof, a clock's old grace
Look'd forth, like some enchanting face
That never slept, but in the night
Dinted the air with thoughtful might
Of sudden tongue which seem'd to say,
"The stars are firm, and hold their way."

From such a pleasant drowsiness he roused himself
"to show the horrors of war, the false ideas of power produced in the minds of its leaders, and, by inference, the unfitness of those leaders for the government of the world"; no more eloquent prayer for peace had been written by our poets. "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" remains passionate and convincing: so little have the greater singers reckoned with the question of pacifism that until the late war it was a poem almost sui generis.

All gratitude to Leigh Hunt for his swift recognitions of Shelley, of Keats, of Browning and Tennyson; but let it be as gratefully remembered that he too was in Arcadia; that he went through fire and water for the emancipation of poetry; and that he wrote "The Nymphs," "Captain Sword," and the almost supreme sonnet on the Nile.

E. B.

TO THOMAS HARDY
(On His Birthday.)

To wisdom, truth and beauty dedicate,
With vision clear as cloudless break of day,
You mark man on his immemorial way
Rousing old echoes down the aisles of fate;
Unwarried, yet, the mystery meditate;
Decipher motive, balance and survey;
Reveal the invincible predestinate,
Austerely silent touching "yea" and "nay."
O steadfast master, now your pilgrimage
Lights a new constellation on our sky,
A starry wonder and a heritage
Immortal in its pure humanity:
Through life's frustrated hope and desolate truth
Shall ever shine the beacon of your rapt.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
REVIEWS

JEHOVAH, BUDDHA AND THE GREEKS

Hellenism. By Norman Bentwich. (Philadelphia, Jewish Publication Society of America.)
Hellenism in Ancient India. By Gauranga Nath Banerjee. (Calcutta and London, Butterworth & Co. 7 rupees 8 annas.)

It is unlikely that Jehovah and Buddha have ever met, too diverse are their habits. Not even their common interest in law approximates them, because to one of them Law means a Table, and to the other it means a Wheel. The utmost we can say is that one they experienced the same event, and that their reactions to it are interesting. The event was the invasion of Alexander the Great. Those who kept the Ten Commandments and those who followed the Eightfold Path became abruptly and simultaneously aware of that energetic young man. His active mind and still more active body hurried over the ancient world, flattening out its prejudices and boundaries before it had time to exclaim, "What's this?" and leaving some considerable hollows into which, after his departure, new influences began to trickle. Three hundred curious years ensued. A little troupe of gods, moderate in size and human in shape, advanced inland and confronted the Asiatic deities, and carried with it such portable hugging as the plays of Euripides and the Socratic method.

The feelings of Jehovah, when the troupe ascended his Holy Hill, are notorious; we may read in Maccabees how he prohibited all gymnastic exercises in Jerusalem, and refused to bind his brows with Bacchicivy. The feelings of Buddha are uncertain; but we may see in the Gandhara sculptures that he has permitted classical motives to engrandelier his legends and to drape his own person, and we may draw our conclusions. Anger on the one side, benign indifference on the other: such apparently were the attitudes of the two living religions of the day when Greece impinged upon them.

To say that Jehovah was angered is, however, to state the situation too simply. The Jewish people were at this time in a complicated position. They were dispersing into the Gentile world, and while the parent stock in Palestine remained orthodox, the Dispersal adopted the Greek speech and dallied with Greek thought. At Alexandria an important Graeco-Judean civilization sprang up, which produced the monumental translation of the Septuagint, the beautiful poem of The Wisdom of Solomon, and the interesting philosophic system of Philo. The Jews who remained in Palestine produced nothing as notable, and partly for this reason posterity has censured them. Mr. Norman Bentwich (he is a prominent Zionist) takes a different view: in his judgment the Jews of Alexandria and elsewhere were entering upon a dangerous path, and the authentic voice of Jehovah continued to peal from Mount Moriah as formerly. He supports his view with learning and moderation, and by two main arguments. In the first place (he says) Greek culture was by now on the decline; it had degenerated into a "confused amalgam with a low moral standard, declining intellectual grasp and vague cosmopolitan professions," and had, therefore, little to offer that was good. And in the second place the temper of the age was opposed to monotheism and to the reasonable worship and contemplation of God; it yearned for redemption, expiation, atonement, éons, emanations, logos; once admitted into the Holy of Holies it played the traitor and opened the doors to a thousand extravagances, and in particular to Christianity. The Palestinian Jews, he would have us note, remained on their guard.

The Rabbi instinctively recognized a canker in this medley. It was not Pharisaic narrowness on their part, but a clear intuition of the essence of Judaism and of the overpowering necessity of preserving its outlook uncontaminated, which led them to set up fences against foreign incursion. They were opposed not to freedom of thought, but to free play for demoralizing influences; and if their attitude was one-sided at the moment, one-sidedness was necessary to sanity.

But who is to decide when an influence is demoralizing? It is at this point that the average Gentile must part company with Mr. Bentwich and must note that beneath his moderate words the weapons of intolerance may lie concealed. One-sidedness always is necessary at the moment; it is always right to say that we have felt it our duty to be unreasonable, as the inquisitions and censorships testify throughout history. The point is important, for Mr. Bentwich's book, though it does not allude to present events in Palestine, has a close bearing on them. It is Zionism at its best, but that best seems not quite good enough for the future peace of the world. One does not wish to see Jehovah re-established on Mount Moriah and gradually subjecting beneath his yoke the Jews of the Dispersal—those very Jews who have done so much for civilization during the last two thousand years. Jehovah would never have allowed Philo to speculate, nor Spinoza, nor Einstein; it would never have been the moment. The Rabbis would instinctively have recognized a canker, as they recognized it in Christ, and have taken action accordingly. In other words Mr. Bentwich is a sound guide who gives a vivid account of the contests and compromises of a fascinating time. His estimate of Hellenistic culture is on the whole just, though he forgets its science: one cannot speak of the "declining intellectual grasp" of an age which measured the earth and invented conic sections. And his account of the Palestinian traditions should be carefully studied, for he has made the subject his own. The upshot is that the Greeks, in their subtle advance against Jehovah, met with general success and one rebuff. They enforced their language and much of their culture upon the Jews of the Dispersal, but recoiled, as did their inheritors the Romans, from the uplands of Palestine.

Now let us see how they fared further East, in the other citadel of religious vitality, in India.

The problem here is more obscure, for there is no literature. The Indian genius, never historical, produced not even a Josephus to record the collision of ideals, and we are thrown back on archaeology. A number of objects have been unearthed, from Afghanistan southward to the Jumna, which show Greek influence and are sometimes Greek in effect. To select from the examples given by Mr. Banerjee: a coin with a nautch girl on the reverse, but a Greek inscription on the obverse; statues of Buddha in Greek costume; representations of Pallas Athene and Great Jupiter. It is clear that the successors of Alexander the Great were playing the same game in the Punjab as in the Levant, and were fostering a Graeco-Buddhist civilization, contemporary with the Graeco-Jewish civilization of Alexandria. Did they encounter a similar opposition? Apparently not. It is priests who sharpen the edges of our souls, and the priestly period had not yet begun for India. There is so far nothing corresponding to the Palestinian rabbi, with his instinctive recognition of cankers. Buddha, already on friendly terms with the Hindu Pantheon, could behave with perfect politeness to the new troupe from Greece. Pessimistic, and inclined to cynicism despite his compassionate heart, he knew that religion is not a ready habit of the mind, superior to most habits, but like them to be abandoned before we escape from the Wheel—to be lived down, in fact, although the process may extend over a thousand of our lives. Whether men gained good or evil from gymnastic exercises would depend on their own predispositions; it could have
nothing to do with the origin of gymnasiums. Such was the spirit of India, as powerful as the conscious national spirit of the Jews, as the sequel shows. For in a few generations the Hellenic influences died out, not through persecution, but because their day was ended. Poseidon becomes Siva on the coins, Artemis a wild Apsara, and the Greek typhon and the Indra are sculptured in the temple of Amaravati. There is a break in Indian records about 400 A.D., when a medieval darkness descends. But before that break comes the Greeks and their ideals have disappeared.

In modern times this episode has produced a controversy. Some critics have declared that Alexander the Great is the true begetter of Indian civilization, and that Indian art in particular could never have arisen without the assistance of Europe. A shallow and impudent theory: it is now discredited, and we are in more danger from the critics of the opposing school, who assert that Greek influence, so far as it existed, is bad, and that all Greco-Buddhist statues are imitative and mechanical. Mr. Bannerjee, in his excellent book, goes carefully into the question. He is a patriot, but he also cares to get at the truth, and his verdict is that the influence of Greece in India, though slight, was stimulating, and revived parts of an organism which were lying dormant or tending to decay. He does not indulge in rhetoric or generalities; the verdict is built up from considered cases, and we feel at the end that though he has not the mental push of Mr. Bentwich, he has more of the Historical spirit.

The passage of time has almost expelled both Jehovah and Buddha from their holy places; almost, but not quite—the parallel is curious here. The glory is gone from Mount Moriah, but the rock—where Abraham offered Isaac remains, and the Dome of the Rock covers it, a prologue extinguisher, which Zionists would probably remove. The glory is also gone from Bodh-Gaya, where Buddha obtained enlightenment, but a small temple exists, where he is adored by favour of the British Government in a half-hearted fashion. Bodh-Gaya is a sunken area; standing on its edge, one looks down on a tangle of paths and votive bells. No Indians worship there, for Buddhism has died out of India, in accordance with its own law. But pilgrims from Thibet sometimes light lamps so that the floor of the temple looks like a lake of fire and streams of hot air agitate the dirty banners above the image. Behind the temple is a neglected tree, descendant of the Bo tree where Buddha obtained enlightenment; the regions of the sky grew clear, the moon shone forth, showers of flowers fell down from the sky upon the earth, and the night gleamed like a spotless maiden. Where are those flowers? "Rams and righteousness!" thunders Jehovah. Where is that righteousness? "Nothing in excess," murmured Athene to them both, and disappeared more completely than either. . . . And amid the contradictory echoes humanity moves forward, stumbling and jibbing upon its own painful road, and obstinately refusing to accept salvation.

E. M. F.

THE ECONOMIC TYRANNY

Social Economics. By Professor J. Hartley Jones. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

WHAT Professor Jones calls Social Economics is our ancestors to call Political Economy. Those were the days when men thought politics so important that they had to prefix "political" to economics before any one would believe that the subject was a serious one. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the world was still living under the tyranny of political ideas and political institutions, and passions played around the thrones of kings, Upper Chambers, Reform Bills, and all the paraphernalia of political democracy which has just been exploded by the up-to-date Russian. In the last hundred years we have passed from this political into an economic phase of European civilization, although we moribund Westerners refuse to acknowledge it, and still mumble over our political shibboleths. But it is passion which shows where the vital spark still lingers in society, and to-day the only questions which can make people angry and unreasonable are economic questions. There is but one member in the present House of Commons, one of the members for the City of London, who can get up any heat, whether of support or opposition, over a proposal to add ten million voters to the register. But if any one begins to talk about key industries, coal trade unions, or syndicalism, or a levy on capital, or shop stewards, or the dictatorship of the proletariat, there is a rush of blood to the head and the sparks fly. The tyranny of politics and politicians has given way to the tyranny of economics and economists, and the world is induced to believe that the whole duty of man consists in either making profits or earning wages or destroying capitalists or running Soviets. How many people realize that Lenin and Trotsky are only political economists like Adam Smith and the respectable Ricardo, and that their power comes from the fact that we have allowed society to fall under the tyranny of economics?

Hence Professor Jones is right to call his book "Social Economics." The title has the rare merit of fitting the subject. And the book itself is admirable—admirable because, like so few books on industrial reconstruction and the pathological economics of society, it is really useful. Professor Jones has both a practical and a theoretical knowledge of the financial, commercial, and industrial system, and with considerable acuteness, clearness, and impartiality, he analyses the most important facts and assumptions which underlie that system. The consequence is that he gives the reader the best bird's-eye view which we know of industrial problems as they actually exist to-day, while at the same time he shows the relation of these problems to economic theory in such a lucid and simple way that even the uninitiated ought to be able to understand it. That curious creature "the ordinary reader" will not find the book easy to read because it is short, concisely written, and packed with material; but, if he read it with the necessary concentration, he will find no real difficulty in understanding it, and at the end he will at least possess a certain amount of knowledge to justify him in getting angry over capitalists and workers or trade unions and shop stewards or the democratic control of industry or women's wages. The book can also be read with profit by those who consider themselves to be economic experts. Though Professor Jones maintains a wonderful level of impartiality, he does not conceal his own views on the main problems of industrial reconstruction and the organization of an economic society. One may not always agree with those views, but they are at least supported by arguments which merit respect and consideration.
MR. FREEMAN'S POETRY

Poems, New and Old. By John Freeman. (Selwyn & Blount: 10s. 6d. net.)

In far-off happier days Oscar Wilde could talk about chrysoprase and the Sphinx's agate claws, Mr. Noves could marvel of Apes and ivory, skulls and peacocks in junkus from old Hongkong, Sailing over a silvery sea to a shimmering isle of song (or words to that effect), and it was all considered extremely poetical. The expensiveness of the material made up for any defects in the spiritual significance of the work of art. We forgot that the table was of Louis-Philippe design, and remembered only the richness of its gilded legs and its malachite top. But there came a time when these sumptuous and exotic beauties began to pall. Sick of lilies, Mrs. Gimbly Brown turned to sunflowers—to blossoms even homelier, daisies, dandelions, thistles. The cult of simplicity, of unadorned austerity began. From being twopence and coloured, verse turned to penny and plain. The lispers lispèd, the ascetics of the intellect mortified their poetical flesh. Richard Middleton's "Domes of desire and purple halls of sin" (again we quote from a rather feeble memory) were exchanged for nurseries and monastic cells. And how delightful, in the first flush of novelty, these new surroundings seemed! But the novelty has worn off, and there are some of us (dare we whisper it?) who hanker, not indeed after the old chrysoprase, but at least after something a little gayer, a little more grown-up than what is offered from the vessel of art.

Mr. Freeman is one of the ascetics. He denies himself the luxuries of picturesqueness, of chiming rhyme and easy rhythms, of rich outlandish words, of pointed phrases that stick deep in the memory. Gold and jewels have been fashioned by vulgar craftsmen into vulgar works of art; therefore Mr. Freeman will have none of them. He has set himself the task of creating poetical beauty out of language essentially dry and colourless and sawdusty. The task is not, for a great poet, an impossible one. Words in themselves dry and colourless are often the best vehicles for the expression of the intensest emotion; there will be nothing in the medium to distract the mind from what is being expressed. Asceticism in the intellect, as well as in the moral sphere, is usually accompanied by intense passions and emotions. The intellectual self-denial of Blake in the songs, or of Wordsworth in the "Lyrical Ballads," makes only more apparent the emotional force which inspired the poems. But suppose there were no emotion behind the asceticism of the language? What then? What was dry and colourless will remain dry and colourless. We shall not even have the conjuring-trick type of poem, the lovely creation of words produced by intellectual magic out of the empty hat. We shall find merely a heap of sawdust.

In most of the poems contained in this thick volume we feel the presence of an asceticism unjustified by an intense emotion. That there is some emotion behind them all is obvious: Mr. Freeman enjoys looking at trees, listening to the wind, walking through the fields; so do we all. But the mere enjoyment of country life is in itself quite uninteresting. We demand from the poet that he shall give to an emotion which we all feel some fresh significance, that he shall look on familiar sights with eyes that discover new and surprising beauties. This is what we demand, and, except on the rarest occasions, we demand from Mr. Freeman in vain. The fundamental defect of his poetry is that it is extremely dull. Compare him with Wordsworth, the poet with whom he asks, by his theme, to be compared. In reading Mr. Freeman's poetry we never for an instant feel that profound emotional excitement which the best, the genuinely poetical, passages of Wordsworth produce upon the mind. Wordsworth's emotions reinforce and make significant one's own feelings towards nature. Mr. Freeman's do not: indeed, when one has actually finished reading, one cannot remember what are the emotions—beyond a vague enjoyment—which Mr. Freeman expresses. Wordsworth's pictures remain clearly and precise in the memory; one can see the black peak as it rises over the horizon, growing bolder and bolder to the rower's eyes with every stroke of the oars; one can see the aged yew trees; one can see the daffodils and the poet wandering lonely, in body as well as in spirit, as a cloud. But of Mr. Freeman's landscapes it is possible to retain only the dimmest impression; there is scarcely a scene that one can remember distinctly and sharply. With studied restraint of rhyme and rhythm and vocabulary, with great accomplishment and the most impeccable taste, deliberately and at considerable length, Mr. Freeman tells us—almost nothing at all. That is why his poetry, which one reads with a kind of negative pleasure—a pleasure derived from the fact that one is never "let down" by it, never in the least shocked—slips from the mind, as soon as one has finished reading, like water off a stone, leaving no impression behind. It is only very occasionally, two or three times in these three hundred pages, that one comes upon something that penetrates and remains.

As clear and still she stood, moonlike remotely near,
I saw and heard her breathe, I years and years away.
Her light streamed through the years, I saw her clear and still,
—Shape and spirit together mingling night with day.

Water falling, falling with the curve of a stream;
Over green-hued rock, then plunging to its pool
Far, far below, a falling spear of light;
Water falling golden from the sun, moonlike coœ!
Water has the curve of her shoulder and breast,
Water falls as straight as her body rose,
Water her brightness has from neck to still feet,
Water crystal-cold as her cold body flows.

In these lines there is new individual beauty, clearly and precisely seen and expressed. We remember them, when the rest, however carefully made, however faultless in taste, are quite forgotten.

A. L. H.

WENSLEYDALE, WITH COVERDALE, BISHOPDALE, AND SEMERWATER. By Ernest E. Taylor. "Handy Guide Series." (British Periodicals. 7d. )—Stainmore Forest and the upper parts of Wensleydale were among the regions explored by that common-sense married couple, John Buncle, or his creator and prototype Thomas Amory, who discovered somewhere about here frightful perpendicular rocks, unfathomable chasms, a lake so deep that its waters were evidently connected with the abyss, and a burning fountain. Mr. Taylor, familiar as he is with the topographical and other literature of the district, does not mention Buncle or Mr. Amory.

Sir John Mandeville, that he found there; but he describes the Buttertubs, Hardraw Force and the other incomparable waterfalls, Semerwater ("the only genuine lake in Yorkshire," he calls it, but is not the larger Malham Tarn a genuine lake?), the caves, and the abbeys, manor-houses, and other things that give Wensleydale so many varied attractions. When was the name Yoredale supplanted by the less appropriate Wensleydale, after a village "originally Woden's Lea"? The old name is preserved in the geological term Yoredale shales, describing the soft strata alternating with harder limestone which have produced the picturesque waterfalls on the river—"or Yore"—and its tributaries, of which the largest is, perhaps, best seen by the tourist as a multitude of limpid cascades dropping over innumerable ledges. To have seen it in flood, a huge catactar making the rocky wharves on each side tremble with the passage of an earthquake, is a sensation we shall never forget. The old name left traces in Yore Bridge and elsewhere. Is it correct to see an Anglo-Saxon suffix in Burterset and Appersett? More probably these, and perhaps also the numerous "Seats," come from the Norse Sæter, and represent Scandinavian settlements. Thoraby, Thoresby, and many other names have a Latin root. Taylor's guide is a model—learned, but not obtrusively so, practical, readable and seductive, and surprisingly full and compact.
MR. McDOWALL’S argument in this beautifully
printed book is a little difficult to follow because
of its implicit reference to previous works of his
own which we have not read. Roughly, however, we
understand it as an attempt to give Croce’s theory of
esthetic a transcendental completion reaching its pinnacle
in the Christian theology. The author starts with the
now familiar thesis that beauty is the expression of an
intuition and that the appreciation of beauty is a re-
creation for oneself of the artist’s intuitions. Accepting
this, he is dissatisfied with what seems to him on the one
hand an insufficient analysis, and on the other an in-
adequate recognition of the position of beauty in the
scheme of man’s spiritual values.

So far we are inclined to sympathize with Mr. McDowell.
Like him, we require to know of what is the intuition which
being expressed is Beauty; like him, we feel that it is
inadequate to make what seems to us the most delicate
of human faculties hardly more than the provider of raw
material for the concept-making activity. We are there-
fore prepared to accept the author’s view that the intuition is
an intuition of reality and that the subsequent system
of aesthetic intuitions is autonomous in other words, that
it needs no reinforcement or sublimation by the logical
faculty; it affords a complete vision of the universe.

At this point, however, we can follow the author no
longer. To be precise, on p. 33 of his book we are left
gasping by this sudden question:

If Reality be, as we have elsewhere argued, grounded on Personal
Relationship, the self-expression of Love, does Beauty cease when
personal relations become perfect?

We feel in ourselves too much humility to answer Yes or
No. The categories are too strange, and since the
remainder of Mr. McDowell’s theory moves intimately
among them, we are forced to suspend judgment. In
less aridous regions, however, we are not convinced by
his argument:

When you see beauty in a natural object the matter is less clear.
Croce would say you are in the first stage of knowing that object,
and you are unquestionably right so far. But can we not, using
the analogy of the picture or the poem, go on to say that you are
following after the idea of the end of the natural object you
are in touch with the Cosmic Idea, which is the idea of a Personal
God? If so, there is indeed room for mysticism, for mysticism
becomes simply the realization that you are in fact doing this.

Arguments by analogy are never so suspect as they
are on the lips of one anxious “to leave room for
mysticism.” There are quite enough x quantities in any
theory of aesthetic without our importing any that are not
strictly necessary. As a matter of fact the appreciation
of beauty in natural objects is no more (and no less)
mysterious than the primary process of intuition which is
the basis of the theory of Croce accepted by Mr. McDowell.
The admirer of a landscape gives expression within him-
self to his own intuition. Entia non sunt multiplicanda.

In short, although we may be disposed to believe that an
intuitive theory of aesthetic does in fact involve a
metaphysic, in so far as we are compelled (by our sense
that art does not swing idly in vacuo) to postulate that
the intuition is an intuition of reality, this reality is by
hypothesis immediately given, and therefore is incapable of
further definition. When, therefore, Mr. McDowell
invites us to believe that this reality consists of the
hypostatized intuitions of a Personal God, or that it is
based upon Personal Relationship, we can only say that
he has brought his conclusions with him to the argument.
It is only an illusion that they are derived from it, and
the illusion is made possible only by the illegitimate use
of argument by analogy.

M. GALSOWORTHY

PLAYS, FOURTH SERIES: “A Bit o’ Love”; “The Foundations”; “The Skin Game.” By John Galsworthy. (Duck-
worth. 7s. net.)

I

one of the “Lettres à l’Amazone” Remy de Gourmont
congratulates himself that he has never written
a novel or story whose emotional interest was
derived from the relation between human beings and
the social conventions. His interest was always with
the emotions in themselves—with emotion, as it were, in
the void. Mr. Galsworthy may congratulate himself on
precisely the contrary achievement; he has never written
anything in which the emotional interest was not derived
from the relation between his characters and the social
conventions that envelop them. Which of the two authors
has more right to be proud? Neither, we imagine; for an
exclusive preoccupation with man as a dateless individual
is as much unjustified by the facts of existence as is the
exclusive preoccupation with man as a social being. But
Gourmont is obviously right to this extent, that the
literature of social problems, “repertory” literature,
possesses life and value only so far as its characters are
real, individual human beings. The problem does not
make the play; it is the characters that cause us to be
interested in, or tolerant of, the problem.

This fourth volume of Mr. Galsworthy’s plays is hardly
up to the best of his earlier dramatic work. Of the three
plays which it contains, “The Skin Game,” now being
performed at the St. Martin’s Theatre, is the most skilfully
and convincingly written; but even “The Skin Game”
leaves us comparatively cold. We derive from it none of
the thrills which “The Silver Box,” “Joy” or “Justice”
made us feel. This may, of course, be due in part to the
fact that we have grown stale to Mr. Galsworthy’s method
and point of view. But it is also, we think, true that the
characters in “The Skin Game” are definitely less
interesting, less completely realized than those of the
earlier plays. The problem in this play has definitely
got the better of the human beings. Hillcist is the type
of ancient territorial gentlemanners, Hornblower of
business pushfulness, Jill and Rolf of the Younger
Generation. If one does not happen to be interested in
the relations between class and class, generation and
generation, but only in the strangeness, the greatness, the
absurdities of human character, then one will find “The Skin Game”
an uninteresting piece of literature.

In “The Foundations” Galsworthy treats the
agonizing of the classes, not with the solemnity usually
accorded to the theme, but in a spirit of extravagant
comedy. The result is not altogether happy. One feels
all the time that Mr. Galsworthy is out of his element.
He has tried to achieve that combination of high jinks with
pathos which is Sir James Barrie’s special “stunt.” But
the jinks are not high enough, and instead of delicately
romantic pathos we get stuff that is often perilously like
the journalism so admirably satirized in the person of
“The Press.” The same journalism which renders suspect
the pathos of Mrs. Lemmy in “The Foundations” can be
detected again in “A Bit o’ Love.” We cannot help
feeling throughout that the whole story has been “worked
up” by a skilful reporter. The final scene, with its stage
moon, its dancing children, its music, its attempted suicide,
is too picturesque by half. Tragedy is purer and austere
than this.

The President and Council of the Royal Academy have
purchased the following works under the terms of the
Chantry Bequest: “Feeding the Fowls,” oil painting, by
Mr. Fisher, R.A.; and “The Sun Down” and “Suburban Day,” oil painting, by Alfred J. Munnings, A.R.A. On
the whole, we must congratulate the Academy on its choice. These
are certainly two of the best pictures in the present exhibition,
SECRETS OF LONDON

Unknown London. By Walter George Bell. (Lane. 6s. 6d. net.)

THE eighteenth century was lively, if not merry, at Wapping-in-the-Woz. The roomy windows of scores of timber-fronted taverns overlooked from the narrow caseway the busy Thames, glittering through the pearly mist which arose from the restless water. The sunbeams glittered on the surface, like the flashes in a spinhalscope. Then, as now, the tides bore craft from every sea. High across the stream stood out the slender steeple of St. Mary’s Church at Redriff. Near by, in the modern church of St. Paul, it is in keeping with the traditions of this riverside district that some of the furniture is made of wood from Nelson’s “Fighting Téméraire.” Braced by liberal tots of rum or draughts of strong October, and exalted by song or hornpipe above all vulgar cares, Jack and Sue, lurking forth from one or other of the Wapping inns, not seldom encountered a grim and disconcerting pageant: Driving down the crowded High Street came the Marshal of the Admiralty, preceded by a man carrying a silver ear. With him were City Marshals, sheriffs’ officers, and one or more repulsive functionaries, of whom advancing civilization has not even taught us to be rid. These people were about the horrid business of escorting pirates, or other sinners on the high seas, to the Execution Dock (now filled in), which adjoined the place where to-day is Tunnel Pier. The culprits were hanged at low-water mark. Three tides washed over the bodies, which in the case of pirates were then exposed to rot—hideous, crow-peeked things—in iron nets, at Bugsky’s Hole, or elsewhere down the stream.

But the whirl of Wapping is still by ever. Ichabod is upon the walls and the dozen of Thames deserted “stairs.” The district has a mournful isolation; and the High Street is a via dolorosa. Few besides workers at the docks, Customs men, and wharfingers populate the place—which the stranger may reach on foot by strolling along St. Katharine’s Way. A brief visit will satisfy the most ardent London ODysseus, or tourist from the New World striving to acquire an “extensive and peculiar” knowledge of the old.

Three conspicuous figures are associated with Wapping: the bibulous Jeffrey of Wen, whose ill-timed drink at the “Red Cow” was the prelude to his confinement and death in the Tower; Captain William Kidd, convicted on insufficient evidence of piracy, and hanged in 1701 at Execution Dock, with the bizarre solemnities sketched above; and the elder Charles Dibdin, who neither lived in Wapping nor wrote the words to John Percy’s famous air, but left other songs in which the place-name recurs as insistently as the drum-taps in “Parsifal.” The man Dibdin may not have possessed all the virtues ascribed by the Abbot of Rievaulx to the Scottish King David I.; but it is undeniable that the Southampton ballad-writer, by his ninety sea-songs—“Blow High, Blow Low,” “Meg of Wapping,” “Every Inch a Sailor,” “Tom Bowling,” and the rest—exercised throughout the Napoleonic campaigns a popular influence which was powerful, far-reaching, in many ways good, and (though pitched on a different keynote) not altogether incomparable with the effect produced in Germany, during the War of Liberation, by the songs of E. M. Arndt, K. Th. Körner, and Max von Schenkendorf—and also, at a later date, by those of Hoffmann von Fallersleben. And some of Dibdin’s best songs in style recall, longo intervalla, the spirited lyrics of Gustave Nadaud.

The foregoing meditations upon Wapping and its worthies are evoked by a chapter in this new work by the author of “Fleet Street in Seven Centuries.” The book is too discursive; but although Mr. Bell is capricious in his choice of examples of “unknown” London, he not infrequently hits the mark.

It is astonishing how little of London the average Londoner knows. Between the green pleasantness of link-extinguished Berkeley Square, with the heraldic beehives of the house of Petty, and the desolate emptiness of such a spot as Labour-in-Vain Street, Shadwell, the distance is great, and the contrast is greater. Wider still is the chasm which separates the attractive cluster of odd little shops to which is given the name of Shepherd Market from the malebolge of courts, alleys and “rents” in the east- and south-east parts of the town. Some of these an exalted personage not long ago justly described as “darnable.” As huge a gulf exists between the spruce and cheerful Hay Hill, and the dull mirth of sleeping-boxes in Dockland. In that last-named dreary region Capitalism, a guscia di maciulla, champs in its myriad mouths the struggling tollers. It is hard to realize that on decorous Hay Hill the quarters of Sir Thomas Wyatt were once exposed upon a gallows, like joints of meat on a butcher’s block. All these places, to tens of thousands of matter-of-fact and placid citizens, who keep to the main roads, are as unfamiliar as the signs of Gobi or the temples of Copán.

Pennyfields, and the adjacent Causeway, where bland, inscrutable Chinamen get solace from chuck-a-luck or fantan, and a quiet whiff from a long-stemmed pipe with a tiny bowl; Hogarth’s house at Chiswick; the remnants of the Southwark prisons, for eternities of freedom, for those who seek them; Chiswick water-tower; the venerable churches in Cheyne Walk and Austin Friars; and the grey, secluded Charter-house, are perhaps less generally known than London Stone, and the Roman bath in Strand Lane. For the last-named hardly landmarks, which Mr. Bell has not omitted from his book, are in the central parts of the town, just as are Prince Henry’s Room, the “Cheshire Cheese,” and the caverns in the Adelphi. More remote, no doubt, is the fragment (described by Mr. Bell) of a hypocaust beneath the Coal Exchange. But a good deal might be written about the queer little clothes market in Borer’s Passage, with Seven-Step Alley, and other places in that exotic district. The common hugger of the beaten track would as soon expect to find a new-laid egg of a Great Ankk upon the porters’ rest in Piccadilly as a hundred-feet stretch of the medivial wall of London, nearly forty feet high, in actual use as the backbone of some bonded warehouses in Cooper’s Row. Mr. Bell gives a good account of this. The rampart behind the ancient brastework can be paced by the citizen of to-day; and young visitors to the basement, who are frisky enough to loop over a number of butts, of vinous and agreeable perfume, will find themselves in an interesting hole, with Roman tiles and flints in situ. Of easier access is the length of the wall in Trinity Place, by Tower Hill. Other fragments are at no. 1, Crutch’d Friars; under the ground-floor of the Bowyer Tower; and close to the remnant of the defunct Wardrobe Tower, south-east of Gundulf’s Keep. Many Londoners, we suppose, have visited the place of martyrdom near the church of St. Bartholomew. Probably few have seen the remarkable view from St. Edward’s Tower, the campanile of Westminster Cathedral; have walked in the garden where the platoons of Malkin arch their backs on Richard Penderel’s grave; or have strolled through Ormond Yard, in which, so far, the housebreaker has spared some wood-galleried houses of respectable antiquity.

Printers, whom the ham rolls and linseed oil of Fetter Lane have ceased to charm, or Chancery Lane lawyers, brought by forensic strife nearly to the state of the Norman king who suffered so terribly from that superfluity of lampreys, are apt to forget that a few steps will take them to a room where frayed nerves may be soothed by a sight of the most valuable national record in the world—
Domestic Book (which by reason of its uniqueness is of
greater interest even than the copies of Magna Carta): together with which are to be seen the earliest extant sign manual of an English king, the Papal bull confirming to King Henry VIII. the title of “Fidei Defensor,” the shaky signature of the Gunpowder Plot man after he was tortured, the famous Belgian “scrap of paper,” and an infinity of other treasures. The little-known museum in which these rarities are stored is rightly included by our author in his book.

E. G. C.

(To be concluded.)

A SIMPLE FOREIGNER

London through Chinese Eyes. By M. T. Z. Tyau. (Swarthmore Press. 15s. net.)

Mr. Tyau, as a simple-minded foreigner, has fallen a victim to that strange official language in which King’s proclamations, Ministerial speeches and political surveys in the monthlies are written. He has been struck deaf and blind by sonorous general statements. He came to this country, a young, earnest student of law, fully prepared to admit Western superiority. He had listened eagerly to tales of England’s greatness; he had listened with humility and awe. He stepped ashore in a spirit of reverent curiosity. Now this attitude, however proper it may be in a foreigner, does not impress a good inquirer. Mr. Tyau never overcame his prepossession. He seems never to have looked at anything in England unless he had first read a leading article about it. As a result his book reads as if it had been written by a moderately conservative morning paper. It is hardly human, to say nothing of Chinese.

The one point on which Mr. Tyau seems definitely to have resisted the hypnotic effect of the leading article is the institution of the family. He cannot really reconcile himself to the appalling English neglect of parents by children. He turns hopefully to all his phrases: “the individualistic system develops originality and self-reliance”; “the survival of the fittest”—but this time the booming avalanche descends in vain. He is nearly buried, but when the noise is stilled he hears a little voice within him talking pure Chinese, and it is saying that English family life is abominable. Try as he may, he cannot get over this extraordinary prejudice. It is so strong in him that he even disapproves of English marriages because they take place without the parents’ consent. His indignation overflows till it embraces the English marriage preliminaries, and he states that such preliminaries should be more ‘gentle’ and not ‘common public exhibitions.’ But this is the one point where he is really roused. On matters of morality he is usually incredibly urbane. On pressing social questions, such as Labour, he reads a Labour paper and a Conservative paper, and combines the points of view. If only we could believe this method to result from profound indifference we should be more interested. But we fear it is an exhibition of ‘broad-mindedness.’

On the whole, then, we draw the moral that a foreigner should not read about the country he visits before he visits it: he is almost sure to read the wrong things and, unless he is exceptionally sensitive to facts, he will see each separate item, not in itself, but merely as an example of a phrase. We may, of course, have misjudged Mr. Tyau. He is, after all, a Chinese and, presumably, acute. His incredibly accommodating book may have been written for English consumption. But we fear this suggestion is merely the product of our romantic imagination; we fear that, in truth, Mr. Tyau’s superhuman blandness conceals no reserves.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE WAR

Stevenson’s Germany. By C. Brunsdon Fletcher. (Heinemann 12s. net.)

This book, which groups about Stevenson’s “Footnote to History” evidence of German misbehaviour in the Pacific, and particularly in Samoa, is, we are informed by the Preface, the conclusion of an argument against Germany, begun in ‘The New Pacific’, and continued through ‘The Problem of the Pacific’; it is essentially an attempt to show that Germany is unfit to govern in the islands of the South Sea, and a plea that in no circumstances whatever she should be allowed to regain control of those profitable lands.

A quotation will serve to put us on the track of the flaw in Mr. Fletcher’s argument: “In the light of the present war ‘A Footnote to History’ simply reveals as in a flash a ruthless, unprincipled Germany.” Mr. Fletcher does not realize, it would seem, that the light of the recent war was a kind of limelight, worked to a great extent deliberately, turned only upon suitable objects, and by its arbitrary distribution of lights and shadows distorting the real proportions and characteristics of the drama. The limelight still works, though not quite so vigorously; it is not convenient to turn it upon the starving crowds of Vienna or the underfed German millions.

The most elementary common sense combined with a moderate degree of observation should make it plain that during the last six years anything that might reflect credit on the Germans has been suppressed, whatever dishonoured them has been thrown into relief and embroidered according to various fancies, and that we have applied the reverse process to our allies and ourselves. Now if you take all Jones’ vices, and those alone, and compare them with all Smith’s good points, omitting to mention his faults, you will obtain a flattering, if rather insipid portrait of the latter, and a terrifying, if incredible picture of the former.

Mr. Fletcher argues that although individual German traders and administrators may have dealt fairly with natives, yet up to 1900 the policy of the German Government was grasping in intention, brutal and unscrupulous in its methods; that although, at any rate between 1900 and 1912, German rule in Samoa was enlightened, and although many Samoans still regard Germany as a friend, yet this must on no account be taken as evidence that she may be trusted to behave well in future. Only the fear of publicity, Mr. Fletcher assures us, induced her to behave well. But how does Mr. Fletcher know? And if he is right, why should not the fear of publicity have a similar wholesome effect in future? Is not the fear of publicity one of the restraints on the cruder impulses of all governments, giving the opportunity for gentler counsels to prevail? There should be no need to point out at this moment of history that England’s treatment of subject races is not invariably and solely determined by moderation, good-humour, and tact.

There may be good and just reasons for excluding Germany from the Pacific, but they do not appear conclusively in this book. What appears too clearly is the desire to profit to the utmost by her downfall; to remember of her past only the misdeeds, partly due to a form of government she has renounced; to regard her as incurably brutal, rapacious, treacherous—in fact, to view her solely “in the light of the present war.” Mr. Fletcher, whose book is published in 1920, might have reconsidered that phrase and others, asking himself what judgment history will pass on his idols, in the light of the present peace.

F. W. S.
A MODEL STORY

THE THIRD WINDOW. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Scriber, 6s. net.)

It takes but a page or two of Mrs. Sedgwick's new book for the reader to be aware that she has chosen to set herself a delicate, difficult task. The form of "The Third Window" is that of a prolonged short story, and she has divided it into ten parts—ten stages of a journey that begins in pale high silvery light and ends in darkness. In the problem the author has chosen, and in her manner of stating it, there is something essentially modern. Indeed, so strongly does the reader feel this that he can hardly imagine it being written yesterday or to-morrow; it is of to-day—Spring, 1920. One might even go so far as to say that it is exquisitely, eminently fashionable. But what is our emotion as we lay the book down—what effect has it produced upon us? Has it quickened our perception, or increased our mysterious response to Life? Do we feel that we have partaken of the author's vision—that something has been revealed to us that are the richer for having seen? Is there ever one single moment when it seems to us that she herself, for all her careful control, is borne away so that she is as unconscious of her audience as are all of stage and setting? The door shuts up on us without a sound; we walk on velvet. There is never a jarring note, or one clash of colour that was not intended. What should be polished is revealed and beautifully spaced; yet is our attention never challenged. So discreet, so watchful is the light that we play with the idea that it has been captured by the author and made to do her bidding.

Nothing is missing; there are even real flowers, windflowers in glasses showing their rosy stems; there is even a sock with the needles left in and a morsel of embroidery lying on a citrus-and-white striped chiffon chair in this model story. Even without the people, the setting is—is it not?—charming, highly civilized, suggesting in all its appointments and perfections a background for a drama that, and with high reserves will take the place of simple avowals. But here we pause. Here we begin to wonder whether real people could survive these surroundings. We remember finding ourselves in the boudoir of a model flat, and hearing our companion whisper in the voice that is reserved for those occasions: "Oh, it won't do, it won't do. If he put down his gloves the whole scheme would come tumbling about their ears. And supposing she took off her hat... The risk—the risk!"

There are three characters in "The Third Window," two women and a man. Very carefully Mrs. Sedgwick draws them for us—Antonia, the young war widow, tall, pale and opulent, with the mark on her eyelid that looked like the freckling of a lovely fruit; Bevis, her husband's friend, thin, wasted, one-legged since the war; and Miss Latimer, sister of the dead man, the virgin who will at all costs keep the lamp he treasured so fondly on earth still burning for him and for him alone. The third window is the window that overlooked the flagged paths, the ancient cedar, the white frilliantes planted by Malcolm, and the fountain he loved to stand beside. It was when Antonia confessed her dread of that window and of seeing the ghost of Malcolm there that Bevis asked her to marry him. And the day after she told him fully of her fear that there should be immortality, her fear or her delight—either, both. Bevis "believes," and Miss Latimer is certain when Antonia questions her. Finally, in a queer half-desperate, half-defiant mood, Antonia persuades them to play at table-turning, and, naturally with Miss Latimer as the medium, the fatal message is rapped out. Two days later, after a long talk with her lover, after Bevis has had a white, blazling, baring scene with Miss Latimer, Antonia kills herself. She cannot face the difficulty. And we have Miss Latimer, like a priest, very content with the sacrifice, and the twice-broken man... Here is a plot, you see, which has great possibilities. There is a stage if one might say so, the bones of a real problem in such a situation. But we do not think Mrs. Sedgwick has faced it. For all her cleverness and brilliance and faintly exotic vocabulary will not help her to make living, breathing, human beings out of these three portraits to fit a scene. They do fit it; indeed, they are so enveloped and enfolded that the scene and the tragedy close over their heads. Let us give a small example of Mrs. Sedgwick's way of writing. Antonia suspects Bevis of seeing in her "induced emotions."

I rather like induced emotions in you... They suit you. They are like the colour of a pomegranate, or the taste of a mulberry, or the smell of a bough of flowering hawthorn; something rich, thick and pleasingly oppressive.

In our opinion this is "model" conversation as well.

K. M.

A SPRING TO CATCH WOOD-COCKS

POTTERISM. By Rose Macaulay. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

In this new novel by Miss Macaulay it is not only her cleverness and wit which are disarming. It is her coolness, her confidence, her determination to say just exactly what she intends to say whether the reader will or no. We are conscious, while the dreadful truth escapes us, of a slight bewildered feeling of, almost, a sense of pique. After all, what right has the author to adopt this indifferent tone towards us? What is the mystery of her offhand, lightly-smiling manner? But these little, quick, darting fishes of doubt remain far below our surface until we reach the book; we are conscious of them, and that is all. The rest of us is taken up with the enjoyment of "Potterism," with the description of the Potter Press and what it stands for. It is extraordinarily pleasant to have all our frantic and gloomy protestations and furies against "Potterism" gathered up and expressed by Miss Macaulay with such precision and glittering order—it is as though she has taken all those silly stones we have thrown and replaced them with swift little arrows. "How good that is, how true!" we exclaim at every fresh evidence of Potterism and every fresh exposure of a Potterite. ... But then there is her plot to be taken into account. It is very slight. She has simply traced a simple line to the most important, the most defined anti-Potterites and Potterites. Potterism is the strongest power that rules England to-day; the anti-Potterites are that small handful of people, including ourselves, whose every breath defies it. And what happens to them? Here those small fishes begin to grow very active, to flirt their fins, flash to the surface, leap, make bubbles. This creates a strange confusion in our minds. For the life of us we can't for the moment see, when all is said and done, which are which. Is it possible that we ourselves are only another manifestation of the disease? Who has won, after all? Who shall say where Potterism ends? It is easy to cry: "If we must be flung at anything, let us be flung at lions." But the very idea of ourselves as being flung is an arch-Potterism in the bargain.

K. M.

The Council of the Stage Society announce that their next production will be "Le Paquebot Tenacity," a comedy in three acts by Charles Wildrarc, which the Society will give in a translation by Harold Bowen on the 13th and 14th of June. Sunday evening and Monday afternoon. It is interesting to note that this will be the hundredth production given by the Society since its foundation in 1899, and completes the twenty-first year of its existence.
SPEAKING of the difficulties presented by the character of Hamlet, Mr. Dowden says that most critics have been misled by seizing on certain aspects of Hamlet’s character and ignoring the rest. He gives a list of the qualities included in the total Hamlet, arranging them in pairs. Thus Hamlet is sceptic and believer, courtly and rude, ingenious and direct, humorous and melancholy, a lover and cruel to whom he loves best, and so on for thirteen pairs. These apparent contradictions may or may not be reconciled in Shakespeare’s Hamlet, but the corrugated brows of the critics are sufficient evidence that this is an unfamiliar way of presenting a human being. It is usually assumed that the presence of some qualities involves the absence of others, and, further, we have a rough-and-ready classification, whereby certain qualities occur together. These classifications are, in practice, adopted by all of us, from William James with his division of all humanity into tender-minded and tough-minded people, to the poor little hack novelist for whom all retired Irish Colonels are red-faced, choleric and good-natured. In America, we understand, there are experts who make a good income by correlating various moral and mental qualities with such physical traits as the width between the eyes, the shape of the jaw and the size of the ear-lobes. A great manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway is supposed to have refused all applicants whose fingers were stained with nicotine.

But although the method has its dangers when pursued into details, it is nevertheless true that men fall into types. In the drama and the novel, at any rate, there is such a thing as “consistency” in character, and we insist on consistency in fiction because we find it in life. It should be an interesting question to philosophers to determine how far this consistency extends. Will it ever be possible to deduce, from a man’s behaviour in a Bank Holiday crowd, his views about the Absolute? How many of a man’s beliefs are determined by his “temperament”? We are accustomed to concede to temperament almost the whole realm of art judgments, although even here we meet with what seem to be “objective” standards. Thus we all understand what Sauer, the great pianist, meant when he began an essay by declaring that “The greatest of all composers is Beethoven; my favourite composer is Schumann.” But what does the first part of the sentence really imply? Was it a merely valueless gesture of obedience to authority? If the majority of musicians were like Sauer would Beethoven be the greatest of composers? But to follow up this question would be to rush in where even our modern poet-critics almost fear to tread.

Leaving on one side this aspect of the question, suggesting as it does the “Republic,” the “Poetics,” the Poetry Bookshop Chap-Book and other terrifying works, I have been very interested to discover that, according to Poincaré, even the cogency of a mathematical proof is a matter of temperament. He divides mathematicians into “geometers” and “analysts,” and apparently these two species adopt quite different ways of demonstrating the same thing. Each is uneasy in the presence of the other’s proofs; they may find the proofs unanswerable, but, in some curious way, not completely convincing. If Poincaré is right, and even mathematicians have temperaments, we need not be perplexed at the dimensions of a philosophical library. There are probably as many different unanswerable arguments as there are different philosophers, and as philosophy does not suffer from the disadvantage incidental to mathematics of being occasionally brought to earth and tested by facts, we may expect new philosophical works to appear as long as human nature retains its present richness and variety.

One of the best illustrations of the dependence of opinion on temperament has recently appeared in the press on the occasion of the death of Joselito, the famous Spanish bull-fighter. It appears that Joselito was at the head of the virtuoso school of bull-fighters. He possessed a magnificent technique and great learning. He was the analogue of the “extremely accomplished” verse-writer, or of the learned contrapuntist whose works are models of frigid excellence. Another school of bull-fighters, of which Belmonte is the leader, trust to the inspiration of the moment. They are direct, simple and spontaneously varied in method. They eschew rules and take each bull as it comes. Artists and the common people worship Belmonte; the cultured, connoisseur classes prefer Joselito. Further, the admirers of Belmonte were pro-Ally during the war, while the admirers of Joselito were pro-German. So that Gilbert was probably right when he said that every English child was born a Liberal or a Conservative.

If human beings are really as consistent as this example indicates, the uselessness of argument is more than ever apparent. Reason becomes an instrument for ornamenting unavoidable prejudices. My opinions of Mr. Lloyd George, of Bimetallism, of the validity of Euclid, of Right and Wrong, could have been calculated from my cradle. It becomes evident that the only effective way to make converts is to breed them. We forget that, when the Eugenists gain control of the country, unprecedented intrigues will be set on foot. The poet with high connections will arrange for the procreation of an appreciative audience of not less than twenty thousand. With this solid nucleus of fated adherents he could well trust to chance for world-fame. Immortality would be a matter of bargaining; it would be arranged for, on the give-and-take principle. It already distresses many serious patriots that the only man of our time who seems secure of immortality should be a German-Jew. Such almost criminal absent-mindedness on the part of Providence would be tactfully corrected.

The acute reader will see that the only possible flaw in this prophecy springs from the doubt whether human nature is, in fact, infinitely ductile. Are man’s possibilities of belief, after all, limited? The history of mankind suggests an answer in the negative. A list of man’s opinions since the Creation affords no grounds for pessimism. We can breed for any belief whatever. Our future reputations lie in our own loins.

MR. HARDY’S 80TH BIRTHDAY

The following is the text of the address presented to Mr. Thomas Hardy on his birthday by Mr. Birrell, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Anthony Hope on behalf of the Society of Authors:

We, who speak for the Society of Authors, would have your eightieth birthday bring you a sign of our homage and our gratitude. As in honour, so in time, your name stands high upon our roll of membership, for you have been of our Society from its beginning. In 1899 you were asked to take office as our President were, indeed, acclaimed to the post as of indisputable right. Alfred Tennyson and George Meredith had been our Presidents; what name but Thomas Hardy could be set third in that succession without an evident lowering of its reputation?

Not by your name alone have you helped our cause. Always you have shown an eager concern with our work, often have busied yourself to give us counsel. Our every effort on behalf of the Profession of Letters has been strengthened by your sympathy. Therefore to you, our President, we of the Society of Authors are deeply in debt. Words must be a poor payment, but you will let these tell you that we are not ingrateful.

AUTOLOCVS.
If our thanks go to the President of our Society, our homage is made to the Master of our Craft. Here, indeed, we are at one with all who prize literature. Yet, though all can admire the thing wrought, perhaps it is they who themselves practise an art that best can discern the skill of the artist. Even they may doubt what of your work they are to account the highest—your tales, wherein so rare an insight, so passionate a sympathy, picture men and women beset by life's ironies, and your Wessex shines before us with its market-places, sheltered farms, white roads athwart the downs—or your lyrics, of so magical a skill—or that amazing epic given us by your later years.

In this brief letter we can pay no full tribute, and mere praise has ever been little to your taste. Yet on your eightieth birthday we review what time has accomplished, and we desire you to be aware of our belief that your work, which will survive to far-off years, has made, and will make, our England dearer to English folk.

And thus, in deep sincerity, we offer you our thanks, our honour, and our love.

LITERARY GOSSIP

The need for a general reform in our methods of teaching English in schools has long been recognized. Messrs. Dent & Sons propose to do a publisher's part towards it by issuing a series of "King's Treasures of Literature"—the title comes from Ruskin—which will look books to be enjoyed, not to be slaved over. Modern authors will be generously represented; notes will be reduced to a minimum, and that minimum made attractive; the price of each volume will be £1. 6d. or £3. 9d. The guarantee that this valuable programme will be realized is in the name of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who is the general editor of the new series.

* * * * *

We have received from Mr. Stuart Mason one of 65 numbered copies of an unpublished poem by Oscar Wilde, the MS. of which (from the collection of J. B. Stetson, Jr.) was sold at the Anderson Galleries in New York on April 23, 1920. The poem, which is slight and charming, was addressed to M. B. J., Margaret Burne-Jones, who subsequently married Mr. J. W. Mackail. The following is the last verse:

And the morning dew-drops glisten,
And the lark is on the wing:
Ah, how can you stop and listen
To what I have to sing!

* * * * *

Mr. John Murray's recent interview in the Pall Mall Gazette has taken the question of book-prices a little more into the open. He states that a book which could be sold at 5s. before the war must now be sold at £1 5s. to pay the publisher. It is difficult to see a remedy. The revival of the three-decker with only a library circulation might help the young novelist; but we doubt whether it would suit the libraries. In the meantime, in spite of the warnings that no publisher would dare to look at a work by an unknown author, we have not heard that young authors find any greater (or any less) difficulty, in getting themselves published than they did before the war.

* * * * *

Nevertheless, one of the effects we anticipate from this state of affairs is an increase in the literary importance of periodicals as a trial ground for young literary talent. Our advice to the publishers is that they should be diligent students of all the literary weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies, whether conservative or advanced. The value of such magazines as Art and Letters, Voices and Coteries in this connection is evident. Publishers are much less able to take risks, it is true, but they need just as much as ever to secure the coming men and women. In fact, the present, in spite of all the practical difficulties, should be the opportunity for the young publisher of real literary discernment.

What is it makes the bibliophile? This ingenious yet puzzling question is suggested by Messrs. Sotheby's catalogue of the ninth and last portion of the Huth Library, which is to be sold on June 22-25. We understand, we should like to afford to be, that bibliophile who possesses the first editions of those authors whom he loves. There is no more rare charm in possessing a favourite author's work in the form in which he himself found it fresh from the press. If the price of an original edition bore some relation to the literary quality of the work we should have found our answer. But we have little doubt that "Westward for Smelts," one of two known copies of a volume of commonplace Elizabethan tales with incidents plagiarized from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," will fetch a great deal more than the £20-30 that is the average auction price of a first edition of a Tourneur play. What is it makes the bibliophile?

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The two days' sale of early English tales, novels and romances from the Britwell Library, to be held by Messrs. Sotheby on the 14th and 15th inst., will offer to collectors of rare books a number of opportunities, unlikely to recur in a lifetime, of obtaining the only copy known of books printed by such men as Wynkyn de Worde. Among the books supposed to be unique are Aneau's "Auctor," priced at £15, "Aeneas in Galicia" by Stetson, a century ago; "Bell, and Theseus," an edition of 1608 which puts back its publication 28 years; four Wynkyn de Worde books, "Syr Dugore," "The Destruction of Jerusalem" (1528), "The Byrth and Prophecye of Marlyne" (1510), and the "Hystorie of Olyver of Castlye" (1518); "Mary of Nemmegen," printed at Antwerp by Dulsburgh; "Roberts' "Haigh for Devonshire"; and "Valentine and Orson," in two editions printed by William Copland. Most of these might be called pedigree books; their descent is registered in famous sales—Befer, the Duke of Roxburghe, White Knights, Stevens and so on; and since a century has failed to produce any rivals, their position may be regarded as secure. A number of other books have had a patent of nobility conferred on them by being selected from the Huth Library by the British Museum; such are the "Historie of Prince Don Bellianis" (1598); Dallington's abridgment of the Hypnerotomachia (1592); and Deloney's "Thomas of Reading" (1612), the fourth edition, but the earliest known. Other books known from the Huth copies are "Ornatus and Artesia" (1634), "Prince Oceander" (1600), "The Knight of the Sun and his brother Rosiclee" (1578), the 1589 "Palmedons," and the 1616 "Palmerin of England." A rather long list of books not in the British Museum could be drawn up, but with the exception of those indicated above as unique, their absence is of little importance as other editions of them are to be found there as a rule. All the celebrated stories are here up to the latter part of the seventeenth century; the new school typified by Mrs. Aphra Behn is unrepresented. It is interesting to be reminded once more of the long popularity of works of romance, as shown not only by their own survival as chap-books but by the assumption of their form by new pieces. They are in fact the only books that still survive from that time, with the exception of poetry, "Amadis of Gaul" can be read, but Barclay's "Argenis" or Calprenede's "Hymen's Preludia" in its thousand folio pages is unreadable. All are here—Lytly, Sidney, Painter, Pettie, Cavendish and Boccaccio.

An illustrated edition of the catalogue (price 7s. 6d.) may be had.

On the 9th and 10th inst. a number of valuable autographs, manuscripts and printed books are to be sold, including some early Scottish charters, a number of Homz and other illuminated manuscripts, a collection of works on aeronautics, Gould's works on birds, and a letter of Queen Elizabeth to the King of France. There are also a few Eastern drawings, but far inferior to those in the magnificent collection of M. Claude Auet which is being sold to-day. The eleven manuscripts with which the sale closes are almost priceless works of beauty, both in writing and in colour.
Science

METHOD AS APPLIED TO MAN

REligion and culture: A CRITICAL SURVEY OF METHODS OF APPROACH TO RELIGIOUS PHENOMENA. By Frederick Schleiermacher, Ph.D. (New York: Columbia University Press; London, Milford: 6d. net.)

A WRITER on method who deals with the shortcomings of constructive thinkers is apt to find himself countered by the retort: Why tell them how to do better, instead of setting them an example by doing better yourself? At the same time, when a student is at that critical point in his career when he is about to break with his leading strings, he may well pause to ask himself whether old hands or young feet are more to be trusted; and it is a healthy sign if his prophetic soul favours the feet.

The present short study sets forth "to investigate the processes of generalization, abstraction and reconstruction, as they are actually carried out in the science of religion, and attempt to bring clearly to light the types of presupposition involved. The question of the possible inadequacy of the source of information is not raised. "Various degrees of excellence characteristic of the raw data, but, on the whole, there is a very considerable amount of a purely descriptive character which is both of a high order and readily available." This is a rather optimistic view of the quality of the evidence on which the anthropologist has to work. Until the world is prepared to pay for first-rate field-work, it will not get it. As things are, however, there are brighter prospects ahead. Schools of anthropology are being formed at leading universities both here and abroad, whence well-trained, if poorly endowed observers are likely to issue in increasing numbers. Indeed, the theorists of the day are largely concerned with the education of these future explorers. Hence their natural function has for some time been that of critics rather than of systematists. They have gone over the old authorities with their students mainly in the hope of kindling in the bosoms of the latter the desire to provide sounder foundations for the science. As for theory, they have mostly been content to supply wholly provisional categories, the use of which is as much to direct the collection and colligation of facts as to foreshadow ultimate explanations. Dr. Schleiters perfectly right in saying, "If we wish to do full justice to the comparative method... we should compare it to the great classificatory period of the natural sciences. But he must not be disappointed if he finds no one to say in the shape of a modern Dr. Casaubon. A "Key to all Mythologies" is unthinkable nowadays. One may, on the other hand, justly complain, if indeed it be worth while, of the crudity of the methods whereby one's deceased grandmother dispatched her eggs.

Anthropology is not an exact science, and never will be. Apart from the question whether any science that deals with concrete fact can be exact, it is easy to show that the science of human life regarded as a concrete fact must, in view of the many incalculable elements involved in the problem, promise no more than probable results. The man is partly like the boy and partly unlike. This process of individual development, in its bodily and mental aspects taken together, can be generalized so as to exhibit a tendency; yet every individual is unique. Again, a man is partly like, partly unlike, his father, or his grandfather, or some ape-like progenitor, or what not. This process of connected change, too, can in vulgar fashion be generalized; yet heredity depends on variation, and variation is miracle. Finally, one state of culture or civilization is partly like, partly unlike, another. The process whereby one passes into another can never be generalized with even the approximate certainty attaching to the so-called laws of individual or racial evolution. A man grows. A family-stock in a different, but analogous sense grows. But culture does not grow at all. It is accumulated, and sheer accident plays a large part in the saving or scattering of the hoard. How customs in themselves happen, or do not happen, to survive is a question beyond the reach of science altogether. So far as history deals with that side of the subject it is a mere chronicle of events. How customs are made to survive, on the other hand, is a scientific question, since human selection can be explained in terms of the innate tendencies of the mind. Thus one can hope to explain in a general way that, given certain cultural conditions, the human mind, or a certain type of human mind, will tend to adopt a certain scheme of life. But that such collocations of conditions are likely to repeat themselves one cannot say beforehand. We cannot scrap our heredity; but we can scrap our civilization at pleasure. If we do so, there is enough of the savage left in us to enable a remnant to become adapted to a savage mode of life; that seems pretty certain. But whether another, and a better, civilization could one day be created must depend on a chapter of accidents; and on this point, therefore, science can make no pronouncement.

SOcieties

ROYAL.—May 13.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair. In a paper entitled "Demonstration of the Apparent 'Growth' of Plants (and of Inanimate Materials) and of their Apparent 'Contractility,'" Mr. A. D. Waller said: In Sir J. C. Bose's original demonstration an amputated leaf was fixed up in connection with a creoeograph, and the indicator was shown to be moving in a direction and at a speed that were attributed to the growth of the leaf. Alternating currents were now sent through the leaf, causing a sudden reversal of the movement of the indicator, e.g., in the demonstration that I witnessed at the Royal Society of Medicine the indicator (a spot of reflected light) moved to the right at what I judged to be something like 1 metre per second in the direction of elongation (by growth?), and flew off the scale in the opposite direction, at least ten times as fast, as soon as the buzz of the exciting coil was heard ('degrowth'). The demonstration was, in my opinion, wholly illusory. The movement to the right (indicating an elongation of petiole = 9 l. a. per second) was indeed consistent with 'growth,' and the movement to the left (indicating a retrograde movement of the petiole) could not be due to such an experiment. The elongation might, however, have been due to, or modified by, many accidental variations of conditions—heat, moisture, handling of plant during preparation, etc., and was precisely similar to the gradual elongation that takes place in a clamp during the same conditions. The second part of the experiment, when the 'excited' plant shortened and caused the indicator to fly off to the left, was, in my eyes, the obvious and conclusive proof of failure. The fact clearly belonged to the familiar phenomena of heat contraction aroused by electrical currents in all kinds of (doubly refracting) moist conductors, whether living or dead, to the study of which our attention was drawn by Engelmann in his famous Lecture of 1885. They are demonstrable with a low-power creoeograph, and play a part in masking or simulating physiological changes when a high power is employed.

The other paper was "On the 'Renal Portal' System (Renal Venous Anomalies) and Kidney Excretion in Vertebrata," by Mr. W. N. F. Woodland.

GEOLOGICAL.—May 19.—Mr. R. D. Oldham, President, in the chair. Mr. C. E. Post and Mr. Brooke Hodgson, of Cordoba, Argentine Republic, were elected Fellows.

The communication read was "On Certain Neolithic Tertiary Minor Intrusions in the Island of Mall (Argyllshire)," by Dr. H. H. Thomas. By chemical analysis, by Mr. E. M. Fisher, the paper dealt with a series of minor intrusions, generally blepharitic, but occasionally composite in character, which are well represented in the western peninsulas of Mall, lying between Loch Scridain and Loch Linnhe, and are remarkable for the number and mineralogical peculiarities of the xenoliths that they contain. Sir Jethro Teall, Mr. G. Barrow and Dr. J. W. Evans congratulated the author upon his paper. Specimens and microscope-slides in illustration of his paper were exhibited by Dr. Thomas. The model of Dip洛дacan, presented to the Society by the Rev. H. N. Hitchens, was also exhibited.
FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 4. King's College, 4.—"Christian Art: Mosaic," Professor P. Dearmer.
Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"The Oil Resources of the British Empire," Sir John Cadman.
Philological, 3.30.—Dictionary Evening, Dr. H. Bradley.
Sat. 5. Royal Institution, 3.—"Recent Revolutions in Physical Science: The Theory of Quanta," Dr. J. H. Jeans.
Mon. 7. Institute of Actuaries, 5.—Annual Meeting.
Royal Institution, 8.—General Meeting.
University College, 5.30.—"The Influence of the Child on Language in General," Professor Otto Jespersen.
Society of Arts, 8.—"Aluminium and its Alloys," Lecture III., Dr. W. Rosenhain, C.B. (Cantor Lecture.)
Royal Geographical, 8.30.—"Ocean Research in the Dutch East Indies," Professor G. A. F. Molemae.
Tues. 8. University College, 5.30.—"Speech Mixture and Bastard Languages," Professor Otto Jespersen.
Wed. 9. Library Assistants' Association (University College, Gower Street), 3.30.—Address by the Right Hon. Herbert Lewis.
Geological, 5.30.—"Earthquake Waves and the Elasticity of the Earth," Dr. C. G. Knott.
Thurs. 10. Royal, 4.30.
University College, 5.30.—"Sex and Class Dialects," Professor Otto Jespersen.

DR. R. B. ORR'S Thirty-first Annual Archeological Report as Director of the Ontario Provincial Museum records the accession of 528 specimens to the collections during 1919, and describes and figures 32 of them, including many pipes, some of unusual pattern, a string of wampum, a fine stone axe, and several gorgets. Dr. Orr has, as usual, included in his report several original memoirs by himself and others. The longest and most important of these is an account of the Iroquois in Canada. The five nations, as they were formerly, have been the adhesion of the Tuscaroras. The rise of British influence with them was due to the justice with which they were treated. Their leader, Joseph Brant, obtained for them in 1784 a grant of the land on the banks of the Grand River which they still occupy. They were and have continued to be His Majesty's faithful allies. Some of them still retain their own laws for internal government, laws evolved in the Stone Age before the white man came. They volunteered readily to serve in the European war, and two of their number won the Victoria Cross. Dr. Orr has illustrated his memoir with pictures of their houses and council chambers and a portrait of Brant, and gives specimens of their folk-lore and an appreciation of their intellectual character.

The Berlin correspondent of The Times learns that a Chair has been created in Leyden for Professor Albert Einstein, the eminent physicist, whose theory of relativity is closely connected with the doctrine of the Leyden savant Professor G. H. Lorentz. Professor Einstein has undertaken to stay three weeks every year at Leyden University. These engagements, however, do not affect his other activities. He will remain a member of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, and will, in common with some other investigators, continue to conduct the Research Institute in Neu Eabusberg, which is to be founded and maintained by means of the Einstein Fund.

FINE ARTS ZOFFANY

By his new book on Zoffany, Dr. Williamson has deserved well of the Walpole Society and of his country. Lady Victoria Manners, by her laborious, intelligent, and successful effort, has given to the very numerous items constituting the life-work of the artist, has deserved well of Dr. Williamson. The partnership, thanks to the intervention of the manufacturer—Mr. John Lane, publisher of singular enterprise, endowed with artistic taste and knowledge—has produced a volume such as, in regard to superior to paper and print, to say nothing of the plates, has inrsembled been devoted to the honour of greater painters. In short, the work commands its own welcome; and the ghost of Zoffany should be a proud spirit this day.

As the biographer of a decade or so of the leading Little Masters of the British School, Dr. Williamson has taken a recognized place, aiming primarily at the quality of historian rather than of critic. His talent for collecting facts and details is prodigious, and his industry amazing. His object is to include every accessible thing, even though he strain the point of importance, and to omit nothing. By this method, Boswellian in its kind, he produces an atmosphere amid which persons, pictures, and events are seen in their proper element: they are steeped in the eighteenth century. He shows us the Jewish artist, by a change of name—a practice not uncommon in his race from Abraham and "Israel" downwards, and even upwards in the alteration of appellation applied to the Albrecht Dürer—emerging from the rather more euphonious Zoffany, and establishing himself quite naturally in the home-country of his choice; and we see him become an inevitable selection as a foundation-member of the Royal Academy when the new society was constituted in 1769. His claim to the distinction is illustrated in the reproductions given by the score in this sumptuous book, and its justification must be allowed without cavil. It is true that "tradition," or what goes for it in collectors' houses, has carried into the volume a number of works which clearly have no right there; but the author has prudently protected himself from reproach in his List of Works by the precautionary expression "By or attributed to," such as is used by all honest auctioneers' sale-catalogues. How, otherwise, could the young Zoffany be credited with the spirited portrait of "Mrs. Garrick in Her Youth," which surely can be by no other hand than Vanderbank's?—witness the whole arrangement and the handling of the brush in the draperies. How can many of these pictures be told from the work of Benjamin Wilson, his senior, of Philip Reinagle, his junior, and of certain others of his contemporaries, all devoted to the production of "conversation-pieces" and portraits à-la-moître? Even the portrait of three children, belonging to Mr. Cunliffe, for which Dr. Williamson expresses so warm an admiration—which it is hard for the present writer to share—might well be a group of heads, not very well drawn, by Russell. And there is more than a touch of the Neapolitan or Spanish School about "The Travelling Musicians." There are other canvases besides which by the author's comprehensive plan could not be refused inclusion, yet which seem to flout the authorship that family custom has ascribed. When experts habitually hesitate between Zoffany, Wilson, Philips, and the rest, how could any author claim to have untied the Gordian knot?
Walpole declared of Zoffany that "he is the Hogarth of Dutch painting." The epithet defies exact analysis, but it doubtless means that the artist painted Hogarthian conceptions in the Dutch manner; that is to say that the half-assimilated Englishman rendered his play-scenes of Garrick's interlude "The Farmer's Return from London." (1793). Bickerstaffe's comic opera, "Love in a Village" (in the same year), and Ben Johnson's "The Alchemist" (revived in 1757) much as a Dutchman might have done. That may be true; but as to the inspiration we need surely not go to the earlier, the more accomplished and refined masters, such as Gerard Dow, Van Mieris, Ter Borch, Metsu, and De Hooch, as is suggested by Dr. Williamson, but rather to Hogarth's contemporary Horremans, whose pictures in the manner of conversation-pieces have been sold in this country as Hogarth's. It certainly seems as if the travelled Zoffany, who was in fact a good deal of a cosmopolitan, was for a time not a little of a pasticheur, in like manner—but less deliberately and much less continuously—to Dietricij, who was but a few years his senior and like himself a native of Germany. But in his early pictures, such as the admirable "Dollond, the Optician," and "The Porter and the Hare"—more masterly far in characterization and illumination than in atmosphere—we feel less the influence of Chardin (the name suggested) than of the brothers Le Nain. Dr. Williamson properly names also Pietro Longhi and Gainsborough as the occasional inspirers of Zoffany, but when he adds Watteau, a concession may be asked in favour of Lancret. Sir Cuthbert Quilter had in his collection a beautiful tea-table scene which was always, by him and others, attributed to Hogarth, and he would not listen to the present writer's claim for Lancret, until the production of an engraving of the picture with the Frenchman's name as painter compelled conviction.

Zoffany's versatility as an artist proclaims itself vividly in these alluring pages. He is here as a portraitist, in life size and in little—his sitters always doing something, or thinking something. He is here as a sympathetic painter of landscape—only subordinate backgrounds, these and a little "operator" in feeling, but tenderly seen and skilfully accomplished. He appears as a painter of the interior of art-galleries, such as David Teniers, Gonzales Coques and their group and many followers produced, and he may be accorded the fore-front if we judge from the wonderful success with which the manner of the various originals is imitated. We have him as a painter of scenes selected from stage-plays, in which, it must be admitted, we have the smell of the foot-light lamps, in the elimination of which Hogarth, aiming at the natural, was usually so curiously successful; as a skilful painter of Indian subjects which, in spite of the artist's clever rendering of character, must appear to many as among the least interesting aspects of his art: yet he had the incentive of emulation, for Ozius Humphry and John Smart were also in India, the Eldorado which attracted as well Tilly Kettle, Daniell, Devis and other painters by the promise of rich reward. We have him, too, pre-eminently as a painter of still-life and costume, wherein he approaches near to the front rank, if we take his manner and his limitations into account.

Dr. Williamson insists that Zoffany had "no imagination." That depends upon what is here understood by imagination. If he means the divine afflatus, we agree; for Zoffany never touches upon poetry, and about his treatment of religious and allegorical subjects the less said the better. But if we consider imagination in a painter as the pictorial quality of arrangement, composition, variety, and invention—not only in groups and conversation-pieces, but even single portraits (in which the author thinks he is "not at his best")—we surely cannot deny him very considerable endowment.

In his single full-length portraits, curiously enough, Zoffany was far more successful with the heads than with the legs—the obtrusive white-stockinged limbs, usually crossed, wooden and lifeless, as they often are even in the case of Gainsborough; the stubborn fashion of stocking and there was too much for the very masters. We see it, for example, in the otherwise brilliant picture of old Andrew Drummond the Banker, admirable in its character and rendering of hale old age. When we come to the portrait of the Earl of Sandwich, elegant and refined, to the charm of Lady Caroline Hervey and the other members of her family, all still in the collection of the Earl of Bristol, to the pictures of Lady Mary FitzGerald and of Mrs. Oswald, and to the extraordinarily vivacious three-quarter-length of Gainsborough, belonging to Mr. Wertheimer, we must allow that there is individuality and grace galore, here set forth with accomplished technique and usually with sobriety of well-managed colour. In the groups we find imagination stimulating invention in remarkable measure. What could be more delightful in its intimacy than the family portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer and their daughter, or more pleasing and original than the so-called "Sheridan and Mrs. Robinson"—who are seated in a gracious landscape strangely described as "a theatrical scene"?

It is not, however, by pictures such as these that Zoffany is, and will continue to be, remembered, but by those extraordinary agglomerations of persons and objects of art, such as "The Tribuna, Florence Gallery," "The Life-School of the Royal Academy," and "The Townley Marbles"—each in its own way absolutely pre-eminently, yet as art not worth, taken all together, "The Clandestine Marriage"—with its exquisite beauty of restrained colour, subtle and broken—or several groups set in landscapes or interiors. It cannot be denied that Zoffany's theatrical portraits and scenes constitute a pictorial history of the stage over a series of years which are often spoken of as comprising its golden age, but while such pictures, be they by Zoffany, or by De Wilde and others of their class, do give us the Stage, those of George Clint and his like represent the Drama. Therein lies Zoffany's weakness as well as his strength. This is made clear by the generous loan by the Garrick Club of a large group of the best Zoffany's belonging to that supreme collection, in which the "Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in 'Macbeth" takes its place. But that is not the picture after which Valentine Green scraped his mezzotint in 1770—three years after Garrick's revival of the play for the benefit of Mrs. Pritchard, who died a few months afterwards. The original of it, showing variations all over, is now in the State Art Gallery of the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda. Both pictures are here reproduced.

