

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

SOME CELTIC MUSIC, OLD AND NEW

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

OSCAR WILDE declared that the Irish are too poetical ever to be poets. It is a taking phrase, but no closer to the fact than Oscar ever cared to get. But if he had said that the Irish are too musical (using the word in its broadest sense) ever to be music-makers, he would have found himself in an amazing marriage with truth. For that is precisely the case with the Irish. It is one of the paradoxes of aesthetic history that the most lyrically sensitive of all peoples have produced no composer of the first—or even the second—rank. They came nearest to it when Ann McMurran, who was born near Belfast four generations ago, became the great-grandmother of Edward MacDowell—the first Celtic voice to speak commandingly out of musical art. But MacDowell was born on Clinton Street, New York, and his Celticism was intermixed with the spiritual traits of nineteenth-century America.

We have lately been reminded of these curious truths by the performance in New York of one of the relatively few attempts at a projection of the Celtic imagination that musical art can show—and the music came from a Scandinavian, not a Celtic, brain. We mean the old *Ossian* Overture of Niels W. Gade, which Mr. Mengelberg restored the other day to the New York concert list after a long period of quiescence.

Two years before Edvard Grieg arrived upon earth to become in time the chief of the Scandinavian romantic school, Gade, then a young man of twenty-four, sent a manuscript overture to the Copenhagen Music Society in competition for a prize. Wagner was then setting the wild northern seas to magnificent music (this was the year of *The Flying Dutchman*); Schumann was composing his first two symphonies; and the United States

was living through the experience of having three Presidents within a space of four years. Life was very full.

As for the young Scandinavian romanticist, he won the Copenhagen Society's prize with his overture, *Nachklänge von Ossian* (Spohr was one of the judges); and he won, too, a royal stipend from King Christian VIII, and the favor of the god-like Mendelssohn, who performed the Overture at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig, and afterward took the young Dane under his immaculate wing. When Gade died, almost half a century later, he was, as Mr. Louis Elson points out, "the only musical Dane who had become world-famous . . . yet outside of Denmark his death caused scarcely a ripple."

Mr. Elson (he wrote warmly of Gade in the *Famous Composers* series) could not understand why this was. Did not Gade's "direct and pleasing melody, combined with symmetry of form," constitute a bulwark against that monster of hideous mein and poison breath: "the most modern music"—with its "vagueness and amorphous style," and its "soarings after the infinite"? For instead of calling Gade "Mrs. Mendelssohn," as was the ribald habit of some, Mr. Elson puts it far more beautifully: Gade, he says, reflects the style of that master_[Mendelssohn], "when at all, in a most suave and gentle manner, as a moon might reflect the rays of a sun."

Mr. Edward Dannreuther is even handsomer: he confers upon Gade "a distinguished and amiable musical physiognomy; he has always had something to say for himself. . . . His musical speech is tinged with the cadences of Scandinavian folk song, and almost invariably breathes the spirit of northern scenery." As for Schumann, he thought that Gade presented "an entirely new type. It appears as if the nations bordering on Germany were trying to emancipate themselves from the leadership of German music. In the north of Europe, too, we have seen manifestations of national tendencies. The new school of gifted Scandinavian poets must have stimulated the local musicians, in case they were not reminded by the mountains and lakes, the rivers and the auroral displays, of the fact that the north is most decidedly entitled to a language of its own. Our young composer [Gade] was educated by the poets of his fatherland; . . .

and Ossian's giant harp loomed up across the water from the English coast. Thus there is manifested in his music, for the first time, a decided and specific northern character."

Mr. H. T. Finck, who recalls this passage in his book on Grieg, alludes to Grieg's frequently quoted remark about "the Gade-Mendelssohn insipid Scandinavianism," and tells us that Grieg, in private letters to him, "regretted if he should have uttered such a sneer at Gade," whom he had always held "in the highest esteem." But Mr. Finck thinks that such a remark, if Grieg did make it, "would not have been wide of the mark, for Gade certainly does show the influence of Mendelssohn and other German composers much more than that of the Scandinavian folk-music." Yet Mr. Finck thinks that Gade has been shelved too soon: "his *Ossian* overture and one or two of his symphonies would even now give more pleasure to concert-goers than most of the contemporary products [this was said in 1909] of Germany and France, because he was a melodist as well as a colorist."

