

journalism; for, besides being interesting, it gives some insight into the methods and personal efficiency of the men who give the world timely news of great battles, and incidentally it adequately emphasizes the dignity of the profession.

Mr. Bullard makes a real contribution to the history of his subject by calling attention to the fact that the art of war correspondence, in anything like its modern form, was first practised and developed by the men who reported the war of 1846 and 1847 between the United States and Mexico. These American newspaper men who rode with Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor had to do their work under exacting conditions; they displayed as much enterprise in getting and sending the news as have the men of a later day; and they antedated Russell, who is commonly looked upon as the inventor of war correspondence. Before them, and him, there had been Henry Crabbe Robinson, who called forth the protests of the Duke of Wellington by his reports of military operations in the Peninsula in 1807 and 1808, and Charles Lewis Gruneisen, who in 1837 was sent by the *Morning Post* to watch the Carlist campaign. But Crabbe Robinson thought it no part of his duty to see a battle, and though Gruneisen did see fighting he had none of that competition to contend with which strains the nerve and taxes the brain of the modern war-reporter.

To the general reader the book comes not amiss, for the narrative not only acquaints us with interesting personalities, but brings certain historic occasions somewhat vividly before us. To follow the war correspondent in the field is a pleasant way, so far as it goes, of reading history. We learn how Russell, despite hostility, published his accounts of abuses and sufferings in the Crimea, and how he saw the charges of both the Light Brigade and the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava; how Archibald Forbes witnessed the meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon III., and how he entered beleaguered Paris; of the strange ride of Januarius Aloysius MacGahan through Central Asia to Khiva in pursuit of a Russian column, and of how the same man came to be called the Liberator of Bulgaria. We read about Frederick Villiers, who used to draw pictures on a little pad while bullets spattered around him; about picturesque Edward O'Donovan, Bennett Burleigh, the five Vizetellys, adventurous Winston Spencer Churchill, Creelman, who led a bayonet charge at El Caney; Richard Harding Davis, and the shy, enigmatic Stephen Crane, who was described by Davis as the coolest man, whether officer or civilian, whom he saw under fire at any time during the Spanish War.

The book is a storehouse of the kind of truth that is more strange and vivid than is most fiction. It is written, if one may say it without disrespect to a noble profession, in a somewhat "journalistic" way: facts of biography or history, dates and details, beckon our attention hither and thither, while outlines are sometimes blurred. Nor are all the extracts the author takes from the writings of famous correspondents always very readable, now that their substance is no longer news. But the book itself is readable, as a whole, and worth reading.

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WITH POOR IMMIGRANTS TO AMERICA. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

Much as one likes Mr. Graham's style and his way of getting at the less obvious truths of things, one cannot but feel somewhat disappointed in

his new book *With Poor Immigrants to America*. To most readers—especially American readers—this volume of sketches, which tells a little of the immigrant in the steerage, a very little about the immigrant after he lands in America, and a great deal about how America impressed an Englishman who tramped from New York to Chicago, will seem far inferior in charm and interest to Mr. Graham's book of last year, *With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem*. Part of the apparent falling-off is due, no doubt, to the nature of the subject-matter in the new book as compared with that of the old. Truly there are few such experiences awaiting an Englishman who speaks Russian like a native and knows the humbler forms of human nature with the knowledge of sympathy, as the journey to Jerusalem in company with a thousand devout Russian pilgrims. Mr. Graham made good use of the opportunity this journey offered. He made his book *With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem* a true interpretation. Into it he put mature and educated feeling, ripened thought. His American sketches, on the contrary, are rather scattering and hasty; they lack, of course, to us, the effect of strangeness which his account of the Russian Pilgrims possessed in an eminent degree; and the interpretations he offers are of a sort that have grown rather familiar to our ears. The voyage in the steerage was brief and rather uneventful; Mr. Graham had no time to enter deeply into the life of New York's East Side; his experiences with the American farmer, with the American housewife, and, rarely, with the recently arrived immigrant, were in the main much like what any one of us would expect to meet with on a long tramp from East to West. One is sorry that the author was not oftener able to exercise his remarkable gift of getting the essence of a man's life-story or character out of him, and making it as interesting to the reader as fiction. He makes some discoveries, of course, and now and then he speaks from his heart in a way that is telling. "One thing I noted in America," he writes: "that the blossom of religion seems to have been pressed between Bible leaves, withered and dried long ago. What is called religion is a sort of ethical rampage. . . . Far from fearing God, preachers announce from their pulpits that they are 'working with Him,' or 'co-operating with the inevitable tendencies of the world,' or 'hastening on the work of evolution.' For my part, I believe that it is my sacred due to my brother that he be given an opportunity of facing this world, the mystery of its beauty and of his life upon it, that he find out God for himself and learn to pray to Him. But that is at once Eastern and personal." The tone of this confession of faith is grateful. On the whole, however, the author's contrast of East and West, of Russia and America, is of a somewhat obvious sort. We have been a good deal written about by foreigners other than Mr. Graham; and Mr. Graham, in his very readable and even enjoyable book, has written about us, as the others have done, well.

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A FAR JOURNEY. By ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

Perhaps no other class of immigrants make a greater change of environment in coming to live in the United States than do the Syrians. Their own land differs wholly from ours; it is a land of little things and of primitive ways in most matters. Arabic, the language the Syrian speaks, is so radically different from English as to make thinking in the words of our