The exposition of a hitherto accepted error in the date of Zoffany's birth is a novel point; but Dr. Williamson's attention may be drawn to the fact that the early engraved portrait bears an inscription in which the year "1773" has been clumsily altered by the engraver to "1733," the date given in the reference-books. We must now, therefore, understand that Zoffany was born not in 1723, as indicated on his headstone, but in 1725, wherefore, as the publisher states, he was "only 85 when he died." This brings to mind Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's remark to me on his 82nd birthday: "Ah, you know, when a man is 82 he is apt to be cut off in his prime."—M. H. SPIELMANN.

The Trustees of the Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle have deposited on loan at the National Gallery four most interesting works, which have just been placed on exhibition. Two of the pictures are Spanish; a striking "St. Peter," by El Greco, bearing the painter's curious signature; and a little "Prison Interior," by Goya, of singular power and simplicity. The other two pictures are Italian; a little panel by the rare Sienese painter Sassetti, and a sketch by Tiepolo.
EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

British Institute of Industrial Art. — Inaugural Exhibition.

Grafton Galleries. — Paintings and Drawings by Alexandre Jacovleff and others.

Little Art Rooms. — Etchings by S. Anderson, W. A. Narbeth, F. Potter and others.


The creation of the British Institute of Industrial Art is, or should be, an event of national importance. The Institute has been set up by the Boards of Trade and Education acting in conjunction for the purpose of establishing high standards in industrial art, and incidentally to fill the position of a semi-official clearing-house for registering progress. The function of the Institute is to link the artists who create standards of quality, by designs and plans and isolated specimens, and the manufacturers whose legitimate aim is cheapness secured by modern production. To this end the Director (Major A. A. Longden, D.S.O.) has established a Bureau of Information for the use of manufacturers and artists (which will also be available to the public and to visitors from abroad), and he has embarked on a programme of exhibitions, the first of which is now open at 217, Knightsbridge, S.W. 7 (Telephone Kensington 2729). The exhibitions, as things considered, is creditable and promising. There is evidence that the new institution has secured support from both sides, and this is in itself an achievement. For manufacturers and artists are temperamentally suspicious of one another. And the former have a naive and deep-rooted conviction that they have nothing to learn about their own business. The Institute, we imagine, found it especially difficult to persuade manufacturers of their error at the present moment, when, owing to the general shortage, they can dispose of all production—good or bad—with ease and considerable profit. Nevertheless, we have the impression that the manufacturers have cooperated with the Institute more effectively than the artists. Many of the trade exhibits are very good indeed. They range from costly objets de luxe such as luxuriantly designed and admirably executed oak and lime interior decorations in the style of Grinling Gibbons (H. H. Martyn & Co.) and sumptuous pile velvets (Warner & Co.) to simple modern oak furniture (Heal & Son) and stoneware (Carter, of Poole). The artists, on the other hand, show a tendency to follow the exponents of Morris-Crane Arts and Crafts tradition with its pseudo-medievalism and endless " argoses with portly sail," and the more recent and equally sterile tradition which derives from Vienna and Munich, and which made such strides here when we were at war with the countries of its origin. We noted a few excellent works sent by individual artists, but they are swamped by much that is merely pretty in colour, and neglects the fundamental aspect of durability.

M. Alexandre Jacovleff, a Russian artist who has worked a year or two in China and brought the results to London. This does not sound very encouraging on paper. It suggests the globe-trotting artist who, having failed to react to his normal surroundings, hopes, and usually hopes in vain, to react elsewhere; and it evokes the tiresome "picturesque bits" and "interesting types" which are usually produced under such conditions. There is, indeed, no evidence that M. Jacovleff was driven to China to develop any fixed convictions about art or any definite attitude towards life. But his work is nevertheless something more interesting than the average globe-trotter's notes. It is more on a level with the art of Zuloaga, who is a globe-trotter in his own country, presenting it as a stage set peopled exclusively by Montmartre figures and the characters in "Carmen." If M. Jacovleff goes to Spain in the next few years' time, when he has acquired more facility in the handling of oil-paint, he will probably give us much the same thing.

Mr. Stanley Anderson and Mr. W. A. Narbeth are showing some sincere and capableetchings at the Little Art Rooms. "Casual Labour" and "Paris Tenements" by the former, and "porter and Job at the Iron Gate" by the latter, are worth the attention of collectors. We do not, however, see anything more than trivial prettiness in Miss Madeline Green's aquarists.

Music

GENI SADERO

The collectors of folk-songs assure us that their tunes are still sung by the peasantry of England, so the statement must be accepted as true; but to hear them thus sung one must have a special instinct for disovery, like the people who possess the gift of seeing birds' nests. For practical purposes folk-songs are items in concert programmes, as far as England is concerned. The placing of songs from Italy is the fashion to-day in Italy; but there is another class of singers who sing them in costume as a semi-dramatic entertainment. Somehow or other, the result is as any case very seldom satisfactory.

When a result is unsatisfactory it frequently means that the agent does not know clearly what result he wishes to obtain, or, if he does know, does not know by what means he can obtain it best. What is the object of singing folk-songs at a concert? Most people sing them because they have heard some other singer sing them and have observed that they induced the audience to applaud, possibly to giggle as well. The besetting sin of English singers is to sing folk-songs as a distastefully kitschish archness. It must be intensely national characteristic; the Vauxhall and Spring Gardens ditties of the eighteenth century were evidently composed for singers of this type. Our singers sing folk-songs to exploit their own personality. It is quite a proper object; after all, for what other reason does anyone go to the expense of giving a recital? Our Irish singers lay on the brougue as thick as they can, sometimes even when they sing the classics, and the Scottish singers in like manner make the most of their native pronunciation. But there are hardly any English singers of English songs who ever succeed in giving one any sense of the soil. The best singer of folk-songs that I ever heard—I call him the best because, whatever his technical accomplishment was, he made the most vivid appeal to emotion—was an elderly gentleman, an amateur, who, at an evening party in a drawing-room sang without accompaniment, sitting in an armchair, and transported us by his utter simplicity and naturalness to where Yorkshire meets Westmorland. He moved us because by the pure art of singing and diction he was able to put the original singers of his songs before us, and he was able to do that because he had known those original singers and lived his life among them.

Signorina Geni Sadero, who gave a recital of Italian folk-songs last week, is a singer of the same power, with the added intensity of emotional force that comes from the South. Here in England we are easily tempted to think that Italian folk-music is represented by the songs composed for the Piedigrotta festival at Naples, of which "Santa Lucia" is a familiar example. Those who have gone further afield may perhaps know the Tuscan songs of Gordigiani or the Venetian songs of which I wrote recently. Such songs often seem very inferior in interest to our own. They have a wearisome monotony of rhythm and a commonplace vulgarity of outline; they seem to do little more than reiterate the alternate chords of tonic and dominant. It is possible to trace their ancestry to the songs of the Renaissance and the Middle Ages, to a period when the uneducated people seemed to show a more definite instinct for crude tonic and dominant harmony than the musicians who were learned in counterpoint. But there are in some parts of Italy folk-songs of a very different character. In Sardinia, in South Italy and Sicily there is a musical language which seems to have little connection with modern European music. It seems to date from far remoter times than those of the Renaissance and to have been influenced by
the music perhaps of the Saracens, perhaps even of ancient Greece. In the course of centuries it has, one imagines, developed on its own lines, independently of the music of musicians. The composers of artistic music have seldom come in contact with it. It is hinted at occasionally in the Neapolitan comic operas of the eighteenth century, and Alessandro Scarlatti in one of his cantatas has left us a strange "aria alla Siciliana" which recalls the long-drawn wailing cry that the traveller in Italy, on hot, motionless days, would waft across the fields. To the Northerner accustomed to the clear-cut rhythms of English folk-songs, such melodies seem to belong to a world of which he has no cognizance.

It is these songs of the South, songs of toil, of suffering and of passion, that Signorina Sadero sings. She has learned them from the actual singers, sometimes on the spot, sometimes from the soldiers to whom she has sung in the Italian military hospitals. Listening to folk-songs of our own islands, one may be impressed by the positive musical beauty of the song; in some cases of folk-singers one may be indifferent to the song, but interested in the singer—interested perhaps artistically, perhaps otherwise. With Signorina Sadero, one often forgets the singer; she is a voice rather than a woman. One forgets the song too, at any rate as a work of art. If one steels one's heart against emotion and forces oneself to consider her critically, one can sometimes find fault with her harmonizations and accompaniments. They are not those of a scholar; if she hints at a period, she does not know how to reproduce it accurately; she jumbles together antique and modern, simple and elaborate, with a sometimes very disturbing result. As an accompanist her art is instinctive rather than calculated. As a singer, on the other hand, she is so accomplished in technique as to have passed far beyond the region of calculation. She is a complete mistress of vocal control, and, above all things, of vocal colour—so complete a mistress of them that she makes her audience forget all about them. It is simply the peasant that she brings before our eyes. When she sings those wild southern songs that to us seem to have neither rhythm nor tonality her instinctive sense of colour at the pianoforte is marvellously illuminating. It does not matter how queer her chords and modulations are; they are the right background for those strange and haunting melodies. Sometimes they are interspersed with vague shouts and cries, spoken words and the primitive noises with which a man talks to his horse or other animals. They start in one key and end in another: in one of her Venetian airs, for instance, she often has to raise, or lower, a semitone, a higher. Mr. Whittaker has done the same thing, by the way, in one of his Northumbrian songs. To describe Signorina Sadero's singing is impossible; one must hear her herself. Her songs are unpublished, and if they were published I cannot imagine anyone else singing them in the same way. There is a small collection of Sicilian songs edited by Alberto Favara (Ricordi) which contains songs very similar to hers; but to a Northern musician their intention is hardly intelligible until one has heard them sung by those who belong to the country. They are the expression of overwhelming emotional experiences, and the emotional element predominates in them over all others. There are few singers in concert-rooms who possess this emotional sense; those who do seldom have the technical skill to make full use of it. Signorina Sadero possesses both and something more—a singular personality that can at the same time appear to affect itself completely in the complete realization of each character which she presents. Her songs can teach us more about the psychology of Southern Italy than any guide-book or political treatise.

EDWARD J. DENT.

COVENANT GARDEN: "LOUISE"

The success of Puccini, an Italian critic once remarked, was due to the fact that in "La Bohème" he put the middle classes on the operatic stage. Verdi, however crude and vulgar his music might be, did at least deal with more or less heroic personalities and heroic emotions. He came down to modern life in "La Traviata," but the atmosphere of "La Traviata," is more distantly related to that of "La Bohème." It is in many ways sentimental and unreal. Musically it shows much more refinement of style than the other early operas of Verdi, and certainly far more refinement than any opera of Puccini. The libretto, too, shows a certain refinement of thought. It takes a commonplace story and eliminates its commonplace details, leaving only those emotions which make it suitable for an opera. Puccini's librettist starts with a deliberately romantic and unreal atmosphere, and makes every effort to concentrate attention on its commonplace details. That was what attracted his audiences. Every shopgirl in the gallery could think herself a second Minnie. Four years later (1900) Charpentier produced "Louise." Like "La Traviata," and "La Bohème," it is a presentation of "quel popoloso deserto che appallona Parigi"—that operatic Paris which is about as real as Chopin's Poland. "Louise" is a much more sincere work than "La Bohème," though in its construction Charpentier evidently owed a good deal to Puccini. Considered as music it is of little value. Its diluted Wagnerisms sound somewhat ridiculous in these days. The other night, when Mr. Coates conducted it, it sounded more Wagnerian than ever. Yet it is a singularly effective stage work. There are opportunities for acting in "La Bohème," but only those subordinate moments when the stage is occupied with unnecessary details. In "Louise" there is a real play, which must and can be acted all the time, except at very few points where something might be cut out altogether except for the moment of the Mother's appearance at the end. Till she comes in it is mere opera, almost oratorio. Its only justification lies in its contrast with the preceding acts and in its invocation to Paris, which in intention, if not in execution, lifts it on to a more poetical plane. The novelty and charm of "Louise" lay in its combination of naturalistic acting with the evocation of Wagnerian emotions. To-day its Wagnerism rings hollow and false; "Pelleas et Melisande" has shown us a more poignant emotional power expressed with fewer notes and less rhetoric. If Charpentier had tried his experiment on a smaller scale, if he had made his opera shorter and treated the whole story with more reticence and less exuberance of detail, it would to modern ears have sounded less old-fashioned and less conventionally operatic. Its most convincing moments are those which are quietest and most restrained.

EDWARD J. DENT.

CONCERTS

Miss Anna Case, an American soprano, who gave a recital at the Queen's Hall on May 29, has a small but well-trained voice of extended compass, and a remarkably clear enunciation. She was at her best in an aria of Bellini; she sings florid music with some fluency, though not with that appearance of ease which is essential to the florid style. She has the worst faults of the conventional oratorio singer, pausing on high notes regardless of the rhythm of a phrase. Her taste in modern songs is deplorable, and her temperament on the platform wanting in restraint and dignity. It was a pity to see great natural gifts and abilities so wasted.

The last Philharmonic concert took place on May 29. Mr. Landon Ronald gave an excellent performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, Delibes's "Fêtes," and Schubert's C major Symphony. Mr. William Murdoch infused a certain charm into that otherwise very uninteresting work.
Scrinian's Concerto in F sharp minor; and Miss Carmen Hill sang a setting of Shelley's words "My Soul is an Enchanted Boat," by Miss Katharine Eggars. This last work would be more suited to a chamber concert, as it is accompanied only by pianoforte and string quartet. In more intimate surroundings it might be more effective; in the Queen's Hall its atmosphere of quiet refinement was not entirely suited to the gloomy colourings.

At a casual smoking concert one would have hailed Mr. John van Zyl as a singer with the promise of a successful career. He is at present hardly finished artist enough to undertake a whole programme alone. His diction is very uncertain, his pronunciation of Italian far from perfect, and his vocal production uneven. But he has a voice, and sings with a very attractive geniality of manner. If he will not content himself with these advantages alone, but will devote himself to the serious study both of singing and of music, he has the chance of developing into a really fine singer.

Two Manchester musicians, Mr. Carl Fuchs and Mr. Edward Isaacs, gave an interesting concert of music for violoncello and pianoforte on May 28. Mr. Fuchs produces a powerful but rather harsh tone from the violoncello, and was often disagreeably out of tune, but for all that he is a player to whom one listens with serious interest for the sake of that maturity and intelligence of phrasing which only comes from many years of practice in a severely classical school of music. He was well suited in Frank Bridge's Sonata in D, which was played by both musicians with breadth and emotional resonance. A suite by Reger for violoncello alone, played for the first time in England, showed little originality or interest. It is very obviously modelled on the suites of Bach, but its imitation of Bach is merely superficial and it more often degenerates into a pseudo-classical sentimentality. Nor is it well written for the solo instrument, for it sounded peremptory as if it ought to have had a pianoforte accompaniment. The missing harmonies were so obvious that the dullest imagination could easily supply them. That is not Bach's way of writing for solo violoncello; his music always sounds complete, and to add a pianoforte accompaniment would be an impertinence. Mr. Isaacs played the pianoforte in an aggressively efficient style.

On May 29 Mr. Lamond and Mr. Bronislaw Huberman played four of Beethoven's sonatas for pianoforte and violin to a disappointingly small audience. Chamber music of this intimate character—and the first sonata played, that in G, op. 96, is particularly intimate in style—is not very well suited to the Queen's Hall. Mr. Huberman is a worthy partner for Mr. Lamond in the interpretation of Beethoven. They played the early sonatas in E flat and D with a beautifully balanced animation that made them seem eternally fresh and young in spite of their old-fashioned idiom. They even solved what is one of the most difficult problems of early Beethoven violin sonatas, the treatment of those passages where the pianoforte and violin melody overlap the accompaniment; Mr. Huberman played them with a curious shadowy caress that transformed their commonplace figures into a subtle suggestion of harmonic colour. It was one of those rare concerts which bring real rest and refreshment of spirit to weary minds.

As unusually interesting concert was given by the Misses May, Beatrice and Margaret Harrison at the Wigmore Hall on May 27 when second performances were given of the two new concertos—that of Delius for violin and violoncello, and that of Elgar for violoncello alone. One is very glad to have had these two works put through the test of a performance with pianoforte accompaniment, for in both cases the orchestral construction is treated with such unusual care that they seem by sufficiently restrained than do most of the others through such a reduction. Both of them, however, came through very well, especially the Delius, which confirms one's first impression of a clearer thematic definition and greater structural cohesion than one usually gets from this composer. In the Elgar one got a deepening conviction of both what is good and what is bad in the work, and the latter colourations are things here and there that are rank bad. On the whole, one might say that about sixty-five per cent. of it is really good Elgar. The piano score was in the hands of Mr. York Bowen, who was also heard in a group of his own rather superficial compositions.

Once or twice while playing the part of Jean de la Fontaine, M. Sacha Guiry provoked outbursts of applause from the frenzied rapidity with which he hurled out his more impassioned speeches. It was certainly exhilarating to listen to, but it did not leave any deep mark on the memory, and what is true of these scenes is true in a measure of the whole play. "Jean de la Fontaine" slips past agreeably and gracefully with its songs and jests, its philosophies and epigrams, its miracles and quarrels, its reconciliations and love-making, but it dissolves on the curtain-fall with the fragility of a dream, and it is hard to remember what it was all about.

It may be that M. Guiry's structureless biographical dramas (the term "biographical" may be taken in both its senses) need a character of the strength and weight of Pasteur's to hold them together and stamp them on the mind. La Fontaine in spite of his bulk and his rhenmatism is, after all, only a butterfly. Elusive and capricious, he flutters through the four acts without course or purpose. He pauses an instant at every fair flower; the wings of his wit flash, and he is gone. No one is the better and no one a penny the worse. His wife cannot keep him—of course not. He is off through the window, and would have gone just the same if she had never flirted with a military man. The lovely little singer who visits him through a hole in the wall of his Paris lodging finds that circling restlessly round an epigram when he should be adoring her voice, and elopes in a pet with her music-master. Luli. Mme. de la Sablere—are, we are rather ashamed of his dealings with this ripe and wealthy beauty. There is too much of Skimpole's naive cunning in the way he gets her to support him. But we know that he will be off once more as soon as the window opens. The fan of Ninon de Lenclos herself cannot be twirled deftly enough to crush him. Another wide circle, and with a rapturous sense of forbidden fruit, he is embracing his own wife again, delighted to punish that truant husband of hers. It is all a series of Euclidean points without parts or magnitude. It has nothing to do with Ia Fontaine or his age; for its secret relations are not between the words in the epigrams. It gives M. Guiry a great deal, and Mlle. Printemps, who plays the fugitive rossignol, far too little to do, and allows Mlle. Beylat as Mme. de la Fontaine to shine with the brilliance and hardness of a diamond. It is all played swiftly, lightly and masterfully; it goes out like the flame of a candle and is forgotten.

"L'Illusioniste" is much the same story. It is firmer in outline, however, and, in virtue of its modernity, less dreamlike and fantastic. The conjurer's turn at the music-hall and his dressing-room with the posters and electric lamps at the make-up table are as real as can be. M. Guiry, too, is realistic. His hair, his clothes, his manners, his partner and his bows are all closely and successfully studied. And they are all, of course, a trick, to carry off the incredible adventures of the later scenes. For if the opening is observation of life, the end is pure Guiry, Guiry at its best, and played by its creator more lightly and surely than he has played anything so far during the season.

The sketch (for it is really little more) consists of two episodes, loosely stitched together. "Teddy Brookes," the conjurer, can only, it seems, speak a little bad French during his turn. "Miss Hopkins" sings English songs, and speaks it, seems, no French at all. When they meet
behind the scenes they ought to have a great many notes to compare. But they are both strangely tongue-tied. Then it comes out that "Brookes" is Paul Dufresne, who can imitate an Englishman's French accent and no more, and that "Miss Hopkins" is from Montmartre, and has never understood a word of the songs she sings. The unravelling of this little complication, when it is done by M. Sacha Guitry and Milie Printemps, is infinitely more amusing than it looks on paper.

Now there enters a disturbing factor, and with it the Guitry philosophy. Jacqueline is a stately and inflammatory beauty who has been watching Paul's show from a box with her "friend" Albert. She comes round with Albert to the dressing-room just as Paul is discovering the language in which to make love to his little singer, and invites the conjourer to give a private séance at her flat. Paul knows what the invitation means, and, prosaic and practical mummer as he is, he reacts to it, precisely as the butterfly poet of the other comedy would have done.

He leaves poor Miss Hopkins in the lurch and is off. Jacqueline has got rid of Albert and his party by a piece of studied rudeness, and when Paul arrives he finds her alone. He and she go off to fly with him round the world and paint a glorious picture. Jacqueline never serves her turn at night, but the next morning there are other things to think of, including Miss Hopkins's plaintive voice at the end of the telephone. Would he ask a woman like Jacqueline to rough it with him all over the globe, and share the toils and stresses of his homeless existence? Of course not, as he tactfully explains. So he leaves her, resigned but fearful, and the curtain closes down in true Guitry fashion on the return of the simple-minded Albert, who begs his mistress to weep no more as her rudeness to him last night is quite, quite forgiven and forgotten. With M. Leitner to work up the part of poor Albert into a delicious character-study and Milie Beylat to make Jacqueline everything that is dangerous and fascinating, this second episode is as good as the first. It is one pint of champagne freshly opened after another.

As author, actor and producer alike, M. Guitry has on this occasion earned the eulogies of the gentleman who writes his English programmes for him.

**Dramas and Disguises**


We did not find the "Mystery of the Yellow Room," as baffling as better critics seem to have found its long induction to melodrama has made us observant of small signs: we use our opera-glass a Mr. Holmes, of Baker Street, did his lens. Thus when a lady says that she is sure her dead husband is really alive and watching her, it may be, at this moment, we quickly rake the stage for a gentleman in a cloak in the background. And if we see him, we deduce all the other acts in a flash. Hence when Mathilde Stangerson did say something of the kind, and Frederic Larsen did appear between two pillars, we knew that he was not, as he pretended, an Inspector of the Sûreté, but Mathilde's criminal husband disguised. Nor could we escape us after that by any tricks. He might sit down in an armchair with the white hair of Mathilde's father, and spring up with the moustaches and imperial of Mephistopheles or a chief of the *cannon*; he might while struggling hand-to-hand with his wife's lover get rid of beard and moustaches and become the detective again: we knew (or ought to have known) that he was the same villain all the time. And really Mr. Franklin Dyall made him such a capable and dignified and agreeable sort of a person that we were very sorry when he shot himself.

Could not the smart young journalist Rouletabille, when he discovered that this man was his own father, have persuaded him to give up the disguise-habit and reform? Mr. Arthur Pusey made Joseph such a remarkably engaging "juvenile" that it seemed a pity the two should not understand each other. They might even have combined to kill some of the other characters without estranging our sympathies. As for Miss Sybil Thornton, we were sorry to find her in the business at all. By flinging all her excellent sound and tragic power into the part of Mathilde, she simply gave the impression of over-acting. It was not her fault, but the author's.

The "Yellow Cockade" is more naïve. The disguises there create no puzzles. King's officers become highwaymen for honourable purposes, and ladies dress as gallants, for no dishonourable ones. The glamour of the "Bath road" and of High Tobydom generally covers a good deal, even the violation of the first rule of romantic drama that the hero must be Jacobite and the villains Hanoverians. We can stand with a smothered laugh the spectacle of George II. evoking loyalty and passionate devotion, but we really cannot stand a hero who does not know how to fight. Monsieur Beaucache allowed himself to be pinned after some delay by Captain Hubert Langton down like a heavy-weight boxing champion in the first round, even though his second is in the ring defending him. So we grudge him his Lady Betty, who, as represented by Miss Dorothy Hanson, certainly seemed a person worth fighting for, both in her fall-fals and as a graceful boy in breeches and riding coat. She could afford, all the same, to put a little more vigour into the part. Because she looks as dainty as Dresden china, there is no reason to act as if she were as brittle.

D. L. M.

**"All's Well That Ends Well" at Bayswater**

Shakespeare could easily afford to shoulder all responsibility for the inconsistencies of presentation which usually result from the attempt to interpret on the stage his leastactable plays, but it would be less easy to thrust such responsibility upon him. There are moments in "All's Well That Ends Well" when Helena suddenly becomes a different woman, no longer driven here and there by misfortune, a plaintive and helpless bird in the tossing storm; she takes to herself, as did Boccaccio's Giletta de Narbonne, a swift domination of the whole position. The change is by no means accidental, nor is it one of character, but of expression. It is because Helena has her counterpart in Hamlet that an actress undertaking the rôle must of necessity regard the variation as deliberate, inarticulate to ignore.

The unrelieved humility of Miss Irene Clarke's performance has made curiously devoid of humour the vocal recitals of the comedy at Mr. William Poel's School of Dramatic Art in the Ethical Church, Bayswater. The somnolence of the Elizabethan stage-setting had a share also in robbing the afternoon of an essential briskness. The audience found it difficult to accustom itself to the persistent (and un-Elizabethan) half-lights, but there were decided compensations, such as the amazingly beautiful scenes by candlelight between Helena, the widow, and the girl Diana—Miss Iris Parker's portrayal of Diana being one of the most pleasing successes in a uniformly excellent performance. It was a pleasure to find Miss Florence Henderson adapting herself to both quiet dignity and success to the part of the Countess.

The only problem which one might say Mr. Poel has still to solve in his adaptation of the modern theatre to Elizabethan times is that of the suitable retirement of a character from the scene of action. To step on to the stage from the auditorium the absence of the customary "wings" seemed easy and natural enough, but to divest oneself absolutely of histrionic importance at a given moment in full view of the audience is a different matter.

T. M.
Correspondence

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—I cannot pretend to do justice to the subject, but, if I may, I will try to meet the direct questions aimed at me in last week’s Athenæum.

The question of craftsmanship implies objective art is surely vital. I assumed lyricism to be subjective because by lyricism I meant passionate self-expression in art. I would not venture to assert that Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony (for example) was or was not autobiographical. But if a musical critic could tell me that it was lyrical in this sense with as much certainty as those with which I could tell him Shelley’s “Prometheus Unbound” was lyrical, then I would say that Beethoven was not among the masters, the very greatest, as a type. He may have been a master of his medium of expression. Lyricism in music (or any art), however, awakens chords deep buried in the soul of man, not because it expresses the artist’s individuality, but because it expresses the artist’s intuitive perception of ideal truth. Objective art fulfills the same function. The objective artist is greater than the subjective artist because of range of experience, not technique, is the final test of stature. Masterly technique is required by both. It is not technique that makes Bach greater than Schumann, Shakespeare greater than Swinburne.

The reply to Mr. Johnson’s question, Can any music be great music “that has not an uplifting moral effect upon an audience”? is that it depends upon the audience. No great music could fail to increase the well-being (moral goodness) of an audience capable of aesthetic appreciation. But such a “moral significance” depends upon the beauty being perceived, and no moral considerations can enter into the judgment which recognizes beauty. It only needed to be stated logically to become obvious. This Kant did.

Yours sincerely,

R. L. Mégroz.


BEETHOVEN’S SONATAS
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—May I be allowed a word of protest against Mr. Dent’s description of the “five most abstruse” of Beethoven’s sonatas, played by Mr. Lamond at Queen’s Hall some days ago, as the “greatest of all music” (Athenæum, May 14, p. 646)?

Apart from the point as to whether music that is totally unsuited to the instrument for which it is written can be termed “great,” Beethoven’s finest work was done undoubtedly in his so-called “middle” period—the time that produced the “Waldstein” Sonata. Even the enthusiasts admit that the later sonatas are spoiled by obscurities that no clarity of interpretation can abolish. They are in the thought behind the music, and cannot be remedied.

Yours, etc.,

H. C.

May 20, 1920.

MR. SYMONS AND PLAGIARISM
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—In a recent number of The Athenæum a correspondent drew attention to a piece (in the form of a book) of gross and vulgar plagiarism of some of the work of Mr. Arthur Symons; but it is with consternation that I, a great admirer of Mr. Symons’ genius, note that in his marvellous essay on Leonardo da Vinci, in the current issue of the Fortnightly Review, he himself has twice, or perhaps more times, overstated the limit in that direct manner (I believe it be intentional) (we remember Wilde’s bon mot on the subject) or whether it be a mere trick of the swiftness of the mind over the pen, I know not, but surely “... he being the least of all men to whom there could be anything poisonous in the exotic flowers of evil that germinated in Milan,” and “Of the lapping wall of the retort oozing with mineral salts he painted ‘The Last Supper,’” is rather too much like Pater’s “To Leonardo least of all men could there be anything poisonous in the exotic flowers of sentiment that grew there,” and the other sentence of exactly the same texture as the latter one of Mr. Symons.

But this only serves to remind one of Mr. Symons seeing one of the daughters of Herodias in one of his poems as trembling like a young tree in the wind, whereupon one at once thinks of Wilde’s Salome trembling like a narcissus. When we consider that the “narcissus” (as I believe was his wont) from some vague decadent French poet, we do not wonder at someone (I think Plato) observing that all, right from the world’s beginning, is plagiarism. But whether it is a brain’s trick—as I am inclined to think it is—Mr. Symons surely can be excused, and incidentally perhaps Oscar Wilde, from copying such gorgeous images.

Faithfully yours.

11, Longford Place, H. Victor Smith.
Victoria Park, Manchester,
May 28, 1920.

MR. MACKENZIE’S TREAT
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—Owing to the wonderfull unanimity of the reviewers’ opinions of “The Vanity Girl,” I read the book with more than ordinary attention to convince myself whether or not Mr. Mackenzie was as a snob and writing in the “Poor Relations” vein, but less farcical, and more in the comedy spirit. He made a list of the necessary incidents: chorus-girl life, slight seduction interest, marriage with a peer, sweetness of chorus-girl, side, softening of heart of the aristocratic family, gambling, racing and the Derby. stronger seduction interest with a sinister touch of Jewish finance, and finally a hero’s death in the war. I think that up to the moment of Dorothy’s marriage the book succeeds in being good satire, with its points not too obviously stressed. Unfortunately, in writing Mr. Mackenzie falls in love with his heroine, and fails to maintain a satirical attitude towards her; still more unfortunately, he continues to bring in the incidents from his list, and they do not fit in with a lovable Dorothy.

There is yet another way of looking at “The Vanity Girl” —as a part of an enormous canvas of the Michael group. How does she fit into the composition? Have we got anything like the whole picture yet? Is it to be a second Comédie Humaine? The answers to these questions are beyond me.

Yours faithfully,

R. A. Allen.

38, Chelsea Gardens, S.W.1.

THE LORD HARRY
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

SIR,—I think that the review of Mr. Mowat’s book on Henry V. which appeared in The Athenæum of May 21 calls for a mild protest. I say “mild” because I do not wish your reviewer to be discouraged from a further exhibition of his undoubtedly exuberant paradox. I seem to remember that he has thrilled us on other fields by deeds of daring, but here he is tilting against the ascertained fact.

I pass over his reference to the “grey austerity of Gothic,” although we are taught to picture the medieval cathedral in a setting of gorgeous brilliance; and I ask whether the Sainte Chapelle, which was begun by St. Louis in 1241, and represents the mature Gothic idea, can really be called a “strange flower of medieval decadence.” And is “rococo” —poor term, so convenient and so ill-used!—quite the not juste to be joined to the “constructions of the Flamboyant manner” of the fifteenth century? The remainder of your reviewer’s remarks I leave to Mr. Mowat and Professor Oman. I am not competent to say what truth there may be in the chorus of praises with which his contemporaries (among them Xenus Sylvius) honoured King Henry, but I am not aware that the solemn and judicious summarising of his character by Bishop Stubbs is much in need of revision.

Yours, etc.

F. J. E. R.
THE Princesses of the Court of Louis XIV. form an interesting group, what with his cousin, La Grande Mademoiselle, eccentric and magnificent, and the two wives of his effeminate brother Monsieur; the charming and tragic little flirt, Madame Henriette, and the horsey Bavarian lady, whose downright correspondence is in refreshing contrast with the flummery fashionable at the time. Later on there came the kittenish Duchesse de Bourgogne, who sat on Mme. de Maintenon’s knee, and those riotous young women, the daughters of the Regent. They all had character, some too much of it. M. Collas, however, concerns himself with none of these, but with the prim Princess, another Bavarian, who became the wife of the Dauphin, commonly but incorrectly known as Monsieur— Why do they make a Cardinal of my son?" asked the King—the browbeaten man who, except when he could get away to his military duties, took refuge in wolf-hunting, fancy-dress balls and silence, "cessabore," as Saint-Simon puts it, "dans sa grasse et dans ses ténèbres." Was it worth while?

Yes, because the book enlarges our sympathies. We pity midinettes, bank clerks and even circus ponies, but their servitude is as nothing compared with a princess’s of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The marriage was, of course, political, designed to keep Bavaria steady to French interests, wherein, by the way, it signalied. Colbert de Croissy, Colbert’s brother, accordingly arrived at Munich, and ran his eye over the girl just as if she had been a filly up for sale at Tattersall’s. There was no getting away from it, he reported to Louis XIV., that she was plain; her nose was a little too thick at the end, and he rather thought that her arms were not as white as her throat. But she had good manners; she expressed herself with propriety; she would do. So she started for Paris, and on the way, when some courtiers tried to address her in German, she replied that French was thenceforth her only language. Years afterwards, as a bride, Marie Antoinette said precisely the same thing at Strasburg. Were these, M. Collas wonders, rehearsed performances? Probably they were, because German Princesses received a thorough training in their duties, and it will be remembered that when Lord Malmesbury was confronted by one of them of the Miss Heyden type in Princess Caroline of Brunswick, his injunctions included petitceux. Certain faults had to be corrected, and they were. She was too pious; her Angeluses, Mme. de Sévigné surmised, would have to be curtailed. She did not care for hunting or cards; she preferred conversation and work in her own room. That naturally could not be tolerated, since she must play her part in those high mysteries, including "donner la main," "monter dans carrosse," "le tabouret," and the rest of it, which were to the courtiers, notably to Saint-Simon, as the breath of their nostrils.

The Dauphine did her best, though her accent left something to be desired—she addressed her husband as "Monsieur," and French manners were never quite assimilated by her. After the death of the neglected little Queen she held the circle of court ladies. In her serious way she tried to talk politics, and when that topic was imperiously suppressed she obediently turned the conversation to chaffions. Once, and once only, her German prejudices got the upper hand. When the imperable Dangeau married Mlle. Lœwenstein, a poor relation, as it were, of the Bavarian house, and the priest called the bride "Sophie de Bavière," the Dauphine was so angry that it took three visits from Louis to appease her. Otherwise her one aim was to "plaire au Roy." Unfortunately the Dauphine had a signal defect: she was frequently ill. The court progresses, with fighting conveniently out of sight, which the Great Monarch regarded as his campaigns, tired her out; she had to get out of bed and dance, whether she liked it or not, or to receive the Siamese ambassadors, who duly recited speeches prepared for them by erudite Abbés. So the King grew cold to her, and Monsieur took to mistresses, though Mme. de la Fayette, no mean authority, declared that he went no farther than ogling. The Dauphine, of course, acquiesced; and when Louis XIV., who had been shepherded by Mme. de Maintenon into his second, and somewhat Tartuffian, manner, interposed and effected the famous "rupture" of the ladies of honour, or, as and say nowadays, "sacked the lot," his daughter-in-law’s chief preoccupation was lest new spites should be set about her by that dread lady. Shutting herself up with her only friend, Mlle. Bezzola, a companion of the Munich days, she nursed her increasing illnesses, while the courtiers declared that she shammed. "Il faura que je meure," she exclaimed, "pour que l'on me croie malade."

And die the Dauphine did, at the early age of twenty-nine, after quacks had crammed her with drugs that made her much worse, and doctors had bled her after the precepts set forth in "Le Malade Imaginaire" and practised by Doctor Sangrado. After all, she had played her part. She had been the mother of Louis XV., and it was not her fault that the pious and able young Duc de Bourgogne, the pupil of Fenelon and idol of Saint-Simon, went to the grave before his magnificent grandfather. That personage was ready with a pompous platitud; he reminded Monsieur that they both must die, and, "Vous voyez ce que deviennent les grands de ce monde." The King personally supervised the funeral ceremonies, and very splendid they were; he hunted during the interval before the burial, since etiquette so permitted, but refrained from cards, which were not "de deuil." Could he come back to us, what a "producer" he would make at the Alhambra or the Hippodrome! As for his victim, her fate remained one of those cases of which the jury, after some hesitation, swallowed their suspicions and return a verdict of death from natural causes. In her will the Dauphine declared that she left nothing to the King, because "tout est à lui," including, as it happened, her life.

OUT OF RANGE

Livilu. Par Romain Rolland. (Paris, Ollendorff, 6fr.)

M. Romain Rolland is a great provincial. "Jean Christophe," with its lengths and its naivets and its flashes of genius, is essentially the work of an extra-metropolitan mind, of a man who looked up towards a world which he despised. In the rôle of the inspired country cousin M. Rolland was convincing; as the good European he somehow misses fire. From an Alpine retreat the war may indeed have appeared an absurd and tragic comedy of errors; Livilu, each man’s illusion, may have seemed nothing but a cunning and vulgar harlot. Nevertheless, to the solier, on the plain Livilu was something less obvious. Mr. Rolland, from his new elevation, saw the gestures of her silhouette, but he saw no faults of a corner’s request at which the jury, after some hesitation, swallowed their suspicions and return a verdict of death from natural causes. In her will the Dauphine declared that she left nothing to the King, because "tout est à lui," including, as it happened, her life.

W.
LITERATURE AND PRESENT-DAY RUSSIA

Translated by S. Kotiansky.

The following is a translation of Maxim Gorky’s preface to the first catalogue of the great publishing house lately founded by him, under the name of “Government,” for the dissemination of the masterpieces of “World Literature,” which is, indeed, the name of the organization itself. Nothing could be more characteristic of Gorky’s noble idealism than this preface; it is, moreover, a document of the first importance, appearing as it does at a time when the necessity of renewing intellectual relations with Russia is felt to be increasingly urgent. The unbridled enthusiasm with which it is, we believe, the greatest schemes of popular literary education ever conceived, not in Russia only, but in the whole civilized world.—Ed.

Is it necessary to speak of the necessity of a serious study of literature, or at least of a wide acquaintance with it? Literature is the heart of the world, winged with all its joys and sorrows, with all the dreams and hopes of men, with their despair and wrath, with their reverence before the beauty of nature, their fears in face of her mysteries. This heart throbs violently and eternally with the thirst of self-knowledge, as though in it all those substances and forces of nature that have created the human personality as the highest expression of their complexity and wisdom aspired to clarify the secret and meaning of life.

Literature may also be called the all-seeing eye of the world, whose glance penetrates into the deepest recesses of the human spirit. A book—so simple a thing and so familiar—is, essentially, one of the great and mysterious wonders of the world. Someone unknown to us, sometimes speaking an incomprehensible language, hundreds of miles away, has drawn on paper various combinations of a score or so of signs, which we call letters, and when we look at them, we strangers, remote from the creator of the book, mysteriously perceive the meaning of all the words, the ideas, the feelings, the images; we admire the description of the scenes of nature, take delight in the beautiful rhythm of speech, the music of the words. Moved to tears, angry, dreaming, sometimes laughing over the motley printed sheets, we grasp the life of the spirit, akin or foreign to ourselves. The book is, perhaps, the most complicated and mightiest of all the miracles created by man on his path to the happiness and power of the future.

There is no book in the library, for there is yet no language common to all, but all literary creation, in prose and poetry, is saturated with the unity of feelings, thoughts, ideals shared by all men, with the unity of man’s sacred aspiration towards the joy of the freedom of the spirit, with the unity of man’s disgust at the miseries of life, the unity of his love, the possibility of higher attainments of life, outlined in the universal thirst for something indefinable in word or thought, hardly to be grasped by feeling, that mysterious something to which we give the pale name of beauty, and which comes to an ever brighter and more joyous flower in the world, in our own hearts.

Whatever may be the inward differences of nations, races, individuals, however distinct may be the external forms of states, religious conceptions and customs, however irreconcilable the conflict of classes—over all these differences, created by ourselves through centuries, hovers the dark and menacing spectre of the universal consciousness of the tragic quality of life and the poignant sense of the loneliness of man in the world.

Rising from the mystery of birth, we plunge into the mystery of death. Together with our planet we have been thrown into incomprehensible space. We call it the Universe, but we have no precise conception of it, and our loneliness in it has such an awful perfection that we have nothing with which to compare it.

The loneliness of man in the Universe and on the earth, which is to many a “desert, alas! not unpeopled”—on earth amid the most tormenting contradiction of desires and possibilities—was realized only by few. But the faint feeling of it is imprinted in the breast of nearly every man like a nocuous weed, and it often poisons the lives of men who appear to be perfectly immune from that murderous nostalgia which is the same for all ages and peoples, which tormented equally Byron the Englishman, Leopardi the Italian, the writer of “Ecclesiastes,” and Lao-Tse, the great sage of Asia.

This anguish that arises from the dim sense of the precariousness and tragedy of life is common to great and small, to everyone who has the courage to look at life with open eyes. And if a time is to come when men will have overcome this anguish and stifled in themselves the consciousness of the tragedy and loneliness of life, they will achieve that victory only by the way of spiritual creation, only by the combined efforts of literature and science.

Besides its envelope of air and light all our earth is surrounded with a sphere of spiritual creativeness, with the multiform rainbow emanation of our energy, which is, it seems, that part of which we have eliminated or forgone or which, in the future, will be called the most beautiful; out of which are created the mightiest ideas and the enchanting complexity of our machines, the amazing temples and tunnels that pierce the rock of great mountains, books, pictures, poems, millions of tons of iron flung as bridges across wide rivers, suspended with such miraculous lightness in the air—all the stern and lovely, all the mighty and tender poetry of our life.

By the victory of the mind and will over the elements of nature and the animal in man, striking out ever brighter sparks of hope from the iron wall of the unknown, we men can speak with legitimate joy of the planetary significance of the great efflorescences of our spirit, most resplendently and powerfully expressed in literary and scientific creation.

The great virtue of literature is that by deepening our consciousness of the condition of life, by giving shape to our feelings, it speaks to us as with a voice saying: All ideals and acts, all the world of the spirit is created out of the blood and nerves of men. It tells us that Hen-Toy, the Chinaman, is as agonizingly unsatisfied with the love of woman as Don Juan, the Spaniard; that the Abyssinian sings the same songs of the sorrows and joys of love as the Frenchman; that there is an equal pathos in the love of a Japanese Geisha and Manon Lescaut; that man’s longing to find in woman the other half of his soul has burned and burns with an equal flame men of all lands, at times.

A murderer in Asia is as loathsome as in Europe; the Russian miser Plushkin is as pitiable as the French Grandet; the Tartufes of all countries are alike, Misanthropes are equally miserable everywhere, and everywhere everyone is equally charmed by the touching image of Don Quixote, the Knight of the Spirit. And after all, all men, in all languages, always speak of the same things, of themselves and their fate. Men and no instincts are everywhere alike, the world of the intellect alone is infinitely varied.

With a clearness irresistibly convincing, fine literature gives us all these innumerable likenesses and infinite varieties—literature, the pulsing mirror of life, reflecting with quiet sadness or with anger, with the kindly laugh of a Dickens or the frightful grimace of a Dostoevsky, the universal rhythm of speech, the music of the words, the collective and individual emotions and sentiments of life, the whole world of our desires, the bottomless stagnant pools of banality and folly, our heroism and cowardice in the face of destiny, the courage of love and the strength of hatred, all the naivete of our hypocrisy and the shameful abundance of lies, the disgusting stagnation of our minds and our endless anxieties, our thrilling hopes and sacred dreams—by which the world lives, all that quivers in the hearts of men. Watching man with the eyes of a sensitive friend, or with the stern glance of a judge, sympathizing with him, laughing at him, admiring his courage, cursing his nullity—literature rises above life, and, together with science, lights up for men the roads to the accomplishment of their goals, to the development of what is good in them and in the world.

At times enchanted with the beautiful aloofness of science, literature may become infatuated with a dogma, and then we see Emile Zola viewing man only as a “belly,” constructed “with charming coarseness,” and we also see how the cold despair of Dumas and Reynold infects so great an artist as Gustave Flaubert.

It is obvious that literature cannot be completely free from what Turgenev called “the pressure of time”; it is natural, for “sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.” And it may be that the evil of the day poisons more often than it should the spirit of youth and the intellectual development of our aspirations and prayers: these inspirations and prayers are poisoned by the venomous dust of the day. But “the beautiful is the rare,” as Edmond Goncourt justly said, and we most
certainly often consider lacking in beauty and insignificant habitual things—these habitual things which, as they recede into the past, acquire for our descendants all the marks and qualities of true, enduring beauty. Does not the austere life of ancient Greece appear to us beautiful? Does not the bloody, stormy and creative epoch of the Renaissance with all its "habitual" cruelty enrapture us? It is more than probable that the great days of the social catastrophe we are going through now will arouse the ecstasy, awe and creativeness of the generations that will come after us.

Maxim Gorky.

(To be concluded.)

List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

200 RELIGION.


See review, p. 739.

300 SOCIOLOGY.


See review, p. 731.


There is a not ignoble idealism in this manifesto of Jack London's International—these seven million comrades in an organized, worldwide revolutionary movement, swayed by great passion, by a reverence for humanity, but little, if any at all, for the rule of the dead. The squallid and heartrending pictures of destitution in the United States belong to the period 1902-5 (the book appeared first in 1910). Jack London's faith was in the working class, and he believed in a time, not distant, when men will feel a higher incentive to action than the incentive of the stomach.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Pellett (Frank C.). BEGINNER'S BEE BOOK. Lippincott [1920]. 8|n. 189 pp. ill. glos., 5|n. 638.1

A practical handbook by an authority upon bees, who was formerly State Apiarist of Iowa. Mr. Pellett instructs the novice in bee-lore how he should act about the business of keeping bees, making hives, taking care of the inhabitants, and approaching the honey market. The explanations and illustrations are equally clear.

700 FINE ARTS.

Zoffany (John).

* Manners (Lady Victoria) and Williamson (George Charles). JOHN ZOFFANY, R.A.: HIS LIFE AND WORKS, 1735-1810. Lane, 1920. 12|n. 393 pp. ill. glos. app. index, 147|n.

See review, p. 740.

800 LITERATURE.


See notice, p. 731.


See review, p. 733.


See review, p. 733.


The present issue opens with the second part of Miss Gladys D. Willcock's careful study, "A Hitherto Uncollected Version of Surrey's Translation of the Fourth Book of the Aeneid." Interesting articles connected with the theatre in Elizabethan and later times are contributed by Mr. Alwin Thaler ("The 'Free-list' and Theatre Tickets in Shakespeare's Time and After") and Mr. Allardyce Nicoll ("Doors and Curtains in Restoration Theatres"). Part 2 of Mr. H. V. Routh's thoughtful paper, "The Origins of the Essay compared in French and English Literatures," in which Montaigne, Bacon, and others are discussed and contrasted, will be read with appreciation. There are other interesting items in the number.


Denis, the whiteheaded boy or young Benjamin of the Geoghegan family, was always supposed to be cleverer and smarter than anyone else. But on his third failure to pass his medical examinations at Dublin his brothers and sisters revolted, and it was decided to ship him to Canada. Mr. Robinson's amusing little comedy tells how in the end the whiteheaded boy got his own back. We should like to record a mild protest against Mr. Robinson's stage directions, which exhibit that love of quaintness and sentimentality so rife in contemporary English and Irish literature. Thus: "Kate's off to the kitchen now. Ann't I after telling you she's a great help to her mother?" Personally we are after finding this rather painful.

POETRY.

Addleshaw (Percy). LAST VERSES. Elkin Mathews, 1920. 7|n. 72 pp. por. paper, 2/6 n.

Mr. Arundel Osborne gives us in his preface a very sympathetic picture of the author of these verses. Death, which finally overtook him in 1916, had dogged him for many years, and the best and the most moving verses in this little collection, "The Evil Playfellow," "Death the Destroyer," and "The Two Ins," record the approach of the shadow.

Freeman (John). POEMS, NEW AND OLD. Selwyn & Blount, 1920. 8|n. 318 pp., 10/6 n.

See review, p. 732.


Mr. Maunsell is a maker of rich, luminous, Mendelssohnian melodies:

Dead leaves that scatter in the wind,
You once were green,

Faint scents that bring old love to mind,
That might have been,

Years have forgotten you, and yet—
You stir between.

These lines are a fair example of his work. It is pleasant enough, but it soon chews.

822.33 SHAKESPEARE.

Greenwood (Sir George). SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING. Lane, 1920. 8|n. 36 pp. front. boards, 2|n.

The author discusses from Sir E. Maunde Thompson's view that the "addition" to the Harleian MS. play of "Sir Thomas More," most of which is stated to be in the handwriting of Anthony Munday, was written by William Shakespeare. Sir George Greenwood places little faith in palaeographers, recalls how they disagree among themselves, and concludes that "if this were an ordinary case of the comparison of handwriting, no reasonable man would think.
of asserting that the 'Harleian Addition' was written by the same hand as that which wrote the 'Shakespeare signatures' - 'The wish,' he says, 'has once more been father to the thought.'

**FICTION.**


Mr. Brebnner is an old hand at the game, and his latest novel gives every sign of it. The plot is cleverly threaded through an atmosphere of hypnotism, a particularly sinister Oriental personage exercising a diabolical influence over his young (and beautiful) English wife. She is the unconscious sufferer of several well-known people before the usual clever and typically English doctor comes along and rescues her by a rather novel if unpleasant method of surgery. There is a blood-freezing finish to the villain's career, and a happy ending for the more virtuous of the principals. To become an adept in the craft of story-telling sometimes means advancement in literary style; had it been so in Mr. Brebnner's case he would not have opened one of his chapter-sections with such a passage as 'The crisp air of the morning had not yet let go of the world.'


If all sinners in real life were as unattractive as those created by Mr. Cowen's imagination, their contaminating influence would not, we think, constitute a serious moral danger. We certainly feel no thrill of sympathy either with the woman who betrays her husband during his absence in France or with the blackmailer who exacts his price for silence with regard to a secret in her past, or yet with the Russian refugee who is skilled in fine distinctions between killing and murder. The language, like the story, is crudely sensational.

Dawe (Carlton). *A Brush with Fate.* Long [1920]. 8 in. 254 pp., 7 n.

Mr. Carlton Dawe is the author of "The Woman with the Yellow Eyes," so that we may reasonably expect anything of him in his latest novel. Nor are we disappointed, for in Raya Treint's "brush with fate" we have strange, swift and unexpected developments at every turn. Raya sets the story in motion by forcing to leave her husband: "'What is your proposal?' asked the soft lisping voice of her unsympathetic mother. 'I'm not quite sure. I'm young and strong. I shall earn my own living.' 'How?' 'There are many ways.' 'I know; but none pleasant or without danger.' 'I suppose I've still got my mother.' the girl said. But she recovers from such dreadful and hopeless suspicions in a trucking time to keep her sympathy, and enlist his hearty co-operation in her rejoicing when her lover brings the final news of her husband's death in the Tower as a German spy.


At p. 279, when the author feels that some new turn is required if she is to wind up her story within reasonable limits, she decides to make her baffled hero send for the aid of Rybank, the butler at the house of the rich young roué who has died mysteriously—by poison, in fact, but unknown to the butler. "'Things have happened lately, Rybank' [commences the hero, preparatory to breaking the news]. 'Serious things. Grave things.' Indeed, sir, returned Rybank with the same detachment, the same immutable respect. Earle moved sharply. He had got to tell him somehow." Like the sensible, if dull-witted butler that he was, Rybank advised him, of course, to engage a detective to unravel the mystery, which unravelling is accomplished with quick (it takes only thirty more pages) and happyresults.


The publication of this novel by Mr. Goldring, first issued by Mannes in 1917, has been taken over by an English firm. The story deals with the war from the standpoint of a conscientious objector to military service, the final scene taking place in the garden of the house to which the hero (who is not the hero of the novel) has gone by his own men while attempting to quell the Easter rising of 1916. Mr. Goldring's scorn and indignation are very effective, without in any noticeable way detracting from his artistic purpose.


Another posthumous story by this prolific author. The scene of the racing is this time laid in Australia.


See review, p. 736.


This, as its name denotes, is emphatically a "pretty story," pre-war in atmosphere. Laughter, or, more accurately, Laffert Street, a region where "Britain rubs shoulders amiably with Bohemia," lies midway between Kensington and Chelsea. It is the home of young people who are not figures of fun, and houses not of a soul-destroying uniformity; and its population, consisting largely of painters and writers, is more skilled in the art of living than in that of money-making. In all good faith we say that the pleasant picture of inexpensive happiness thus presented to us is marred rather than perfected by the "happy ending," which bestows colossal wealth upon the principal characters. We sympathize with the author's feeling for the magic of London, and for the most part with her taste in poetry. But we cannot help thinking that in at least two passages quoted she has taken rather unwarrantable liberties with the text.


See notice, p. 726.


See review, p. 736.


In a story covering the period 1917-19 it is but natural that reminiscences of war-worry and war-fatigue should find a little more the sense of refreshment which we generally associate with Miss Silberrad's charming work. Yet we are introduced to company which often holds our interest, and often moves us to laughter. We welcome the reappearance of an old acquaintance, that inventive, imaginative genius who has already figured in more than one of this author's novels, and who, since we last met him, has added to his scientific acquirements the homelier arts of plumbing and washing up. We are also pleased to find no reticence on the part of a character who seems to us original—a strong-minded woman of mature years and rather old-fashioned type, generous and devoted to excess in deed, and almost incredibly unrestrained in language. The spectacular side of the war is virtually ignored, our attention being concentrated on the difficulties of those who had to "carry on" at home. The vagaries of Government officials, company directors, and employees of every variety are described in a quietly humorous and incisive fashion which suggests first-hand knowledge.


Our latter-day fiction in its treatment of sex questions has discarded the old-fashioned reticence, but can scarcely be said to have substituted scientific precision of statement, or even moderate familiarity to facts. Some measure of artistry, however, is, at least in theory, exacted from a novelist who undertakes to handle such questions, and this Mr. Wilkinson does not here vouchsafe to us. The world wherein he has placed the action of his latest story only differs from a lunatic asylum in that its inhabitants are all mad on one point, and subjected to no external control. A thoroughly good-natured, over forty years old, falls in love with the illegitimate daughter of a High Church clergyman (his Mentor, and a fervent advocate of celibacy). This lady becomes his mistress, but after about a week abandons him, in favour apparently of the man with whom his stepmother has eloped a few days before. Smarting under the rebuff, the hero, who finds himself in a unknown community run upon Trappist lines. From the community's point of view the arrangement seems unlikely to prove a success.
910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

*Bell (Walter George). Unknown London. Lane, 1919. 71 in. 256 pp. il. index. 6/6 n. 914.21

See review, p. 732.

Taylor (Ernest E.). Wensleydale, With Coveneydale, Bishopdale and Swaledale ("Handy Guide Series"). 4; British Periodicals, 1920. 61 in. 88 pp. il. map, biblog. index, paper, 7d. 914.274

See notice, p. 732.


See review, p. 735.

Collas (Emile). La Belle-Fille de Louis XIV. Paris. Emile-Paul Frères [1920]. 81 in. 326 pp. front. (por.) paper, 7fr. 50. 920

See review, p. 747.

The Literary Who’s Who (Formerly Literary Year-Book) for the Year 1920. Routledge [1920]. 9 in. 376 pp. 8/6 n. 920

This book is intended to take the place of the “Literary Year-Book,” the publication of which was suspended three years ago. Sections which were among the most useful features of that work, such as the guides to British, American, and other periodical publications, are omitted from the present volume. The writer of the preface states that these sections are “already dealt with in other works of reference,” but this is not very helpful. It is surprising that in the list of authors and journalists one looks vainly for the names of Mr. Robert Lynd, Miss Rebecca West, Mr. J. C. Squire, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, Mr. Edward Shanks, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, Mr. Bertrand Russell, Mr. Vernon Kendall, and a number of others who should certainly be mentioned. The volume, therefore, cannot be regarded as a reliable work of reference.

Marcussen (Isaak F.). Adventures in Interviewing. Lane, 1920. 10 in. 314 pp. il. Pors. index, 16/6 n. 920

Mr. Marcussen is nothing if not enterprising, and this quality, which probably is in part attributable to his American birth, is well manifested in his record of interviews with statesmen and other public men—authors, artists, actors and theatre managers. President Wilson, Col. Roosevelt, MM. Karesky and Tereslichtenko, Prince Livov, General Smuts, Mark Twain, O. Henry, and Mr. Hugh Walpole are in the crowd of persons of distinction described in this book. Two arresting chapters are "The Real Lloyd George" and "The King-Maker," of whom exceedingly clear-cut portraits are supplied; but just what the reader most wishes to know, namely, why there came about the "dramatic break" between the two men, Mr. Marcussen does not tell us.

930-990 HISTORY.

Fletcher (C. Brunsdon). Stevenson's Germany; the Case against Germany in the Pacific. Heinemann, 1920. 9 in. 246 pp. apps. index, 12/6 n. 943.084

See review, p. 735.


If we might be permitted to use a word which conveys some impression of strong sense, we should describe this as a meritorious volume, for the reason, especially, that it seems well adapted to historical students of tender age. It abounds in attractive pictures reproducing the costumes and customs of each successive period. The text suffers inevitably from the procrustean compression of sixteen centuries and a half (from Julius Caesar to James I.) into three hundred pages. But the author has shown discrimination in his selection of facts likely to have an appeal for juvenile readers, and introduces frequently, with good effect, appropriate passages from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Hakluyt, Froissart, and other writers of less universal renown.


It is a fruitful method of reaching the mind of the general reader in a popular history like this, to show him that he has been studying history all his life, and knew it not. With a remarkable combination of modesty and daring, Mr. Snart leads his disciples on a continuous pilgrimage from Palolithic man to the imminent problems of reconstruction after the war; and, in his sketchy but effective way, he does manage to interest and enlighten.


A learned refutation of the idea that Toscanelli the astronomer instigated Columbus’ expedition to America. The subject appears to be a matter of learned controversy, on which the layman can express no opinion. In addition, the probable motives which inspired Columbus to undertake his voyage are investigated. The author’s position is, briefly, that the documents attributed to Toscanelli are forgeries, and that if they are genuine they are irrelevant.

940.3 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Beaman (Arden). The Squadron. Lane, 1920. 71 in. 324 pp. 8/6 n. 940.9

A padre in the cavalry since 1917, the author aims at depicting in plain and faithful colours the life and sentiment of that small body of young officers and other ranks that makes up a field squadron. On the whole, life is longer in this arm than in the infantry, and a closer spirit of camaraderie grows up. Early in the war, and later, the cavalry fought on horseback, in the intervening period they were usually on foot in the trenches. The author gives a welcome account of heroic deeds on the Western front about which comparatively little has been written.


The author had more than three years’ experience of captivity in Turkish prison camps, of which he paints a gloomy picture. Some of Mr. Still’s description of the treatment meted out by the Turks to their prisoners is painful to read. The book is filled with repudiation of Turkish officials; but the peasants are stated to be cheerful, generous, and simple by nature, though practically devoid of a sense of the value of human life. The Germans in Turkey, with few exceptions, seem to have been chivalrous to their British foes.

Thompson (Beatrice). Four Months in Italy in Wartime ("On Active Service" Series). Lane, 1920. 71 in. 177 pp. 5/6 n. 940.473

The author here records her experiences as "Samaritana," or V.A.D., at a military hospital in Florence. One duty she was devolving upon her and her secular colleagues was the washing of the men, which, it seems, is contrary to the code of propriety observed by Italian nursing sisters. Miss Thompson has, however, a high opinion of these ladies, as also of the patients, who at first sometimes objected to being washed, but learned to appreciate the comfort which followed upon this proceeding. The clergy also appear in a favourable light, but the aristocratic classes struck her as lacking in public spirit.


Written by Capt. Mann, of the Salonika Balloon Company, and illustrated by Mr. W. T. Wood, R.W.S., who was in the same company, this book outlines from beginning to end the parts played by each ally in the Balkans during the war, and brings into relief the meanings and importance of a long campaign which people at home have less clearly understood, perhaps, than the operations in most of the other theatres of war. The drawings, most of which are in colour, include notable views of Doiran Town and Lake, Rupel Pass, the British Military Cemetery at the Cross Roads, Dragos, the "Pipe Ridge, and Mount Olympus, from Sikia. Perhaps the most interesting of all is "Drawn Down in Flames," which shows two observers parachuting from our own balloon, from which they have just escaped, rushes past them to the earth with a fiery trail. This picture is owned by the Imperial War Museum.
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Education Offices, 15, John Street, Sunderland, April 15, 1920.

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CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

DICKENS has for many years been in disrepute among the highbrows. Whether he is beginning slowly to emerge from the limbo in which the more exalted criticism has left him, we have no means of knowing. Perhaps Mr. Chesterton's valorous propaganda on his behalf is beginning to have its effect; perhaps—irony of ironies—Dickens is creeping back to his true position by way of the vague vogue of Gissing, who wrote a very fine book about him. The popular affection for Dickens has never waned; it would have been as well for the critical reputation of the country if the intellectuals had not neglected him.

That they did so, that to some extent they still do so, is inexcusable. How many times have we ourselves heard the fatally self-revealing words: "Dickens was not an artist"? Possibly, probably, the time will come when that very sentence will be held to have been typical of a period in which the current conception of art among the educated classes in England was more jejune and empty than it had ever been. The conception lingers on in the not yet exploded belief that the Hardy of the novels is not an artist. Let us hope it will not be long before both these preciosities die the death.

For Dickens was, precisely, one of the greatest artists England or the world has ever produced. To measure this colossal by the Flaubertian foot-rule is an exercise so comic, so essentially Laputan, that it must have filled the gods on high Olympus with unquenchable laughter for years, for Flaubert is a pigmy in comparison with Dickens. The comic creations of Dickens are the work of an incomparable genius. The phantasmagoric light which he so intensely projected on to the reality "never was on land or sea." He created a world and peopled it.

Such an art, so utterly individual, so unlike anything that preceded or anything that has followed it, may well need the perspective of a century for its true appreciation. Gissing made a beginning with the work; Mr. Chesterton has added a more definite insight into what is essential to the art of Dickens; but we are still long leagues away from a true critical understanding. One can find, rather one has difficulty in avoiding, what purport to be seriously critical articles which consider, with a portentous wagging of the head, Dickens as a social theorist, the shirker of the sex-problem, the defender of shallow and sentimental ideals. It is all so preposterously beside the mark.

Dickens the creator is the man we have to reckon with; one who sent out into his strange dark world gigantic figures innumerable, great shadows flung by the light of his genius on to the wall of our human cave, shadows that are more solid than the reality from which they are shaped. For the real may have three dimensions, but they are vague: the characters of Dickens may have but two, but they are definite as a diagram. Caricature, perhaps, but a strange kind of caricature that exists by its own right, and needs no incessant reference to the real for explanation; a system that endures with as much validity as an abstract mathematical space; a kingdom of absolute laughter, not so very kind, more than a little terrifying, that seems in some inexplicable way itself to supply the reason why Dickens spread, when opportunity came, the rosy mist of sentimentalism with a lavish hand. Perhaps this mysterious kingdom grew out of the monstrous vision of the world that a small boy may have who pastes labels on bottles in a blacking factory. Was it that Dickens never grew up? Or that he was grown up at the age of ten? The knee-high child who faces the world may have a secret of his own. Who knows?

M.
REVELATIONS

FROM eight o'clock in the morning until about halfpast eleven Monica Tyrell suffered from her nerves, and suffered so terribly that these hours were—agonizing, simply. It was not as though she could control them. "Perhaps if I were ten years younger . . ." she would say. For now that she was thirty-three she had a queer little way of referring to her age on all occasions, of looking at her friends with grave, childish eyes and saying: "Yes, I remember how twenty years ago . . ." or of drawing Ralph's attention to the girls—real girls—with lovely youthful arms and thighs and swift hesitating movements who sat near them in restaurants. "Perhaps if I were ten years younger . . ."

"Why don't you get Marie to sit outside your door and absolutely forbid anybody to come near your room until you ring your bell?"

"Oh, if it were as simple as that!" She threw her little gloves down and pressed her eyelids with her fingers in the way he knew so well. "But in the first place I'd be so conscious of Marie sitting there, Marie shaking her finger at Rudd and Mrs. Moon, Marie as a kind of cross between a wardeness and a nurse for mental cases! And then, there's the post. One can't get over the first: at the post comes and once it has come—who—could wait until eleven for the letters?"

"His eyes grew bright; he quickly, lightly clasped her . . . letters, darling?"

"Perhaps," she drawled, softly, and she drew her hand over his reddish hair, smiling too, but thinking: "Heaven! What a stupid thing to say!"

But this morning she had been awakened by one great slam of the front door. Bang. The flat shook. What was it? She jerked up in bed clutching the eiderdown; her heart beat. What could it be? Then she heard voices in the passage. Marie knocked, and, as the door opened, with a sharp tearing rip out flew the blind and the curtains, stiffening, flapping, jerking. The tassel of the blind knocked—knocked against the window. "Oh, voilà!" cried Marie, setting down the tray and running. "C'est le vent, Madame. C'est un vent insupportable.

Up rolled the blind; the window went up with a jerk; a white-greyish light filled the room. Monica caught a glimpse of a huge pale sky and a cloud like a torn shirt dragging across before she hid her eyes with her sleeve.

"Marie! the curtains! Quick, the curtains!" Monica fell back into the bed and then "Ring-ting-a-ping-pong, ring-ting-a-ping-pong." It was the telephone. The limit of her suffering was reached; she grew quite calm. "Go and see, Marie."

"It is Monsieur. To know if Madame will lunch at Princes' at one thirty to-day." Yes, it was Monsieur himself. Yes, he had asked that the message be given to Madame immediately. Instead of replying Monica put on her cap down and asked Marie in a small wondering voice what time it was. It was half-past nine. She lay still and half-closed her eyes. "Tell Monsieur I cannot come," she said gently. But as the door shut, anger—anger suddenly gripped her close, close, violent, half-strangling her. How dared he? How dared Ralph do such a thing when he knew how agonizing her nerves were in the morning! Hadn't she explained and described and even—though lightly, of course; she couldn't say such a thing directly—given him to understand that this was the one unforgivable thing.

And then to choose this frightful windy morning. Did he think it was just a fad of hers, a little feminine folly so be laughed at and tossed aside. Why, only last night the had said: "Ah, but you must take me seriously, too" And he had replied: "My darling, you'll no believe me, but I know you infinitely better than you know yourself. Every delicate thought and feeling I bow to, I treasure. Yes, laugh! I love the way your lip lifts—" and he had leaned across the table—"I don't care who sees that I adore all of you. I'd be with you on a mountain-top and have all the searchlights of the world play upon us."

"Heavens!" Monica almost clutched her head. Was it possible he had really said that? How incredible men were! And she had loved him—how could she have loved a man who talked like that. What had she been doing ever since that dinner party, months ago, when he had seen her home and asked if he might come and "see again that slow Arabian smile." Oh, what nonsense—that utter nonsense—and yet she remembered at the time a strange deep thrill unlike anything she had ever felt before.

"Coal! Coal! Old iron! Old iron! Old iron!" sounded from below. It was all over. Understand her? He had understood nothing. That ringing her up on a windy morning was immensely significant. Would he understand that? She could almost have laughed. "You rang me up when the person who understood me simply couldn't have." It was the end. And when Marie said: "Monsieur replied he would be in the vestibule in case Madame changed her mind," Monica said: "No, not verba, Marie, carnations. Two handfuls.

A wild white morning, a tearing, rocking wind. Monica sat down before the mirror. She was pale. The maid combed back her dark hair—combed it all back—and her face was like a mask, with pointed eyelids and dark red lips. As she stared at herself in the blueish shadowy glass she suddenly felt—oh, the strangest, most tremendous excitement filling her slowly, slowly, until she wanted to fling out her arms, to laugh, to scatter everything, to shock Marie, to cry: "I'm free. I'm free. I'm free as the wind." And now all this vibrating, trembling, exciting, flying world was hers. It was her kingdom. No, no, she belonged to nobody but Life.

"That will do, Marie," she stammered. "My hat, my coat, my bag. And now get me a taxi." Where was she going? Oh, anywhere. She could not stand this silent flat: noiseless Marie, this ghostly, quiet, feminine interior. She must be out; she must be driving quickly—anywhere, anywhere.

"The taxi is there, Madame." As she pressed open the big outer doors of the flats the wild wind caught her and floated her across the pavement. Where to? She got in, and smiling radiantly at the cross, cold-looking driver, she told him to take her to her hairdresser's. What would she have done without her hairdresser? Whenever Monica had nowhere else to go to or nothing on earth to do she drove there. She might just have her hair waved and by that time she'd have thought out a plan. The cross, cold driver drove at a tremendous pace and she felt herself be hurried from side to side. She wished he would go faster and faster. Oh, to be free of Princes' at one thirty, of being the tiny kitten in the swansdown basket, of being the Arabian, and the grave, delighted child and the little wild creature . . . . "Never again," she cried aloud, clenching her small fist. But the cab had stopped and the driver was standing holding the door open for her.

The hairdresser's shop was warm and glittering. It smelled of soap and burnt paper and wallflower brilliantine. There was Madame behind the counter, round, fat, white, her head like a powder puff rolling on a black satin pin cushion. Monica always had the feeling that they loved her in this shop and understood her—the real her—far better than many of her friends did. She was her real self here and she and Madame had often talked—quite
strangely—together. Then there was George who did her hair, young, dark, slender George. She was really fond of him.

But to-day—how curious! Madame hardly greeted her. Her face was whiter than ever, but rins of bright red showed round her blue bead eyes and even the rings on her pudgy fingers did not flash. They were cold, dead, like chips of glass. When she called through the wall telephone to George there was a note in her voice that had never been there before. But Monica would not believe this. No, she refused to. It was just her imagination. She sniffed greedily the warm, scented air and passed behind the velvet curtain into the small cubicle.

Her hat and jacket were off and hanging from the peg and still George did not come. This was the first time he had ever not been there to hold the chair for her, to take her hat and hang up her bag, dangling it in his fingers as though it were something he'd never seen before—something fairy. And how quiet the shop was! There was not a sound even from Madame. Only the wind blew, shaking the old house; the wind howled, and the portraits of Ladies of the Pompadour Period looked down and smiled, cunning and sly. Monica wished she hadn't come. Oh, what a mistake to have come! Fatal. Fatal.

Where was George? If he didn't appear the next moment she would go away. She took off the white kimono. She didn't want to look at herself any more. When she opened a big pot of cream on the glass shelf her fingers trembled. There was a tugging feeling at her heart as though her happiness—her marvellous happiness were trying to get free.

"I'll go. I'll not stay," she took down her hat. But just at that moment steps sounded, and looking in the mirror she saw George bowing in the doorway. How queerly he smiled! It was the mirror of course. She turned round quickly. His lips curled back in a sort of grin and—wasn't he unshaved?—he looked almost green in the face.

"Very sorry to have kept you waiting," he mumbled, sliding, gliding forward.

Oh, no, she wasn't going to stay. "I'm afraid," she began. But he had lighted the gas and laid the tongs across and was holding out the kimono.

"It's a wind," he said. Monica submitted. She smelled his fresh young fingers pinning the jacket under her chin. "Yes, there is a wind," said she, sinking back into the chair. And silence fell. George took out the pins in his expert way. Her hair tumbled back, but he didn't hold it as he usually did, as though to feel how fine and soft and heavy it was. He didn't say it "was in a lovely condition." He let it fall, and taking a brush out of a drawer he coughed faintly, cleared his throat and said dully: "Yes, it's a pretty strong one, I should say it was."

She had no reply to make. The brush fell on her hair. Oh, oh, how mournful, how mournful. It fell quick and light, it fell like leaves; and then it fell heavy, tugging like the tugging at her heart. "That's enough," she cried, shaking herself free.

"Did I do it too much?" asked George. He crouched over the tongs. "I'm sorry." There came the smell of burnt paper—the smell she loved, and he swung the hot tongs round in his hand, staring before him. "I shouldn't be surprised if it rained." He took up a piece of her hair when—she couldn't bear it any longer—she stopped him. She looked at him; she saw herself looking at him in the white kimono like a nun. "Is there something the matter here? Has something happened?"
But George gave a half shrug and a grimace. "Oh, no, Madame. Just a little occurrence." And he took up the piece of hair again. But, oh, she wasn't deceived.

That was it. Something awful had happened. The silence—really, the silence seemed to come drifting down like flakes of snow. She shivered. It was cold in the little cubicle, all cold and glittering. The nickel taps and jets and sprays looked somehow almost malignant. The wind rattled the window frame; a piece of iron banged, and the young man went on changing the tongs, coughing over her. Oh, how terrifying Life was, thought Monica. How dreadful. It is the loneliness which is so appalling. We whirl along like leaves and nobody knows—nobody cares where we fall, in what black river we float away. The tugging feeling seemed to rise into her throat. It ached, ached; she longed to cry. "That will do," she whispered. "Give me the pins." As he stood beside her, so submissive, so silent, she nearly dropped her arms and sobbed. She couldn't bear any more. Like a wooden man the gay young George still slid, glided, handed her her hat and veil, took the note and brought back the change. She stuffed it into her bag. Where was she going now?