Mr. Elson observed that Gade was strongly influenced by "the songs of Ossian; and the poet who aroused the ire of Dr. Johnson awakened this musician of the north to the loftiest expression of emotion in the setting of his majestic thoughts in tones."

"The poet who aroused the ire of Dr. Johnson" was of course the Scotchman James Macpherson, who published in 1760-63 his cycle of poems purporting to be translations from the Gaelic of Ossian, the third-century bard and warrior of Celtic tradition. The conclusions of the best modern scholars appear to be that Macpherson was a resourceful but quite reckless liar; and they have shot his "translations" pitifully full of holes,—demonstrating that he confused his sources egregiously; that his third-century Ossian remembers Milton and the Bible; that the Gaelic text as disclosed represents only half of the alleged English equivalent. Nevertheless, as Professor Quiggin points out, "the worthlessness of Macpherson's work as a transcript of actual Celtic poems does not alter the fact that he produced a work of art which by the deep appreciation of natural beauty and the melancholy tenderness of its treatment of the ancient legend did more than any single work to bring about the romantic movement in European, and especially in German, literature."

Ossian (or Ossin or Oisín¹) "the golden-tongued," most famous bard of the western lands, was the legendary poet-warrior of third-century Ireland, and the chief hero of the second of the two great romantic cycles of the Gael—those embodying the poems and tales of the Fennian period. The ancient Gaelic world survives for us in two outstanding series of epic tales and poems. There is first the body of legends known as the "heroic cycle," which takes us back to about B. C. 50 and portrays the marvellous period of Cuculain the Unconquerable (mightiest of the heroes of the Gael), of Queen Meave, of Naesi, of the matchless Deirdré,—whose loveliness was such, so say the chroniclers, "that not upon the ridge of earth was there a woman so beautiful,"—of Fergus, and Laeg, and Connla the Harper, and those kindred figures, lovely or greatly tragical, that are like no others in the world's mythologies.

"Two hundred summers after the death of Cuculain the hero," says Charles Johnston in his superb history of Ireland, "came the great and wonderful time of Find, the son of Cumal, Ossin the son of Find, and Find's grandson Oscur. It was a period of growth and efflorescence; the spirit and imaginative powers of the people burst forth with the freshness of the prime. The life of the land was more united, coming to a national consciousness." This period (A. D. 200-290) is celebrated in the second of the two great cycles: the Fennian or Ossianic—tales "full of magic and wild prodigies," but conveying "the aroma of forest and the mountain heather; one hears the echo of the huntsman's horn, and sees the rude life of the *Dun*, and the deep drinking of the chief's ale-house. . . . As the epoch of Cuculain shows us our valor finding its apotheosis," says Johnston, "so shall we find in Ossin the perfect flower of our genius for story and song; for romantic life and fine insight into nature."

It is this antique world of stupendous passions and endeavors, of bards and heroes and immense adventure, that we are invited to recognize in any music that would call itself by such a title as "Ossian"—an imaginative world in which we should hear the clashing of shields and "the quiver of stretched bow-

¹Or "Usheen," as Mr. W. B. Yeats calls him in the revised version of that magnificent Celtic Odyssey, *The Wanderings of Oisín* (1889; 1912).

strings"; the war-songs of advancing hosts whose marching shakes the earth; the rumor of wild pagan nights, "when the Gael-strains chant themselves through the mist": music which should remember

The swift innumerable spears
The long-haired warriors, the spread feast,
And love. . . .

and queens heroically passionate, full of splendor and sweetness, tragically beautiful as "a stormy sunset on doomed ships."

This world of pagan, sensuous, heroic beauty must have been in the mind of the youthful Gade when he conceived his rarely-heard overture. That he has, in his music, conveyed the sense of the Gaelic past: that he has "unbound the Island harp": that he has achieved the heroic beauty which is of the essence of the imaginative life of the pagan Celts, it would be absurd to pretend. This music is unrewarding to the imagination, trite and vapid in the ear, utterly colorless and flat.

It is easy to guess at the particular "programme" which Gade may have had in mind when he planned his overture. One might justifiably seek in it heroes and warfare and chanting harpers, and the loveliness of woman, and faëry enchantments, and the setting forth of hunters.

