

items (the most important of the collection) will be noted next week.

On November 18 and 19 the Anderson Auction Company will sell a collection of standard books, including first editions of Oscar Wilde and other modern authors, a series of books from the Ephrata press, a first edition of the Sauer Bible (1743), etc.

On November 17, 18, and 19 the Merwin Clayton Sales Company will sell a collection including the library of Daniel Kaine of Uniontown, Pa. But few, if any, items of note are included.

The following are some of the most important records at the sale of the second part of the J. C. Chamberlain collection, held at the rooms of the Anderson Auction Company on November 4 and 5: T. B. Aldrich's "Père Antoine's Date Palm" (1866), two presentation copies, the one given to B. H. Ticknor bringing \$76, and the one given to Bayard Taylor bringing \$85; Aldrich's "Pansy Wish" (1870), put in type by two girls, and two editions printed for sale at two different fairs in Boston, first issue, with A. L. S. of Aldrich, \$70, second edition, with these two words in the author's autograph on front cover, \$31; Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" (1828), \$350; Longfellow's "Outre Mer" (1833-1834), the very rare original issue in two parts, in paper covers, as issued, but top of the cover and three leaves of Part I injured by mice, \$310; Lowell's "Poems" (1844), removed from binding and cleaned, \$60; R. H. Stoddard's "Footprints" (1849), a thin pamphlet, his first volume of poems, suppressed by the author, \$150; and Whitman's "Two Rivulets," etc., Camden, 1876, with many manuscript corrections for a new edition, \$137.50. Many old books sold low, the large paper copy of Lowell's "Poems" being a real bargain. The Brown University duplicate copy, which sold in 1901, for \$150, resold in the first Chamberlain sale last winter, for \$330.

Correspondence.

SHIP BUILDING SUBSIDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the present agitation for government subsidies to aid our mercantile marine, the following facts may be interesting to your readers.

In 1886 the International Navigation Company, then operating the American line (with four American and four English ships) between Philadelphia and Liverpool, and the Red Star Line (with all ships under the Belgian flag), between Antwerp and New York and Antwerp and Philadelphia, bought out the well-known Inman (English) line, running between Liverpool and New York. In 1892 Congress, influenced by the clamors of the subsidy hunters, repealed the navigation laws in favor of two of the newest and fastest ships of the International Company (the City of New York and City of Paris). One of the conditions of this transfer from the English to the American flag was that the International Company should build an equal amount of tonnage in American yards.

At the same time, the government granted these boats a subsidy of \$4 per mile for

carrying the mails, a much higher rate than the British government ever paid.

In March, 1893, a new service was inaugurated by the International Company between New York and Southampton, called the American Line, and patriotic Americans were assured that at last they had a transatlantic line of their own in every respect. How far this was correct can be judged from the following facts: Capt. Frederick Watkins, the commander of the City of Paris (or Paris, as she was called when transferred to the American flag), was an Englishman who had been in the employ of the Inman Line since 1862. When his ship changed flags, in order to retain his command and, at the same time, comply with the American laws, he became an American citizen by naturalization. Fully ninety per cent. of the officers and crews of this and the other ships were foreigners also. In 1895 the now well-known St. Louis and St. Paul were built for this line by the Cramps at Philadelphia. They were "to beat everything afloat," but so far have never broken a record. After her accident in 1899, the Paris was renamed the Philadelphia. She was rebuilt at the Irish ship yard of Harland & Wolf, Belfast; and here it is edifying to note that when Congress was originally applied to for a subsidy to the American line, one of the reasons given was the help to the American shipbuilding industry. The repairs of the Philadelphia in Ireland must indeed have been a great help to our shipbuilders. From 1895 to the present day, while other companies have been continually building new ships, the American Line has not added a single new vessel to its fleet; but this, it is to be supposed, matters but little to them, as they have long been under the sheltering wing of that polyglot combine called the International Mercantile Marine Company (better known as "Morgan's Shipping Trust").

In 1902 the Shipping Trust had built by the Cramp Shipbuilding Company at Philadelphia two steamers for their Red Star Line, the Kroonland and the Finland. Last year these boats, and this year another one called the Samland (also owned by the Shipping Trust), were transferred from the American to the Belgian flag, the reason given being "that it was too expensive to run them under the American flag." To the initiated, however, this is only another scheme to try and influence Congress to grant our mercantile marine subsidies.

FRANCIS B. C. BRADLEE.

Marblehead, Mass., October 24.

