Henson, nothing like the enthusiasm of Dr. Temple, but he possesses a force of character, not only greater than that of any other bishop, but unequalled among public men in England. When the bishops are called together in the library at Lambeth, they assemble much more like the sixth form at a public school in the headmaster's study than a body of men of equal authority assembled under the presidency of one of themselves who is no more than *primus inter pares*.

Other occupants of the episcopal bench are accorded less sympathetic treatment. The Bishop of Birmingham "has never quite recovered from the joy and amazement with which he first learned that he was descended from a monkey," the Bishop of Kensington is "a rather cranky man, a little heavy in the hand," and the Bishop of Willesden "has teetotalism on the brain." After this, it is at once a relief and something of a surprise to be informed that "Dr. Pollock, of Norwich, is the most human and attractive of the group of extreme Protestant Bishops."

The Church of England is to-day confronted with the greatest crisis in her history since the Reformation. Whether the publication of such a book is calculated to promote that spirit of mutual toleration and goodwill so necessary at the present moment may well be doubted. In view of its size, the book contains a disproportionate number of misprints.

ROUND ABOUT ANDORRA

Round about Andorra. By Bernard Newman. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

IN 1880 a syndicate desiring to establish in Europe a large gambling centre free from government control offered to buy up the State of Andorra, lock, stock and barrel. The Andorrans, taciturn, obdurate, determined not to lose an independence which, according to the legend and like all good things in the Pyrenees, was the gift of Charlemagne, began their usual effective tactics. They demonstrated the advantage of serving two masters by playing their two overlords one against the other. One, the Spanish Bishop of Urgel, openly favoured the syndicate, but the Andorrans appealed to the other, the French Government. There were only five thousand Andorrans to one bishop, but they won their case, and the syndicate went to Monaco, with the results that we know.

This, Mr. Newman feels, should be a good object lesson to the present-day Andorrans, who fearfully watch the new roads, with their bus routes, and the new railways hungrily encircling their country, waiting to pierce it and suck the life out of it. The peasant consuls meet in the Case dels Valls. They stable their mules and feed them; after an amiable lunch the consuls mount to the council chamber and debate their problems in a manner that has not changed for five hundred years. If they can only use the traditional bickerings of France and Spain — never more lively than in matters of frontier and customs— the Andorran consuls should be able to go upstairs to their free beds at the parliament house in peace. But the fear spins round in their obstinate heads to-day as never before. They seem to Mr. Newman to be losing confidence. They repeat fearfully, "France and the Bishop are very strong."

There are only two short roads in the country and no through route from north to south. The fateful question of joining up those two roads — between Soldeu and Encamp—is bound to arise soon. A through road means a new route through the Pyrenees, a thing scarce enough to be of great military value, and a first-class opportunity for a Franco-Spanish excitement. Mr. Newman admires both the French and the Catalans at the expense of the Castilians, and if Andorra must fall either to France or Spain in the end, he would prefer it to go to France, though he does not wish it to go to either. We think his choice is misguided. Andorra is, in geography and spirit, Iberian, and even if the Spanish administration is corrupt and inefficient, it is at least enlivened by that obtuse regional spirit which has saved the Basques and their language, the Catalans and theirs, and has inspired Andorra to this day.

Mr. Newman's book is by no means a political treatise; it is an entertaining and useful guide. He has provided the map indispensable to the man who desires to try his legs on the country. He has described the routes into Andorra, the mule tracks (first and second class!) within it, the villages, the customs and the history of its government. There is nothing to "see"; there is only one picture in the country, and that is a bad Corot. Poor mountain people are the same all over the world: drab, taciturn, earthridden, hospitable and intelligent. Mr. Newman has a great deal to say about smuggling—that national industry, as natural to the mountaineers as distilling whisky is to the poor whites of Tennessee and Kentucky.