Perhaps Gade remembered one of the chief legends embodied in the Ossianic chronicles, wherein it is told how the poet-hero, while hunting by the River Feale, which flows westward to the sea from the mountains north of Killarney, "among gloomy caverns and ravines, passing through vales full of mysterious echoes amid misty hills," was lured to a cave by "certain ominous fair women,"—demons of perilous loveliness,—and there held captive through the procession of the seasons and of the years, though not without those compensations to be expected in the circumstances; until Ossian, wearying of love, found a way to trick his captors: for daily he cut chips from his spear and sent them floating down the stream, till Find, his father, at last perceived them, and knew them as Ossian's, and came and delivered his son from durance among sweet ghosts.

In Mr. Yeats' *Wanderings of Oisín*, the hero relates to St.

Patrick the tale of his three hundred years of wandering in fairy-land, where he was the lover of Niam—three centuries

Of dalliance with a demon thing.

In this poem of Mr. Yeats, Ossian is awakened to old memories out of his dream of love by discovering on the seashore the shaft of a broken lance that recalls to him forgotten human sorrows; yet he lingers on for several centuries longer ["the first hundred years," said Mr. Briggs, "are the hardest"] wandering over the world with Niam, before he returns to his own kind. Thereafter, fulfilling a magic prophecy of evil, he touches the ground by accident, falls from his horse, and becomes at once most horribly aged—"a creeping old man, full of sleep." He is brought before Saint Patrick, unrepentant and defiant, rejecting the promise of salvation, and declaring that he will join his pagan companions, "be they in flames or at feast."

In Gade's music, at least, Ossian does not end at a feast or in hell, but seemingly patterns after Mr. Yeats' young wanderer, and lies down again by the side of Niam in the long grass of the Island of Forgetfulness, where the trees drop slow silence and the dews spread peace, and

The red sun falls, and the world grows dim,

and the lovers sleep for a hundred years.—But all these things have failed to kindle the imagination of Gade. His music is as thin, as arid, as untouched by passion or glamor or heroic splendor, as if Ossian and Find and Niam had never sorrowed or loved or dreamed.

.

It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast to Gade's overture than the Chicago Symphony Orchestra offered us, at about the same time, during the recent visit to New York of that mature and mellowed and beautifully satisfying band and its admirable conductor, Mr. Stock. The Chicago band played here, for the first time, a symphonic poem, *The Garden of Fand*, by one of the younger and more adventurous clan of British music-makers, Arnold Bax. Bax is still under twenty-eight, a native of London, a modernist. He proved at once that in addition to being a modernist, he is also a poet, a dreamer, a spinner

of shining tonal webs. And, best of all, he is, spiritually viewed, a musical Celt, despite his London origin. He has Gaelic blood in him, has lived in the West of Ireland, has consorted with the great men of the "Celtic Renaissance." He has composed much music of Irish content and coloring, of which we know only *The Garden of Fand*. In this tone-poem, we get the true tang and odor of Celtic poetry, for the first time in our musical experience since the unique MacDowell gave us his magnificent and valid *Keltic Sonata* twenty years ago—a score that, in its conveyance of the heroic note in the Celtic imagination, is still unapproached.

The music of Bax is in a different emotional world, though it is essentially and authentically Celtic. It is far more subtle, more delicate, more complex than MacDowell's; and it is saturated with that "Celtic magic" for which Arnold, in his famous *cliché*, taught us to look, but which is so rarely to be found in music. Bax, like MacDowell in his *Keltic Sonata*, has gone to the Cuchullin legends for his poetic material. As Mr. Felix Borowski reminded us in his excellent annotations for the Chicago Orchestra's performance, "Cuchullin, the Achilles of the ancient Irish, is a warrior of great prowess who, after a year's sickness, is lured from the world of battles and brave deeds by Fand, wife of Manannan, the Sea God. In the hour of his country's bitter need Cuchullin forgets duty and all else save the enchantments of an immortal woman. But Emer, Cuchullin's wife, follows the warrior to strive with the goddess for his love—strives successfully; for Fand takes pity upon Emer and renounces her mortal love, and Manannan, the Sea God, shakes his Cloak of Forgetfulness between Cuchullin and Fand, so that each is utterly blotted out in the memories of both."

As for Bax's music, the composer himself has expounded its poetical subject-matter.

