

shut out, and, above all, the long-suffering ryot, whose cause Hastings had ever most at heart, learnt that he could work his land unhindered and enjoy a fair share of its fruits, and that the poor as well as the great could get a hearing and receive justice."

The work is enriched by two remarkable portraits, one showing Hastings the reformer about the age of forty and the other the Squire of Daylesford. The first is *dégagé*, smiling, young: the second is old, alert, bearing the impress of greatness. Macaulay's characterization of the outward man is unsurpassed: "A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn but serene, on which was written as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens qua in arduis*."

Aspects of Mid-America

Winesburg, Ohio. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The Soul of Ann Rutledge. By Bernie Babcock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Jimmie Higgins. By Upton Sinclair. New York: Boni and Liveright.

MR. SHERWOOD ANDERSON is one who stands up among the new corn in the black and heavy prairie country of the Great Valley. His desire is to be a real voice of Mid-America. Winesburg, Ohio, is a typical place, like Caxton, Ia., whence came Windy McPherson's son, or Coal Creek, Penn., whence came Beaut McGregor; and George Willard, the reporter for the *Winesburg Eagle*, is reporter also for the whole great central plain. We sympathize with Mr. Anderson and with what he is trying to do. Such work as his is not absolute; one must talk of his aims and desires as well as of his actual feats. Mr. Anderson has always protested against convention; to use his own words, he defies the New Englanders' gods (either of State Street or of Beacon Street) and tries to find honest Mid-American gods. Yet either he never does quite find them or he can never precisely set forth what he has found.

In one respect Mr. Anderson differs from our recollection of him. Of his picture of Caxton, Ia., it was said that "fortunately lacking Mr. McMasters's keen scent and relish for evil, he has given us a truer and sounder picture" than that of Spoon River. It is not probable that Mr. Anderson has acquired a keener scent for evil than in earlier days, but he sees much in Winesburg that the New England gods at least would call evil. It seems probable that Mr. Anderson has given a distorted view of life, that he caricatures even Winesburg, Ohio. Doubtless there are elsewhere young men and young women are restless under the stings of sex, and there as elsewhere there are evasions and perversions of convention.

Another view of Mid-America has appeared of late. New Salem, Ill., before the Civil War, was more primitive than Winesburg or Spoon River, but all three were Mid-American, and should have something in common. Miss Babcock, in "The Soul of Ann Rutledge," has turned her eyes on other evidences than those of greatest attraction to Mr. Anderson; her mind is intent on another of the great impulses of mankind, that of religion, a factor of life even at Winesburg. Religion has always been an important element in the life of the Middle West and Miss Babcock is right in making religion the master force in her episode in the early life of Abraham Lincoln. She presents a sketch which is as unconventionally true in its own way as some of Mr. Anderson's. If we accept Peter Cartwright engulfing the scoffers in the deep black mud, we can also accept young Lincoln listening to the clear voice singing, "I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger." To write a story about Lincoln and Ann Rutledge that shall not be an obvious failure is in itself something of a

feat. Miss Babcock does more than deserve this negative praise; her picture has positive points of excellence.

This same Mid-America served as an abiding-place for Jimmie Higgins, although he did not stand in the cornfield among the tassels and the ears; he stood before a machine, feeding in little billets of steel. His friends and companions were not Rutledges from South Carolina and McLeans of New York. They have names like Stankiewitch and Schneider, and came originally from places farther off than any State in the Union. Even the motives of life are different; Jimmie Higgins's life is not much influenced by the thought of women or of God; it is dominated by a passion unknown to Abraham Lincoln or George Willard. Yet Leesville and Ironton are obviously Middle-Western, and here and there we see the old swimming-hole and the cornfield that we are used to, and indeed see people who look familiar.

Mr. Sinclair's book is not primarily Mid-American or even American. It is international in its sympathy, and international too in scope and scene. It presents a crowded but living panorama of socialism in America during the last five years. It is in Mr. Sinclair's usual manner, which is a contrast to Mr. Anderson's or Miss Babcock's. Mr. Anderson thinks of his characters as real people; it is hardly an exaggeration to say that he watches them to see what they will do. Miss Babcock, meditating over the figures of the past, more or less clearly known, conceives old incidents again or devises new incidents to fill out gaps in the record. But Mr. Sinclair's mind is filled with the great motives over which he has thought so much. His figures are not exactly types devised to fit each situation; they are something more. But they come and go for the development of the idea, and seem to have little interest in life save that which comes out in their relation to Jimmie Higgins.