A substantial part of the book is given to Barcelona and Catalonia, but its information does not go deep. The author has much sympathy for the Catalan cause, and it is true that most big national movements in Spain explode first in Catalonia. But the regional movement must not be taken at its face value. The Catalan is an expert bluffer, and one is tempted to compare the excesses of the "Catalonia first" propaganda to Barcelona's fantastic cathedral of the Sagrada Familia: an astonishing construction of concrete tortoises, donkeys, angels, saxaphones and factory chimneys, of which happily only the façade has been built.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. Hartley

Black Sparta. By Naomi Mitchison. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Day's End, and Other Stories. By H. E. Bates. Cape. 7s. 6d.

The Three Cousins. By Geoffrey Moss. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

The Battle of the Horizons. By Sylvia Thompson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

MRS. MITCHISON continues to reconstruct the lives of the ancient Greeks. The stories collected in 'Black Sparta' happen between the years 500 and 370 B.C.: "The only time," says the wrapper, "when democracy has really worked." Nearly all readers of historical fiction must be familiar with Mrs. Mitchison's work: of its kind it is perhaps the best that we have to-day. Her method is to present everything she can through the senses; in the lives of her characters, sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch play a larger part than they do in ours. Consequently we get the impression of people who live in their immediate sensations, whose touch on life is staccato, whose emotions come readily and quickly and seem to reach their fullest expression almost the very moment they are born. Mrs. Mitchison knows so much more about the ancient Greeks than I do that for me to question her estimate of their natures would be futile and presumptuous. She shows them as they are themselves; she shows them in relation to one another; she shows them in relation to the history, philosophy, poetry and ethics of their time. When they speak or act one cannot tell (so deftly does Mrs. Mitchison introduce the pill of erudition) whether they are expressing themselves or illustrating the facts of history. Sometimes the renderings of titles and proper names strike one as a little odd: in this matter

Mrs. Mitchison seems to have let her fancy guide her. She is purist enough, for instance, to spell Centaur with a K, but she talks about the "Grand Duke" of Thessaly, a title full of Teutonic, not to say operatic, associations.

The stories on the whole are most enjoyable. Whether the Greeks were so eager in disposition, so lively and colloquial in speech, so instant in their demands on each other's attention, as she depicts them, one cannot tell. She has got it firmly into her head that their moral notions were very different from ours, and these differences she emphasizes so much that at times we seem to be reading about specimens rather than human beings. Surely she exaggerates the light-heartedness with which they inflict and suffer pain. In her anxiety to present them alive and kicking, she makes them a hasty and undignified people. But she conveys wonderfully the freshness and glamour of the Greek world, and she makes it possible to imagine the process of living, the very sequence of thoughts and actions, in that remote epoch—a feat of imaginative reconstruction which perhaps no other historical novelist has equalled. There seems to be no end to the inspiration Mrs. Mitchison derives from the past; it is as real and as concrete to her as the ruins of a buried city. Long may she pursue her excavations.

In 'The Two Sisters' Mr. Bates showed himself a pupil of Emily Brontë, and not altogether an unworthy one. 'Day's End,' a book of short stories, has some of the qualities of its predecessor, though without ever quite attaining its intensity. The stories are more literal and more realistic; a shepherd is now recognizably a shepherd, a music-mistress uses the language proper to a music-mistress; a barge is a heavy black wooden boat that moves on the water, not a threatening shape that never was on land or sea. But all the same, Mr. Bates's vision, for all its originality, is still immature; he sees men as trees walking. This constitutes at once his merit and his defect. When his imagination is at its best, one is not troubled by the fact that he lacks a sense of proportion, that he does not know how to relate the particular phenomenon of life that he is occupied with to life in general. It is a sheer joy to see him striding over, as if they did not exist, the ordinary obstacles that present themselves to the pedestrian novelist. He has a genius for selection and for putting down simply the things that snatch at his interest.