[It is but fair to say that the Paris, after her wreck on the English coast, could not have recrossed the ocean for repairs on this side. Otherwise we think that the points of this letter are well made.—ED. NATION.]

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES—DOCTOR AND GENTLEMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the most pleasing diversions of a desultory traveller in England is found in the book shops. It makes little difference whether one strays into a great London house, where rare volumes and hand-tooled works are a delight to sense and sight, or into a low-ceiled room in a crooked Oxford lane, where the oldest, the

newest, the best of the world's literature is heaped together, or into some unfamed, dim-lit shop where the stranger becomes a guest having once passed the threshold.

At the stationer's at Ilkley-on-the-Wharf I stumbled upon a British edition of "The Autocrat." Nothing, I am sure, would have given more pleasure to Dr. Holmes than to have placed this little book upon his shelves. In justice to Mr. Chesterton, who has given us in the introduction his critical analysis of Dr. Holmes as doctor and gentleman, it should have a place among the ana of the autocrat and humorist; and in justice, moreover, to Mr. Blakeney, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has annotated the text with such fidelity to British opinion, who has chased the vagrant thoughts of the author to the uttermost recesses of the University Library, and impaled them so inflexibly that not even through the genius of the man who dared not write as funny as he could, would it be possible to make them live again.

I had been loitering over the book shelves here, hoping to find some old friend or new acquaintance to take with me over the moor, and when this attractive volume came to hand I paid Dr. Holmes the respect of opening it, intending to read a few words and lay it aside. But some happy instinct directed my hand to the last pages of the book; for a moment only a column of indistinguishable "notes" met my eye, then from this wealth of information a single line took shape and meaning:

Note 48, Somerville, mad-house near Boston.

I couldn't place Dr. Holmes's allusion to the city across the Charles, but I at once understood why the ancestral residence of some aristocratic friends of that town is now found at Winter Hill. My curiosity was aroused; what might I not find to bear this company! I turned a leaf and was rewarded by this ingenuous bit, which followed notes on "Linnaeus," "Infelix Dido," "Gil Blas," "Disraeli," and "Great Pedlington:

Note 74, "that fair sheet," i. e., Frog Pond on Boston Common. As the "Autocrat's" boarding house was in Boston, he naturally found the local names and associations of the place sufficient for his use.

That decided me; I had found something old and something new; right cheerfully I gave up my half-crown, pocketed my find, and hastened to a sheltering cairn on the moor-side, where I could explore this mine of brilliants at my leisure.

Mr. Blakeney's "Note 74" is especially delightful, because not one-tenth of the three hundred and fifty notes has reference to any colloquialisms. The bulk of the forty pages deals with translations, quotation, and "what Dr. Holmes had in mind." But if the quantity of strictly American notes leaves something to be desired, the quality, I believe, is unsurpassed. I pass over the mere pleasantries to seize this comment on "The One Hoss Shay":

Note 285, "Hahnsum Kerridge": surely an anachronism. The patent for "Hansom Cabs" was not taken out till 1834, or twenty-four years after the date, 1810, given here.

And with careful regard for all the facts a footnote is added:

So named from the inventor, Hansom, architect of Birmingham town-hall.

Not wishing to dim the brilliancy of this gem by heaping lesser lights about it, I turned to the beginning of the book and

there discovered the introduction, a joyous effort of Mr. Chesterton's to explain Dr. Holmes to the British public. So far as I could gather from later investigation the public accepted the explanation with the same complaisance as it showed to the "anachronism" of the "Hahnsum Kerridge." Possibly this exposition of how a man may be a doctor and yet be a gentleman, is too entirely British to be properly appreciated on this side of the water, but the presentation of Oliver Wendell Holmes as the literary voice of the South cannot fail to arouse enthusiasm.

"General and fantastic," says Mr. Chesterton, "as was the characteristic writing of Oliver Wendell Holmes, there was at least one element in it which was really dominant and consistent, and that was the influence of his profession. A good doctor is by the nature of things a man who needs only the capricious gift of style to make him an amusing author. For a doctor is almost the only man who combines a very great degree of inevitable research and theoretic knowledge with a very great degree of opportunism. He unites, as it were, the exact virtues of a botanist with the wilder virtues of a commercial traveler. . . . The result of this fusion is a certain quaint wisdom, a certain variegated experience, and sudden synthesis which is preëminently characteristic of Holmes. This is preëminently characteristic of him, and it is characteristic of the one other man in literary history who bears a curious resemblance to him. Sir Thomas Browne was also a physician, he was also a fantastic, he was also a humorist and devout philosopher. In him also we have the same bewildering ingenuity of allusion and comparison, the same saturnalia of specialism, the same topsy-turvydom of learning."

