to-day that he should first have revealed the part played by the Cabinet as the buckle which binds the several parts of government into a whole as that he should have emphasized the changeability of the picture he drew. He was not to be deceived by the pathetic medievalism of Blackstone. He drew not a courtier's portrait but that of an artist desirous of understanding the hidden depths of his subject's personality. If in the result her majesty Queen Victoria appears as a distinguished widow in retirement, the loss in theory is a gain in truth. If the admirer of an hereditary chamber is scathingly bidden examine it, that only makes possible its ultimate reform. If the worshipper of the American Constitution learns something of its patent vices, the shock will but result in constructive inspiration. That, indeed, was one of the most valuable features of Bagehot's mind. Every study he made resulted in something very like revelation. If he overthrew preconceived notions with something of violence it was only to give you simultaneously a vision of a more fertile attitude. He brought the steady light of "real" analysis into a world of befogged legalism. He shattered once and for all the idea that God was especially present at the birth of the English constitution. He never, like Burke, "venerated where he was unable presently to comprehend." He saw that an attitude of thoughtless and unintelligent servitude to effete ideas is as bad as unrestrained and uninstructed power over them. That is why the steady constitutional reform of the past half-century is so largely traceable to his influence.

Not that Bagehot was free from defect in his political outlook. His confidence in men ceased-perhaps from professional bias-below that stratum in society where the privilege of a banking account begins. He had nothing of that heedless and instinctive generosity which in men like Lincoln and Cobden and Bright symbolized the essential morality of democratic endeavor. He wrote of the "lower orders" with all the hearty distaste of a rector's wife in an English cathedral town. Of their actual or even potential capacity he made entire abstraction. To him the workers were always uneducated and grasping. The extension of the franchise to them in 1867 seemed to him like bursting the natural dykes of social protection. And surely his advice to the Lords to make common cause with the plutocrats of the lower house implicitly enshrines the surprisingly ignorant belief that the desires of democracy are but the spoils of Belgravia. His general criticism, indeed, reads like that plethora of inept pamphleteering which in 1832 prophesied that doom was about to descend upon an England which had forsaken the way of the Lord. Here is the secret of the amazing misunderstanding of Lincoln which characterized all Bagehot's work. Nothing of Lincoln's singular majesty was perceived by him. For he was blinded by the conviction that a democracy, and particularly the American democracy, cannot choose its leaders, and he was therefore precluded on a priori grounds from the perception that Lincoln symbolized a final case against the fitful aristocracy of middle-class talent in which Bagehot put his trust. So that in the result he was partially blind to half the potential richness of political life. It is not beyond the mark to say that his every criticism of popular government needs a footnote of emphatic scepticism.

There were other sides to Bagehot's work which are too little known. In an age when literary criticism has become a technical profession it is perhaps dangerous to suggest that certain essays like those on the first Edinburgh reviewers, on Hartley Coleridge, on Shakespeare the Man,

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and emphatically the case. For Bagehot understood that the one canon of such criticism is to have no canons. He told you what the man meant to him, what he would have told each of them at a dinner table when the chairs had been pushed back and the cigars lighted. His Shelley is the enthusiastic boy who showered down leaflets from the roof of the Dublin inn. His sketch of Clough makes you almost catch the smile, grimly weird, of that pool of silence. And when he turns from the literary to the political study he has even more valuable observation to contribute. The Gladstone he drew at close quarters in 1860 differs only in detail from the full-length portrait we see in perspective in Lord Morley's noble volumes. His study of Sir Robert Peel seems to one reader at least incomparably the truest portrait that has yet been painted. What he wrote of his father-in-law, Mr. James Wilson, will enable the curious student to understand better than a score of technical works the rationale of British rule in India. There exists no more profound discussion of the American Constitution in its relation to the Civil War than that which he contributed at its very outset. There is much not unworthy of Burke in his speculations on parliamentary reform. The series of editorials from the "Economist" are a vivid commentary on the quarter of the nineteenth century they cover; I venture to predict that when its ideal historian arrives there will be frequent reference to them in his footnotes. Certainly he will not otherwise be the ideal historian.