George took a brush. "There is a little powder on your coat," he murmured. He brushed it away. And then suddenly he raised himself and, looking at Monica, gave a strange wave with the brush and said: 'The truth is, Madame, since you are an old customer—my little daughter died this morning. A first child—" and then his white face crumbled like paper and he turned his back on her and began brushing the cotton kimono. "Oh, oh," Monica began to cry. She ran out of the shop into the taxi. The driver, looking furious, swung off the seat and slammed the door again. "Where to?"

"Princes,'" she sobbed. And all the way there she saw nothing but a tiny wax doll with a feather of gold hair, lying meek, its tiny hands and feet crossed. And then just before she came to Princes she saw a flower shop full of white flowers. Oh, what a perfect thought. Lilies of the valley, and white pansies, double white violets and white velvet ribbon. . . . From an unknown friend . . . From one who understands . . . For a Little Girl. . . . She tapped against the window, but the driver did not hear; and anyway, they were at Princes' already.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD,

Poetry

CHINOISERIE

The song of life is in my ears,
The combative, complaining years,
The rumour of the strife that goads
Rebellious earth up heaven's high roads,
The song of sooty Mulciber,
Promethens from the rock unbound,
The belching horn, the spindle's purr,
A matter of besiegling sound.
The Titans come, and Jupiter
Must hand the foaming nectar round,
They make the thunder crow and clap,
The bald-head eagle skips with glee;
They roll in Aphrodite's lap,
And smutch the beds of iricce.

Ah, shattering engines, with your tread
Bring crashing down the ancient walls:
You cannot vex the quiet dead,
Nor rock the high, heaven-built halls
Your utmost fury cannot shake,
Behind its barricade of glass,
The cardboard city by the lake,
These high hill-lawns of fadeless grass,
But anchored in the idle creek.
All your fierce storms the junk outrides;
No foreign haven shall she seek,
Nor tempt the dangerous, deep-sea tides.
No chime shall flutter from the coves
Of those tall, tiled and bell-fringed towers;
No gust shall ever lift these leaves,
Nor finger pluck the almond flowers.
No twainy slave with aching back
Shall bear in bale or bulging sack
Camphor and civet, or smooth chests
Of shark-fins, sea-slugs, swallow-nests;*
Nor shuffle down the long bazaars
With sweet conserves in straw-bound jars.
The banners on their scarlet rods
Are stirless all: no winds assail
The image of the guardian gods,
The bearded dragon’s broderied mail.
The gilded leather, silken dyes,
Yak-tails and gems for idols’ eyes.
Litter the quays: with stiff brocade,
Smooth porcelain, amber, jet and jade.
And nob-and groups of ancient men—
Bald goosp—chat of tael and yen:
Long, long deferred the hour shall be
That breaks their stifling gloom.
But when old night invests the town,
And darkness on the dream comes down,
Across the gray and wrinkled wave
In the tall poop a light shall show,
And dangling from its slender stave
The paper lantern’s lunar glow.
And then a shadow soft shall fall
On the dusky street’s still carnival;
And beardless chins shall wag a while
And seem to bow and seem to smile.

G. M. Cookson.

JOHN AND MARGARET FEATHERSTONE

Why do you strike a match?
I want to see
What time it is, wife.
It is nearly three.
How do you know that, wife, without a light? I know.
You know? Well, sure enough, you’re right.
I cannot think...

You don’t remember then?
Remember, wife?
The memories of men!

But, husband, as it seems you don’t recall,
What makes you want to know the time at all?

I couldn’t say, wife: but I cannot get
A wink of sleep—as if my eyes were set
On something that they cannot see quite clear:
My thoughts keep fumbling something very near
That yet eludes them always. And just now
I felt that, rest or no rest, anyhow,
I must know what o’clock it was. But you—
I cannot think, wife, how it was you knew
Almost the very moment...

’Twas nigh three
A year ago when he smiled up at me;
And as within my arms he lay so still
I felt his body stiffen and grow chill
Against my bosom: and how should my breast
Forget the moment when his heart found rest?

Wilfred Wilson Gibson.

REVIEWS

THE OLD COMEDY

Philip Massinger. By A. H. Cruikshank, Professor of Greek in the University of Durham. (Oxford, Blackwell. 15s. net.)

In this country the co-operation between scholarship and criticism has never been so efficient as it has in France. Mr. Cruikshank modestly hopes that his book on Massinger will stimulate the production of similar books on other writers of the period. The ignorance of English literature is great; and we search our breasts in vain for an echo to his hope; the most we can expect is that subsequent writers on Massinger will be forced to recognize the existence of Mr. Cruikshank’s book. For it is a conscientious work, which contains, we suppose, all the information, and nearly all the serious speculations possible, about its subject. In expression of judgment and comparison, it is useful; for if any opinion is to be expressed of Mr. Cruikshank’s criticism, it is deficient rather than aberrant. It will lead no one astray and it ought to provoke reflection.

Massinger’s tragedy may be summarized for the unprepared reader as being very dreary. It is dreary, unless one is prepared by a somewhat extensive knowledge of his livelier contemporaries to grasp without fatigue precisely the elements in it which are capable of giving pleasure; or unless one is incited by a curious interest in versification. In comedy, however, Massinger was one of the few masters in the language. He was a master in a comedy which is serious, even sombre; and in one aspect of it there are only two names to mention with his: those of Marlowe and Jonson. In comedy, as a matter of fact, a greater variety of methods were discovered and employed than in tragedy. The method of Kyd, as developed by Shakespeare, was the standard for English tragedy down to Otway and to Shelly. But both individual temperament and varying epochs made more play with comedy. The comedy of Lyly is one thing; that of Shakespeare, followed by Beaumont and Fletcher, is another; and that of Middleton is a third. And Massinger, while he has his own comedy, is nearer to Marlowe and Jonson than to any of these.

Massinger was, in fact, as a comic writer, fortunate in the moment at which he wrote. His comedy is transitional; but it happens to be one of those transitions which contain some merit not anticipated by predecessors or refined upon by later writers. The comedy of Jonson is nearer to caricature; that of Middleton a more photographic delineation of low life. Massinger is nearer to Restoration comedy, and more like his contemporary—Shirley, in assuming a certain social level, certain distinctions of class, as a postulate of his comedy. This resemblance to later comedy is also the important point of difference between Massinger and earlier comedy. But Massinger’s comedy differs just as widely from the comedy of manners proper; he is closer to that in his romantic drama—in “A Very Woman”—than in “A New Way to Pay Old Debts”; in his comedy his interest is not in the follies of love-making or the absurdities of social pretence, but in the unmasking of villany. Just as the Old Comedy of Molière differs in principle from the New Comedy of Marivaux, so the Old Comedy of Massinger differs from the New Comedy of his contemporary Shirley. And as in France, so in England, the more farcical comedy was the more serious. Massinger’s great comic rogues, Sir Giles Overreach and Luke Frugal, are members of the large English family which includes Barabas and Sir Epicure Mammon, and from which Sir Tunbelly Clumsy claims descent.

What distinguishes Massinger from Marlowe and Jonson is the main an inferiority. The greatest comic characters
of these two dramatists are slight work in comparison with Shakespeare's best—Falstaff has a third dimension and Epicure Mammon has only two. But this slightness is part of the nature of the art which Jonson practised, a smaller art than Shakespeare's. The inferiority of Massinger to Jonson is an inferiority, not of one type of art to another, but within Jonson's type. It is a simple deficiency. Marlowe's and Jonson's comedies were a view of life: they were, as great literature is, the transfiguration of a personality into a personal work of art, their lifetime's work, long or short. Massinger is not simply a smaller personality: his personality hardly exists. He did not, out of his own personality, build a world of art, as Shakespeare and Marlowe and Jonson built.

In the fine pages which Remy de Gourmont devotes to Flaubert in his "Problème du Style," the great critic declares:

"La vie est un dépouillement. Le but de l'activité propre de l'homme est de nettoyer sa personnalité, de la laver de toutes les souillures qu'y déposa l'éducation, de la dégager de toutes les empreintes qu'y laissèrent nos admirations adolescentes;"

and again:

"Flaubert incorporait toute sa sensibilité à ses œuvres... Hors de ses livres, où il se transvasait goutte à goutte, jusqu'à la lie, Flaubert est fort peu intéressant..."

Of Shakespeare notably, of Jonson less, of Marlowe (and of Keats) to the term of life allowed him, one can say that they se transvasaient goutte à goutte: and in England, which has produced a prodigious number of men of genius and comparatively few works of art, there are not many writers of whom one can say it. Certainly not of Massinger. A brilliant master of technique, he was not, in this profound sense, an artist. And so we come to enquire how, if this is so, he could have written two great comedies. We shall probably be obliged to conclude that a large part of their excellence is, in some way which should be defined, fortuitous; and that therefore they are, however remarkable, not works of perfect art.

The objection raised by Leslie Stephen to Massinger's method of revealing a villain has great cogency; but I am inclined to believe that the cogency is due to a somewhat different reason from that which Leslie Stephen assigns. His statement is too apriorist to be quite trustworthy. There is no reason why a comedy or tragedy villain should not declare himself, and in as long a period as the author likes; but the sort of villain who may run on in this way is a simple villain (simple, not simplicissimus). Barabas and Volpone can declare their character, because they have no inside; appearance and reality are coincident; they are forces in particular directions. Massinger's two villains are not simple. Giles Overreach is essentially a great force directed upon small objects; a great force, a small mind: the terror of a dozen parishes instead of the conqueror of a world. The force is misapplied, attenuated, thwarted, by the man's vulgarity: he is a great man of the City, without fear, but with the most abject awe of the aristocracy. He is accordingly not simple, but a product of a certain civilization, and he is not wholly conscious. His monologues are meant to be, not what he thinks he is, but what he really is; and yet they are not the truth about him, and he himself certainly does not know the truth. To declare himself, therefore, is impossible.

Nay, when my ears are pierced with widow's cries, Andundo orphans wash with tears my threshold, I only think what 'tis to have my daughter Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity, Or the least sting of conscience.

This is the wrong note. Elsewhere we have the right:

Thou art a fool;
In being out of office, I am out of danger;
Where, if I were suspected of the trouble, I might or might not be under suspicion, or error,
Run myself finely into a prevarication,
And so become a prey to the informer,
No, I'll have none of it: 'tis enough I keep
Groady at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not.

And how well tuned, well modulated, here, the diction. The man is audible and visible. But from passages like the first we may be permitted to infer that Massinger was unconscious of trying to develop a different kind of character from any that Marlowe or Jonson had invented.

Lake Frugal, in "The City Madman," is not so great a character as Sir Giles Overreach. But Lake Frugal just misses being almost the greatest of all hypocrites. His humility in the first act of the play is more than half real. The error in his portrait is not the extravagant hocus-pocus of supposed Indian necromancers by which he is so easily duped, but the premature disclosure of villainy in his temptation of the two apprentices of his brother. But for this, he would be a perfect chameleon of circumstance. Here, again, we feel that Massinger was conscious only of inventing a rascal of the old simpler farce type. But the play is not a farce, in the sense in which "The Jew of Malta," "The Alchemist," "Bartholomew Fair" are farces. Massinger had not the personality to create great farce, and he was too serious to invent trivial farce. The ability to perform that slight distortion of all the elements in the world of a play or a story, so that this world is complete in itself, which was given to Marlowe and Jonson (and to Rabelais) and which is prerequisite to great farce, was denied to Massinger. On the other hand, his temperament was more closely related to theirs than to that of Shirley or the Restoration wits. His two comedies therefore occupy a place by themselves. His ways of thinking and feeling isolate him from both the Elizabethan and the later Caroline mind. He might almost have been a great realist; he is killed by conventions which were suitable for the preceding literary generation, but not for his. Had Massinger been a greater man, a man of more intellectual courage, the current of English literature immediately after him might have taken a different course. The comedy of perfect personality. He is not, however, the only man of letters who, at the moment when a new view of life is wanted, has looked at life through the eyes of his predecessors, and only at manners through his own.

Sonnets and Poems. By Edmund Holmes. Selected by T. J. Colden Sanderson (R. Colden Sanderson. 6s. net.)—Of all the gifts that fairy godmothers bring to infant poets in their cradles the most dangerous—and at the same time one of the most precious—is the gift of facility, the gift of copiousness. Chaucer and Shakespeare poured out their plenty with ease, and it was almost all good. Wordsworth wrote copiously, but not always with inspiration: he is improved by judicious selections. Mr. Colden Sanderson's anthology proofs. Mr. Holmes has the copiousness and facility of Wordsworth; his average is as interesting as, often more so than, Wordsworth's average: but his best is separated from Wordsworth's by the gulf that separates supreme poetry from poetry that is accomplished, thoughtful, interesting—everything but consummately inspired.

For there is never day so still, So killed to sleep, but some light breeze, Unmixed else, doth faintly till The topmost foliage of the trees, And those tall tapering cresses are stirred, And the eternal whisper heard.

Here we see Mr. Holmes at his best and giving utterance to a characteristic thought, to the thought which is fundamental in all these poems: that the eternal is close behind the transient, that the material world is a symbol of spiritual reality.
THE ATHENÆUM  JUNE 11, 1920

COALS TO NEWCASTLE

Roosevelt: An Intimate Biography. By William Roscoe Thayer. (Constable. 24s. net.)

In a passage describing the reception accorded to Roosevelt's addresses before Cambridge and Oxford Universities in 1910, Mr. Thayer remarks that there were doubtless carping critics, "dilettanti made tepid by over-culture, intellectual cormorants made heavy by too much information, who found novelty in what he said, and were insensible to the rush and freshness of his style."

We select this passage as being an admirable description, in American phraseology, of the important European reaction to Roosevelt, and, indeed, to America generally. Roosevelt certainly was, as his admirers claim, as typically American as one man can be, and what the tepid dilettanti of this country felt about Roosevelt is what they feel about America. Let us take the first part of Mr. Thayer's description: they "found no novelty in what he said."

Well, with the best will in the world, we cannot see that the dilettanti are to be despised for this. A culture sufficiently extensive to find no novelty in Mr. Roosevelt's remarks is perhaps fairly described as over-culture, and learning of this order may well make its possessor "tepid" and "heavy." But these gargantuan appetites are characteristic of Europe generally. Of the enormously extended European stratum represented by Roosevelt part of the general European comment would be that there is no novelty in what it says.

With respect to the second point, the rush and freshness of the style, we must remark that this torrent-analogy omits the consideration of direction. We have no desire to labour the obvious, but we think it useful to point out that energy, as such, may be envied, but not admired. The qualities in Roosevelt in which the Americans delighted, his energy and vehemence, are desirable in the sense that a good digestion and a well-regulated liver are desirable. In Europe, obsessed as we are by morality, we go on to ask what use is made of these attributes. It is possible to distinguish between a man's energy and his purpose and achievement. This division is made both in America and Europe, but whereas the European tendency is to direct attention to the purpose and achievement, the American tendency seems rather to confine attention to the energy. In the general consciousness of America, Mr. Roosevelt seems to have been classed with Niagara Falls and the Grand Cañon of Colorado, impressive phenomena witnessing to the fecundity of creation as manifested in the United States. It is this aspect of Mr. Roosevelt, his equivalent in horse-power, as it were, which evokes much of Mr. Thayer's admiration. With regard to his purpose, that is summed up for us in two phrases: in foreign policy "to speak softly and carry a big stick"; and in internal affairs, "to give everybody a square deal." With the ideal expressed in the first phrase all Europeans can sympathize; it has been the ideal of almost all their own statesmen. They cannot, therefore, be expected to find any novelty in it. The second phrase also has something familiar about it. It is not novel, although it is unintelligible. We have learned that phrases of this kind are merely hold-alls, that the content may be anything. Mr. Thayer's account is not sufficiently detailed for us to discover what it meant in this case. But we are enabled to see that Mr. Roosevelt would not regard any deal as square which fundamentally disturbed American social conditions. Lenin's deals, for instance, appealed to him as merely shapeless. The great trusts of the United States are the trade unions. The square, in fact, seemed to enjoy the properties usually attributed to a circle.

The American complaint is justified. We do not listen with attention to that which holds no novelty for us. Why should we?

INDUSTRIAL HISTORY


A Social and Industrial History of England, 1815-1918. By J. F. Rees. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

Historians, whether of Peloponnesian Wars or Holy Roman Empires or Trade Unions, ought to decide what their subject really is before they begin to write about it. At first sight this statement may seem silly and otiose to many people, but the prevalence of bad historians and worthless histories is very largely due to the confusion of this basic rule. To know what one wants to write about is really not so easy a matter as people who do not write books imagine. It is not enough to sit down in some quiet hour and say to oneself: "I will write a history of Trade Unions" or "I will write a social and industrial history of England from 1815 to 1918." The would-be historian must then take a step very rarely taken, but of the first importance; he must ask himself whether his history is to be a history of what are called facts or a history of what are called ideas. The difference in value between the two books under review springs almost entirely from the fact that their authors have answered this question differently.

Mr. Rees, indeed, has possibly never put the question to himself with this distinction. His book is mainly a history of facts. When one has read its 180 pages—a task by no means easy—one is left with a view of history distinct, but unintelligible. An infinite series of "facts" pop up out of the darkness of the universe, are illuminated for a second by Mr. Rees's rushlight, and then are submerged once more in unintelligible darkness. James Brindley constructs a canal to carry the coal of the Duke of Bridgewater: the price of wheat in 1785 is 10s.; a Reform Act is passed in 1832; 248 railway Bills were promoted in 1845-6; Joseph Arch entered the House of Commons in 1885; the Great War broke out in 1914, and this book was first published in 1920. We do not wish to be unfair to Mr. Rees, but that is literally the impression of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries which we have carried away from his history. He does, of course, continually mention ideas, but he has not got clear in his own mind the relative importance of those ideas and of the facts which were caused by them.

The new and revised edition of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's well-known book shows up Mr. Rees's weakness rather cruelly. Over and over again the two volumes cover exactly the same ground, and, despite Mr. and Mrs. Webb's passion for detail (and particularly for the detail of structure and organization), it is far easier to read and remember their 800 than Mr. Rees's 180 pages. That is because they are quite clear in their own minds as to the relative importance of facts and ideas. Their view of history is indicated in the title of their book; they are writing a history not of trade unions but of trade unionism. Their book probably contains just as many facts to the square inch as does that of Mr. Rees, but with them the fact is always subordinated to the ideas which produced it. One example will clearly show this difference. Mr. Rees tells us about the Osborne Judgment, and he leaves us with the impression that in 1909 the House of Lords delivered a judgment which had a great effect upon the trade unions and the Labour Party. Mr. and Mrs. Webb give us precisely the same facts, but they leave us with the impression that certain ideas, in the upper and middle classes caused the creation of the House of Lords to give a judgment which revolutionized the legal position of trade unions, and that this had a tremendous reaction upon working-class ideas. The difference thus stated may seem small; it is really enormous, for it is the difference between a chronologic table and a history.
SECRETS OF LONDON
Unknown London. By Walter George Bell. (Lane, 6s. 6d. net.) II.*

Much less familiar to "Westminster pilgrims" than the effigies in the Isip Chapel, described by Mr. Bell, are Abbot Litlington’s famous Jerusalem Chamber, the dignified comeliness of the interior of which is a revelation to beholders who previously have seen only the outside: the same abbot’s stately dining hall; and the Jericho Parlour, close by, with its striking linenfold paneling. To climb into John Bradshaw's "snugger" in the south-west tower of the Abbey, whence the Lord President’s ghost, uttering unseemly noises, has been said to emerge twice a year; to visit Henry V.’s Chapron, where he had the bones of Catherine of France; to view the Muniment Room; and above all, under the guidance of Mr. David Weller, to wander in the triforium gallery, behind the range of stilted columns, and to gaze upon the fine vistas and changing aspects presented by the open-traceried double arches—to survey these things is to learn that there is quite another Westminster Abbey than that ordinarily seen. The amazing triforium is a huge upper church, with an area of thousands of square feet, the existence of which is unsuspected by the few generalities of people.

Close to the Chapter House, but not now within the Abbey precincts, is Richard II.’s Jewel House, or Tower, which perhaps at one period was the monastic "look-up." Like the Chapel of the Pyx, it became one of the royal treasure houses, just as about a century earlier the crypt beneath the Chapter House had been employed as a "treasury of the wardrobe"—until 1306, when it was ransacked by Richard de Podlicote. This mediaeval "cracksmen" and his monastic accomplices must have been endowed with considerable prowess and a large price of diablerie. Used in later years as the Parliament Office, and now under the agis of the Board of Trade, the Jewel Tower, which is another fragment of really "unknown" London, has three floors: two basement rooms with groined roofs, seemingly Abbot Litlington’s work; a first floor with vaulting probably put in during the seventeenth-century restoration; and a top floor with this ancient roof. A good external view of the tower is obtainable from College Mall.

On the opposite side of Old Palace Yard the persistent explorer will discover a gem of original late Gothic work in the Cloister Court of the Houses of Parliament. This quadrangle of cloisters, and the annexed oratory (in which Cromwell is said to have signed Charles’s death warrant); the crypt of St. Stephen; and Westminster Hall; are the only remains of the mediaeval Royal Palace of Westminster. The general effect of the beautiful fan-vaulting recalls the cloisters of Gloucester Cathedral—and even, distantly, the Divinity School at Oxford, notwithstanding the smaller scale, the different treatment, and the absence of pendants. The cloisters of Westminster Palace ought to be included in the itinerary laid down for visitors to the Houses of Parliament; and it is to be hoped that the garish and wholly inharmonious hat-rails and other fittings which disfigure these cloisters, together with the personal possessions and adornments of our excellent legislators, will some day be swept into another sphere, or at all events into a more modern part of the spacious building set aside for their labours.

Mr. Bell devotes a chapter to the mumified head at St. Botolph’s Church, Aldgate, which nearly seventy years ago was discovered in the church of the Holy Trinity, Minories (at one period the Abbey Church of the Nunnery of St. Clare of Assisi). The head has long been conjectured, on the slenderest grounds, to be a relic of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, who was executed in 1554. Grey had lived in the Minories, after the surrender of the Abbey, but his body was buried in the Tower. The duchess married Adrian Stokes, Suffolk’s groom of the chambers, within a fortnight of the duke’s execution: so she does not seem to have been a very disconsolate or pious widow, who might have been likely to wish to remove the head to the church. The present writer considers that the alleged resemblance of this head to the portraits of Grey is fanciful, and that a lively imagination is required to discern a second axe-mark on the shrivelled and dingy skin of the neck. The plane of severance indicates that the head was separated by a single well-directed and powerful stroke. Moreover, a second axe-mark, if present, would not prove the head to be Grey’s. The appearance of the relic also points away from the hypothesis that it is a relic of the ghoul-like proceedings of a sexton of the parish who, in 1786, supplied himself and his cronies with wood by the simple method of sawing and chopping up the occupied coffins in the over-filled vaults. Two further suggestions have been made concerning the identity of this mysterious head. The more probable of these (referred to in a communication, dated February 15, 1912, from the Rev. J. A. Dodd, Rector of Ewthorne, to the Rev. J. F. Marr, Vicar of St. Botolph’s, to whom the reviewer is indebted for the loan of the letter) is that the head may be that of Edmund de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, who was executed in 1513. There is evidence that Edmund de la Pole interfered with his infant daughter, in St. Minories Church, and the last-named had been one of the nuns. Edmund’s father was John, Duke of Suffolk, but the title and estates were attainted; and Edmund, who on his pardon assumed only the title of earl, at a later date broke his word, and in 1502 adopted the title of duke. It appears highly probable that the soi-disant duke and the later Duke of Suffolk became mixed up in the minds of popular tradition-mongers. The remaining suggestion is based upon an uncompleted entry for April 28, 1554, in the Diary of Henry Machyn. The diarist, referring to the execution of Thomas Grey, Suffolk’s brother, says:

The xxvij day of April was hadded on Towrie Hyll, between ix and x of the cloke a-fone, my lord Thomas Grey, the duke of Suffolk’s bastard brother, and beord at Alhamecar’s Barklyn, and the hed [unfinished].

Machyn may have intended to add that the head was presented to one of the city gates; or, as has been suggested (R. Davey, "The Nine Days’ Queen: Lady Jane Grey and her Times," 1909), that it was deposited in some special place of safety—perhaps the Abbey Church of the Minories. Here the problem must be left to the surmises of readers.

Another City church, St. James’s, Garlick Hill, possesses a disconcerting puzzle. Less known even than the head at St. Botolph’s, the relic at St. James’s has been supposed to be the mumified body of a Lord Mayor of long ago: but there is no evidence in support of this hypothesis.

The illustration facing page 168, showing the artistically terrifying statue of Charles I., which from 1672-1738 stood in the Stocks Market, and originally represented John Sobieski, King of Poland, suggests a remarkable resemblance in style to a ridiculous copper-gilt effigy of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, which since 1755 has decorated the Hauptplatz of Dresden Neustadt. This statue, by Wiedemann of Augsburg, shows the Elector dressed as a Roman, with a full-bottomed wig. He is perched on a horse, the head of which is too small, and the animal seems to be partly balanced on its tail. It is scarcely likely that both these features came from the same designer’s hand. But the question arises in the mind—was the Dresden...
bogy a case of the sincerest form of flattery, on the part of the classically-inspired Wiedemann.

On page 205 is an allusion to "the late Member of Parliament ... who invented the safety Lucifer match." Presumably this was Mr. (afterwards Sir) Isaac Holden, who, it is common knowledge for many years declared that in 1829 he had invented matches ignitable by friction. It is not so well known that at Keighley, in 1893, he publicly renounced his claim to priority. Sir Isaac's idea had been, not a safety match, nor a match ignitable by friction, but the use, as a basis for a friction match, of a sulphur-coated splint—another matter altogether. The inventor of the friction match (1827) was John Walker of Stockton-on-Tees; and safety matches were invented by Lundström, of Jönköping, Sweden, in 1855.

E. G. C.

A NEW MYSTIC?
The Release of the Soul. By Gilbert Cannan. (Chapman & Hall, 5s. net.)

In the year 1916 Mr. Cannan attained to a condition in which he could think with an extraordinary clarity, but without words. He still preserved the habit of writing, but his writing had nothing to do with his increasing activity—an activity which absorbed every motion and every thought, and finally began to express itself in symbols. One of these symbols burned itself into his brain in whirling fire. Presently it ceased to whirl, and took the form of a circle cut out by two diameters at right angles to one another. At this moment Mr. Cannan knew that something had been born into the world of such tremendous importance that the disasters then overtaking his country and mankind were in comparison trivial. But he could not connect this something with the life around him until one day he lettered the two diagonals AA' and BB'. The centre of the circle he marked G. After doing this his mind became subject to convulsions. He decided, in a "convulsion of approval," that G stood for God. The point A he took to be Man. He tried some simple combinations, but as they were attended by no convulsions he did not adopt them. Then, lying alone one day in a cornfield, he called the swaying corn B, and his imagination "almost expired of convulsions." After that, he says, he lost all interest "in A and B and mathematics," and said good-bye to his intellect "without a pang of regret."

One would expect a book written after such a renunciation to be unusual, and Mr. Cannan's new book is, indeed, unusual. To one unversed in such matters it seems to belong to what are roughly called "mystic" writings. The words God, Soul, Life, occur with extraordinary frequency, but the variety of their syntactical connections throws no light on their meanings. Since we are neither provided with, nor enabled to deduce, definitions of Mr. Cannan's chief terms, we find his book unintelligible. In this we must differ from some other people, or else there would be no point in Mr. Cannan writing his book.

Nevertheless, whether it is that Mr. Cannan has unwittingly allowed some admixture of intellect in the book, or whether we have a greater degree of mystical insight than we supposed, we do gain certain impressions from it. We gather that Mr. Cannan finds the present state of society undesirable, and that he thinks more attention should be paid to the "spiritual" values in life. In this we are happy to agree with him. He also thinks that the great art of the future will be the drama, since it can most profoundly stir the group consciousness of the people. We doubt the implied criterion for art, and we doubt the statement of fact. But we find it an interesting point of view, and must be forgiven for our wish that there were more such intelligible "bits" scattered through the book.

CONVERSATIONAL OPINIONS
About It and About. By D. Willoughby. (Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.)

The successful Essayist must have either a rare personality, or the secret of a nicely-compounded mixture of qualities, wherein no ingredient is so persistently dominant that we weary of the flavour. For we read essays as we listen to monologues, with—can it be doubted?—a latent hostility towards this assertion of another individuality. What qualifies the gentleman to talk at large?

Mr. Willoughby succeeds in lulling the spirit of carping inquiry. We listen with no impatience to what he has to say, and if thereafter we do indeed come out by the same door as in we went, it is not without an appreciable improvement in our spirits. Roughly speaking, Mr. Willoughby touches on all the burning or still glowing topics of the day, on peace and war, on housing, on Labour, on Ireland, on servants civil and domestic, and many other more or less immediate doubts and difficulties. If our opinion does not invariably coincide with his, we constantly appreciate an optimism which looks intelligently round the menacing horizon without losing its temper or good cheer. Possibly service in the war has developed and steeled this trait in those who originally possessed it; it is a kind of intellectual gallantry. This quality, and the good-humour with which it is allied, are particularly noteworthy since Mr. Willoughby is no more satisfied with the present course of the world than might be expected of one who looks upon it with open-eyed and unprejudiced intelligence. But whatever misgivings may result from the survey, he keeps his head, avoiding the two rocks of sentiment—regret and indignation. He has neither tears for the ideals that have fallen, nor rage for those just tottering to discredit.

He considers the Primrose League or the British Matron in a pleasantly satirical mood; he can discuss public schools without excitement, the daily newspaper with charity.

Mr. Willoughby is no less definitely modern in his manner than in the topics he discusses. In one respect, however, he follows an older tradition, making wide use of literary and other allusions and anecdotes. It is not in him an archaic affectation, and it creates a reassuring atmosphere, as of the continuity and stability of human interests. But he has not invariably used this legitimate and instructive method of illustration with the discretion which would render it most effective. We have a sense, at times, that an appropriate page of the commonplace-book is defraying our entertainment. Anecdotes and allusions, like quotations or trespassers, must carry off their intrusion with a certain casual or inevitable air.

The rational good-humour characteristic of the book, a really precious quality at this time, naturally brings over in laughter, spontaneous and frequent enough to convey to the reader a feeling of expectant animation. Occasionally, and only quite noticeably perhaps in the not very helpful remarks on "Certain Artists," the easy note of mirth has been forced, and we lose sight of the sanity and vigour which commend the book as a whole, and find ourselves momentarily in the undifferentiated waste of cleverish printed matter.

But if we note these blemishes, we would not give them undue importance, or allow them to spoil the impression with which we close this entertaining book. And to the last epithet we will add: comforting. For Mr. Willoughby's cheerfulness is not a mood he will lay aside with his pen; if he can look undismayed at the wreckage of the storm and the continued unpropitious weather, it is that he turns again resolutely towards an ideal that lifts above the clouds—the brave hope of the League of Nations.

F. W. S.
"AURELIA"

Aurelia and Other Poems. By Robert Nichols. (Chatto, 5s.)

Mr. Nichols has adopted the principle of the apple-women who put their most attractive fruit at the top of the basket. The "Four Idylls"—with which his book opens—are by far the best things in this latest collection of his poems; in many ways, we are inclined to think, the best things he has yet written. We see displayed in them all those poetical qualities by which Mr. Nichols's most satisfying work is distinguished—fulness and melodiousness of utterance, a flow and a copiousness, a natural grand manner recalling, at its best, the thunders of the Giant Age before the flood. In an Age where a certain dryness, a curiously costive habit of mind distinguish the work of too many of our poets, it is satisfactory to find someone who believes in the grand poetical manner and can give us such a fine example of it as "The Sprig of Lime." This poem, the most happily conceived and executed of the "Four Idylls," belongs in the best sense to the great tradition. It is not one of those carefully manufactured sham antiques, of which we have seen recently only too many examples—pieces that remind one of the works of the poets of the past, and yet are as profoundly different from them as the Academy picture, painted according to a mixed formula derived from all the recognized masters, is different from a picture by Raphael or Velasquez or Rembrandt. It is something new and individual expressing itself in established poetical forms.

Scatter your fumes, O lime,
Loose from each his rigid star of citron bloom,
Tangled beneath the labyrinthine boughs,
Cloud on such stinging cloud of exhalation
As reeks of youth, fierce life, and summer's prime ....

Tinge the air
Of the midsummer night that now begins,
At an owl's soaring flight from dusk to dusk,
And downward from the giddy bat,
Hawking against the lustre of bare skies,
With something of thy unfathomable bliss
He, who lies dying here, knew once of old
In the serene trance of a summer night,
When with th' abundance of his young bride's hair
Loosed on his breast he lay and dared not sleep,
Listening for the scarlet motion of your boughs,
Which sighed with bliss as she with helpless sleep,
And drinking desperately each homied wave
Of perfume wafted past the ghostly blind,
First knew th' impenetrable and bitter sense
Of Time that hates all who need not hate,
Shed your last sweetness, limes!

This is surely "the right thing" (though one is not quite sure of that giddy bat and one or two other words and phrases in the poem which border perilously on fustian). If Mr. Nichols can repeat and develop the achievement of the "Four Idylls" and of parts of his earlier "Faun's Holiday," he will, we think, secure for himself a pretty safe and definite niche in the cathedral of our poetry.

But if the "Sprig of Lime" is the right thing, "Aurelia," the sonnet sequence which gives its name to the volume, is distinctly the wrong thing. In these sonnets Mr. Nichols has deliberately challenged, by his matter and manner, comparison with Shakespeare. He has asked for it; let us see then what happens when we put "Aurelia" to the touch. The Shakespearean sonnet, with its balanced antitheses and contrasting repetitions, is a form specially devised for expressing the greatest amount of thought in the smallest possible space. It is a form which, apart from its content, has many charms. It possesses a peculiarly rich chiming music of its own—a music that was constantly abused by the lesser sonneteers and lyrists of Shakespeare's day, who employed the antitheses and repetitions, so praised by the great intellectual poet, with endlessly subtle possibilities of compressed argument and description, simply as so many sounding bells and cymbals. Shakespeare's worst sonnets are little better than the exercises in chiming sound of his contemporaries. And his best, if you choose to read them with the doors of your intelligence closed, are superficially, tunes written according to the same receipt. Mr. Nichols seems, in most of his sonnets, to have taken Shakespeare's superficial melody without Shakespeare's intellectual content. A foreigner, who did not understand English, might listen to the reading of a sonnet by Shakespeare and a sonnet by Mr. Nichols and imagine, from the mere sound of the words, the cadences and phrasing, that the two poems were very similar. But listen to them with the intellect as well as with the outer ear, and you will find them very different. Taking up the volume of Shakespeare's sonnets we select almost at random one from among the poems liked in general theme to Mr. Nichols's sonnets of passionate love for a hateful woman.

When my love sweats that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue.
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

These fourteen lines are packed with a whole complicated spiritual drama; to the making of them has gone an immense amount of observation and analysis. Reading such a sonnet one can understand the meaning of Wordsworth's criticism: "Shakespeare could not have written an epic; he would have died of a plethora of thought." He had to canalize his thought in dramatic form, force it through the narrow fountains of the sonnet. We turn now to Mr. Nichols's sequence, and are struck at once by the emptiness of his sonnets. The fountains are there, with their flared tritons, their curved and laughing masks; but the water, the living water of thought that should lend significance to the whole design—where is it? A little trickle runs from the dolphin mouths, slowly and intermittently overbrims the cornucopias of the allegoric figures. That is all. It will be well to quote an example.

Corrupt, corrupt!—the mildness of your eyes,
Your patience and the dangers that are worse
In every look some miracle of lies,
In every gesture fount of painless fair.
Wherefore this instant gentleness of use,
Which looks me safe, and yet I fear itignon
To further a more deliberate abuse,
Or by a feared divulgence past constrained?
Learn, did I mark the North wind norward blow,
Tinderwood sink where floated clumsy iron,
Fire in a still pool freeze, frost chafing blow,
And the plump eve slaughter the starving lion,
I would believe all self from self estranged
Sorener than in that I am changed.

The content of this is extraordinarily small. A meagre and simple thought is expanded, by means of the technical devices of Elizabethan diction, into fourteen lines. Shakespeare, on the other hand, compresses a very large and complicated series of thoughts into a sonnet, making the conventional antitheses and repetitions to express in the smallest possible space the elaborate pros and cons of emotional and intellectual strife. Mr. Nichols, like many of the minor Elizabethan lyrists, uses them simply for the sake of their sound, their rich baroque handsomeness of appearance. That is the principal and, to our mind, damming defect of his sonnets. They have no substance. The fountains are dry, the parched stone faces open their mouths to no purpose; we are at a loss to see why the monument was built.
MORE than once in reading this attractive little book have we been visited by the suspicion that Mr. Ward is a very delicate and subtle ironist. This may be merely a tribute to his originality, or it may be an indication of a disagreement so profound as to make it difficult for us to suppose that Mr. Ward was completely serious. We believe, however, that our suspicion was unjustified; what we were inclined to regard as a disproof by a reducio ad absurdum is to be taken as a strange, but logical, consequence of principles in which Mr. Ward believes.

Mr. Ward’s book is divided into two parts: “Manners” and “Morals.” In the first part is developed a theory of Life, of Reality, of the nature of Knowledge. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Ward is deceptively simple. He is, in reality, both original and subtle, but he is so easy to read that there is a constant temptation to read too fast. In his analysis of “desire,” for example, he begins by instancing a baby crying for something. This seems to reduce “desire” to sufficiently simple terms, but it is a deceptive simplicity. We gradually become aware that Mr. Ward is surveying this term from a slightly odd angle, until presently, after a discussion of “Activity” and the function of “Knowledge,” we find the remark:

“It will be seen that what has hitherto been called desire is really the same as value, and that the terms are interchangeable. Which is the better term would be hard to decide; both have to be used a little out of their ordinary meaning.”

The meaning attributed to these terms by Mr. Ward only becomes clear by following out his whole argument. Desire and Activity are of the essence of man’s nature. They are different for each man, for the profoundest reality in each man is unique and incommunicable. It cannot be the subject of knowledge, for knowledge can only be stated in “general” terms. The “particular,” in every case, cannot be the subject of knowledge. Thought exists to give purpose and variety to activity. This activity manifests itself in life as the playing of games.

The interest of life is the interest of a game. I play for certain stakes; if I play for nothing else I must play for my food. But with a mind I can diversify the game. I set myself this goal or that, and perhaps make certain moves, which may not be thinking out. I meet various impediments against which I must take measures. When I reach my goal I find others beyond. So the interest never ceases till life ceases.

It follows that “such conceptions as happiness and unhappiness are really foreign to life. There exists neither the one nor the other. There are degrees of interest only.”

There is much, we believe, that is true in Mr. Ward’s theory, although, as part of its foundations consists of a theory of knowledge, it is, of course, interminably debatable.

But the most provocative and stimulating part of Mr. Ward’s argument is developed in the second section of the book, the section dealing with Morals. We are introduced to that familiar object, the something “good in itself and apart from the uses to which it can be put: absolutely good, as the phrase goes.” But our natural fear of being once more exercised on the old treadmill proves to be delightfully unwarranted. We are told, almost immediately, that this absolutely good something is found most clearly in the taboo. The act enjoined by a taboo is good in itself, and, as Mr. Ward says, a “sacred taboo.”

If an act is entirely senseless, it is difficult to show that it is a moral act—assuming the “absolute” theory of morals, of course. For if it is not entirely senseless it may be useful, and the more useful it is the more doubtful becomes the purity of its moral nature. Some savage customs, however, seem so completely idiotic that we can only suppose them to be “absolutely good.” In the morality of our own race and time this absolute quality is, to some extent, obscured. Humanistic morality preaches nothing, Mr. Ward thinks, that is not also counselled by mere prudence.

In other words, there is no difference ultimately between selfishness and altruism, inasmuch as a proper regard for one’s own interest is a proper regard for the interests of others.

It is, in fact, probably impossible to point out the indubitably moral element in any given complex, and human life, as a whole, bears no resemblance at all to that of a moral being. But to expect that it should is to display a complete misunderstanding of the nature of the moral consciousness and of life. Mr. Ward here reaches the most stimulating part of his theory. He asserts that “the moral consciousness does not depend on our brain cells.” The moral consciousness, for one thing, demands free-will; but man cannot exercise free-will. We are free only within limits; we are good, then, only within limits. Since our responsibility is not absolute, our acts cannot be moral. Important factors, the components of our own being and surroundings, the fact that we are alive with this life, are not within our control. To be good we must be free, and we are not free. The moral consciousness can only pass negative judgments; it can only say, “What is ought not to be;” it cannot go on to say what should be, for that requires conditions of which we have not, and cannot have, any experience. The whole conception of “ought,” therefore, rests on an error. The moral consciousness, therefore, has no relation to practice.

But not only the nature of morality, but the nature of life, shows us that the two are fundamentally opposed:

Facts are too strong: from the first breath to the last life is in essence cruel. There is nothing that lives but lives on the life of something else; such things as disease and death, or even the merely inessential to existence, are a form of moral dignity. . . . A moral being can, no doubt, bear suffering with fortitude: but the thing or being that forced this suffering upon him is not moral.

And when men learn to separate life and morality, when they realize that life is given them on terms which make a moral life impossible, what will happen? Mr. Ward sketches two possibilities. On the one hand, man may find life intolerable; he may prefer extinction. On the other, life may assume new forms. Life has produced the bee-community, the nest-building instincts of birds—can who can say what its possibilities may be?

Mr. Ward’s concluding chapter is almost the most original of them all. On the basis of his theory that all activity is of the nature of a game or problem to be solved, he explains the comical or the witty as that which furnishes an unfamiliar solution of a familiar problem. We are familiar with falling down, for instance, but not with falling as a clown falls. An ingenious move in chess will make us laugh. For a jest to be permanent, therefore, it should be based on a condition familiar to everybody, and a condition which is a permanent source of surprise. These conditions are precisely fulfilled by the appearance of the moral consciousness. The contrast between man as he is and his claims as a moral being is a never-failing surprise. The sense of humour is “the subtest and most permanent exemplification of the moral consciousness.”

We have reproduced Mr. Ward’s arguments at some length—although they are too closely-knit for such a sketch—to do justice to the richness of his arguments. He follows from his premises and his conclusions still occupy an important position in moral philosophy. Those who accept them may find Mr. Ward’s conclusions distasteful; that man’s acquaintance with the “absolutely good” should involve the completely non-moral character of life may seem a little disconcerting. To others Mr. Ward’s result will appear as a reducio ad absurdum. There may even be moments when, like ourselves, they suspect Mr. Ward of irony.
GROWTH OF THE SOIL. By Knut Hamsun, (Gyldendal, 9s. net.)

It is difficult to account for the fact that "Growth of the Soil," the latest novel by the famous Norwegian writer, is only the second of his works to be translated into English. Knut Hamsun is no longer young; he has fulfilled his early promise and his reputation is assured and yet, except for "Shallow Soil," which was published some years ago, we have had nothing but the echo of his fame to feed upon. Perhaps this is not wholly lamentable. How often we find ourselves wishing that we had the books of some writer we treasure to read for the first time, and if the novel before us is typical of Knut Hamsun's work—as we have every reason to believe it is—there is a feast before us. Here, at least, are four hundred and six pages of small type excellently translated, upon which we congratulate the Norwegian publishers and the translator, whose name does not appear.

If "Growth of the Soil" is to be said to have any plot at all—any story—it is the very ancient one of man's attempt to live in fellowship with Nature. It is a trite saying when we are faced with a book which does renew for us the wonder and the thrill of that attempt that never was a time when its message was more needed. But solitude is no cure for sorrow, and virgin country will not make anyone forget the desolation he has seen. Such a life is only possible for a man like the hero, Isak, a man who has known no other and can imagine none. Nevertheless, there is something in the hearts of nearly all of us an infinite delight in reading of how the track was made, the bush felled, the log hut built, so snug and warm with its great chimney and little door, and of how there were animals to be driven to the long pastures, goats and sheep and a red and white cow. In the opening chapter of "Growth of the Soil," Knut Hamsun gives us the picture of an immense wild landscape, and there is a track running through it, and we spy a man walking towards the north carrying a sack.

This or that, he comes: the figure of a man in this great solitude. He trudges on; bird and beast are silent all about him; now and again he utters a word or two speaking to himself. "Eyah—well, well . . ." so he speaks to himself. Here and there, where the moors give place to a kindlier spot, an open space in the midst of the forest, he lays down the sack and goes exploring; after a while he returns, leaves the sack on his shoulders again, and trudges on. So through the day, no tinge in the sun: night falls, and he throws himself down on the heather, resting on one arm . . .

The man is Isak. It is extraordinary, how, while we follow him in his search for the land he wants, the author gives us the man. His slowness and simplicity, his immense strength and determination, even his external appearance, short, sturdy, with a red beard sticking out and a frown that is not anger, are as familiar as if we had known him in our childhood. It is, indeed, very much as though we were allowed to hold him by the hand and go with him everywhere. The place is found; the hut is built, and a woman called Inger comes from over the hills and lives with him. Gradually, but deeply and largely, their life grows and expands. We are taken into it and nothing is allowed to escape us, and just as we accepted Isak so everything seems to fall into place without question. "Growth of the Soil" is one of those few novels in which we seem to escape from ourselves and to take an invisible part. We suddenly find to our joy that we are walking into the book as Alice walked into the looking-glass and the author's country is ours. It is wonderfully rich, satisfying country, and of all those who dwell in it, gathered round the figures of Isak and Inger, there is not one who does not live. At the end Isak is an old man and his life is ebbing, but the glow, the warmth of the book seems to linger. We feel, as we feel with all great novels, that nothing is over.

K. M.

THE TALL VILLA. By Lucas Malet. (Collins, 7s. 6d. net.)

"But I haven't been alone."

And even this moaning morsel of confession ensued; so that there would, how gladly, have let things rest. For all the encomposing of a thorough and detailed confidence sprang glaringly into evidence directly her countenance made itself manifest.

"Not alone, darling Fan? So very much the better—but how exciting! And who, if I'm not too impatiently inspective in asking, was your much-to-be-envied guest?"

"Ah, my dear, if I could tell you." Frances, after an instant's hesitation, said as she rose, all of a piece, to her feet . . .

This quotation from "The Tall Villa," though nicely typical of the author's latest style of writing is, we assure the reader, a by no means extravagant example. For the first fourteen pages we are not particularly conscious of any peculiarity, but then with a sentence that finishes: "so that there really remained to her, as means of loco motion, only bus, Underground, the elusive taxi or her own slender, high-instepped feet," this vague reminiscent perfume, as the author might say, begins to unbottle itself. On page forty-one the odour is become so pungent that we do not know whether to laugh or to cry. The heroine, startled by a sound which she takes for a pistol shot and her husband for a motor tyre, is in his arms. He is ogling her eyes with an avidity which...
MARGINALIA

I have recently been fortunate in securing a copy of that very rare and precious novel "Delina Delaney," by Amanda M. Ros, author of "Irene Iddesleigh" and "Poems of Puncture." Mrs. Ros's name and fame are known to a small and select band of lovers of literature. But by these few she is highly prized; one of her readers, it is said, actually was at the pains to make a complete manuscript copy of "Delina Delaney," so great was his admiration and so hopelessly out of print was the book. Let me recommend the volume, Mrs. Ros's masterpiece, to the attention of enterprising publishers. 

"Delina Delaney" opens with a tremendous, an almost, in its richness of vituperative eloquence, Rabelaisian denunciation of Mr. Barry Pain, who had, it seems, treated "Irene Iddesleigh" with scant respect in his review of the novel in Black and White. "This so-called Barry Pain, by name, has taken upon himself to criticize a work, the depth of which fails to reach the solving power of his borrowed, and, he'd have you believe, varied talent," But "I care not for the opinion of half-starved upstarts, who don the garb of a shabby-genteel, and fain would feed the mind of the people with the worthless scraps of stolen fancies." So perish all reviewers! And now for Delina herself. 

The story is a simple one. Delina Delaney, daughter of a fisherman, loves and is loved by Lord Gifford. The baleful influence of a dark-haired Frenchwoman, Madame de Maine, daughter of the Count-av-Nevo, comes between the lovers and their happiness, and Delina undergoes fearful torments, including three years' penal servitude, before their union can take place. It is the manner, rather than the matter, of the book which is remarkable. Here, for instance, is a fine conversation between Lord Gifford and his mother, an aristocratic dame who strenuously objects to his connection with Delina. Returning one day to Columba Castle she hears an unpleasant piece of news: her son has been seen kissing Delina in the conservatory.

"'Home again, mother?' 'He boldly uttered, as he gazed reverently in her face.'

"'Home to Hades!' returned the raging high-bred daughter of distinguished effeminacy."

"'Ah me! what is the matter?' meekly inquired his lordship.

"Everything is the matter with a broken-hearted mother of low-minded offspring,' she answered hotly..." Henry Edward Ludlow Gifford, son of my strength, idealized remain of my inert husband, who at this moment invisibly offers the scourging whip of fatherly authority to your backbone of resentment (though for years you think him dead to your movements) and pillar of maternal trust."

Poor Lady Gifford! her son's behaviour was her undoing. The shock caused her to lose first her reason and then her life. Her son was heart-broken at the thought that he was responsible for her downfall:

"Is it true, O Death," I cried in my agony, "that you have wrested from me my mother, Lady Gifford of Columba Castle, and left me here a young lady figuring on the blackboard of those that they the shalay surface of the present and fileke field of the future to track my life-steps, with gross indifference to her wished-for wish?"

"Blind she lay to the presence of her son, who charged her death-gun with the powder of accumulated wrath."

It is impossible to suppose that Mrs. Ros can ever have read Euphues or the earlier novels of Robert Green. How then shall we account for the extraordinary resemblance to Euphues of her style? how explain those rich alliterations, those elaborate "kennings" and circumlocutions of which the fabric of her book is woven?

Take away from Lyly his erudition and his passion for antithesis, and you have Mrs. Ros. Delina is own sister to Euphues and Pandosto. The fact is that Mrs. Ros happens, though separated from Euphues by three hundred years and more, to have arrived independently at precisely the same stage of development as Lyly and his disciples. It is possible to see in a growing child a picture in miniature of all the phases through which humanity has passed in its development. And, in the same way, the mind of an individual (especially when that individual has been isolated from the main current of contemporary thought) may climb, alone, to a point at which, in the past, a whole generation has rested. In Mrs. Ros we see, as we see in the Elizabethan novelists, the result of the discovery of art by an unsofisticated mind and its conscious attempt to produce the artistic. It is remarkable how late in the history of civilized literature simplicity is invented. The first attempts of any people to be consciously literary are always productive of the most elaborate artificiality. Poetry is always written before prose and always in a language as remote as possible from the language of ordinary life. The language and versification of "Boewulf" are far more artificial and remote from life than those of, say, "The Rape of the Lock." The Euphuists were not barbarians making their first discovery of literature; they were, on the contrary, highly educated. But in one thing they were unsophisticated; they were discovering prose. They were realizing that prose could be written with art and they wrote it as artificially as they possibly could, just as their Saxon ancestors who thought they had become intoxicated with the discovery of artifice. It was some time before the intoxication wore off and men saw that art was possible without artifice. Mrs. Ros, an Elizabethan born out of her time, is still under the spell of that magical and delicious intoxication.

Mrs. Ros's artifices are often more remarkable and elaborate even than Lyly's. This is how she tells us that Delina earned money by doing needlework.

She tried hard to keep herself a stranger to her poor old father's slight income by the use of the finest production of steel, whose blunt edge eyed the ready covering with marked greed and offered its sharp dart to faultless fabrics of flaxen fineness.

And Lord Gifford parts from Delina in these words:

I am just in time to hear the toll of a parting bell strike its heavy weight of appalling softness against the weakest fibres of a heart of love, arousing and tickling its dormant action, thrusting the dart of evident separation deeper into its tubes of tenderness, and fanning the flame, already unextinguishable, into volumes of burning blaze.

But more often Mrs. Ros does not exceed the bounds which Lyly set for himself. Here, for instance, is a sentence that might have come direct out of Euphues:

"Two days after, she quit Columba Castle and resolved to enter the holy cloisters of a convent, where, she believed she'd be dead to the business of worldly wealth, the crocking of worldly distinction, and the designing creases [sic] in the muddy stream of love."

Or again, this description of the artful charmers who flout along the streets of London is written in the very spirit and language of Euphues:

"Their hair was a light-golden colour, thickly fringed in front, hiding in many cases the furrows of a life of vice; behind, reared coals, some of which differed in hue, exhibiting that they were on patrol for the price of another supply of dye. . . . The elegance of their attire had the glow of robbery—the rustle of many a lady's silent curse. These tools of brazen effrontery were strangers to the blush of innocence that tinged a many cheek, as they would gather round some of God's ordained, praying in flowery words of decaying Cockney, that they should break their holy vows by accompanying them to the halls of adultery. Nothing daunted at such a different division, their talk was interrupted by their bold assertion of loathsome rights, they moved on, while laughters of hidden rage and defeat flitted across their droll-decked faces, to die as they next accosted some rustic-looking creature. Their tempting were their polished twang, their earnest advances, their pitiful entreaties, yielded, in their ignorance of the ways of a large city, to their glibby offers, and accompanied, with slight hesitation, these artificial sheds of immorality to their homes of ruin, degradation and shame."

AUTOLYCUS.
LITERARY GOSSIP

We have tried to form the habit of beginning these notes while the past week's ATHENÆUM is at press. These words are therefore written on June 2. In every sense a dies mirabilis. Perfect weather, Derby Day, Mr. Hardy's birthday, the news that Mr. Charles Garvice left over £70,000. And while these things are soothing in our minds, there is an undercurrent of impatience to know the winner of the Derby. Spion Kop! And we were given that horse by an unknown fellow-traveller in a railway carriage on Whit-Monday, 100 to 6 against! It might have been a dies mirabilissimus; and we might have laid the foundations of a fortune to rival Mr. Garvice's.

This is not literary gossip. Far from it. But what is a man doing in an office on a perfect Derby Day which is also Mr. Hardy's birthday? Literary gossip is inhuman. We ought to know how many times the Derby has been mentioned in literature, how many novel heroes have backed the winner. We know neither of these things. Why on earth did not Dickens write of Derby Day? He and he alone could have done justice to the national festival of Epson. Surely he would not have missed the opportunity of rising to the height of this unique Derby Day of 1920: a concentration of national institutions, among which we reckon not only Mr. Hardy, but Mr. Garvice also (above all with £70,000).

In any case the way the literary gossip is hard in England. Paris is a seething cauldron of literary rumour compared with London. For instance, we take up two of the current French reviews. In one we find the answers of some thirty eminent literary men to the impertinent (yet intriguing) question, 'Why do you write?' In the other, the answers of as many more to the puzzling query, 'Why no great French poet comes from the French Midi?' In these answers there is the stuff of a bookful of gossip.

One question, however, occurs to us. How many English poets of the distinction of the Comtesse de Noailles would be so charming as to reply to the impertinent question with this delightful verse?

J'écrit parce que le jour où je ne serai plus
On sait comme l'air et le plaisir m'ont plu
Et que mon livre porte à la foule future
Comme j'aimais la vie et l'heureuse nature.

And we should not like to omit the laconic answer of Knut Hamsun, whose masterly work is in process of being made familiar to English readers: 'I write to shorten time.'

One of the most practicable of the remedies or mitigations for the continual increase in the price of books is to publish them in paper covers. The other day we had in our hands a publisher's estimate of costs for an edition of 2,000 copies of a book. The total cost of printing and binding was £230. The binding amounted to £90. The proportion is enormous, and out of all relation to the actual value of the binding to the book-reader. At least sixpence a copy could be saved by the use of paper covers. We invite our readers' opinions on this question. At present librarians, booksellers and publishers are of opinion that the public will not buy unbound books. Frankly, we find it hard to believe that the public is so stupid.

But, of course, paper is the real trouble. We dislike the present habit of authors, when they foregather to air their grievances, of treating the printer as the chief culprit. On the whole, the rise in wages in the printing trade is reasonable; printers need a living wage as much as authors, and they have as good a right to it. The villain of the piece is the pulp-merchant, and the present price of paper may, without exaggeration, be called a menace to civilization. We think it extremely regrettable that authors should, by their careless language, lead the printer to believe that they are his natural enemies.

The current number of the Bookshelf, which is the house organ of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, is distinguished by some well-written literary notes on a very actual question, the temptation of the modern novelist to overwrite. Perhaps it is rather a necessity than a temptation. The most notable, to our sense, of Messrs. Chapman & Hall's announcements is a novel by Mr. Norman Douglas, called 'They Went,' which is due to appear in August. The title leaves room for the imagination even when we are told that it is 'a story of a medieval city.' Mr. Douglas is a writer of genuine distinction; and we are glad to see that a second edition of his delightful 'Old Calabria' has been published by Mr. Secker at half-a-guinea.

To-day Mr. Grant Richards issues a second edition of 'George Meredith: His Life and Friends in Relation to his work,' by Mr. S. M. Ellis. This book is of real interest, and hero-worshippers of the novelist found it very disconcerting. For ourselves, we like disconcerting books, and in our opinion Mr. Ellis's work supplies an explanation of a number of literary problems and misgivings which beset the reader of Meredith's novels when his youthful enthusiasm begins to wear thin. If our memory serves us the first edition of this book was the subject of a legal injunction; and we presume that the second edition has been to some extent rewritten.

There are publishers and publishers; but there is only one Oxford University Press. When we look at the shelves which contain our most precious books, we cannot help being aware that almost every other one bears the Oxford imprint. The distinction of the lettering, if nothing else, will catch the eye. And now on our desk we have yet another of the remarkable volumes which endeavour the lettering and the imprint to us. 'English Madrigal Verse, 1588-1632,' edited from the original song-books by Mr. E. H. Fellowes, is an exquisite book of 640 pages, half for the madrigalists and half for the lutenists. It goes without saying that anyone who can afford 12s. 6d. should buy it: it is a possession for ever.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The 9th and final portion of the Huth collection will be disposed of on the 22nd to 25th of June, by Messrs. Sotheby. This portion consists of the works catalogued under W-Z, with a short appendix. Providence has not allotted any of the great names of English literature to this section—Isaac Walton, Whetstone, Wycliffe, Wither, Wotton and Wycherley are about the most striking to be found. It is, however, fairly rich in English music of the best period. Thus we have John Ward's First Set of English Madrigals (1613), Watson's First Set of Italian Madrigals (1590) including two by Bird, Thomas Weelkes Madrigals (1587), his second volume of 1600, his Ballads and Madrigals of 1608, and his Ayres or Phantasie Spirits of the same year, Wilby's First Set of English Madrigals (1598) and his second set (1609), John Wilson's Cheerful Ayres (Oxford, 1660), the first music book printed at Oxford, Yonge's Musica Transalpina of 1688 and the second book of 1587, and an extraordinary rare 'Trattato Vulgar de Canto' of Francesco Caccia' printed at Milan in 1482.

There are a large number of 17th century plays, two of the volumes with collections of plays were evidently bound by Morane for Charles II. Among the books, of which only one copy is known or available for sale is Willibowis's Avisa and Cooke's Deponente's Complaint, an attack on Ayre, a unique copy bound on Avisa, a unique copy of the Minstrel's Life of Wallace, Warner's Syrinx, The Nuncerie of Names, a Caxton of 1477, and a volume of Martin Marprelate tracts, extremely rare but not the rarest. An illustrated catalogue (price 10s. 6d.) may be had.
Science

A MARVELLOUS EVENT

In reading Mr. H. G. Wells' very interesting "Outline of History" we have discovered that our appetite for the marvellous has diminished very little from our boyhood days. We are not yet so scientific as to be interested in each fact merely as an example of some general law; if the fact be sufficiently striking we can still, with round-eyed wonder, delight in it for its own sake. We have been, like all the world, enraptured by the discoveries at Knossus, but perhaps our imagination is even more stirred, in a different way, by the marvels of the prehistoric period. The greatest storm of the giant reptiles is curiously exciting, and, going farther back still, we have been tempted to linger over that period of the earth's history which preceded the formation of a solid crust. This period was the Storm Age of the world. We cannot really imagine those ages of volcanic outbreaks which would blow out an area the size of Europe, nor those gigantic hailstorms of molten metal—Mr. Conrad's "Typhoon" is, perhaps, as far as our imagination can effectively go—but we can enjoy them in a (perhaps slightly unintelligent) spirit of wonder. The greatest storms and eruptions occur, of course, in the sun. Masses of flaming gas have been seen to rush up from the surface of the sun to a height of half-a-million miles, travelling with a velocity of hundreds of miles a second. And if the eruption theory of the origin of craters on the moon be correct, that dead body has known some stirring times, for several of the craters are fifty to sixty miles in diameter and even more. But although we pass our days in comparatively monotonous and quiescent surroundings, although Mr. Conrad's "Typhoon" is, cosmically speaking, a description of an almost imperceptible draught, yet even in modern times our earth has given a display which is a faint indication of what it was capable of in its youth. We refer to the famous eruption of Krakatoa, which startled the Royal Society into appointing a Committee of investigation which produced a quarto volume of 500 pages devoted to this one eruption.

The eruption on Krakatoa, a small island in the Straits of Sunda, is usually dated from one o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, August 26, 1883. But the early stages began on May 20, sufficiently stimulating, without being terrifying, to attract a pleasure excursion from Batavia. The party found a basin-shaped crater, about half-a-mile wide and about 150 feet deep. In the centre was a large aperture from which steam issued with a terrific noise. By the end of June other craters had opened on the island and the volcanic energy steadily increased. By August 26, Krakatoa began to erupt seriously. Detonations, which were heard 100 miles away, succeeded one another at intervals of about ten minutes. The column of steam, smoke and ashes, as measured from a distant ship, was estimated to be seventeen miles high. The eruptions steadily became louder, until by midnight the inhabitants of a town 100 miles distant were unable to sleep, for the noise resembled artillery being fired at their very doors, and the windows kept up a loud rattling. It was not until 10 a.m. on the Monday morning, however, that the eruption reached its culmination. This was heard as four terrific explosions, of which the third was by far the loudest. This explosion was heard 3,000 miles away. At several points within this radius the alarming and inexplicable noises caused the authorities to send out ships to ascertain their cause. At Daly Waters, in South Australia, the inhabitants were awakened from sleep by the noise of Krakatoa, distant over 2,000 miles. At the distance of 3,000 miles the explosions resembled the distant roar of heavy guns. The great sea-waves that accompanied the eruption still had the very perceptible height of eighteen inches after travelling more than 5,000 miles. On the shores of the Straits of Sunda the waves reached a height of more than seventy feet, while at Sumatra a man-of-war was carried nearly two miles inland and left high and dry thirty feet above sea level.

The quantity of material shot into the air was naturally tremendous; at Sumatra the clouds of dust produced a greater degree of darkness, at 10 a.m., than had been known on the blackest nights. These clouds entered the region of the high winds and were swept along with a velocity of about 76 miles per hour. In three days they crossed the Indian Ocean and then passed over Equatorial Africa. They continued over the Atlantic, Brazil and the Pacific, returning to Krakatoa only a year later. A certain amount of dust had settled by this time, but the great bulk of it started off again on its journey round the earth. Month after month these tours of the globe continued, the dust-clouds manifesting their presence by imparting a strange blue hue to the sun, turning the moon blue or green, and by creating remarkable and glorious twilights.

But perhaps the most interesting feature of the eruption consists in the remarkable train of air waves that was sent out from Krakatoa. It can be shown, mathematically, that if a sufficiently intense air wave be sent out from a point in the air envelope surrounding the surface of a sphere, it will at first diverge and then converge till it reaches a point at the opposite end of the sphere passing through the origin. From this point it will again diverge, to converge ultimately at the origin, when the whole cycle may be repeated. Now barometric measurements all over the world enabled the great air wave from Krakatoa to be traced to its antipodes, a spot in Central America, and back again. A second, third and fourth journey were traced on upwards of forty instruments. In addition, a fifth, sixth and seventh journey was traced by some instruments, notably those at Kew. The time taken for the double journey, one complete cycle from and to Krakatoa, was found to be about 37 hours. Allowing for the different temperatures of the regions traversed by the waves—for they crossed, of course, the north and south poles—this works out at about the velocity of ordinary sound waves. This is the only recorded instance of an air wave so great that the atmosphere of the entire globe takes part in it.

There are, of course, many scientific lessons to be drawn from the Krakatoa eruption; we have been content, however, to abstain from all improving reflections and to present it merely as one of the marvels of the world.


EGYPT EXPLORATION.—May 28.—Professor B. P. Grenfell delivered a lecture on "The Present Position of Papyrology." After the conquest of Egypt by Alexander the Great, Greek became the official language for nearly a thousand years. Records of this period are to be found in the papyri fragments still preserved, in inscriptions on monuments and on mummy cartonnage. A systematic search for papyri was started about 1885 by Professors Grenfell and Hunt, who practically had the field to themselves at that time. Papyri were then found in the town ruins, in tombs and in the rubbish heaps near the Nile. A few of various nations to obtain Greek papyri during the last few years Great Britain has secured the largest share of the prizes. The chief collectors in this country are in the British Museum, the Bodleian Museum at Oxford, the Rylands Museum at Manchester, and in
Fine Arts

THE LAST WORKS OF RENOIR

A few critics and a good many dealers have circulated the report that in his last years Renoir never did anything comparable to those works of his prime which earned him a supreme place among the artists of our time. A circumstance which lent colour to this opinion was that he was known to have been, more or less, crippled by rheumatism for many years before the end. A visit to his house at Cagnes which I was enabled to make by the kindness of his son, M. Jean Renoir, convinced me of the incorrectness of this view. The pictures which remain there represent the results of what are ordinarily called his "declining years" and surely there was never so surprising an efflorescence of creative power as is there displayed. I doubt whether even Titian or Rembrandt, who both attained maturity at fifty, made such amazing progress at the very end of their lives as Renoir did in his last decade. With the cunning which comes of a lifelong application to a single pursuit he actually found how to turn his physical disability into an advantage for his art. Subtlety and finesse of drawing being denied to him, he was bound to conceive his forms with such amplitude, such simplicity of contour as his crippled hand could still express readily. This is, of course, in line with the ultimate development of all great art. A forced and schematic simplicity is a disastrous pitfall, but the synthesis which comes from long familiarity with the varieties and intricacies of form is the last perfection of art. Renoir would no doubt have attained to this in any case. He was tending towards it throughout his career, but in the end he was forced to make the step more completely and more whole-heartedly than any other modern artist.

Renoir's attitude to life was too simple, his enjoyment was too direct and immediate to force him to any curious investigations into the possibilities of design. He had none of the passion of a Poussin or a Cézanne for unforeseen architectural possibilities. With him, sensation always predominated over the reflective faculties. So that, he was always a superb painter, he was, for the most part, not a great or original designer. That is to say that while his design was always extremely competent, well balanced and adequate, it was not by his disposition of the masses, and their relative proportion, that he most excited the imagination. By a natural inclination he adopted the simplest possible relations of plastic masses, namely, that of a bas-relief. Each mass is so modelled that the highest light tends to fall on the most prominent part, and the receding planes retire not to infinity but only, as it were, to the common plane from which all the masses emerge. His latest work has only followed the tendency to simplify the plastic relief, the tendency to simplify the plastic relief is even more marked than before, but more than this, with the growing necessity for simplification of contour there followed, inevitably, a great amplification of all the forms, and the whole design tends to be filled with a very few prominent masses. And these masses are disposed with such perfect understanding of their relations to the picture space, that in the end Renoir became what he had scarcely ever been before—a great and original designer. As examples of this, one may cite the two superb seated nudes seen from the back with their heads slightly turned towards the spectators, which are reproduced in M. André's book on Renoir. I doubt whether painting has ever gone beyond this point in the realization of plastic relief, and this without any loss of the fullest possible intensity of colour; for to Renoir, as to Cézanne, relief was to be attained not by

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 11. King's College, 4.—"Christian Art: Sculpture and other Arts." Professor P. Dearmer. Malacological 6.


Tues. 15. Royal Statistical, 5.15.

Zoological (65, Belgrave Road, Westminster), 8.—The War-Mind : "Exhibition of Posters.

Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—Distribution of Light and Eye Colour in the British Isles," Professor F. G. Parsons.

Wed. 16. Royal Meteorological, 5.

Royal Microscopical, 8.

Thurs. 17. Royal, 4.30

Linnean, 5.

School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, 5.—"Chinese Philosophy."

M. C. Jorge. Royal Numismatic, 6.—Annual General Meeting; Presidential Address: Sir Charles Oman.

degradations and negations of colour, but solely by the
perfect apprehension of the differing colour sensations of
the various planes.

The last great composition which Renoir executed was a
very large canvas with two nude women reclining in a
sunlit landscape. The rhythm of the two figures is
perfectly harmonized, and the modelling of the forms is
pushed to its utmost limits with an audacity which is
almost startling. It has a plentitude of life and a voluptuous
richness which Rubens might have envied.

There is also a composition of "Baigneuses" in which
Renoir has taken up again, and with fuller power than
ever before, a subject which had always haunted his
imagination. And here the interwoven sequences of
limbs and torsos fill the whole composition. So masterly
is the design of this melée of nude forms that without
any sense of crowding every part of the surface seems
drawn into the general movement; every touch contributes
to the plastic enrichment of the design. And here perhaps
more than elsewhere Renoir's colour attains its completest
and richest expression. Like so many of the primitives
he worked by preference at the red end of the spectrum—
in his extremely limited palette he found room for two
different kinds of vermilion—and this composition seems
to attain to undreamt-of intensities of red and yellow.
It starts as if it were where Rubens left off and finds its
and more resonant chord of the highest, the most penetrating
notes of the scale. But this is attained by the subtility
of the transitions and not by a brutal display of positive
colour. Thus the intense brilliance of the yellows in this,
as in all Renoir's recent work, is obtained without the
use of any brighter colour than Naples yellow.

Renoir belonged to the European tradition of the
Renaissance: he had not felt the wave of Oriental
influence which affected so deeply his younger colleagues.
Colour with him is colour as it was understood by Rubens,
by Rembrandt even, and most of all by Watteau. That
is to say that though he has purified and intensified the
notes, the effect aimed at is of an enveloping atmosphere
of colour—through which and by which all the forms are
revealed. He had no use for that Oriental, primitive and
quite modern conception of the direct opposition of
masses of more or less uniform colour. In his technique,
too, Renoir ranged himself beside the old masters. It is
t rue that he never adopted the deliberately planned
approach and systematic execution of a Rubens. His
system allowed room for the inspiration of the moment
and in this he came very close to Watteau, who
at a time when the rules of technique were more
rigidly fixed was regarded as casual and unsystematic.
Like Watteau, too, he felt his way round the forms by
innumerable small strokes of colour. He had an
empalement, generally of pure white, which
subsequent touches would veil and modify. In general
he used so much medium that the colour was transparent
or opalescent. It is no doubt this method of using
paint almost transparently, like a water-colour, on a white
ground which gives his pictures their extraordinary
brilliance and luminosity. But this is also due to the fact
that he used his colours almost pure, the intermediate
tones and transitions being more the result of superpositions
on the canvas than of previous mixture on the palette.
The final development of this method was, no doubt, dictated
partly by Renoir's physical disabilities. The method of
feeling round the modelling by unnumbered touches,
one of which need be absolutely decisive and final,
eliminated the necessity for exact skill of handling. On the other
hand it was a method which put all possible strain upon
his sensibility. Only in the hands of an artist, as learned in
sensation as Renoir was, would it be possible to create so
full an illusion of mass and relief by a method which
tends to leave the forms merely suggested and indicated.

Few artists have ever been as fortunate as Renoir.
His temperament left him enough points of contact
with the ordinary man for his work to be accepted
when that of all his colleagues was still taboo. He
was never recondite or abstract or peculiar in any way.
He had the most normal, the most healthy appetite for
life, and he had the extraordinary gift of communicating
his own joy in life, so directly and simply, that the ordinary
man could take pleasure in works which the most exclusive
aesthete was also forced to accept. By an extraordinary
conjunction of circumstances Renoir realized amid the full
blast of nineteenth-century commercialism the ideal
conditions of the artist of the eighteenth century. It
was this that made him so marked an exception, that
gave him an ease and assurance in all that he did which
is unlike the general tone of modern art.

Roger Fry.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

FINE ART SOCIETY.—Paintings by Algernon Talmage,
James Connell & Sons.—Paintings by A. J. Munnings.
Goupi Gallry.—The Bulkeley Family Portraits.
Agnew's Gallery.—The National Society of Portrait Painters.
Eldar Gallery.—Water colour and other drawings by Charles
Conder, Wilson Steer, Walter Sickert, Augustus John
and others.