"This tone poem," he says, "has no special relation to the events of the saga. The Garden of Fand is the sea itself. At the outset of the work the composer seeks to create the atmosphere of the enchanted Atlantic, utterly calm and still beneath a fairy spell. Upon its surface floats a small ship bearing a few human voyagers adventuring from the shores of Erin towards the sunset dream, as St. Brendan and the sons of O'Connor and Maeldune

had adventured before them. The little craft is borne on beneath a sky of amethyst and pearl and rose, until, on the crest of an immense wave, it is cast onto the shores of Fand's miraculous island. Here in eternal sunlight unhuman revelry continues ceaselessly between the ends of time. The travelers are caught, unresisting, into the maze of the dance. A pause comes, and Fand sings her song of immortal love, claiming the souls of her hearers forever. The dancing and feasting begin again, and finally the sea, rising, overwhelms the whole island, the people of the Sidhe riding in rapture upon the ridges of the green and golden waves, and laughing carelessly amidst the foam at the fate of the over-rash mortals, lost forever in the unfathomable depths of ocean. The sea subsides again, the veils of twilight cloud the other world, and the Garden of Fand fades from our sight."

Bax has put all this upon his orchestra with singular poetic intensity, singular eloquence and beauty. He is, of course, a child of his time, and he cannot forget Debussy. But Debussy, admittedly, is hard to forget; and when we think of the manifold exquisiteness of Bax's score, we have not the heart to remind him that, as Meredith once mordantly observed, "our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

One of the earliest important acts of President Harding's Administration was marked with a commendable and auspicious exercise of "team work" on the part of members of the Cabinet. The request of the Soviet dictators for resumption of commercial relations between America and Russia was first and quite logically considered by the Secretary of Commerce, who gave the scheme no encouragement on the ground that there was already freedom of trade between the two countries, that actual trade was impossible with a country which had nothing to sell and nothing with which to buy, and that the Soviet desire was really for political recognition. Critics of the Administration, mindful of the cross-purposes and antagonism that had prevailed between members of the preceding Cabinet and assuming that this one would do no better, were quick to exclaim that such judgment of the Secretary of Commerce would probably be overruled by the Secretary of State. But a day or two later Mr. Hughes, regarding the subject from the political and diplomatic point of view, reached precisely the same conclusion that Mr. Hoover had reached from the commercial point of view, and definitively rejected the Bolshevik overtures in one of the strongest and most impressive short notes ever issued from the State Department. There was in Mr. Hughes's note no word of unkindness toward the Russian people, nor even of resentment at the almost incredible impertinence of the Soviet message, which had practically suggested that as the late Democratic Administration had been unfriendly to Bolshevism, the new Republican Administration ought to cultivate its friendship. Such is the Soviet conception of diplomatic decency. President Harding's Administration is of course true to the best principles and traditions not only of American but of all enlightened diplomacy in keeping our foreign relations entirely apart from domestic partisanship, and in consistently maintaining the policy of its predecessor wherever—as

conspicuously in this case—it was absolutely right and just. This episode was preceded by what purported to be a renunciation of Bolshevik propaganda by Nicolai Lenine and an acceptance by him of the bourgeoisie and capitalism as necessities of civilization; which was generally estimated to be nothing but a Bolshevik counsel of despair—the monkish pretences of a very sick Devil. Subsequent developments are cumulatively confirming that judgment.

An admirable beginning was made in dealings with our Southern neighbors in the prompt and decisive intervention of the Administration in the dispute between Costa Rica and Panama. Instead of abiding by an arbitral decision given years ago, those States began fighting over their undetermined boundary. An authoritative word from our Government was sufficient to stop hostilities, and Secretary Hughes's masterful exposition of the whole case convinced Costa Rica of the necessity, for honor's sake, of accepting the arbitral award as binding. Panama, unhappily, was less ready to do so, and President Porras took the extraordinary step of appealing to President Harding against the Secretary of State—just as though the latter's action had not of course been approved by the President before it was taken. President Harding's reply was a courteous and kindly but quite inflexible confirmation of Mr. Hughes's note. The argument of President Porras, that the arbitral award should be nullified because the Panaman Government did not like it, did not appeal to the Administration of a country which regards such awards as essentially binding upon winner and loser alike, and which on several notable occasions has without demur paid heavy judgments which arbitrators have levied against it.