Just here, Mr. Chesterton catches a comparatively long breath—several lines—before his superlatively adjectivized utterances get the better of him and he loses himself in "luminous mysticism" and "Elsie Venner." However, he recovers in time to assure us that "It would be false and exaggerative in the last degree to speak as if Holmes's warm-hearted rationalism threw him into antagonism either with the Christian churches or with the Declaration of Independence." We wonder if Mr. Chesterton could possibly have come across that schoolroom perversion recorded by Mark Twain: "Oliver Wendell Holmes is a very profligate writer."

But no, Mr. Chesterton has really a high opinion of "Wendell Holmes."

"Of all American writers," asserts Mr. Chesterton, "he is the least democratic; he is not only the doctor, he is very decidedly the professional man, the gentleman. In American literature, indeed, he may be said to be, not by actual birth or politics, but by spirit, the one literary voice of the South. He bears far more resemblance to that superb kingless aristocracy that hurled itself on the guns at Gettysburg or died around Stonewall Jackson, than to Hawthorne, who was a Puritan mystic, or Lowell, who was a Puritan pamphleteer, or Whitman, who was a Puritan suddenly converted to Christianity. . . . This war of Holmes against everything that hurt that liberality and dignity of living which we summarize in the word gentleman was really a fine thing finely done, a thing needed everywhere, especially in a new

country. Still, the fact remains that the union in Holmes of a gay impatience with theologians and a gay impatience with cads is, looked at from another point of view, an evidence of that tendency of all fine naturalistic thought towards oligarchy."

Did Mr. Chesterton "have in mind" when he expressed himself thus emphatically that a surgeon of the old country may also be very decidedly the professional man (so may the hair-dresser), but that only individually is the doctor accepted as a gentleman? As a consequence of this a gay impatience with cads is not one of his characteristics, and he refrains from using his title of M.D. except under strictly professional circumstances, although it is more than probable that his naturalistic thought is all towards oligarchy. But let Mr. Chesterton have the last word, for in summing up he thinks best to qualify somewhat. "In fact," writes he, "there are characteristics in Holmes's books which, when recalled, make me think I have been too sweeping in my reference to the aristocratic flavor of his work."

M. L. ANDREWS.

Providence, R. I., November 3.

A FORGOTTEN SOCIOLOGIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the fervid discussion caused by Prof. Henry Jones Ford's article on "The Pretensions of Sociology" (*Nation*, April 29), it may not be without interest to recall the work of a Virginian who used the word "sociology" in his writing just one year after the publication of Harriet Martineau's translation of the great Positivist's works appeared, and who used the phrase "social science" with a certainty and assurance which many workers in the same domain to-day have longed for and have not seen. Two books were written by George Fitzhugh, a citizen of Port Royal, Va.: "Sociology for the South" which appeared in 1854, and in 1857 a volume with the somewhat startling title, "Cannibals All," to which is added a secondary name, "Slaves Without Masters." Both of these books were published by Adolphus Morris and were printed in Richmond.

The theme of the volumes is the same: the failure of individualistic society. In the first chapter of "Sociology for the South" Mr. Fitzhugh attacks the theory of free trade, so popular in the South of that period, and at the same time hews at that other darling doctrine of the followers of Jefferson, who held that the least government is the best government. The maxims, "Laissez-faire" and "Pas trop gouverner" are the foundation of democratic society, thought the author, and upon them he dealt his most valiant blows. Mr. Fitzhugh held that society is the creator of the individual. His words are:

He (man) and society are congenital. Society is the being—he one of the members of that being. He has no rights whatever as opposed to the interests of society; and that society may very properly make any use of him that will redound to the public good. Whatever rights he has are subordinate to the good of the whole, and he has never ceded rights to it, for he was born its slave, and had no rights to cede. Government is the creature of society, and may be said to derive its just powers from the consent of the governed; but that government does not owe its sovereign power to

the separate consent, volition, or agreement of its members.

Upon these words as a foundation, with the additional idea of the State as the depository of sovereignty rather than the Federal government, his whole structure is reared. Examining society from this angle with the aid of socialistic literature, he found government based on individualism a failure. In England, in Europe, in the Northern States, he thought this universally and inevitably true, since these societies were built upon the conceptions of liberty and unrestrained competition. In his thinking the "Iron Law of Wages" was approximated. In the closing chapter of the "Sociology for the South," he puts it in these words: "Free society is theoretically impracticable, because its friends admit that in all old countries the supply of labor exceeds the demand. Hence a part of the laboring class must be out of employment and starving, and in their struggle to get employment reducing those next above them to the minimum that will support existence." In the first chapter of the same book he likewise came close to the theory of natural selection as a result of severe economic competition, but he failed to see any progress, nor did he christen his doctrine evolution. With him it was all destructive; the strong overcoming the less strong, the weak the weaker, with no upward tendency.

