

the interior desert, and thus land defence against invasion is rendered impossible by nature since there is no interior centre. The degree of naval power requisite for defence can be attained only by a unified British Empire. In the Pacific the results of the Russo-Japanese war and the error of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has given Japan a stronger position than England and greatly threatens the future interests of the Empire, which has overlooked that with the birth of Japan comes a second insular power to live as she herself has lived—by looting the highways of the sea. As for Germany, the convergence of her interests with those of the Empire is at a more vital point than the convergence of Japan and she moves along this convergent line at a greater rate of propulsion than does Russia toward India. As there is now no part of the world open to Teutonic extension without encroaching upon the Saxon, Germany must involve the British nation in a final struggle for political existence.

It is in relation to the German struggle that the author reaches the main point toward which he has been so massively marching. But as if aware of the magnitude of his proposition, he no sooner states it than he shies off and closes the book without further ado. Having established the fact that the navy could not defend India from Russia, he seeks to show that in a conflict with Germany it would be of secondary importance. Though the destruction of the British fleet would mean ruin, the destruction of the German fleet would not be one step nearer the annihilation of German power and its potentiality for expansion. England must possess a land force capable of resuming the conflict in the theatre to which the enemy has retired. Now, history has shown that the nation able to determine the theatre of war has seven chances of success to three of failure, while even a victory in the theatre forced by the other country has little or no effect upon the final outcome. Thus, the only decisive victory obtainable by the Saxons must be fought on or near German soil; and thus England must seize Denmark and the Netherlands if it would really be prepared for war, by this means initiating the war herself.

The book seems based on the assumption that any curtailment of expansion means absorption. But national existence does not in civilised states depend on the power to become or remain supreme over other political entities whose interests are convergent. Portugal, Spain, France, Holland still remain on the map in spite of their interests having disastrously converged with England's, nor do they seem the worse for having ceased to be empires. Japan, Russia, and Germany seem likely to endure even if their expansion continues checked by the same power. But there is another assumption, as natural perhaps for the author to make as for many readers to refuse. Since the author says that the United States has ceased to be Saxon racially as well as politically, an American may wonder if any one in his country or the rest of the world is the worse for it. A de-Saxonised reader may not be blamed for hoping it is a mere assumption that all who are not Saxons possess "befouled and stubby noses." And if the natural expansion of all other races is to be checked (by entire delocalisation of all parts of the dominion in favour of the Empire!) in order that the supremacy be maintained, it remains to be established for what reason the Saxon race should at such cost survive. It is delightfully insular that the examination into this forms no part of the author's programme. One is blasphemously reminded of the tale of the chorus girl who had passed her usefulness, and the manager to whom she applied for work. "I must live," expostulated the lady. "Why?" said the manager.

*Graham Berry.*

#### IV

#### ANDREW LANG'S "A SHORT HISTORY OF SCOTLAND"\*

If the Scotchman is "dour" we have to remember that a dour history has gone to the making of him. And if he is "canny" this, too, may find its explanation in the fact that for several centuries, not only his "saxpences" but his liberty and his very life often hung upon his ability for shrewd calculation amid per-

\*A Short History of Scotland. By Andrew Lang. New York. Dodd Mead & Co.

plexing cross currents of civil and religious strife.

Andrew Lang's *Short History of Scotland*—made short by a severity of condensation which sometimes renders his narrative a little hard to follow—gives, as a first impression, the picture of a land and people in a state of chronic anarchy. The Scottish Kings seem more like chieftains of a loose confederation of discordant clans than like modern monarchs.

The confusion disentangles itself as the years go by: a semblance of order emerges from the chaos: but with more or less intensity the tumult continues down to 1745, the year of Prince Charles's invasion and the field of Culloden, so fatal to the Stuart dynasty.

In fact the troubled waves are finally calmed only by the union of Scotland with England under the supremacy of the British Crown.

It appears incredible that the Scotland of Hume and Adam Smith and Robert Burns and Walter Scott—the Scotland when Edinburgh was the modern Athens—should have sprung with scarce a visible transition time out of Scotland torn with bloody feuds between rival partisans in church and state; harried by border raids, and by Jacobin insurrections, immersed in a sea of troubles. Perhaps the explanation may be found in another impression which this *Short History* leaves upon us. The men of Scotland appear as strong personalities: individualists of the most pronounced type. Not perhaps great men; but men strong of hand or brain were too many and too wilful to make the dominance of any one man possible. And the prevalence of intense individualism, while it worked against civic order and social consciousness, developed personal character and personal qualities. Out of the storm and stress the material for the peopling of the modern Athens was evolved. Andrew Lang does not idealise the characters which appear in his history. The real Macbeth is shown in tamer guise than the Macbeth of Shakespeare's tragedy; yet he is every inch a chieftain. Wallace, though stripped of the glamour with which song and story have invested him, is still a true hero. The treacheries and double dealings of

Bruce are pitilessly exposed and yet Bruce is no weakling.

Mr. Lang does not love John Knox nor Melville; he has no affection for the Presbyterians in general; persecuted Covenanters do not excite his enthusiasm. But through his very prejudices—or his passion for cold impartiality, whichever one may call it, one cannot but feel that his picture of these often fierce religionists is that of characters of more than ordinary strength and individuality.

Mr. Lang deals tenderly with the hapless Mary Queen of Scots; even when he decides that she was not guiltless of Darnley's death. But the men about her, friends and foes—what fierce, what wilful friends and foes they were!

Scotland produced no Cromwell, no one great outstanding man, but the procession of strong personalities does not cease. Even the Earls of Argyll with all their shiftiness are no non-entities. They were men who did things sufficiently important and sufficiently wilful to involve the loss of their heads.

Montrose is the one character in this history whom the historian permits himself to love; almost the only one who is pictured as a knight without fear and without reproach. And yet, severe as his judgments are, Andrew Lang has the master touch which makes us love him, and will make him long remembered. His characters even in this condensed history are very human.

*Ira S. Dodd.*

## V

DELL H. MUNGER'S "THE WIND BEFORE THE DAWN"\*

Mrs. Munger does not long keep the reader in suspense: and before the last page has been turned, the book has shown many points. Chief among them, perhaps—in this throbbing hour when Woman takes a long step forward each second—is that it portrays how the prairie-woman, better-half of the enduring pioneer, has played her part in building up new empires, and how, inevitably, she must demand her half of the kingdom. The writer has touched a pulsing

\*The Wind Before the Dawn. By Dell H. Munger. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.