Secretary Hughes's masterful note on Germany's responsibility for the war and her obligation to make indemnification for its losses serves two major purposes. It disposes effectively of the prolix camouflage with which the Berlin Government impertinently and disingenuously strove to persuade our Government that Germany was more sinned against than sinning, and it makes it unmistakably clear that in its attitude toward Germany,

and its insistence upon holding her to account for the war, the United States stands with the Allies just as completely and as steadfastly as it did at Belleau Wood and in the Argonne. That Germany would persist, to a certain point, in dishonest attempts to evade her responsibilities under the Treaty of Versailles, was to be expected, though the insolence of some of her pretences and excuses is exceptionally brazen, even for her. In response to the notice that she would be expected to pay on or before May 1 something like eleven or twelve billion marks in gold, that being the unpaid remainder of the twenty billions which she was to pay, she said in effect that she did not owe such a sum, that if she did owe it she was unable to pay it, and that if she was able to pay it, she would not do so. Happily, the Allies are at last agreed that forbearance with a contumacious welcher ceases to be a virtue, and are prepared to take whatever measures of military or other force may be necessary to bring her to terms. The result of the plebiscite in Upper Silesia, for all her desperate and unscrupulous efforts in it, gives Germany little comfort. Some parts of the country, notably industrial centres, voted strongly to remain German. Other parts, notably some of the richest mining regions, voted as strongly to return to their ancient Polish allegiance. The gross verdict of the whole country appears to have been in favor of Germany. In advance of the polling, apprehending a total vote in favor of Poland, Germany vociferously demanded that self-determination should be accorded to the people by provinces and even by communes, so that if the country as a whole voted Polish, those parts of it which voted German might remain with the latter country. Such disposition of it was decided upon by the Reparations Commission, not because Germany wanted it but because it seemed right and just. But the moment it appeared that the country as a whole had voted German, a still more vociferous demand was made by Germany that there should be no partitioning according to local preferences, but that the whole country should be awarded to her. The Reparations Commission naturally stood by its former decision, and Upper Silesia will be apportioned between Poland and Germany as the Allies deem just and right.

Mr. Hays begins his administration of the Post-Office Department in a highly gratifying manner. In its treatment of its three hundred thousand employees, the department is to be made human. In its service to its hundred million patrons, it is to be made efficient. Also, it is to be freed from politics; post-masters are to be appointed who will be, so far as possible, *persona grata* to their local constituents, and are to be encouraged and indeed expected to participate actively in the civic and social activities of their communities; and the civil service merit system is to be established upon a basis so comprehensive and so impregnable that nobody will hereafter venture to assail it. These, be it observed, are the very specific promises not of a candidate in advance of election, but of a man actually in office and therefore to be held strictly to their fulfilment. That they will be fulfilled, as far as it is within human power to do it, nobody who knows Mr. Hays will for a moment doubt. It is interesting to note that in addition to these promises for his department, he makes a suggestion, or a request, to the public, beginning with his own colleagues in the Cabinet, that matter for mailing shall be delivered to the post-offices as promptly as possible during the day, instead of holding it so as to dump it all together into the post-offices at the end of the day. Such a reform in mailing would greatly relieve the pressure of work in the post-offices, and would serve the interest of the public by securing earlier transmission and delivery of mail. Coöperation between the public and the department will thus be for the advantage of both.

The death of Cardinal Gibbons removed from the Roman Catholic Church in America a man of whom without invidiousness it may confidently be said that he never was surpassed among its prelates in the respect, confidence, admiration and affection in which he was held not alone by the millions of his own vast communion but also by the nation at large without regard to creed, party or race. It removed from the ranks of American citizenry, too, a patriot of most sterling worth, who did probably more than any other man that ever lived to Americanize, aggressively and effectively, a spiritual constituency comprising an exceptionally large proportion of members of alien

origin. Those who can personally recall, with the profound gratitude which they must feel, the priceless services of Archbishop Hughes in the Civil War, can estimate the value of such services in a far greater war and also through many years of peace, multiplied many times through the longer career and the more authoritative rank of the great Cardinal.