The great merit of Bagehot was his profound and abiding interest in men. This not even his gayest witchery can obscure. And for us this must be the real interest he possesses. Style, after all, is only of value so far as it reveals the core of meaning, and to that end Bagehot used his gift. We, like him, are above all interested in events because they are the deeds of men. They are the signposts of character; and the men they thus portray are those who under different names and guises in each age direct our civilization. What changes in each age is not so much desire as the efficiency with which we can make response to it. It is therefore above all a working political psychology of which we have need. Without it what answers we may make to our problems are like the efforts of sailors on uncharted seas. Than Bagehot the statesman could have no more admirable compass. He never fails to delight as he never fails to illuminate. Nil tetigit quod non ornavit.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Puritanism Made Pleasurable

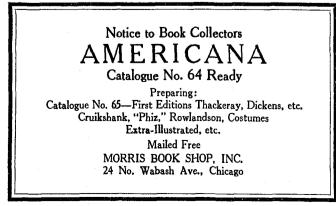
The Bent Twig, by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35 net.

HERE is a lovely air of happiness about this book of Mrs. Fisher's, it is so gaily resolute and hopeful and unafraid-and wise as well. It is the story of a young American girl whose beauty and intelligence give her much opportunity for experience, and it is written with real gusto. Mrs. Fisher seems to have no doubt about the usefulness for a girl of a spirit of enterprise, and to believe that the strength which comes when a sense of reality takes the place of pleasant imaginings is the beginning of happiness. The reader enjoys the gay bravery in this philosophy. He enjoys, too, the note the book has of surprise, not only about the pleasantness of the world, but also about many of its "little ways." It is a spectacle of life very fresh and undimmed.

Through the first half of the book, which is much the more direct and perhaps the deeper, the scene is laid in La Chance, a Middle Western town with a state university where Sylvia Marshall's father is professor of economics. He had come from Vermont, had been rich and worldly while a youth, had lost his fortune, had married a Vermont girl of farmer stock, and is living a life he feels as useful and satisfying in a town he can recognize as crude and provincial. Sylvia has a childhood that she vaguely feels her worldly and rich aunt is damning when she dubs it "idvllic." Later on as a student at the state university, Sylvia yields to youth's natural rebellious wish to feel and know for itself-she turns to people not liked by her parents and becomes engaged for a few hours to the favorite and most gilded youth in the community. He very quickly, however, shows a stupid brutishness to the girl, who runs away to the home which is "idyllic." She had been bent to incline toward the clean and the open.

Three years later her rich aunt takes her off, first to the Vermont village that is both a fashionable summer resort and the home of hardy intelligent farmers like her mother's people, and then to Paris into an American colony that imitates the Faubourg, as interpreted by Mr. James and Mrs. Wharton. Sylvia's development in these settings is freshly realized-the use she makes of her love for Felix Morrison, connoisseur and raffiné, who loves her but whose tastes demand great wealth; and her love for Austin Page which grows unnoticed till she too turns her back confidently on luxury, which may not be always harmful but which she knows she cannot bear unnarrowed and unhardened. The reader ends by asking whether as a matter of vicarious experience Sylvia's life is not made as significant, as important, as any of the numerous young Englishmen's lives the general reader has lived through lately-Young Earnest's-Michael Fane's-Jacob Stahl's-Peter Paragon's?

Mrs. Fisher's ardor for what it seems ungracious and unsympathetic to tag as plain living and high thinking, since her ardor so warms and colors it, gives perhaps a theme to her book that makes its interest almost too social. She has perhaps in her book created only two real characters whose interest is independent of our vivid interest in herself—the father and mother of Sylvia. These two are really "done"—they even suggest Sir Frank and Lady Jocelyn, perhaps the pleasantest parents in fiction! Her book is well built and is written clearly and forcibly, but one is never conscious of esthetic pleasure, except from Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. One's pleasure is in one's gratitude for Mrs. Fisher's fine, high-spirited democracy. Indeed one is led to ask if Mrs. Fisher does not seem as significant nowadays as Beresford and Cannan and the rest of them?



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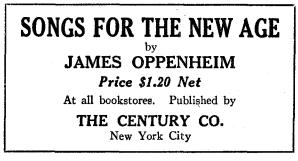
THE NEW REPUBLIC

January 22, 1916

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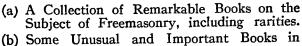
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