

of capitalists and planters over economic spoils, and they were confirmed in opinions of that character by the frosty language of the Emancipation Proclamation. In the face of the facts, it is not surprising that the British cabinet were unable to view the matter as a case of black and white. The war disturbed business, the major preoccupation of the English governing classes, and they naturally wanted it stopped. Nevertheless there was not as much sheer hostile sentiment in the British diplomacy of the period as there is today in American official treatment of Russia—Russia which offers to American respectability the same danger which Lincoln democracy offered to British Tories of the Palmerston age. Certainly any American who bases a grudge against England on her Civil War diplomacy is lacking in perspective, balance, and humor. Mr. Adams has made that clear beyond all shadow of a doubt.

Still it is not on this moot point of "intimate policy" that our author has thrown the most light; it is rather on the course of English public opinion during the conflict. He has examined newspapers, magazines, letters, and memoirs with herculean labor and summed up his findings with judicial calm. Nowhere, surely, can one discover such overwhelming evidence that wise, learned, good, and powerful editors, military experts, and statesmen may be wholly wrong, fatally obtuse, in their interpretations of events and their divinations of the future and that despised demagogues and blind believers in humanity may be justified by the verdict of history (ii, 166, 176-178, 197, 212, 215, 221, 229, 232, 244, 251, 281, 301, etc., etc.). *Weltgeschichte ist Weltgericht*. The cream of the folly is skimmed from the editorials of the mighty London Times. By rhetorical dexterity the directors of that great journal even triumphed over the follies of the pontifical military expert, W. H. Russell—the ingenious Oracle who daily portrayed the hopeless, incurable errors inherent in Grant's Wilderness campaign and in Sherman's childish march to the sea! It would take a finer hand than that of Swift to do justice to the intellectual prowess of the English upper classes in those stirring days.

Had Mr. Adams adhered closely to his diplomatic and journalistic materials, there would not be a crack in the joints of his armor, but he has widened his jurisdiction in passing to make a side kick at the economic historians. In a brief footnote he undertakes to destroy utterly the significant conclusions of Dr. L. B. Schmidt who contends that the Northern wheat which poured into England during the Civil War offset the cotton loss and turned the diplomatic balance in favor of Washington. Mr. Adams thinks this view is "wholly erroneous," (ii, 13), and his clinching argument is that he finds nothing in the documents about wheat and a great deal about cotton. To the Neolithic mind of the present reviewer that seems to be no argument at all. Why should there be any mention of wheat in the documents? It was streaming into England in a flood and there was no controversy about it. To say the least, therefore, the question is still open and it will take something more than arguments from silence to decide it. If Mr. Adams has gone far into the economics and statistics of the period, his volumes fail to reveal the fact.

Some time, no doubt, an economist will assail the problem from another quarter. He will analyze the figures of British-American trade before and after the outbreak of the Civil War. He will discover, if he can, through mists of family biographies, the security holdings of cabinet officers and members of Parliament. He will examine into the sale of munitions to the federal government, the changes

in the technology of English industry, the sale of federal bonds in the English market, the use of federal money to "bear" Confederate bonds and to "bull" Lincoln securities, and many other matters not referred to in the elusive rhetoric of diplomatic documents. Unhappily for science such researches are infinitely more difficult than the reading of clear print or bad handwriting; the very sources are hidden in out of the way places. Until such work is done, however, American historical reflections on the period will suffer from the disability of too much ideology—Condillac's disease.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Three Views of Music

A Musical Motley, by Ernest Newman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 320 pages. \$2.50.

Contemporary Music, by Cecil Gray. New York: Oxford University Press. 262 pages. \$2.50.

The New Music, by George Dyson. New York: Oxford University Press. 152 pages. \$2.50.

PRICE and English authorship are perhaps the only characteristics common to these three books. True, music is the common subject, but music means an entirely different thing to each of the three authors. To Ernest Newman it offers picturesque reminiscence, food for criticism, raillery and merry prophecy. Music is the diving board from which the author springs deftly into a refreshing sea of random observations.

To Cecil Gray music suggests musicians: his book comprises twelve studies of musical biography, followed by a summary of a score of lesser composers. Here is no record of birth and death, but rather the rise and fall of a dozen arts marked off, measured and judged by the author.

George Dyson, on the other hand, takes music to mean the art and science of tone, and "new music" to demand a careful exposition of the gradual evolution and complication of tonal law.

Ernest Newman has had the easiest of the three tasks, and makes the lightest demands on his readers. Giving five pages each to *Mad Monarchs*, *Weary Willies*, and *Musical Surgery*, he sets many doors ajar, and then, dodging the draught of new air that he has admitted, he escapes the duty of spinning a fuller development of his ideas, and darts dexterously to pastures new. Such a motley as Mr. Newman has christened his assemblage of newspaper articles glows with a dozen unrelated colors that seem to demand fusion. But is not motley a dress beloved of fools?

Cecil Gray starts out boldly in his preface with a rigid formula: "The qualities which go to make a great work of art do not intrinsically differ from one age to another." Artists may rise or fall in historical perspective, but an absolute æsthetic judgment can at any time place them definitely in the scale of greatness.

