

attack is over. Max Nordan is in love with his theory, poses, indeed, as one who is likely to be a martyr for its sake. His enthusiasm is literary rather than scientific; his choice of language picturesque rather than accurate. He uses evidence which, on his own showing, is not trustworthy. He has not the even temper of a scientific investigator; it is not enough for him to prove his artist or author to be diseased; he goes on to abuse him for it—for the very thing which he has shown to be a misfortune and not a fault. And he has allowed himself to be drawn into an enterprise too vast to be adequately undertaken by one man. He embarks upon a consideration of the contemporary literature of several languages; he attempts a critical investigation of a school of music and another of a school of pictorial art. With all his knowledge, wide though it is, he must needs fall into some of the errors that are inevitable to those who generalize.

Now turn to the other side, and see how the man of science in Max Nordan spoils the man of literature. He criticises the pre-Raphaelite movement and the æsthetics. He seems to me to assign an importance to them which they never possessed. But the book originally appeared, I believe, at a time when the movement, though dead, had not been so long buried; I let that pass. Nordan criticises "The Blessed Damozel." It is mystic, he says, and mysticism is a sign of degeneracy. It is worth while to remember that the mysticism is intentional, planned, conscious; the symptom of a disease must be its inevitable accompaniment, but mysticism cannot be said to have been inevitable in the author of "Jenny" and "The Burden of Nineveh." Rossetti spoke of the day that counted as ten years. Max Nordan flies to arithmetic. The two lines in the poem that almost definitely preclude the least