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history to realize that they are ephemeral. Louis XVI was acclaimed, so was Nicholas II. And so were the Hapsburgs."

The author gives a spirited contradiction to an opinion that King Albert and his Queen were "bourgeois." He claims that they were better described as Bohemians:

Yes, Bohemian, notwithstanding their devout sense of duty, their happy marriage, their firm insistence on order in the house, in the country, and in literature. They were Bohemian in their unprejudiced outlook, their absolute lack of snobbishness, their unique position, their love of adventure, their indifference to danger, etiquette and criticism. They were in no wise confined within the conventional limits of the bourgeois conception of life—life as lived by men of property, great or small, in the twentieth century. Real kings, those with kingship in their blood, have always loved the working classes, Jews, scholars, inventors and heroes.

We are told that King Albert learned during the years 1914-18 to despise Mr. Lloyd George and to respect Clemenceau. Afterwards he "spoke of the Germans as a soldier would speak, with neither hatred nor fear." A close and thrilling account of the King's lonely and violent death in the mountains should dispel the rumours which still echo about that tragedy.

The book includes some photographs and a genealogical table. The English translation, which runs easily, is by Miss Phyllis Megroz.

EDITH SHACKLETON

A TIGRESS IN CHELSEA

GERALDINE JEWSBURY: HER LIFE AND ERRORS. By SUSANNE HOWE.
Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

TO many of us Geraldine Jewsbury is the ghost of a name. Not so, however, to the literary world of early and mid-Victorian England, or to Jane and Thomas Carlyle, under whose roof Miss Jewsbury lived a small part of her life and committed a large part of those errors which have a significant place in the sub-title of this book. If she ever appeared as a ghost at all to the Carlyles, it must have been as the ghost of a tigress. For though they were at first charmed by the letters of this Manchester girl who could write with such unprovincial wit and candour, later "Carlyle retired to his upstairs study and stayed there" and "no living soul takes to her—several, Maggini, Elizabeth (Pepoli), Darwin, testify a sort of *sacred terror* of her." Little wonder that Jane italicised the sacred terror; she knew the emotion only too well herself, for from the first the tigress was in love with her, and there were no half-measures with Geraldine, who, loved with the same savage Brontësque kind of passion as she talked and wrote. "I feel to love you more and more every day, and you will laugh, but I feel towards you much more like a lover than a female friend." And later: "I am jealous as a Turk." And later still: "I will be as jealous as a tiger."

In this volatile fashion Geraldine Jewsbury prowled across the literary territory of her time, stalking the intellectual prey of the best Victorian drawing-rooms, the Carlyles, Ruskin, Emerson, the Kingsleys, Froude, the Rossettis, involving lesser fry, male and female alike, in those terrifying *grandes passions* without which Jane declared she could not exist, writing impossible novels, dashing off impetuous and highly charged feminist articles, and feeding voraciously for no less than thirty years on a

diet of contemporary novels fed to her every month by the *Athenæum*. In love and out of love, she confessed herself to be "a great fool without any mitigating features." Greatly talented, she seems to have had either the wrong talents or to have misused, out of sheer damnable perversity perhaps, the right ones. A holy terror for candour, creatively so passionate in her desire to "live it all" that she had an illness after every book, possessing a gift for making friends that was only equalled by her readiness to alienate them, a splendid letter-writer, an excellent housewife, a woman in many respects above her time and even beyond it, she yet comes down to us not as a tigress or even the ghost of a tigress, but simply as rather a volcanic creature who wrote much, talked more but left little behind her.

Why then this book? While it was in preparation a letter reached its author saying: "You had much better not write a life of Geraldine Jewsbury. She would be quite forgotten to-day but for her friendship with the Carlyles. Mrs. Ireland's edition of her letters does all that need be done to preserve the memory of an entirely unimportant person." How true this judgment is the reader must decide for himself. The critic is concerned with the book, and *Geraldine Jewsbury: Her Life and Errors*, a painstaking, competent and intelligent book in every way, seems to me as good a memorial as that mercurial lady deserves.

H. E. BATES

WILLIAM ARCHER ASLEEP

ON DREAMS. By WILLIAM ARCHER. Edited by THEODORE BESTERMAN. Introduction by Professor GILBERT MURRAY. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

FOR ten years William Archer kept a record of his dreams, and at the time of his death he was drafting a book about them. His material has been skilfully assembled by Mr. Besterman; there are ten chapters of Archer's reflections and comments on his dream experiences, with dream illustrations, followed by a selection—varied and surprisingly entertaining—of dreams given more or less in full.

One theory discussed is the "explosion theory," which suggests that every dream, whatever its apparent length, is actually crowded into the few instants occupied by the process of waking up. This theory Archer refutes very effectively, but he has a much harder task when he starts to tackle Freud. For instance, he dreamt once that Bernard Shaw had shaved off his beard and moustache, revealing a weak chin, and was for this reason likely to fail in future as a public speaker. Archer knows what a psycho-analyst would think, but he considers it sufficient answer to say: "I heartily admire Mr. Shaw as a public speaker, and it has never occurred to me to feel any jealousy of him." However, as Archer remarks in another chapter, it is impossible to refute logically a thorough-going psycho-analyst, for he has you both ways. Either you accept his interpretation, or by resisting it you affirm its truth. Archer fully appreciates the importance by Freud's ideas, just as he recognizes that dreams may reflect recent events or bodily disturbance. What he is arguing is that no one theory accounts for all dreams and that some dreams escape from every theory; they are composed merely of a chaotic flow of mental imagery free from conscious control. One point he neglects, it seems, to me, is the probability that no dream is quite accurately remembered—that the task of bringing a dream into waking consciousness introduces distortions and absurdities which may not have been present in the original dream experience. But he has written a lively and suggestive book, which leaves me