

There was no cause for complaint. Byron took his parental responsibilities with immense seriousness. He dosed Allegra with quinine when she had a fever, he dismissed a maid who had let her fall, he made ample provision for her in his will, he tried to keep her from being overindulged by his Italian servants. Finally he sent her to a convent school at Bagna Cavallo, where children of rank were educated, and where she had the extraordinary good fortune to die before she was five years old. No one recognized her felicity more clearly than did her father. "Her position in the world would hardly have allowed her to be happy," he said with remorseful pity and understanding.

The "sanity and balance", which in Lord Morley's opinion mark the foundations of Byron's character, were never more apparent than in his relations with his little daughter. He had no great affection for the child, but he was pleased and proud that she "flourished like a pomegranate blossom" under his care. He would not let her go to her mother because that meant going to the Shelleys; and he was equally apprehensive lest she should eat green fruit or be taught that there was no God. "The girl shall be a Christian and a married woman if possible," was his reiterated resolve. On these two points he was a mid-Victorian parent.

Mr. Gordon's volume, apart from the well-worn scandals which have lost their savor, is full of minute and interesting detail. If his attitude toward Byron could be curiously contemptuous (Byron was many things he should not have been, but never contemptible), he evinces a genuine regard for Trelawny, whose coarse curiosity has remained unforgiven for a hundred years, and a clear understanding of Leigh Hunt, to whom everybody was kind, and who could have exhausted the indifference of a universe without sensing a rather weight of obligation. It is a curious and melancholy history of the crossing and recrossing of lives that afforded to none another no lasting enjoyment or betterment. "Broken friendships, enmities, separations," — these, confesses Mr. Gordon, are the burden of his tale. It was well for Allegra that she slipped away to be forgotten by all in her unmarked grave at Harrow.

AGNES REPPLIER

China, Past and Present

AS China and the West have already met in cultural and commercial intercourse, Chinese history, which remains so far unknown to most of the Western people, should be read by them briefly at least. Of the five major ports of the world in point of tonnage, China already possesses two and doubtless she will play an important part in the world. *AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF CHINA* by Herbert H. Gowen and Josef Washington Hall (Appleton, \$4.00), the recognized authorities on the Orient, is not merely a narrative of events but the story of China in her relation to the world, presented as the unfolding of great human movements.

Mr. Gowen especially sees that there is a close relationship, traditionally, between China and America, the two sister republics on each side of the Pacific. "China is the backbone of Asia," confidently says Mr. Gowen; "China is the portentous nation to America. As China goes, so will go Asia, and as Asia goes, so will go the world of this century. China and America, the most vital representatives of the Eastern and Western types of culture, are destined to be the history-making nations of the century."

Mr. Gowen tells us in the preface that he is responsible, generally speaking, for Part I and Part II, dealing with the history of China down to the fall of the Manchus. The story of the Revolution and of the Republic, say Part III, is Mr. Hall's own. According to Mr. Gowen's survey, the Chinese people have contributed to our common civilization a line of inventions and discoveries. It would be sufficient here merely to recall sericulture, porcelain, the magnetic needle, gunpowder, paper, and printing. Chinese art, philosophy, and literature, moreover, are the most enhancing treasures in human history. Mr. Gowen shows a keen vision in distinguishing the essential features of the historical landscape, and he writes in a style of unusual clarity and beauty.

Lucidly as well as successfully does Mr. Hall sketch the events of political history of the most recent period. In tracing "The Rise of Nationalism", "The New Tide", and "The End of Foreign Privilege", Mr. Hall with keen insight and

impartial attitude is at his best. He holds quite firmly and justly that the old day, when extraterritorial prestige was an aid to both missionary and business man, has passed. The foreigner must necessarily abdicate his special privileges.

Profound changes now taking place in China bear directly on that problem, one of the greatest which confronts mankind as a whole. In this problem America is vitally interested and will play an important rôle. To solve it requires goodwill, sympathy, understanding, and co-operation between the people of the two republics. Here is the keynote of this volume. Finally, it should be pointed out, however, that on page 93 "Hsiang Chi" is, I guess, meant to be "Hsiang Yu".

CHI-FUNG LIU

Instructive Rather Than Seductive

IF we ask our friends what is good, they reply readily enough that beauty is good, and so are football, travel, gin, and oysters; but if we ask what all these things have in common that the adjective good can be used of them, they are apt to be annoyed. And rightly, — if they believe with Professor Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard that seven hundred pages (*GENERAL THEORY OF VALUE*, Longmans, Green, \$6.00) are necessary to clear a way amongst thickets which are still left "abounding in monstrous doubts and difficulties". Though he seems to be unaware of the fact, Professor Perry comes to much the same conclusions as Mr. I. A. Richards, who has recently been applying some of his principles in *THE FORUM*, and who has shown that an explanation of good is really a psychological discussion of our impulses, our desires, and our instincts. His criticism of those who believe that good is something absolute and independent of men's opinions is an elaboration of Dr. Santayana's well known essay in *WINDS OF DOCTRINE* of which a new edition has just appeared (Scribner's, \$2.50).

Professor Perry, however, is also a philosopher who has strong sympathies with traditional methods of approaching traditional problems, and in his *PHILOSOPHY OF THE RECENT PAST* (Scribner's, \$2.00) he indulges this interest in what even he suspects are "the battle-cries of a

war that is over". Moreover, after adroitly classifying, in five parts and a conclusion, nearly a thousand modern philosophical whoopers in terms of their whoops, he warns us to get ready for further wars. Instructive rather than seductive, — as the octogenarian said of Havelock Ellis's celebrated survey of sex in six scholarly sections.

A. MORE

Travel Diary of a Wit

THE blurb on Aldous Huxley's new book, *JESTING PILATE* (Doran, \$3.50) connives with the title and with Mr. Huxley's witty and brilliant past, to make you expect something other than what the author spreads before you in these pages. So you read half through the volume, chiding yourself for being disappointed. You remind yourself, this is not supposed to be like *Antic Hay*; this is an excellent note book of travel and philosophy, it is wise, it is deep, it is usually vivid; one should love it for its own sake, with special thanks when, now and then, some delicious ribaldry or wit reminds you of the Huxley you are more familiar with.

And, presently, you take your own advice. Presently you don't care that Pilate jested little, and asked few questions. You begin to enjoy the volume for what it is, delighted to meet the author here and there on his trip round the world. For it is the author, rather than the world which you meet. Bits of India, Burma, China, Japan, the United States, and points between and about, — these are chiefly jumping-off places for Huxley to dive into some essay, philosophic, practical, literary: the effect upon him of riding in automobiles; the rarity of honest thinking; the unsatisfactoriness of listening to lectures; a preference for hypocrisy in politicians; the importance of materialism. Of course the book contains many vivid pictures, the long Los Angeles rhapsody for instance; or, more often, some such scrap of description as the following

"The holiest waters in India are marbled with a green and brilliant scum. Those who would bathe must break it, and hardy swimmers in our colder countries must break the ice, before they reach the spiritually cleansing liquid. Coming on