

State of New York. During the restricted period with which Professor Gosnell is chiefly concerned, his leadership includes control of the Republican machine of New York and effective influence over the national organization. These innumerable ramifications of the power of his leadership are painstakingly traced out by the author. In the end one comes to know in minute detail how Mr. Platt dictated nominations, directed legislation, "took care of the boys" in the distribution of spoils, controlled appointive offices—in short, one learns how he exercised power. But the mystery of Thomas C. Platt still remains. The behavioristic account of his activities fails to disclose and illumine the nature of his power. His leadership is left as a series of responses, but to what did he respond? In Platt's autobiographical rationalization of his career, he insists that he "drifted into politics—just drifted." But leadership is not drift.

Professor Gosnell appears to be aware of the compulsion which his method implies, namely, to observe and describe leadership in its setting. He begins with a condensed (eleven pages) chapter entitled Social and Economic Background, but he fails to indicate clearly the relation this background bears to Platt's leadership. He also introduces other personalities, Theodore Roosevelt, Chauncey Depew, Roscoe Conkling, Levi P. Morton, William Barnes, Jr., et cetera, but it is difficult to determine when these are mere responses to Platt's leadership and when they serve only as foils. Roosevelt, for example, comes out as a rather obstreperous but none too brilliant Antony who dares his ends only after he is assured that Caesar's ghost is more real than Caesar himself. These shortcomings probably arise from a too firm attachment to historical methods which tends to dim the prior psychological assumptions. But even Motley knew that the causes which brought about the decline of Philip II were involved in the ascendancy of William of Orange. When the purely historical method does go under in Professor Gosnell's volume, an overwhelming confusion results. Chapter VIII deals with, according to title, Governor Roosevelt and Boss Platt, but the chronological disorder is so great that the reader is obliged to turn back repeatedly to learn whether the activity described is related to Governor Black, Governor Morton or Governor Roosevelt.

The defects of the volume under consideration may be disposed of by stating that the method used by the author is inadequate. It essays the task of analysis, and within its limits, this effort is admirably conceived and executed. Whatever occurs by way of synthesis is incomplete; personalities are especially left without sufficient cohesion to be evaluated as wholes. Leadership as a function of the group, or as a function of "collective action," remains as a mere postulate; the method used by Professor Gosnell reveals almost nothing about the group (the "machine") that is not first of all relevant to Mr. Platt either as control or stimulus. The differentiation between Roosevelt as a leader who needed no organization and Platt, who could function only through organization, is partial and unconvincing. These are, may it be said again, defects of method. The author reveals again and again his awareness of the pertinence of the questions raised above but his method is not capable of matching his intuitive revelation.

Turning abruptly from adverse to favorable criticism, one might begin by commending Professor Gosnell for possessing the temerity to project his new method in a field where method has been so sorely neglected. Professor Merriam's prophetic introduction does not go too

far when it states, "Dr. Gosnell's study is sui generis among the examinations of political leaders, a novel attempt at closer analysis." What Dr. Gosnell has done will not need to be done again; it will merely need supplementary interpolations and these can appear only when the predictive bases of methodology contained in the introduction become a reality. Social scientists, and even political scientists for whom the study possesses specific interest, may fail to appreciate what Professor Gosnell has contributed but none can justifiably neglect the ringing challenge contained in Professor Merriam's introduction. This brief prolegomena fairly bristles with research bait; its summons, if heeded, might revolutionize both the study and the teaching of government. But it does more than this; it gives practical direction to future research and hints at hypotheses which are so significant that to leave them uninvestigated would amount to professional betrayal.

The volume exhibits the artificiality and absurdity of academic particularism in the social sciences. Psychology, sociology, economics and political science become nothing more than diverse approaches to a single problem and when this point of view is thoroughly impressed upon the "heads of departments" in colleges and universities, time and energy may be released for coöperating with Messrs. Merriam and Gosnell in their most commendable effort to evolve a valid method. The political scientists of the old school will see nothing in it; the adherents of the new school may fairly regard this work as the first solid contribution to an emerging method which is destined to bring the study of government within the sphere of science.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

Carlyle till Marriage

Carlyle till Marriage. Vol. I, 1795-1826, by David Alec Wilson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$6.00.

WHAT a weary waste of years it seems to some of us, who still live on to remember Carlyle as he appeared in the flesh, since the day when we first read of his death in Chelsea in the spring of 1881! And what an avalanche of words has been accumulated over his grim tombstone in Ecclefechan since that same day when the spirit of the author of *Sartor Resartus* took its flight to find at last the silence he had so often broken in the vast Halls of Death!

Carlyle left behind him, in good honest print, the books he had managed (no easy task) "to get written" with his own hand; all of them torn out of his heart-strings; these books, each one his very own, now fill in any collected edition some thirty-four volumes, and are admirably indexed.

These works begin with a *Life of Schiller*, first published in book-form in 1825 (nearly a hundred years ago), and may be said to end (though here we are outstepping the "thirty-four") with those two intensely autobiographical volumes of *Reminiscences* which are dated 1881.

Is it not time, we are almost forced to ask, that this great old man should find compassion in his grave and be left alone with his books, which may be trusted to tell the tale to those who still care to hear it—what manner of man this Thomas Carlyle, "Writer of Books," really was?

Of Mr. Froude's part in releasing this lamentable ava-

lanche of words, now enclosed in more than twenty-five separate volumes, there is no need to speak. He, too, has disappeared, leaving behind him nearly thirty volumes which also tell, as is, indeed, the tell-tale habit of books, what manner of man *he* was.

Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, in four volumes (1884), can no longer hold its own against the criticism which has raked it fore and aft. He wrote it in a great hurry, eager to catch his market; and forgetting that in Carlyle's case there was no need to be in any hurry at all, he was content to write a great deal of his biography out of his own head. Froude's *Life* is, we now see, largely a romance.

Shortly before the romance, and a little after the invaluable *Reminiscences of Carlyle himself*, there appeared in 1883 three volumes containing Mrs. Carlyle's letters, annotated and explained by her aged and heart-broken husband; and it was thus upon these nine volumes, published in such unseemly haste, that the greedy reading public swooped, and, in the once familiar language of old Craigenputtock, "opened its wide mouth and began shrieking." Gossips, who had never read a line of Sartor Resartus (first published as a book in 1837), scampered to Mudie's in search of a copy, to find out whether Blumine was Jane Welsh or Margaret Gordon. As time went on other writers joined in the orgy on one side or the other, until even doctors were invited to break the sacred confidences of their profession and to expose to the vulgar gaze the "secret" of the life of Thomas Carlyle, so as to enable "justice" to be done, at the dinner table, to the "penance" which the husband was supposed to have inflicted upon himself when, in his desolate old age, he gathered together and prepared for posthumous, though not immediate, publication the letters of his invalid wife. One would have to be miraculously endowed with the biting wit of the wife and the savage humor of the husband to express the disgust created by what Mr. Wilson in the book before us describes, with very little exaggeration, as "a carnival of obscenity."

Thirty-six volumes of the genuine "Thomas," simply crammed with his intense individuality, and full to overflowing with autobiography, ought to be enough, without one being asked to find room for thirty more volumes professing to explain what two of the most vitalizing writers who have ever held a pen—namely, Carlyle and his wife—have already made, almost excruciatingly, plain to all decent folk who have learned the art of reading a book.

Mr. Wilson thinks otherwise, and it would be presumptuous to dispute the matter with him. He has devoted more than thirty years of his own life to prepare himself to write Carlyle's, which he proposes to do in a series of volumes likely to extend (so he tells) over many years. This volume is the first. A man with a mission must be left alone.

Mr. Wilson is an honest chronicler with a style of his own. Though an enthusiastic admirer of the great Thomas, he is sufficiently at ease on his Mount Zion to poke a little fun at his hero, and quite alive to the absurdity of taking *au sérieux* the outbursts, however pontifically expressed, in which the greatest humorist of the last century was too much inclined to indulge. An Isaiah who makes you shake with laughter has to be handled humorously.

This first volume cannot fail to interest, and so long as it does not induce the young reader to forget that he can find the story of Carlyle's birth and breeding in Annandale,

told by himself, in his own unforgettable style, in his own *Reminiscences*, all will be well; and though we can hardly hope ourselves to live to see the conclusion of Mr. Wilson's biography of Carlyle, we bestow (though it is hardly worth possessing) our blessing upon the whole undertaking.

One word of warning, we think, we ought to give. In the intensely interesting and almost Richardsonian account which Mr. Wilson gives of Carlyle's prolonged courtship of his wife, during which "acres" of love-letters passed between them, we think we detect a growing dislike to the lady, fostered, perhaps, by the knowledge that Mr. Froude was very fond of her. This is a mistake which Mr. Wilson, if he is wise, will do his best to avoid in future. That Jane Carlyle was a flirt from her cradle upwards, no son of Adam who has read her delightful letters can possibly deny—and why should he wish to do so? Every woman worth her salt is, or has been, a flirt, and Jane Carlyle was to the last as fond of a "beau" as if she had been a character in one of the novels of another Jane. Can it be that Confucius, whose name is constantly on Mr. Wilson's lips, and at the end of his pen, disliked flirts? If so, Confucius was not so wise a man as we are quite willing to believe him to have been. Mr. Wilson's references to the Confucian philosophy that impart a Chinese air to his first volume are amusing enough, but, if the *Life* is to occupy many more volumes, the biographer would do well to make them fewer and fewer as the work proceeds. We say at least as much in the interests of Confucius as of Carlyle, who can safely be left through the centuries to take care of himself.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

Mr. Hardy and the Pleated Skirt

Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.

ONE of the poems of earlier reference in the Diamond Jubilee collection of Mr. Hardy's *Lyrical, Narrative, and Reflective Poetry* immortalizes a winsome young girl wearing a pleated skirt. Pleated skirts, which went out of fashion for a great number of years, came back quite recently, still characteristically pleated, but altogether different in cut and shorter in length by very many inches. Let the pleated skirt point this moral—that though the old forms unexpectedly return to give a certain approval to the idea of history repeating itself, these revivals are only revivals in outline; there is nothing old under the sun. If Mr. Hardy's earlier poetry is enjoyed now, this enjoyment is not of the original impact, but of the ricochet; and, if Mr. Hardy's poetry was for many years neglected by his contemporaries, let it not be set down to their shame; when in 1866 Mr. Hardy found the world a welter of crass casuality and the gods a group of purblind Doomsters, that conclusion was unfavorable to the optimistic expansion of the Victorian Age. Similarly, when industrial development was being hopefully applied to agriculture, when the steam-plough, the thresher-and-binder, and the Scottish farm-factor were looked to as heralds of a golden age of rural prosperity, the folklore of the wooden plough and the wooden spade and the jog-trot, unaffected rhythms of the backward West-country muse could not be expected to please. Since 1866 every-