Academic critics of the last generation who described
English Impressionist pictures as "mere sketches" were,
certainly, perfectly right. For the majority of English
Impressionists (and of Glasgow Impressionists also) who came
after Whistler cast aside the remnant of compositional
discipline retained by the French pioneers, and it is this
freedom of the last hundredweight of ballast which makes
the English pictures appear so volatile and unstable.
We have but to compare Mr. Algernon Talmage's pictures
with those of Camille Pissarro (at the Leicester Galleries) to realize
that although no critic with any personal experience of
painting could possibly call Pissarro's pictures sketchy,
he might perfectly well apply the term to the Englishman's
work at the Fine Art Society. "Sketchy" is, in fact, the term
which we should apply ourselves to Mr. Talmage's work.
But we do not apply it as a term of reproach. An artist
has, after all, a perfect right to spend his life making sketches
if he feels no impulse towards more important achievement.

Mr. A. J. Munnings is another Impressionist who limits
the field of his endeavour—one might almost say of his
relaxation, so evident is it that he regards painting as a jolly pastime
for which he happens to have talent. He has clearly
enjoyed painting the sketches now collected at Messrs.
Connell's Gallery. He has delighted in the holiday-finery of fortune-
tye and satin; and the garish and garishness of English
women's costumes rendered subtle and beautiful by the cold English light.
The more successful of these sketches are much finer in tone and
colour than Mr. Manning's exhibits at the Academy and they
are all full of vigour and dexterous painting.

The most important of the Bulkeley family portraits, now
exhibited for the first time, are the full length portraits by
Reynolds of Lady Jane Warren (who sat in 1758) and Lady
Frances Warren (whose picture is dated 1759). There is something
concerting in the colour of the draperies in these pictures.
Reynolds was admitted a crude colourist, but at
this period he was still capable of delicate passages like the
wreath of flowers in the hand of lady Jane and it is difficult
to believe that he was responsible for the obvious pinkness
of the pink dress in the first picture, and obvious blueness
of the blue dress in the second. Possibly, as he was very busy
at this time (he painted 120 portraits in 1769), he handed the
imparto underpaintings of the gowns to Peter Toms or to
Madox Brown. The Italian, with instructions to mix "imparto colour.
Or possibly—and we fear more probably—a recent restorer
has interpreted a commission to clean and varnish as a general
injunction to brighten up the Colours. Be this as it may,
the pictures are very handsome examples of Reynolds at a
good period and the elaborate underpaintings, at any rate,
are unroughed. The Romney portrait of The Hon. Viscount
Bulkeley, which hangs between them, done at
Rome in 1773, contains some excellent painting.
Music

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

We are generally supposed to be taking part in a Renaissance of English music, and it is amusing to note that this new Renaissance, like its more famous predecessor shows signs of a Schneemelch for "the glorious antique." Just as Michael Angelo and the rest dug up and restored the statues and the buildings of old Rome, sticking truckless heads on to headless trunks, scraping and polishing, jumbling together Greek originals and bad Roman imitations, decorating drawing-rooms with haphazard fragments of tomb-reliefs and inscriptions, so we are now exhuming the music of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, English, French or Italian, hacking it about, rescoring it, putting it on the stage in a baroque frenzy of convulsive antiquarianism. The scholars have sown the wind; the conductors and stage-producers are reaping the whirlwind.

"The Beggar's Opera," when it was first produced was intended to be a satire on the Italian opera of the nobility and gentry. For nearly two centuries it had been "among the Otamys at Surgeons' Hall." Last Saturday the corpse was dressed up and galvanized into life by Mr. Lovat Fraser, Mr. Frederick Austin and Mr. Nigel Playfair. But what we want to-day is not so much the old "Beggar's Opera," delightful though the entertainment is, as a new one. It should be a satire not upon Buononcini and Ariosti, but on Charpentier and Puccini. The original is in the same case as the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. The world has forgotten what they were designed to satirize, it has even forgotten that they were intended to be satirical. It finds the dialogue unintelligible and the music just quaint and charming. Gilbert requires as many explanatory notes as Aristophanes and Gay is in the same case. If the present production of "The Beggar's Opera" is satirical, it is a satire on the over-dressed, over-produced and over-orchestrated revivals of old plays and operas. Mr. Fraser's scenery and costumes are an amusing skit on those of Mr. Norman Wilkinson and Mr. Hugo Rumbold. Mr. Austin's re-arrangement of the music recognizes the uselessness of scolding at Handel and turns the laugh against Mr. Cecil Sharp, Mr. Cyril Scott and Mr. Roger Quilter. Mr. Playfair's share in the entertainment is the most brilliant of all, for he has the courage of the supreme artist, like Swinburne in the "Heptameron" and caricatures, as no one else could have done, those methods of production which are peculiarly his own. The Newgate Company, with two exceptions, keep the treadmill buzzing; it is the assured exaggeration of that industrious energy which so often distinguishes the comedians of the Beecham's opera. Such colossal efforts to be funny, such complete absence of humour! It is, indeed, the fine flower of irony, for it shaves the very verge of intolerable tediousness with a precision of which only the most accomplished artists are capable.

And then, just as a disturbing hint of another point of view, an uncomfortable suggestion of what "The Beggar's Opera" just possibly did really look like in 1728, there are those two exceptions, Mr. Ranalow as Machaeth and Miss Sylvia Nells as Polly. Miss Nells, most adorable of nuns, walks through the part with the simplicity of a child. People say she cannot act. Thank goodness! Mr. Ranalow is hardly to be called native, but he is direct and straightforward. He sings his songs without fuss, as if they had just come into his head. Machaeth, and indeed all the other singing characters of the opera, are treated by their poet in much the same way as Old Merryminded in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."
Mr. Ranalow was the only singer who realized this. Either the songs must be a deliberate caricature of the Handelian opera or they must be trolled out spontaneously as if they had no accompaniment; if not, the music is a perpetual nuisance to a very amusing play. Mr. Ranalow, to judge from his acting, does appear to think that the play is quite amusing as it stands. But it is the sad fact that some people think the music charming and the play tedious. However, there is the advantage of the Hammersmith production—it is "so full of a number of things" that there are sure to be some to please everybody.

Edward J. Dent.

"La Traviata"

Those who profess contempt for "La Traviata" have in most cases either never heard it performed properly or never heard it at all. It shares with "Lucia di Cammmormo" the honour of representing the lowest depth to which opera has ever sunk in the opinion of most serious-minded English and German opera-goers, even of those who are ready to concede quite a sincere admiration to most of the works of Verdi. In Italy both operas are still popular. They are, both of them, or have the reputation of being, prima donna's operas; that accounts both for their popularity and their disrepute. Certainly I have seen performances of "La Traviata" both in Germany and at Covent Garden in the old days, which would justify the extreme contempt of the devout Wagnerites. "I go to see 'Traviata' when I will have a good laugh," said an old German musician to me once. I repeated the remark to an Italian friend. He said quite seriously that "La Traviata" was an opera to move not laughter but tears, and I realized what "La Traviata" meant to him when I saw Gemma Bellincioni in it.

The first production of the opera at Venice, in 1853, was a complete failure. The most obvious reason of the failure was the appearance of the prima donna, which was anything but consumptive. Some people were shocked at the story, and very probably there were many who were shocked at the presentation of opera in contemporary costume. It was the first time in the history of music that an opera had been produced dealing with a tragedy of contemporary life. When the opera recovered its position and became popular it was always acted in the costume of an earlier period, only a curious tradition allowed the heroine to play her part in modern dress. Thus we might see Melba in a smart Parisian gown alongside of Caruso in the costume of Charles I. At the "Old Vic," where they have a first-rate Violetta in Miss Muriel Gough, the rest of the company wear eighteenth-century clothes. To dress the whole opera in the costumes of the present day required more courage than most managers possessed. The prima donna might wear what she pleased, but what tenor could be expected to look romantic in evening dress? Still more courage would have been required to dress the opera in the style of its original period, at any rate in those Wagnerian days of twenty years ago.

Gemma Bellincioni stopped short of a crinoline, but went as near to it as she dared. That was at Palermo, about 1905. Palermo always did its operas on a sumptuous scale, and even the chorus members wore full dress. Gemma Bellincioni was, and no doubt is still, a woman of singularly distinguished beauty of face and figure. Her voice had begun to lose its freshness; but she had that fine sense of style which lasts almost for ever, and she was above all things a great actress. Her peculiar type of beauty was ideally suited to a Winterhalter make-up. She was, in Verdi's own opinion, the one and only Traviata, and it was always her best part.

To-day the crinoline is in fashion again, at any rate on the stage. On Saturday night "La Traviata" was given at Covent Garden in the complete "Book of Beauty" style, with Signorina Pareto as Violetta. She is very far from being a second Bellincioni, but she appears to have taken her for a model and it is certainly a long time since Covent Garden has seen a Traviata of such exquisite appearance and so charming a personality. Her singing is always a delight to the ear, but she lacks the vivacity and brilliance which are required for the first act. In the pathetic parts she was admirable, but she entirely failed to seize the opportunity of that tremendous outburst of feeling in the second act—"Amami, Alfredo." By far the most interesting character on the stage was Alfredo himself. His most personal performances of the opera were, Alfredo is a tenor and nothing more. Signor Marcello Govoni was indeed a tenor and a very agreeable one too; but he also gave us an Alfredo which was a complete and elaborate piece of character-study. His first appearance made a decisive point, for he wore an exaggeratedly dandified costume with a frilled shirt and ruffles at his wrists. He made Alfredo very young and very foolish; a man of affectations both in dress and in behaviour. It was his extreme youth and ignorance of the world, one saw at once, that made Violetta fall in love with him. This conception of Alfredo made the later acts all perfectly plausible—the collapse of the second act, the anger and the abominable behaviour of the third, the futile repentance of the last. His extreme youth is his one and only excuse: an Alfredo of mature years is perfectly unendurable. Signor Govoni knows, too, how to express character in actual singing. He can be affected when the part requires it and serious too. He made the part of Alfredo at every moment intensely interesting, and there could never be any doubt that Verdi's sometimes richly and sentimental tunes, as he sang them, were the true expression of a real personality.

Mlle. Bérat, needless to say, made the tiny part of Annina the servant, stand out vividly with a few masterly touches. Her momentary expression of surprise and shock when Violetta gives her the letter to Baron Duphol to post summed up the whole situation. M. Dinhilly, an old Germont, was only up to Covent Garden standards. He has a very commanding presence and a masterful style of singing by means of which he holds the stage whenever he comes on. He was suitably deferential in the duet with Violetta, but otherwise he seemed to be very much bored with the whole opera. There are few singers who can do justice to "Di Provenza il mar." Most Germonts make it into a very silly tune, some into a vulgar one. In this case it was merely tedious. But old Germont is not a mere conventional heavy father. Verdi understood what he was about when he wrote that song. It gives exactly, or ought to give, the note of tenderness just tinged with reproach which is wanted at the moment. It makes the old man's indignation at the end of the third act all the more dramatic by contrast, and it prepares the way for the reconciliation of the last. But Mr. Dinhilly was so restless during that part of the death-bed scene in which he had to stand in the background that one would hardly have been surprised to see him pull out his watch.

The opera had evidently had little rehearsal. The ensembles were very shaky and the chorus at their worst. Signor Bavagnoli kept things together somehow, but his style of conducting is much too violent for "La Traviata." It is the Italian tradition to be violent in Verdi, and Italian traditions are enforced. One might as well disregard the English traditions of oratorios. Still, in this country there is no particular need to be traditional in opera. It is the one compensation for our neglect of it. We have practically no tradition, and if managers and conductors
and producers would take the trouble we might start fresh from the beginning with every opera and interpret it in the way best suited to the audience and the age. If “La Traviata” was studied and rehearsed de novo with as much care in every detail as if it were an entirely new opera it might be recognized by the intellectuals, as it has always been recognized by the occupants of Italian pits and galleries, as a delicate and sensitive study of human feeling.

EDWARD J. DENT

THE GLASTONBURY PLAYERS

It is strange that our London impresarios, for all their professed eagerness to discover an English opera that is really worth producing, should not have hit upon “The Immortal Hour,” and that the first performance of this work should have been given by a handful of local enthusiasts from Glastonbury, whose technical standard, for the most part, fell far short of its requirements, which are not unduly exacting. For “The Immortal Hour” is worth doing well; it is, in spite of some inequalities, a work of real beauty. Its story is based on a Celtic myth that has obvious affinities with the Orpheus-legend. Etain, a fairy maiden, strays from her own folk into a wood, whither she is followed by King Eochaidh, who, thanks to the intervention of Dalua, persuades her to return home. (Dalua is the spirit of suffering and death that is imminent in all human affairs.) At a festival, held to commemorate the first anniversary of their marriage, both are filled with strange presentiments of what is to come; after a time Midir, a prince of her own people, enters to re-claim her; as he does so, Dalua confronts Eochaidh once more, and the curtain falls over his body, whilst from outside are heard the reeding notes of the fairy chorus that is escorting Etain back to her Land of Heart’s Desire. This makes a very fine ending indeed; in the contrast between the desolation of the earthly king on the stage and the light and joy suggested by the fairy voices outside, Mr. Boughton has seized on what is quintessential in the legend, and in his music he manages somehow to embody and crystallize it.

All this last scene is most imaginatively conceived, but for its realization it needs much more skilful handling than it received on this occasion. In particular it needs much more than mere singing; to find the right gesture is imperative, and this is just what everyone concerned entirely failed to do. Mr. Johnstone Douglas fumbled and staggered about in the vaguest and most unconvinning manner; Mr. Arthur Jordan struck the attitude of a Heldentenor, manifestly embarrassed by his arms and hands; Mr. Clive Carey’s unexpected rush at his victim suggested an exciting tackle by a competent three-quarter back rather than the sudden sinister presence of an implacable destiny. And the singing of the chorus behind the scenes was anything but theatrical. Through all this the composer’s intention managed to struggle somehow, but it was a hard, not to say an unfair struggle.

The rest of the opera is not uniformly this level, but a good deal of it is. Some of the most attractive music is heard in the first act, although the opening scene might well be shortened a little. Its import is obscure; the sense of the words does not come across at all clearly, and the synopsis does little to enlighten the audience. The laconic statement that “Dalua, the Shadow that lies behind life, encounters voices in the wood” is hardly an elucidation of what one sees on the stage. The second scene is equally fine from a purely musical point of view, and more convincing as a whole (except for the half-plucked fowl), which strikes an utterly incongruous note of realism, and should be suppressed. It is the festival scene at the opening of the second act that is most open to criticism; the ballet is conventionally designed, and the music a long way below the composer’s best level. That level is sufficiently high to leave one in no doubt (judging Mr. Boughton on a single hearing of this one work alone, and a bad performance at that) that he is amongst the half-dozen best composers we have got in this country. His style is quite straightforward, and quite individual. His score is full of picturesque suggestion, but he almost always succeeds in being picturesque in his own way, and not in the conventional operatic way. Clear rhythmical and melodic definition is the foundation of it all; a good foundation at all times, and particularly needful when you are working on a book by the late Fiona McLeod, whose gifts hardly included that of intellectual precision.

The rest of the Glastonbury performances impose on a critic the painful necessity of saying that in dancing and singing alike the standard of execution fell lamentably below the intentions of the dancers and the singers, which no doubt were excellent. The technique was so poor, the general style so graceless and clumsy that one is bound to express surprise that they should have submitted to the ordeal of a public performance in London. It is plain that Mr. Boughton was misled by some rather foolish Press notices which appeared after the Easter Festival this year, and which should have been taken in a complimentary sense only. In Glastonbury, these players could fairly claim to be judged by a relative standard, and as a rule they have been so judged. Here they have had to face the test of an absolute standard, and they have failed utterly to satisfy it. One noteworthy exception was Miss Laura Wilson’s dance to a Purcell ground. Miss Wilson has a consummate knowledge of how to move, but this only made the helplessness of her colleagues more uncomfortably plain.

The two novelties introduced, Mr. Napier Miles’s choral ballet “Music Comes”—if only she had—and Mrs. Adela Maddison’s “Dance Suite” call for scant notice. The former is too impotent, the latter too immature. Possibly there is a real Adela Maddison, but she is at present submerged in the personality of another composer whom, for brevity’s sake, we call Borokorskireff that her very existence is conjectural. As for the orchestral playing, both in the opera and the ballets, it can only be described as bad. Space at the “Old Vic” is limited, and perhaps it was inevitable that the strings should be hopelessly overbalanced by the brass and wood reinforcements brought in for the occasion. But that is no reason, as far as one can see, why some of these latter gentlemen should have had less than a nothing to do with their parts. One can only hope that subsequent performances will show a sensible reduction in the number of unhearsaunched effects.

R. O. MORRIS.

We have received from Messrs. Schirmer (New York) a copy of the April number of the Musical Quarterly. The two best articles in it are both of the scholarly type—Mr. W. J. Lawrence’s paper on “Music in the Elizabethan Theatre” and M. de St. Fox’s on “Mozart and the Young Beethoven.” Mr. Lawrence knows his subject, and he touches authoritatively on many points connected with it. M. de St. Fox’s theme is familiar, but the writer’s enthusiasm is contagious, and one reads him with real enjoyment. M. Isidor Philipp gives some interesting information about the Paris Conservatoire, and, as regards the number of reminiscences, that unnecessary space is occupied with catalogues of people who have won the first prize for fugue and things of that kind. Also of interest, though far from critical, is Signor Gatti’s paper on Casella. We learn amongst other things that this composer’s work falls into three sharply defined periods. The other articles are all readable, the contributors being Mr. Henry F. Gilbert, Miss Natalie Curtis, Mr. Louis C. Elson, Mr. C. Saerchinger, Mr. Arthur W. Locke, M. Jean Huré, and Mr. Barclay Squire.
Drama

BURLESQUE BIOGRAPHIES


THE faults of the Romantics make them fair game for the huntsman, but he should remember that it is a big game he is after. They are lions and lionsesses with a trick of turning on their pursuers. Perhaps the frank invective of a Pierre Lasserre is the best way to assail a Chateaubriand, a Hugo or a Sand. They deserve the compliment of a serious hatred. Satire is a two-edged sword. Jules Lemaître tried it on Chateaubriand. René did not look smaller in consequence, but Lemaître ( alas!) did not look larger. M. Maurras alone has so far combined the strength and wariness required for this chase. In "Les Amants de Venise" he has brought down both Sand and de Musset, but how carefully, how reverentially! His book has the courtesy of a Japanese invitation to harakiri . . . And then to think of what Mr. Moeller has done!

It is not till he has prepared the way by about a hundred pages that M. Maurras allows himself to hint that there is after all a comique supérieur in the Venetian tricorne of which George Sand, Alfred de Musset and Dr. Pantalone Pagello were the points. Mr. Moeller, on the other hand, finds most inferior comedy in the business from the very start and pursues it the length of his three Acts. We simply fail to recognize this George, who cannot even at the gravest crisis speak or hear an effective phrase without scribbling it down at once for copy; who "blarmes" the mothers and fathers of her victims like the adventuress of an old-fashioned Irish novel, and who snares and dismisses her lovers with the cynical detachment—shall we say of a Guity heroine? Not all the painstaking accuracy of detail—not the trowsers, nor the cigars, nor even the famous tea-cup of the revelation scene at Venice—can make her plausible for a single instant. George Sand erred in the main through excess of sincerity; this creature seeks never to be sincere at all. If it was desired to display a suave, elegant and artificial coquetterie it was right to engage Mrs. Patrick Campbell to play the part, since nobody else can hit off such characters with a tithe of her humour and mastery. It is always delightful to watch Mrs. Campbell act, but why drag in George Sand?

The author is a trifle more successful with some of the minor characters. The Alfred de Musset, indeed, is poor, despite Mr. Basil Rathbone's fine performance. We get the absinthe and the nerves without the genius, and to make Alfred abet the amours of George and the Doctor in order to get rid of her is surely false both to the facts and his character. The Paul de Musset, too, is unconvincing. We like Mr. Felix Aylmer's playing of him but do not scent the whimsical translator of Cowper in this "heavy brother." Heine, on the other hand, is possible. Granted that he reserved his best epigrams for his books he may, perhaps, have appeared in society as the sardonic red-haired Mephistophiles that the author and Mr. Frank Cellier make of him. The Chopin, as Mr. Ivan Samson romantically presents him, is tolerable, and the ugly capering little Liszt of Mr. Hector Abbas is probably un-historical but informally plausible. Mr. G. W. Wray makes an impressive, brief appearance as the drunken Cassimir Dudevant, and Mr. Edgar Kent fulfills our wildest dreams as Buloz. Fancy meeting Buloz at las., the ineffable Buloz immortalized on the cover of the Renue des Deux Mondes and between the covers of Veilhott's "Odeurs de Paris"! O Buloz! que nous veut ce flageolet? And what can Mr. Moeller mean by it all?

A TOUCH OF NATURE

STRAND THEATRE.—"Tiger! Tiger!" By Edward Knoblock.

M. KNOBLOCK is to be congratulated. Although a fashionable dramatist and not profoundly an intellectual he has dared to put no more into "Tiger! Tiger!" than a corner of real life. It is a sordid corner in many respects, and also—a fact which has done the author harm with his critics—a corner that makes our common nature seem ridiculous rather than hateful. Yet it is the sort of corner that actually exists, and it was therefore worth while to flash the light on it.

Clive Couper is a rich and clever young man at the start of a parliamentary career. Because he has never felt stirred by Evelyn Greer and the other girls of his class who deal with him on a frankly "man to man" basis, he believes that he is immune from sexual passion. But one soft and windy spring evening he sees a girl waiting at a corner for an omnibus. She is grossly common, but she belongs to a class that cannot afford to play at being desexualized. Clive receives the coup de foudre and, since he kindles the girl as instantaneously as she does him, he is able to bring her straight back into his flat. People don't do these things? We will try to think not; but a great many people are tempted to do them, and that after all is the interesting point.

Once the liaison is made the usual problems start up, old but perennially interesting. Clive has a public life which would not bear the exposure of private vices; he has a friend and mentor representing "the man of the world" in all the Daedonian severity of his code; he has a singularly delicate relationship with Evelyn, in which camaraderie is faintly perturbed by the ardent wish of her dying father that she should marry him. Above all he has to realize in cold daylight all that his Sally is and that she is bound to be, to adjust himself to the crude facts of her nature and upbringing. In all this there are plenty of tests for the author's powers.

Mr. Knoblock, it seems to us, partly succeeds and partly fails in working out his problem. He succeeds especially in the character of Sally. Everything about her is faithfully studied—her enslavement to the instincts of sex and matrinity, her compensating scruples and puritanisms, her frankness, ignorance of these are not shown cynically, nor with the detachment of naturalism. She is given the touch of romance which the story requires. It comes out in the tale of her childhood on the farm with her drunken father and his savage ill-usage of her. It comes out again in the episode of the deaf widower, Sam Tullidge (so delightfully played by Mr. Allan Jeayes), who knows all about her, but worships her with awe, because of her love of his children and other things. There is the gleam of the fairy princess beneath her vulgarity, a sense of mystery and deep-sealed fountains.

Silent is, altogether, less satisfying. There is something absurd in the way he wilts under the discovery that Sally, who comes at night flat in the glass of the mystery of Venus, is by day time a cook. What did he expect? He would not have been blind after the first half-hour to her accent, her coarse hands, her stupidity and want of education. He can hardly have supposed she was a disguised Duchess or a prima ballerina. Yet he is depressed and discouraged by her turning out a cook in a way he would not have been (he rather gives us to understand) if she had turned out a shop-girl. The shock seems even to prick his conscience—perhaps by its suggestion of ever-burning fires. Why is it more dignified to measure calico on a counter than to pop dishes into an oven? Clive, after all he had swallowed, might have taken this pill more manfully, we think.

Again, where precisely does "Tiger! Tiger!" come in? The "tiger" is, we suppose, the fury of lust that sweeps
away all competing feelings and principles. But after their first coming together we do not see much of the "tiger" in Sally or in Clive. She adores him with all the idealism of a Garvice heroine; his whole behaviour—
including his assertion that she had put meaning into his life and nerved him to fresh ambitions—implies that he found in her a great deal more than the "tiger" could demand. The passion of Frank Ascott for the barmaid, Lizzie Baker, in Mr. George Moore’s "Spring Days" might be the passion of a tiger or a tiger-cat, but this looks like a real love story. It may be that Mr. Leon Quarrtermaine’s rather slight physique prevents him from realizing the part. As Clive was, it seems, one of the "How to win the war" M.P.’s with a gift for hypnotizing mass meetings it is possible that he would succeed, if masculine expression can have place with spontaneity and inevitability, is the form of artistic insincerity that he (or any creative artist suddenly attracted by a social movement) needs most to guard against. The working of Mr. Quarrtermaine’s mind is apparent because it is set down in words in that same preface:

"How many tragic situations did Goethe say were possible? Something like thirty-two. Which seems a lot. Anyhow, granted that men are men still . . . we have added another tragic possibility to the list: the Strike situation. As yet, no one tackles this situation . . . Mr. Galsworthy has a peep, and sank down towards boths.

If Mr. Galsworthy sank towards boths he at least gave us a clear-cut—perhaps too clear-cut—work for the theatre. Mr. Lawrence is never in similar danger; he drifts evenly, without either sinking or rising, from vagueness to vagueness. The atmosphere is of industrial conflict in a Midland colliery village, true enough, but all through the first act it is only by chance words that we gather the deadly nature of it, the opening spectacle of a street orator haranguing the crowd being in no way different from the soap-box propaganda on the most normal of occasions. Having told us everything in his preface, the author has become too certain of himself.

In tragedy, as Mr. Lawrence discerns, the man is more than his part. Hamlet is more than Prince of Denmark, Macbeth more than murderer of Duncan. But there is nothing in Gerald Barlow as the uncompromising employer, in his associates, or in the labour leaders divided against themselves, to distinguish them from any other dramatic character created to fit into a particular argumentative situation. It is in the portrayal of Barlow in conflict with his mother after his discovery of his relationship with a young sculpture in the family’s employ that we are given a “man rather than a part.” For the first time in the play Mr. Lawrence forgets that he is writing for a People’s Theatre, and the scene is the soundest in the play; far sounder, artistically speaking, than the exposition of mob-psychology at the indecisive close, which, though it may please the “people” and prove tremendously effective in the theatre, is a piece of realism degrading to us as readers (and as audience). In art, as in life, there is a definite point in the degradation of a fellow-creature beyond which we cannot go; if only because, as in the instance of Malvolio (Shakespeare’s one excess in our modern eyes), it is humanly impossible to look upon.

T. M.

Correspondence

MR. WALTER BAYES AND THE ACADEMY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—I would wish to enter a gentle protest against an article (over the signature R. H. W.), in your issue of May 21—not in so far as it concerns myself, whom your contributor describes in terms quite as flattering as are called for, so that I may wisely let well alone, but on behalf of an unknown and imprudent Academician, who is denounced as

By this no invidious comparison is intended, nor any artistic inferiority to Shakespeare implied. The truth is simply that the notion of a People’s Theatre never once came into Shakespeare’s mind. He wrote with no intent to appeal to one particular class of audience rather than to another particular class. The effect was a total absence of that self-consciousness in artistic expression which is fatal to the freedom and independence of art.

We had almost written, fatal to the sincerity of art. For Mr. Lawrence’s play has been composed so specifically for an exclusive audience—exclusive, though that audience be the “people”—that the reader may detect in his choice of subject a deliberateness which, because only the inscrutable and the more formidable animal. In that case Mr. Quarrtermaine’s delicate and finished performance was a little out of place. Yet it seemed to fit in well enough and was a pleasure to watch.

There was, happily, no such doubt about Miss Kyre Bellew’s or Miss Stella Mervyn-Campbell’s interpretations of Sally and Evelyn. We have said so much about Sally that it is, perhaps, only necessary to add that it was Sally embodied in Miss Kyre Bellew that we had in mind. In looks and acting she was exactly what was required. Miss Campbell’s duty was to execute herself and she did it heroically. Evelyn, with her wit and daintiness and gentleness all cold and effaced, an old maid in girlhood, is as clean-cut, though she cannot be as vivid as Sally. The austere little epilogue when the two women meet in Clive’s dismantled room after his death at the front and agree that they are each of them half a being that ought to be united for perfection depends on her, since it is she who does the thinking, and she carried it off without a fault. We only take leave to quarrel with the summung-up which the author puts in her mouth. Sally’s need, she declares, is education, and that is true enough. But her own want, she goes on to say, is temperament, and that seems less certain. Considered as a type is it not education that she too wants, or at least a fresh education? Sally has never learned to tame the tiger, but Evelyn, laying her innocent 20th century manliness on top of the Victorian tradition of repression has unfortunately suffocated him . . . The author of “Joan and Peter” may develop the theme.

D. L. M.

MR. D. H. LAWRENCE AND THE "PEOPLE."

TOUCH AND GO: A PLAY IN THREE ACTS. 2\(b\)y D. H. Lawrence.

(Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.)

A NICE phrase: A People’s Theatre. But what about it? . . . Mr. Lawrence’s challenge in his preface to “Touch and Go” is supported in such ironical and ruthless fashion throughout the ninety pages of the volume that it becomes a necessity with us to retort that the idea of a People’s Theatre will remain vital only so long as those who provide its plays know nothing of its existence. While disagreeing entirely—unless it be theoretically—with Mr. Lawrence’s racy disclaimer that such an institution is either in being or on the way to it, that though “the name is chosen, the baby isn’t begotten; nay, the would-be parents aren’t married, nor yet courting,” it would be easy to maintain that, whether a People’s Theatre has been in existence all the time without our being aware, or whether it is indeed an ideal for future realization, William Shakespeare will always have a decided advantage over these writers for the newly-formed Society to which, on the title-leaf of “Touch and Go,” we are all invited to send our manuscripts.
"Impertinent" for claiming the admission of my picture as indicating a tendency to "move with the times."

"Impertinent" in the merely derivative sense clearly does not apply, for the Academy has been attacked for being old-fashioned; so evidence of any sort, to the contrary, could hardly be regarded as other than germane to the discussion. In the more colloquial sense of part or something worthy of respect, how does it apply? To whom has the Academician been impertinent?

At a first reading one would think that R. H. W. considered it was myself, but if this be really so, I must be permitted to claim any sense of being insulted by being written down as an innovator. I am reminded of a charming passage in the "Bees in the Wood," where the little girl (Mr. Will Evans) was accused by her brother of being a flirt. "Oh! I'm not, really I'm not," she says in shocked tones, evidently with truth, but, as evidently saying to herself, "Oh, if only I could make him think I am lying." Somewhat analogous must be the attitude of the conservative artist when accused of Post Impressionism, Futurism, Bolshevism. He may not believe it, but as for feeling hurt—as a man of the world, Mr. Editor, who realizes the attention paid respectively to the revolutionary or the merely "scholarly" artist—pensez vous?

And, indeed, though that is what your contributor artfully so artfully suggests, it he artfully suggests something quite different. He does not think that for a painter to be "scholarly, ingenious and painstaking," avails much, if at the same time he "contributes nothing to the Cézanne or Cubist traditions." His tone suggests that it is to the originality of these artists that the Academician has been impertinent by forcing them up as a confabulating.

But the anonymous sinner said nothing of the sort—indeed, the artist whom the R.A. are most reproached with neglecting, the artist against whom the same charge (of contributing nothing, etc.) might equally lie. The Academician had thus the best of reasons for not regarding the Cézanne and Cubist traditions as for the purposes of the controversy, the only representatives of progress. I submit that it is a maxim of superior criticism that we should try to be just even to Academicians, and that new and old fashions overlap too disastrously for it to amount to impertinence in anyone to differ from current opinions as to what is up to date.

If in the days when Impressionism was the accepted representative of "modernity," the Academy had hung works by the founders of the Cézanne and Cubist traditions, nothing would have been easier than to scout its plea of having moved with the times by demonstrating that these works contributed nothing to the Monet and Sisley tradition. That would have been perfectly true, but it would have been evident that the plea was impertinent. An Academician equally with any other art critic is entitled to his view as to what is progress. If all changes were for the better the early masters would be the worst painters of all. I hope, therefore, to induce R. H. W. to make clear where the alleged impertinence lies or alternatively to admit a slip of the pen.

Yours very truly,

WALTER BAYES.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—It is both surprising and regrettable that in a discussion on a question of aesthetics there are still critics (?) to be found who make "moral significance" (in the words of one of your correspondents) the test of great art. Without in any way wishing to defend the "Art for Art's Sake" or Wildeian aestheticism, I do not believe that good artistic criticism should be concerned with the "morality," or the opposite, of any work of art, for the simple reason that this aspect of art is a secondary one, and more accidental than intentional. The musician, for example, does not try to compose "good" music in the moral sense of the word, but tries to compose music which shall be musically "good." Morality has to do with conduct; art is expression. The only criterion for criticism (or at least the chief one), as far as I can see, is the extent to which the artist has succeeded in doing what he set out to do. The critic must judge him on this plane, and on no other. It is not his business to say that A is a greater artist than B merely because he (the critic) was more "morally uplifted" by A's productions than by B's; to prove his assertion about A he must produce other evidence, possibly of a technical or some other kind, which will clearly show why B as artist, must be considered inferior to A. The artistic faculty is a sense, like smelling or tasting; and to praise a symphony for its morality is like praising pea-soup because it is green. The greenness and the morality are in both cases attributes, not essential, but accidental. Nevertheless, great art is, of course, significant; but its significance is not necessarily "moral." Humanity in the widest sense, rather than morality, is, I suggest, the most striking characteristic of great art, because great art, like life, is universal; and the greatest artists have been, not preachers, but recorders, transforming what they record by their own profound sympathy with humanity in all its aspects.

Yours, etc.,

Rollo H. Myers.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—Mr. E. J. Dent's view, expressed in your issue of May 14, that the five most abstruse of Beethoven's sonatas were the greatest of all music, might be difficult to substantiate. I feel, however, that H. C.'s more recent statement, in his protest against the above-stated opinion, that these works are both un pianistic and unintelligible, should not be allowed to pass without comment. If these are the views of Beethoven's enthusiastic admirers it were well for H. C. if he turned a deaf ear to such and listened only to the sonatas themselves.

The works of innovators are, usually, at first regarded as unintelligible, but that this view should be held widely, at this time of day, of Beethoven's works, is quite incomprehensible. I should like to thank Mr. Dent for drawing attention to these wonderfully beautiful works, which have been for such a long time so strangely neglected.

Yours faithfully,

Ernest Cutting

125, Trodegar Road, E.3.

A MODEL STORY

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Surely K. M. has missed the point and the point of "The Third Window." Miss Latimer was not the dead man's anonymous Catus, but the ingenious K. M. had read carelessly, thoughtlessly, or thinking of some other story not by A. D. Sedgwick? Had Miss Latimer been Malcolm's sister, would Anne Douglas Sedgwick have written "The Third Window"? I venture to doubt it. George III, asked how the apple got into the dumpling. One sometimes wonders how the novel has got into the review... I imagine the brilliant reviewer after a prolonged gape into the hand-glass hitting the looker-on in the eye.

Another query: Is Antonius convinced that the immorality of Trotsky is more secure than Lenin's?

Yours faithfully,

A. S. R.

9, Whitehouse Terrace, Edinburgh.

THE LATE SIR EDWARD COOK

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—I am engaged in writing the biography of the late Sir Edward Cook (published by Messrs. Constable), and should be greatly obliged if those who have preserved any letters of interest received from him would kindly forward them to me at Londwater, Upton Road, Watford. They will be carefully treated, and returned in due course.

Yours faithfully,

J. Saxon Mills

June 1, 1920.

From the Periodical, the house organ of the Oxford University Press, we learn that the Oxford Dictionary, with Dr. Craigie's new section "Visor-Vyver," now fills 14,169 pages, in which 378,185 words are dealt with and the huge total of 1,650,917 illustrative quotations are given.
FOREIGN LITERATURE

PEDANTRY AND SYSTEM


CROCE'S "Estetica," published as the first volume of the "Filosofia dello Spirito" in 1900, holds the field; not that it is not criticized—which would be a sign of death—but that nothing else is. The theory then sketched out was expanded and expounded, under the title of "Problemi di Estetica," in the first volume of these "Saggi," and again in the "Breviario di Estetica" (1913), a reprint of which occupies about one-third of the present volume. The introduction, while referring to the original "Estetica" for the criticism by which earlier aesthetics are superseded, now offers a fuller determination of the idea of art and of art's history.

Croce's general definition of art—"an impulse embodied in an image," as he once more phrases it—is well known. It should be instructive to see whether it gains or loses by the new presentation, to which the author attaches considerable value as calculated to remove the reproach of negativity and harshness admitted to hold against his earlier treatment. To that end we are here given, on the one hand, mere constructive and positive deduction of his conception of art from his general philosophy of the mind, and, on the other, an attempt to justify that concept by exhibiting its application to definite problems of artistic criticism, or rather by deducing their correct solution from it. The earlier method was less abstract, more Socratic; it showed, by appealing to artistic experience, that the theory propounded covered the facts of that experience better than any rival. If we still prefer this to the more a priori deduction now offered us, that may indicate very significant divergencies from Croce's general philosophical method.

The tendency criticized is well illustrated in the last chapter of this book. From the premiss that the moment a problem is clearly stated (that is, as soon as there really is a problem) it is solved, we reach the conclusion that there are no unsolved problems, with the corollary that "since this proof is logically impregnable, problems cited as actually existing in order to confute it cannot really exist." That such a deduction of facts from system may be false and cannot be fruitful is admirably shown by Croce's own instance: Since the problem whether Gemma Donati was a good wife to Dante is, with our present data, insoluble, it cannot be a real problem, though it might become one with the discovery of new documents! It is just this pedantic frivolity which has given a bad name, or a bad influence, to Croce's philosophy among many students who have not proceeded to its more serious content. His predilection for such methods cannot be explained as merely the prejudice which all men have for the validity of their own hypothesis. It is an exaggeration of the philosophic and pre-eminently idealistic vice (itself only a defect of the philosophic virtue) of preferring rationalization to reflection upon the facts.

No doubt, if a system and the account of some particular fact be true they must be consistent, and either may be appealed to in support of the other. But deduction from the system is evidence only convincing to disciples; and, moreover, since a system's only claim to truth is that it explains the facts, the privilege of arguing that nothing can be a fact which it does not explain is one that should be rarely exercised. Thus the argument that art is not a physical fact is offshore weakened by being based on the dogma (not here fully expounded) that physical facts are "unreal," while art is "real." But, whether we believe this or not, we must all believe, as Croce himself often admits, that there is a sense in which our bodies and other physical facts are real; and the relevant point is to distinguish art from such facts. As he says on p. 56, it is sometimes better "not to insist on this rather abstract scheme, but, instead, to see how it is realized in the life of the mind."

Symptomatic of the same tendency is the doctrine, familiar to readers of the "Problemi," that all criticism is dependent on aesthetic. This is here supported by an argument itself of that abstract nature which carries no conviction because it may be true or false according to the exact meaning and application of its terms in any given context: "Criticism is judgment; judgment implies a criterion; a criterion of judgment implies the thinking of a concept; the thinking of a concept implies relation with other concepts, and this, in the end, is system or philosophy." On hardly any point has Croce spent more pains in elucidation, and hardly any remains more obscure. Criticism is not artistic appreciation, which must precede it; nor is it that approach to artistic appreciation which can be opened by historical or philological scholarship; nor yet is it that stimulus to appreciation given by an expression, itself a work of art, of the critic's own aesthetic experience. It is not praise and condemnation. It is identified with the history of art in individual monographs. More precisely it is the union of the concept of art with its history—the attribution of that concept to historical events; and the adequacy of the concept so predicated depends upon the philosophy of the time and its assimilation by the critic. Yet the existence of admirable critics cannot make it possible for us outside the realm of aesthetic experience, to know that aesthetic experience, in the form Croce has propounded it, is or has been fruitful. It is explained by saying that "the concept was present, though often fused in judgments"; from which it would seem that a critic may, after all, perform his whole duty, of correctly distinguishing artistic and inartistic works, without any aesthetic theory at all. This is what we should have expected both from the history of criticism and a priori. While aesthetic theory is a generalization from aesthetic experiences, and must be tested by the new experiences which occur, not they by it. The same holds good in ethics, where neither the good man nor the prophet of morality nor the historian need possess a moral philosophy; it is enough if he know good acts when he sees them, for they can never be described from the idea of goodness. It is the same again with truth, of which no logical definition or criterion is necessary in order to expose error or appreciate evidence.

The only useful effect, as distinct from its intrinsic interest, of aesthetic upon criticism which Croce succeeds in establishing is negative. Pure aesthetic-historical judgment upon works of art is apt to be tainted by false theories—rationalist, moralist, hedonist, scientific—and a truer theory is the only antidote; just as only by the Kantian revolution was the pure moral judgment rescued from the tyranny of utilitarian, aesthetic, rationalist usurpers.

But the obscurity of Croce's doctrine of criticism is not likely to be cleared up while the necessary possibility of communicating an artistic expression by means of physical signs remains for his philosophy ultimately mysterious. It is in this fundamental point that we believe his idealism to be really vulnerable; to Professor Bosanquet's criticism that an expression must be embodied in some material form we believe the answer, repeated on pp. 36-37, had been already given.

The "Estetica" of twenty years ago has not, then, been surpassed either by others or by Croce himself. Its original merits and weaknesses are reproduced in less or more salient forms. There is the same brilliant criticism of all unesthetic criteria, and especially of the classifications of Classical and Romantic, Form and Content; the same clear distinction between Fancy and Imagination (our terms being reversed in the Italian), and a somewhat more
sympathetic discussion of the meaning of "Universality" in art. There is also the same perversity (perhaps again justifiable by some flavour of the Italian word not discoverable by a foreigner) in identifying "beauty" with "pleasantness," and thus distinguishing it from the virtue of art. Yet even this perversity gives occasion to the striking suggestion that forms once the vehicle for artistic activity—the "classics" of our own or the world's youth—may, even when they are emptied of life, in this sense still be called beautiful.

In a word, the great and original contribution remains, not unattended either by its old incidental weaknesses or by new and arresting flashes of insight, but in its main outlines neither enriched nor enlarged.

E. F. C.

**La Vie Commence Demain.** Par Guido da Verona. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy 4fr. 90.)—Guido da Verona is pursuing his path of conquest even in translations, for this is the fifth edition of M. F. Le Hénaff's version of "La Vita Comincia Domani"; but he has still a long way to go before he overtakes the successes he has scored in his native land. This is undoubtedly Verona's best novel. His characters are nothing if not vigorously drawn, and here he has been more than usually successful. The comfortable Landi household on their country estate, with the old parents and the servants; the lively, pretty Maria Dora, and Marcuccio, the only son, whose brain has given way from overwork, with his violin and his strange poems, the refrain from one of which is continually running in Ferento's ears, and therefore gives the title to the novel—all this makes an effective background to the tragedy. The great scientist Ferento dominates the book absolutely. It never occurred to him to yield to the temptation of making away with his friend, now stricken with a mortal illness, though he is passionately in love with his wife Novella, who is already his mistress. Not till Giorgio asks him to kill him himself does he consent to poison him. Ferento carries everything before him; but after his acquittal he finds it impossible to go on with his hospital work. Though fully justified in his own eyes, he nevertheless knows that he has proved false to his trust as a doctor and violated a great natural law. He is not the superman he imagined. His love for Novella is the one thing that matters for him. It is this side of Verona that lifts his work above the commonplaces and gives this novel something of the dignity of a tragedy, though we imagine that his great popularity is due rather to his skill in handling powerful situations and constructing an absorbing story.

**A CATALAN POET-PAINTER.**

A recent number of *Vell i Nou* alluded to the pictures of the delightful sixteenth-century Catalan poet Pere Serafí. A large Last Judgment ascribed to him existed formerly in the monastery of Montserrat, but of works now known those assigned to him with some certainty are the pictures in Tarragona Cathedral. Very little is known about Serafí. He is said to have been a Greek and signed as "The Greek." It is most extraordinary to find two painters of the same time in Spain calling themselves "El Greco." Did Pere Serafí come to Spain from Crete and Rome like, and perhaps in the company of, Domenico Theotocopoulos? He was certainly no disciple, and appears to have been a few years older than the two. The grace and charm of his Nativity in Tarragona Cathedral is in the manner rather of Alonso Cano than of the great Domenico, and forms an interesting comparison and contrast with the latter's Nativity at Valencia. We shall surely hear more of Pere Serafí, painter. Now that attention has been attracted to his work, fresh documents will almost certainly come to light. His poems, published in the second half of the sixteenth century, and twice in the nineteenth, are charmingly light and fresh. Witness the Cancó which Angelo Poliziano a century earlier would not have disdained to write. It begins:

Si 'm lev de bon mati
Y ani-m-en toda soleta
Y entro-en-dins mon jardi
Dratinent,
L'ayre dolent la fin riret,
Per cullir la violets.

A. F. G. B.
LITERATURE AND PRESENT-DAY RUSSIA

II.

Nor let us forget that though Balzac’s “Poor Relations,” Gogol’s “Dead Souls,” and “The Pickwick Papers” are to be considered books that describe conditions of actual life, there is hidden in them a great and imperishable lesson which the best university cannot provide, and which an average man will not have learnt so exactly or so clearly after fifty years of hard-working life.

The habitual is not always banal, for it is habitual for man to be consumed in books that describe conditions of actual life, and this self-consumption is always beautiful and necessary, as it is instructive for those who timidly shoulder all their life long, without blazing up in the bright flame that destroys the man and illuminates the mysteries of his spirit.

Human errors are not so characteristic of the art of the word and image; more characteristic is its longing to raise man above the external conditions of existence, to free him from the fetters of the degrading actuality, to show him to himself not as the slave, but as the lord of circumstance, the free creator of life, and in this sense literature is ever revolutionary.

By the mighty effort of genius rising above all circumstances of actuality, saturated with the spirit of humanity, kindling its hatred from the excess of passionate love, fine literature, prose and poetry, is our great vindication, and not our condemnation. It knows that there are no guilty—although everything is in man, everything is from man. The cruel contradictions of life that arouse the eminence and hatred of nations, classes, individuals, are to literature only an inveterate error, and she believes that the ennobled will of men can and must destroy all errors, all that which, arresting the free development of the spirit, delivers man into the power of animal instincts.

If you look closely into the mighty stream of creative energy embodied in the word and image, you feel and believe that the great purpose of this stream is to wash away for ever all the differences between races, nations, classes, and, by freeing men from the hard burden of the struggle with each other, to direct all their forces to the struggle with the mysterious forces of nature. And it seems that their art of the word and image is and will be the religion of all mankind—a religion that absorbs everything that is written in the sacred writings of ancient India, in the Zend-Avesta, in the Gospels and Koran.

This, in a rough and superficial outline, is the attitude to literature which—without prejudice to individual deviations to one or another side—is professed by the group of workers of “World Literature,” organized under the People’s Commissary for Instruction with the object of publishing the works of the most considerable writers of England, America, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Scandinavia, Hungary, etc.

As may be seen from the accompanying list, the publishing company “World Literature” has now—as the beginning of its activity—made a selection from the works published in various countries since the end of the eighteenth century until our days, from the beginning of the Great French Revolution to the Great Russian Revolution. Thus the Russian citizen will have at his disposal all the treasures of poetry and artistic prose created during a century and a half of the intense spiritual creation of Europe.

Together the books will form an extensive historico-literary anthology, which contains the possibility to model acquainting himself with the rise, creative work and fall of literary schools, with the development of the technique of poetry and prose, with the mutual influences of the literatures of different nations, and, generally, with the whole movement of literary evolution in its historic continuity—from Voltaire to Gogol, from Flaubert to Richardson to Wells, from Goethe to Hauptmann, and so on.

This series of books is designed for popular education, and is intended for readers desirous of studying the history of literary creation in the interval between the two revolutions.

The books will be accompanied by introductions, biographies of the authors, outlines of the epoch which has given rise to each school, group or work, a historico-literary com-

mentary and bibliographical notes. It is intended to publish more than 1,500 such books, each of about 320 numbered pages.

Later on “World Literature” intends to acquaint the Russian people with the literatures of the Middle Ages, with the literature of Russia and other Slavonic countries, as well as with the imagined thought and word creation of the East, with the true literature of India, Persia, China, Japan, and the Arabs.

Simultaneously with this series will be published a series of brochures intended for the widest circulation among the masses. The brochures will contain the most outstanding things in the literature of Europe and America, and will be accompanied by biographies, notes, sociological sketches, etc.

As it enters with determination upon the road of spiritual union with the peoples of Europe and Asia, the Russian people in all its mass must know the peculiarities of the history, social life, and psychology of these nations and races, together with whom it now aspires to build up new forms of social existence.

Literature, the living and imaged history of the exploits and errors, of the excellences and failures of our ancestors, possessing the mighty power of influencing the organization of thought, of refining the cruelty of the instincts, educating the will, must finally fulfill her planetary rôle—the rôle of the people which most firmly and most intimately unites the peoples by the consciousness of their sufferings and longings, by the consciousness of the community of their desire for the happiness of a life that is beautiful and free.

The object of the brochures is to acquaint the reader from the masses as fully as possible with the ways of life of the peoples of Europe and America, to show the community and variety of their ideas, aspirations, customs—to prepare the Russian reader to gain the knowledge of the world and of men which is so generously and vitally presented by artistic literature, and through which the mutual understanding of different-speaking peoples is most easily achieved.

The domain of “World Literature” is the International of the spirit, and in our day, when the idea of the brotherhood of the peoples, of the social International, is visibly being transformed into reality, into necessity, we are bound to strain every effort in order that the assimilation of the satyric idea of universal brotherhood should be carried on with the utmost speed, and penetrate into the depths of the mind and will of the masses.

The wider his knowledge, the more perfect is man; the keener and more eager man’s interest in his fellow-men, the quicker will be accomplished the process of fusion of the good creative elements into one united power, the quicker we shall pass through our sufferings and stations of the cross to the universal festival of mutual understanding, respect, brotherhood—to our own glory.

In order to make reading attractive to uneducated people, the series of brochures will include books of an external interest, stories with complicated plots, amusing, humorous stories, historical novels, tales of adventure, etc.

The brochures will be published in a chronological order, so that even the readers from the masses should be enabled to trace clearly the process of the spiritual development of Europe—from the Great Revolution until our tragic days. It is proposed to publish between three and five thousand brochures, each containing 32-64 numbered pages.

In its extent this great publishing scheme is unique in Europe.

The honour of realizing this undertaking belongs to the creative forces of the Russian Revolution—of the revolution which has destroyed the “horsemen, brothers” in beginning such a responsible and vast work of culture in the very first year of its activity, in circumstances difficult beyond description, the Russian people has the right to say that it is erecting a monument to itself worthy of itself.

After the criminal and accursed slaughter ignorominously committed by the servile men intoxicated with their passionate worship of the fat Yellow Devil of gold, after the bloody tempest of malice and hatred, nothing could be more opportune than to present the wide picture of spiritual creation. At the festival of the brute and the beast let men remember all that is truly human that the ages have taught us, that genius and talent have taught the world,

Maxim Gorky.
List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the sub-class. Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

300 PHILOSOPHY.


200 RELIGION.


300 SOCIOLOGY.

Crotchet (W. Waller). Industrial Anarchy—and the Way Out. Hutchinson, 1920. 8 in. 140 pp., 2/6 n. 331

To affirm that the author states his case capably and puts forward telling arguments in its favour, does not imply agreement with all that he advances. Premising that the English worker has lost his zeal and gaiety, and is generally dissatisfied, Mr. Crotchet discusses the causes of this discontent, and endeavours to find remedies. That the working man is now separated by a wide gulf from his employer, that he has become part of a machine, that his toil yields products with neither character nor individuality, and that there is a huge disparity between the employee's and employer's rewards, are in Mr. Crotchet's judgment, among the main causes of the discontent. Some of the remedies suggested are an early solution of the housing problem; payment on a piece-work basis; greater facilities for social intercourse and amusements; and less outside interference with the long-established habits of the workers.


The central theme of sociology, as conceived by Professor Findlay and lucidly expounded in this excellent introduction to a comparatively new, extremely comprehensive, but somewhat elusively scientific, is the definition of social groups, their classification and their relations to each other. The treatment is systematic, though some problems of considerable importance, such as the institution of land tenure, have had to be omitted. The first five chapters are devoted to principles. The second part relates to types of social grouping, such as family, state, religion, and occupation. In the third part, which is concerned with organization, the positions of the leader, the official, and the representative, are discussed; and there is an analysis of the instinct of loyalty. One of the author's conclusions is that "we can only maintain the State by maintaining also in due proportion our allegiance to other social groups." Professor Findlay abounds in original and relevant material which will render the book useful to students and others who require a lucid, concise, and substantial exposition of the subject.

Herbert (Sydney). Nationality and its Problems. Methuen, [1920]. 8 in. 185 pp. index, 5/6 n. 320

In this careful study the author stresses the distinction between race and nationality, and defines the latter as "a form of consciousness of kin, related to a definite home-country, which binds men together irrespective of political allegiance and opinions, religious beliefs, and economic interests." A nation, declares Mr. Herbert, is "a social group, bound together by a consciousness of kind which springs from the tradition evoked by the group's historic past, and is directly related to a definite home-country." The conclusion expresses in its final chapter is Professor A. E. Zimmern's, namely, that nationality is "not a political question at all. It is primarily and essentially a spiritual question, and, in particular, an educational question." To a social group it is what personality is to an individual.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

*Ashton (William). The Evolution of a Coast-Line: Barrow to Aberystwyth and the Isle of Man, with notes on lost towns, submarine discoveries, etc. maps, ill. Stanford, 1920. 8 in. 314 pp., index, 10/6 n. 551

In a previous book, "The Battle of Land and Sea," the author described the changes that have occurred in a smaller section of the West Coast. This is a full, physiographically account of widespread erosion and considerable accretions which are going on now and have resulted in vast alterations of riversourses as well as the coast, even in historical times. Ptolemy's Bellsama is identified with the Ribble or the Mersey; the problems of the site of Portus Setantii, and how Harlech was reached by the sea; the legend of the drowned palace and demesne supposed to be represented by the bank of Llys Helig, and the story of Seithyn's delinquency and the loss of Cantref Gwaedol, are among the absorbing questions treated with much illuminating detail by Mr. Ashton.

600 USEFUL ARTS.


A substantial and copiously-illustrated volume, the author of which is professionally associated with the Lancashire and Western Sea Fisheries Joint Committee. Mr. Jenkins describes from personal knowledge the mystery of the fishers' craft. An account is given of the methods of fishing adopted in the North Sea; and the narrative deals with the rise of the herring fisheries, as well as with the development of steam trawling. Public fisheries, their methods described; and an important chapter deals with individual fish, such as the sole, plaice, haddock, and herring. Foreign and colonial fisheries are considered in the last chapter. The volume is full of information.

700 FINE ARTS.


Ives (Herbert E.). Airplane Photography. Lippincott [1920]. 8 in. 422 pp. il. index, 18/ n. 770

Every reader of books dealing with the great war—and who has been able to avoid them—is aware of the rapid development of airplane photography during the years of conflict, and of the outstanding importance, from a military point of view, of this art especially in topographical and other purposes its usefulness will extend; and the author, who treats his subject, so far as possible, as a branch of scientific photography, has produced a book likely to be of service, not only to readers interested in the military aspects of airplane photography, but also to those whose thoughts are directed towards possibilities of applicatations in this fascinating department of photographic work. A suggestive chapter deals with future developments in apparatus and methods.

800 LITERATURE.


Most of the characters of this Masterlinckian play are children—the family of a widowed queen driven out by a usurper—and, presumably, it is meant to be played by children.
Gammer Gurton's Neddle; by Mr. S. Mr. of Art; ed by H.P.B.
Brett-Smith ("The Percy Reprints"). Oxford, Blackwell, 1920. 8 in. 96 pp. app. 4.6 n. 824.9

Rejecting the accepted claim of John Still, sometime Bishop of Bath and Wells, the editor thinks the author of the ancient comedy was William Stevenson, fellow of Christ's, who was known to have written a play. This is an exact reproduction of the original text, together with a short introduction, notes, and emendations of the play recently presented by Dr. Boas at University College, London.

824.9

The thoughts that rise unbidden in the stress of life, and even in the hurly-burly of war, are the substance of these essays or notes for essays. The author jotted them down in the meandering of a "despised field ambulance" in the wake of Deventer's Horse. Two facts forced themselves on his mind: we do not comprehend the power of intuition in moulding our thoughts and in building up our lives; and subconsciousness is the worthiest part in us. The book provides serious thoughts for thoughtful readers.

Lawrence (D. H.). Touch and Go: a play in three acts. Daniel, 1920. 8 in. 96 pp., 3/6 n. 822.9

See review, p. 777.

Moeller (Philip). Madame Sand, a Biographical Comedy. Heinemann, 1920. 7 in. 198 pp., 5/ n. 829.9

See notice, p. 776.

POETRY.

Granath (A. E.). The Wisdom of Akhaton. Lane, 1920. 7 in. 179 pp., 6/ n. 821.9

The figure of a ruler who believed in the infinite power of love in practical existence, as opposed to that of strife and racial antagonism, has a peculiar attraction for the modern imagination, which is beginning to recover from a surfeit of all that is antiethical to love. Mr. Granath has employed such a figure, that of the Pharaoh Akhaton, as the foundation of a dramatic poem, and his portrayal of the ruler who acts in defiance of his dynasty, and fights a war, is managed with a good deal of skill and entire sympathy. The Pharaoh’s idea of uniting all the tribes of the world in the worship of the one bountiful God leads to the end of the revolution, but his prophetic eloquence in face of the mob is such that the spirit of aggression is defeated. The verse is adequate throughout, and the climax might easily be made by stage presentation into an impressive spectacle.

Holmes (Edmond). Sonnets and Poems: an anthology selected and arranged by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. R. Cobden-Sanderson, 1920. 9 in. 126 pp., 6/ n. 821.9

See notice, p. 761.

Mackenzie (Dan). Pride o’ Raploch; and other poems. Elkin Mathews, 1920. 7½ in. 63 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

“Pride o’ Raploch” is a long narrative poem of a love that ended in tragedy. So far as a mere Southerner can understand it—for it is written in the most obscurely Scottish of tongues—it seems to be a well-told and well-written poem.

Rutter (Owen). The Song of Tiadatha. Fisher Unwin, 1920. 7½ in. 144 pp., 4.6 n. 821.9

“Tiadatha” is a breezy way of saying “Tired Arthur,” and his song is modelled very cleverly on Longfellow. The story is supposed to be that of many others who were wealthy idlers in war-time, and who obtained commissions and experienced the fever and servitude of army life in France and Salonica. The publisher claims in a note to the first English edition (the original publication was in the columns of the Orient Weekly, Salonica) that “Tiadatha” is a little copy of the great war. It is indeed an epic, if one can call such a dignified title for a composition which is all gentle satire and kindly poking of fun at an essentially English type, and yet without any literary merit whatsoever. This latter fact, however, has not prevented, nor will it prevent, a large number of the Salonic army from treasuring Capt. Rutter’s verses.


This conciseness is plainly the outcome of sheer high spirits. Mr. Sieveking has found in Mr. Alec Macdonald an artist who is able to play up to him as vitally as did Mr. John Nash in the volume, “Dressing-Gowns and Glove,” published last year. There does not seem, all the same, to be any particular reason why more of these mock-humorous verses, which most of us write at one time or another, should not be illustrated and issued after the same manner. An example of Mr. Sieveking’s work is “Lyric Bouwowsesque,” with its opening lines—“Heave of his standard—
I wandered round and round and round
Along the cliffs, along the sand,
I trod the faded crinkled ground
(The moonbeams urged not a sound)—
and much stressing of the fact that the sea simply waved its tail at the poet. The second half of the volume is a satirical production of a novel on modern lines, but the humorous vein wears thinner and thinner.

FICTION.


See review, p. 780.


The title-role is filled by a charming heroine who has been washed up by the sea sixteen years before the story opens. Adopted by the eccentric Henry Eton, who taught her nothing but knowledge, the Pretty Dear is practically a little too artless, indeed, to seem real—in this world, at all events. She is fortunate in her circle of acquaintances, succeeds to an enormous fortune, and generally “falls on her feet.” The author’s experience as a writer of eminently readable fiction enables her thoroughly to enlist the reader’s interest in this wild flower heroine, whose lot in life is evidently destined to be very comfortable.


When Gypsy and Ginger got married, Gypsy (the gentlema) proposes that they build a little house, with only one room, but two doors—one door his, and the other hers. When the weather is fine you will come out of your door while I stay inside and cook the sausages, and when it is bad I will come out of my door while you go in and make the tea. And all the people will give us pennies for telling them what the weather is.” Gypsy had always loved and often admired Gypsy: but on hearing the above brilliant plan for embarking on married life she almost respected him. Miss Farjeon’s stories are in this level of quaint whimsicality which grown-ups and young people alike find enjoyment in; when Ginger expresses the fear that Gypsy’s suggestion will not permit husband and wife to meet very often, he asks her to “think how jolly it would be to wave to each other.” The book tells how the plan worked out in relation not merely to housekeeping, but to friends and strangers. It is wholly delightful, and will enhance Miss Farjeon’s reputation in a form of story-telling that she can do with as much charm in prose as hitherto in verse.


Mrs. Felkin has once more resorted to that device of mistaken identity which she employed in "A Double Thumb." The conditions are here considerably altered, but not, we think, in the direction of greater probability. The author’s store of generalizations, concerning the human male and female, has been extended to cover the mentality of spinsters, to whom it seems, “every man is more or less a hero or a villain.” Her devout matrons are now pillars of the Establishment, not, as in her earlier books, of Wesleyanism. Her criticism of life remains, as always, good-natured and mildly amusing.


In this story dealing with rationalism, Roman Catholicism, moral standards of husbands and wives, and kindred topics, the most agreeable and natural personage is the struggling young man, John Haight, whose life is as shallow and unstable Anne O’Sullivan (aged 15), immediately after her father’s death. Anne’s future sister-in-law, Francesca, is a likeable character: but the heroine herself is difficult to understand, almost to the end of the
book. Her husband does not attract the reader, whose chief regret is that the author sees fit to kill off "poor old John."


A pleasant and successful "first novel," in which the author depicts a Mesopotamian town where the hero, Captain Galt, Political Officer, affects a number of sanitary and other improvements, and becomes popular with the inhabitants. Difficulties arise, owing to Galt's championship of a girl who is pestering by the unwelcome attentions of a powerful Arab sheikh. The unconventional shepherdess-heroine is the leading figure in a pretty love idyll; and skilful Oriental colouring imbues the whole of the book. Mr. McDougall has given us a savoury baggis, and his work is distinctly promising.


Reminiscences of Hardy, Kipling and Baring-Gould are easily discernible in this innocuously agreeable tale. The scene is laid in a moorland parish, and the characters include an ideal rector and rector's daughter, a high-souled gipsy girl, his opposite number, and a half-crazy collector of authentic idols "besmeared with blood of human sacrifice, and parents' tears." There are three or four love affairs, of which only one ends happily, and the interest is varied by some sufficiently stirring adventures.

Stanton (Coralie) and Hosken (Heath). The Buried Torch.

Parsons, 1920. 8 in. 306 pp. 7/ n.

Sometimes in our fiction-reading we have to prepare ourselves for a double-barrelled dose of adeptness. The authors of "The Buried Torch" do not fail us. As we follow their second novel, the hero and its heroine, with its heroines and its villain, Leopold Lazarus, we have the feeling that Miss Stanton and Mr. Hosken are as breathless as we are; that their chapters are done in turn at a reckless speed, one writer exhausted and down, and the other coming up, fresh and more determined than ever. Sometimes one of them attempts a development but he (or she) is kept stilly in check by the other. "She looked down on the calm face [of a friend who an instant earlier has died suddenly] for a moment. 'Boy,' she said, with a woman's innate comprehension, 'he looks like a man whose life has been passed in the shadows.'" Then come the inevitable asterisks, like a hand lapped over the words, and the curt statement made, if one may fairly guess, by the stern one) that "The next morning Gallert's servants telephoned to Nance that he was dead."

Tyler (Philippa). The Manaton Disaster. Heath Cranton, 1920. 7 in. 290 pp., 6.9 r.

In the final chapter Linden, the heroine, finds "the long-awaited kiss even more wonderful than she had anticipated." That is perhaps because she had a good deal to go through in the way of adventure, misunderstanding, and hardship before she reached it. Indeed, the author does not attach to the kiss a tithle of the importance that she attaches to even the most trivial incidents that can thicken and help on her most enthralling plot.


See notice, p. 780.


Miss Wynne is well-known as a writer of historical, or pseudo-historical romances, and in the present instance, we think, she surpasses her usual level. She has placed the action in this century, thus obviating all necessity for a Wardour Street atmosphere; and a conspiracy which has for its object the coronation of a French king, lineally descended from Louis XVI., provides an original and attractive motif. There is also a rather taking heroine, who, having come unexpectedly into a large fortune, and yearning after notoriety and excitements, entangles herself with the conspirators, and is thus exposed to dangers, matrimonial and otherwise. All, however, ends happily.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

*Lovett (William). Life and Struggles of William Lovett, in His Pursuit of Bread, Knowledge, and Freedom.* With some short account of the different associations he belonged to, and of the opinions he entertained ("Bohn's Popular Library: Social-Economic Section."). Bell, 1920. 2 vols. 7 in. 278, 236 pp., 2/4 n. each. 920

Mr. R. H. Tawney contributes a useful introduction to this serviceable reprint of the autobiography of Lovett, whose valuable edifice-work in the cause of reform, as Founder and Secretary of the London Working Men's Association, Secretary of the Chartist Convention of 1839, and holder of important offices in similar bodies, is at the present time worthy as close study as are the records of more recent efforts on behalf of the masses.


This serviceable reprint from the original edition of Owen's autobiography, which was published in 1857-8, will be heartily welcomed by sociologists, students of economics, and general readers interested in the history of social experiments. The original edition has been out of print for many years.

Roosevelt (Theodore).


See review, p. 762. 920-993 HISTORY.


See review, p. 762.

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Luzac's oriental list, a bibliography of current literature concerning the Eastern world. [London: Luzac & Co., 1920].

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D. J. A. BROWN. Registrar.


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COUNCIL invite APPLICATIONS for the above lectureship. Salary £900 to £200, according to qualifications and experience. Applications, with the names of not more than three referees, to be in the hands of the Registrar by June 19. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar.

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Form of application and scale of salaries may be obtained from the undersigned, and should be returned not later than the 22nd June.

P. D. INNIES, Chief Education Officer.

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APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of PRINCIPAL of the above-named School, which will become vacant in September next.

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Forms of application and particulars of the appointment may be obtained from the Registrar, School of Arts and Crafts, Leicester, and should be returned to the undersigned not later than June 28, 1920.

F. P. ARMITAGE,
Director of Education.

Town Hall, Leicester.

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IS THERE A NEW GENERATION?

FEW phrases spring more readily to the lips, or flow more easily from the pen, than that of "a new generation." There are variants of it; we speak and write of "modern" literature, "modern" painting, the "modern" man. We do not mean by this what is merely contemporary: we hear it said that there is something extremely modern in Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida," and that among our contemporaries such a one is modern, while another is not.

Presumably, we mean something: but what do we mean? Is there a way of feeling and thinking more or less common to men and women now under middle age to-day, an attitude to life which is different from that of our predecessors, and by which this present age will be distinguished, a hundred years hence, from that which went before and that which will follow after?

Probably there is. We feel around us: a very conscious refusal to accept the ideals of a past generation, a hesitation to endow any ideal at all with the old sanctities, a determination not to be gulled, above all not to gull ourselves: a curious, almost perverse satisfaction in the shattering of the dream by the fact; an utter mistrust of the old full-sounding words. Liberty—we look at America; Democracy—we look at ourselves; Republicanism—we look at France; Equality—we look at Russia; Justice—we look at Europe.

This general refusal to believe is modern. We can see a relation between this and what passes for modern in literature, in painting even. But what relation is there between it and the modernity that is claimed for Chaucer or for Shakespeare? True, it would be hard to say that either of those great men believed in anything in the sense that an Englishman of ten years ago was supposed to believe in democracy; but it would be much harder to say that they refused to believe. And in one thing we may say with confidence that they believed with all their hearts. They believed in life. They never wearied of delighting in it, never faltered in their self-appointed task of adding something to its infinite and varied texture. That delight is seldom found to-day. The modern motive is not to add to life, but to refine upon it.

In other words, when it claims these great men as modern the present age comes nearest to a profession of faith; yet it professes, not faith, but a desire for it. And the faith it desires is a faith in life. How can this be recovered? Surely it is not impossible. For faith in life, as those great men if not our own consciousness tell us, has nothing to do with faith in the ends which the prophets, the philosophers, the scientists, and the statesmen assign to it. We may smile at the millennium, mistrust democracy, be contemptuous of aristocracy, find civilization a lie, and still have faith in life. We need not believe that it is leading anywhere, much less to a painless paradise, but we may believe that it is an infinitely exciting, infinitely lovely interplay of wills and desires, achievements and frustrations, dreams and realities.

The "modern" is too fond of thinking that he has shown up life. What he shows us is not life at all. He is typified by the novelist who pathetically believes that psycho-analysis has added a cubit to his stature, whereas he stuggles like a pygmy under the burden.

Convey, if you can, the quality of the passion of a man for woman in a single line: you will have done more than an encyclopaedia of analysis of their complexes. You will have declared your faith in life; you will have done more—added something to it, made it more wonderful than it was.
THE BANDSTAND

M R. TOD had been assured that if only he took care to cross the common by way of the bandstand he would have no difficulty in finding the house. At the moment, however, he was contemplating that walk with some dismay. The weather was truly wretched. After a day of unbroken gloom the evening was closing in damp and chill and foggy. Sheer necessity alone would have dragged him from the fireside comforts of home on such a night; for, though Mr. Tod was regarded as a shrewd business man who had "not done badly" during the war, he prided himself on being "strictly honourable" in private affairs, and would no more have dreamt of breaking his word to a friend than of selling at less than the highest possible rate. Hence the journey!

After a hard day's work in the city, forty minutes' jolting over war-time neglected roads in a motor omnibus ("five only allowed to stand inside") is a fairly trying experience for a man of middle age. Moreover, he had been irritated by a nasally-troubled fellow-passenger who, with the air of one bestowing consolation, informed him that the weather was "seasonable" and therefore "buzzing." Mr. Tod began to wonder if he had travelled by irance, which really would have suited him better; but he had peculiar and rigid principles which forbade his using a municipalized conveyance if another were available.

And now he had to alight; by dint of violent exertions and dexterous writhings, he reached the steps of the omnibus, and noted that the fog had changed to a fine drizzle.

"Raining!" he remarked to the conductor. "Just a few 'eat spots!'" was the ironic reply. "'urry up, please!"

And the bell rang—twice!

At the edge of the common, a policeman stood motionless under a lamp; he hunched his shoulders glistening with rain dust.

He pointed out the path to the bandstand, giving bewilderingly precise directions in a deep West-Country voice.

"You can't miss it, sir!" he concluded, "an easy ten minutes' walk!"

Mr. Tod proceeded as directed. In summer it might have been a pleasant walk, but to-night!—and Mr. Tod again cursed the luck which forced him abroad. The path was unlighted and bordered with tall trees; under his feet the loose gravel girted uncomfortably; as he strained his eyes in the darkness, the drizzle collected on his glasses, blurring his vision. He felt lonely; far ahead from some high building a single light gleamed, mistily.

It was then that the queer thing happened. Quite suddenly, Mr. Tod sensed the near presence of an unseen, unheard crowd. He paused for an instant mystified and startled; then pushed on again. At that moment the dome of the bandstand, like a sudden and gigantic mushroom, pushed itself up through the trees. Mr. Tod had not been mistaken; now he heard voices and laughter, the shuffling tramp of many feet. He came clear of the trees, and, there in the space surrounding the bandstand, he saw dimly a great multitude of moving shadows. Mr. Tod hastily wiped his glasses; then he saw and understood; the mystic revellers were youths and maidens, free awhile from office and workshop, full of unsatisfied desires, gathered here in quest of adventure. Round and round the bandstand they went, pale-faced and bedraggled, jostling one another in amorous horseplay. Stirrlish merriment gave ready response to crude male buffoonery, here and there were chasings and scufflings; someone was humming the "Maxina"; in the distance, a girl coughed, hysterically. A gang of youths approached; they forced a path through the crowd and sang a dubious version of "Three Blind Mice" in the nasal drawl of the Cockney;

it was a dismal performance, and soon the chant tailed off—miserably.

Mr. Tod regarded the spectacle with righteous anger; he didn't believe that these young folks were really enjoying themselves; there was something forced in the fun, a pretence of high spirits, an atmosphere of determined hilarity, the mechanical gaiety of a wedding. Two flappers strolled by. "O Pa!" cried one, "I'm surprised at yer!" and passed on with writhing in the throes of incredible laughter. Her exuberance attracted a slim youth in a yellow macintosh; by a neat manoeuvre, he succeeded in colliding with her... Mock anger and mock apologies... more laughter and the walk was resumed with yellow macintosh arm in arm with the flappers.