He has no technical resources; he often uses ugly, clumsy words like "soddened," and his sense of humour is very fitful. Describing the shepherd forcing his way through the snow, he says: "With a 'God damn it' he threw himself savagely forward." Mr. Bates's literary manner is akin to the shepherd's method of progress: it is violent and ungainly, but it gets there all the same. He is never deflected by considerations of elegance or through fear of being ridiculous, from saying a thing exactly as he means it. There is no hiatus between thought and expression. His one concession to literary grace is a tendency to strive unduly after strong images. "In the hollows," he says, "the woods tossed and moaned like a pile of wounded bodies thrown into a pit to die." This simile surely goes too far and defeats its object; one cannot see the wood for the bodies. But when Mr. Bates writes well he writes very well; his very lack of affectation, of knowing the way an effect may be obtained, makes him impressive. And he shows, in 'Day's End,' an amazing emotional sympathy with a great variety of characters and subjects; he never seems to lead his imagination into paths that are foreign to it, and there is scarcely a story in all the twenty-five that has not some memorable touch of beauty or strangeness. Unlike most novelists, he is

utterly unfatigued by the multifarious manifestations of the modern world; they bespeak richness and adventure to him, not ennui and exasperated introspection. His danger is that his imagination, undisciplined by severe acquaintance with the facts of life, may subside, like a kite without a tail. But there is little sign of this, and 'Day's End' is a collection of which he may well be proud.

'The Three Cousins' is also a volume of short stories. Mr. Geoffrey Moss is a versatile writer who understands, better than do some of his more serious contemporaries, that the business of a novelist is to amuse. And there is considerable amusement to be obtained from his neat, ingenious sketches of leisured worldlings. He can give his stories a pleasant ironical twist; he knows how to make his endings surprising without being improbable. A good many of his subjects are the same: a man and a woman together in a café, a night club, a restaurant, after midnight. They are not profound and sometimes they are a little cheap, but they are genuine works of fiction, with imagination and force, though not of the first quality, behind them. The long story from which the book takes its name is a much more ambitious affair than the others: a psychological study of three cousins, a Dane, an Englishman, and a German who go for a yachting cruise together. The Dane is rather a stick; but there is considerable subtlety in the portrayal of the relationship between the other two—and much knowledge of seamanship and seafaring terms. One would have to read a good many monthly magazines before finding stories as good as Mr. Moss's.

'The Battle of the Horizons' is not a success. Hitherto a wide canvas has suited Miss Sylvia Thompson's talent: she has a genuine insight, if a rather superficial one, into the characters of many diverse types. But in trying to present the difference between the American and the English point of view she has bitten off a bigger bit than she can chew. In detail she is often correct; she has a good ear for dialogue and her Americanisms are well observed and accurate. But the picture as a whole never comes together; and the further the book goes the more clearly we realize that Miss Thompson has lost grip on her central theme.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Oxford Book of Medieval Latin Verse. Chosen by S. Gaselee. Oxford. Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d.

THE maker of an anthology rarely succeeds in satisfying anyone—even himself, as he has to put in pieces to meet a supposed general popularity—but Mr. Gaselee has made a selection which will meet with the approval of those familiar with the immense field of verse over which his work ranges, and will, we feel sure, attract new lovers of beauty to a somewhat untrodden field of poetry. His notes will send readers to his sources, and thus help their study of the subject, while the general introduction which he has been forced to forgo in the interests of space is replaced by an introduction indicating some authoritative works on the subject. The book will be an admirable pocket companion for a scholar's holiday.

The Social Philosophy of William Morris. By A. A. V. H. Phelan. Cambridge University Press. 17s. 6d.

THIS study of the life and teaching of William Morris is not only one of the best we have yet seen, it is specially interesting as made from the American point of view. So much indeed does this influence the author that she suggests in her preface that if Morris could see the excellent results of machine industry on the condition of the worker in America, he might have modified his attitude towards modern industry. Dr. Phelan opens with an account of the influences and events which made William Morris a social thinker, extremely well put together, passes on to a study of his career as a Socialist, and devotes the second half of her book to his social ideals. Morris's criticism of modern society has never been answered, and is, in fact, unanswerable, though no one is bound for that reason to accept his solution, or rather his guess at the solution of the problem. But it is well every now and then to have the problem stated for us; and the book before us does so very sympathetically.

