

size, scope, method of treatment, and general make-up are similar and have been determined primarily by class-room requirements. Originality in text-books is apt to be confined to methods of presentation rather than matter and doctrine; but even in the former respect writers have not wandered from conventional paths.

A touch of freshness is given to Mr. Cowdrick's book by a suggestion of doctrinal purpose in its argument. He is more concise, especially in his treatment of the earlier period of our history, and rather more sparing of concrete detail, than his predecessors. He surveys industrial development from the standpoint of an engineer and business executive instead of a teacher and places his stresses somewhat differently for that reason. He consciously contrives the broad lessons of our economic history as a vindication of the orthodox principles that have governed our past industrial and commercial life.

Occasionally a statement of fact calls for more qualification than the author gives it, as when he says (p. 98): "The financial collapse of 1837 was the first important business crisis of the several through which the United States has passed"; or a contradiction occurs, as when we are told on page 158 that the South "built no factories" before the war and on page 184 that she "developed few factories previous to the war". But minor lapses are more than compensated by the firm and discriminating handling of greater modern issues, such as the labor question and industrial concentration. Here the author gives interpretations that have been matured—and not seriously diverted from academic objectivity—by practical contact with the problems he discusses. Altogether the book covers its field and serves its purpose creditably.

VICTOR S. CLARK.

*Damaged Souls.* By Gamaliel Bradford. (Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1923, pp. xv, 285, \$3.00.) It takes a great deal of resolution to do one's full duty by so delightful a writer as Mr. Bradford. As to the finer side of him—his serenity, his gracefulness, his flashes of epigram, his touches of the real thing in style—all this is too obvious to permit insistence. Any page at random, or at most any five pages, display ample proof. Nevertheless, all this is not of the heart of the matter. Still, as so long ago when he coined the now discarded term "psychography", the real question is, can he give us a convincing sense of a character caught and held in the fluid, changeful medium of words? It seems to the present reviewer, as in the old days before "psychography" was discarded, that all this delightful writing, or most of it, is based on a wrong assumption. Seeking far to find the explanation, perhaps one may come to rest in the notion that Mr. Bradford, after all, is the last word of that preoccupation with the absolute which pervaded a large part of the New England mind in the great days of the last century. Is he not, after all, a product of the world which knew not pragmatism? At least it is fair to say that his conception of character

is static. At the core of every one of us he assumes a fixed unchangeable absolute which is the person. In a sense, of course, we will all admit this as a philosophical probability. This is not Mr. Bradford's mistake. His mistake is in the further belief that he or any man can embody this unknown, this mystery of the individual, in static terms. The older—and one must be allowed to add the surer—artists felt that while they might divine they could not formulate the inner being.

"Unknown to Cromwell as to me,  
Was Cromwell's measure and degree."

But Emerson would not have discouraged writing a life of Cromwell. He would have held that by following the actions of the man in their natural order glimpses of the inner, more or less inscrutable, being would successively appear on the surface, and that by relating these in sequence a moving shadow of his soul might be caught in words. That is, not formula but rhythm is the secret of biography. This is the secret of men and writings as diverse as Carlyle's *Sterling*, Pater's *Leonardo*, and Strachey's *Cardinal Manning*. It is because Mr. Bradford has discarded rhythm as his foundation and has staked his all on formula that he is still outside his kingdom.

Of the seven subjects of the book—Arnold, Paine, Burr, Randolph of Roanoke, John Brown, Barnum, Butler—none, at least for the present reviewer, achieve reality. They remain formulas, encrusted with phrases. So often the phrases are sufficiently interesting to constitute a reward in themselves. By the same token, the introductory essay, unembarrassed by a biographical intention, is wholly delightful. If Mr. Bradford would only adopt a sounder technique, abandon formula, and give himself to rhythm, what a delightful biographer he might be.

N. W. S.

*Huntington Papers: Correspondence of the Brothers Joshua and Jedediah Huntington during the Period of the American Revolution.* In two parts. [Collections of the Connecticut Historical Society, vol. XX.] (Hartford, the Society, 1923, pp. xiv, 514, \$3.00.) The substantive part of the *Huntington Papers*, constituting the twentieth volume of the *Collections* of the Connecticut Historical Society, is the series of comments scattered through the letters of Brigadier-General Jedediah Huntington and of his brothers Joshua, Andrew, and Ebenezer on the general situation in the army and elsewhere during the years 1775 to 1782. Some useful information is given regarding Connecticut's trade before and after the war, for the Huntingtons were merchants in Norwich, and regarding supplies for the army and navy, for Joshua and Andrew acted in the capacity of commissaries at various times; but that for which this portly volume will be chiefly valued is the light which it throws on the state of mind of a group of high-minded, loyal, God-fearing, Connecticut men, one of whom, Jedediah, was in active service throughout the entire war