Reflecting on the variety shown in the judgments of accredited critics, Mr. Gray then retreats a few steps. "Mr. Ernest Newman's opinions are nearly always wrong," he remarks, "but the fact remains that his musical criticism is of more value than that of anyone else in this country at the present time. . . . It is good to be right, but it is even better to have the courage of one's convictions. . . . No apology, then, is offered for the outspoken manner of the following studies."

This combination of theoretical absolutism and personal justification accounts for much that follows. It has much

to account for. Slyly Mr. Gray juggles with his terms in his introductory chapter. He concludes that absolute music is romantic music, having reached this definition, which pleases him mightily, by showing that all other definitions of romantic music are contradictory. With such a wind brewing, it is not easy to prophesy the eddies that follow.

Of the twelve ensuing figures, Richard Strauss receives the hardest buffetings with Debussy a close second, while Delius and Van Dieren are offered the least chary praise. Not only does the author feel that with Strauss "mortification has set in before death," but that his decline "has thrown a searchlight upon the defects and failings of even his best work."

Debussy endures similar treatment.

His rhythms are singularly lifeless and torpid. The objectively musical interest of Debussy's music is almost as slender and tenuous as Hans Anderson's Emperor's clothes. . . . In his harmony Debussy is as curiously limited, monotonous, and restricted as in his melody. . . . The influence of Massenet is the only French element in his music.

After such novel indictments, we are somewhat prepared to see Puccini given four pages, Malipiero and Casella four lines, and Pizzetti hardly more than four words. Schreker, Hindemith and Korngold are dismissed with a mean simile apiece. Haba, Loeffler and DeSabata find no mention at all.

But we are not prepared, after our initial introduction to Mr. Gray's avowed prejudice in favor of the romantic composers, to find him decrying Stravinsky and standing up for Schoenberg. "Having successfully annihilated every trace of melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic interest in his work during his frenzied flight from expression, he arrives at the elimination of coloristic interest as well." So much for Stravinsky, whose success the author feels is due to "the melancholy stupidity and gullibility of the musical public."

In regard to the Austrian, however, Mr. Gray writes that of

heroic pioneers, explorers, navigators, none has been more adventurous or daring, more tireless or indomitable, than Arnold Schoenberg, and none has brought back such sumptuous and glittering spoils, such strange and exotic trophies, certainly none is more worthy of our respect and admiration.

Such definite judgments fail to justify themselves according to Mr. Gray's original theory of æsthetic standard. Their very decisiveness makes us hesitate. They certainly serve to define Mr. Gray, they even put him in the historical class which he refrains from assigning to his composers. It would be hard to imagine many other writers choosing these particular twelve men as significant of contemporary music. But given these twelve men, it would be easy to pick out Mr. Gray. Would it be worth even such slight trouble?

After the bright gibes of Mr. Newman have faded, after the partisan heats of Mr. Gray have cooled, we find Mr. Dyson a mine of keen, scholarly interest. His is no easy reading. From the very appearance of its numerous musical illustrations, we realize that the book contains many nuggets to be broken up and raked over. Its literary style is almost as dense as it is dignified. Principles rather than

personalities are the theme. Preferences are silently dismissed, but the contrasts of musical styles are explained in the luminous terms of their antecedents, how they have arisen and from what origins.

Mr. Dyson brings to light a score of fascinating theories. The development of the pedal-point or drone-bass from the function of preserving the atmosphere of a particular key to that of enriching the harmonic texture; the effect of "natural" brass instruments in necessitating discords, later justified in systems of multiple tonality; the gradual elimination of harmonic inferences and the resulting harmonic compression: these manifestations are difficult to express easily, but they are as illuminating to the student of modern music as they are convincing. A man like Mr. Dyson could hardly be prejudiced; he understands too much. And when he sums up his conclusions, we are forced to concede their liberality.

If Bach and Mozart may be taken as the twin poles of formal perfection, and Beethoven as the explosive genius that cannot be confined, then the main critical task of our day is to answer the following question: Are there any standards of judgment that will cover the work of these great exemplars, standards that can also be applied with fair consistency to the music of any period and any place? No narrow technical values will serve because as between Bach and Mozart there is no identity of technical aim.

These principles Mr. Dyson offers as economy and coherence, qualities so broad in scope, so generous in application that we hasten to accept them.

He refrains, however, from evaluating his moderns even by such a yardstick. "We may envy our successors their perspective," he concludes, with the hesitance of a true scientist, "we cannot forestall their verdict."

It is of the writer who shows the greatest uncertainty in laying down the law that we have grown, in these three books, the most certain. MARY ELLIS OPDYCKE.

Mechanistic Psychology

Physiological Foundations of Behavior, by Charles M. Child. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 330 pages. \$5.

Neurological Foundations of Animal Behavior, by C. Judson Herrick. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 334 pages. \$5.

MUCH as I dislike to write a notice of these important biological volumes, not being a biologist, I nevertheless seize the opportunity to do so, because of their unusual psychological and sociological importance. It seems, indeed, that the authors are addressing students of behavior and of society rather more than biologists, and their work is a striking exemplification of a recent statement of Professor Haldane in the New Republic, answering a query as to why he did not become a psychologist:

I do not believe that psychology will go very far without a satisfactory physiology of the nervous system, any more than physiology could advance until physics and chemistry had advanced to a certain point. This is not to say that physiology is a mere branch of physics or chemistry, or the mind a mere by-product of the brain. But it is a fact that we can only know about life by observing the movements of matter. You may