From the socialists came his proof of widespread economic failure of competition. Carlyle's passionate cry, "We must have a new world if we are to have any world at all," rings out again and again through the pages of "Sociology for the South" and of the later "Cannibals All." Stephen Pearl Andrews, Horace Greeley, and William Lloyd Garrison in this country furnished him with background, while St. Simon, Fourier, Owen, Fanny Wright, and others less noteworthy across the ocean contributed to his views. But he had his own method of treatment of the ailment, and his originality consists in the association of Socialism and slavery; for as he viewed things in a slave society, the evils complained of under free competition were never found. In domestic slavery was the secret of salvation. That institution united labor and capital, since labor was capital. Then Mr. Fitzhugh, looking on slavery as it was natural for a kindly Virginia gentleman to see it, conceived of slaves as members of the larger family, and domestic affection seemed to him so to unite slave and master that the cruel antagonism of employer and employee was impossible. Under domestic slavery, as he saw it, the "Iron Law of Wages" was never operative. The master cared for the slave because the slave was his own, and thus the cares and anxieties of the wage-earner were escaped.

Mr. Fitzhugh also contributed a few articles to the *New York Day Book*, the *South-ern Literary Messenger*, *De Bow's Review*, and to other papers and magazines. In 1856 he lectured successfully at Yale on the failure of individualism, and it is interesting to note that late in the same year William Lloyd Garrison published a long communication from him in the *Liberator*. The war between the States ended his literary career, decreeing as it did another state of society than that for which he argued.

WILLIAM LUDLOW CHENERT.

Hull House, Chicago, Ill., November 3.

LLOYD-GEORGE'S "SOCIAL DYNAMITE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article on "Troubled English Politics" in the *Nation* of October 28, you quote certain rather rhetorical sentences of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as specimens of "social dynamite." Divested of rhetoric, the dynamite seems to lie in the charge that the ownership of the larger part of Great Britain is in the hands of a few people who draw an immense income from the proceeds of the enterprise and labor of the nation, without rendering any equivalent service; and that the House of Lords is a political anomaly. In other words, Mr. Lloyd-George points to two obvious pieces of injustice, one of them, namely, the control of the rental of the land in the interest of non-producers, a crying outrage that rests like a yoke upon the necks of many millions of poor people. Surely the *Nation* does not wish to imply that the people of England ought to endure these injustices? But if the Chancellor sees certain great political and social wrongs, oppressing his people, why should he not frankly talk about them? Through many years of reading the *Nation*, I have not been accustomed to liken telling the truth to the throwing of dynamite. But perhaps the *Nation* wishes to suggest that the truth is a kind of dynamite, and will prevail.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., November 3.

CAMBRIDGE CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now, when there is so much comment upon ex-President Eliot's assertion that a five-foot shelf of the right books might prove as royal a road to a liberal education as attendance in university classrooms, it is interesting to recall the expression of a somewhat similar opinion in sturdy Roger Ascham's "Scholemaster" (1563-8), written in the early years of Elizabeth's reign. Ascham, of course, wrote before many of our English classics had come into being; when, as yet, neither Spenser nor Shakespeare had produced anything. He was thoroughly versed in Greek and Latin literature—the test of scholarship in his time—as the "Scholemaster" amply testifies. The following passage, taken from "the second booke teachyng the ready way to the Latin tong," contains his list of essential masterpieces, which, in view of his and Mr. Cheke's important connections with St. John's College, might be termed, by analogy, the Cambridge Classics:

If a good student would bend him selfe to read diligently ouer Tullie (Cicero), and with him also at the same tyme, as diligently *Plato*, and *Xenophon*, with his bookes of Philosophie, *Isocrates*, and *Demosthenes*, with his orations, and *Aristotle* with his Rhetorickes: which flue of all other, be those, whom *Tullie* best loued, and specially followed. . . . What perfitte knowledge of both the tonges, what right and deepe judgement in all kinde of learnyng would follow, is scarce credible to be beleued.