Mr. Tod was filled with loathing; something a friend once said to him came to his mind, something to the effect that when people lose the sense of propriety they lose the sense of property—which means the end of all things. The thought made him even more angry. He made his way through the grinning mob; their mouthings and gesturings irked him; he felt himself alien from these young people with their promiscuous friendliness, their indiscriminate fingerings and maudlings of one another. He saw four girls walking together, linked arms; they passed a group of men, one of whom sang, "Is there room for Mary here?" With surprising violence, Mary was pushed by her companions towards the witty singer, who clasped her in muscular arms. "Get away closer!" he yelled, hugging her the tighter. There followed furious struggling, frenzied screams, smacking kisses... then a bludgeon disaster, a gleam of white shoulder, and Mary broke away breathless and dishevelled, readjusting her dress with an unconquered show of anger.

Mr. Tod was now thoroughly roused. This must be stopped! What were the authorities doing? During the war a certain leniency was advisable; he wasn't so sure about reports; besides, on the whole, had not the war had a "purifying" effect? perhaps it had ended too soon? perhaps Mr. Churchill—Someone stumbled against him; he turned, furious. A lad, a crutch under his arm, his right leg a mere stump, was dancing with a sturdy girl to the strains of a mouth-organ and the laughing applause of the onlookers. It was a grotesque display, and it filled Mr. Tod with disgust. He passed on; it was quieter here, a sort of backwater where scattered groups indulged in a more maudlin type of flirtation. Three youths and a girl lounged against the fence; the girl was quite young, but well-developed. One lad, cigarette between his lips, fondled her with insipid solemnity. He did not speak; but removing the cigarette from his mouth, he spat, casually, and yet not without care, over the girl's head into the darkness beyond. The other two looked on, slightly bored as by a dull play. Suddenly, with a hurried word of apology, the amorous youth rushed away after another damsel, his place and function being taken by one of his friends with a nonchalance that paralysed Mr. Tod.

He felt physically sick; the precocity, the herd amorousness seemed to him horrible. "This," he muttered to himself, "this is what comes of education and leisure!"

He thought of his own irreproachable daughters, and pictured them in his drawing-room, playing the piano, or perhaps "halma"... And Mr. Tod thanked God. Then thinking of those others, he murmured, with righteous severity, "Young people have no business with such feelings!"

Mr. Tod had always scoffed when people talked of the dangers of adolescence; in fact, the word seemed to him slightly indecent, a subversive euphemism to excuse youthful laxity. Now he was sure that he had been right. A rising generation, on edge for sensation and gaiety, must learn to control appetite, to prion its emotions...
discipline was the thing—discipline, and plenty of work; the forces of authority, of order, of routine. ... He turned for one last look; they were still there; he could see them through the dripping trees, still wandering round the bandstand. At this distance all was subdued; the violence and uproar, the howling and grimacing were no longer discernible; individuals were blotted out, merged into a continuous mass, which seemed to grope a painful way through a maze of bare and twisted boughs ... a languid procession of lost pilgrims, the vague complaining murmur of fretted souls ... 

Mr. Tod passed along, wagging his head.

C. H. BARKER.

SICK-BED

Half dead with fever here in bed I sprawl,
In candle-light watching the odd flies crawl
Across the ceiling’s bleak white desolation;—
Can they not yet have heard of gravitation?—
Hung upside down above the precipice
To doze the night out; ignorance is bliss!
Your blood be on your heads, ridiculous flies.

Dizzying with these, I glare and taintialize
At the motley hides of books that moulder here,
"On Choosing a Career"; "Ten Thousand a Year";
"Ellis on Sheep," "Lamb’s Tales," a doleful Gay,
A has-been-Young, dead "Lives," vermilion Gray,
And a whole corps of 1790 twelves.

My eye goes blurred along these gruesome shelves,
My brain whirs Poems of ... Poems of ... like a clock,
And I stare for my life at the square black ebony block
Of darkness in the open window-frame.

Then my thoughts flash in one white searching flame
On my little lost daughter; I gasp and grasp to see
Her shy smile pondering out who I might be,
Her rathe-tie rounded cheeks, near-violet eyes.
Long may I stare; her stony Fate denies
The vision of her, though tired fancy’s sight
Scrawl with pale curves the dead and scornful night.

All the night’s full of questing flights and calls
Of owls and bats, white owls from time-stuck walls,
Bats with their shrivelled speech and dragonish wings.
Beneath, a strange step crunches the ashpath where
None goes so late, I know: the mute vast air
Wakes to a great sigh.

Now the murmurings,
Cricks, rustlings, knobs, all forms of tiny sound,
That have long been happening in my room half-heard,
Grow fast and fierce, each one a ghostly word.
I feel the grutching pixies hedge me round;
"Folly," sneers courage (and flies). Stealthily creaks
The threshold, something fumbles, terror speaks,
And bursting into sweats I muffle deep
My face in pillows, praying for merciful sleep.

EDMUND BLunden.

THE RAY

(From the Italian of Severino Ferriari.)

On my thought a fair sun-ray smote and will not pass away—

While you bent above your sewing
And your needle, deftly led by your fingers, swiftly sped
Through your work, upon your hair
Fell a golden ray and threaded it with flame,
And a shimmer and a glowing
Were kindled in the air.
Then my heart said to me: "Now, a true immortal, she
Is returning to the heaven whence she came,
And it irks her here to stay."

GEORGE ENGLEHEART.

REVIEWS

THE RELIGION OF PROGRESS


It is hardly possible that any one now under fifty should understand what it was in the eighties to believe in Progress. One escaped, as from a prison, from a nominal Christianity into a vision and an inspiration. Shelley joined hands with Darwin and Spencer. The whole world was moving, and mankind with it, beyond all doubt, almost without any effort, towards an event that hardly seemed "far off" and was certainly "divine." "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive," and one could almost pity the disillusioned youth of to-day, that that heady wine is not for them.

For, in the interval, the golden chariot has descended from the clouds, and, coming nearer, has become darker, shabbier and more questionable. Were the horses hares after all, and Phaethon a not too sober cabman? So Professor Bury gently hints. And the Dean of St. Paul’s has no doubt about the matter. Progress, he says, was always a silly business—the kind of silliness it is the business of the Dean to expose. He does so with a good deal of intelligent wit; and then retires, in dignified ease, to his platonic heaven, whither this reviewer will not follow him.

Professor Bury deals in a competent way with the history of the religion of progress. He shows, what may still be news to many, how modern the idea is. For, in its full and comprehensive sense, covering the future as well as the past, it hardly dates behind the eighteenth century. He shows also how vague it was, in the minds of most of its exponents. Many volumes were written about it, but it was never defined. Perhaps nothing living ever is defined until it is dead. "Christianity," "Socialism," such things defy definition. So does progress, or rather did. From various passages one gathers, indeed, how Professor Bury would define it. He would say, it is a belief that human history has moved and will move, in a necessary and certain way, towards happiness. But not all the apostles conceive the end as happiness. Some emphasize knowledge, some morality, some liberty, some social order. In fact, a gospel of progress would need all of these, and more. For certainly some would wish to add art, and others love. The temporal goal of progress, like the eternal one of religion, must remain indefinite. For it depends on the blind impulse that urges men towards perfection.

Particular writers, however, stressed the particular points which appealed to them. The French were inspired by the growth of knowledge. It was the Mind that they saw advancing, and that in spite of what most of them regarded as the notable setback of the Christian era. As this view developed, other social facts were co-ordinated with intellectual growth. What men thought, that they did. It was Comte who worked this out most fully, elaborating the genial conceptions of Turgot and St. Simon. And his "Cours de philosophie positive," remains one of the great achievements of the human mind, though most likely it will never again find more than a handful of readers. The same intellectualism influenced the Germans. Only their Geist is something other and more cloudy than the French esprit. The Germans too, though they used history, were singularly contemptuous of it. "The philosopher," says Fichte, "follows the a priori thread of the world plan, which is clear to him without any history; and if he makes use of history it is not to prove
anything, since his theses are already proved, independently of all history." That reminds one of Rousseau, who started an inquiry into the conditions of primitive man, and with the remark "écartons tous les faits." But that was not the French spirit, as, of course, it has not been that of Germany since the final debauch of Hegel.

English thought, as befits it, was harder than French, and soberer than German. The great contribution of England, indeed, to the religion of progress was unintended and illegitimate. For it was the biology of Darwin misapplied by students of society. The Darwinian theory was not one of progress, because it had no ethical standard. But it set species flowing, and as progress is a theory of flowing it was easy and irresistible to jump to the conclusion that the flow was upwards, although pessimists like Carlyle growled about Niagara. The conclusion was assisted by the assumption that acquired characters are inherited; for in that case the shorts of men towards Good are passed biologically to their descendants. That assumption was taken up into Herbert Spencer's system, the most grandiose of all the theologies of Progress; for it swept into its net the stary heavens as well as the destinies of mankind. It would be more easily seen that this philosophy was a work of the imagination, if there were any imagination in the author's style. But poets cannot read it, and scientists will not. It falls between all the possible stools, and very small men allow themselves the liberty of jeering at it. That solitary, obstinate, dogged, absurd figure is, nevertheless, one of those to which Englishmen would look reverently, if they had the habit of reverencing anything that is the concern of the mind.

Meantime, how does Progress now stand? Or, perhaps we should say, where does it lie, in what fragments, in what mass of blood? For the blood shed in the war was also its blood. For five years we have seen mankind relapse into a savagery unknown and undreamt of in any previous age. War, it is true, had always to be taken account of in the religion of Progress. But war in the past is easy to deal with. It is a record, hardly a reality. War in the present is a different matter. On this point, as on so many, the prophecies of Progress have been as vain as those of other religions. Conte, says Professor Bury, thought that "the epoch has arrived in which serious and lasting warfare among the elite nations will totally vanish." The last general cause of warfare has been the competition for colonies. Peace policy is in its decadence (with the temporary exception of England), so that we need not look for future trouble from this source." Yes! The Dean has cause enough to smile, if, indeed, smiling be the proper reaction. But the human mind is resilient and optimistic, deans or no deans. In the very midst of the war Mr. Marvin held a Summer School to discuss the various aspects of progress. Mr. Wells is now engaged in the attempt once more to trace it in history. While men concern themselves with their past they will concern themselves with this idea, but not again, if they are wise, as a religion. They must know specifically what it is they are looking for and ask critically whether it is really there. In Colonel C. R. Bigsby's book accounts of history ever written ("The Living Past") Mr. Marvin makes a good showing for the view that there really has been progress in two respects, knowledge and political unification. To demonstrate moral progress would be a more heroic enterprise. To suggest progress in art might be merely foolhardy. We must also consider the setbacks more candidly than did the earlier apostles. And we can no longer ignore, as they did, the whole history of the East. We know more, too, of primitive man, though it does not seem likely we can ever know very much. We can never again have a Religion of Progress, but perhaps, after sober and patient labour, we may recover a reasonable hope.

G. L. D.

A NOTE ON NATURALISM

NATURALISM IN ENGLISH POETRY. By Stopford A. Brooke. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE was, perhaps, no great originality in Stopford Brooke's criticism; and in reading this particular book one sighs occasionally for a page or two of precise discussion of the key-word in the title. On the other hand it has the redeeming salt of a genuine humanity, an enthusiasm which, if it attaches sometimes to what seems to us only dulled poetry, is in the main convincing—a book, in short, which can be read with pleasure rather than exhilaration, and which, considered as lectures delivered to a University audience, is admirable.

We may note in passing curious omissions in the historical argument. There is no separate discussion of Coleridge; indeed, no discussion at all. If only as the chief formative influence on the young Wordsworth, Coleridge was essential. Because there is no mention of Coleridge, Bowles of the "Sonnets" is passed in silence. Keats is neglected on two grounds: one, that his work shows no trace of the influence of the French Revolution, which seems to us irrelevant; the other, that he was confined to the pursuit of beauty (which is, we think, in any pejorative sense, untrue). There is no word of John Clare.

The question, however, that returns is: What is naturalism in poetry? It is the more important because there is no doubt that Stopford Brooke would have called himself a naturalist. His sympathy with the whole movement is continually peeping out, as when he says of Burns' poem to the field-mouse ("fellow-mortals"): "This will be the note of a really civilized society. It is not the note of our half-barbarous condition." To which, with a perversely delightful that it was Pope who said it, we are tempted to reply that the proper study of mankind is man. Indeed, our private opinion is that a civilization in which it was commonplace to speak of, and think of, field-mice as fellow-mortals, would be not half, but wholly barbarous.

The truth, as we see it, is that naturalism, which we would define roughly as the placing of what is not man in the same category as man, if pursued as an end in itself, is a pis aller. That man should take conscious delight in nature, and thereby expand his human experience, is desirable; but the case of English poetry is the end result of a deterio-ration, to indulge the dream that nature is something higher and better than he (an illusion which is generally accompanied by the further illusion that he, alone among men, really understands nature), is cowardly and retrograde. It follows then that love of nature must in the great poet be strictly subordinate to love of human beings. The precept of a true civilization is "Love thy neighbour as thyself"; neither field-mice nor daffodils are neighbours.

But this is moralizing? It will not be the first time we have said that literature is based upon a peculiarly stringent morality. In these self-conscious days we need to be most self-conscious about the thing which concerns us most—and hence about the conjuncture of the stars under which we were born, we should remember that our less energy is compensated by our greater knowledge. By taking thought we can concentrate instead of disperse it. Instead of spashing wildly about (under the licence of "experimentalism"), we have it in our power to discover almost precisely what we can do with the greatest hope of permanence and success. A generation which has so few arrows in its quiver must be more careful about taking aim. It is with a peculiar kind of despair, therefore, that we read the works of modern poets who embrace trees, invoke rivers, identify themselves with the force of gravity; it is all so well-mean, and all so wasted. A little more intelligence, gentlemen, please; economy of effort depends upon it.

M.
O student of the history of our literature can fail to have been puzzled by that century-long gap which separates the auspicious beginnings of the realistic novel in Elizabethan's day from the apparently new creation of the form by Defoe. Literary historians have the task of finding a father for 'the father of the English novel' but, in vain. Apha Behn's 'O oomoko' obstinately remains a romance, in spite of all that a rather wild criticism has had to say of it; 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Mr. Badman' are not the parents of Roxana and her tribe; they are at the nearest cousins. There were many writers in the second half of the seventeenth century, the scholars tell us, who fumbled after the realistic novel; but until the appearance of Defoe, with his highly perfected formula for the blending of imagination with fact, of lies with truth, as certain serious-minded moralists have put it, no one had succeeded in finding the form. It has remained for Dr. Bernbaum to show that Defoe was not without parents; that his method had been completely anticipated at last once, and, in all probability, many times, during the course of the seventeenth century. In the particular case of Mary Carleton he has definitely substantiated his case: it is left for further investigation to discover whether all the biographies of criminals, adventurers and the like, so numerous in the seventeenth century, are as definitely works of fiction as is the apparently convincing biography of the German Princess. If they are, then Defoe is merely the perfector of a method already well known and extensively practised. Dr. Bernbaum has made a genuine historical discovery.

The facts of the case are these. Mary Moders, born about 1635, and having two husbands living at the time of her notoriety, descended upon London in the year 1663, armed with a box full of sham jewellery and a highly romantic story, to the effect that she was a German princess fleeing from an odious proposal of marriage. On the strength of her jewels and her story, a young law student, named John Carleton, made love to, and married, the supposed Maria von Wolway. A fortnight later the truth leaked out. Mary Carleton was tried for bigamy, but owing to the incompetence of the prosecution and her own shrewd assurance at the trial, she was acquitted. The trial was productive of a number of pamphlets, two of which, by Mary Carleton herself, or, more probably, by some journalist friend of hers, put the adventure's case, and two from the pen of John Carleton, the case of her dupes. Her next public appearance (1671) was in the dock, accused of theft, she was sentenced to transportation to Jamaica, whence she escaped and returned to England, only to be caught stealing once again. This time she was condemned to death and duly hanged (1673). Her last trial and execution revived, as was natural, all the old public interest. Seven new pamphlets were published in the year of her death, one of which, 'The Counterfeit Lady Unveiled', being a full account of the birth, life, most remarkable actions and untimely death of that famous scamp, Mary Carleton, known by the name of the German Princess,' is the real subject of this monograph.

Of all the narratives of Mary Carleton's life and adventures, 'The Counterfeit Lady Unveiled' reads the most convincingly, the most truthfully. It is seriously and historically written, with no admixture of that vulgar satire, corresponding to the rather schoolboyish cynicism of the picaresque novel, which is to be found in so many of its rivals. It is full of highly circumstantial details; cause leads on to effect, motive to resultant action. Nothing could be more truthful in appearance (except, of course, a novel by Defoe), and indeed Francis Kirkman, the author of 'The Counterfeit Lady,' is for ever assuring us of his veracity, for ever citing his unimpeachable authorities. But he has not succeeded in taking in Dr. Bernbaum, who proves him to have been fully as great a liar as Defoe, and, though infinitely less competent than his successor, at least as conscious and deliberate an artist in fiction.

Kirkman's method was an ingenious one. He read all the pamphlets on Mary Carleton which had appeared, either in 1663 or in 1671 and 1673, and selected from them those incidents which seemed to him interesting, exciting or amusing. But Kirkman's sources were for the most part crude and incompetent pieces of journalism. Treating them with conscious art, he expanded meagre incidents with significant detail, and, what was a still more important artistic achievement, linked up disconnected anecdotes so that they formed a continuous life-history, in which every action has its due source in character and opportunity.

Let us take a characteristic example of Kirkman's method of writing biographical fiction. Mary Carleton, in one of her own pamphlets, published in 1663, had given a very circumstantial and elaborate account of her early life as a German noblewoman in Cologne. She says that she was seduced by a young nobleman from native Germany, and was wooed by "an old gentleman that had fair demesnes about Leige or Luyck, not many miles distant from Cologne, a man of serious gravity and venerable aspect for his grey hairs, but disfigured with some scars his youthful luxury had given him. He accosted me the rude military way, for he had been a soldado." And so forth. The whole of Mary's German story had been long ago discredited when Kirkman wrote his "Counterfeit Lady." He knows and recounts the true history of her early life at Canterbury and Dover. But at the same time he finds this soldado so picturesque that he has not the heart to get rid of him altogether. No, he is determined to have the soldado; 'that rotten hoarse cold and snuffling that he had caught, as he said, in the trenches of Breda, in the brigade of Count Henry of Nassau in Spinola's army,' was too good a piece of detail to be sacrificed to the ridiculous godless of truth. He preserves the soldado, and, by a stroke of genius, kills quite a number of other birds with the same stone. He makes Mary Carleton travel on the Continent, brings her to Cologne, makes her meet the soldado (with word for word the same rotten hoarse cold), makes the soldado mistake her, Mary, for the noble Maria von Wolway, makes Mary encourage the mistake for the purpose of cheating the soldado, and finally brings her back to England with a perfectly adequate and satisfactory explanation of her German Princess fable. The whole episode is one of the most convincing and truthful in the book. It is also the most completely invented. What is this but realistic novel-writing? Here, in "The Counterfeit Lady," we see Defoe's method practised with deliberate skill as early as 1673. It is highly probable, Dr. Bernbaum suggests, that most of the criminal biographies of the seventeenth century are really novels "founded on fact," like the novels of Defoe. Further research may confirm or disprove this theory. Or it may, which is unfortunately more likely, find itself unable to prove anything at all, since in the majority of cases there exists no known standard of truth with which the narratives may be compared. The case of Mary Carleton is exceptional in this respect, as a more or less "official" account of her trial is extant. From this we know roughly what were the true facts of at least part of her life. Still, it is possible that investigation may be able to establish the required standard of truth in other cases besides that of Mary Carleton. If the gap in the history of the realistic novel is not to be completely bridged, we have found in the story of Mary Carleton at least one firm stepping-stone.

A. L. M. 

BIographies FICtIOn

A CORNER OF THE BLACK NORTH

THE NEW SENTIMENTALISM

M R. PECK is, in a very comprehensive and profound sense, a disciple of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. The fact that Mr. Peck writes as much like Mr. Chesterton as he can is merely the most superficial aspect of this discipleship, although the imitation, even here, is quite unusually courageous. He has not the verbal dexterity of his master; his style has not the rapidity and pungency of Mr. Chesterton's, but it is as often violent, as often inexact, and the sense is just as often sacrificed to the sound. But this is the trivial aspect of a striking resemblance. The centre of Mr. Peck's position is that society is returning, and must return, to a variant of the Roman Catholic teaching that it calls Free Catholicism, because only so can a man feel that he is a man. We quote a passage from Mr. Peck's description of Mr. Chesterton's attitude to Christianity, because we believe it to be a true and important description:

He felt that the universe with Christ crucified in it contained an infinitely richer inwardsness than any specimen of universe proposed by rationalists. He discovered that the Christian Faith stirs the pulses and uplifts the sinking spirit. He found it the foster-mother of strong champions and mighty heroes. He found that in its strength a man could accomplish the last, remote miracle, and actually be a man—and to the modern man that came with a sudden shock of surprise.

We find this passage very illuminating. It gives, we believe, the essentials of Mr. Chesterton's case and also (or therefore) of Mr. Peck's. No one can fail to notice that the appeal is wholly confined to the emotions, and this we believe to be profoundly true of the arguments of this school. Belief in Christianity is recommended as giving the believer a glorious feeling. Seen from this point of view, all the peculiarieties of this school are easily understood. Its apparent indifference to the truth about any given matter is the necessary outcome of its criteria; these criteria are feelings. It is, alas! quite frequently the case that the most reasonable account of a matter is not the most exciting; in all cases the emotional school prefers the exciting account. Hence an apparent disinclination, an apparent stupidity. Hence also the perception of deaths from melancholies. It is the outcome of the free exercise of the romantic imagination completely divorced from the scientific spirit. The opponents of this school too often try to refute its teachings by an array of facts and logical deductions. We can imagine Mr. Peck's arguments being treated in this way. But such a procedure would be irrelevant. Mr. Peck could retort, quite conclusively on his own premises, "You bore me." Probably the only reply which this school would admit to be valid would be to say that one had a different taste in stimulants.

THE ATHENEUM
IMAGINATION, MILITARY AND ARTISTIC

GALLIPOLI DIARY. By General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B. (Ardon 366. 1½.)

THE Gallipoli campaign of 1915, so far as this country was concerned, was the one complete incident of the war. It had a beginning, a development, and an end, so that it can be judged by itself from many points of view, as an object lesson in political strategy, as a classical instance of combined operations, as a tragic enterprise which in the high hopes and inadequate preparations of its outset bore the seeds of its inevitable disaster, or as a study in personality. Much has already been written, much already said, which will enable some author of the future, poet or historian, to regroup the scattered elements of this dramatic episode. Yet, in spite of the labours of a Royal Commission which, at the end of all, has only remarked what a number of other people had already expressed with vehemence, there is a great deal more that some Thomas Hardy of another generation would have to know before he could reconstruct for all time the characters and the tragedy. How much the personal element counted from beginning to end is proved by this diary of the Commander-in-Chief who led the campaign. It adds little to our knowledge of the main outline of events, but it throws many beams of light on the influence and relations of certain leading personalities, Sir Ian himself, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Fisher, Sir John de Robeck, Sir Roger Keyes, Sir John Maxwell and others. This, alone, gives this book an intense interest, though not a new one to those who were out there.

Who could have been in proximity to the higher command and have been blind to the daily working of fallible human minds upon one another, minds on the peninsula, minds at Imbros, minds on board ship and minds in Whitehall? An honestly kept diary from such a position is positively explosive with personal judgments, and many such diaries, no doubt, will therefore rest for years on private shelves. There is more to come before these ant-like workings are made obvious to the Angel of the Pities. Sir Roger Keyes, for instance, must have a story to tell, but that story lies buried in the unpublished evidence taken by the Commission and in the Admiral's own cabin. Possibly we shall never know the true inner workings of Lord Kitchener's mind, for he entrusted them to nobody. So far as they could be observed, its outer manifestations were extraordinary. There were times when in despair one might have exclaimed that nothing which Lord Kitchener did or said, from the first moment when he gruffly gave the object "Constantinople" to the breathless commander of the Central Force, made for the success of the expedition. Sir Ian is fairly frank on this head, and nothing is more poignant than his revelation of loyalty, affection and admiration struggling against a dreadful conviction that his old chief was not the man whom once he knew, and worse, that so far as he was the man who improvised final victory in South Africa, he was unsuited, in spite of his remarkable vision of certain great truths, to be that anomalous combination of supreme commander and Secretary for War which for too long he was.

Many soldiers, we have no doubt, will criticize Sir Ian for taking up too much space in his diary with grouses, but the course of correspondence between London and Imbros was enough to exasperate a saint. To give one instance, not long after the landing, Sir Ian received a telegram from London asking what number of troops he would require to carry the thing through to a finish. He replied that he needed one Army Corps together with reinforcements to bring his existing force up to strength. Whereupon Lord Kitchener replied:

With reference to your telegram...I am quite certain that you fully realize what a serious disappointment it has been to me to discover that my preconceived views as to the conquest of positions necessary to dominate the forts on the Straits, with naval artillery to support our troops on land, and with the lettre de nad bombaidment, were miscalculated. A serious situation is created by the present check, and the calls for large reinforcements and an additional amount of ammunition that we can spare from France. From the standpoint of an early solution of our difficulties, your views, as stated, are not encouraging. The question whether we can long support two fields of operation draining on our resources requires grave consideration. I know that I can rely upon you to do your utmost to bring the present unfortunate state of the Dardanelles to as early a conclusion as possible, so that any consideration of a withdrawal, with all its dangers in the East, may be prevented from entering the field of possible solutions... .

In this extraordinary telegram there is personality with a vengeance, and little more than these few words is required to explain the whole failure in the Dardanelles. We inured a debt without calculating our resources, with the result that our hastily scraped together payments on account were always made too late.

But this is not the place to go further into purely military considerations. Those who were not in the Dardanelles will never adequately realize the position in which the force found itself, nor was it realized at the time. The contrast between the military and the artistic imagination, everywhere implicit in this book, is a point on which it is interesting to linger. For a fortnight after Lord Kitchener's telegram just quoted, no communication was received from him, and this was Sir Ian Hamilton's comment:

What a change since the War Office sent us packing with a bagful of hallucinations. Naval guns sweeping the Turks off the Peninsula; the Ottoman Army legging it from a British submarine waving the Union Jack; Russian help in hand; Greek help on the taps. Now it is our turn to leg it from the German submarine; there is no ammunition for the guns; no drafts to keep my Divisions up to strength; my Russians have gone to Galicia, and the Greeks are lying lower than ever.

Those hallucinations were part of the artistic imagination which, in its extreme form, is called counting your chickens before they are hatched. The advantage of taking Constantinople was seen; it was a fine flight of the artistic imagination. Sir Ian himself was inspired by it. "High, high soared our hopes," he wrote after a review of the French troops in Alexandria. "Jerusalem—Constantinople? No limit to what these soldiers may achieve." But the military imagination, which is properly exercised in seeing all the difficulties and providing for all possible needs, lagged all the time behind. The need for reinforcements on the spot, the possibility of a call for far more ammunition, the vital importance of avoiding even a day's delay, the probability of sickness if the campaign were prolonged, the necessity of providing camps, bottled, and proper rest camps to keep up the endurance of the troops—none of these things were foreseen, because of the too adventurous optimism, so far as the Army was concerned, with which the expedition started.

Sir Ian himself does not try to hide the working of the artistic imagination in himself. More than most commanders he was infected with it, and it is this very quality that makes his diary so vivid. It is not so much for its literary qualities—for these have been a little exaggerated—that the book is one to read, but for the insight which it gives into a mind extremely sensitive to impressions, not only of actual experience, but of the imagination. What he calls "the detachment of the writer", enabled him to look at his force, his superiors, his subordinates, and, above all, himself, as elements in a stirring picture. He could not write a telegram without seeing how it would look on Lord Kitchener's desk, nor a dispatch without imagining its readers. At every crisis he saw himself...
and his men, little creatures faced with the incalculable, now exultant, now prayerful, now frightened, but preserving the proper picturesque attitude:

Almighty God, Watchman of the Milky Way, Shepherd of the Golden Stars, have mercy upon us, smallest of the heavenly Shining. Our star burns dim as a corpse light: the huge black chasm of space closes in: if only by blood...

These are the last lines of his diary two nights before the first landing. Some will say that no commander should have so picturesque a mind, but this one had, and he has not been ashamed to reveal it. He has exposed himself— it was a beau geste— to judgment from his inmost thoughts during his own lifetime. Each must form this judgment for himself, but this at least will be said of Sir Ian Hamilton, that he was never afraid and that he took his fate like a man.

O. W.

SOPHOCLES AS A WILL-O'-THE-WISP

THE ICNNEUTE OF SOPHOCLES. With Notes and a Translation into English, proceeded by Introductory Chapters dealing with the Play, with Satyric Drama and with various cognate matters, by Richard Johnson Walker. (Burns & Oates. 69s. net.)

It is not only the price of this book that is impressive. The dedication to the Archbishop of Manila is a model of the epistolary style. When the Archbishop was Rector of the College of Irish Nobles in the ancient city of Salamanca, Mr. Walker sought and obtained permission to dedicate to him this work. Since that time His Grace has been successively Bishop of Zamboanga and Archbishop of Manila, a happy circumstance not only for his flock but also for the cause of learning, since, in this age of scepticism and materialism, when the spirit of Gallio is abroad, when mankind is deemed by certain so-called scientists no better than a fungus on an atom, when human history is treated as a negligible trifle, and the atmosphere of the age is infected with a worse than Eean virus, the herb moly lies in the bosom of the Church. Whenever a new church is consecrated, the Bishop traces in the dust the characters of two alphabets, the Greek and the Latin.

Way the Hebrew characters are not likewise traced, I think that I can explain: and, if I were wrong, you would correct me. But this is the not the place for such discussions.

We regret it, since Mr. Walker's answers to the many questions that he does discuss are so ingenious as to whet our curiosity. Never—to quote his own description of the recent course of Egyptian archaeology—never since the renascence of the Arts has so golden a harvest been gathered into the garners of scholarship as that which the once barren sands of Egypt have yielded to the scientific methods of a noble husbandry.

In fact Mr. Walker's conclusions are alluring and surprising. His enthusiasm is equalled only by his erudition and his eloquence. And yet, we fear, the methods of his husbandry are too novel to be recognized as scientific. If Egypt yields us a papyrus preserving (with some gaps and mutilations) precious fragments of an ancient drama, Mr. Walker's husbandry can make that drama grow and blossom. Where the papyrus gives us nothing more than an initial ñpsîon, Mr. Walker's method supplies us with a whole iambic line, which he is enabled to translate as follows:

Whether gone in privy flight from their fenced pasture, or else peradventure stolen, that thou so dost?

And although the miserable papyrus has no trace whatever—privil omnino textus—of the answer to this question, Mr. Walker knows:

Stolen verily, if I must needs say the same thing thus often.

Nor is it only when the papyrus is thus lost or mutilated that the novel method helps. Sometimes the text of the papyrus is intelligible, but, it must be admitted, somewhat dull. In that event the remedy is obvious. There is always a possibility of corruption; and for the novel method, possibility means probability, and probability amounts to certainty. It is delightful to follow Mr. Walker's process, and to see how the naïve ingenuity of what we thought was Sophoclean suffering transformation. There was a pious scribe who worshipped Pan of Panopolis in Egypt and could not bear to find allusions to Arcadian Pan in Sophocles. Accordingly, wherever Pan was mentioned in Sophocles, Mr. Walker has restored them. To our astonishment and happiness, the restoration of Pan to his right place transforms the play. The plot depends on Pan. Pan drives the Satyrs crazy, and so Apollo gets back from Silenus his golden staff. But then, of course, the golden staff itself (unfortunately for Sophocles) has fallen through a hole in the papyrus. Mr. Walker's skill has recovered it, and saved the play.

At the first glance, if you are sceptical, you may suppose it odd that where the manuscript has gaps, the style of Sophocles is something quite unlike what hitherto you thought was Greek—and quite unlike the style of the complement portions of the manuscript. The fact is that the whole play once was written in the manner of the gaps: the surviving part is corrupt and should be corrected. Mr. Walker will tell you how. To discover the authentic style of Sophocles Satyricus, you must first examine and amend the fragments of a certain Alexandrian, called Sositheus. Sositheus is said to have revived the ancient drama of Phlius. Accordingly, having found out what the style of Sositheus may possibly have been, you can infer that Pratinas, whom he may have imitated, may have written in a similar dialect. From this it is an easy step to the conclusion that Sophocles, and other writers of Satyr drama, must have used the same style as Sositheus, since Sophocles may well have imitated Pratinas. If the result is unpleasant, blame Sophocles, not science.

The range of Mr. Walker's investigation is much wider than the single play which gives its title to the book. Thespis is brought back from his eclipse. Sophocles recovers several forgotten works. The lost trilogies of all the great tragedians are in outline reconstructed. The early history of dithyramb and tragedy is rewritten. Choral metres and non-choral, vocabulary, stichometry, the book is a mine of learning and of brave hypothesis. We are breathless as we follow our impetuous guide. From time to time we seem to descry something of value in the mass of wild conjecture. Anyhow, we cannot steel our hearts against an enthusiasm so sincere; and when we are most inclined in the name of sound reason and good learning to protest, we are disarmed by the author's own admission, "certainties are for such as think them discoverable." For himself, he says:

Like the silly Cylicranian, I have driven my random plough through fields already ploughed; but unlike him I seem really to have found some cups, and one or two of them—who knows?—may turn out to be of gold.

We hope so. But when we feel inclined to read the "Ichnune" of Sophocles, we shall still think it wisest to have recourse to Mr. Pearson's edition of the Fragments.

J. T. SHEPPARD.

Fontes Historiae Religionis Persicae, by Carolus Clemen (Donn, A. Marcus & E. Weber), is a small book of 116 pages, the first volume of a series "Fontes Historiae Religionum," edited by the present author. The quotations range throughout the Classics from Xanthus, who wrote before Herodotus, to Nicephorus Callisti, c. 1320, and provide the student of the ancient Persian religion with many data on the subject as the Greek and Latin writers saw it.
HUXLEY and COMTE

Thomas Henry Huxley. By Leonard Huxley. (Watts. 3s. 6d. net.)
Auguste Comte. By F. J. Gould. (Watts. 3s. 6d. net.)

Huxley and Comte had little enough in common—the one was as discursive and experimental as the other was systematic and theoretical—but both had a kind of assurance which is rare to-day. Both men had a confidence in the influence of reason, a confidence, fundamentally, in human nature, which is quite unlike the feeble, transient flushes of enthusiasm we find in our contemporary intellectual leaders. Each of these men laboured to make clear a way of salvation; if this could be discovered and the message made plain, they did not doubt that mankind would follow it. They did not suffer from the agnosticism which is the creeping paralysis of our time. Unfortunately, our present malady seems to be the result of a knowledge and experience that these men either did not possess or that they found themselves able to ignore. We wheel our invalid-chair up to their lecture-rooms; we listen with sympathy, even with admiration, and when they address us directly with the tremendous command “Arise, and walk!” we may even totter a few steps...

Of these two men, it is Huxley who touches us more closely to-day, and that precisely because he stood for a principle and deliberately eschewed systems. His description of Comtism as “Catholicism minus Christianity” expressed exactly his twofold objection: it was, on the one hand, a system, and on the other it lacked a definite, informing principle. The description is not quite fair. Comtism has a principle, although, compared with such detailed precepts as the Christian catechisms enjoin, it may be rather vague. But in Comtism occurs the maxim “Act from affection, and think in order to act,” which is as sensible a principle of conduct as can be found anywhere. But it is true that Comte was, above all, the creator of a system, a Religion of Humanity, complete with temples, priests, rules and even a calendar. And Comte himself, who has, at all times, difficulty in winning our personal esteem, becomes frankly unsympathetic as he becomes more consciously a great Founder and Teacher. We can, perhaps, excuse his perpetual borrowings, even when he accepts all the little savings of his devoted servant woman, for we can, by an effort, sympathize with his conception of himself as a great philosopher that any man might be glad to die for in his support. But the arrogance for having his house and beliefs kept up just as he left them (at the expense of his disciples), the direction that he was to lie in state for sixty hours after his death, his mania for deference—this would look questionable to us even in the life of Gautama Buddha. Perhaps it was partly a remembrance of these proceedings that led Huxley to write: “Of all possible positions that of master of a school, or leader of a sect, or chief of a party, appears to me to be the most undesirable; in fact, the average British matron cannot look upon followers with a more evil eye than I do.” Instead of a system he had a principle: “Sit down before every fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abyss nature leads, or you shall learn nothing.” It is the scientific ideal.

But although the two men differed so greatly, they were at one in their dissatisfaction with modern civilized conditions. Comte’s “Ni Dieu ni Roi” became for Huxley the reorganization of morality and society on scientific principles. It comes to the same thing. We, who are in a later stage of the comprehensive revolution they began, can see them as collaborators. We differ from them both in being less confident about the outcome.

J. W. N. S.

WRITTEN ON AIR

R.F.C. H.Q., 1914-1918. By Maurice Baring. (Bell. 8s. net.)

It is difficult for the human to appraise this book, because the only word of approbation in it is unjustly directed at his head. There is for him only to acknowledge his grave transgression of prudence and ignorance, and read with humility how his crime was expiated by the heroic valour of the R.F.C., noting the while how great was the cost in men’s lives.

Major Baring had unique opportunities for observation and record; for he was, first, intelligence officer to General Henderson, and from, August, 1915, staff officer to General Trenchard. His particular genius inspired him to write this book with irreproachable taste, without sentiment, without adornment, without partiality, and with so profound an appreciation that the last word seems said, being the right word.

That culpable public neglect and Government parsimony led to the sacrifice of innumerable lives, that political interference delayed or prevented success in operations of strategy, is clear to careful perusal. Not all who run may read, but it will be a hopeful sign of intelligence and resolve on the part of official staffs set over Army, Navy, and Air Force cadets if this book is employed for their instruction and inspiration.

It is a document of desperate value—desperate because the first glamour of a fight to win was too often worn away by heart-devouring delays in supply of men and machines. But for the tenacity of will, the invincible optimism and unconquerable spirit of the whole Force, those marvellous and audacious enterprises could never have been achieved. It is common knowledge that the death-roll among officers in the R.F.C. was after the first few months larger in proportion than in any other branch of the services. Trained experts of a high degree of efficiency, and possessed of unusual qualities, were demanded in ever-increasing numbers to undertake work of a new order, with a huge ratio of risk. That these were forthcoming is to the nation’s lasting credit, and that they were commanded in so masterly a manner its infinite good fortune.

If a future and more resolute public asks why, of a period so critical as December, 1917—May, 1918, there is no record, it will learn that the cause was political intrigue, of which the Air Force was largely the victim. We must allow that a new arm in war must encounter difficulties of organization, strategy and tactics but its leaders should be exposed to irrefutable calumny or thwarting influences is for a nation to allow its own vital interest to be defeated. Major Baring offers no explanation of this gap of five months. His silence is sufficiently significant.

In contradistinction to some military books lately published, it is satisfactory to note the generous tributes of perception and admiration accorded to the French commanders. From what Major Baring says of General Castelnau and the French Air Commandant Du Puyty we could quote to the extent of unfairly revealing the book. The testimony to our own force is ample, too sacred to quote; and, indeed, their achievements are too numerous to be recorded, except in the memories of those intimate and irreparable private losses which form the nation’s proud tragedy. That their lasting names and deeds are written on that most changing element the air is both a paradox and reward.

The personal reserve of Major Baring regarding his chief is due, we are sure, to his concern for that chief’s taste in the matter. General Trenchard’s address to a squadron which had suffered great loss is its most honoured memory and a declaration of his own invidious principle.

E. S.
THE BOOKS OF THE SMALL SOULS

THE LATER LIFE.—THE TWILIGHT OF THE SOULS.—DOCTOR ADRIAN. BY LOUIS COUPERUS. TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATOS. (HEINEMANN. 7S. 6D. NET EACH.)

THOSE of us who are seriously interested in contemporary fiction cannot afford to disregard these admirably translated novels by the famous Dutch author. It is stated in an explanatory note that they can be read independently and separately, but that is, we think, to miss the peculiar interest of Mr. Couperus' achievement. True, the first book, which was published some years ago and which bears the covering title of the series "Small Souls," may be considered as complete in itself, but it is also the key to these three that follow after; and although, apart from them, it may and it does strike us as very brilliant, very sensitive and amazingly vivid and fresh, it is only when we look back upon it and see it in its rightful place in relation to the others that we recognize the full significance of the qualities we admire.

We do not know anything in English literature with which to compare this delicate and profound study of a passionately united and yet almost equally passionately divided family. Little by little, by delicate stages, yet without any preliminary explanations or reserves, we are taken into the very heart of the matter. The troubling question which would seem to lie so heavy upon the pen of many a modern writer: How much can I afford to take for granted? For how much dare I trust in the imagination of the reader? is answered here. We are too often inclined to think it may be solved by technical accomplishment, but that is not enough; the reason why Mr. Couperus can afford to dismiss the question, to wave it aside and to take everything for granted, is because of the strength of his imaginative vision. By that we mean it is impossible in considering these books not to be conscious of the deep breath the author has taken; he has had, as it were, a vision of the Van Lowe family, and he has seen them as souls—small souls—at the mercy of circumstance, life, fate. He has realized that that which keeps them together, the deep impulse which unites them through everything, is apprehension. The real head of the family, the given whose definition they never question, is Fear. So, as we speak of the idea underlying a poem, we may say that Fear is the idea underlying these novels. If we listen deeply enough we can hear this unquiet heart of the Van Lowe family throbbing quickly, and it is because it is never for a moment still that the author succeeds in keeping our interest passionately engaged. We are constantly aware of the vision, the idea; it is the secret that he permits us to share with him, and in the end it seems to give way to a deeper secret still.

In the first of these four great glimpses of the Van Lowe family the home is already empty. Some of the children are married with families of their own, and all are scattered, but the mother still has the power of calling them under her wing every Sunday evening; and here it is that we meet them all quickened, all stirring because Mamma has asked them to take back Constance, a sister who disgraced them and who has just come back from abroad because her homesickness was worse than she could bear. She has come back because she cannot exist without family life, that precious exchange of tenderness and sympathy, intimacy and ease. Her sin was that years ago, in Rome, she betrayed her elderly husband with a young Dutch nobleman, and there was a divorce. But he has been her husband for years and their son is now a big boy: Constance imagines that all is forgiven. Her own family, her own sisters and brothers, could not nourish a grudge against her. In their reaction to her presence among them we have the measure of the Van Lowe family, and we learn thus the real reason for returning was hers of them all, but that she had failed to find happiness in her second marriage and was not strong enough to face unhappiness alone.

It is astonishing with what power and certainly the author gives us, in this book, the whole complicated Van Lowe family, how he suggests their weakness under their apparent strength, their wastefulness under their apparent reserve. Paul, the exquisite, with his mania for order, and his sense of the exquisite wasted upon tires and the arrangement of his wash-handstand; Ernst, who lavishes his pity and sensitiveness upon ancient pots and books; Dorine, whom nobody wants, spending herself upon things that do not matter, and Constance, with her longing to be loved thwarted by her jealousy of her step-sisters. Apart from them there is Addie, Constance's little son, who looks at all that is happening with his grave, childish eyes and sees them as they are. This little boy, who is ten years old in the first book and is the Doctor Adriaan of the last of the series, is the hero, if hero he can be called. It is through him that Constance is received back into her family, and it is he who prevents his mother and father from making a tragedy of their lives. Until the last book he seems to be quite untouched by the terror of life and the weakness of the others. But in Doctor Adriaan, just when we imagine that if the burden is to be lifted it will be lifted by Addie, the famous young doctor, the healer, it is quite wonderfully suggested that he too has not escaped. He feels at times a sense of dreadful insufficiency. He does not feel strong enough to stand alone, and turns to his foolish, charming father for support.

"The Later Life" is concerned almost entirely with the blossoming of a late love between Constance and a man as old as she, side by side with the very first love of one of her nieces, Marienne. Under the spell of her feelings Constance becomes young again, but she does not become a girl again. Marienne, with her recklessness and her small laugh like a shake of silver bells, is cruel and violent. She must be happy; she will be happy. But Constance enters into a silent kingdom where everything is illusion and the air breathes peace. But the end, again, is like a question; it is a chord struck softly which does not close the phrase, but leaves us wondering.

In "The Twilight of the Souls" the chief figure is of one of the brothers, Gerrit, a great bluff, burly, healthy brute of a fellow who is haunted by the feeling that there is a worm with legs eating up his marrow. He has a charming little wife, nine little children, and everybody knows him and loves and laughs at him, and there is that worm—confound it—burrowing away with its legs and licking up his marrow. This is an amazing, masterly study in pity and terror. It is the flaming intolerable core of the book, and round it, retreating into the same shadow as he, the other Firmans, also live in Van Lowe. It is as though the menace that has threatened the family so long, the immense lukewarm family, is realized at last and the Lord spoon them out of his mouth. Yet how lingeringly, with what an art are they spewed! It remains in "Doctor Adriaan" to gather up all that are left and to put them in Constance's care. But with them is Addie's wife, a great insensible young woman who has no patience with their tragedies and thinks them all half mad. . . The Van Lowe family has fallen; Mathilda treads it under her heavy foot and it does not stir. Even Addie thinks it is time.

But space does not permit us to deal with these books at anything like their length. There is an angle from which we seem to see them as the strangest landscapes, small low-lying country swept continually by immense storms of wind and rain,
with dark menacing clouds for ever pulling over and casting a weighty shadow that lifts and drifts away only to fall again.

K. M.

MARGINALIA

FATE during these last months has demanded of me that I should go very frequently to the theatre. Inevitably, the spectacle of the stage as it has set me wondering and speculating about the stage as it might be, about that not impossible theatre where one is always entertained, surprised, refreshed and amused. For I am not thinking of uplifting plays, nor of tragedy (which, for reasons that are inexplicable, we have chosen throughout the ages to call the highest form of art), but simply of the entertainment that delights without instruction or any exertion on the part of the audience. In these entertainments—who can deny it?—the contemporary theatre is deplorably lacking. A dim uniformity is overtaking us. How many forms of entertainment of proved delightful have been allowed to decay from their old state of glory or to become altogether extinct? To reward us for winning the war we were given a Victory Circus. It was pleasant enough in its way, to be sure; but what a pale spectacle compared with the grand circuses of other days!

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Looking idly through the files of THE ATHENEUM for 1830, I came upon the following description of an evening at Astley's Circus, when the great Ducrow and his future wife, Miss Woolford, danced a ballet on horseback:

The Circus on Tuesday evening presented a very agreeable novelty, 'The Shepherd of the Tyrol and the Swiss Millmaid,' performed by those accomplished equestrians, Mr. Ducrow and Miss Woolford. The lady first appears in very picturesque attire, having under her arm a milk-pail which in the course of a round or two she transfers to her horse. The swain comes cantering along after the maiden, and as he beckons to her from the opposite side of the arena, Mr. Ducrow managed to give so much effect to his gesticulations and, like a skilful artist, threw so much space into his picture that we could almost fancy him on the summit of the Dancer saluting his fair mistress, as she was enjoying the prospect from the heights of the Richel. Phillips is cow and flies at the approach of Damon; the speed of the she-hind, however, is greater than hers, and at length he over-takes her. The swain, dint of a few celerities, most prettily performed, and at last by the present of a beautiful bouquet offered on his knees, he prognosticates his fair enemy. . . . At length Damon episses a letter in the bosom of his Phillips—this he snatches and carries away with—the race is then inverted—Damon flies, at the top of his speed and Phillips follows, the former opens the letter and goes through all the pantomimic rage of the jealous—stricken lover—he tears the paper, his own hair, raves and stamps—Phillips implores in vain his rival to relapse and relieves his passion, she comes up to him, but her spirit is now up and she again avails her lover. Hence another pursuit, and at last a reconciliation takes place, the mounted mountaineer—embrace, and make their bow and exit.

It sounds quite enchanting. Why is it, I wonder, that nobody does such things now?

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The circus today is all but dead, and, still more regrettable, the pantomime, gloriously flourishing in France during the years when Ducrow was making his fortune at Astley's, is now totally extinct. To realize what the pantomime was, what it might again be made, it is necessary to make oneself a little acquainted with the career of the two Deburau's, Gaspard and Charles, those mimics of genius who raised the pantomime to the level of the highest art and for half-a-century, 1820 and 1870, kept it secure upon its pinnacle. It was Gaspard Deburau, the father, who created out of elements already existing in the Italian comedy the pale figure of Pierrot—Pierrot the inspiration of Jules Laforgue, as well as, through no fault of his own, of most of the sentimentalists from the nineties onwards. Round this new Pierrot and the ancient ageless figures of Harlequin, Cassandre and Colombine, Deburau constructed a long series of wordless comedies which his son revived, embellished and added to after the elder's death.

The Deburau's pantomimes were a combination of acting, dancing and acrobatics. Their stage manner was very quiet; they were serious, pince-sans-rire. The elder possessed, moreover, a peculiarly grim and ferocious sense of humour. In his knockabouts with Harlequins, hunchbacks and other corpora vilia he used frequently to use his stick in real earnest, belabouring his colleagues unmercifully with all the time, a wink and a smile for the audience as though to indicate that it was all fun and make-believe. Many of his pantomimes contain episodes of uproarious grimness. Hunchbacks hide in ovens; all unaware the baker lights his fires. A little while later blackened objects are picked out of the oven along with the loaves. Corpses are propped up against walls in lifelike attitudes by their terrified murderers, and, collapsing, are secured, in position by means of stamp-paper attached to the head. Those who watched Gaspard Deburau with care attest that a very peculiar smile, a strange glint of the eyes were observable every time he had occasion, on the stage, to handle a razor, a pistol, or a sword. It is further worth recording that he committed a murder by rapping too smartly over the head a young man who had insulted him in the street. His literary friends, George Sand at their head, made so much noise in his favour that he was completely acquitted.

To this ferocity of humour, a characteristic belonging to many of the greatest comic writers, Deburau added a prodigious fertility in the invention of ridiculous situations and actions. Even in their written form many of his pantomimes are deliciously fantastic. Acted, they can only have been sublime. If there is any man now living capable of revivifying the skeletons of Deburau's pantomimes, it is certainly Charlie Chaplin. It is easy to visualize Charlie as Pierrot the scavenger in "Le Billet de Mlle Frances"—the consciously casual, deliberately irresponsible chiffronnier who picks up everything with his iron prong, from the rubbish on the stage to the conductor's hat; one can see him again as Pierrot the fisherman, who himself gets caught and swallowed by a whale; or in "L'Abbe Capitaine," where the time is 1640, but the bold sea-captain has to impersonate his brother, ravished away by an ancient English Miss, enamoured of his charms, first in a sea-fight and then in the rôle of bridegroom at a wedding. Should Charlie Chaplin's comic invention ever fail him, he will always be able to find inspiration here.

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If there is any lesson to be learned from these entertainers of the past, it is this: that the art of wordless miming, whether tragic or comic, should be carefully taught, and that all comedians should, to some extent, dancers and acrobats. In the days of Gaspard Deburau the French Government insisted that every player in the little halls of the Boulevard du Temple should come on to the stage either on a tight-rope or with a "cart-wheel" or somersault. Wise and admirable law! An intelligent Government would have taken advantage of Dora to promulgate a similar edict for our own theatres. All actors should be able at need to play their parts on their heads—literally and not merely metaphorically, as too many of our jeunes premiers are only too ready to do. When all comedians can dance, tumble, balance, juggle, ride horses, and ventriloquize, how delightful an evening at the theatre will be! But, alas! it is impossible that all actors should acquire so many and so difficult accomplishments. Let us content ourselves with a more modest demand for a new Astley's, with a new Ducrow and a new Miss Woolford to perform equestrian ballets, and a new Théâtre des Funambules, with a new breed of Deburaus in a repertory of up-to-date pantomimes.

AUTOYCUS.
LITERARY GOSSIP

It is the intention of The Athenæum to devote a portion of its space henceforward to prose fiction. Though we are confident that in the long run we shall be able to put a short story or prose sketch before our readers every week, we are aware that it may not be possible in the early stages of the enterprise to find work of a sufficiently high quality. We prefer to put the situation frankly before our readers rather than disappoint them. Stories and sketches submitted to the Editor should not exceed 2,000 words.

Those who have read—and those who have not should repair their omission without delay—Professor Southbury’s “History of the French Novel” will remember that in the preface he bade farewell to the writing of literary history. The more pessimistic of us interpreted this as meaning that we could expect no more books from him at all. We are happy to learn that this is not the case. If we shall never have from him that “History of Wine” which, together with “A History of the Middle Parting,” he once contemplated, we shall have one of the appendices to it. We hear that “Notes on a Cellar Book” have been completed for publication.

Was Dr. Johnson a smoker? Seeing the question in the contents of the current Notes and Queries, we answered pretty confidently that he was not. Our confidence is not exactly shaken by the evidence brought forward by the correspondent of N. & Q. The Rev. George Butt, of Lichfield, wrote in a letter to Garrick on March 22, 1777, “There’s for you! Give this letter to Dr. Johnson to light his pipe by.” Apart from the fact that the phrase is, anyhow, proverbial, the sentence might just as well imply that Dr. Johnson had no pipe to light. It might, indeed, gain a little point.

In any case we seem to remember that Boswell had something to say on the subject. We cannot at the moment put our hand on the reference to Boswell’s dictum; but he quotes Johnson as saying:

> Smoking has gone out. To be sure, it was a shocking thing to blow smoke out of our mouths into other people’s mouths, eyes and noses, and to have the same thing done to us. Yet I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should have gone out. Every man has something to do with which he calms himself; beating with the feet or so.

That should be sufficient evidence that Johnson preferred beating with his feet. But we wonder whether in fact smoking was in the Doctor’s lifetime on the point of going out, and why?

That a poem should have a circulation of two million copies is almost incredible. Yet Messrs. Chatto & Windus inform us that this has been the fate of “The Bolshevik poem ‘12’” by Blok, of which they are to publish a translation shortly. Probably the miracle is explained by its being “a Bolshevik poem.” We have visions of a whirlwind of flying pamphlets scattered from the windows of propaganda railway trains; and we have a suspicion that there is more Bolshevism than poetry in “12.” Nevertheless, we are curious to read it.

We have received from Messrs. Dent the first three volumes of the King’s Treasures of Literature to which we lately referred in these notes. They fulfil all expectations: they are thoroughly well printed, on tough thin paper, and are of the handy size of the Temple Shakespeare. To produce in these days a volume such as “Prose and Poetry from the Works of Henry Newbolt,” 256 pages, of high literary quality, neatly caset in cloth, for 1s. 9d. has a touch of the miraculous. We have no hesitation in saying that the publishers are attempting a work of truly national importance in launching the series.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, June 12, 1920.

Whatever may be charged against our political ferment, there is no question that it has given an enormous stimulus to intellectual activity in Ireland. The Irish book-market, formerly regarded by publishers as scarcely worthy of consideration, has experienced, during the last season, an unprecedented “boom” and one hears now of contemplated enlargements of their enterprises by Irish publishers against the coming of the autumn season. I never remember, again, so crowded—one can scarcely say, perhaps, so distinguished—a musical season as that of the past winter and spring. The summer months have been devoted to establishing firmly the foundations of the Irish Musical League, recently founded on the model, and owing largely to the inspiration, of the Dublin Drama League. Perhaps in protest against the rigid conventionality of the Hibernian Academy, we have had a positive orgy of “one-man” picture exhibitions. And since Whit Sunday, when it was dedicated, quite a pilgrimage has been made to the Church of St. Joseph at Terenure to see Mr. Harry Clark’s east window in stained glass, beautiful in conception and execution—the drawings, as drawing for stained-glass work should be, conventional, except for the Virgin Mother, who has the face of an Irish peasant woman. We neither here nor not because of our continued political unsettlement I do not know, but little as midsomer approaches we seem to be reluctant to forgo our various artistic activities. Normally, by the end of May, Dublin is a desert watered only by those informal exchanges of mind which, while houses such as A’s remain as rallying-points, do not cease even in the most arid season. This year, however, even the dog-days have not altogether quenched us. The Abbey season came formally to a close at the end of May, and Mr. Lennox Robinson has fled to Spain. Thither they transport themselves, by the way, quite a number of our men of letters and painters. What the lure of Spain may be I do not know, unless it be that there is less, in a semi-revolutionary country, they look to find something in the same intellectual environment as here, with the added attraction of being au dessus de la mêlée. But at the Abbey Mr. J. M. Kerrigan, happily restored of late months to the company, is carrying on for a season of some weeks with a company, mostly composed of Abbey players, which like Johnson was enabled to make his début as a dramaticist, in a little sketch “The Wooling of Julia Elizabeth.” I suspect collusion between Mr. Stephens and Mr. Kerrigan in this matter. Nobody but Mr. Stephens seems to be able to write the kind of dialogue which—for the plot is of the sightless—no one can fathom the lower middle-class life as a dramatic success; but nobody but Mr. Kerrigan, to whom falls the chief share in the piece, in the part of a typical Dublin woman, could have achieved the “taking” Dublin accent which to admiration got the humour of the dialogue across the footlights without detracting from the essential tragedy of the episode.

The Hibernian Academy has closed its doors, and simultaneously an artist not before well known to Dublin, Mr. N. French McLachlan, has opened an exhibition in the Mills Hall. After the acres of paint in the Academy, I find a little exhibition like this, and the earlier one of Mr. Jack Yeats, where one has only some two or three score canvases, all hung on the line, at once restful and stimulating. Mr. McLachlan is a disciple of Greiffenhagen. I entered his exhibition with a certain prejudice induced by a catalogue with various “Observations on Art” appended in the style of “Only mediocrities progress; an artist revives in a cycle of masterpieces a thing of which he is the first of what the world, an unprecedented,” and by the artist’s announcement that he is “a bit of a rebel.” But I left it better pleased. His exhibition shows Mr. McLachlan as a portrait painter of much promise; his head of Mr. W. K. Magee has caught the elusive John Eglington—a difficult subject—almost to perfection; and he has some attractive landscapes. He has also a few arresting and interesting adventures in primary colour.

W. B. W.
THE PRIZE ESSAY

ENGLISH LITERATURE SINCE 1914

"The artist," wrote the author of "The Daedal Fields," so long ago that he has probably forgotten the occasion, "creates the image of his own soul. When he sees the insufficiency of that soul, he can either remedy it, or take to criticism." One man at least, you are to understand, followed the way of salvation—even through a certain by-street that it had perhaps been better for literature never to have heard of; leaving a younger generation, intent on short cuts to Parnassus, to storm the critic's castle, stir up and scatter his assorted stock of values, his chiselled distinctions and traditional categories, and turn the fellow adrift in a world so crazed with advertisement that even the muses stagger.

And as if in any case his plight were not exacting enough, the catachism of war must needs augment the critic's difficulties. That ubiquitous ordeal he must reflect, raises in a myriad several cases the question of the ethical ought; answer to which is apt to be determined less by what men are than by what they fancy they would like to be. The common imagination—crucial element in all crises—working at first through an eclecticism not altogether involuntary, tends to evolve a type. The press and the music-hall are prompt to respond; the trained sense of the popular in journalists, variety artists, official propagandists, publicity experts of all descriptions, combines with the widely-felt impulse of sincere patriotism to define an ideal—an ideal soldier, an ideal nation, an ideal war; which things, bearing no necessary relation whatever to reality, possess the essential quality of being bearable; they are a way of escape. So only can common humanity endure to envisage itself; so only can its innate possibilities be drawn forward to the plane of the effective, the admirable, even the heroic. Talent of all sorts is drawn into the vortex—not parasitical talent only, but all such as by lack of intrinsic originality, or by intuitive sympathy with the divine average, interprets the thought, the fancy, the passion, of the common mind. Vesta Tilley, Bruce Bairnsfather, "Sapper," "Bartimeus" and the lesser tellers of tales, Ian Hay with his hundred thousand, Kipling and Robert Service, Donald Hankey and the author of "Peace of Mind"—all these, and countless others, have here something in common, all as direct cause, effect of the great manifestation. Such work is in a psychological sense occasional; it does not arise post hoc from the literal reality of war. At its lowest it becomes the easy medium through which knaves and tyrants debase the currency of ideals; at its highest it aspires to the plane of epic, of genius so-called national; or failing that—as in fact it does—attains, at least, lasting merit in the fine won sincerity of Laurence Binyon, the disciplined sentiment of Maurice Baring, or the perfect attitude of Rupert Brooke—"through whose brain, as through the last alembic, is distilled the refined essence of that thought which "—not the gods, but the crowd, first conceived.

The process by which the Ersatz becomes—or is made—a substitute for real thought and true perception when our natural life is ended belongs rather to sociology than to criticism; but of such specifically war literature as it has evolved there are two relevant considerations: first, that by the very nature of its inspiration such work tends to speak in the language, to follow the formula, of an age that is already dead—a tendency difficult for even genius to overcome; second, that the whole vision in which it participates may be, for reasons which allow no brief definition, inadequate. The cruel realities of war break through it, in such cases as can be observed, with disintegrating effect; and the inevitable reaction takes the
direction of a salutary insistence on the ugliness of certain facts.

Salutary, we say—borrowing from hygiene a term that is without significance to art. Essential as the smashing of sham idealism and perverted attitudinizing may be to individual and to national health and sanity, the service is not in itself such as literature need esteem; nor so far as reaction alone is its motive can its method have more than an accidental interest to criticism. The fact that certain young and passionate minds, confronted perfecve with the naked ghastliness of war, have in making of it what they could make something significant, arresting, amazing even, does not necessarily oblige art to them. Despite the perennial fallacy of modernism, the employment of a more or less literary technique does not suffice to determine the value of the product as literature. The critic, faced with the attempt to coerce words to a task for which, if the technique of literature be not suitable, that of other arts is still less so, may indeed decide that the sheer temerity of H. E. Read is more compelling than the rhymed Marinetti of Robert Nichols or the sophisticated realism of Graves and Gibson; that while his passion gives pungency to the virulent etchings of Sassoon it also lands him at times, by its very fury, in the attitude of the inarticulate gutter-urchin spitting in the face of destiny. But if the scale of values applied to this phase, or indeed to the whole of modern realism, is to be that of great literature, other criteria than mere success in the presentation of mood and matter become relevant. Questions of what mood? what matter? are then no longer to be ignored. Reality then leaps above the plane of immediacy. Ultimately, in art as in life, there is no escaping the soul.

And with so much at least of the critical premises left standing it becomes possible to widen the view a little. Perfect art, through all change of circumstance, remains the apotheosis of absolute reality; there is no other—no, nor ever will be. But the reality so expressive does not stop short at phenomena, the truth of accidents, of individual reactions; it reaches down to the very being and source of apprehension underlying even the soul. And the perfection of art so postulated is not achieved merely by the quest of the significant aspect, the "exact word," the perfect cadence: it demands nothing less than the lifelong discipline of the whole willing, thinking, sentient being.

Of this discipline that of technique is only the more patent and the more controllable part; but it is the part on which the renascence of the last decade was inherently bound to concentrate attention. The secret of that renascence—if indeed it were a secret at all and not something more familiar to mystics of all ages than its present votaries would allow (I heard, said St. Martin, flowers that sounded, and saw notes that shone)—lay in the approach to truth by intensity of contemplation of any one of its myriad facets: the adoption towards phenomena of the attitude of the child watching a painted gauze drop-curtain behind which at any moment the lights might go up and wonder on wonder reveal itself of beauty and terror and romance. Naturally there has followed a transvaluation of the old aesthetic values; the field of significant experience has suddenly become wider and the evocative power of word and image correspondingly enhanced. Not merely has the technique of craftsmanship gained new resources, but the technique of perception—the raw material, as it were, of creative work—has been amazingly developed. And consciously and exquisitely as never before do young poets ride to town on the top of an omnibus, or take a week-end in the country, or walk down streets, or gaze out of windows, or traverse the crowded streets, or enter rooms (having learnt the gait from Lewis) or listen to music, or revive their earlier infancy: create, in short, the images of their own souls; but unfortunately it is the critic, in receipt of such pièces de vertu almost by the dozen, who is the likelier to see the insufficiency of them.

For granted an enhanced delicacy and intensity of perception in much of the poetry of the period, granted an almost amazing development in synthetic vision, these things are but the beginnings of great art, and the opening-up of a new avenue to perfection that does not displace the ultimate goal. Alike in the delightful frescoes of H. D., the fifteen words in which Drinkwater captures the June morning, the charm of Ralph Hodgson's address to the things he cares for, the sheer magic that in de la Mare's lyrics, in Graves' "Star Talk," in Monro's "Overheard on a Salt-marsh," evokes the echoing overtones of word and image is not the individual mode that matters, but the strong feet of beauty that follow, follow after. And of the greatest poetry even such beauty is but one constituent. The question of reflective content, though not separately distinguishable—great art being the fusion, not the assemblage, of excellences—will not be dismissed as irrelevant; and for response we must still turn to the older men—to Hardy, to Robert Bridges, to Masefield, to Sturge Moore. In Hardy's lyrics alone is audible that music in which fine thought transmuted into pure emotion becomes articulate; but the sublimation in poetry of the fullest knowledge how attainable is an ideal towards which the poets we have named, and with them such young writers as T. S. Eliot and F. S. Flint, are well to turn. For with a language plastic and potent as never before, with keener perceptions and a scrupulous self-consciousness, with the ears of two continents vigilant in an almost overstrained attention, modern poetry yet leaves the missing word unspoken.

For an adequate conception of human life in its enigmatic environment of fate and circumstance we must look at present elsewhere than to poetry. The impression of finality—the finality of Sophocles or Ibsen—evoked by the recollection of sublimity beyond beauty and ugliness, beyond pain and satisfaction, beyond good and evil, is set at present only upon the work of Joseph Conrad. In the comprehensive survey of a period there is of this work little that can be said. Like all great art, only to a very limited extent will it tolerate the application of relative standards; and the absolute values itself expresses better than any critic can. There may, however, be drawn a comparison between the mode in which its conception of life is presented and the approach to the larger themes made in the endless books or monologues or memoirs with which H. G. Wells' latest phantoms concern themselves, or, more generally, in what has come to be called the psychological novel; and the comparison illustrates the peculiar difficulty with which the latter medium has to contend.

Just as the enrichment of what we have called the technique of perception has temporarily embarrassed poetry, so has the development of a mode of analysis—has embarrassed fiction. From the truism that a good novel will not express false psychology it is easy to pass—as in fact a large public and some authors have passed—to the fallacy that sound psychology will itself constitute excellence in a novel. There are, let us admit, situations in psychology of which an imaginative treatment is legitimate and serviceable; there are others—and Beresford himself in "God's Counterpoint" has found one—in which it is not. But while in the latter case the discrepancy will suffice to damn the novel, the former will not necessarily save it. And in general, the use of the imagination in the service of the method, if you will, of hypothesis in excelsis—is not a sufficient formula for the novel as literature. Courageously and
well as Beresford, Cannan, Swinnerton and Wells have at
times used it, the literary merit of their work inheres
rather in its cognizance of certain more fundamental
criteria.
Of these something like that energy, surprise and
delight in the discovery of life which Walpole identifies
in Conrad's genius, has led Compton Mackenzie, who sees
life very differently, to his true métier in comedy.
The ability to create character and situation for the sheer joy
of it, to do so well enough to communicate some sense of
that joy to the reader, implies not only that an author
has mastered his technique, but that (unlike Dorothy
Richardson) he knows what to do with it. Mackenzie,
like other young men, has had his aberrations; but he has
the sense of beauty, he has a genuine fondness for the
unique spectacle of humanity, and if he can avoid the
trivial and outgrow the perverse he may do much to clarify
the ideal of the novel.
For, develop how it may, there is one essential principle
of the novel as literature: namely, that
the imagination be not subordinated to, or eked out by, any
other impulse. It must not remain merely the vehicle of
a sociological or psychological or political or personal
preoccupation. Whatever the philosophy or the passion
behind it, creative work must exist, if at all, primarily in
its own right. And the most promising tendency of
recent fiction is the endeavour distinctly traceable in the
work of certain writers to transcend the limitations of a
purely critical interest. Katherine Mansfield in two
studies of unique quality, Eric Leadbitter, Sheila
Kaye-Smith, Brett Young, Joseph Hergesheimer, present
each a vision of life that is intrinsically worth contemplating;
and even in the fantastic satire of Norman Douglas
the merit lies in the imaginative work being well
done.
The scale of the vision: the style, not of the expression,
but of the conception—that is, in fiction as in all art, the
final test. Here is scope for much misapprehension.
It should be platitudinous to remark that in the portrayal
of a single soul—one's own, perhaps, by way of "remedying
the insufficiency"—a greater conception may lie implicit
than in addressing the most comprehensive themes; that
it is not so is due largely to the war-born popularity of
efforts to "document" society. Such attempts as those
of Stephen McKenna, W. L. George, Arnold Bennett, and
H. G. Wells, are, as M. Aldington observes in his account
of national life, are always more likely to result
in brilliant journalism than in great fiction. As
such they have their value—and perhaps attain their
object; but by the side of "Anna Karenina," or of Merej-
kowski's "Peter and Alexiz"—a book that has yet to receive
adequate appreciation in this country—they recall irre-
sistibly the contrast between the film and the drama.
Hugh Walpole, in his two Russian novels, has at least
succeeded in evoking the same fundamental reality that
Paul Nash captures in his paintings of the Western Front;
and the achievement might have been still greater had
the author been able, without loss of interest, to discard
the use of the first person in narrative. It may be relevant
to more books than this to suggest that, after all, the
legitimate use of the first person is that made by Swift
and Defoe; that otherwise, pace Mr. Wells, it is apt to
become a snare and a subterfuge for the modern novelist—
precisely the kind of subterfuge that Wells has been
reduced in war-time to employing.
These are perhaps hard words to use of one who has
laboured much, if not finely; but it is Wells' own past
achievement that demands them. In "The Soul of a
Bishop," in the "Undying Fire," in the "Research
Magnificent," Wells has essayed the very loftiest of themes:
the soul's relation to God, the destiny of
man, the fate of a nation; and the attempt is
so ill-considered as to result in neither essay nor novel nor
allegory nor any other thing known to literature. A
writer so eager to express himself that he cannot be
bothered (it is not a question of ability) to make proper
use of the means he has himself chosen, ceases, whatever
else he may become, to be an artist. His work amounts
to an abuse, not a use, of literary form. If we are really
intended to take, for example, the opinions of Benham
as an independent contribution to thought their form
should be that of the essay; but if not, if they are to be
viewed as having a certain dramatic as well as intrinsic
significance—and why else Benham?—their mouthpiece
should have at least enough cogency and probability for
us to believe in him. With no more success does Wells
resort to allegory; there again this question of form
arises, allegory demanding a detached and chastened style
of word and thought of which Wells has never pretended
to be a master. The essay, proper vehicle of fine personal
thought, would seem to be the obvious mode for much of
his recent activity; but this form demands a delicate
appreciation of the true uses of intellect and imagination
which neither Wells nor his age has troubled to
cultivate.
For the age, however, there is perhaps some excuse.
Civilization, reding onward from convulsion to convulsion,
cannot pause to notice the exquisite art of the essay.
Your would-be essayist must bowl, or attitude, or
traverse his vocation to the vendering of nostrums (mostly
quick), or even—shades of Tuchfeldröckh!—to the vendering
of clothes. Yet, like all true forms, the essay survives;
and J. M. Murry in a book on Dostoevsky to which in
critical merit neither its author nor anyone else could show
a recent parallel, and Sturge Moore in sane and sensitive
appreciations of poetry, have served it well. There are
signs in current literature that a revival of the essay,
were it but practically possible, would do much to meet
the literary need of the time. But the time has more
urgent needs that are barely compatible with the satis-
faction of a purely literary one.

And on what is perhaps the supreme synthesis of all
forms—the drama—the burden of civilization has pressed
almost to suffocation. Bernard Shaw, it is true, can yet
find air enough to protest in the kind of work that Tchekov,
rewriting the "Wild Duck," with the collaboration of Miles
Milleson, might produce; Drinkwater can find a
place on London's board, and Becket will attend one good
new play. But that fine dramatic work is so little forthcoming
is due simply to its proper school being not the study,
but the stage; and the stage is required to meet other
demands of civilization. Over the whole future of
literature these demands project a shade of uncertainty.
This nation, victorious in its greatest war, may justly
expect to reap some measure of the realities it has been
led to fight for. In that event, literature, along with other
finer activities of the spirit, may find itself for years to
come the poorer. There remains the hope that as in
the court literature filled not unworthily the redemptive
role of art, so in the difficult sequel its strength and
sincerity may assuage to this people the bitter fruits of
victory.

WILLIAM ORTON.

The French Academy has elected M. Joseph Bélier to
the chair vacant by the death of M. Edmond Rostand. M.
Bélier received 29 votes, M. Francis Jammes 8, and M. Paul
Fort 2. M. Bélier's work on the Chansons de Geste ("Légendes
Epiques") is of European renown. He succeeded Gaston
Paris as Professor of Medieval French Literature at the
College de France.
It is interesting to note that the Tribuna, June 14,
announces that Signor Benedetto Crozé will certainly be the
Minister of Education in the new Italian Ministry under
Signor Giolitti.
THE HUMAN INTEREST

THE END OF THE WORLD. By Joseph McCabe. (Routledge. 6s., net.)