The Roman Legions. By H. M. D. Parker. Oxford. Clarendon Press. 15s.

THE subject of this work is one which has received very little specialist treatment by English scholars. The period selected here for study runs from the reforms of Marius to the accession of Septimius Severus, that is to say, from the institution of a professional army of Roman citizens to the time when there were almost no soldiers of Roman blood serving in the ranks. The internal organization of the legions, the areas from which they drew their recruits, the movements of the legions from country to country, and the conditions of service form the main theme of the book. Mr. Parker has gathered together a large body of facts as to the officers of the legion, and the system of promotion, whether from the ranks or from what may be called commissioned rank. The conditions of service, pay, pension, etc., are very fully described, and much new material is utilized. The book is a piece of sound scholarship and, despite the author's hesitation, very interesting even to the general educated reader.

The Road to France. By Gordon S. Maxwell. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a book for motorists, cyclists or pedestrians. It is mainly concerned with descriptions of objects of interest which the traveller will encounter on his journey from London to Dover. Certainly none of the great highways of England is richer in historical associations than this road. Along it the Canterbury Pilgrims passed; it holds memories of Wolsey and of Erasmus and (coming to a much later date) it has furnished the material for some of the best-known scenes in the novels of Dickens. Mr. Maxwell proves an admirable guide to the unlettered voyager. He has read widely, and he has put his reading to good account. He quotes, for instance, from a writer on Kent, who asserts that Shoulder of Mutton Green near Shooter's Hill is "the same shape as South America—but smaller"—a splendid example of local patriotism. And most readers, we imagine, will relish the story of the old lady "who, after a vain attempt to wade through 'The Canterbury Tales' in the original, laid the book down with a sigh, and the remark: "Well, Chaucer *may* be a fine poet, but what a pity he's *such* a bad speller!"

Hyndman: Prophet of Socialism. By F. J. Gould. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

THIS is an account, written—as it should be—by a wholehearted admirer, of one of the more striking personalities in late nineteenth-century politics. His career was intimately bound up with the revival of the British Socialist movement in the early 'eighties, of which he was one of the main driving forces. A Cambridge man, a county cricketer, and a stockbroker, he had made a tour of the world before the race of globe-trotters had been born, and his first feelings of revolt were raised by the plight of the Indian ryot. In 1881—he had interviewed Lord Beaconsfield to the aged statesman's amusement—Hyndman founded the Democratic Federation, which speedily became the Social Democratic Federation and embarked on a stormy career, which was not made smoother by the autocratic temper of its founder. The story of the secession of the Socialist League is told from Hyndman's point of view, but the statement by Mr. Kennedy (p. 11) that Morris acknowledged his error in leaving him is, we have the best authority for saying, entirely erroneous. The book is a hearty tribute to a vivid personality—peculiarly English in its faults and virtues.

The Call of England. By H. V. Morton. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

NOT very long ago Mr. H. V. Morton wrote a book entitled 'In Quest of England.' If he has not yet found England, it can hardly be his own fault. There never was a more persistent explorer, nor one who exhibited more enthusiasm for the object of his search. The present book is the record of a motor-car journey to the northern counties, which the author found to be both pleasant and profitable. His general conclusion is that "the north of England offers wider solitudes, more rugged beauty, more old castles and abbeys than the south." Among the places visited and described are York (which is "the last city left in England which a man should enter on horseback or on foot"), Carlisle, Liverpool, Scarborough, Whitley, Berwick and Newcastle, and about them all Mr. Morton writes with an infectious gusto. For the guidance of the prospective traveller and the information of the reader who has no desire to travel the book is illustrated with eight plates in colour, eight in monotone and a map.

Subscribers who are changing their addresses for the holidays are asked to notify the Publisher well in advance.