

reasons. It thus becomes possible always to be slightly patronizing, and always to assume that persons with whom one does not agree are in that unfortunate state either because they are obtuse, or, more commonly, because they know on which side their bread is buttered. It is, indeed, almost a mark of Marxian orthodoxy to assume this infuriating attitude, and Mr. Chamberlain, in this respect at least, is very orthodox.

The book has one similar fault. It is far from free of that peculiar and equally irritating unconscious nominalism so characteristic of most liberal and socialist literature. The present reviewer, for example, would be grateful to anyone who could tell him, succinctly and logically, precisely what Mr. Chamberlain means by the "Marxian dialectic". Here is apparently a *sine qua non* of all true philosophy; but, like the philosopher's stone, its precise nature is a trifle elusive.

Despite these two impediments to objective historical writing, Mr. Chamberlain in *Farewell to Reform* has done well a job worth doing; and his book is one which could be read by any forewarned conservative without undue fear of *Mania Anti-Marxia*.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

**SHERMAN: FIGHTING PROPHET** by Lloyd Lewis (HARCOURT, BRACE. \$3.50)

THE second figure of the Northern side in the great conflict between the States is adequately treated for the first time in Mr. Lewis's vigorous volume. The author is a Chicago journalist who has gone deeply and intelligently into his subject, and his studies reveal the strangeness of William Tecumseh Sherman's character—quite beside the "prophetic" qualities accorded him. He came from Connecticut forbears of distinction, was orphaned at the age of nine and brought up

under the kindly care of Judge Thomas Ewing, at Lancaster, Ohio. Unlike his contemporary U. S. Grant, who held that patience was the greatest need of a good general, Sherman was furiously the reverse—imprudent with his tongue and hostile to the press. Whitelaw Reid told me once that Sherman had a strong desire to hang him as the too critical war correspondent of Murat Halstead's Cincinnati *Commercial*; what he would have done to that bold editor had he been within reach is problematical. Halstead used to roar with laughter in reciting to me Sherman's furious rages. He liked the St. Gaudens statue at the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park in New York, but he once said: "Do you know what the old General would say could he have seen it? He'd shout 'Take that d—d woman away from in front of me!'"—referring to the figure of Fame running before. It was Mr. Reid, whom he much hated, who succeeded in getting him to pose for St. Gaudens, reaching him through his daughter, Miss Rachel Sherman. He would not listen to the suggestion when first made.

The book contains much good writing and a vast deal of information. There is an account of the battle-field after Shiloh that should make the most warlike shudder. Halstead's paper charged that Sherman was surprised by the Confederates. The editor told me that when this unpleasantry was mentioned before the General it produced a prodigious outflow of profanity. The famous March to the Sea is depicted as a huge plundering picnic, in which the army cut a swathe sixty miles wide across Georgia and had a glorious time of it, living lustily on the country as they went, all the while becoming more stalwart and healthy—the record showing that only two percent were reported ill. When the story is read it becomes a matter

of wonder that the North ever won. Certainly incompetence, jealousy, politics, and greed worked together to bring on defeat. Incidentally both Grant and Sherman accumulated far more demerits than honours at West Point when they were there together; both inconspicuous and unpromising. They were alike failures in civil life, while Sherman hated war. Yet both stand highest in America's hall of great warriors.

DON C. SEITZ

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN (VOL. I. 1836-1885) *by J. L. Garvin* (MACMILLAN. \$5.00)

OUR exuberant belief in the inspired quality of our late industrial leadership is probably sufficiently deflated. However, there may be no harm in a reminder that in 1854 certain Nettlefords and Chamberlains, manufacturers of screws in Birmingham, staked their fortunes on scrapping their equipment and installing at no small expense an entirely new invention (true, an American invention); that they built up an enormous business, bought out their competitors, and made a fortune; and that a young man in the firm, named Joseph Chamberlain, captured a large French trade by wrapping the screws for export in little packages attractive to the French taste.

It may likewise be interesting to the American of 1933 to learn that this same Joseph Chamberlain, an industrial fortune within his grasp, sold out his interest in the thriving business and devoted the remainder of a long life to the public service. This devotion did not take the form of an assiduous protection of the vested interests of great industrial captains but of a long battle, first in municipal, later in national politics, on behalf of what we now call Labour. Slum clearance,

municipal operation and ownership of public utilities, free and universal education, and manhood suffrage were but a few of the causes in which he gained the enmity of landed proprietors, industrialists—and his Queen.

A man of action, not doubting his premises, Joseph Chamberlain had many qualities which Americans prize. The explanation undoubtedly is that his forbears were of the same group of Dissenters that settled New England. His radicalism was practical rather than emotional. When Birmingham, under his leadership, took over the local gas-works he made good terms and operated the properties as a paying venture. He made his ideas effective because he first built a powerful and effective political machine. He had other traits less conspicuously akin to ours. Though a Radical he dressed to the complete satisfaction of Bond Street. He had few friends. Morley and Dilke stand out almost alone, and with them ideas rather than conviviality were the basis of intercourse. For a politician he was dangerously frank and headstrong. Provoking quarrels with a bitter invective, he lacked the capacity to compromise or retract; still worse, he was without the alleviating gift of humour. To Mr. Gladstone he was often a severe trial.

Of this combative, able, and fearless representative of Britain's middle class, Mr. J. L. Garvin has written the first volume of a biography in the tradition of Morley's *Gladstone*. Every page is heavily documented. The abundant quotations do not make for literary excellence but they will be a boon to historians. The organization and selection, an enormous task, is very good. Lucidity is not lost. A lasting contribution is made to the history of Victorian politics. Small wonder that the author has taken ten years to do it amid his multifarious journalistic activities.