The title of Mr. McCabe's book is not very pertinent to its contents, but we were inclined to approve of his choice, since it is not an unfair title and might serve to attract readers. But will it, in truth, attract readers? The cover wrapper states that the purpose of the book is to give "the present position of science in connection with the End of the World." Are there many people who bother about the end of the world? Surely one of the most remarkable things about men is the narrowness of their interests. They live on a small planet circulating round one moderate-sized star in a universe of millions of millions; the whole human adventure occupies but a moment in the life of that universe. The mystery of life, of man's destiny, must be envisaged in that setting. There are moments when the ordinary occupations of men seem designed by some jesting devil. But these moments are not long sustained. The comfortable assurance of man's supreme importance, of "the essentially respectful attitude of the universe towards his moral code," as a recent writer puts it, has so high a pragmatic value that it is almost impossible to get along without it. Perhaps the realization of this fact, as much as sheer stupidity, is responsible for what Mr. McCabe calls the "foolish smiles" of his hearers when he lectures to them about "millions of years." With some men, indeed, there is a fear-inspired hatred of science, particularly of Astronomy, although the irreverent attitude of modern psychology is also arousing much opposition. We need not concern ourselves with the rationality of this dislike; we might point out that a soul is worth more than any number of tons of incandescent metals, but perhaps in doing this we should not be quite sincere. It was undoubtedly easier to hold certain beliefs about man in a pre-Copernican world than it is now, whatever the logical basis of the difficulty may be.

But while we do not belong to those who refuse to play any part unless it be the leading part, we are equally unsympathetic to those who describe man's "littleness" with malice. It sounds true enough to say that the earth will ultimately become too cold to support life, that the sun will grow dark, that the human race will become extinct and all its achievements utterly perish. So far as science at present knows, the whole human adventure is meaningless. There are some strangely bitter writers who seem to exult in this; such exultation is quite unimaginative; such writers are as parochial as the opponents they hope to wound. But even in men of good faith so cosmic a melancholy is not necessary. As Mr. McCabe points out, science grants the human race a future on this earth of some millions of years. If such a vista does not satisfy us, we can escape the thought of final extinction by postulating any degree of scientific knowledge that we please. Whether or not "progress" has occurred, it is certain that change occurs, and that scientific knowledge, and power derived from it, has enormously increased within a few centuries. We cannot say what limits there are to man's knowledge and control of nature; we can set no bounds whatever to the possible achievements of the next few million years. We cannot even say what we mean by the "human race" of a million years hence. If we are concerned about the extinction of our kind of man, it is possible enough that he will be extinct long before our posterity comes to an end. When it is not merely a translation of a desire for personal immortality, there is something a little fatuous about this gloom concerning the fate of the race. We need take little more interest in the fate of the last man than in the fate of the last Martian. It is at least probable that anything we could recognize, our art, our morality, our religion, even our science, will not have to wait until the earth is cold for extinction. The only people that one can understand looking forward to the cessation of the race with any real personal interest are those philosophers who have discovered the Absolute.

It is for this reason that we do not find the "human interest" in Mr. McCabe's theme that he imagines it to possess. He is like a novelist who has mistaken the nature of our interest in his characters. Mr. McCabe has got hold of the wrong corpse; such phrases as "and some day a dull-red sun will faintly gild the planetary tombs that circle round it until they are gathered again into its womb," leave us dry-eyed. But these little spurs of rhetoric are merely incidental; by far the greater part of the book is concerned with modern speculations regarding the structure and evolution of the sidereal universe. There are but few branches of modern science where speculation is more attractive and less satisfactory.

There are three or four main lines of investigation, each of which proceeds on quite reasonable assumptions, and they reach conflicting results. There are good reasons, for instance, urging us to relate star age with spectra. Different spectra, when properly arranged, do, on the whole, glide into one another in a smooth and satisfying way. It is natural to relate the corresponding temperatures with age. But, starting from quite different assumptions, an equally reasonable relation is made out between the speed of a star and its age. The two lists do not agree. When we pursue the subject into details we find still further complications. We have reached a stage familiar enough in the history of science; we may have confidence in the history of science itself and the devoted labor of its will find their place in a broader generalization. Mr. McCabe frankly points out the difficulties, but he does so with a slightly nervous air. Apparently there are a number of sceptical people, known to popular lecturers, who are always on the look-out for inconsistencies in scientific theories. This irreverent spirit worries Mr. McCabe. He points out that modern astronomers are not really all at sixes and sevens, that there are certain things on which they are all agreed. We admire Mr. McCabe's humility, his democratic spirit, but we fear he is wasting his time. The obvious and simple fact is that the people he has in mind are not interested in science; there is a certain lack of humour in taking their objections seriously. It seems that Mr. McCabe has not quite rid himself of the point of view proper to a Churchman—of a "body of doctrine" backed by "authorities." The scientific outlook is different; it asks you to criticize the teaching and to come to a different conclusion if you reasonably can. So all Mr. McCabe need do with his next audience of scoffers is to ask them for their own explanations of the facts. He might find a rebel as reasonable as Einstein, of whom, by the way, Mr. McCabe does not seem to have heard. There is a passage in Mr. McCabe's book which does not seem consistent with the date—1920—of publication, more especially as he says that its contents are based on the papers which have appeared in "expert journals." "I have, down to the unsatisfactory," he writes. Einstein's results have been in the expert journals for the last three or four years, and in ordinary journals for about a year. Mr. McCabe has written an interesting book, but it is not quite up-to-date. Its information is not quite the most recent and its spirit is not quite modern. But it is, nevertheless, an interesting and fairly reliable summary of contemporary astronomical speculations. Something might have been added, but there is very little that should have been taken away.
SOCIETIES

ARISTOTELIAN.—June 7.—Professor Wildon Carr, Vice-President, in the chair.—The Rev. A. E. Davie read a paper on "Aesnul's Problem of Truth and Existence."

The famous proof of the existence of God is not purely ontological, but rather the verification of a specific mode of experience termed "Faith." In Aesnul's view it is "Faith seeking understanding," and by Faith is meant a mode of immediate apprehension, awareness of God. Two stages are distinguishable in the reasoning. The first seeks to prove that we must think of ultimate reality in terms of existence; the appeal is to logical thought. In the second stage Aesnul proves that this ultimate reality is his Personal God. Here the appeal is to experience. The argument implies that truth and existence are two ultimate forms of reality; existence is the reality of things, truth the validity of thought-contents; hence truth must be sought in terms of validity. This is the logical character of the "proof." We can "only know as perfectly as possible." We know existent reality only as our thinking is valid, and we cannot think validly unless the God validly exists. Between these two ultimate forms of reality is presupposed a fundamental agreement, such that the relations of thought validly represent the real relations of things. For Aesnul such agreement has its ground in God. A second implication is that when thinking is valid it starts from existence, in the same sense that its contents are occasioned by existing reality. So that without experience we cannot know. The ethical character of the basic conception of God proves it to be a mere thought-product—that is, knowledge presupposes a mode of reality dissimilar from itself.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—May 20.—Sir Charles Oman, President, in the chair.

The Rev. E. A. Sydenham read a paper on the bronze coinage of Nero. The main objects of the paper were to show that Nero's bronze coins were struck at two mints—Rome and Lugdunum, to consider the status of the latter and its relation to the metropolitan mint, and to tabulate, according to diverse legends and styles of portraiture, the coins that may be assigned to the two mints respectively.

The evidence for the existence and operation of the Lugdunum mint from A.D. 20 to 68 was given at length. The criteria for determining the mintage of Nero's coins were considered in detail. The seventeen styles of portrait were illustrated and the forms of legend tabulated. Certain important deductions were made from the forehead and hair, to the date of the coins and changes in the working of the mints. In a few cases the styles of the two mints appear to overlap. Explanations of this were suggested and considered. It was hoped that the differentiation between the products of the mints of Rome and Lugdunum outlined in this paper would lead to a more scientific classification of Nero's coins than has hitherto been attempted.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—June 3.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

The following were elected Fellows of the Society: Mrs. Eugénie Strong, Miss Rose Graham, Canon T. A. Lacey, Rev. A. H. F. Bouguet, Col. E. St. C. Pemberton, Messrs. W. Garnet Benham, Herbert Chitty, H. J. Fleur, T. E. Goodyear, Charles Johnson, Frank Lock, and F. H. Mink. Dr. Aimé Ruttet, of Brussels, was elected an honorary fellow.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS


Mon. 21. Aristotelian, 8.—"Memory and Comatation," Miss Beatrice Edgell.

Geographical, 8.30.—"Through South-West Abyssinia to the Major L. L. Henth."

Tues. 22. Roman Studies (Burlington House), 4.30.—Annual Meeting; Paper on "Roman Antiquities recently added to the British Museum," Mr. A. H. Smith.


Linnean, 5.—"Recent Researches on the Antarctic Flora," Dr. C. J. F. Scoffset; "The Caithness Stone, New Zealand, and its Biological Function," Dr. R. J. Tillyard.


Fine Arts

MR. ROGER FRY

M ost people, myself included, find it difficult to look at Mr. Fry's pictures without thinking of his artistic history and his opinions. Just as Newman wrote "the Catholic," so Mr. Fry wrote "the Roman," as he converted to something which is commonly called Post-impressionism. To many this is the main point for or against him; and his pictures are merely examples of the salutary or awful effect of his conversion. He himself is a propagandist by nature; he writes as the advocate of a cause; and so many see in his art merely advocacy. They ask themselves, not whether these pictures are good or bad, but whether this is the right way or the wrong way to paint. Unconsciously they assume that he paints thus to recommend this way of painting, and they think about the method more than they look at the pictures.

But, of course, method is nothing in art, and, if you see only method in Mr. Fry's pictures, you see nothing in them. Works of art cannot be classified; each one, if it is a work of art, is, like the Angels according to St. Thomas, a species by itself. Now, looking at Mr. Fry's pictures in the mass as one can see them now in the Independent Gallery (7a, Grafton Street), I find that some of them are species by themselves and some do merely illustrate a method. It is clear that Mr. Fry, with his sudden and conscious change rather late in life, has not grown in art as a tree grows or opened like a flower; there has been some obstacle to expression which he has tried to overcome by will and thought. But this does not mean that he has had nothing to express. The same thing happened to Gluck in music, also late in life. He saw that he was on the wrong lines, and he, in truth, put the matter out and found the right ones. Has Mr. Fry done this?

Anyone, I think, who forgets him and looks at his pictures, will see that in some of them he has; but I am not sure that he himself knows which these are. I have myself still a desire to convert him to what I believe is his own true love; to take him up to his portrait of "N. H." (13) and the portrait called "La diligente" (7) and the portrait of "Mlle. L." (33) and some landscapes such as the "White Road" (51) and the "Farmyard" (77), and to say to him: "This is what you were born to do; don't let any puritanical scruples keep you from doing it." For Mr. Fry has always been a puritan in his attitude to the visible world, a kind of Joseph to its allurements, yet human, not a perfect Joseph. Now and then, more and more often, he yields, without perhaps being aware of it. The fact, whatever it may be, carries him off his feet; and he makes love in his picture instead of preaching or philosophizing. In theory, the visible world is to him a Circe which, if he yielded to it, would make him a bad artist; but, in practice, he is a good one when he yields to it. This is not as it should be according to his view of the universe; but it is so; and, like Margaret Fuller, he ought now to cry: "I accept the universe." No doubt all his asceticism in the past has been of use to him; he is in no danger of greedily gulping down whatever the visible world offers him; he looks now with disciplined and fastidious senses. But this exhibition proves that, for him, to look with the eye confounds the wisdom of the mind. Take, for instance, that portrait of N. H.; it is just a portrait, the expression of an interest, not in significant form, but in that particular person. And, for that reason, the form there is much more significant than in works like the "Ravine" (32), where there is a deliberate effort to make the form significant, and where all the allurements of the visible world seem to be coldly reproved. It is amusing that in the portrait of N. H. there is one prose...
of the aesthetic puritan: significant form makes its last stand in the cushion, which is a bit of dead design while all the rest is alive and looks undesigned. It is as if Joseph suddenly explained that he was purely platonic: and yet the living child is born. But forget all about Mr. Fry’s history, his conversion and his theories, and you must, I think, confess that this is a remarkable picture, not of any new kind, but just a portrait, full of insight expressed always in pictorial terms. And as it is with people, so it is with landscape. Mr. Fry needs to be bowed over, like Van Gogh, by the thing itself; he needs to find in it what he is looking for; and then he can paint it simply and directly and with great precision. This he has done in the "Port, Martigues," in the "White Road," in the "Farmyard," where he seems again to have looked on the beauty of the earth with cold reproving eyes, and to have said: "No; I will not be carried away by these obvious charms. I will make a picture of you: I will subject you to my own notions of significant form." The result is academic, not in the Royal Academy sense, but in the manner of the made landscapes of the seventeenth century. Mr. Fry does not say, "Where shall I put my brown tree?" but he does say, "How shall I achieve my significant form?" He does seem to be insisting, "This is how a landscape ought to be painted." But in art there are no oughts of this kind.

The exhibition contains many experiments, all of them interesting to the aesthetic philosopher, but some merely interesting to the public. Mr. Fry is still a student, though a very learned and clever one. In the "Viaduct" (37) he has been studying M. Marchand; in 8, 25, 43, he attempts genre in the modern manner, but it isn’t exactly his manner. We have seen these pictures before; we can classify them, and write them off. But we cannot classify the portrait of "Mlle. L." It is, we are sure, the woman herself; it is not an exercise in the modern manner upon a modern young person.

Perhaps Mr. Fry would disagree with this view of his art. That, to me, is a proof only that he has not quite found himself; but I am sure that the self exists to be found. I wish that some work by a fashionable "brilliant" painter could be hung among his pictures. Then one would see that the fashionable painter was merely vacuously splashing about, pretending that accident was design, and making a design of accident. Mr. Fry does always paint; that is to say, with each stroke of paint he defines, as a good writer defines with every word. At his worst, he would look honestly academic among a lot of fashionable pictures, and they would look trashy. At his best, he is an artist who can express his own interests, his own values, in the terms of his art. But I wish he would free himself of his inhibitions and austerities, yield himself up to nature, and forget all about Joseph and Potiphar’s wife and significant form.

A. C.-B.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK


P. & D. COLNAGHI & Co.—Etchings and Lithographs by

Jean Louis Forain.

It is a pleasure to signal the renaissance of the New English Art Club. In the normal course an institution of this kind would now be quiescent and moribund. And there was indeed a pre-Raphaelism of the Club appeared about as yet its normal fate. Handicapped by prejudices in favour of Neo-Pre-Raphaelism and deserted by most of its successful members, it seemed about to degenerate into a home for the minor lights of twenty years ago and a happy hunting-ground for young ladies from the Slade School. But the present exhibition shows that our league has not yet lost its lustre. A.E.C. has taken the bull by the horns and thrown open its doors to members of the London Group and of Group X, and other young men in touch with contemporary effort and research.

The advantages of the step are obvious if we compare Miss Etzel Walker’s large decoration, which is merely large and decorative, with Mr. Alvaro Guevara’s panel "Medusa’s Trial," which is decorative and a good deal more besides. The nominal theme of Mr. Guevara’s picture is a scene in a court of law. But the real theme—the relation of imminent tangible entities to things comparatively remote—might have occurred to Mr. Guevara in a hundred other places. The picture has in fact no literary significance at all. It is purely aesthetic in intent and result. It might equally well be said to represent a scene at a circus or in a church, or in any other locality where our attention, projected to a certain distance, has to fight with the above, around and between a series of intervening obstructions. Guevara has tried to express this sensation in pictorial terms. But he has not quite solved the problem of the plastic relations between the high-relief silhouettes in the foreground and the smaller and flatter forms behind. Still, we should be dogmatic indeed if we refused gratitude to him for the beauty of these heads or failed to recognize "Medusa’s Trial" as a most interesting experiment.

Mr. H. S. Williamson’s "Strike Meeting" is another attempt to translate emotional experience into pictorial terms. It is thinly and poorly painted—a mere drawing in oil-colour—but the scene is excellently realized, and the picture devised for emotional expression admirably constructed and placed in a plane. The same artist’s "House at Hampstead" is also a very sensitive and intelligent work. Mr. Williamson might learn something of the nature of oil-paint as a medium from the exhibits of Mr. Gimner and Mr. Paul Nash. In the hands of the former it has the heavy, plant solidity of clay; in the hands of the latter it takes on a crystalline quality, ranging from a warm lusciousness to an almost metallic cold. Mr. Nash is, indeed, a born painter who has the wisdom to reinforce his instincts by the discipline of continuous drawing. There is good painting also in Mr. Gertler’s still life, Mr. Neville Lewis’s portrait of a famous dealer, Mr. Wallis’s "Edith Green," and in the "C. J. Holmes, who (with Mr. Muirhead Bone) upholds the honour of the generation which made the New English Art Club famous.

That conditions are, or were, different in Paris is evident from the exhibition of etchings by Forain at Messrs. Colnaghi’s Gallery. Forain, who is one of the most famous and popular commercial artists in France, could not possibly have made a living as a commercial draughtsman in England. For he looks facts in the face and blurs out the truth again and again in cruellusive drawings. His scathing comments on social and political corruption were accepted and welcomed by the people of the Third Republic because they were part of a general revolutionary action against evasions and a general revolutionary eagerness to drag ugly facts into the daylight. But Forain could not have drawn for forty years in the English illustrated press and remained an eminent artist at the end. But he has done it in France. In December, 1918, at the age of fifty-six, after a long journalistic career, he suddenly took up his etching needles, in which he had practically abandoned since his youth, and produced, within two years, a series of ninety-four etchings of such technical excellence that Mr. Campbell Dodgson does not hesitate to describe him as "one of the great etchers of the world." And this high praise is probably not exaggerated. All etchers will certainly add that Forain’s line in these plates is miraculously free and accurate and instinct with life. Many of the etchings are leaves, as it were, from the note-book of a great impressionist, of a realist who has an unusual power of mastering the universal significance of a fragment. But Forain does not restrict himself to such notes. He enters the field of imaginative realism with a series of illustrations to the Gospel story, and challenges comparison with the later work of Rembrandt. The young men of to-day, who excel in qualities which Forain lacks and centre their attention on purely aesthetic problems, with which he has no conscious concern, would be well advised to study these etchings. But for the direction of the tradition of human life which is, and always has been, one of the main roots of Western Art, and the work of an artist of fine sensibility, with personal visions and great moral courage.

R. H. W.
Music

COVENT GARDEN: "PULCINELLA"

AFTER the tedious monotony of the opera season at Covent Garden, and the still more tedious monotony of the ballet season at Drury Lane, it was a welcome relief to see the Diaghilev ballet once more. There was a large and even inelastic audience, at any rate in the upper part of the house, last Thursday week; a tremendous burst of applause for M. Ansermet when that familiar silhouette appeared in the orchestra, and so many bouquets presented to the dancers that one might almost have imagined oneself to be next door. The evening began with one of the ballets from the former repertory, "Children's Tales," or, as we are now to call it, "Contes Russes."; at Covent Garden evening dress is indispensible. It gained immensely by the help of the fine orchestra and the big stage; there was no doubt that all the company were determined to be at their best.

The new ballet "Pulcinella" bears the names of Pergolesi and Stravinsky as composers, with Picasso as decorat or, but the one mind which it represents more than any other is the astut mind of M. Diaghilev. Long ago an Italian musician of the name of Tommasini conceived the idea of translating a play of Goldoni into the language of ballet and setting it to the music of Domenico Scarlatti. Scarlatti was very much to the fore at that moment, for another Italian musician, Alessandro Longo, had just completed the publication of his complete works for the harpsichord, amounting to over five hundred pieces. Signor Tommasini picked the best of them, together with a few old favourites, and scored them for a modern orchestra with a remarkably sympathetic ingenuity. M. Diaghilev produced the ballet. It had a huge success in Rome, where everybody knew the name, if not indeed the works, of Goldoni and Scarlatti. He brought it to London, but found that it took some time before a Coliseum audience entered into the spirit of it. He moved from the Coliseum to the Alhambra and the Empire, and there discovered what his real London audience was to be. The Coliseum audience frankly prefers old friends to new acquaintances. The Diaghilev audience (I must call it by its name, for it is his creation) consisted of, or was at any rate dominated by, the "intellectual-smart"—musician; who know all about painting, painters who know all about music, poets who like to be men about town, men about town who like to be poets, up-to-date scholars, antiquarian modernists—all those in fact who, whatever class they may belong to, like to flatter themselves that they at any rate stand outside it. They may not understand themselves, but M. Diaghilev understands them as if he were himself the maestro whose immortal hand had framed their sawdust and tinsel ananomies.

Ordinary people like you and me might have thought the Scarlatti ballet a great success. Really it was rather a failure. It was too classical for the Coliseum, and too classical for the other audience as well. The former did not want to discuss it, the latter could not, for it was so perfect as to be indiscreet. What is the use of a work of art if you cannot discuss it from the point of view of a true Diaghilevite? Supposing it had been a success at the Coliseum—an ordinary manager might have thought that the best thing to do would be to follow it up with a different entertainment that should resemble it as closely as possible. Of some fifty plays of Goldoni and five hundred and fifty pieces of Scarlatti Signo, Tommasini might easily have produced another "Good-Humoured Ladies." But that would have been a very commonplace affair, for Goldoni and Scarlatti are in print and can be read by anybody. So with his unfailing flair for the successful thing M. Diaghilev pitched upon Pergolesi, Pergolesi to the world at large stands for Italy of the eighteenth century, just as Paderewski stands for Poland of to-day. That was why they made him President of the new republic, for he wrote the Quo Vadis? ("being dead") whom the world at large had ever heard of. Pergolesi had a romantic history. It happens to be quite untrue, but then that makes it all the more romantic. His music is practically unknown, and hardly ever performed, but his name is yet ever more. Naples, with unconscious irony, has given his name to a street which has no doors in it. His memory is kept green by one song, "Se tu m'amai," which is about a much like Pergolesi as "Pietà, Signore." is like Stradella. To complete the disguise, it has been edited by Signor Parisotti. Accordingly, "Se tu m'amai" makes the central point of the new ballet.

Pergolesi's own music (he really did compose some) is quite agreeable to sing, but is totally devoid of any qualities that might suggest dancing. But there—Schubert could set a menu to music; M. Massine can design steps to Pergolesi. Besides, there are singers behind the scenes who at intervals sing airs from his comic operas, and, of course, "Se tu m'amai." How they come to be associated with the story of Pulcinella is not explained; but they sound quite agreeable, which is the main thing. But the dance music presented a difficult problem. It was easy enough to dress up Scarlatti; Scarlatti's music dances by itself. Pergolesi required more ingenuity than that of a mere Tommasini or Respighi. Besides, they too were Italians and scholarly musicians too. They might even have a respect for the style of these old Italian composers. It was a happy thought to entrust the score to M. Stravinsky. There could be no fear of his keeping himself in the background, o of his allowing the old composer to become too tedious. But, alas! Parossittted or Stravinskified, Pergolesi's sentimental helplessness remains for ever a dead weight upon the ballet. Vainly does M. Stravinsky endeavour to enliven him, by making his music sound as if the members of the orchestra had lost their places or were playing their parts upside down. No false bougnoise could be more flabbily inert. So he gives up the task in despair, as well he might, and wriggles off at every opportunity into pure Stravinsky to which one could listen with pleasure, if only there was enough of it. The whole saves Pergolesi from the attempt to criticise his decorations would be an impertinence; I have not yet been forgiven for daring—a mere scribbler on music—to admire his scenery for "The Three-Cornered Hat." But he elucidates "Pulcinella." He demonstrates clearly that up to this moment I have been listening to the ballet through the wrong end of my ear-trumpet. Observe the quintessence of Diaghilevism—"Pulcinella" is not a follower of the "Good-Humoured Ladies," but is merely engaged upon a more elaborate "Parade." Some pedantic historical researcher of the future may endeavour to explain it on the theory that like "The Magic Flute" (Mozart's, not Drigo's) it was conceived as one thing and brought to birth as something quite different. Were contemporary observers know better. Mozart was obviously the Stravinsky of his day; M. Diaghilev elucidates at last that mysterious personality Schikaneder.

Start your imagination in Paradeschritt and you will understand "Pulcinella." Did you imagine that Erik Satie was a unique natural phenomenon? When Nature had exhausted herself in the production of two poets, to make a third, s' enjoin the former two. M. Diaghilev proceed on more scientific lines, as befits the modern age. Nature produced Satie. The maestro, by coupling his eccentricity with the stupidity of Pergolesi, has created synthetic Satie.

Edward J. Dent
The famous Flonzaley Quartet have survived the war, and gave a single concert in London on June 4, which made one wish that they could have remained longer in this series. They represent the perfection of quartet-playing, a perfection so severe that there are few quartets good enough for them to play. Mozart alone came through their trial unscathed. They make no concessions to weaker composers. Smetana's "Aus meinem Leben" has all the failings of a too romantic writing, and they were mercilessly shown up by the rigorous charity which is the characteristic of the Flonzaley players. They exposed the same weakness, less often but in a more acute degree, in a new quartet by C. M. Loefler, the first two movements of which promised a higher intellectual standard than the third movement, with its deplorable--at best a mere trick--"pizzicato" by Wolfgang. But Mozart the quartet was at its best. Clearness and perfection of finish are always essential for the interpretation of Mozart, but it is seldom that a quartet manages to attain the needful delicacy and precision without becoming anemic and emasculated. The Flonzaley Quartet put Mozart, as it were, under a powerful microscope. The relations of his values remained unchanged, but the whole organism was exhibited on an abnormally large scale by virtue of the marvellously beautiful and powerful tone which they produce from their instruments, heightened by the added sonority which comes from the absolute perfection of ensemble and intonation.

In her pianoforte recital at the Wigmore Hall on June 10, Miss Violet Clarencet introduced some new pieces by Mr. & Becket Williams. There was nothing in these to suggest that Mr. & Becket Williams is likely to develop into a good composer. Nor, from the executive standpoint, did this recital ever rise above mediocrity.

Mr. Gerald Cooper, who gave a vocal recital at the Eolian Hall on June 11, is a musician of judgment, but unfortunately he is no singer. He lacks both quality and power of tone, he cannot hold his notes, his diction is indistinct. All the good intentions in the world will not compensate for a complete lack of technical equipment. Mr. Lionel Tertis made a welcome reappearance at this concert, and was joined by Mr. R. H. Wathew in a first performance of the latter's new "Serenade Souvait" for piano and viola. The work lacks thematic vitality, but its clarity of style, economy of notes, and general mastery of its medium entitle it to every respect.

Miss Marcia Van Dresser, who was heard the same afternoon at the Wigmore Hall, is a more proficient performer than many we have heard these last few weeks. She has a voice, is under control, and sings from her heart. Her interpretations suffer, none the less, from a want of rhythmic power and flexibility, whilst her sense of musical values is, to say the least of it, erratic. Spohr's "Rose Softly Blooming" can usually be relied on to mark the nadir point of any programme in which it appears. It was, however, the best song in Miss Van Dresser's final group.

The Newport Choir appeared at Queen's Hall on June 11, when their programme included, amongst other things, the first orchestral performance in London of Vaughan Williams' "Mystical Songs," with Mr. Percy Hening as soloist. To say that the performance was a poor compliment to the composer and the London public is to put it mildly. Mr. Hening's treatment of the solo melody was rigid and lifeless, the orchestral playing suggested in many places being read at sight, whilst the conducting was left to the local chorus-master, whose convulsive jerks appeared to indicate extreme nervous tension coupled with complete inexperience of orchestral management. What the rest of the concert was like we cannot say; we did not stop to hear it.

The British Drama League will hold an annual celebration on June 25-26. A public meeting will be held at the Haymarket Theatre at 3 p.m. on the first day; and a corporate visit to "The Skin Game" at the St. Martin's Theatre will be paid in the evening. The annual business meeting of the League will be held at the Inns of Court Mission, 44, Drury Lane, on June 26 at 10.30 a.m.

"La Légende de Saint-Christophe," opera in three acts and eight "tableaux, poem and music by M. Vincent d'Indy, was performed on June 10. One had supposed on which the composer had been engaged for twenty years, was finished during the war, but has had to wait until now for its first performance. At the "rétification générale." "La Légende de St. Christopher" lasted from shortly after seven o'clock until nearly midnight—and this despite the fact that it was considerably "coupé." One had supposed that these gigantic entertainments were a peculiarity of ancient Greece, modern Germany and Japan; but who knows if we may not soon be called upon to bring our mattresses to the theatre, and settle down to day-and-night performances with short intervals for sleep? We hope M. d'Indy's opera will not encourage these potential dramatists whose brains are teeming with ininterminable tragedies; brevity is rather the fashion of the day, and, being a wholesome fashion with much to recommend it, we hope it may endure.

We hasten to add, however, that M. d'Indy's opera, apart from its duration, is not a work to be dismissed in so many words. In the first place it is obviously sincere in every note, and bears ample evidence from beginning to end of the nobility of its composer's intention. The writing is entirely free from vulgarity, and there are passages which border on real beauty; but a certain aridity of style only serves to heighten the monotony which inevitably attaches to the lengthy exposition of an allegory of "morality," play, to which category the "Legend of St. Christopher" really belongs. It is the story of the giant Auferus who has sworn to serve the most powerful King on earth. The Queen of Pleasure, his first mistress, is supplanted by the King of Gold, who buys up her Babylonian palace with all its inmates in the twinkling of an eye. Auferus then enters the service of this King, who is in turn supplanted by the King of Evil. While serving the King of Evil Auferus learns of the existence of a still mightier power, the King of Heaven, whose emblem, the shadow of a cross, reduces the bragging King of Evil to abject impotence. Auferus then seeks service for the King of Heaven for seven years without success, and finally meets a Hermit who condemns him to ferry travellers across a fursious mountain torrent. Then comes the well-known incident of the revelation of the King of Heaven in the person of a little child who is carried on the giant's shoulders and baptizes him "Christopher" in the middle of the stream. The last scene deals with the conversion of the Queen of Pleasure, who reappears as the courteous Nicae, and the martyr of St. Christopher.

The scenery has been specially painted by M. Maurice Denis, and while certain sets are happily conceived, there are others which do not escape banality. M. d'Indy was the author of a speech which occasioned some laughter at an interlude in the second act, the whole audience tuning towards the central "logo" which he was occupying and obliging him to bow acknowledgment. The general impression left by the work could not be more happily summed up than in the words of a certain Parisian critic who describes it as "un automate de spectacle de science musicale française"—with a slight accent, more implied than expressed, on the word "science." But then M. d'Indy is not head of the "Schola Cantorum" for nothing, and it is well known that the old building in the Rue St. Jacques is the last remaining stronghold of the contrapuntalists.

At the last concert of the S.M.I. de Falla played his "Nuits dans les Jardins de l'Espagne," a delightfully limpid composition; and Darius Milhaud's "Les Soirs de Petrograd" were given for the first time, not without creating a slight hubbub in the hall.

A second hearing (with orchestra) of Erik Satie's 'Socrate' (to which we have referred already in this column) confirms and strengthens our admiration for this intensely, but modestly original musical realization of the soul of Plato. It is to be hoped that the author's reputation as a "blagueur" will not prevent this, at all events, from being taken seriously.

R. H. M.
Drama

LAST THOUGHTS ON THE GUITRY SEASON


"Tu as le bon de plaisance," says the poet to his "night-ingle" in "Jean de la Fontaine," and if there was a looking-glass in the room when M. Sacha Guitry wrote that line he must surely have taken a glance at it. For he has above all things that precious and dangerous "gift of pleasing"—precious because it gives him the right to dare every experiment, dangerous because it tempts him to take every licence. Secure in this gift, he plays with the theatre as with a toy. He writes plays without plots; puts his actors among the audience; then banishes women from the cast, now brings in more women than any one hero has any right to be concerned with; begins his pieces with strange surprises, and sometimes gives them no ending; mixes ancient and modern, and in general pleases everyone by pleasing simply himself. It is only sour critics who murmur that he sometimes chases the butterflies of his fancy too long and too far, and are sometimes amused by jokes of a second-rate quality, sometimes shows a taste for collecting a group of old jests and tricks as though they were priceless bric-a-brac. It is only jaundiced critics who have the feeling that in all his pieces, whatever their scene or period, there is but one character really, and that character himself. He is in the first place M. Guitry is worth a odious personae dramatis. and in the second place it is good for the stage to be shaken up, however irresponsibly, and in the third place he has really opened up new, fruitful paths. To take one example only, consider his "curtains." He prefers not to end on a climax, but in the heat of a situation. Some absurdity in persons or things is just revealing itself, when the swish of the curtain is heard like a chuckle of malice. The surprise of it drives home the moral with a clap; the absence of emphasis quadruples the irony.

M. Guitry then is a charmer—and a magician. He is a finer illusioniste than the one he has written about. He makes a little go such a long way. A little biography suffices for "Pasteur," a little history yields "Jean de la Fontaine," a dash of realism creates the music-hall scenes in "L'Illusioniste," and a spice of philosophy makes "Mon Père avait Raison." There is nothing solid in any of these works, but it takes talent, not trickery, to bring off the illusion. For that reason it is well that the season ended with the last named of these pieces, for there the talent is most obvious and undeniable. It may not be the most brilliantly written, but it is the best acted of all the series. It brings together M. Guitry the elder—in all the depth and reality of his genius, compared with which wizardry is such a slight accomplishment—Mlle. Printemps, with her limited but delicate perfection of style, and the author in his most conscientious vein. Telephone scenes may have been overdone, but there is nothing stale in that wonderful telephone monologue of his that ends the first Act. The drama and tenor of it are simply amazing. If M. Sacha Guitry has acting like this in reserve, we wish he would take himself seriously more often.

D. L. M.

Two performances of "As You Like It" will be given by the Oxford University Dramatic Society on Saturday, June 19 (at 2.30 and 8.15), and afternoon performances will take place on June 21, 22, and 23. They will be held in the Wardens' garden at Wadham College. The production is to be supervised by Mr. Nigel Playfair on the lines of his recent rendering of "As You Like It" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Arne's music will be used for the various songs.

CHARLIE YONG

Lyric Theatre.—"East is West." A Comedy in 3 Acts and a Prologue. By Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer.

One ought, perhaps, to have lived in San Francisco to understand "East is West," thoroughly, but even to a spectator without any intimate knowledge of the problem presented by the half-Americanized Chinaman—fifty-fifty—as he calls himself—who provides the piece with its villain. Much more terrible than Mr. Wu is this chip-shot of a stage caricature of a student who both inane and grotesquely beneath his top hat, his absurd duds clothes in which he can hardly walk, his cigarette case which he handles as though it might bite him—all the fatuity, in short, of the half-assimilated barbarian, superposed on the stiffness, the cunning and the ineradicable dignity of the Oriental. There is a whole volume of sociology—and a highly disquieting one it must be to the citizens of this great "Melting Pot"—in the figure of Yon: adapting, without too much difficulty, to Western commercial civilization his inbred instincts of the slave-drove and the harem. To see the lightning change by which Charlie's face smiles of satisfaction at his exquisite bon ton gives place to the grim mask of his character is to read the whole moral of mixing civilizations. Mr. Nash is an actor of great imagination, and he has given us something quite new to ponder over.

D. L. M.

A MAETERLINCK PLAY

The success, or rather the triumph, of M. Comisarjovsky in his production of Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" was not so much positive as incidental. The extreme subtlety and atmospheric aloofness of such a work would be difficult enough to convey at the best of times; but the performance was given in the Eolian Hall, a room which, adapted to stage purposes, becomes precisely what needs to be avoided for even the most conventional of Maeterlinck's theatre. The miracle of the Virgin stepping down from her altar and becoming the prototype of the runaway Sister Beatrice is comparatively insignificant against that of an interpretation in which is retained, despite the conditions, the essential quality of Maeterlinck's elusive art.

The feeling which one's reading of his earlier plays evokes is that if they are to be staged at all the audience must only see them acted across a vague distance, as though we were the watchers outside the window of "The Interior." The spoken word must come to us almost as a sigh, the most vital figures must remain shadowy, every movement a mere suggestion. M. Comisarjovsky's setting was unavoidably definite as realism itself, the players actually walked among us, and there was no doubt at all about the innocence.

But, in spite of everything, the performance was beautiful, true, and moving. The producer was assisted in good measure by the acting of Miss Dorothy Massingham as Sister Beatrice, Miss Mary Grey as the Abbess, Miss Mary Gilchrist as the Princess, and Mr. Brember Wills as the Priest. The scene between the prince and the nun, heart-torn by conflicting emotions, was especially convincing, although at a later point the tragic intensity of the woman's complete and overwhelming disillusionment was not so adequately conveyed. The high standard of the ensemble work was evidenced in the mounting terror among the nuns. Every aspect of the production gained our admiration, and we hope that further presentations may be given under conditions less unfavourable.

T. M.
Correspondence

THE COST OF BOOKS

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Referring to the note in the "Literary Gossip" of your last issue, as a printer I appreciate the remarks of the writer as to the printer being the lesser sinner in the whole cost of producing books at the present time. Mr. John Murray has been recently interviewed on this subject, and I fully endorse his experience on this important matter. At the annual meeting of the Authors' Society, a few weeks ago, I endeavoured to make this clear to my fellow-members. Of the three elements that contribute to the making of the complete book, binding charges are proportionately higher than those made for printing, but those made by the paper-maker constitute him an easy first.

Just now further negotiations are pending as to another increase of wages in the printing trade, and the employers, whilst desiring to be sympathetic, have no alternative but to take the last official figures of the Board of Trade as a basis in order to find the present cost of living and other charges, as compared with those of pre-war days; this is still under consideration.

Having regard to the several advances made in both wages and materials since 1914, it is indeed a marvel to myself that publishers can issue books at the prices they do.

If I may freely paraphrase the old proverb, I venture to predict that "of the making of books there is an end " unless the prevailing conditions alter very much. Let our rulers see to this.

Chas. T. Jacob.

June 14, 1920.

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—It is because we are sure that the publishing trade will be grateful to you for your suggestion made in the "Literary Gossip" column of June 11 that books should be published in paper covers, that we venture to draw your attention to a slight inaccuracy in the paragraph dealing with the subject. You say: "At present librarians, booksellers and publishers are of opinion that the public will not buy unbound books." This, so far as our firm is concerned, is not quite the case. We have no doubt that the public, had they reasonable opportunity, would accept the paper-bound volume as readily as that bound in cloth. The opposition arises in the first place from the booksellers, who maintain that paper-bound books spoil the appearance of the shelves and consequently increase the proportion of damaged stock; and in the second place from the Circulating Libraries, who argue that paper wrappers would not stand handling by a number of subscribers and that consequently they would themselves be compelled in self-defence to bind the books. The booksellers' objection may or may not be valid, but it appears that the trade in other countries does not find paper wrappers an obstacle to profitable business. The argument of the Circulating Libraries is under present conditions unanswerable, but surely it is not out of the question for them to treat English wrapped books as at present they treat French books—that is to say, circulate them in their original paper until binding becomes essential, and then case the torn volumes.

It would be interesting and valuable to hear the opinion of Circulating Library authorities on the whole matter, for it is to the interest of the book trade as well as to that of the public that some means should be found of checking the continual rise in book prices.

We are, Sir, yours, etc.,

Constable & Co., Ltd.

June 18, 1920.

ARTISTS AND MEN OF GENIUS

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—May I direct your attention to a striking contradiction in the views expressed by two of your contributors in the last number of The Athenæum? On the one hand, in your leading article the writer protests against the criticism that "Dickens was not an artist"; on the other hand, the writer of the review entitled "The Old Comedy" declares that "England has produced a prodigious number of men of genius and comparatively few works of art." It appears to me that these sentences, if not themselves diametrically opposed, are yet impliedly so, and that is what I can hear (in fancy) the writer of the former article saying to the writer of the latter: "Either your works of art; give me the men of genius." To discuss these implications at all exhaustively would be impossible in a letter; I will be as brief as I can. Apparently T. S. E. considers a work of art that into which the artist "decants himself drop by drop," in Remy de Gourmont's phrase. I take it that this may be paraphrased as "a complete and precise expression of personality." I am not quite clear concerning M.'s conception. He appears to lay great stress on creative power, and I should deduce that if he accepted T. S. E.'s definition, he would make very great reservations concerning the nature of the personality expressed.

I do not wish to oppress M.'s phrases with a greater load of implication than they will bear; but I think that the underlying opposition could be fairly stated in these terms. T. S. E. is indifferent as to what is expressed, provided the expression be complete and precise, whereas M. hints that the point to which criticism should apply itself is the nature of that which is expressed.

For my own part, I am only too anxious to learn. I love to hear great argument on these matters; and I cherish a hope that one day I shall go out by a different door from that by which I went in. I am far from suggesting that it would be a good thing if the critical approach of your various contributors were to be made uniform. But there may be others than myself who look to The Athenæum for what I can only call a new critical discipline, of which they are vouchsafed only glimpses and snatches; and who share my feeling that the views of T. S. E. and M. in particular, may be capable of reconciliation—that T. S. E. implies more than he actually means, and that M. is not yet quite clear about the nature of the art which he instinctively rejects.

To put it in a nutshell. I feel that T. S. E. deprecates the fact that Dickens was not an artist, but (perhaps) a man of genius, while M. thanks God for it. M.'s method of thanking God is curious. He goes on to declare that "Dickens was, precisely, one of the greatest artists England or the world has ever produced." In other words, for M. an artist is a man who is not an artist according to T. S. E. "What would they say to each other or to us about Shakespeare?" T. S. E. claims him as "a deceiver of personality"; whereas M., I feel sure, would regard him as a super-Dickens. Am I wrong?

Yours faithfully,

William H. Polack.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Mr. Dent in his criticism of "The Beggar's Opera" in The Athenæum of last week attributes to me a subtile of humour that I must hasten to disclaim. He remarks that "Mr. Fraser's scenery and costumes are an amusing skit on those of Mr. Norman Wilkinson and Mr. Hugo Rumbold." Now, the artist in the theatre is too rare a bird to stand much shooting, and I respect the work of the men
Foreign Literature
THEODOR FONTANE

THEODOR FONTANE: A CRITICAL STUDY. By Kenneth Hayens. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

The centenary of the birth of Theodor Fontane, which was celebrated last year in Germany with much enthusiasm, might have seemed a favourable opportunity for the production of an account in English of the novelist's life and works. Such a volume, in fact, would have been deserving of a hearty welcome. It is not only that Fontane paid repeated visits to England, lived for certain portions of his life in London and in Scotland, and imitated our ballad-literature, and, finally, criticized our institutions and manners with insight, if not always with kindness—we recall that extracts from certain of his chapters on England were reprinted and issued as anti-British propaganda during the war. There are weightier reasons than these. Fontane is a writer who is thoroughly worth reading and understanding for his own sake: in certain respects he is the key to modern German fiction.

In treating such a writer, eminent, important, yet not familiar to the average British cultivated reader, it is essential that the critic should form a clear idea of the method he proposes to pursue. He may be popular in the best sense, expanding the writer's works in their order, stimulating a desire to read them by a description of their contents, the circumstances of their composition, the chief features of their style and the influences brought to bear on it. The alternative, more scientific, is to provide a critical apparatus for the detailed examination of each work—not so much as an individual work of art as material for systematic critical study. This latter method would be useful to the student of literature; it might also attract the general reader. At all events, it is quite a possible method of treating a foreign author for the enlightenment of the educated British public.

Mr. Kenneth Hayens, in this critical study, appears to have fallen between the two. He classifies Fontane's work, it is true, and no serious exception can be taken to his plan:

The Historical Novelist: "Vor dem Sturm"; "Schach von Wathenow;" "The Story-Teller: "Gröte Mine"; "Ellenkipp;" "Unterm Bierbraum;" "The New World: "Quitt;" "Berlin Photocopy: "L'Adultera;" "Frau Jenny Trebel;" "Unequal Marriages: "Unehelicherbräutig;" "Elm Breest;" "Sentiment and Society: "Irrungen, Wirrungen;" "Stine;" "Poor Nobility: "Die Poggenpohl;" "A Liberal Conservative: "Der Stechlin;" "There is also given—as would be given by our "popular" critic—an outline of the plot of each novel. To these outlines, also, no serious objection can be raised—although they are, like the rest of the book, often confused and written in a curiously un-English, ungrammatical and irritating style. Leaving these aside, however, we find an appeal to the heavy critical method so much indulged in by Continental critics of a certain school. One would expect, to take only one example, that the symbolic introduction of Tintoretto's picture into the novel "L'Adultera" would have been mentioned earlier and interpreted. One must presume that Mr. Hayens knows his subject too well and in far too great detail to be a sympathetic intermediary between Fontane and the reader. He is the botanist with the magnifying-glass when one really requires the man of imagination. He has drawn up a formula for novel-writing into which, one after another, he attempts to fit Fontane's works—until we are heartily tired of hearing that the "speech"
is excellent, or in correct proportion to the action; that there is little "extraneous" matter, and that even in a certain novel "servants are negligible, and children wanting"; or that there is a plentiful (or the reverse) use of the rhetorical question, or of asterisks to mark divisions between chapters, to the man who wished to appreciate Fontane's great gifts as a historical novelist and the way in which he, an artist of genuine originality, acclimatized French realism in German literature. The man who cares for the essential points of critical appreciation would not bother his head much, if at all, with the question whether chapter-headings were present or absent, or what was the proportion of foreign to native words. It would be easy to raise a laugh by quoting examples of Mr. Hayens's minute care for details to the neglect of the broader aspect of Fontane's genius.

Mr. Hayens, in fact, with—we will gladly recognize—much literary piety and the best intentions in the world, has made of Fontane a thoroughly dull writer. An insufficient command of English and a dry-as-dust critical method have combined to obscure the shining talent of one of Germany's modern masters of prose-fiction. Mr. Hayens's aim is so good that we heartily wish his achievement had been better.

In the short bibliographical preface, by the way, room might have been found for J. Dresch's "Roman social en Allemagne : 1850-1900."

DISSIPATED NOBILITY
Alceste. Par André Gyal. (Paris, Olendorff. 5fr.)
A company of aesthetes headed by a individualist philosopher is rudely disturbed from platonic discourses on a remote island by the news that the European war has been unchained and has claimed Jaurès for its first victim. One by one the disputants are dragged into the maelstrom. The philosopher (presumably unfit or over military age) is left alone to soliloquize on the cultivation of the ego, the uselessness of applied science and the advantages of detached contemplation. In the end a spirit message from a departed disciple breaks in upon his calm, cures him of individualism, and drives him back into the world with a not very precisely defined educational mission.

Such, if we read it rightly, is the main content of M. André Gyal's book, which, though tedious, diffuse, pretentious, and in some places absurd, is the fruit of a spirit of indignant revolt characteristic of the youth of our day. As a contribution to thought "Alceste" is negligible, but the impulse behind it is streaked with nobility. If only the reaction from the war, the widespread and genuine bitterness could be organized for effect—could be recruited, for example, into an army of stalwarts determined to make the League of Nations a living force in international politics—we might find ourselves a step further on the painful path of progress, and be spared, incidentally, such pathetic outbursts as "Alceste," where youthful enthusiasm is dissipated in chaotic protest.

VERLAINE COMMEMORATION DAY IN PARIS
On Sunday morning, May 30, a meeting of the Verlaine Society was held in the Luxembourg Gardens in front of the poet's statue. This interesting little ceremony, the observance of which had been interrupted by the war, is once more to become an annual fixture, and will take place each year on the last Sunday in May.

Standing on the grass, under the green trees and against a background of trailing roses and tall foxgloves, which surround the statue, the actress from the Odéon and elsewhere recited some selections from the poet's works, which were attentively listened to by the quiet audience informally assembled. This form of homage to the memory of a great poet, at once simple and sincere, is more eloquent than any sculptured monument, and no tribute to literature could be more graciously paid.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SOUTH
Questione Meridionale e Riforma Tributaria. By Giustino Fortunato. (Rome, La Voce. 5 lire.)
Le Prime Lettere Meridionali. By Pasquale Villari. (Rome, La Voce. 3 lire.)

The South has had to wait long even for a recognition of its grievances, but thanks to the efforts of a number of loyal and able Southerners, Signor Nitti and Signor Salvemini, the editor of L'Unità, among them, it looks as if the time for actual relief were fast approaching. For many years it was believed that the South was a rich country, more prosperous and fertile than the North. But upon this dream, as upon not a few others in recent years, geography with its attendant mishaps keeps on breaking in; and Signor Fortunato's little book, based on an exhaustive study of the subject and equipped with a good up-to-date bibliography, helps to shatter it for ever. The difference in the "two Italies," which meet in the neighbourhood of Rome and the Tiber, is amply reflected in their history. The vigorous communal life of the North was its most prominent characteristic through all its vicissitudes, whereas the South has always been monarchical and feudal.

Nor could the South ever have been rich. The soil is poor as a whole. The civilization of Magna Graecia was a hetic, unnatural growth that was bound to wither early, and its decay is often ascribed to malaria, a scourge which still makes large tracts of the plains altogether uninhabitable, the peasants returning to the mountains at night. The mountains have long been stripped of their woods, but the reforestation of them would not greatly increase the wealth of the country, though it might improve its health conditions and do something towards turning the roaring torrents into regular streams. The rainfall is very irregular. In addition, there are the earthquakes and the volcanic eruptions. Communications are still bad, though they have been improved by motor services.

To unite such a country with the North was like putting an earthenware jug to travel with an iron pot, and Signor Fortunato will not even allow Signor Nitti's contention that the South was really more prosperous than the North in 1861, at the time of the union. The taxes were few, but they were heavy, and the amount of specie in the country was far more a mark of wealth. These letters of Pasquale Villari certainly help to make clear the difficulties of the transition period. The officials sent from the North had no knowledge of the people with whom they had to deal. They regarded them with suspicion, not unmixed with fear, while intrigues were endless. Considering the amazing ignorance of the South that prevailed, it is not surprising that mistakes were made. But at least these letters bear witness to the great material progress of recent years.

The taxation of the South since the union is now universally admitted to have been excessive. The only question in dispute is the exact amount that would be a fair contribution. In any case, it is only by slow degrees that the South will be able to recover the ground lost during the last half-century or so. One thing is certain, and that is that the continuance of the present heavy protective tariff in favour of the industrial North would be a grave injustice to these agricultural regions. Given the high rate of mortgages and the unfertility of the soil, combined with the small margin of profit, it will certainly be difficult to attract capital to the South. Signor Fortunato, who supports his contention with elaborate statistics, insists that there is not one of the four great taxes upon which Italy largely relies for her revenue that does not weigh disproportionately heavily on the southern provinces of the kingdom, among which he, of course, includes the islands.
III. A FEW BELATED REFLECTIONS ON THE COMMEMORATION OF SAINTE-BEUVE’S DEATH.

In Amiel’s Journal for October, 1889, one finds several entries on the death of Sainte-Beuve, which occurred on the 13th of that month. Better perhaps than any other statement, on account precisely of their informal character (though, when his faculty of judgment is precisely challenged, Amiel’s style in the Journal reaches the utmost nicety), Matthew Arnold rightly observed that Amiel’s true vocation was that of a literary critic; these entries preserve for us the enlightened contemporary feeling; even then there was a foreboding that the death of Sainte-Beuve marked the end of an era.

19 October, 1889. A bel article d’Edmond Schérer sur Sainte-Beuve dans le Figaro. Il est bien le prince des critiques franças—le dernier représentant de l’époque du goûte littéraire, l’avenir étant aux faiseurs et aux simples, à la médiocrité et à la violence. L’article respire une certaine mélancolie virile, qui sied dans la nécrologie d’un maître à choses de l’esprit.

Fifty years had elapsed last October since these lines were written, and the commemoration of the date went far to establish that by now Schérer’s prediction had indeed become a fact. If we except Paul Bourget, always to be read and pondered whenever he writes of one of his great elders; Daniel Hailévy, who has inherited something both of Sainte-Beuve’s idealism and of Sainte-Beuve’s occasional disinclination to hesitation; Albert Thibaudet, the indefatigable free-lance of contemporary criticism, to be met on every threatened position; and the one opponent to whom we shall revert presently, Marcel Proust—it was only too evident that nobody, and least of all the critics by profession, had the slightest idea what the name of Sainte-Beuve stood for, nor what the simple mention of it conveys to the truly literary mind.

The case is curious, but it is also, in a measure, pathetic. Here is a man who, more perhaps than any writer of equal importance, entertained a genuine regard for the general public, and who so contrives that his work, instead of being thereby disdained, acquires an enhanced value; who takes it as the highest calling of the critic to act the part of an honest and careful interpreter between the writer and the public, and vice versa; to this task he devotes the last twenty years of his splendid maturity, and the ultimate result of his effort seems to be that the most comprehensive and the most lucid body of European criticism in existence remains practically unread by the very persons for whom it was primarily intended. Sainte-Beuve, who should be the daily food of all aspirants to knowledge and culture, is neglected (or writers whom those aspirants are as yet unable to assimilate or even to understand, with the consequence that he has fallen to the lot of the few who might perhaps more easily dispense with him, for he is far too much respect for his memory to be ever tempted to do so.

And yet there is a point where Sainte-Beuve’s achievement presents a vulnerable front. The point lies near at hand, and could not escape the notice of any attentive reader, but it required a certain amount of delving to get at the core of the matter, and though no doubt some of us had privately formed their conclusions, they were only recently brought to light. It sometimes happens that when we take up one of the “Lundis” (especially, as is frequently pointed out, when Sainte-Beuve writes of a contemporary—but not only then) we understand a little better, we agree in detail with almost everything that Sainte-Beuve says, we respond to the delicate accuracy of each new stroke of the painter’s brush, but when the literary portrait—which always seems in the process of growing gradually before our eyes—is completed, in the very measure in which we endorse the judgment it conveys, we seem to become the more aware how much, even in such a judgment as this, which never seems to the salve which he effectuated at the right moment of an enormous amount of valuable French work which, but for his intervention, would have already sunk or would lie buried in inaccessible corners or in ponderous unreadable tracts, is after all a salve. For in every case of the men called “minors” who can be trusted to take care of themselves, but the “minors” always run great risks, and Sainte-Beuve—who professed for them the discriminating tenderness of a cultivated and equable mind, and who was always so obstinately taken to task on the subject by the latest stilled adept—has secured and carefully Argentina to each of the many works which provides them with just that measure of immortality to which they are entitled. It is far too imperfectly realized that we still visualize the greatest bulk of French literature—say until 1820—in the terms and with the values established by Sainte-Beuve more than fifty years ago: in his appreciation of individual men or genres we may find that he occasionally falls short, but in his delineation of all the immense that the French genius, of which to-day we hear so much and yet so little—as manifested in innumerable and delightful personalities—Sainte-Beuve stands absolutely alone.

two “Nouveaux Lundi” — will suffice to remind us of the price he had to pay for the result:

J’en vux un peu (je vous l’avoue bien bas), non pas an public, dont je n’ai en général qu’à me louser, mais à notre société telle quelle est, de ce qu’un homme qui travaille et qui imprime depuis quarante ans (c’est le chiffre exact), s’est voit condamné à continuer indéfiniment, sans que personne s’avise qu’il fait chaque semaine un tour de force, et que, tout en s’y amusant parfois lui-même tout le premier. Be court qu’une belle journée s’asserisse. Le physique est tout, même dans l’esprit, et mon physique chaque semaine est horriblement tendu. Je descends au fond d’un puits chaque mardi matin pour n’en ressortir que le vendredi soir, je ne sais trop à quelle heure.

CHARLES DU HOS.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. These first numerals in these represent the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on. Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, ETC.


Though this humble effort should be treated indulgently, we must confess to disappointment. Mr. Williams has a good deal to learn about book selection, and shows inability to distinguish a good guide-book to the choice of books from a bad one, or to judge between books themselves. Many of the guides he mentions are worthless: the superior guides are unmentioned. The British Museum has on the open shelves some four works containing bibliographies to philology: these are not included in Mr. William’s short list, which cites Nelson’s “Standard Books” and Sonnenschein’s “Best Books”—both of which should be under “General Guides”—and two other works of no authority.

H is literary taste may be gauged from his putting Grace Aguilar at the head of, and Henry Cockton among, the “classic” novelists, and William de Morgan, Miss E. O. Somerville, and George Moore in the third and lowest grade. He has misspelt Miss Somerville’s Christian name, and knighted Mr. Kipling.

100 PHILOSOPHY.


See notice, p. 812.


"The intellectual, emotional, and imaginative factors of persuasion work together," but the first is inferior in strength and effect to the second, as the author shows. He studies and distinguishes between the three and their subvarieties, illustrating his analysis with such modern instances as the art of camouflage, group pressure and suggestion, methods of exploitation in advertisement and elsewhere, gesture, the cinematograph, the novel and the drama. It is an excellent popular treatment of the whole subject. "That the non-rational is not necessarily the irrational" is one of many well-put truths in the book.


The war has given the opportunity, and the breakdown of old systems the justification, for Mr. Paine’s new aristocracy. The people must at once go back to the land. This is as easily done as he says, he thinks. The children of the old aristocracy must invite the whole working-class school population next summer to camp out with them in their parks and pleasure-grounds; and they must do it next year and so on. Mr. Paine’s economics are rather simple, and the industrial system is not to be so easily disposed of for a better and more primitive mode of life as he thinks; but his views on class prejudice and pretentiousness are healthy, if a little vague.

200 RELIGION.


See review, p. 781.


Greek stories in an English dress. The legends are freely handled, and archaeological or topographical exactitude is not attempted by the author, whose treatment of the interesting themes he has chosen is adequate and satisfying.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Berriman (A. E.), Heath (St. George), and others. Industrial Administration: a series of lectures ("Publications of the University of Manchester," 131). Manchester Univ. Press (Longmans), 1920. 9 in. 211 pp. index, 7/6 n. 321

Mr. Montree’s "Social Obligations of Industry to Labour" (a lecture given on November 12, 1918) has the first place in the volume. Other notable discourses are those delivered by Mr. T. H. Pear ("The Applications of Psychology to Industry"), Dr. T. M. Legge ("Occupational Diseases"), and Dr. A. F. Stanley Kent ("Industrial Fatigue"). All these lectures are by recognized authorities, and are weighty utterances on the subjects concerned.


See review, p. 781.


One might call this the autobiography of the "W.E.A.,” the birth and growth of that vigorous society being identified over such a long period of years with Mr. Mansbridge. "Education and knowledge must not be confused,” he insists, and the work of the "W.E.A." has never confused them; rather, in the seminar method adopted by its tutorial classes, it has taught some wholesome lessons to all intelligent educators, and done as much as any movement to elevate the mental life of the people.


See review last week, p. 762.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

McCabe (Joseph). The End of the World. Routledge, 1920. 8 in. 275 pp. ii. index, 6/ n. 523.1

See review, p. 804.

600 USEFUL ARTS.


The high cost of dairy produce and the reduced purchasing power of money have helped to develop goat-keeping in this country from a pastime or hobby into a practical business proposition. Mr. Davies’s book should be of very considerable service to persons who intend to labour in, and expend money upon, this promising field of activity.


A more rational arrangement of the housewife’s work; sensible planning of kitchens, so that muscular energy may not be wasted; and a widely-extended use of labour-saving devices, are becoming more and more urgently necessary in these nerve-racking times. Mrs. Frederick writes upon
such topics clearly, and with expert knowledge. The methods and appliances described are for the most part American; the end in view is that home-keepers, their families, and the nation, should be developed to the 'fullest power and vantage ground in health, happiness and true prosperity.' We are sure that the book will be helpful.

700 FINE ARTS.

*Bell (Edward). HELLENIC ARCHITECTURE: ITS GENESIS AND GROWTH ("The Origins of Architecture"). Bell, 1920. 8 in. 205 pp. map. ill. diag. ind., 7½ n. 722.8

Studying the most modern critical histories of architecture together with the latest results of research in the Egyptian area and elsewhere, Mr. Bell has shown the patronal relations of Minou and Mycenaean building, brought out the complex influences of Egypt, and rendered clear the main lines of architectural history in Greece.


Those who indulge in the hobby of collecting Baxter or Le Blond prints will find this a useful vade-mecum. It is a sort of epitome of the author's 'Picture Printer,' and at the same time a supplement thereto, the most valuable item being a catalogue of all known colour prints by Baxter, with prices and other particulars.

800 LITERATURE.


See review, p. 729.


See review, p. 811.

POETRY.

Pim (Herbert Moore). SONGS FROM AN ULSTER VALLEY. Grant Richards, 1920. 8 in. 96 pp. 3½ n. 821.9

There is a good deal of genuine poetry in Mr. Pim's volume, and some of the sonnets especially are evidence of a writer whose vision has the full advantage of technical competence. Could I redeem one moment with a rhyme

Or make this web of sense perpetuate,
Is a characteristic opening; and there is no example in the sonnet-section of the book that does not hold some equally dignified and musical passage. Had the sections headed "Poems" and "Miscellaneous Pieces" been as carefully ordered, there would have been little in Mr. Pim's work to detract from our just impression of poetic consistency and unerring judgment.

Powell (Charles). THE POETS IN THE NURSERY. With an introduction by John Drinkwater. Lane, 1920. 7½ in. 80 pp. 5½ n. 821.9

Imitations of the style of Stivnburne, Rossetti, the Browning, Kipling, Poe, Whitman, Fitzgerald's Omar, &c., rather than parodies of the satirical order.

FICTION.


Numerous details of the internal organization and management of a submarine are introduced into this narrative, which purports to be a record kept by a German naval lieutenant named Karl von Schenk. Karl describes some of his voyages, adventures, and narrow escapes during the war. He falls deeply in love with a Polish girl, who for the sake of her country has become a spy on the side of the Allies. She pays the penalty; and Karl, though acquitted of treachery to Germany, is superseded and virtually disgraced, shortly before the surrender of the German fleet. Mr. Frank H. Mason's illustrations enhance the interest of the book.


Probably there will always be different opinions in reference to the character of Edward Coleman, the secretary of the Duchess of York, who was executed at Tyburn for complicity in the alleged "Popish Plot," during the reign of the Merry Monarch. But it was only the tainted evidence of the ruffians Oates and Bedloe which accused Coleman of complicity in an assassination conspiracy: and the charitable view generally prevails that Coleman was a well-meaning and unfortunate zealot. The task which the author of this story set himself, of presenting a picture of Coleman's complex personality, was difficult; and upon the whole it has been accomplished satisfactorily. Miss Dinnis's portrayal of Coleman, who was only one among Oates's many victims, is, generally speaking, sympathetic. The novel is worth reading. It should appeal especially to Roman Catholics.


Jane Hobbs is the daughter of a retired butler. Her face is divine, and procures her matrimonial promotion to the rank of her father's employees. But her accent is that of Whitechapel, and the disgust with which this inspires her mother-in-law reacts unfavourably on Jane's relations with her own children. Determined to win her young people's respect by doing something useful, she enters the Army, and becomes a nurse, a cook, a tea-garden assistant, and a scrubber. Her book is an attempt to reproduce the life of a Cornish parish during the first decade of the nineteenth century. Some faults of construction are redeemed by much charm and sincerity. The slyly mystic, its hero, belongs to a type which is of every age; but with the blue-stockings lady of his adoration...
and her hard-riding, hard-drinking husband and better disposed sons, Mr. MacDonald has, we think, been remarkably successful in catching the tone of certain social circles at that period. There are some vivid smuggling adventures and a terrible, but, we fear, exaggerated study of child labour at a time when conditions were even worse than those described by Disraeli in the forties. It is surely an anachronism to represent the family chaplain (and tutor) as deprived of all participation in tar or pudding.

The outward results of attempting to shield a young man from knowledge of the world's naughtinesses are deftly pictured in this bright story of a rich and youthful baronet, whose fond but silly mother has brought him up in such sheltered seclusion that when dining for the first time with a bachelor friend he is more valuable than discreet in his choice of table companions, and loses two thousand pounds at pool. He also rashly promises marriage to a chorus-girl, and finds himself in a jangle of difficulties. Mr. Marsh's books are usually highly readable, and the present story is no exception to the rule.

Mundy (Taibot). THE IVORY TRAIL. Constable, 1920. 7s in. 411 pp., 7/6 n.
A thrilling tale of African adventure, in which nates, lions, period-America explorers and German officials sustain their parts with equal spirit. Its motif is the quest (attended by international complications) for a semi-legendary hoard of ivory, secreted in some unknown and peculiarly unattainable locality. There is (mercifully) no love-interest, the distaff side being represented by an English titled lady. In German pay, who is called indirectly Lady Saffron Waldon, Lady Waldon, and Lady Isabel Saffron Waldon. The first half of the book is decidedly the better, horrors being afterwards piled on too thick for any ordinary digestion.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.
Luffmann (C. Bogue). THE HARVEST OF JAPAN: a book of curious travel, with some account of the trees, gardens, agriculture, peasantry, and rural requirements of Japan. Jabez, 1920. 9 in. 276 pp., index, 12/6 n. 915.2 Conscientious thoroughness is Mr. Luffmann's virtue, but he fails in attractiveness. A professional student of agriculture, he devotes half his book to that subject; but he is at his best in his attempt to reveal the Japanese instinct in art, and at his second-best in his evaluation of their gardening and his efforts to penetrate the mind of the people. Those who know the Japanese will find the book interesting.

920 BIOGRAPHY.
Comte (Auguste).

Huxley (Thomas Henry).

930-990 HISTORY.
Brown (Percy). GERMANY IN DISSOLUTION. Melrose, 1920. 7 in. 316 pp. ill., 6/6 n. 943.055 With the British forces at the beginning of the war, somewhere behind the French or British front after the second battle of Ypres, a prisoner of war at Ruhleben, and then a witness of the revolution at Berlin, Mr. Brown had a war correspondent's varied experiences, and relates them without compounding in great detail. "Judging by what I saw during my last visit to Germany," he says, "I believe that in spite of differences between capital and labour, Germany is quietly and thoroughly putting her industrial house in order. The huge munition factories have been adapted to peaceful purposes ... Everywhere I went I found people working in the fields. . . . The majority of Germans suffer little more than we do from the scarcity of fuel."

Fortunato (Giustino). LA QUESTIONE MERIDIONALE E AL RIFORMA TRIBUTARIA ("La Questione Meridionale," 2). Roma, La Voce, 1920. 8 in. 114 pp. bibliog, paper, 3 lire. 945.00 See review, p. 812.

Penty (Arthur J.). A GUILDSMAN'S INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY [1920]. 9 in. 327 pp. ind., 12/6 n. 940.1-2 The author remarks that the "neglect of the experience of the past is no new thing; it is as old as civilization itself." But there is now a general recognition that a study of the past is of the highest service, as well as of the present. In the light of the past, it is necessary to the understanding of human progress. Mr. Penty admires the spirit and customs of the Middle Ages. He blames the lawyers for the corruption of every medieval institution by Roman Law, and considers them responsible for the adoption of direct action by Labor. He believes that the history of civilization is merely the history of class struggles; criticizes what he calls the heresies of Marx; and is opposed to Bolshevism. "A Bolshevik government," declares Mr. Penty, "is a thing to be feared as the worst of all tyrannies.


940.3 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.
Baring (Maurice). R.F.C., H.Q., 1914-1918. 7s in. 322 pp., index, 8/6 n. 940.44 See review, p. 797.

Hamilton (General Sir Ian). GALLIPOLI DIARY. Arnold, 1920. 2 vols. 9 in. 387, 350 pp. ill. maps, index, 30/6 n. 940.4 See review, p. 795.

*Hesketh-Prichard (Major H.). SNIPING IN FRANCE. Hutchinson, 1920. 9 in. 269 pp., 12/6 n. 940.41 Now that the cessation of hostilities has made it possible, those people who desire to learn something of the mysterious technical side of warfare will find Major Hesketh-Prichard's volume of much fascination. Before the war the author was known as a sportsman, traveller, and athlete; and if the qualities engendered by these pursuits enabled him to do considerable service in the scientific education of snipers and scouts in the British forces, it is his other vocation, that of writer, which helps him not merely to give us information, but to give it in a form enthralling as any detective story. Although the science of camouflage as applied to earthworks is expounded for the first time, it is by Major Hesketh-Prichard's presentation illuminated and vitalized to a degree which does not dispose of its authoritative nature. Not only are incident and anecdote used generously, though with discrimination, but there are photographs and drawings to assist considerably in making us understand the importance of apparently trivial objects in the sniper's work. The looting of a cat, for example, on the paradox of a supposedly disused enemy trench revealed that it was in reality an active headquarters.

Hilton-Young (E.). BY SEA AND LAND: some naval doings. Jack [1920]. 9 in. 362 pp., 12/6 n. 940.45 With Rear-Admiral Troubridge on the Danube, trying to cut the German communications with Bulgaria, a witness of the Serbian horrors, then in the North Sea chasing German cruisers, next with Kerr's naval gun in Flanders, and finally, after being wounded on the "Vindictive," off to an adventure in Russia, the author has plenty to tell, and good deal of it is interesting.

Steele (Harwood). THE CANADIANS IN FRANCE, 1915-1916. Fisher Unwin [1920]. 9 in. 364 pp. maps, app. index, 21/6 n. 940.4 Stated to be the first complete record to be published of the activities of the Canadian Army Corps during the war, this history—though it is entirely unofficial—gives an excellent idea of the operations which the gallant troops from the land of the maple leaf carried out in the presence of the enemy. Captain Steele has the gift of clear, straightforward description; and there is little to be desired in the succinctness and clarity with which he etches in a number of Homeric incidents.
Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL.
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION.

The University invite applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Education, Salary £180 to £240. The Lecturer will be attached to the women's part of the Department, and will, if possible, be appointed to take up duty on September 1. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications, with testimonials, should be sent not later than July 7.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.
LECTURES IN CIVIL LAW AND IN CONSTITUTIONAL LAW AND HISTORY.

The University Court of the University of Glasgow will shortly proceed to the appointment of a Lecturer in Civil Law, and of a Lecturer in Constitutional Law and History. Further particulars as to the duties, emoluments, etc., may be had on application to the Secretary of the University Court, The University, Glasgow, as soon as possible.

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.
LECTURESHIP IN COMMERCE AND STATISTICS.

Applications are invited for the above appointment, which will be made at an initial salary not exceeding £400 a year, and increasing according to scale. Applications should be sent not later than July 1 next to the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

COLEG PRIFATHROFAOOL DEHEUDIR CYMRU A MYNWY.

The Council of the College invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Philosophy. Commencing salary £250 per annum, with annual increments. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications, with testimonials (which need not be printed), must be received on or before Thursday, July 1, 1920.

D. J. A. BROWN,
Registrar.

University College, Cardiff.
June 9, 1920.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

THE EDUCATION COMMITTEE invite applications for the following post for the term commencing in September next:

KING'S NORTON SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
ASSISTANT MISTRESS with good qualifications in French.
Forms of application and copies of present scale of salaries may be obtained from the undersigned. The scale is now under revision. Applications must be sent in not later than June 30.

P. D. INNES,
Chief Education Officer.

Education Office, Council House, Margaret Street.

Appointments Vacant

CITY OF SHEFFIELD EDUCATION COMMITTEE.
TECHNICAL SCHOOL OF ART, ARUNDEL STREET.

Applications are invited for the following positions:

(a) A well-qualified ART INSTRUCTOR to teach Art Subjects. Applicants who have had experience with Art Classes for Teachers in Training Colleges, Elementary and Secondary Schools, will receive preference.

(b) A SPECIALIST to teach and lecture on Decorative Architecture, History of Art, Geometry and Perspective. Candidates should state the commencing salary they desire. Application forms, which may be obtained at this office, should be sent, accompanied and returned to the undersigned not later than July 2, 1920.

PERCIVAL SHARP,
Director of Education.

Education Office, Sheffield.
June 15, 1920.

DARLINGTON EDUCATION COMMITTEE.
GRAMMAR SCHOOL.


Required in September, ASSISTANT MASTER (graduate) to take charge of Advanced Course in Physics. Salary Scale £240 to £350. Full recognition for approved service elsewhere. Interest in games and other outdoor activities desirable. Application should be made at once on printed form, which may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

H. WHALLEY,
Acting Director of Education and Secretary.

Education Office, Darlington.
June 14, 1920.

GOOLE SECONDARY SCHOOL.

WANTED FOR SEPTEMBER, A MAN TO TEACH CHIEFLY ENGLISH in Lower and Middle Forms and help with FRENCH, HISTORY OR GEOGRAPHY. Salary on the West Riding Scale which is at present £180—£210—£240—£270—£350, with a bonus to be fixed later. Applications to be made upon forms which may be obtained from W. T. SILVESTER, 10, Victoria Street, Goole.

DENBIGHSHIRE EDUCATION AUTHORITY.

APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN.

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian in the CARNEGIE LIBRARY which is about to be established in Rhuin.

The person appointed must devote his whole time to the duties of the office, and preference will be given to a person who has had some experience of Library work. A knowledge of the Welsh Language is essential and all applicants must be under 45 years of age. Salary £200 per annum. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope and to whom they should be returned, accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, not later than Friday, July 24, 1920.

J. C. DAVIES,
Secretary and Director of Education.

Education Offices, Ruthin.
June 21, 1920.
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ICHABODINGS

If we confess that there have been moments when we were more than a trifle pessimistic about the condition of the arts in England, is because those moments are no more. The reading of Sir Reginald Blomfield's recent lecture to the British Academy has dispatched them for good and all. Remove the straw, take the mugler from the knocker and show a glad face at the window, for art can be neither dead nor dying nor moribund while it provokes Sir Reginald's leonine thunder.