These bookes, be not many, nor long, nor rude in speach, nor meane in matter, but next the Maiestie of Gods holie word, most wortheie for a man, the louver of learning and honestie, to spend his life in. Yea, I haue heard wortheie *M. Cheke* many tymes say: I would haue a good student passe and iorney through all Authors both *Greke* and *Latin*: but he that will dwell in these few bookes onelie: first, in Gods holie Bible, and than ioyne with it, *Tullie* in

Latin, *Plato*, *Aristotle*: *Xenophon*: *Isocrates*: and *Demosthenes* in *Greke*: must nedes proue an excellent man.

DOROTHY FOSTER.

South Hadley, Mass., November 4.

Literature.

CLEVELAND: AN INTIMATE VIEW.

Recollections of Grover Cleveland. By George F. Parker. New York: The Century Co. \$3 net.

This book is properly named. There is a preliminary sketch of Cleveland's life before he became a national figure, and hardly any really important event of his career goes entirely unmentioned: but the book is not a biography. It is a *mémoire pour servir*—and a very good one. Every future biographer of Cleveland will be much indebted to it.

Mr. Parker's own recollections amply justify him in making the book. He prepared (in the White House) the "Democratic Campaign Text-Book" of 1888, collected and edited, with Cleveland's consent and coöperation, his "Writings and Speeches," and wrote the campaign "Life" of 1892. He knew Cleveland long and well, evidently enjoyed his confidence, and kept all along the note-taking habit of an old-fashioned editor. But his are not the only recollections the book contains. Others of Cleveland's friends have contributed to his store, and perhaps the most valuable of all are certain of Cleveland's own, given from time to time in conversation, dealing with some of the most interesting episodes of his career and with the best-known of his contemporaries. And yet, although thoroughly reminiscential, the book is not light and gossipy, or of a newspaper or magazine flavor, but a careful presentment of a great public character as seen by his intimates. Interesting as it is, considered merely as the revelation of a strong personality, it deserves to be treated as a contribution to history and a serious study of the personal factors in some extremely important political happenings.

The tone and attitude throughout is admiring, respectful, almost reverential; and possibly the book is open to criticism on the score of not being sufficiently critical. Cleveland is nowhere much dispraised, and seldom found seriously at fault. But the effect is not of adulation. There is no attempt to endow him with gifts and qualities he did not possess, or to invest him with any kind of sanctity. The defects in his equipment, due to his meagre education and the suddenness of his rise, are candidly dealt with. It is admitted, for instance, that he had not the art of managing and directing legislative bodies—although the admission is, to be true, coupled with the explanation that he never felt that to be a part of his busi-

ness as an executive. His inability to get on with newspaper men is likewise confessed; but the description of his unbending independence in this regard sounds more like praise than blame:

He would neither court any man, nor permit any man to court or flatter him, and this, of course, was the fundamental reason why, as a public man, he would have nothing to do with newspaper editors or proprietors. . . . He not only would not go out of his way to invite such men to luncheons or dinners or to social occasions, but he would not do so at all. If this method was suggested, he would reject such overtures with a positiveness that shortened many an interview.

And he quotes Cleveland himself as saying, late in life:

I simply could not and would not use these methods to ingratiate myself with the editors or owners of newspapers. I realized fully the fate that I invited, but I looked upon my table or my parlor as my own, places reserved for my friends and for the congenial men whom they might send to me, and not proper means for bringing me support for public acts or policies.

Yet he admitted that such methods had become "accepted as a necessary way for moving public opinion." The unreasonable man did probably understand fairly well the game he declined to play! It is not improbable that with a little coaching he could even have been made to see the particular advantage of favoring the press with interviews and outgivings on Sunday, rather than any other day of the week.

This is by no means the only respect in which the old-fashioned quality of Cleveland's integrity is brought out in these pages, as in all the more intimate accounts of him we have. Sometimes one is moved to admit that it became sheer obstinacy, and a fault. For instance, he never learned to dictate to a stenographer with any facility, but wrote everything of importance with his own hand—a practice which, of course, kept him overworked at times when he needed to spare his strength. To have suffered since his day from a too-ready acceptance of stenographic aid to expression in the White House does not permit us to condone this neglect of labor-saving devices in a President who found composition difficult and considered it necessary to think before any kind of utterance. His method with state papers and public speeches was, in fact, extremely laborious. He not only, as a rule, made two or three drafts with his own hand, but he was too loath to accept help in any form more positive than mere criticism. Criticism he always sought, for he was painfully aware of his deficiencies of training as a writer; but he carried his independence so far that, as Mr. Parker puts it, "he must think himself original, whether he was or not," and would always "plug along," as he himself phrased it, in his "blun-