Books in Brief

WHETHER or not, says Joseph Edgar Chamberlain in "The Ifs of History" (Altemus), "we believe that events are consciously ordered before their occurrence, we are compelled to admit the importance of contingency in human affairs." As his first illustration of this thesis, he recalls the case of Christopher Columbus, and points out that if, against his judgment, he had not turned south, following a flight of birds to San Salvador, North America would probably today be a Spanish possession. Royal marriages do not count for much nowadays, but if Ethelred the Redeless had not married the Norman Emma, there would most likely have been no Norman Conquest, of which Green says that "it secured for England a new communion with the artistic and intellectual life of the world without her. To it we owe not merely English wealth and English freedom, but England herself." Ethelred married, Elizabeth did not—possibly with equally momentous results. "For if Elizabeth had married . . . and if her progeny had sat on the throne and continued the sway of the Tudors, half a century of turmoil and bloodshed, under the essentially foreign rule of the Stuarts, might have been spared to England. The Revolution would doubtless never have taken place. The material and intellectual advance of England and all Britain would have been steady and sure upon the splendid foundation of the Elizabethan structure." Twice, says our author, "has the religion of Europe been apparently at the mercy of a chance contingency"—once, when Themistocles out-manœuvred Aristides politically at Athens, and Mithra as well as the Persians lost the day; and again when Charles Martel turned the tide of battle against the Moslim at Tours in the eighth century. Mr. Chamberlain has written a very interesting and suggestive little book.

A THOROUGH understanding of Russia's present state is difficult without a knowledge of her past. Readers desirous of a more or less intimate acquaintance with Russian history will find "Russia; From the Varangians to the Bolsheviks" (Oxford University Press), by Raymond Beazley, Nevill Forbes,

and G. A. Birkett, a valuable and competent aid. The work is based on excellent Russian sources and is written in a readable style. The reader will learn, much to his surprise, that Russia was not always an autocratic monarchy, that she possessed democratic institutions several centuries ago, and elected her rulers, while the principality of Novgorod even practiced the right of recall. He will also find that mass movements which would now be called Bolshevik occurred in the seventeenth century, notably under the leadership of one Stenka Razin, and in the latter part of the eighteenth century, led by Pugachev. Those movements were a spontaneous reaction against oppression and the poverty in which the common people lived. Even foreign intervention in Russia, such as we are now witnessing, is not without parallel in that country's history. In 1606-1613 Poles and Swedes ravaged the country, taking advantage of the internal strife following the extinction of the dynasty which had been in power. The parallel is further strengthened by the circumstance that even then intervention was solicited by the *Boyars*, the nobility of that day. But the contending factions united in the face of the national danger, expelled the invaders and elected the first Romanoff to the throne. The book ends with the abdication of the last Czar of that dynasty. It does not deal with the Provisional Government, as the title might lead the reader to believe.

THE little brochure "Shylock Not a Jew" (The Stratford Company), by Maurice Packard and Adelaide Marshall, is rather an impassioned protest against anti-Semitism in general than a serious contribution to Shakespearean exegesis. The authors consider at great length the obvious and oft-debated perversion of law in the trial scene, recalling to us by their discussion that "Dramatic Reverie" in which R. H. Horne rewrote the scene more nearly in accordance with elementary principles of justice. They then note those characteristics in Shylock that prove him to be a caricature rather than a true picture of the Jewish nation. The two ideas, that Shylock should demand the pound of flesh, and that he should be an obedient servant of the Jewish law which forbids the shedding of blood, are incompatible. That Shylock, one of an oppressed and outcast race, should boldly appeal to the Venetian court and should even be depicted sharpening his knife in preparation for the shedding of Christian blood, is, it is contended, historically impossible. Of course it is. All the while the reviewer was reading this book the old chorus was running in his head: "Which nobody can deny, which nobody can deny!"