"One had hoped," said the distinguished lecturer, "that the grip of reality brought about by the war would have cleared this rubbish [that is, all painting, sculpture, and architecture not by Royal Academicians] away; but at present the last state of this man is worse than the first. The seven devils have entered in and rallied their forces for a final attack on our sanity." Let us not linger over the richly metaphorical nature of the conception; let us pass lightly, or we shall find ourselves faced by the nice question as to whether we have gripped reality or reality has gripped us, for Sir Reginald, in the fever of his indignation, has had no architectonics to spare for his prose style. Art has gone to the devil, to seven of them. Such is the contagion of his sternly prophetic manner that we find ourselves crying Ichabod. Who indeed could help crying Ichabod after reading "poster les bourgeois et leille lacrime" in two consecutive lines? But let that pass. We turn to examine our conscience, for we—that is, the critics—if we are not the devils ourselves, are responsible for letting them in. On this point Sir Reginald feels no shadow of doubt whatever; we are the "bawling Cleons" who have debased British art. All was well in Eden until the first modern art-critic was born. But now things are come to such a pass that "one may well ask [says Sir Reginald] 'Am I off my head, or is the man who tells me this?' It is time that a halt was made in this race for the lunatic asylum. Non tali auxillo nec defensoribus isis will art advance." And those treacherous defenders include not merely the gentlemen with positive views and a talent for expressing them who explain the mysteries of art to you, dear reader—not merely those, but all critics. The painful history reminds us of Stacy Marks's little rhyme:

I paints and paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before it's dry;
When savage Ruskin
Sticks his task in,
And nobody will buy.

The difference is that all critics nowadays are Ruskins.

But, tempted though we are to bow to Sir Reginald's authority and to believe in our own omnipotence, the facts are against him. Has he forgotten that work of a Royal Academy artist—that pretty little thing in granite with marble trimmings which is called the Nurse Cavell monument? We critics declared with a single voice that it was intolerable. Was it removed? Was it covered with a veil? Alas! our royal writ did not run to the top of Chandos Street. We are glad to remind Sir Reginald of the incident; he will find in it matter for consolation, matter for hope. In a vision we see him, standing in Trafalgar Square, in the congenial shadow of a Nelson lion, gazing at this triumphant example of the undefiled tradition, and murmuring with confidence and pride: "This is one of the great achievements of British art against which the gates of Hell, aye, and the seven devils, were unable to prevail."
THE DISTORTED MIRACLE

This is a snapshot of Japan, taken under rather grotesque circumstances—Japan seen for a fortnight through a fever of 101 degrees. Japan was responsible for this fever; the excitement and expectancy of Japan were also responsible for a determination not to give way to the fever, but to keep going; yet this article reflects no reproach on Japan. Its surface is too small for reflection; if it reflects anything, it reflects a temperature of 101 degrees and no distorted miracle.

The first miracle of Japan, Fuji-yama, is proved impossible of distortion. The gods, I gather, proved it so by experiment. Gods seem to be creatures with a craving for interference with their superiors, and their instinct in this case was like that of some parents whose child finds a perfect thing—an instinct to draw a moral and to destroy. When the delicate and austere lines of Fuji were first leaned together over a pearl mist, man, being given eyes to see, at once found a heart to worship and to find holiest of all this pointed tower of cloud and delight upon his horizon. But the gods had strong opinions about the use of superlatives. It seemed to them, as it might have seemed to us, exasperating to be surpassed by a thing one had just that minute run together, so to speak. Perhaps they tried to spoil Fuji, they interrupted her symmetry, they made one shoulder higher than the other. "Now look," said the gods to man, "and remember, no creation ever surpasses its creator." The gods show up badly all through this story, and of course they were wrong. The fact is that few creations are really worth creating unless they be more perfect than their creators. And Fuji-yama was so perfect that she could not be spoiled; even in her unsymmetry, man—who is certainly the hero of this story—saw perfection. So he ceased not to worship Fuji. Indeed, all his most inspired temples in Japan have been crowned with just that degree of unsymmetry, a monument to man's redeeming obstinacy, and to his eternal victory over mere gods.

Fuji, that lily of heaven, has no roots on the earth, it seems. As you approach Japan from the east, you can see distinctly the way common and credible mountains grow, for there they are, a perfect garden of them, in many colours, with their roots in the sea, and—one of them—flowering fantastically in a halo of pale smoke. Only after you have enjoyed a moment of commonplace pleasure, and have said, "How beautiful those mountains are!" do you look up and see Fuji, and then your heart stops.

I saw Fuji twice again, but never without something like terror. Once, smiling in the sun, in a surprisingly restful mood, over her strange span of empty sky; she had small round clouds, strung alternately with their shadows, like varied pearls, round her shoulders, and very far below her the little square-sailed sampans were flung about a flecked and lively sea, like shavings dropped from the bench of creation. Two separate dreams with oblivion between. . . . And once I saw Fuji in the dawn, as delicate as a shell in the dawn, and fearfully alone.

All the other mountains in that half of Japan are content to be but foothills, because of Fuji-yama; everything else is respectfully small. I met only one other giant in Japan. His name is Buddha, and he sits in a garden at Kamakura, looking at nothing. He don't know facts about him, how many feet high he is, how many hundred years he has sat there, looking at nothing. I only know that I never saw a face so very far away, open eyes so absolutely and so terribly unaware of all the things that matter so much to our eyes—daemons and stars and gold money and the little nervous workings of our hands. By the time I met that giant, fever was in my own eyes, and he was appalling to me. I could have shaken the stars like cherry-blossoms out of the sky, I could have torn to shreds that futile and wistful garden, planted so lovingly about his uncaring feet, and all because I knew he would not know. He would sit among the ruins of worlds, not patient, not scornful, not defiant, simply unaware.

By then the fever was on me, and all Japan began to frighten me because it was so unreadable. All Japanese faces seemed to have the eyes half open and those eyes were fixed on something else. Something unknown and fantastic seemed to be behind those eyes, and there was no attention paid to the moment, the mere Now. To all the warning noises of the street, to the soft Owf of the rickshaw man, to the hoot of the rare motor, to the cry of the carter, dragging his savage and gaudy little skittered horse, there is a reaction in the passer-by so slow and so belated as to be almost dreamlike. It is as though a spell bound the silent streets, and directly you suspect this you at once feel sure of it. For there is a charm of small dream-like noises abroad in the streets, no sound more alert or more sudden than the shuffle of geta, or wooden clogs, on the soft ground. There is no interruption to thought, no rude recalling of the mind. The music of the street cries, though insistent, does not intrude; it haunts the air, as it were, behind a veil. A vendor of some food that swings in great wooden bowls at either end of a pole across his shoulders blows a dim faery flute on one note; the blind masseur has a forlorn muted cry; the clank of the watchman’s ringed metal pole is thin and tenuous, and so regular that it is part of the silence, like the ticking of a clock; and there is a man in a wheeled booth who competes tenderly for the public ear with a small fantastic minstrel, noise of notes, like the ghost of the first bagpipes ever blown. But it seems to me that I have never seen the public attention arrested by these things. The public is thinking of something else. Whenever there are flowers, Japanese eyes look at flowers, but otherwise—at something that is not there. I thought at first they looked through To-day to Yesterday, now I wonder whether they look through To-day to To-morrow.

Superficially speaking, Yesterday trespasses everywhere in Japan. The coolies are in themselves like an invading army from Yesterday. They wear blue doublets printed with curious medieval designs, and on their legs long blue tights with no shoes; round their heads they wrap a tawny and unclean length of stuff. I am sure that Yesterday saw just such figures—varlets, and hired soldiers home from the wars—swaggering sullenly down the dim leaping streets of old cities of another hemisphere, five hundred years ago. It seems to me that I have seen the feet of Time tangled in a net of very narrow, grotesquely banded streets, the feet of a lost and astonished Time treading aimlessly those worn and cedar-shadowed stone steps up to dark and cynical temple doorways. All Japanese temples have heavy and bent brows, but they do not frown, I think, they only shut their souls to all comers; to Time itself they shut their eyes. They have not forgotten To-day because To-day for them is not. Is To-day only a dream after all? When I think of it, it seems to me that I lose what I seek. Was it the fever that haunted me always from that first jewelled and impossible sight of Fuji-yama to the night when, in a cloudy and faery moonlight, we left Formosa, tangled in legends and in storms, behind us? Or is To-day really a stranger in Japan, a stranger and a ghost passing unseen, before cold half-shut eyes?

STELLA BENSON.
Poetry

THE PIER-GLASS

Lost manor where I walk continually
A ghost, while yet in woman's flesh and blood!
Up your broad stairs, mounting with outspread fingers
And gliding steadfast down your corridors,
I come by nightly custom to this room,
And even on sultry afternoons I come,
Drawn by a thread of time-sunk memory.

Empty, unless for a huge bed of state
Shrouded with tragic curtains drooped awry,
The flooring littered with new-tumbled plaster
And mouldy straw where rats resort for courtship
On their rogues' holiday. Here at my right hand
A dismal bellrope hangs in readiness
To summon me, from attic glooms above,
Service of elder ghosts: here at my left
A sullen pier-glass, cracked from side to side,
Scorns to present the face (as do new mirrors)
With a lying flush, but shows it melancholy
And pale as faces grow that look in mirrors.

A rumour, scarcely yet to be reckoned sound,
But a pulse, quicker and slower; then I know,
As I know all things here, without reflection,
That bees have swarmed behind, in a close place
Pent up between this glass and the outer wall,
And that bee-serjeants at the entrance chink
Are sampling each returning honey cargo
With scrutinizing mouth and commentary,
Slow approbation, quick dissatisfaction.

Disquieting rhythm! for in this judging mood
I face again a problem sternly solved
In a bygone life, and now again proposed
Out of due time for fresh deliberation.
Did not my answer please Omnipotence?
Yet I'll stay obstinate. How went the question,
That simple question set on the elements
Of love and the wronged lover's obligation?

Kill or forgive? Still does the bed ooze blood?
Let it drip down till every floor-plank rot?
Yet shall I answer, challenging the judgment:—
"Kill! Strike the blow again: spine and shall come."
"Kill, strike, again, again," the bees in chorus hum.

Robert Graves.

A WISH

The fog had soaked the fields all day,
And drops of wet hung on the trees;
Then from the west a sounding breeze
Blew all the quiet fog away.

To stand once more upon the crest,
And see the earth below me lie,
All dim with mist, and watch the sky,
Red as the sun drops in the west;

And in the gleam of dying light
To stretch my hands out to the rain,
And never more be touched with pain
By footsteps in the road at night;

And when I've felt again the best,
And seen the earth grow dark and chill,
To turn my footsteps down the hill
And leave it all in cold and rest.

Joan Arden.

REVIEWS

THE FUTURE OF MR. MASEFIELD

Enslaved; and Other Poems. By John Masefield. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

We are grateful to Mr. Masefield for three things:—
for his creative energy, for his "interestingness,"
for the nature of his faith. Because in our review of "Reynard the Fox" (January 25th) we dwelt chiefly upon an element of fundamental weakness in his work, we desire on this occasion to consider his qualities under the aspect of their strength.

Of his creative energy we need say but little. His production speaks for itself. There has been an interval of barely six months between the appearance of "Reynard the Fox" and that of "Enslaved," and, on the whole, this volume marks a higher level of achievement than "Reynard the Fox." There are some passages of true poetry in it, notably a half-dozen stanzas in "The Hounds of Hell" where the saint, hunted to the brink of death by the hounds he had tried to exercise, leaps through a stream to Paradise:

He waded to a glittering land
With brighter light than ours:

The water ran on silver sand
By yellow water-flowers.

The fishes nosed the stream to rings
As petals floated by,
The apples were like orbs of kings
Against a glow of sky.

The stanzas themselves are beautiful enough; but more beautiful is the perfection with which the emotional change is made—the sense, truly conveyed, of a passing from pursuit to paradise. Mr. Masefield is not quite successful in keeping his vision cool and limpid; he falls in attempting a higher metaphorical flight:

Lilies like thoughts, roses like words
In the sweet brain of June;
The bees there, like the stock-dove birds,
Breathed all the air with croon.

That, it seems to us, is a very bad verse; but bad with a badness which has the intention and possibility of good. "Mind" for "brain" might have made the second line tolerable, but it would still have been bad. "On the sweet lips" would have made it better. The boomerang metaphor (lilies—thoughts—words—brain—June) is evidence of weakness: it means that the poet is uncertain of his imagination. He has to bring his metaphor back whence it began. A true and confident metaphor needs no such artificial endorsement. Further, the treble harshness of language in the last line ("breathe," "breathe with," "croon") is to us unendurable.

Mr. Masefield's energy makes him bold, but his boldness is rarely successful. As the two beautiful verses above show, his effect, when he gets it, comes from precision in the image, simply rendered. His endeavour to make his language striking in and for itself is not only frequently infelicitous—Mr. Masefield still handles words with very heavy fingers—but often compromises the real gift of vision which he has. In "Enslaved" he gives us this line of a ship hove-to:

Her planks shivered wrinkleings along her spilling sail.

Here we think Mr. Masefield's determination to keep away from the obvious has weakened, not strengthened the line; blurred, not defined, the picture it contains. The straightforward way of putting it, we imagine, would have been like this:

As she plunged, the wrinkles shivered along her spilling sail.

Mr. Masefield has thrown away the fine onomatopoeic effect of the first anapest merely in order to do violence
to language—for less than no reward. "Wrinkles shivered" is awkward; but "plunges shivered," coming where it does in the line, is more awkward still. And after all why not: "As she plunged, a ripple shivered..."? "Wrinkle" is, a motionless word, whereas a "ripple" is always moving. To our sense the more obvious line would have been in every way better.

Mr. Masefield is inclined not to be obvious where he ought to be, and to be obvious where he ought not. If he had spent some of the energy he used in filling that line to the brim in giving a little weight and definition to this:

In the old un-autumned beauty that never goes away,
or to this:

Oh white violet of a woman with the April in your face,
it would have been well bestowed. The first of these lines shows by its weak ending that the violent coinage "un-autumned" was quite unnecessary, and the second means nothing at all; predicates nullity; evokes no picture; puts a blank in the place of the woman who is, luckily enough, not very essential to the story of hairs-breadth escape which Mr. Masefield has to tell. But the story would have gained by having a real heroine, instead of a white violet.

Thus we come, by a detour, to the interest of Mr. Masefield's poetry. It holds us. The stories of the "Enslaved," of "The Hounds of Hell," of "Cap on Head," or the short sonnet sequence are so told that we cannot refuse our attention to them. The question is whether we are interested in them, as poetry: and it is not really pedantic to ask. That poetry should interest, deeply and passionately, we are confident; we are not sure that it should interest in the way Mr. Masefield's poetry too often does. Of course it is far better to interest as Mr. Masefield does than not to interest at all, or to interest only by suavum, just as a good detective yarn is better than a pretentious psychological novel. But the story interest and the poetic interest are different things.

The function of the poet is to blend them intrinsically. His characters will be such as will lend the story a significance beyond the mere issue of the event, or, from the other side, his story will be such as will give him the opportunity of revealing his characters; and he will somehow manage to saturate the whole story with a quality of emotion that will link it to the universe.

We believe that Mr. Masefield aims at this emotional saturation. He is deeply sensitive to the beauty that is immanent in life as a whole. In "The Passing Strange" he has these three simple and beautiful lines:

Gathering, as we stray, a sense
Of Life so lovely and intense
It lingers when we wander hence...

That is the deeper theme of his book, and we confess that it is very sympathetic to us. At the same time we feel that it is stated far too often, and is conveyed not only by suavum, but by a deliberate attempt to convey it in a way that is less effective than, for instance, in "Troilus and Cressida." It was capable of the most subtle beauties in handling; but Mr. Masefield has not been very sedulous about realizing them.

Yet we are inclined to believe that he might realize them. It would be a very hard task, because his use of language is the least fitted for the rendering of subtleties. Its principal characteristic is a melodramatic juxtaposition of primary colours. That is a method, a style, which can be excellent on occasion when the poet has to express a violent contrast of emotion—our first quotation shows it perfectly used—but as a normal manner it is inflexible and tyrannous. After all, a poet can only express what his vocabulary will allow, and once he has got into the habit of saying things like "downhearted like the dead" or "red with rage and pale with lust" or "mad with misery," the range of emotions he can give utterance to is very restricted. If to be downhearted is like being dead, what is he to say of being really dead? and if people are so often mad with minor afflications, what is he to do if one really is mad? It seems as if Mr. Masefield's first business is to regain control of his words; and that he can only do this by deliberately attempting a subject that bristles with psychological nuances, and insisting that his language shall accommodate itself to them. Otherwise we fear he will never succeed in expressing that elusive beauty which he sees, but which at present comes to us only in assertion or in fitful gleams through the interstices of an opaque style.

Perhaps Mr. Masefield would reply that he chooses a violent and simple handling of a violent and simple story on purpose; that he deliberately aims at writing a kind of poetry which will be read by thousands. But we take no objection to that; what we ask is that he should be rather more aware of the difficulties of writing popular poetry which is also good poetry. It can be done; it ought to be done. Shakespeare wrote immortal melodramas. But it is a supremely difficult business, and we incline to believe that it is hardest of all to accomplish in narrative poetry. In the drama, on the other hand, a poet can interest the people in the action without a premature waste of that energy which must go to making them talk poetry; in a narrative poem he has to spend most of his force in producing the illusion of action, he has to describe what the dramatist may simply present. It is not surprising that the poetic interest languishes under neglect. The poet cannot attend to everything.

Mr. Masefield may, however, be convinced that the drama is not possible under present conditions, and that his own experiment is more promising precisely because it has proved to be more popular. If that is so, it seems to us that it is his duty as a poet to treat his genuine gift for arousing dramatic interest as so much scaffolding for the creation of the interest that is properly poetic. He must aim at a more balanced precision of image, a much less summary psychology, and at the continual refinement of technique by which alone these achievements are made possible. Then, we imagine, at a moment when the violence and inflexibility have gone out of his language, that delicate mirage of beauty which he seeks will emanate from the substance of his poem and play over it, though the word "beauty" is never so much as whispered from the first word to the last.

J. M. M.

Mr. Gosse's Taylorian Lecture "Malherbe and the Classical Reaction" (Milford, 2s. net), is extremely pleasant to read. It tells us nothing new, for the very good reason that there is nothing new to say about Malherbe; but all that there is to say is said by Mr. Gosse with an effortless felicity, as enjoyable as it is rare. We feel a sub-malicious twinkle when he says that Oxford is almost as prolific in poetry nowadays as was France of du Bartas and Desportes, and half-hints that the time is come for an English Malherbe. We do not quite understand why Mr. Gosse prints what he calls the best-known line of Malherbe in the form

Et, Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
which compels him to say that the lady's name was not Rose, but Marguerite. We have never seen the line with anything but "rose" before.
AN EFFUSIVE FRIEND
A STRAIGHT DEAL; OR, THE ANCIENT GRUDGE. By Owen Wister. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

Mr. WISTER'S purpose in his new book commands our sympathies. He has made it his object to clear up those American misunderstandings of England which are at present hindering the full development of an Anglo-American friendship. It appears that almost the majority of Americans have something very like hatred for England, a hatred which Mr. Wister considers to be the result of misleading propaganda. The average American's knowledge of such things as England's attitude during the American War of Independence, the American Civil War and so on, is, according to Mr. Wister, derived from school histories which, either by suppression or falsification, present England in an unduly unfavourable light. He has made it his business to correct these impressions by giving a different version of these events. There can be no doubt that Mr. Wister's main contention is correct, that lying and partial versions of historic facts are responsible for much hostile American feeling, and there is as little doubt that the presentation of the truth is the best method of countering such patriotic propaganda. But Mr. Wister's task has not been an easy one; in explaining England's attitude during the Civil War, for instance, he has been compelled to distinguish between the English Government and the English people. This is a perfectly valid distinction; this, indeed, a necessary distinction, even in a country which possesses so great a measure of democratic government as does England.

But there is a large part of his book which we are unable to reconcile with his principles. His language about Germany, for example, is uniformly of the kind that we leave to our "stunt" press. In fact, our "stunt" press is at present less extreme, less hysterical, less violently silly than is Mr. Wister. As one of his contentions is that America suffered far less than England in the war his excitement is the more curious. He does none of the things he asks his countrymen to do in the case of England; he does not question the sources of his information about Germany, nor is he willing to distinguish between the German Government and the German people. He is a quite simple and irresponsible "Wipe-em-outter." The complete absence of the judicial faculty in this case makes us regard Mr. Wister's arguments with more care. We must put on one side our natural complacency at being described so handsomely, and ask ourselves what effect this book is likely to produce on an American. We have a suspicion that he will find Mr. Wister a little disingenuous. Even we have felt a little embarrassed at some of his versions, and when we came to his account of England's treatment of Ireland we positively blushed. Mr. Wister is plus royaleste que le roi. Even the oldest and purpest of our retired Colonels in Capa and Australia as English colonies, standing on the same footing and governed by England in the same way. We do not know the American public. Perhaps Mr. Wister can convince it that India is an English colony with an autonomous army and fleet. Only he should not circulate these statements in England. An opponent of Mr. Wister's might well use his principle to point out that the confessedly best English publicists and a considerable part of the English press are ashamed of England's treatment of Ireland, just as they were ashamed of England's attitude toward the American Civil War.

No, Mr. Wister has good intentions, but he is just a shade too friendly. He presses our hand a little too enthusiastically; like the Oxford Professor whose works Mr. Wister so much admired, we say "Oh!" at the conclusion of his flattering remarks.
the plaintiff that "he walks fast and talks loud and carries a stick"—answer plaintively that these enormities are indeed true, but they are his by nature, and more his misfortune than his fault! And lastly, one may mention that happy criticism of Longinus comparing the ageing Homer of the Odyssey to the setting sun, less violent, no less great.

F. L. L.

LE GRAND SIÈCLE

THE NATIONAL HISTORY OF FRANCE.—THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

By Jacques Boulenger. (Heinemann. 12s. 6d. net.)

As compared with the "Cambridge Modern History," the series entitled "The National History of France," which is appearing under M. Funck-Brentano's editorship, illustrates in a marked manner two different conceptions of how the past should be handled. Our people construct a good honest warehouse on the cooperative system, in which foreign politics, economics and religion are all conscientiously sorted and stored. Our neighbours entrust the work to one hand, and, behold, a theatre arises, in which high comedy is played. That somewhat pampered person, the "student," undoubtedly gains by the English method. Thanks to it, he can compose erudite essays on the Spanish succession or the internal reforms of Colbert. And if a knowledge of the Spanish succession and Colbert's political ideas was an end in itself, all would be well. But it is possible to cultivate the memory at the expense of the imagination, and to ignore the real meaning of an epoch in the presentment of an array of its facts. The French theatrical plan, which, after all, was more or less Gibbon's, has the advantage of giving other candidate for publishers' favours, the "general reader," something to catch hold of and assimilate. It would gain him poor marks, perhaps, in an examination paper, but he will lay down one of M. Funck-Brentano's volumes with the feeling that he is much more at home in the prescribed period than when he took it up.

Le Grand Siècle, as M. Boulenger rightly perceives, begins with the accession of Louis XIII, in 1610, and ends with the death of Louis XIV. in 1715, just as our own eighteenth century really starts with the Revolution of 1688 and ends with the meeting of the States General in 1789. It is essentially an age that lends itself to treatment in the comic spirit, alike in its incidents and its characters. Take, for instance, such an affair as the "Day of the Duples," and the battles of the Fronde, fought less on the field than on the bookstalls of the Pont-Neuf; take again those three formidable ladies, Mme. de Chevreuse, Mme. de Longueville and Mme. la Palatine, any one of whom Mazarin declared to be capable of overthrowing a monarchy, with their lovers and their flights in man's disguise, and we perceive at once the temper, perhaps not of Molière, but at least of Cyrano. It is true that the days darkened as the years lengthened, and that the bombardment of Bassompierre and the airy irresponsibility of Cardinal de Retz give way to the sardonic querulousness of Saint-Simon. Still Lauzun, that prince of comedians, whom even long imprisonment at Pigencul could not subdue, outlined the seventeenth century. Towards its close, though whole provinces were starving, Mme. de Sévigné's little Coutanges was fluttering butterfly-like from one great house to another, and scattering its deplorable verse:

Quel beau! quel buon! et quel mouton!
La bonne et tendre compagnie!
Chantons à jamais sur ce ton.
Quel beau! quel buon! et quel mouton!

Even war put on a comic aspect when La Grande Mademoiselle sallied forth, her head studded with the romantic sentiments of d'Urfé's "L'Astrée"; and at the siege of Lerida the Spanish Governor handsomely repaid the great Condé's violin serenade by a present of fruit and ice, with humble regrets that he had no music.

Dramatically considered, therefore, le Grand Siècle resolves itself into theatrical companies grouped round the principal comedians, Richelieu, Mazarin, called "Pantaloons" by de Retz, and Louis XIV. As a study in dynamics, it comprises a threepence for ascension oversea, at the expense of decadent Spain and of ill-considered Austria, preoccupied, besides, by the Turk. To that end was directed the cautious diplomacy of Richelieu, much more important, as M. Boulenger points out, than his domestic reforms; and Mazarin, too, was content with reasonable gains when he acquired Roussillon, the Cerdagne and a slice of Lorraine for France. But Louis XIV. was not content with expansion towards the north and east; he aspired to impose his paramount will over the world, and thereby brought two stubborn Powers, the Dutch and ourselves, into the field. His reign is as remarkable a sermon on the vanity of human wishes as Napoleonic, and like Napoleon he could not persuade himself to call a halt. His peacetime terms have been aptly termed "gnawing and encroaching" peace, which kept the world in a state of shadows, and when the great bat of the Spanish succession presented itself he gulped it down without scruple. Having failed to find successors to Condé and Turenne, whereas the Allies discovered consummate generals in Marlborough and Prince Eugene, it remained for him with a fine gesture to send his gold plate to the mint. The ruling motive of this magnificent personage, according to Saint-Simon, was selfishness, and though M. Boulenger puts it as vanity, they are, after all, two facets of the same vice. The point is that in no sense can Louis XIV. claim to be a true father of his people. Even Colbert's edicts, enlightened though they were, aimed in their rigid protection at nothing less than converting France into a self-sufficing fortress. In the famine year of 1709 his prescription was discovered to have failed, and throughout the reign, what with crushing taxes and the quartering of troops, the condition of the peasants, except in the south, was one of indigence. That is an unforgettable passage in Mme. de Sévigné's letters, setting forth how the poor Bretons were put to death in batches, after they had been regaled with some tobacco and cider. There she carries irony too far.

In France the seventeenth century was the age of concentration and the classical style, depending on definite rules. Provincial liberties were curtailed; the nobility became dependent. In this estatisme was suppressed, Fénélon had to bow the knee to authority, and Port-Royal only carried on an unequal struggle through its identification with Gallican liberties. In the same regulating spirit Mansart ruled improvisation out of architecture; Le Nôtre, like Sir Visto, taught gardening to have a taste, and Poussin initiated academic art. It was all very splendid; but all rather barren. Letters, too, centred in the great king, with Boileau as their prophet and La Fontaine, in his perfect limpidity, as their most characteristic example. Condé might object that though he could understand the Abbé d'Aubignac's obedience to the rules of Aristotle, he could not forgive the rules of Aristotle for having made the Abbé write such a wretched tragedy, but that was only a passing gibe. Order prevailed, though Molière was a rebel at heart, and it was under the royal sanction that he and Racine followed Corneille "round the world" in Dr. Johnson's phrase. "They have Fénélon," suggested Boswell. "Why, sir," was the reply, "Telemachus is pretty well." But "Telémache" belongs in spirit not to the tribe of Boileau and Bossuet, but to that of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Much might have happened if the Duc de Bourgogne had succeeded Louis XIV., with M. de Cambray at his elbow. Still Saint-Simon was also to be reckoned with, and the little duke was pertinacious.

L. S.
COMMON-SENSE CRITICISM

Reputations. By Douglas Goldring. (Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d, net.)

THIS is a seasonable book. Whatever may be our ultimate judgment of Mr. Goldring as a critic, this fact remains: he has located a discussed spot in the public literary consciousness, and has applied his knife. The result is a book of considerable immediate value.

We have bitter need at the present time for a reconsideration of critical principles; for a non-partisan criticism to disperse the isms of name-worship and of chaotic emotionalism, which are the part-legacy of war; and, in view of this need, it is refreshing to read Mr. Goldring’s brilliant and rather contemptuous onslaught upon public idols. We see him turning over the popular specimen of our modern literary merchandise, and hear him murmur, imperturbably, “Brummagem!” As imitations, they are, he admits, admirable; he recognizes the presence, demanded by modern competitive conditions, of a solid groundwork of technical efficiency at any rate in prose composition. Witness, for example, Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Mackenzie. But what is the superstructure? Or rather, in what are those foundations laid? The spiritual energy demanded by “The Old Wives’ Tale” has become too much for Mr. Bennett—unnecessary, at any rate, for the bulk of his readers. How cleverly he has adapted himself! And did not the war make Mr. Wells a renegade? And is not Mr. Mackenzie, with his colossal elaboration of visible detail, an ingenuous poacher on the domain of the cinematograph? “What have they to say, these giants, now?” is the question; and the answer comes pat: “What the public wants.”

Most salutary of all is the paper “War and the Poets.” The poets themselves, save a few—Mr. Sassoon, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Rupert Brooke—are passed over as comparatively innocent. For, after all, “the verse exercises of dead schoolboys” should rest in peace where they belong; but not so the reading public; it is the public, with its immense gullibleness, its sentimentality rotting the sinews of criticism, which is the proper object of scorn. “If we are to have,” we read, “a renaissance of poetry in England, we must have a new criticism to meet it;” a savage, rasping criticism, speaking with the bitter notes of an idealism which longs passionately for the best, and will no longer tolerate shams.”

To a point, then, we follow Mr. Goldring with a sense of reinvigoration. But, upon a closer consideration of his book as a whole, a suspicion assails us. We begin to wonder whither Mr. Goldring’s eminent rightmindedness and almost aggressive sanity will ultimately lead him. The “intellectuals” are as antipathetic to him as the entertainers; nor does he seem ready to admit that the former may play a more than trifling role in the social and cultural development of the nation. “A real book,” he says, attacking the mere bibliophile, “should send the reader back to life refreshed and stimulated.” Precisely; but it is also true that life, in its turn, should send us back with a deeper understanding to books. The alternation is endless, and Mr. Goldring seems unaware of it. Appreciating Mr. Goldring’s antipathies, we begin to ask what are his sympathies; we try, in some bewilderment, to construct his positive out of his negative philosophy. We seek dropped hints; but they are few. Of contemporaries he admires D. H. Lawrence; but his essay on that author is meagre. Of the ancients, Flaubert. Again, he puts in a plea for English chorus-girls. Why? Because of their pre-eminent technical efficiency, the quality, one supposes, for which he admires the great Frenchman. And yet, recognizing precisely this quality in contemporary English letters, he nevertheless condemns them because they lack its complement.

SOMETHING OUT-OF NOTHING

From the Log of the Velsa. By Arnold Bennett. With a frontispiece by the author and many illustrations by E. A. Rickards. (Chatto & Windus, 18s. net.)

HOW is it done, one wonders? What is the secret of this light, delicious cooking which knows how to make an appetizing dish out of practically nothing at all? One remembers the proceedings of Edward Lear’s “Four Little Children who went round the World”:

“During the daytime Violet chiefly occupied herself by putting saltwater into a churn, while her three brothers churned it violently, in the hope that it would turn into butter, which it seldom, if ever, did.” More successful than Violet and her three brothers was Slingsby, Gran and Lionel, Mr. Bennett has succeeded in whipping his saucepanful of salt water into butter. He rivals the achievement of the Quangle-Wangle in the same enthrancing travel-book: “As they had not tea-leaves, they merely placed some pebbles in the hot water, and the Quangle-Wangle played some tunes over it on an accordion, by which, of course, tea was made directly, and of the very best quality.” Whatever his methods, whether by a laborious churning or what seems more likely, by the mere magical playing of a few tunes on the accordion, Mr. Bennett has made an extremely pleasant book out of the stories of four quite uneventful yachting trips.

In his barge-built Dutch yacht, the “Velsa,” Mr. Bennett is as much at home on the open sea as on a canal. He takes us with him through Holland, along tortuous water-ways and over the shallow inundation of the Zuyder Zée; he penetrates the Kiel Canal and breezes the Baltic; he runs from Boulogne to Ostend in a tempest, and creeps inland down the broad poplar-fringed canal to Bruges; and with a good deal of bumping and grounding he negotiates the queer, muddy estuaries of Stour, Ore, Deben and Blackwater. This all happened, we imagine, in happy antediluvian days, when food was still fabulously cheap in Belgium and the freedom of the seas and land was still unlimited by passports and international suspicion. There would not be much fun now in exploring the fringes of Europe in a yacht.

Prospective tourists must not go to Mr. Bennett for precise information. Mr. Bennett concerns himself with other matters than those mentioned in Baedeker. True, some of the things he tells us are worth knowing, as, for instance, that there is a higher percentage of beauties among the female population of the town of Esbjerg in Denmark, than among women in any other part of the civilized world. But for the most part Mr. Bennett is less definite and statistical. He scoffs at the atmosphere of every town or province to which he goes, and tells us, like a skilled tea-taster, what he thinks of the local blend of civilization. In “stinking Schiedam,” for instance, he finds himself unexpectedly at home.

The tram, empty, with a sinking, but everlasting, white horse under a yellow cloth, was, without doubt, the most provincial and melancholy thing that destiny has yet brought me in contact with. . . . I got in. An age passed. Then an old workman got in, and saluted; I saluted. Save for the saluting, it was the Five Towns of the eighties over again, intensified, and the last tram out of Hanbridge before the theatre-tram.

It is out of little things like these, mingled with what seems an absurdly easy art, that Mr. Bennett has concocted his book. There is nothing in it, one assures oneself, nothing at all; and still repeating the words one finds oneself turning page after page till it is time to take regretful leave of the last.

The French Academy has awarded the Grand Prix de Littérature (10,000fr.) to M. Edmond Jaloux, and the Grand Prix du Roman (5,000fr.) to M. André Gorthis for his novel “Pour Moi Seuls.”
CURRENT THEOLOGY

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FAITH; AND THE FOURTH GOSPEL. By Henry Scott Holland, D.D. Edited by the Rev. Wilfrid J. Richmond. (Murray. 12s. net.)

THE EPISTLES OF ST. JOHN. By Charles Gore, D.D. (Murray. 6s. net.)

In an interesting preface to the "Philosophy of Faith" Canon Richmond explains the situation in the philosophical world. When Scott Holland came up to the University T. H. Green was leading the revolt against the sensationalism of Mill, while Ruskin was raising the red flag against the traditional school of political economy. The Tractarian party had almost vanished from its native soil, and had appealed from the Universities to the parishes of the Church of England. It was the task of the "Lux Mundi" writers to restore the connection between the Catholic revival and the thought of the age. For this Green's philosophy furnished an excellent medium, and the "Philosophy of Faith" is a selection from Scott Holland's writings giving a general summary of his reconciliation of the new development of thought in the University with the creeds of the Church. Canon Richmond has succeeded in a difficult task. Scott Holland had his master's failings of using analogy as if it were the equivalent of demonstration, and bridging the gulf with a somewhat redundant and rhetorical emphasis of the closeness of the analogy. For example, in accordance with Green's teachings we are told that reason ventures out from itself, by an act of the human will, to find itself reflected in experience—it does not impose its own laws on the external world, but finds them in it. Similarly the universality of religion, which is itself an act of faith by which man passes out of himself in the search after God, proves the existence of the object which he seeks.

If we find in certain cases that the phenomenon has been all our own invention or production, or can be accounted for wholly out of our subjective reactions, then it is not a religious experience. We have mistaken its character. It fails to take its place finally in the body of experience on which we learn more and more to rely. If all true experience has an objective value of some kind or degree, then so has religious experience; it witnesses to the real. In we make proof of the real. We come into touch with facts. Religious experience, if it bears all the signs, and survives the tests by which a valid experience is proved to be real, proves to be the best justification the claim which all other experience makes. It can claim to prove the reality of its object. It can assert the existence of God.

Here we have an analogy which suggests the probability that the religious impulse has a corresponding object, but in no way demonstrates it. In other words, we have a statement of theology proving its compatibility with a particular school of metaphysics, and using its terminology, but dependent for its permanent apologetical value on the permanence of the philosophy on which it is based, and on the validity of the analogy between two distinct spheres of experience.

It is natural that this theology should draw its inspiration from the Gospel according to St. John. Although the view of the author as a trained philosopher of the school of Philo is exploded, he was none the less familiar with the catchwords of the thought of his Greek contemporaries, and endeavoured to use them for the expression of his thoroughly Jewish religious outlook. In "The Fourth Gospel" we have an able presentation of the arguments in favour of the historical accuracy of St. John as against the attempt to treat it as pure mythology. The same task is undertaken by Dr. Gore in "The Epistles of St. John." Both writers emphasize the details which appear inexplicable except as genuine historical reminiscences of an eye-witness, though neither makes as much use as possible of the details in which the author reveals his grasp of the vanished ecclesiastical politics of Jerusalem in the years before the catastrophe of 70 A.D.

The main value of both books from the Christian standpoint lies in their "prophetic" emphasis of the difference between the Christian standard of life as laid down in the Johannine writings and the conventional standards of society, which have been generally accepted as their equivalent since the peace of the Church. It was the grasp of this difference that inspired the Christian Socialism of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The developments of industrial democracy have tended to confine that movement to those who are prepared to identify the Christian doctrine of brotherhood with a particular set of economic formula. None the less, it is a serious loss to the Anglican Church that the spirit which inspired the Christian Socialists and still inspires Dr. Gore seems to be growing less fashionable, and that, with a few notable exceptions, its leaders are tending to fall back on the view that the Church can ignore the economic and political difficulties of society in general. Both writers realize that an orthodox Christianity can only prevail by upholding a higher ethical standard than its competitors, a realization which was largely responsible for the early victories of the Catholic revival, and which its present exponents must remember if they are not to lose what their predecessors won.

THE WELSH ENGLYN

CYFFRES Y WHERIN.—Rhih I. Blodfeuglwyr Enghlynoyn. Wedi eu dewis a'u gelygu gyda rhagymadrodd gan W. J. Gruffudd. (Swansea, Morgan & Higgs. 1s. 6d.)

The causes which in all countries have during and since the war threatened the production of literary work are specially serious in the case of Welsh books, which have, of course, a much smaller public than those in English, French or German; and the enterprise of a Swansea firm in starting the present "Cyffres Y Werner" ("Popular Library") is not less surprising than welcome. Well printed on good paper, and published at a remarkably low price, the Library is intended to be of an international character. The second and third numbers respectively are to be translations into Welsh of Ibsen's "Ghosts" and selected stories of Maupassant; and Gogol is another of the authors to be represented. The present volume, however, the first of the series, is purely Welsh, being a little anthology of englynion compiled, with an introduction on the origin and nature of the englyn, by Professor W. J. Gruffydd. The englyn (plural englynion) is an extremely interesting literary form. It may be described as a modern and Western counterpart of the Greek epigram or the Japanese poems made familiar to us by Mr. Waley and others; and at its best it does not, in finish, compression, and restrained force, fall below the masterpieces of those literatures. There are several varieties of the metre, but Professor Gruffydd confines himself to the most popular, which is also the finest, the englyn uniol tenion, a form which the late Sir John Rhys traced to the Latin elegiac couplet, written, as often in Celtic inscriptions, accentually. This theory, which Professor Gruffydd accepts and supports by further arguments, may well be correct, though it can hardly be regarded as certain. The englyn uniol tenion is a quatrain of thirty syllables (for, being scanned, like the other Welsh "strict" metres, neither by quantity nor by accent, it is reckoned in syllables, not in feet) arranged in the proportion: 10, 6, 7, 7. The first line is divided into two portions of, respectively, 7 and 3 syllables, less often 8 and 2, or, occasionally, 9 and 1. The second line is generally a single end-rhyme, which, however, in the first line falls not at the end, but on the final syllable of the first part; and this first part, the second part with the earlier portion of the second line, and the last two lines each
form a separate cynganodd-period. Cynganodd is a characteristicly Celtic metrical device, of which three main varieties may be distinguished: internal rhyme; an elaborate system of alliteration, by which the consonants in the first half of the period are answered by the same consonants, in the same order, in the second half; and a combination of the two. The effect may perhaps best be illustrated by quoting an englyn from an English poem to the Virgin in Welsh metres, written by a Welsh poet of the fifteenth century. The original is written in phonetic spelling, but it is unnecessary to retain this.

In this copy the end-rhyme is indicated by italics, internal rhymes by thick type, and corresponding consonants by capitals:

Help us, Pray For us, Preferring—our Souls.
Assist us at ending. Make that we Fall to Fling.
Your Sons Love, only Sons Leaveth.

The englyn is not necessarily a self-contained poem. A long poem may be written in englynion, or, again, englymion may be introduced, along with other measures, into an acal, the ode in mixed metres for which the "chair prize" is given at the National Eisteddfod, and many of those contained in the present volume are extracted from longer poems; but the quatrains is seen to its greatest perfection when it stands alone, and at the National Eisteddfod a prize is regularly offered for an englyn on some set theme.

Obviously, in a poem so short the utmost compression is essential; there must be no otiose phrase, no slack or errant syllable. As Trebor Mai—by trade a country tailor, but by predilection a singularly neat epigrammatist—has said in an englyn not included in Professor Gruffydd’s selection: "A body shapely, apt, stately, supple, every member accordant, a body whole, no part forgotten, and in it a soul."

Its very perfection of form makes the englyn in strictness untranslatable. Often its excellence lies wholly in the expression, which can obviously not be transferred, and even when it enshrines an original thought, a striking image, or exquisite word-picture, it loses enormously from the necessity of inserting, in English, the weak of's and the's and a's with which Welsh can dispense. Nevertheless an attempt to render some specimens will perhaps be forgiven; and Professor Gruffydd’s excellent little selection, arranged by subjects and containing a great variety of englynion, is a rich mine of material.

The range of uses to which the englyn may be put is indeed remarkable. Now it gives immortal expression to some old commonplace like that of "home, sweet home," in the famous englyn of Llawdden (12th century): "The salmon, true to his trust, from fortune’s chance returns to its dwelling-place; after growing weary, roaming many a township, sweet it is to look towards home"; now a moral reflection, trite or profound, as in Tudur Aed’s "Truly there are tokens unmistakable in the twig’s growth; the man makes manifest of what quality is his root," or Robert ab Gwilym Ddu’s masterly epigram on the Atonement: "Why do ye wrong the Covenant or the Atonement and its power over sin? Tell me how great is the Godhead; even so great shall the Atonement be." Most often, perhaps, it aims at the next summarising in a theme at the characterization of an object of nature or art, at presenting a situation, and so forth. The following selection will illustrate its adaptability:

From Emrys on Peace: "Let art for ever in tranquility grow great under the shield of peace; idleness is the sword’s renown, and rust its honour."

W. Nicholson on the Poet: "To glades beyond nature he flies, and hears, in sweet amaze, the sound of some flood kissing the earth and heaving all its force.

Gwilym Cowlyd on the Cat: "Bearded, clawed and sportive is she, of dreadful mood; where she stealthily plays, death lurks among the chaff."

Ishen on the submarine cable: "Marvelous in the midst of ocean to wing man’s thought and his devising! A link through the bed of the anchor, lightning’s wing below the sea."

Annant on the Wave: "Gathering rage, the wave leaps from its slumber when man tests it on; there is Death on its mane, and man’s grave beneath it."

Cynddelw on "The Sleep Hour": "The hour of sleep has come silently, the hour of forgetfulness, over the ranks of being, the drowsy hour on the sultry shore of the sea men call mortality."

Sometimes the englyn contains a little vignette of natural scenery, as in Gwilym Cowlyd’s: "The quiet green lakes sleep in a mountain shadow, and the radiant sun descends on the veil of water the shape of day;" or Gwaltter Mchein’s: "The dark night silent, mist shrouding Eryri; the sun in the salt sea’s bed, and the moon silvery the waters;" and now into the beauty of nature comes the "still sad music of humanity," as in J. J. Williams’s picture of the moon shining on graves: "Cold all, beneath the fresh grass, they sleep under the grey stones; secure for ever she watches the bare cold bed of mortal men;" or Professor Gruffydd’s own englyn on a nightingale singing in a cemetery: "Ah, long-mute multitude, who carolled once so sweetly, is not, haply, your cold bed less hard for hearing her?"

Wit and humour do not figure largely in this selection, but Aled’s: "Epitaph on a deceitful woman" is very neat: "She spoke, while she lived, what she could of deceit; take heed lest you wake her, or methinks she will tell us all she has been in heaven."

This brings us to a genre for which the englyn, like the Greek epigram, is specially suited. Tudno’s epitaph on a sailor here takes a high place: "This is a sailor’s grave, out of reach of the rough sea and its thunder; he has been received into harbour, and no wave on the face of the water." Tegidion’s on a father and son—"The hush and tender leaf fell suddenly to earth; then the wind, the old impetuous wind, smote upon the tree"—may be set beside that of Gutyn Peris on a famous soldier: "I had praise in excess for wielding the sword, I had the form, I had the whole world and its greatness; lo here, to a little grave I am come in the end." Efion Wyn, in his epitaph on Heil Wyn, the young poet who lies buried on Pilkem Ridge, puts what many must have felt: "For our sakes, grievous were the blows and the pining in that conflict; and thy face too was there, and thy brave blood on the hot gravel."

But of all the war epitaphs perhaps the most perfect is Williams Parry’s on Llofri. Richard Jones, not included in this volume: "He gave his strength and his beauty for his country, for the hearths of peace; mourn, all ye his comrades, your shapely lad is quiet dust."

Lastly, the very passion of regret has rarely been better than in Ishen’s despair: "And to recall once more from the glen the pangs of your parting anguish, your long-breathed longing, and your look as you turned away. But what is this beside the Welsh?"

A galw yn o'r glyn eiwch-aingoed
Dy ddiwngedd artych,
Angonodd dynaidd math.
A’r diwrnod con, acen yw.

No, decidedly, those who would know what the englyn is like must learn Welsh.

At the Royal Anthropological Institute on Tuesday next there will be, from 3 till 7, an exhibition of Bronze Age implements, lent by Sir C. Hecules Read and Messrs. T. Allworthy, V. B. Crowther-Benyon, S. Fenton, and G. W. Willis.
A SCRAP-BOOK OF CELEBRITIES
PORTRAITS OF THE EIGHTIES. By Horace G. Hutchinson. (Fisher Unwin. 16s. net.)

NEVER elsewhere, we are tempted to suppose, has society effected on so large a scale so cunning and skillful a compromise with reality as in nineteenth-century England. Since the publication of "Eminent Victorians" the activities of this peculiar age are invested, one may believe, with a new interest for many—for those who realized keenly for the first time, thanks to that work of bright historical illumination, that beneath the rigidity of the elaborate convention stirred the rage, the romance, the storm and stress of forever primitive humanity.

The convention was not only elaborate, but deep and subtle. A phantasm was formed within the national consciousness, and only such things as confirmed the illusion or could be reconciled with it were acknowledged to exist. The other things, by a psychological sleight-of-hand, were flashed out of sight, at most little streaks of blackness that served in their passage to oblivion to enhance the general brightness. The process of ignoring the inconvenient attained a perfection which would be less readily explicable, had not psychology recently shown this method of repression, of purposeful forgetting, to be part of the general human armoury of defence in a universe bristling with uncompromising facts.

The phantasm of the Victorians was complicated, but perhaps its most important characteristics may be summed up in the term: Respectability. If a certain discredit attaches to the word nowadays, that is surely due not to anything repulsive in the thing signified, but to the Victorian mania for packing everything into this one blameless but narrow receptacle. Stuffed with objects it could not possibly contain, its sides refused to meet, its seams burst, it lost all likeness to a Gladstone-bag; and it was at last acknowledged that this convenient article of luggage could not alone meet the requirements of the social pilgrim.

The change from the heyday of Victorian blind security to Georgian blind unconcern began to stir in the general consciousness, perhaps, in the years between 1880 and 1890. It was then that Oscar Wilde indulged his taste for paradox, and concealed his slender wisdom with a glitter which has even yet not quite faded. Bradlaugh assailed the decorum of religion in its dusty niche in the House of Commons. From the depths sounded the chants of the City of Dreadful Night.

Mr. Hutchinson offers us a kind of scrap-book collection from this interesting age. The opportunities afforded by this portrait-series, of presenting against the social life of the day the personalities which gave it its comical direction and partook of its characteristic colouring, have not, we think, been used by Mr. Hutchinson, except somewhat half-heartedly in the case of the political world. The best sketches are perhaps those of Parnell and of the Duke of Devonshire; the former induces in the writer an unusual mood of speculation, which appears again in the chapter on Gordon; but in the latter case we suspect the influence of Mr. Strachey. There are too many (over 30) portraits and groups attempted in these 300 pages; comparatively few lines can be given to each, and Mr. Hutchinson is not master of the economy of telling and characteristic strokes.

The fortuitous medley of the scrap-book may, however, afford entertainment, and even a degree of instruction. The fact that Mr. Hutchinson has been personally acquainted with the originals of many of the portraits provides a degree of that thrill with which we listen to him who once saw Shelley plain.

F. W. S.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE MARNE
THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE. By George Herbert Perris. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE first phase of the war, before the armies had settled down to the long period of positional warfare, still provides the most interesting study. It abounds in incidents which are little understood, which are provocative of violent controversy. It begins with forces ill-gauged, units and persons vague and shadowy; but it ends with the most momentous issues crystallized and with the emergence of soldiers as individuals who were to shape the destinies of Europe by their influence on the war. Some thirty French generals disappeared in this phase, and with them the German Commander-in-Chief and two Army Commanders. And many fine soldiers had proved their worth: Foch, Pétain, Castelnau, Mangin, Nivelle, and, of course, Joffre.

But the opening phases of the war still challenge the most criticism. Neither side seemed to grasp the issues at stake; and in the amateurish exchanges neither army did itself justice. If Lanrezac did not grip the battle of the Sambre, still less did Kluck control Mons as he should have done, and less again did Hausen seize the opportunities Joffre's faulty dispositions gave him on the Meuse. Castelnau failed at Morhange, as did the 4th and 3rd Armies on his left. But the Germans failed as disastrously in the Gap of Charmes. It was all failure in those days; but Joffre realized this, and apparently the German Staff did not. Smith-Dorrien fought heroically at Le Cateau, and in the larger purposes of the war this engagement played a far from negligible part. Mr. Perris would have done well to trust to his own critical judgment on this action. Sir John French's account is at least coherent, whereas Lord French's second thoughts are inaccurate and contradictory. Lanrezac showed his mettle at Guise; and after further vicissitudes the forces faced each other, between Paris and Verdun. There were few encounters in the retreat in which the Allies did not show superior weight and skill, and in the great test of the Marne these lessons were to be sealed.

The general lines of that battle are clear. Kluck had marched across Maunoury's and French's front, and the obvious conditions for an enveloping attack presented themselves. Whether we call this an enveloping or a "rectangular" battle in Mr. Perris's unfamiliar terminology, its course is the same; and it is necessary to insist upon it because Mr. Perris does not grasp it. The essential condition for success is that the whole front should be engaged, or otherwise the threatened flank will be strengthened with units drawn from other parts of the front. This is exactly what occurred. Kluck was too quick, too versatile and too bold for French; and most of the mystery of Maunoury's plight on September 9 is explained by the fact that our own splendid army had, like most armies, the defects of its qualities. The 5th French Army went forward with the greatest vigour; but the full weight of the British Army was not applied until Kluck had withdrawn all but a thin screen from in front of it. Both General Maurice and Mr. Perris are betrayed into over-praise of French's share in the victory of the Marne; and we can readily admit that the crossing of the Marne in the morning of the 9th saved Maunoury in a crisis without being shaken in our criticism. Maunoury would never have been in such straits if French had been more vigorous at once, and French could not have crossed the Marne if Franchet d'Esperey had not almost outflanked Béulow.
A PRIZE NOVEL
OPEN THE DOOR. By Catherine Carswell. (Melrose. 7s. 6d. net.)

OUT of the hundred manuscripts submitted to the publishers in their recent competition "Open the Door," was chosen to receive the prize of two hundred and fifty pounds. The judges are to be congratulated on their decision, for, while this novel is striking and unusual, it is eminently a serious piece of work and does not contain, in our opinion, those qualities which are necessary to a popular success. That is to say, it is head and shoulders above the class of books which are commonly called "best-sellers," it makes a genuine appeal to the intelligence as well as the emotions, and we do not doubt for an instant that it was inspired by the author's love of writing for writing's sake.

But when Mrs. Carswell's novel has been taken down from its small particular eminence and examined apart we must write more warily. "Open the Door," which is an extremely long novel—it has four hundred pages—that is, about one hundred and eighty thousand words—is an account of the coming of age of a young Scottish girl. By coming of age we mean, in this case, the moment when Life ceases to be a master, but, recognizing that the pupil has learned all that is needful gives her her freedom, that she may, in turn, give it to the man who holds her happiness in his keeping. So, from the age of thirteen to the age of thirty, we find ourselves—how is it best expressed?—in the company of Joanna Bannerman, her family, her friends and her lovers. We are told of the influences that hold back or help to unfold the woman in her; her thoughts, feelings and emotions are described with unrivaled sympathy and skill; but how much, when all is said and done, do we really know of her? How clearly is she a living creature to our imagination? She is receptive, easily led, fond of the country, especially fond of birds, pools, heather, the seasons and their change, and, since she is almost constantly aware of her physical being, her sexual desires are strong.

At eighteen, a little weary of fruitless emotion, a little dream-sick, the conviction had begun to force itself on Joanna that she was without attraction. For the past ten years she had lavished unreciprocated passion on individuals of both sexes. . . .

This persistent and deliberate search is perhaps peculiar to a certain character; but for the rest might not Joanna be anybody? We look in vain for the key to her—for that precious insight which sets her apart from the other characters and justifies their unimportance. The family group, for instance, is solidly stated, yet it is conveyed to us that of them all Joanna was the only one that really mattered, because she was the one who broke away. But we never felt her truly bound. And then the men—are they not the shadows of shadows? There is young Bob, who cries when he ought to have kissed her; her sensational Italian husband breathing fire, Ponder the man of the world, and in the background Lawrence, who without her "conceived of his life as a seed foiled of its consummation." They are men only in so far as they are male to Joanna female.

All would be well, in fact, if the author did not see her heroine plus, and we did not see her minus. We cannot help imagining how interesting this book might have been if, instead of glorifying Joanna, there had been suggested the strange emptiness, the shallowness under so great an appearance of depth, her lack of resisting power which masquerades as her love of adventure, her power of being at home anywhere because she was at home nowhere. Mrs. Carswell has great gifts, but except in her portrait of Joanna's fanatical mother, she does not try them. They carry her away.

K. M.

WANTED, A NEW WORD

THE MILLS OF THE GODS. By Elizabeth Robins. (Thurston Butterworth. 7s. 6d. net.)

MY PROFITABLE FRIENDS. By Arnold Palmer. (Selwyn & Blount. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE GOLDEN BIRD. By Dorothy Easton. (Hoeinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

SUPPOSE we put it in the form of a riddle: "I am neither a short story, nor a sketch, nor an impression, nor a tale. I am written in prose. I am a great deal shorter than a novel; I may be only one page long, but, on the other hand, there is no reason why I should not be thirty. I have a special quality—a something, a something which is immediately, perfectly recognizable. It belongs to me; it is of my essence. In fact I am often given away in the first sentence. I seem almost to stand or fall by it. It is to me what the first phrase of the song is to the singer. Those who know me feel: 'Yes, that is it.' And they are from that moment prepared for what is to follow. Here are, for instance some examples of me: 'A Trifle from Life,' 'About, Love,' 'The Lady with the Dog.' What am I?"

It does not appear from "The Mills of the Gods," however, that the question has ever troubled Miss Elizabeth Robins. The seven tales in this new volume are of a kind that might have appeared in any successful high-class magazine. They are wholesome, sentimental, and not so inconveniently thrilling that the train carries you past your station. Experience, confidence, and a workmanlike style—the author has it all three, and this far to disguise the hollowness beneath the surface, but the hollowness is there. There is not one of the seven which will stand examination. How is it that the author can bear to waste her time over these false situations which are not even novel? How can she bear to put her pen to describing the great-hearted, fearless, rude, swearing, murdering toughs who frequent the Golden Sand Gambling Hell at Nome? those types whom we know as if they had been our brothers, whose hats are off at the word "Mother," and who shoot the cook who denies them a can of peaches. And then to add to them a little golden-haired innocent child whose father dies, and whom they adopt and send to Europe to finish her studies, and want out of their heavy charge the fists telling her she is never to go out without her chaperone and they all send their love! Oh, Miss Robins! We are very, very weary of this kind of tale, and if we cannot refrain from smiling at the love story of the passionate Italian whom "his intimates in Italy and elsewhere" called Satarnuccio, it is not because we are amused."

"My Profitable Friends" contains a number of very clever sketches which ought to be more successful than they are. There is over them a strange breath of self-consciousness which blurs the effect of their sensitiveness and interrupts our attention, so that we have the uncomfortable and very cooling sensation that the author may at any moment be at hand to point out the subtleties. The book is not large, but it contains seventeen examples of his work; some of them are very slight, almost negligible, and perhaps it would have been better to cut down their number by half. On the other hand, it is interesting, when an author can write as well as Mr. Palmer at his best, to attempt to discover from the evidence what is his aim. We feel he has not yet made up his mind. In each story he makes it up again. His cleverness is indisputable; but when that matters to him a great deal less he will write a great deal better. At present he leans upon it—"as in 'Eve Folmyhampton'—and it carries him to just before the end; but then, when he has to throw it away and jump, it is kinder not to look.

It is Miss Dorothy Easton's happy fortune to be introduced to the public by Mr. Galsworthy in the kindest possible little speech. He describes the sketches in "The
Golden Bird" as "little pictures, extraordinarily sensitive and faithful, and never dull." That is very just criticism, but it does not prepare the reader for the quality of the "little pictures." The writer gives us the impression of being extremely young—not in the sense of a child taking notes, but in the sense that she seems to be seeing, smelling, drinking, picking hops and blackberries for the first time. She has a passion—there is no other word for it—for the English countryside. The people she meets, she, in the frankest possible way, devours. There are still times when she mistakes sentimentality for feeling, and the little paragraphs at the end under the title "Moments" are rather a painful instance of this. But at her best her feeling for nature is exquisite. And for such sketches as "An Old Indian" and "From an Old Malt-House" we have nothing but praise. But while we welcome her warmly, we would beg her, in these uncritical days, to treat herself with the utmost severity.

K. M.

MARGINALIA

In moments of complete despair, when it seems that all is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds, it is cheering to discover that there are places where stupidity reigns even more despotically than in Western Europe, where civilization is based on principles even more fantastically unreasonable. Recent experience has shown me that the depression into which the Peace, Mr. Churchill, the state of contemporary literature, have conspired to plunge the mind, can be sensibly relieved by a study even superficial, of the manners and customs of Tibet. The spectacle of an ancient and elaborate civilization of which almost no detail is not entirely idiotic is in the highest degree comforting and refreshing. It fills us with hopes of the ultimate success of our own civilization; it restores our wavering self-satisfaction in being citizens of industrialized Europe. Compared with Tibet, we are prodigius. Let us cherish the comparison.

My informant about Tibetan civilization is a certain Japanese monk of the name of Kawaguchi, who spent three years in Tibet at the beginning of the present century. His account of the experience has been translated into English, and published, with the title "Three Years in Tibet," by the Theosophical Society. It is one of the great travel books of the world, and, so far as I am aware, the most interesting and the most authoritative book on Tibet that exists. Kawaguchi enjoyed opportunities in Tibet which no European traveller could possibly have had. He attended the University of Lhasa, he enjoyed the acquaintance of the Dalai Lama himself, he was intimate with one of the four Ministers of Finance, he was the friend of lama and lama, of all sorts and conditions of Tibetans, from the highest class to the lowest—the despised caste of smiths and butchers. He knew his Tibet intimately; for those three years, indeed, he was for all practical purposes a Tibetan. This is something which no European explorer can claim, and it is this which gives Kawaguchi's book its unique interest.

The Japanese, like people of every other nationality except the Chinese, are not permitted to enter Tibet. Mr. Kawaguchi did not allow this to stand in the way of his pious mission—for his purpose in visiting Tibet was to investigate the Buddhist writings and traditions of the place. He made his way to India, and in a long stay at Darjeeling familiarized himself with the Tibetan language. He then set out to walk across the Himalayas. Not daring to confront the strictly guarded gates which bar the direct route to Lhasa, he penetrated Tibet at its south-western corner, underwent prodigious hardships in an uninhabited desert eighteen thousand feet above sea level, visited the holy lake of Manasarovara, and finally, after astonishing adventures, arrived in Lhasa. Here he lived for nearly three years, passing himself off as a Chinaman. At the end of that time his secret leaked out, and he was obliged to accelerate his departure for India. So much for Kawaguchi himself, though I should have liked to say more of him; for a more charming and sympathetic character never revealed himself in a book.

Tibet is so full of fantastic low comedy that one hardly knows where to begin a catalogue of its absurdities. Shall we start with the Tibetans' highly organized service of trained nurses, whose sole duty it is to prevent their patients from going to sleep? or with the Dalai Lama's chief source of income—the sale of pills made of dung, at, literally, a guinea a box? or with the Tibetan custom of never washing from the moment of birth, when, however, they are plentifully anointed with melted butter, to the moment of death? And then there is the University of Lhasa, which an eminent Cambridge philosopher has compared with the University of Oxford—somewhat unjustly, perhaps; but let that pass. At the University of Lhasa the student is instructed in logic and philosophy; educated for his stay here he learns to know to five or six hundred pages of holy texts. He is also taught mathematics, but in Tibet this art is not carried further than subtraction. It takes twenty years to get a degree at the University of Lhasa, and then most of the candidates are ploughed. To obtain a superior Ph.D. degree, entitling one to become a really holy and eminent lama, forty years of application to study and to virtue are required. But it is useless to try to make a catalogue of the delights of Tibet. There are too many of them for mention in this small space. One can do no more than glance at a few of the brighter spots in the system.

There is much to be said for the Tibetan system of taxation. The Government requires a considerable revenue; for enormous sums have to be spent in keeping perpetually burning in the principal Buddhist cathedral of Lhasa an innumerable army of lamps, which may not be fed with anything cheaper than clarified yak butter. This is the heaviest item of expenditure. But a great deal of money also goes to supporting the Tibetan clergy, who must number at least a sixth of the total population. The money is raised by a poll tax, paid in kind, the amount of which, fixed by ancient tradition, may, theoretically, never be altered. Theoretically only; for the Tibetan Government employs in the collection of taxes no fewer than twenty different standards of weight and thirty-six different standards of measure. The pound may weigh anything from half to a pound and a half; and the same with the units of measure. It is thus possible to calculate with extraordinary nicety, according to the standard of weight and measure in which your tax is assessed, where precisely you stand in the government's favour. If you are a notoriously bad character, or even if you are innocent, but live in a bad district, your tax will have to be paid in measures of the largest size. If you are virtuous, or, better, if you are rich, of good family and bien peuant, then you will pay by weights which are only half the nominal weight. For those whom the government neither hates nor loves, but regards with more or less contempt or tolerance, there are the thirty-four intervening degrees.

Kawaguchi's final judgment of the Tibetans, after three years' intimate acquaintance with them, is not a flattering one:

The Tibetans are characterized by four serious defects, these being: filthiness, superstition, unnatural customs (such as polyandry), and unnatural art. I should be sorely perplexed if I were
asked to name their redeeming points; but if I had to do so, I should mention first of all the fine climate in the vicinity of Lhasa and Shigatze, their sonorous and refreshing voices in reading the Text, the animated style of their catechisms, and their ancient art. Certainly a bad lot of vices; but then the Tibetan virtues are not lightly to be set aside. We English possess none of them: our climate is abominable, our method of reading the holy texts is painful in the extreme, our catechisms, at least in my young days, were far from animated, and our ancient art is very indifferent stuff. But still, in spite of Mr. Churchill and the state of contemporary literature, we can still look at the Tibetans and feel reassured. AUTOLYCUS.

LITERARY GOSSIP

Sir John MacAlister has transferred his magazine, The Library, which he has carried on for 30 years, to the Bibliographical Society, which will in future incorporate with it, in a quarterly form, its Transactions, litho issued in biennial volumes. We have received No. 1 of the new series (to which the annual subscription is 10s. 6d.). It is to be hoped that the members of the Society, and contains in addition to the 27th annual report of the Society, a very interesting paper by Mr. Farquharson Sharp on “Travesties of Shakespeare’s Plays.” He has traced 59 produced between 1792 and 1895. “Hamlet” is an easy first, having been parodied 18 times: “Othello” comes next with 8.

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The Academy is, we understand, to be revived. We hear that Lord Alfred Douglas, who edited it from 1897 to 1910, proposes to resume the issue shortly under the title “Plain English, with which is incorporated The Academy.” The office of the paper will be in Duke Street, Manchester Square. The reorganisation of the Academy, if a little tarnished in these latter days, is that of a fine fighting literary paper; we hope to enjoy its robust methods once more.

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We welcome the letter from Messrs. Constable on the subject of paper-bound volumes which appeared in our last issue. The fact that the booksellers in France find no difficulty in handling paper: volumes is incontrovertible; the vision of the French railway bookstall which the appeal conjured up, suggested a further question. Why is it that new books of real literary value are always in evidence on a French bookstall, hardly ever on an English one? Is the inferiority of taste in the English public, or the English bookstall-manager?

* * * *

That is another matter, to be discussed at another time. As for the attitude of the Circulating Libraries to the paper volume, we remember that Rolandi’s French volumes used to last very well in their extra wrapper of stout paper, so well indeed that it was always worth while buying the books on paper, in a form which was never thrown away. They were sensible enough to put the extra wrapper on immediately, and apparently this timely precaution saved them in the majority of cases from having to cose their books in cloth.

* * * *

The correspondent who despises the prices of books is unfair in judging them by the standard of a 100-page Fabian Society pamphlet which is sold at a shilling. In the first place it is very doubtful whether that pamphlet, if printed now, could be sold profitably at 2s. 6d.; in the second, everything depends on the probable circulation of the book. A really good book on Ethics such as Mr. Stephen Ward’s “Ways of Life” has a very small chance of selling more than 2,000 copies. A Fabian pamphlet can probably be reckoned to sell five times the number. The first charge for composition is no heavier on an edition of 10,000 than it is on one of 2,000.

We gather from the character of their recent announcements that Messrs. Bell are turning their attention towards belles-lettres. Mr. Robert Lynd’s next book of essays is, we believe, to be published by them, and we have heard rumours that a distinguished section of the younger men of letters is to transfer its productions to this well-known firm. Messrs. Collins’ bold entry into the domain of belles-lettres from that of educational publishing is by now familiar to most book-lovers. The knowledge and enthusiasm of their literary adviser, Mr. J. D. Beresford, will undoubtedly be of the utmost advantage to the firm.

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If we may judge from the fact that Mr. Holbrook Jackson’s book on the Nineties is at a premium, the period is one which interests many at the present time. They will be pleased to hear that Mr. Davidson, of Charing Cross Road, will shortly publish “The Men of the Nineties,” by Bernard Muddiman, which is said to be a direct survey of their literary work. In many ways the best document of the period is Mr. Max Beerbohm’s imaginative story (which is not, as some have imagined, based on Ernest Dowson) of Enoch Soames in “Seven Men.” There is still plenty of room for a sympathetic critical study of a curious generation.

* * * *

Writers, artists and musicians, we learn from the Mercure de France, are to have a little kingdom of their own. The islet of Cominica in the Lake of Como was bequeathed by Signor Augusto Caprani, who died in 1919, to the King of the Belgians as a testimony of his admiration of the heroic conduct of Belgium during the war. King Albert, in his turn, has made it over to the Italian Government on condition that it is made a place of residence for artists of every kind. The Italian Ministry of Fine Arts is to build little villas, one of which will be reserved for Belgians. There will be halls for exhibitions and recitals, and it is hoped that the island will be ready for occupation by the coming spring.

GUIDE-BOOKS

ENGLAND. Edited by Findlay Mairhead. “The Blue Guides.” (Macmillan. 16s. net.)

DUMBARTONSHIRE. By F. S. Mort.—ORKNEY AND SHETLAND. By J. G. F. M. Headle and T. Mainland. “Cambridge County Handbooks.” (Cambridge, University Press. 4s. 6d. net each.)

BOURNEMOUTH—BRIGHTON—NORTH WALES: NORTHERN SECTION. Illustrated Guide-Books.” (War & Locke. 2s. 6d. net.)

There are two classes of travelling—those who use guide-books and those who despise them. The latter may experience those instants of exquisite surprise such as one receives on being unexpectedly for the first time the cathedral of Milan or a snow peak in the Alps, but for these they sacrifice a great deal of time and some money. In the life of John Murray III. is related how he came to write his handbook and how this was imitated by Karl Baedeker. But before the war the Baedeker guides were paramount in Anglo-Saxon countries, and many of us have a shelfful on which we look even now with affection. When the war broke out, however, it was speedily felt that we should depend no longer on Leipzig for our guide-books. Mr. Findlay Mairhead, co-operating with Messrs. Macmillan in England and MM. Hachette in France, started a new series of guides which promise to be as much superior to those of Baedeker as the latter were to their predecessors. The first volume, on London, was published in 1918 and is already in its fourth impression. “England” is the second of the series and covers a very large amount of ground. Baedeker’s “Great Britain” took in Scotland and Wales, as well as England; Mr. Mairhead has bettered this by devoting his book of 600 pages to England alone. But he might have been still better advised if he had followed the Joanne system and divided England up into six or seven provinces, giving one volume to each division. For then there would have been more space to deal with the interesting matters that he has room only to mention, e.g., the poet
RUSKIN AND GEORGE MACDONALD

THERE has recently come into my possession the following unpublished poem by George Macdonald in honour of Ruskin:

To John Ruskin.
O friend, since I have seen thee this fair day,
The day is fairer; for its golden show
Long ere the evening, rosy all doth glow;
Thy face hath changed it—though it be not gay.
Not as a bridegroom's clad in radiant play,
But calm and strong, serene, divinely slow,
With sorrowing smiles that to my bosom go:
Thy soul looks forth crowned for a kindly sway:
Some men would hold thy sun was in the west,
And bid with the cloudy, its rays descend,
flushed with a blood thy trembling heart hath shed,
Weary with waiting, and not being blest:
I say 'tis more that dawns in thy breast
Though dark-plumed night would brood the glory dead.

The poem bears the address of The Retreat, Hammersmith, where Macdonald lived. This is the celebrated Kelmscott House on the Upper Mall. The name was changed by Morris when he went to live in the house.

The poem is a reminder of a fact little known. There was a warm and intimate friendship between Ruskin and George Macdonald. Ruskin frequently visited him at Hammersmith and addressed some hundreds of letters to him. The house is also closely associated with the great tragedy of Ruskin's life—the interrupted friendship between him and Rose La Touche. Rose often stayed here with the Macdonalds, and the two frequently met. When the estrangement came, Macdonald nearly succeeded in bringing the two together again. The letters from Ruskin to Macdonald dealing with this episode in his life are still happily in existence.

It is a curious fact that the official biography of Ruskin contains no reference to this close friendship between the two men, nor any reference to the letters addressed by Ruskin to Macdonald.

J. H. Whitehouse.

Science

SHEEP-THROUGH - THE - GAPISHNESS

The Group Mind: A Sketch of the Principles of Collective Psychology, with Some Attempt to Apply them to the Interpretation of National Life and Character. By William McDougall. (Cambridge, University Press. 21s. net.)

Professor Lloyd Morgan long ago succeeded in reducing the psychology of the crowd to a single phrase—"sheep-through-the-gapishness." Bacon is nearly as terse with his sequacitas et coito. To the philosopher the mob presents a pitiful spectacle. As compared with the educated individual, it exhibits a mental activity that is altogether of a lower order. It is incapable of reflection, and consequently of that true volition which is the outcome of reflection. Passion, on the other hand, is never so crude and violent in its transports as in a mobish atmosphere. By imitation of the outward expression of the excitement spreads like a contagion, and the beast that lurks in all of us is set free to do its worst. Plato, with the example of the Athenian democracy before his eyes, has depicted this essential bestiality of the crowd in immortal language. Modern psychologists; mostly Frenchmen who are not unmindful of their own "Terror," bring the indictment home by careful analysis of the conditions that determine such collective manifestations of blind impulse. To-day, when the world is faced by the revolt of the proletariat, these considerations, if hardly reassuring, are at least not inopportune. Mr. McDougall, whose tone is always calm, writes about these things with judgment, proving as usual his capacity to detach from the excitement nothing to gain, but everything to lose, from a régime of mob-rule. To look in this direction for the betterment of society is sheer atavism—l'a nostalgie de la boue.

And yet it would be fatal for the individual, however intelligent, to imagine himself superior to any body of men that feels, thinks, and wills in common. Thus we are, as Mr. McDougall says, confronted by a paradox.

Participation in group-life degrades the individual, assimilating his mental processes to those of the crowd, whose brutality, inconstancy, and unreasoning impulsiveness have been the theme of many writers; yet only by participation in group-life can man become fully man, only so does he rise above the level of the savage.

He solves the puzzle by supplementing his damning analysis of the mentality of the mob with an account of what he terms "the enlightened group spirit." For organization and the pursuit of purpose are not incompatible with group-life. Our own country, for instance, furnishes us with many instances of voluntary associations formed for the furthering of some public end. Mr. McDougall, indeed, says that, whereas their multiplication and development will prove to be one of the ameliorating factors of the future, softening the asperities of commercial life, correcting to some degree that narrowing of the sympathies, and preventing that tendency to class antagonisms, which purely commercial associations inevitably produce," yet the difficulties peculiar to effective common action should not be overlooked. Not only must the collective aim be clearly envisaged, but the sentiment of co-operation must be fostered; and hereupon the tendency of all group-life to encourage emotion at the expense of thought and will comes, at once into play. Group-loyalty depends on the possession and cultivation of tradition. Thus a Church or a college owes its stability as an institution largely to customs that enshrine the memory of an honourable past. On the other hand, as Mr. McDougall points
out, "tradition tends to overshadow purpose." The purely traditional group such as the Indian caste attains to a rigidity that brings utter futility in its train. When he turns to find his new method for self-improvement on the part of the group of partly traditional, partly purposive type, Mr. McDougall characteristically looks for it within the sphere of the sentiments, and suggests emulation with similar groups as the chief educational lever. Thus there can be no doubt that inter-collegiate rivalry supplies the life-blood of our ancient universities with most of its oxygen.

The same principle, presumably, holds with the rivalries of nations. Two-thirds of this book is devoted to the study of "the most interesting, most complex and most important kind of group mind, namely, the mind of a nation."

An international form of group mind is not considered, possibly because it hardly comes within the province of the actual and hence within that of a positive science such as psychology. For the rest, it is doubtful whether Mr. McDougall's reading of history leads him to believe in an ultimate "parliament of man." Evidently he is struck chiefly by the differences between peoples—differences so radical that in his opinion they cannot in extreme cases interbreed without producing monsters. Throughout the latter portion of his work the psychological interest is subordinate to the biological. Culture is, indeed, on the face of it a spiritual affair. The customs of a nation are primarily those which it chooses to adopt. But why does it choose so? Must not an ethnic psychology utilize that as a subjective factor, namely a peculiar heredity, in the end determines the selective process of which culture is the result? Unfortunately, the practical difficulties in the way of separating the hereditary from the purely acquired features in national character make all such conclusions regarding the preponderance of the element of race or breed seem somewhat speculative. Soundly empirical as his methods are, Mr. McDougall may well fail to convince the ardent humanitarian of the error of his ways. Yet it must, at least, be admitted that it is precisely in respect to their emotional endowment that the various peoples show the greatest diversity. Now, thanks to psychology, modern philosophy in all its branches has come to understand that intellectualism is the enemy. The shallow observer begotten by the belief that ideas as such can move the mind is destined to go down before a deeper knowledge of the springs of human nature. Emotion, then, as the study of the group mind brings out at every turn, is the key to character, individual and national. It reflects the national bias, and shows that men are not born equal. Yet this does not imply on our part a policy of fatalism. We can largely determine the destiny of future mankind by breeding from the best. It may be that we do not yet know fully how this is to be done. Nevertheless, the problem of a national policy comes to be faced and solved, not simply buried on sentimental grounds. Meanwhile, whatever moral be drawn from them, the facts must first be reviewed impartially; and Mr. McDougall's book is the model of a treatment conceived and executed in the dispassionate spirit of science.

R. R. M.

THE LIBRARIAN'S report showed that the total additions to the library during the year were 243 volumes and 876 pamphlets.


The following were elected officers: President, Dr. A. S. Woodward; Treasurer, Horace W. Monkton; Secretaries, Dr. B. B. Brown, Jackson, Professor E. S. Goodrich, Dr. A. B. Kendall.

The President then delivered an address on certain groups of fossil fishes, illustrated by a series of lantern-slides. He afterwards handed to Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan the Trail Award and Medal and to Sir Ray Lankester the Linnean Society's Medal. June 3.—Dr. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

Dr. Geoffrey Douglas Hale Carpenter, Miss Theodora Lisle Frankerd, Miss Lucy Ellen Cox, and Mr. H. Bertram Harding were admitted Fellows.

E. G. Bloomfield Meade-Waldo, Pyari Mohan Debbarman, Professor O. V. Darbishire, W. Rickatson Dyles, Professor Shankar Prasashottam Agharkar, Dr. John Wishart, Howard Hamp Crane, Capt. Eric Fitch Dalglish, Bertram Henry Buxton, and Professor Otto Rosenheim were elected Fellows.

The President announced that Lady Crisp had offered an oil-painting by James Sant, R.A., of the first admission of women as Fellows of the Linnean Society, which the Council had accepted. The portrait shows a series of 90 water-finish drawings of Colonies, Elicon guncinosis, by Mr. R. Swinson Hall, were lent for exhibition by the Director of the Imperial Institute, Dr. Wyndham R. Dunstan, and explained by Dr. A. B. Kendall. This was followed by an exhibition of Mr. A. W. Kellett over the neighbourhood of Basra during the war, with lantern-slides of the country and the people. Professor W. J. Dakin showed a large series of photographs, as slides in the lantern, of whaling in the Southern Ocean, giving detailed description of the operations by a Norwegian association. Mrs. Rose Haig Thomas contributed further observations on a former whaling station in the Hebrides.

PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.—June 9.—Fifty-fifth Annual General Meeting.

The election of Commander D. R. Hogarth as Chairman, Col. Sir Charles Close as Hon. Treasurer, and Dr. E. W. G. Masterman as Hon. Secretary was confirmed. The following were added to the General Committee: Hon. Vice-President, Col. Sir Robert Mond, the Hon. W. G. Ormsby-Gore, the Hon. Everard Fielding, Professor John Garstang, G. K. Chesterton, the Rev. P. N. Waggett, and Lt.-Col. Hope Biddulph.

Commander Hogarth in a short address announced that a long report had just arrived from Professor Garstang, giving an account of a preliminary survey which he had made at Ascalon, the site for which a permit for excavation had been granted to the Fund. Hogarth declared that this work was the most encouraging and most hopeful. Provided the necessary financial support is forthcoming, work will be commenced this autumn. Commander Hogarth pointed out that Ascalon was a site of extraordinary historical interest, covering periods from the beginning of the Hebrews down to the Crusading era. The Hon. Secretary appealed to those present to use every endeavour to obtain new supporters of the Fund.

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL.—June 16.—Mr. R. H. Hooker, President, in the chair.

Mr. W. H. Dines brought forward a paper on "The Ether Differential Radiometer." A second paper, by Professor S. Chapman and Mr. E. A. Milne, was entitled "The Composition, Ionization and Visibility of the Atmosphere at Great Heights.""SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—June 10.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

A memorial protesting against the threatened destruction of churches in the City of London was discussed and adopted (see p. 841).

Dr. G. M. Vevers communicated his "Report on the Entozoa encountered in the Animal remains which had died in the Society's Menagerie during the past Nine Months." In the absence of Professor R. T. Loiper, his exhibition of lantern-slides illustrating the experimental transmission of some Helminth infections was described by Dr. Vevers.

Dr. W. T. Calman gave a résumé of his paper "Notes on Marine Wood-boring Animals: 1. The Shipworms (Terebridae)."—Dr. P. C. Clamor's Mitchell gave an account, illustrated with lantern-slides, of his recent ethnographie trip from Cairo to Tobago, and described the character of the country and the birds and mammals seen.
Fine Arts

ESSENTIALS IN ART

ESSENTIALS IN ART. By Oswald Sirén. (Lanc. 12s. 6d. net.)

D R. SIRÉN, the Professor of Art History at the University of Stockholm, has made himself a considerable reputation as a critic. His book on Leonardo da Vinci is better worth reading than many others that have been written on that apparently inexhaustible subject. But his new volume can hardly be said to satisfy the expectations that the title might legitimately arouse. The writer who can put forward for his generation honest and intelligible doctrine upon what is essential in art is doing the highest of possible services within his function. His task cannot be an easy one; but it is indisputably better worth while than the discovery of a few hitherto unidentified panels by one of the minor lights of the Trecento.

Of the five essays which make up the book, only the first two have any connection with the essentials in question, and both are directly concerned with a comparison between Chinese and Western European art. The two last, reprinted, with a generous supply of pictures, from the American Journal of Archæology and the Burlington Magazine, deal with the influence of the antique on Donatello, and with the identification of the works of the "Master of the lively Baby," for whose isolation from among the followers of Lorenzo Monaco Dr. Sirén is responsible; while the remaining essay treats, in rather an indeterminate manner, of the relations of religion and art during the Renaissance, largely illustrated by quotations from Alberti.

Dr. Sirén's views on Donatello and on the Maestro del Bambino Vispo—as to whose absolute merit he makes no exaggerated claims—are undoubtedly interesting; whether they were worth reprinting in this form from the generally accessible magazines in which they first appeared is perhaps open to question. But they have very little bearing on essentials. It is in the first two essays that a direct discussion of the central problem must be looked for, and in connection, not with Italian art of the fifteenth century, but with Chinese painting and criticism of a much earlier date.

There is an obvious danger in basing aesthetic theories on an art of which Western critics must still, if they are candid, admit that they know extremely little. This very lack of complete or even adequate knowledge makes it temptingly easy to find in the painting of the Far East a certainty of aim to which our own artists may not pretend. And at the same time it is pleasant to imagine that the ancient art critic of China conveyed the great secret in their writings. But if, after twenty-four centuries, we are still arguing over what Aristotle meant by katharsis, there is ample time before us to differ as to the precise meaning of Hişih Ho's ch'un yan, which as "spiritual rhythm" has had such a vogue of recent years among English writers on art. And we cannot but recognize an essential kinship between the critics of the ancient East and the critics of the modern West when we find Cheng Yen-Yuan (as quoted by Dr. Sirén) writing in the middle of the ninth century that the productions of the contemporary T'ang artists could hardly be called real painting. "Alas! the men of to-day, their art does not reach far!" Well, it has reached, with a considerably enhanced pecuniary value, at least as far as the present day.

Like many modern historians of art, Dr. Sirén devotes a good deal of space to refuting the doctrine that a work of art should be judged by the exactness of its representation of natural forms. No doubt this view often crops up in discussion and argument. The easiest way of explaining with some show of reason why you do not like a picture is to say that the legs are too long or that nobody ever saw a cow that colour. But if we pass from argument to practice, do people in general buy pictures, or photographs of pictures, because of an outstanding fidelity to nature? Do they crowd at the Academy Exhibition for a minute view of a minutely detailed still life? Surely not. They buy—or at least they used to buy—"The Soul's Awakening," and they bought it because of its "spiritual expression," to use a phrase consecrated by Cheng Yen-Yuan, and not because of the accuracy of its anatomy. In a rather more educated sphere a picture is far more often admired—or, in extreme cases, bought—because of its colour, its associations, or its decorative value. The question of fidelity to nature or the reverse comes in to dispose of the pictures which are not admired. And even so, much of the abuse which has been levelled at modern painting is really based not so much on a lack of fidelity to nature, as on a lack of any identifiable representation at all. But the Chinese painters, whose freedom from the shackles of representation is extolled, have left no doubts in anybody's mind as to whether they were depicting a sage in meditation, a flower or a misty range of hills.

The hope to find a single definite principle, or even a short series of definite principles, the application of which can always be traced in great art, is a wish-of-the-wisp which has led the surest-footed of critics into appalling quagmires. The vaguer the principle—and spiritual rhythm, at any rate in English, is a vague phrase—the more plausible the scheme may appear. But the ultimate test for any such theory lies in the generally acknowledged works of art which it would exclude. Securus judicai orbis terrarum.

The finally accepted theory of essentials in art has to find room for Jan Steen and Annibale Carracci as well as for Blake and Cézanne; for Pope (to take an antiquity much more difficult to resolve) as well as for Verlaine.

E. M.

THE WELLESLEY DRAWINGS AND MINIATURES

On the last three days in June and the first two days in July Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson Hodge will dispense Mr. Francis Wellesley's important collection of pl umbago and other portrait drawings, and also a number of miniatures belonging to the same collector, together with a comprehensive series of prints and autograph letters relating to Richard Cosway. From the illustrated catalogue (price 7s. 6d.) received, it is evident that the collection contains numerous works of a high standard and a certain number of the first order.

Among the English artists represented are Cosway, Gainsborough, Romney, Downman, Hoppner, and Lawrence—Cosway being especially favoured by Mr. Wellesley, and Hoppner seen at the height of his powers in the drawing of Mrs. Delaney and the miniature of Lady Charlotte Percy. There should be much competition for Daniel Gardner's beautiful miniature of Mrs. Gwyn (Goldsmith's "Jessamy Bride"), for the portrait of Samuel Peters, Bishop of Vermont, by Gilbert Stuart (who painted George Washington), and the fine drawings by William Faithorne and John Hoskins, senior. Amateurs of the minor English miniaturists will have, moreover, an opportunity of acquiring examples by Lens, Bogle, Smart, Engleheart, Plimer, Humphry, Shelley and Robertson.

The drawings by continental artists are equally attractive. A silver point by Andrea del Sarto, a masterly study for a miniature by Holbein, a head by Frans Hals (extremely characteristic in handling), a signed sketch by Rubens (formerly in Sir Peter Lely's collection), a superb Dutch portrait, dated 1673, and signed John Hoet, with others by Gerard Dou, Cornelis de Visscher, Jan de Bray, Gravelot, Oudry, Moreau le Jeune, Greuze and Augustin de St. Aubin are bound to appeal to collectors who delight in portrait drawing as a fine art.

R. H. W.
EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERIES.—"Pan" Exhibition of Modern Humorists.
HAMPSTEAD ART GALLERY.—Pastels and Water-Colours by William Hoggatt.
LITTLE ART ROOMS, ADELPHI.—Pictures and Sketches by Alfred J. Bennett.
BURLEIGH GALLERY.—Pictures by Margaret Lindsay Williams.
FINE ART SOCIETY RESIDENCE, INNISFAL.—Sketches and Studies by the late A. C. Gow, R.A.

The exhibition of commercial drawings arranged by the proprietors of "Pan" is depressing. It reminds us that the average Fleet Street art editor or publicity agent is a cruel taskmaster with inexorable low standards. In order to meet his requirements an artist must show truth as something presumptuous and unclear, and project himself into a fantastic world of natural effects into a selected and very restricted range of tones permeated in most cases by a dominant colour. The result is often curiously like coloured prints by artistic photographers. But whether this means that Mr. Hoggatt thinks the same thing about the world as the artistic photographers, or that the artistic photographers think the same thing about art as Mr. Hoggatt, we will not venture to decide. One thing is certain. These pictures will appeal to the wide public which finds modern art intolerably sentimental and is willing to accept discreet adumbration as evidence of poetic vision.

Devotees of sentimental painting will also find some of Mr. Alfred Bennett's pictures very likely tasteless, but the fact that they will also find him occasionally in more intellectual mood. For he is a very unequal artist who, has, it seems, not yet found himself. "Bembridge Harbour," "Near Knebworth, Herts," and the portrait called "The Brocade Hat" are the best things in this collection, and they are good enough to raise hopes that Mr. Bennett will evolve a virile art from tentative beginnings.

Miss Margaret Lindsay Williams scored a popular success some years ago at the Royal Academy with her problem picture, "The Triumph." She now attempts to repeat her success with other pseudo-symbolic pictures at the Burlington Gallery. She may possibly do so. Another portion of the Gallery is devoted to pictures by various artists, including two capital water-colours by H. Davis Richter.

The Fine Art Society is doing useful work by the memorial exhibitions of works by Academicians which it arranges periodically; for these exhibitions serve to remind us of the composition of the Royal Academy jury. One of the Society's galleries is now hung with pictures by the late A. C. Gow, R.A. To the British visitor the exhibition presents a spectacle sad indeed, but so characteristic of the lower strata of British painting that it fails to move us to surprise. But it is not an exhibition to which one would take an intelligent foreigner interested in British art. It might raise embarrassing questions about the painter, the institution which made him a member, and the public which, presumably, encouraged him.

K. H. W.

ENGRAVINGS

On Monday, June 7, and the two following days, Messrs. Sotherby were selling engravings from the collection of Mr. J. P. Headlam, the chief prices being: 47 out of 90 of the so-called Tarocchi cards by Mantegna, £368.8.0; Giovanni Mocetto, The Baptism of Christ, £132; Jean Racine, Akhnaton and Eve, £136; St. Jerome in his Cell, £122; Melancholia, £151; The Knight and Death, £235. M. Schongauer, The Crucifixion, £131; V. green, after Rembrandt, Prince Rupert, £135; C. Meryon, Le Petit Pont, £145; A. Zorn, Madonna of the Streets, May £169; Madame Olga Briti, £260; Mon Modèle et mon Bateau, £149.

Music

PUCCINI'S "TRIPTYCH"

THERE is a remark of Emerson's which Sir Henry Hadow loves to impress upon his audiences, to the effect that the greatest genius is the most indebted man. If indebtedness were all, the essential to genius, Puccini would be on a level with Mozart. Puccini resembles Mozart more than any other composer in that he keeps a watchful eye for whatever is effective in the works of other men, and then proceeds to turn his powers of observation to account. Only whereas Mozart, when he utilizes a device from Ghezzi, from Martini or from Wranitzky, produces something that is far superior to the original and at the same time stamped completely with his own style, Puccini either accumulates without assimilating, or, if he assimilates what he borrows, lowers its artistic value to the standard of commercial success. Yet there is an essential Puccini; not all his plumes are borrowed. After all, it is hardly fair to expect a man of sixty to change his style with the fashions of the moment. It is sufficiently remarkable that he should be ready at least to try them on, however unbecoming they may appear.

The three one-act operas which were produced at Covent Garden on June 18 show that he is determined to be up-to-date. How bold and bad those strings of consecutive fifths sounded in "La Bohème" when it was new! Nowadays everybody writes them, and consecutive seconds, sevenths, and ninths as well still more licentious progressions, as the late Mr. Rockstro would have called them. Yet, somehow, when Puccini employs them, they have a strong taste of original sin. Misguided young men like Mr. Eugene Goossens make these noises, and not content with the Davis which, by such conduct, have even the effrontery to assure us that they really think them beautiful and expressive. Signor Puccini is a man of the world. He sows his wild oats, and goes on sowing more, just to show us how well- preserved his heart is. Perpetual virtue is apt to be monotonous; a little excitement now and then keeps a man fresh. But life has its serious moments, and in these Puccini is always true to his real self. Love and religion are things which no decent-minded man cares to see handled by Cubists and Vorticists, or even by Post-impressionists. On these subjects Puccini speaks a language that we can understand, for he spoke it five-and-twenty years ago. It remains unalloyed; are not these sacred things the same throughout the ages?

One reason for the popularity of "La Bohème" was that it put middle-class life on the stage and surrounded it with an aureole of sentimental music. In those days Liberalism gave way to Labour. "Il Tabarro," the first of the three operas, deals with "the workers." No doubt a Covent Garden audience enjoys operatic Socialism as much as the aristocrats of seventeenth-century Italy enjoyed the ghibes at Court life in the operas of Monteverdi and Cavalli. Michele, the bargeman, is a solemn bore with a young and lively wife. It was not surprising that she wanted to run away from the unbecoming boom of M. D'Indi Gilly's magnificent but monotonous voice. She was that devoted to her carpenter made fashionable, and needless to say, an attachment for the tenor. The opera turns on a single situation of the kind usually considered dramatic; the husband kills the lover in the dark and throws the corpse into his wife's arms. If it had occurred in a play by Webster it would have been regarded as revolting and unactable. Situations of this kind appear in operas, but it is not in such moments that music can contribute anything to the drama. Still
less is one such situation enough to make the foundation of a whole opera. Accordingly "Il Tabarro" has to be kept going with a string of superfluities. The best of them is a savage and pessimistic monologue on the part of Luigi, the lover. The remainder are very obviously designed for the purpose of gramophone records, as they can all be taken out and performed by themselves. There is a comic old woman who sings one song about a cat and another about a "tiny garden," but does nothing to help the play: a ballad-singer with a harp who sentimentalizes over our old friend Mimi: a barrel-organ elaborately out of tune & Stravinsky: a pair of lovers who stroll across singing about the moon: and a big song for Mr. Dinh Gilly about the "mysterious and eternal river" which in the midst of all this affectation of proletarian realism stands out as aggressively operatic. It is all sheer waste of time. Some of it was cut in performance, and even then the opera was much too long.

The opening of "Suor Angelica," as the curtain rose on Mr. Oliver Bernard's very pretty arcade of cypresses leading to a chapel which Baedeker would have described as a neat and unpretending edifice, recalled delightfully a scene from Giordano's "Siberia" in which Easter is being celebrated by the inmates of a Siberian prison. Giordano wrote his opera on Russian themes several years before Moussorgsky became a popular idol. It is not a particularly good opera; but the scene to which I have referred, in spite of its very obvious treatment of bells and hymns, has a real sense of poetry and atmosphere. I am glad to think Signor Puccini is of the same opinion. He seems, by the way, to have become more than ever interested in Moussorgsky. There is a very Russian contour about many of his phrases. One would have thought that Moussorgsky was, of all composers, the last that anyone would want to imitate. From a composer who is Skilful, like Rimsky-Korsakov, one can steal technical devices; but technique is just what Moussorgsky never had. His only virtues are his passionate sincerity, and his faithful reproduction of the Russian language. To adopt the latter to Italian is ridiculous; the former quality is beyond any possibility of imitation. But Moussorgsky is the fashion for the moment, so in he goes along with the others into Puccini's stockpot, like the herbs which Suor Angelica cooks over her little girl-guide fire in the garden. In the midst of all this paltry chatter of nuns and novices there suddenly bursts a scene of real human feeling. The interview between Suor Angelica and her old dragon of an aunt who comes to tell her that her love-child has been dead two years is a great piece of emotional writing. For this one moment Puccini becomes sincere and genuinely moving. It is a pity that the opera does not end here; but no, Suor Angelica has to get up again to sing a lament which begins in the manner of Moussorgsky's Idiot and continues in the manner of Mascagni's Intermezzo. Signor Puccini is a well-read man—he knows his classics as well as his moderns. Finally Suor Angelica commits suicide to the accompaniment of a chorus of nuns and a miraculous appearance of the Madonna. Nuns are most useful people. You can turn them on to sing "Ave Maria" or any other words at any moment, to any chords that happen to suit the prima donna's top notes. Even in an opera there is room for humility and self-sacrifice.

The "Tristano" as it is called, seems at seventy-three; but there is no need to hurry over dinner. The third opera, however, is well worth seeing. If the composer and his publisher will consent to its being performed without the other two it ought to have a wide popularity. For once in a way Puccini has risked imitating a comparatively unsuccessful work. Unsuccessful "Falstaff" has been, in spite of being always acclaimed as a masterpiece it is very seldom performed. It was probably the political

misfortunes of Italy that put an end to comic opera in the days of the Risorgimento. If the appearance of "Gianni Schicchi" signifies a return to the traditions of Logroscino and Cimarosa it is indeed welcome. Compared with "Falstaff," the actual music is superficial and commonplace, but the themes, if trivial, are very dexterously handled, and the composer shows a real understanding for that kind of comedy which can only be properly expressed in music. The first scene is a delightful example of this. The relatives of Baco Donati are assembled at prayer round the bed on which his body lies, and gradually prayer gives place to gossip, which becomes more and more excited until suddenly they all realize that they are still on their knees and subside awkwardly into the silence which is appropriate to such an attitude, only to start gossiping again a moment later with redoubled energy. Needless to say, there is in this opera too a chance for the gramophone; Mr. Burke has a very effectively written song to sing about Florence while someone opens the window to exhibit the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio painted on the back-cloth. Naturally it has nothing whatever to do with the play. But when will the Grand Opera Syndicate give us a really first-class Italian performance of "Falstaff"?

EDWARD J. DENT.

CONCERTS

An enjoyable concert was given by the Elzy Quartet at the Aeolian Hall on June 18, when pianoforte quartets by Herbert Howells, Frank Bridge and Ernest Chaussen were included in the programme, which Miss Dylis Jones completed with a group of modern English songs, among them two characteristic numbers by Parry, still in MS. The quartet are unknown to us, but they seem to have practised together, as the performance has a good deal of verve and mutual give-and-take which are so essential in playing chamer music. The piano part was rather too prominent at first, but the balance of tone improved steadily as the evening went on. A little more warmth would not have been amiss in the Chaussen.

Mr. Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra complete the impression made by the string of American symphonies which have appeared for our benefit of late. These American musicians have all of them technical accomplishment in a very high degree, with a repertory of music that includes a great variety of styles. Of the real understanding of music they seem to have singularly little. Miss Mabel Garrison sings coloratura songs with admirable fluency, but without the least touch of jubilation or enthusiasm; and what is the use of coloratura if it does not express something of this kind at least, to say nothing of the more subtle emotions for which Mozart and others used it? The New York Orchestra is an orchestra of virtuosi, but its virtuosity is too much in evidence. As a trainer Mr. Damrosch is marvellous; as an interpreter of great music he is utterly uninspired. It was in showy modern works that the orchestra were at their best—for example, Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" and Mr. Powell's "Negro Rhapsody." They have cultivated very assiduously a style of playing which has been called forth by works of this type. The tone of the instruments is brilliant and piercing, but thin and wanting in mellowness or singing quality. The flutes had the piercing notes of piccolos. The brilliance of the horns was astonishing, but one missed the luscious tenderness of our own players. The whole orchestra played with incomparable precision and violentness of attack; that was of wood of which they are quite masterful. A cutting tool that pierces a block of wood instantaneously and exactly. Mr. Spalding, the violinist, possesses something more than mere American swiftness of virtuosity; he has both understanding and warmth of temperament. Mr. Powell's "Negro Rhapsody was described in the programme in terms which suggested a music quite unfit for civilized ears; when it came to performance it proved a gay and harmless piece of work, modelled on the very respectable wickednesses of M. Saint-Saëns, but hardly so well written for the pianoforte.
Drama

À PROPOS PIERROT: A RETROSPECT

The brief appearance lately made by M. Severin at the Coliseum passed without much notice. It is to be feared that the celebrated French mime failed to establish sympathetic contact with an audience to which his delicate art is an unfamiliar enigma. Since its curious craze for “L’Enfant Prodigue,” London has seldom taken kindly to pantomime, except as an element of the ballet; yet the evolution of the mute drama is an interesting page of theatrical history, and a visit from the last of the great Pierrots is an occasion for recalling some of its episodes in more detail than was possible in last week’s “Marginalia.”

Who is Pierrot? It is only necessary to turn over the pages of Maurice Saude’s “Masques et Bouffons” to realize that the famous figure with the white face and white blouse has several ancestors in the “Commedia dell’arte.” He is hinted at in the Neapolitan Policinella and Pulcinello (personages rather different from our Punch, into whom the swaggering Captain, Matamore, has passed), and more clearly foreshadowed in the clown Pagliaccio, Pierrot’s godfather, however, was Molière. In “Don Juan, ou le Festin de Pierre,” which he adapted in 1665 from an Italian “Commedia dell’arte” scenario lately played in Paris, called “Il Convitatio di Pietre,” he gave this French form to the name of the Piero or Pedrolino who appears as a comic valet in the pieces of Flaminio Scala and Pagliaccio to a fixed type in the Comedy of Masks. Thus the name, the costume and the occupation of Pierrot were already found by the seventeenth century, but the character was still at the embryo stage.

The eighteenth century saw a fierce struggle at Paris between the little theatres of the fairs and their licensed rivals, the Opera and the French and Italian comedies. Early in the eighteenth century de la Reyne, the Prefect of Police, forbade the farce to play any piece with dialogue. In attempting to protect a monopoly he gave birth to an art. Players forbidden to speak had to fall back on dumb-show. By degrees, as gesture and facial expression were developed, it was seen that here was a dramatic form with a life of its own. The memories of the pantomime of Rome were revived, and the modern mimodrame was slowly perfected. In the Boulevard du Temple, since 1656 the home of the popular theatre in all its forms, there rose in 1816 a little playhouse called the Funambules. The “liberty of the theatres,” proclaimed by a decree of 1791, does not seem to have taken full effect by this date. The law still required the performers in the Boulevard du Temple to make their entry with some acrobatic feat, to distinguish them from the actors of the large theatres. In 1828 the management of the Funambules signed an agreement with the son of a travelling rope-walker and tumbler, named Gaspard Deburau, to whom they allotted the part of Pierrot in their pantomimes. Deburau’s is the first great name in the line of the silent Pierrots.

If we examine the class of piece in which he played we see at once that the Morrisian art of pantomime suiteth Richard of Covent Garden had invented the enchanter Harlequin, with his magic wand and mask of invisibility, and selected for his companions the fairy-like, dancing Columbine, the mischievous Clown and the doddering Pantaloon. Substitute for the fantastic Venetian Pantalone, Cassandre with his snuff-box, buckled shoes and periwig, and for the rollicking English Clown the malicious, satirical French Pierrot, and you have the personnel of the Deburau pantomime. All the characters are reduced to obligatory silence, the scenic splendours and transformations which Rich could afford in his great playhouse are whittled away to a trick change or two, and the emphasis is thrown on the sly comedy of Pierrot, who cheats his rival Harlequin, plays hideous pranks on the heavy father Cassandre, and pursues without ever winning the fickle Columbine.

The scenarios of these plays are not exhilarating reading. Cuffs, kicks, pursuits, tumbles and similar horseplay make up the incidents. But what tempted artists and men of letters into the uncomfortable cellar of the Funambules was the personality of Deburau, his imperturbable detachment among the whirling buffoons, the Mephistophelian mockery of his expressions, the swift, sparing gestures that sent his enemies sprawling, the cold and sinister gleams that crossed his white face whenever he handled a sword, or a razor or poison-phial. “Acteur sans passion, sans parole, et presque sans visage,” cried Théodore de Banville in ecstasy. “qui dit tout, exprime tout, se moque de tout!”

Beneath the cynical beam of Deburau’s eye the symbolic values of the farce were revealed— the fatuity of the rich, successful lover in Harlequin, the heartlessness of the eternal coquette in Columbine, while Cassandre seemed the race of man to which age brings no wisdom.

After Deburau (1796-1846) it was possible for pantomime to break free, step by step, from the conventions of Italian buffoonery. While the English harlequinade stuck and perished in conservatism, the French mimodrame developed rapidly. M. Hugoumet, author of the delightful volume “Mimes et Pierrots,” notes that Charles Deburau (Gaspard’s son and successor) “knew how to be modern and realistic in detail; his Pierrot the conscript drilled with the needle-gun.” In fact Pierrot, now soldier, now lawyer, now baker, now dandy, now rag-picker, was universalizing himself and absorbing the traits of humanity scattered hitherto among the other persons of his world. Naïf and perverse, credulous and cunning, tender and cruel, by rapid turns elete and miserable, he stands no longer for this or that individual or class, but simply for man—man, shall we say, with the mask of pretence stripped off? The white head (which adds fearfully to the difficulties of the mime by wiping out the lines and shadows that give expression to a face) serves admirably to enforce this universality. It is the mere map of a countenance, the Platonic idea of humanity. Moreover, pantomime is in all circumstances one of the most abstract forms of artistic expression. It renders emotions in their naked simplicity. It cannot indulge in psychological analysis, but must display each passion in undiluted essence. It shows, not the loves and hates, jealousies and fears of particular persons with their special temperaments, but Love and Hate and Jealousy and Fear in themselves. It is precisely that which gives it its power and its poignancy. It seems to fulfil the Schopenhauerian formula, to pluck the eternal idea from the stream of time and pierce to the meaning of life through the veil of illusion.

Such was the royal road half-consciousy opened to pantomime by Deburau. Of his successors we have already mentioned his son Charles (1829-1873), a mime of exceptional delicacy and grace, who took the first steps in extending the scope of this art. Possessing Paul Legrand (a charming and mischievous Pedrolino), saying to renew, to the simplicity and gaiety of the old, peasant Pedrolino), Alexandre Guyon and Deridder, we reach Louis Rouffe (1849-1885), the great mime of Marseilles, in whose school M. Severin was trained, and in whom the conception of Pierrot as “l’homme blanc,” the universal man, found its full and perhaps its final realization. The fine monument which has been erected over his early grave in the cemetery of his city shows a face of an almost Canoveseque classicallty of feature, lit by a fire and intelligence not to be found in
any work of Canova. Embodying in his person (so his admirers believed) the canon of the human form, he strove to find the absolute norm in gesture, the perfectly gracious and perfectly expressive movement. His disciples claim for him the merit of being the first to define and fix the gesture-code of the mime. This is an exaggeration, but he no doubt refined and enlarged it. One of the chief causes of the unintelligibility of pantomime to audiences of to-day is this rapid interchange of conventional gestures between the performers. It is not realized that a trained mime ‘speaks’ in sentences as much as an ordinary actor, and that each sentence is composed of ‘words,’ i.e., units of gesture on which the phrase is built up. This ‘vocabulary’ has to be committed to memory, and the execution of each portion of it learned with the care of a step in dancing. There are as many ways of making even the simple gesture of pointing as there are of making tribal lays, but all but two are wrong. Although the gestures of the code are not arbitrary symbols, but based on natural expressions of feeling and ordinary movements, they have been so contracted and conventionalized in the interests of rapidity and grace that they bear little more relation to their originals than the animals of heraldry. Except in places where there has been a tradition of pantomime they soon become incomprehensible, and thus the art of miming, like many other arts, has been strangled by its own technique.

M. Hugouët’s book contains a convenient fourfold classification of pantomimes. There is the ‘fairy pantomime’ based on the English tradition. ‘La Naissance d’Arlequin,’ which was played in early days at the Funambules, and is clearly an adaptation of Rich’s famous pantomime of Harlequin and the Egg, and ‘Le Beuf Enragé’ (1827), with its trick-changes by Harlequin’s wand and pursuits from scene to scene, are famous instances of this genre. More important than such adaptations is the ‘realistic pantomime’ showing scenes of popular life. This was the type of piece in which Gaspard Debranu excelled. ‘Pierrot Coiffeur’ is perhaps the best known of the realistic mimodrames, and later on C. Debaran’s ‘Pierrot Avocat’ and the saccharine ‘Enfant Prodigie.’ We reach something more modern in what M. Hugouët calls ‘la pantomime mélo-drame,’ in which Pierre holds the stage alone and, like Eugene Aram, recounts the most fearful dreams and crimes. Paul Legrand’s ‘Rêve de Pierre’ in which he introduces himself with the words, ‘I murders his little daughter’s doll, flies for his life and is shipwrecked in his own armchair, and M. Paul Margueritte’s ghastly ‘Pierrot Assassin,’ in which Pierrot re-enacts the real murder of his wife, may serve as examples of these horripilant ‘monologues.’ The last type, the ‘romantic pantomime,’ is a development of the foregoing. It makes room for a number of characters, but tends to horror in its fantasy. ‘Chand d’Habit,’ with its ghost of the old-clo’man whom Pierrot has killed in exasperation at his street-cry, and ‘Le Docteur Blanc’ with its eerie waxwork scene are two fine specimens of this class; and we ought to add to them Richépin’s ‘L’Ame de Pierrot,’ though it belongs more to literature than to stage history.

Pierrot is no longer even the abstract ‘homme blanc’; he dissolves into an impalpable riddle, a symbol of the unsatisfied yearnings of the human heart. The fable is profound, but defies theatrical representation. M. Richépin’s Pierrot is the same as that depicted in M. Normand’s poem:

Pierrot macabre et bon, haid et beau, lent et vif, Terriblement coquin et saintement naïf, Type fantasque, étrange, et qui n’est autre en somme Qu’un en rayon de lune à l’apparence d’homme.

D. L. M.

MR. GORDON CRAIG

M. GORDON CRAIG is at once a famous and a neglected artist. His work has been well known for fifteen or twenty years, and he has an international reputation as an artist with ideas who has specialized in the art of the theatre. In theatrical circles, indeed, he is commonly credited with the pioneer ideas for all the improvements in theatrical decoration, lighting and so on which we have witnessed in recent years. He is even supposed to have invented the Russian ballet! Yet the newspapers still find it necessary to re-introduce him every five years as ‘Ellen Terry’s gifted son,’ and the British public is still waiting for an opportunity to test the full range of his powers in a series of plays produced from his designs and under his direction. Vague stories reach us of his achievements in Petrograd, Florence and other Continental cities, but the most that is vouchsafed to his own country is an occasional pamphlet and an occasional exhibition of fragmentary designs such as are now collected at Dorien Leigh’s Galleries in Bruton Street.

But fragmentary though Mr. Craig’s exhibits always are, they serve, nevertheless, to justify his reputation and to explain, in a measure, the neglect from which he suffers. For they make it quite clear that he really has ideas. We recall in an earlier exhibition a drawing which depicted Hamlet in a modern velvet coat and modern trousers, a costume which would enable the actor to deliver his soliloquies walking up and down the stage with his hands in his pockets—like a real neurasthenic. And there is a woodcut in the present collection called ‘Opheila, mad,’ which, considered as an illustration, is true to Shakespeare and to life, and which, considered as a drawing, has an aesthetic significance and life of its own. There are, moreover, undoubted possibilities in the system of manifold screens which forms a conspicuous feature of Mr. Craig’s projected reform of stage setting. But though we get an impression of Mr. Craig’s originality from his exhibits, we also get, on the other hand, impressions of his obsession with the heroic and his apparent inability to visualize in three dimensions.

Mr. Craig dreams of a vast theatre to seat many thousands of people, with actors of heroic mould, making great and noble movements in scenes ‘illumined by a light such as the spheres give us.’ And he dreams of an audience murmuring, ‘How beautiful!’ in harmoniously modulated tones. But we fear he will never see the last part, at any rate, fulfilled; for nobody would go near such a theatre who could go instead to something more intimate and individualized. For the art of a theatre is in its nature the most indeferent of the arts. It was heroic, it is true, for a moment in Greece, while it was exploited for religious purposes. But this was an artificial diversion, kindred in character to the artificial and momentary diversion of painting into iconography by the Christian Church.

And Mr. Craig reveals himself equally out of touch with the real genius of the theatre in his two-dimensional visions of the players in costume which he calls marionettes, but which could be more properly described as silhouettes. We believe that Mr. Craig is right in maintaining, as he does, that people go to a theatre to get an optical rather than an intellectual impression, that they are more interested in the actors’ gestures than in their declamation; but we are convinced that the optical impressions demanded are three-dimensional. The layman has never visualized the theatreland as a flat decorative panel peopled with shadows. And he is less likely than ever to do so in these days, when the cinematograph provides him with a superabundance of shadows.

R. H. W.
Correspondence
THE CITY CHURCHES
To the Editor of The Athenæum,
June 16, 1920.

Sir,—The Council of the Society of Antiquaries has had under consideration for some time the threatened destruction of so many of the churches in the City of London. We have learned by painful experience that it is fruitless to pit archaeological interest against the demands of commerce. The present case is, however, not so clean-cut a matter, for other interests are involved. My Council has considered the proposal in all its aspects, and has prepared the subjoined protest. This has been passed without a dissentient voice and at an ordinary meeting which we had the advantage of hearing a statement from Bishop Brown.

I hope the terms of the protest will sound as restrained to others as they do to me.

Your obedient servant,
C. HERCULES READ,
President.

The publication of the report of the Bishop of London’s Commission on the City Churches, recommending the disuse and complete or partial demolition of no less than nineteen churches, of which thirteen are the work of Sir Christopher Wren, has created a great deal of indignation. The cases of the priestly and civic authorities are, however, considerably stronger than the objections that have been raised.

The Society of Antiquaries of London, while recognizing the need for a change in the present organization of the city parishes, is confident that by adopting the drastic recommendations of the report the Church will suffer far more than she will gain.

Greatly as we must deplore the splendid buildings destroyed by the Fire of London, their loss provided an opportunity such as seldom comes to any nation, and it was the great good fortune of England that the rebuilding of the city churches could be put into the hands of Sir Christopher Wren.

At the time of his death in 1723, at the age of 91, some fifty churches, designed by his hand, adorned the rebuilt city, a priceless and unique record of the life-work of one of the greatest English architects.

Of the building of these churches a complete account is preserved. Not only do we know the dates when they were begun and finished, but we have every detail of their cost, and what is even more valuable the name of every craftsman employed on them, whether as mason, carpenter, plumber, plasterer, smith, or in other trades. All materials for a close and critical study of the craftsmanship of the end of the seventeenth century are ready to our hands, so long as the buildings themselves are preserved.

Nor is it only in their architectural merit that their value lies. Owning to the money spent on the building of its old lines, the new churches preserved the site-plans of their predecessors, and in many cases included parts of their fabrics, presenting for us much of the topography of the medieval city which had been so completely swept away, and giving an historical continuity which added just that element of tradition and romance to which the new buildings by themselves could never attain.

Since they were built the condition of life in London has entirely changed. The homogeneous population, whose homes are elsewhere, has increased enormously. The residents have dwindled to a comparatively insignificant number. The values of the sites have gone up all proportion to what they were in the seventeenth century, while the congregations of the churches are in many cases reduced to a mere handful. Already seventeen of Wren’s churches have been destroyed, and if the present report is adopted, not less than thirty out of the original sixty will have disappeared.

Some readjustment is needed, but not one which will inflict so heavy a loss on future ages. Something of the full pecuniary value of the churches and their sites must be forgone in order to preserve what no money can buy. A redistribution of their endowments has long been overdue, but to deal with ancient and historical sites as if they were occupied by nothing better than obsolete industrial buildings is a policy which no pecuniary gain can justify.

Churches no longer needed for their original purpose, if such exist, should be put to some use which is not inconsistent with their preservation, and it is to such matters that the efforts of the Commission should be directed.

THE COST OF BOOKS
To the Editor of The Athenæum,
June 16, 1920.

Sir,—I am interested in the correspondence now taking place in your pages on the cost of books. I am interested in French books, some of which (those which interest me most) are subject to a “Majorex 100 per cent.”

This ought to mean that a book which before the war cost 1fr. would now cost 2fr., or in English money before the restrictions of the war.
THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Sir,—Having a strong feeling that criticism, especially that of your reviewers, in The Athenæum has never previously reached such high-water mark as it has done at the present time, I have some difficulty in offering these few remarks. I would, however, say that Mr. Rollo H. Myers, in his endeavours to show an independent basis for art and music, appears to overreach himself (Athenæum, June 11, p. 778); in fact, to state, as he does, that the artistic faculty is a sense, such as that of smell, invalidates his whole argument. Our senses derive their name and foundation in history from the fact that we are able to localize and identify them in an unmistakable manner as having a semi-independent existence, but all philosophy has hitherto failed to define any sixth sense. Music and art have no such universal identification as the other senses, and consequently more debatable factors in our progress or development. It is because they have a dual existence, so to speak, in our physical and mental perceptions that this question, which is really an offshoot of the old dualistic controversy, continually turns up.

I see no good in shutting out moral significance from the study of art, and dragging humanitarian sentiments in, as these are too closely connected themselves, if not actually inseparable. Further, if morality be entirely eliminated from art and music, they are likely to become simply cults, much of the same kind as the collecting of stamps and old teapots, for instance. In my opinion, art, if it be judged from the great bulk of its votaries, has already got to that stage. On the other hand, I should agree with Mr. Myers to the extent of deprecating these too frequent allusions to great music, as being recognizable as such, from its moral or uplifting effects, for the reason that our moral character, such as it is, has to be formed upon much more rigid and reliable methods, and from material more directly affecting it.

The underlying difficulty in connection with this old question can readily be perceived by anyone who would trouble to localize the 'standard of beauty' in art, and, for instance, and endeavour to think this out, in the same breath as it were, with a train of reasoning on morality. The incongruity of thought is very remarkable, seeing that both of the subjects are assumedly of the highest order; but whilst most people avoid the impossibility in a very simple way by thinking of the subjects at different times, the philosopher suspects that what incongruity there is rests with our own premises.

Yours faithfully,
Montague Summers.

June 19, 1920.

A MODEL STORY
To the Editor of The Athenæum.

Dear Sir,—The liberty which you give your correspondents to criticize your contributors is evidence of an editorial courage which is as rare as it is stimulating. Yet I cannot help thinking that on occasion you allow too wide a latitude. An instance of this is A. S. R.'s letter in The Athenæum of June 11, criticizing your review of Mrs. Sedgwick's recent novel.

The method of criticism employed by your contributor (K. M.), so far from being an indulgence of personal vanity, seems to me one of the utmost subtlety and value. If it were not as impertinent to praise as to criticize your contributors on general grounds (though it is justly legitimate), I should say that he had invented an entirely new method of dealing with modern fiction. In no other reviews of novels is a sense of the quality of the work so precisely given. There is never a bald judgment, yet somehow one knows exactly the value of the novel criticized. More strangely, one has an uneasy certainty of having read the novel.

Yours faithfully,
William Henderson,
M. SAURAT deserves the thanks of his readers for having at length dissipated the prejudice which has held for a century the personal Milton such a conditional position. The fact that the mythology of "Paradise Lost" is merely puerile, or, to state the error in a manner in which its absurdity will be clear, that Milton's thought is as feeble as his conceptions are sublime. The truth is—M. Saurat leaves one with no doubt about it—that Milton was not only a thinker, but a thinker habitually acute and occasionally profound. For the general failure to recognize it, he has been himself, perhaps, the most to blame. He did not express his ideas; he smothered them under the rhetoric of his pamphlets and the mythology of his poems. The one systematic philosophical work which he wrote, the "Treatise on Christian Doctrine," is rendered unreadable by the number of Scriptural quotations which it contains. Fate helped to make its name as well as its contents obscure. Confided by Milton to Daniel Skinner, nephew of Cevicke Skinner of the sonnets, it fell into the hands of the Secretary of State, and, being by him judged dangerous, remained in the State archives until 1823. Since then, in spite of its publication in the Bohn Library, it has remained in consistent obscurity, a sort of "darkness visible," and the only one who appears to have read it is M. Saurat. The "Treatise" contains an incomplete but interesting philosophical system, with an ontology, a cosmology, a psychology and a politics. The chief value of M. Saurat's essay resides in its demonstration that when Milton was writing "Paradise Lost" he was concerned with the same conceptions which in a perfectly clear form he expressed in the "Treatise of Christian Doctrine."

These conceptions M. Saurat ranges in five chief groups. They are:

1. L'idée du Dieu-Infini et non manifesté en qui se forme le Fils-Créateur et création à la fois, en qui se forme enfin le Christ, l'Ensemble des êtres.
2. L'idée de ses volontés libérées par le retrait de Dieu, et l'union de l'idée d'intelligence à l'idée de liberté, qui constitue une preuve originale du libre arbitre (l'intelligence est impossible sans la liberté).
3. L'idée de la matière divine, impérissable et bonne, part de Dieu, et dont tout sort spontanément, de sorte que l'âme séparée du corps n'existe pas; que tous les êtres sont en leur substance parties de Dieu, organisées en une gradation évolutive, sans différence entre les choses, les animaux et les hommes;
5. L'idée de la liberté créatrice, basée sur la boule de l'être normal formé de la matière divine, et sur la présence en chacun des regénérés de l'Espirit du Dieu même: l'Intelligence.

Of these five groups of ideas, the first, says M. Saurat, "n'a guère d'intérêt qu'au point de vue de l'explication de Milton, et aussi le cinquième; le second contient une conception philosophique de la nécessité de la liberté qui est intéressante et originale dans l'histoire de la philosophie, et la troisième contient les germes d'une conception de l'univers en harmonie complète avec les vues de la science moderne, et les principes d'un panthéisme rationaliste d'un intérêt encore actuel; le quatrième contient une vue de la nature humaine profonde au point de vue dramatique, et éternellement valable, étant fondée sur des réalités permanentes de la psychologie de l'homme."

These ideas, according to M. Saurat, form the main articulations in the skeleton of Milton's philosophy. That it is a lively and interesting skeleton few would deny; unfortunately the body itself is so unwieldy and so shapeless that the only means of discovering its true lines is dissection. M. Saurat has not only had to read Milton; he has had to investigate him as well. He has had to correlate passages, to illumine what is obscure in the light of what is unmistakable, to find the essential expressions of the poet's thought, and to arrange these in clear order. He has thus, however, and to good purpose, explained away anything—a fact that is creditable both to Milton and himself. The conclusion to be drawn from these labours is clear: it is that Milton was a considerable thinker, but that he was inarticulate. As a poet he did most certainly command the language of poetry; as a thinker he commanded only that of rhetoric and abuse.

When M. Saurat compares Milton with Descartes and Spinoza therefore, when he says that "Milton a sa place dans l'histoire de la pensée européenne, à côté de la grande école classique française du XVIe siècle, dans la courant philosophique de Descartes à Spinoza, dans l'atmosphère littérale de Corneille," he arrogates to Milton a position which he does not deserve, and to which, it is clear from his writings, he did not aspire. Compared with the philosophical systems of Descartes and Spinoza all that Milton's "philosophy" amounts to is a few footnotes, a few conclusions without the reasons for them. These dogmas, though generally acute, are seldom illuminating; and they are seldom illuminating because they are not tested by actuality. They throw no light upon existence, nor does existence throw any light upon them. They are philosophical embryos which have not developed, and it is, unfortunately for them, the development, the application of a philosophical system that is generally most valuable. A light is only interesting to us where there are objects to be illuminated.

One can disagree with M. Saurat in his judgment upon Milton as a penseur, however, and admit that his study of Milton is extremely valuable. It is valuable because it proves that Milton was more than a respectable thinker, but chiefly because it demonstrates that his mythology was not merely conventional, but, on the contrary, philosophical. That this is a gain even those who refuse to find anything in poetry but poetry will admit. For the presence in "Paradise Lost" of incidents which in our time seem trivial and childish destroys frequently the poetic mood itself. But if we know beforehand what Milton meant by God, Sin, the Fall, the 'Greater Man' and the other terms he used, we shall perceive that the triviality is only apparent, and that, at any rate, it has a meaning, occasionally a profound one. If it is still an obstacle, it is at least an interesting obstacle. Most important of all, in reading "Paradise Lost" in the light thrown upon it by M. Saurat, or, rather, by Milton through M. Saurat, we understand it as Milton himself understood it. Milton does not appear perceptibly greater to us after a perusal of this volume—for his greatness was almost entirely in his poetry—but he is infinitely more interesting.

At the end of the war, on the 31st of October, 1918, the library of the University of Nancy was destroyed by an incendiary bomb, and the English section in particular suffered heavily. Not a single volume remains of the works of such standard English authors as Carlyle, Dickens, Meredith, Scott, Matthew Arnold, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Jane Austen, Swift, Pope, Smollett, and others. Efforts are being made by the University of London to assist the University of Nancy in re-establishing its library after the ravages of the war. Already about 500 volumes have been collected for this purpose, and an appeal is now made to all who are in a position to contribute books, to send them to Mr. Reginald A. Rye (Goldsmiths' Librarian, South Kensington, S.W.7). Gifts of money for the purchase of books will also be gratefully received.
WAR AND ART

LA DANSE SUR LE FEU ET L’EAU. Par Elie Faure. (Paris, Crés. 6fr.)

"L'A DANSE SUR LE FEU ET L’EAU," though not a war book, is certainly a product of the war. Dogmatic, vehemently, even violently written, full of imagery and metaphor to the verge of obscurity, it seems Hebraic rather than Latin in inspiration. But it is a real book, filled with fire and conviction. Serious, in spite of the motto on its title-page, too serious perhaps for any lightness of touch or urbanity of manner, it is a passionate vindication of life—of life broken and vivified and glorified by war, and by love also, which is a kind of spiritual war. For from war proceeds all that is admirable. Much that is base, no doubt; but all that is admirable. War is the mother of genius. It is in the stormiest, fiercest periods of history that genius is born. The sons and grandsons of those who have returned home drunken with enthusiasm and horror and the smell of blood are our great poets, artists, discoverers, adventurers. The peaceful Utopia of the Socialist fills M. Faure with disgust. Such a condition of things would be, to him, a thousand times more atrocious than our present unrest. Universal happiness would kill joy, would kill hope, would kill generosity; and humanity, weighed down by it, would sink into a state of stagnation and spiritual death.

Above all, there would be no more art, and the artist is the hero, the saviour of the world. Art is the Holy Spirit seeking to realize itself. The Holy Spirit does not descend from God to man; it rises from the heart of man to give life to God. Art is the creator of religion as of every other spiritual force, and religion does not bring peace, but war. Every idealist is the creator of strife and suffering, but from this strife and suffering spring the masterpieces of art. There must be hunger and thirst and massacre before the Promised Land of Moses can be torn from those who hold it, and to keep it endless wars must be waged: but, in return, we get poems deep and pure as the wells of the desert. Jesus appears, disclaiming the material world, pointing the way to Heaven; and behold, all the pagan gods are shattered in their temples, libraries are burned, the wisdom and beauty of Greece forgotten; but, in return, we get the art of the Middle Ages, its cathedrals and Madonnas. A German monk translates an old book to show that it does not say what other priests of God pretend it says. Fires are kindled, victims burned at the stake; but, in return, we get "Hamlet," "Don Quixote," Pascal, Rembrandt.

So it has been through all time. "I come not to send peace, but a sword." War is neither just nor unjust, moral nor immoral. Such conceptions do not count. What matters is the spirit of passionate life, the creative spirit. It has been always thus, and always will be. The heart of man has not changed from the beginning. Material progress there may be: for the rest, we move in circles and return ever to the point we started from. Those who are in possession must in the end be ousted by those who are not in possession, because the longing for possession gives birth to a more ferocious courage than the desire to retain. Civilizations arise and disappear. The world is a world of motion, and any attempt to arrest movement is stupid and unavailing. The younger generation is ever knocking at the door, and at the faintest tap M. Faure would fling it wide. All is tragedy, but we must accept it in the spirit of joy. "Il suffit qu'un monde lyrique jaillisse du sein d'un grand peuple pour justifier les carnages d'une guerre et les fureurs d'une révolution. Qui consent à cela est libre." M. Faure is libre.

F. R.

MONTMARTRE AT WAR

BOB, BATALLONNAIRE. Par Pierre MacOrlan. (Paris, Albin Michel. 4fr. 90.)

PIERRE MacORLAN belongs to the same "équipe," as each would call it, as M. Francis Carco, but he is less sombre, less influenced by Russian tradition, and appears to take himself much less seriously. His people are pleasant to encounter. Bob, the little Montmartrois, despite the fact that he finds himself in that rather grim disciplinary corps the "Infanterie Légère d’Afrique," otherwise known as "les Joyeux," is an innocent and almost pleasing figure after the stark ferocity of M. Carco's Marcel Bovou.

He has painted here a really very skilful picture of war from the point of view of the man in the ranks. It has neither the propagandist cheerfulness of "The First Hundred Thousand" nor the propagandist horror of "Le Feu." There is nothing artificial in M. MacOrlan's war. Artificiarily devoid of thought and purpose, Bobette, who lives in a little flat, has a zinc tub in her kitchen and no curtains to that kitchen window, and hangs a canary's cage beside the gas-meter. M. Fabiano draws her, having her tub, in La Vie Parisienne at least once a fortnight.) If all war novels had been as honest and as true as this the public would have wearied of them less speedily.

Bob is at his best when he is no longer "batallonneur," after his exchange, obtained through a citation and general good conduct, to a regiment of the line, and afterwards to the Colonial infantry. It is then that he begins to develop, largely through the influence of his friend Thomas Buridan, a most amusing philosopher. Buridan is the eternal type of the soldier of fortune, whose evil chance it has been to fight in a war not made for soldiers of fortune.

—Nous vivons, continua Buridan en se grattant les joues, dans des temps bourgeonnant désordonnés pour la logique. Au feu, nous savons boire de la gâne, et de la gâne bu, taur, ce qui est tout dire. Et vise-moi la gueule des types qui doivent tuer. C'est la guerre. Au cantonnement, sans tenir compte de l'exaltation de la lutte et des mauvais instincts déviés qui nous perturbent en ce temps d'être dévorés par les bons, il faut boire du lait et se conduire comme des moines de fraîcheur et d'innocence. Voilà où les choses commencent à devenir moches. Vois-tu, mon pauvre Bob, quand le soleil se lève en pays conquérant et qu'il a taillé, il peut calmer petit à petit ses mauvais instincts surrénalisés dans les villes dressées devant son effort. Il y apaise sa soif et retrouve son équilibre.

Nous, après avoir connu le goûter du sang et de la mort, nous rentrons à l'arrière dans des villes sacrées. Il ne faut pas toucher une poule et c'est les marchands qui nous envoient.

One of the curses of war literature has been, as we have hinted, the tendency of authors to put into the mouths of soldiers the sentiments which they consider they ought to entertain. If the writer be a militarist, the soldiers spout super-patriotic nonsense. If he be an anti-militarist, they spout super-decadent nonsense. Little of either was talked among real soldiers, and these soldiers in this book are above all things real. They live and talk and act as French soldiers lived and talked and acted during those four and a half years of madness.

It is, chiefly, the talk in this book that we have turned over as one turns over something tart with the tongue. Of five years' service, infinitely the happiest months we know were passed with French troops, and with French Colonial troops for the most part. We had forgotten the slang. This book brings it back, in snatches of talk heard about fires or from the dwelling of the telephonists; and with it seems to come the smell of savoury meats from dug-out kitchens, the taste of Algerian cigarettes, the burn of "gâne" in our throat. M. MacOrlan has created a nostalgia in the spirit of one reader at least. As Bob would put it: il nous faut le cafard.

C. F.
List of New Books
Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in each represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.


McCabe (Joseph). IS SPIRITUALISM BASED ON FAITH? The evidence of Sir A. Conan Doyle and others drastically examined. Watts (1920). 7 in. 188 pp. paper, 3/ n. 135.9

The two favourite points against critics of spiritualism are that the new religion has brought consolation to untold thousands, and that the quantity of fraud is exaggerated. Mr. McCabe, with his command of damning facts and ruthless logic, has dealt faithfully with Raymondson, and exposed the trickery which sufficed to convert Sir Conan Doyle and others.

*McDougall (Wilfrid), THE GROUP MIND: a sketch of the principles of collective psychology, with some attempt to apply them to the interpretation of national life and character ("Cambridge Psychological Library"). Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1920. 9½ in. 320 pp. index, 21/ n. See review, p. 834.

200 RELIGION.


Walpole (George Henry Somerset), Bishop of Edinburgh. PROPHETS AND PRIESTS; or, FACING THE FACTS. Scott, 1920. 8 in. 112 pp, 3/ n. 280.1 Bishop Walpole would aim at reunion of the Churches through Lord Hugh Cecil’s reduction of the great divisions to four—the Papal, an Episcopal Church, a Presbyterian Church, and a Congregationalist Union of the Churches. His own strongest point is the need for purifying sacerdotalism by the prophetic spirit—in other words, finding a place beside the traditional catholicity and ritualism of the Catholic Church for the individuality and freedom of Protestantism. Apparently, by ‘prophecy’ readers are to understand what in art is called “inspiration,” and in the pulpit “power.”

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Beck (M.), ed., THE PIONEERS OF LAND REFORM: THOMAS SPENCE, WILLIAM OSGILVIE, THOMAS Paine ("Bohn’s Popular Library: Social-Economic Section," 81), Bell, 1920. 7 in. 218 pp. 2/4 n. 333 These essays by Speace, the author of "Single Tax," advocated much later by Henry George; Osgilvie, agriculturist, and a professor at Aberdeen University; and Thomas Paine, the author of "The Rights of Man," were issued together for the first time in "Bohn’s Popular Library.

Cunningham (Charles Henry), THE AUDIENCE IN THE SPANISH COLONIES, AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUDIENCE OF MANILA (1583-1890) ("University of California Publications in History," vol. 9), Berkeley, Cal., Univ. of California Press, 1919. 10 in. 488 pp. bibliog, index, 325.4605 A study of the history of Spanish colonization, showing that political life and power were vested chiefly in three institutions: the Audiencia, the office of Captain-General, or Viceroy, and the Church. By the Audiencia, which had legislative, administrative, and other functions, and the Viceroy, the royal interests were represented; while the Church, besides exercising great political power, endeavoured to effect the conversion of infidels, as well as subsequently to take care of their souls. Professor Cunningham’s instructive dissertation is concerned not only with the Audiencia, but also with its relation to the other governmental factors, and to various legal, political, social, and ecclesiastical problems that arose in the colonics to which the study mostly refers. A comprehensive bibliography is appended.


In this handy booklet the final report of the Committee is reviewed and expanded, and the collective proposals set out in italics and heavy type, so that the problem can be quickly grasped. What is wanted now is a vigorous crusade led by people who can make themselves read—or heard—and can bring the question down from the sphere where hideous phrases like ‘non-vocational,’” “extra-mural,” and “intramural” envelop it with an academic atmosphere of abstraction and pompous technicality.

Thurtle (Ernest), MILITARY DISCIPLINE AND DEMOCRACY. Preface by George Lansbury. Daniel, 1920. 7 in. 100 pp., 2/ n. 355.2

Another denunciation of the system by which the non-combatant professor sends the young men to fight under terrible penalties. The two writers would do away with the demoralizing and expensive system of the army contract, and have a real voluntary army, in which soldiers would be treated as free men with power to cancel their engagement. Wars would, the authors believe, then be possible only when the people were unanimous in a just cause.

400 PHILOLOGY.


Certainly, a methodical handbook to what may be termed Cockney French has been badly wanted, and no doubt this, which claims to be the first to supply the need, will be useful to the strangers, tourists, historians, ethnologists, and the novelists and playwrights for whom it is intended. As a linguistic study, its value and interest would have been greatly enhanced by some attention to etymology. Of course, many or most of the contents consist of ordinary French misused; but the exceptions are interesting problems, and so are the modes in which the orthodox phrases degenerated. Anyhow, we are grateful to M. Bauche.

700 FINE ARTS.

*Sirén (Oswald), ESSENTIALS IN ART. Lane, 1920. 9 in. 168 pp. ill., 12.6 n. See review, p. 836.

800 LITERATURE.


This series of documents, illustrating the public and private lives of four generations of country gentlemen of position and fortune, is of great value as a mirror of English social usages during the period covered by the papers, and, next to the Paxton Letters, is the most considerable collection of private correspondence of the fifteenth century which has yet come to
light.” The editor’s introduction includes a history of the Storons, and a general review of the letters, as well as of the persons by or to whom they were written.

*Lee (Vernon), pseud. SATAN THE WASTER: a philosophical war trilogy; with notes and introduction. Lane, 1920. 7½ in. 352 pp., 10/6 n. 822.9

The allegorical Ballet of Nations,” a morality played in the Athenæum Theatre, which forms the nucleus of this extended drama, came out as a picture-book the second Christmas of the war, and is now provided with a prologue and epilogue, and with a long introduction and still longer notes. The whole is intended to be read. Satan, who explains that he is “the Power that Wastes,” is lessee and stage-manager: the ballet-master is Death; virtues and vices compose the chorus. As a “philosophical treatise”—so the dust-cover terms it—the book is a development of the view that the great war could have been planned only by the ancient powers of evil, the nations dancing to an orchestra of passions, noble or base. No human being can be persuaded to admit that he had a hand in bringing about such a monstrous event. Patriotism is not necessarily a virtue, but a complex of impulses, passions, and habits, that are good or evil according to their ultimate trend. As a satire, “Satan the Waster” will doubtless be effective with the intellectuals.

POETRY.

Forbes (Helen Emily). THE SAGA OF THE SEVENTH DIVISION. Lane, 1920. 9 in. 74 pp., 5/6 n. 821.9

The intention of Miss Forbes is to memorialize the heroic Seventh Division of General French’s first army. In so far as she poetizes the facts of its history in France she achieves a consistent, if not very considerable success.

One boyish officer in sole command
Of tens where late a thousand marched
Under some honoured name

is her method of saying that the division went into action 18,000 strong on October 15, 1914, and was withdrawn sixteen days later, numbering only 2,000. But there are moments in her “saga” as in the quiet conclusion—

And thus

The red sun set upon that redder field—

which are effective on their own account.


See review, p. 828.


See review, p. 843.


M. Vodoz regards the legendary paladin as the symbol of heroism—a symbol, like all great symbols, having a definite function in the human battle with fate. Roland is more than a national, he is a universal symbol, like Prometheus and Christ: as Gaston Paris showed, the poem had its greatest success abroad. The author writes in his second chapter of “Roland” from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, of the “Roland” of Alfred de Vigny; and in the third chapter, of Victor Hugo’s “Roland,” concerning which he says that Hugo’s view of the hero as a symbol of the national conscience led nowhere.

Weaving (Willoughby). DEDAL WINGS. Oxford, Blackwell, 1920. 8 in. 70 pp., 4/6 n. 821.9

Although Mr. Weaving’s observation is wholly human, it is detached from his own times to a remarkable degree. His verses have the narrow range of subject of seventeenth-century lyricism.

She hath the delicate delight,
The airy grace of birds;
And lovely as their lyrics are
Her single words,
is a characteristic passage; therein, however, not quite the same completeness of success attending not one of the hundred pieces in his latest volume. Lack of spontaneity is often the peril of the lyricist who confines his attention to the graces of birds, flowers, and trees, and their shortcomings or resemblances, when compared with the grace of his own love’s embodiment. The meditative verses are distinguished by a rich and delicate imaginative insight, although his technical equipment is less fresh than his fancy.

FICTION.


Mrs. Crawford has travelled from South Africa back into the far years of the reign of Edmund of East Anglia for this, her first English historical romance, and her venture has a present of considerable success. She acknowledges her obligation to Roger of Wendover, and it is perhaps in her pictures of the life of those times rather than in her portrayal of the king’s passion for Frea, the daughter of a king of Iceland, that the reader will find interest. The character of the latter is generally turned out to be the case with the historical novelist, is shadowy. But the other maiden, Tekla, with her passion for the king, is presented with the skill that the author has shown more consistently in her earlier books.


The widowhood of Miriam Westerby is complicated by the existence of a baby. Mr. Blyth’s readers would probably have no liking for the psychological nuances required by the association of new love with an infant’s presence to remind the lovers continually of the old. As Miriam is still marriageably young and pretty, she will therefore need to get rid of the baby somehow. We are glad to be able to record that the infant dies from natural causes, the mother being Mr. Blyth’s heroine and not his villains. The way being thereby made clear for the appearance of the usual rivals, Ronald and Eustace, hero and soubrette, they not only appear, but stay right until the finish. Eustace attempts a vile outrage when the girl refuses his proposal of marriage, and Ronald has the happiness of observing that “a divine smile brought two little dimples winking out as she tightened the pressure of her arms round him.”


The fastidious reader will be inclined to put this volume aside after the first few pages, but if he persevere he may very quickly realize that the vulgarity of the author’s manner is deliberate, and very effective and moving. The story is told by the Hon. Noel Carton, who has married for money and paid the penalty. He seeks alleviation by writing a novel in secret. The method by which the real and the imaginary stories are alternated and more and more closely interwoven, until we are no longer able to distinguish between them, is original and clever. Mr. Caine’s climax is full of horror, but fascinating. Carton awakes from one of his spells of fiction-writing to find himself strangling the wife whom in real life he hates. Subconsciously he has been portraying all the time the people with whom he has actually lived, including himself. The following is a compliment to Mr. Caine to say that no one who does not read this remarkably plausible tale from cover to cover could believe it.


See review, p. 831.

Easton (Dorothy). THE GOLDEN BIRD; and other sketches. Heinemann, 1920. 7½ in. 229 pp., 7/6 n.

See review, p. 831.

Foster (Maximilian). SHOESTRINGS. Appleton, 1920. 7½ in. 325 pp., 7/6 n.

The profoundly American in humour and diction for the average English reader, this narrative of an episode in the life of Mr. Tams, a "floorwalker" in a Frisco store, is never-
though rather amusing. Mr. Tams, like Mrs. Boffin, is a "highflyer at fashion." He devours books on etiquette, and aspires to become one of America's dollar noblemen. He and other inmates of Mrs. Wallop's boarding-house gambled in war and made large sums of money, and go on the "burst" at a fashionable resort. Some ludicrous adventures befal the party, but in the end these very queer people lose their suddenly-acquired wealth, with the exception of Miss Minch, a shrewd lady of mature age, who manages to cling to her gains and to secure Tams as her spouse.

Goodwin (Ernest). The DUCHESS OF SIOUXA. Collins [1920]. 8 in. 281 pp., 7.6 n. The "belle dune sans merci" of old romance, whose crudities had always the effect of stimulating her lover's adoration, is here revived in the person of a youthful heiress, unmarried and marriage-shy. The worst handled of all her suitors is naturally he to whom she is most favourably inclined; but by his services in dealing with a tyrannous overlord, he finally conquers her hostility. The actors in this drama, which does not lack life and movement, are Italians of the fourteenth century.

Lawrence (C. E.). The GOD IN THE THICKET. Dent, 1920. 8 in. 256 pp., 6 n. Jan Aylmer, visionary and musician, sojourns a while among the Butterfly People of Argovic, his music and the depth of his love for one of their maidens exciting only wonder and mockery. And sacrificing in vain his gifts, mocked by the laughter of Pan, he flees this land of unseemly enchantment and soulless beings, leaving behind his broken harp.


Morley (Christopher). The HAUNTED BOOKSHOP. Chapman & Hall, 1920. 7 in. 243 pp., 7.6 n. 813.5 This series of chats in a bookshop, with a thin and obvious love-interest as a connecting thread, depends largely for its effect on the attraction the reader may be inclined to feel for the chief character, a quaint bookseller in Brooklyn. But if the reader is unable to respond to wiles cast in the form of bookish exclamations put into the old man's mouth, such as "By the bones of Tauchnitz!"; or if he is unable to feel partial towards an atmosphere created largely by sprinkling the dialogue with book-titles and by christening the shop "Parnassus at Home," and the bookseller's dog "Brock" (short for Boccaccio), he will certainly not be able to combat a growing dislike for the recurrent corny-coperny phrases. If, however, he is a reader who is still thrilled by the very mention of books he will revel in Mr. Morley's pages. He will batton on tities and scrappy literary estimates. And he will overlook the fact (which the other kind of reader won't) that in the moment that a wealthy man's daughter enters into an apprenticeship to the bookseller we guess all that will happen to her when she arrives among the books—and the bookworms.


Ross (Sir Ronald). The REVELS OF ORKERA: a medieval romance. Murray, 1920. 7 in. 400 pp., 7. n. Sir Ronald Ross has selected a theme which has some affinity with those two dissimilar romances "The Sorrows of Satan" and "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." His hero, an amiable dwarf exposed to cruel humiliation and insult, accuses the officer of service made him (in all good will, apparently) by the fallen but repentant archangel, and develops, in consequence, a dual personality, much to his moral detriment. Switzerland in the fifteenth century is the scene of this story, which by its variegated medley of the supernatural, the aesthetic, and the grotesque, recalls the old Scotchwoman's fantasy on a certain personal subject: "It's rich feeding, nae doot, but mixed, and no very tasty."

Wells (Carolyn). RASPBERRY JAM. Lippincott, 1920. 8 in. 314 pp., $1.60 n. 813.5 Fleming Stone is an American Sherlock Holmes, but he has the advantage of being assisted in his researches not by Dr. Watson, but by a preternaturally "smart" New Yorker aged sixteen, who finds the clue to a murder mystery in a stain of raspberry jam. The story, though far from probable, is well constructed and mildly interesting, the secret being well preserved, and the solution unexpected.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

*Bennett (Arnold). From the LOG of the VELSA. Chatto & Windas, 1920. 9 in. 269 pp. ll., 18 n. See review, p. 827.


920 BIOGRAPHY.


930-990 HISTORY.


940.3 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Barbusse (Heurt). LA VIE DANS L'ARME. Paris, "Clarté," 1920. 7 in. 151 pp. paper, 3fr. 940.314. The new society "Clarté" is founded to deliver the people from the ignorance and inertia which, M. Barbusse and his comrades allege, enabled Governments, capitalist-led, to fool and exploit them and to make profit out of the war. Those who have come back from the war find society in chaos and the unrest that presses revolution. "Clarté" will show them that the fundamental cause of all this evil is the domination of one class, the capitalists, and that there can be no remedy till the taskmasters and law-makers are overthrown.

Eagerand (Fernand). LA BATAILLE DE LA FRONTIÈRE (Août, 1914). Bréil, Paris, Bossard, 1920. 9 in. 267 pp., 2 maps, 7fr. 50. The district of Bréil supplied the Germans with iron and other minerals during the war, which, the writer contends, was prolonged several years through the lack of foresight of the Government and the incompetence of the Grand Quartier Général, which allowed it to be lost in the first phase. He gives a highly detailed account of the movements of the armies, to show that there was no tactical reason why the district should have been abandoned.

Psychic Research Quarterly.

Vol. 1, No. 1: July 1920. 3s. 6d. net (post free 4s.)

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