THE text of Mr. Henry Collins Spillman's little book entitled "Personality" (Gregg Publishing Company) would seem to be found in Dean Johnson's dictum, quoted in the Introduction: "You are a very complicated machine and you are the only person who can drive it or in any way improve it. Your friends may know a great deal about your powers mentally and physically but they cannot make you over. If you want your machine to be in the best possible running order and to do the work for which it is best fitted, you must know it more thoroughly than you do your horse or your dog." In the following chapters Mr. Spillman describes the various parts that go to make up the human machine that is called "personality," and points out how they are best driven and how they may be developed and improved. We may quote the following as a specimen of the author's manner: "Whoever believes a given task impossible achieves a result corresponding to his suspicions. Philip the Second built the resplendent Spanish Armada and sent her forth to crush the lesser English fleet. But the admiral of the Spanish Armada was given to seasickness and openly confessed to Philip his lack of confidence in the expedition. The Spanish Armada, over-equipped with guns and sailors, sailed straight into the defeat which corresponded to the mental pattern of its admiral." The questionnaires at the ends of the chapters afford the reader ample suggestions for enlarging on the matter in the text from his own experience and imagination.

CUNNINGHAM'S "History of the Sikhs" (Oxford University Press) is now seventy years old, and much of its theory has been rendered obsolete by the advance of archaeology; but the groundwork was so thoroughly done that the book well deserves reprinting. Lieutenant Joseph Davey Cunningham was a son of Allan, the stone-mason poet, author of "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea." He went to India in 1834 and served first on the staff of the chief engineer of the Bengal Presidency. During the first Sikh War, he was in closest contact with events as staff officer under various generals, and as eye-witness of important battles. After the war, he became political agent to the State of Bhopal. His contact with the Sikhs seems to have awakened his sympathy for the fighting, casteless Puritans of India, for he devoted about five years of his life to composing their history. His views were so displeasing to his superiors that he was sent back to regimental duty, and the disgrace hastened his death, which occurred in 1851. The fact is that Cunningham was a frank critic of British policy towards the Sikhs; and that gives his work its special value. An appendix of nearly ninety carefully prepared pages supplies much added information of permanent value on various matters connected with Sikh history and Sikh religion.

ENGLISH editions of American classics are commonly prepared by English scholars, who naïvely and sometimes patronizingly interpret Western literary attempts to their countrymen. It is an interesting change to find that the collection of "Tales by Washington Irving" in the "Oxford Edition of Standard Authors" (Humphrey Milford) has been edited by Dr. Carl Van Doren. Dr. Van Doren's admirable introduction is largely biographical, but it is full of apt characterizations of Irving's works, and it concludes with a few pages of sound general criticism. Especially telling are frequent terse but inclusive summary sentences, like this of "Rip van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow": "In them for the first time Irving's wit, a little boisterous in his youth, and his poetical mood, recently somewhat mawkish over antiquities and afflictions, were mixed in perfect proportions with the material of which he had fuller knowledge than of any other." The selections have evidently been made with a strict definition of the word "tale" in mind. The "Sketch Book" is represented only by "Rip van Winkle," "The Spectre Bridegroom," and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"—such slow-moving and sentimental narratives as "The Pride of the Village," "The Widow and her Son," and "The Wife" being excluded. There are four selections from "Bracebridge Hall." Much more than half the volume is taken from "Tales of a Traveller," and "The Alhambra." Readers who feel that "Tales of a Traveller" is the least admirable of Irving's miscellanies will be disappointed that it is here so prominent; yet as a writer of tales, an author must be judged by the tales that he wrote.

HOWEVER appropriate may be the phrase "the silent navy," it does not apply to Secretary Daniels, whose speeches, delivered on all manner of occasions and on an average of two or three a month during the period of war, are now published under the title "The Navy and the Nation" (Doran). The heading of an address to Naval Academy graduates, "Get You a Naval Hero," may suggest Mr. Daniels's oratorical style; and a sentence from one of his talks to men in training, "I tell you there is but one morale of the service and that is morals," might serve as a general text. These patriotic and moral preachments in homely, rather threadbare phrases, display those qualities of Mr. Daniels which not only have excited a campaign of bitter derision within and without the service, but have enabled him to stand up against it and to establish a record of creditable accomplishments in both war and peace. It may be, too, that we underestimate the value of Mr. Daniels's journalistic training, for it was a critic no more kindly than Colonel Harvey who declared the Secretary's 1918 Report, part of which is here reprinted, "a classic of the war."