The King of the Hellenes, having been restored to his throne, apparently seeks to confirm his possession of it by rousing the patriotic fervor of his people in a war against the hated Tribe of Othman. Incidentally, he presumably wishes to show them that in dismissing Mr. Venizelos they did not forfeit all the territorial and other advantages which that statesman had secured for them. The enterprise savors much of a private war. At any rate it is one which Greece alone is waging, not only without the aid but also without the moral support, the sympathy or the sanction of the Allies. Its only possible vindication, therefore, must be in victory. The Powers are not likely to intervene in behalf of the Turks, though of course they would not countenance Greek invasion of any Turkish territory of which they have already made definite disposal. What would happen if Constantine should venture too far, and should suffer defeat and disaster at the hands of the Turks, is another and an interesting question. The Powers could scarcely afford to have the Turks too greatly triumph over Greece. But their intervention in behalf of Greece would be likely to involve an unpleasant quarter of an hour for King Constantine.

That is a singularly felicitous enterprise of numerous British towns and cities, to "adopt" for rebuilding and restoration French and Belgian towns and cities which were desolated by the war. Thus we are told that the City and County of London has undertaken to rebuild Verdun, Newcastle will restore Arras—so far as the unrestorable can be restored—and Manchester will raise Mezieres from dust and ashes to new life. It is one of the most practical of undertakings. It is also one of the most generous and most auspicious ever conceived, for it will knit together as perhaps nothing else in the world could do the affec-

tions of the two countries, the two peoples. Hereafter whenever Frenchmen speak or hear or think of the British capital, they will think of the rebuilder and restorer of Verdun, and as long as the heroism of the one is remembered with pride, the bounty of the other will be remembered with gratitude.

The twentieth anniversary of the organization of the United States Steel Corporation, the largest industrial concern in the world, provokes some interesting and not unprofitable reflections upon "big business." Down to twenty years ago "big business" meant that which was measured by millions of dollars, sometimes by tens of millions, and in a few cases, spoken of with awe, hundreds of millions. This was the first concern in history to be capitalized at a billion dollars. There were those who thought it too big to be practicable. But it has demonstrated the error of such apprehensions; being no more unwieldly or inclined to disintegration than any smaller corporation. In the twenty years of its existence it has paid out in dividends somewhat more than the amount of its entire capital, while the volume of its business in its twentieth year was equal to more than one and three-quarters times its capital. The amount which its activities have added, directly and indirectly, to the wealth of the nation and of the world, is scarcely to be estimated. As for friction and controversies between the managers and employees, they have been somewhat less than in many smaller corporations. The net conclusion seems to be that "big business" is not in the simple fact of its bigness necessarily evil, but may be conducted as honestly, as fairly and as liberally as even the smallest enterprise.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS: A Personal Narrative. By Robert Lansing. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The sub-title, "a personal narrative," truly characterizes Mr. Lansing's book. For no matter with what reluctance the distinguished author adopts the first person singular in telling his story, no matter how scrupulous his sense of propriety and of justice, no matter how impersonal his logic, the personal feeling is there, and it is this which explains the book and lends it unique interest. One does not mean to imply, in the least, that Mr. Lansing has written in pique. His motives, on any reckoning, are irreproachable. Feeling that his loyalty has been doubted, or in some manner called in question, he frankly writes in self-justification. His book is a sort of *De Corona*, without the crown—for no crowns were won at the Peace Conference. But the reaction upon one of Mr. Lansing's character and mental equipment of the feeling that he had been unfairly judged and thrust into a false and unfavorable position was inevitably—not to provoke spleen or any other unworthy emotion—but to intensify logic, to render analysis ruthless, to make of fairness and logic a crushing weapon.

Beware of the large-minded and fair-spirited man who turns at bay! Perhaps nothing that has been written about Woodrow Wilson in the heat of political controversy is half so scathing as this book of Mr. Lansing's. That it was *meant* to be scathing, is a conviction hard to resist. Certainly, if understatement may be taken as a token of irony, and if a refinement of fairness in the exposure of weaknesses may be regarded as a sign of (no doubt, justifiable) bitterness, one must come to the conclusion that few sharper indictments have ever been brought against any public man than Mr. Lansing has virtually brought against Woodrow Wilson. No "high crimes and misdemeanors" are mentioned—such things are, of course, not at all in question. But the portrait that is incidentally, and, as it were, unintentionally drawn—the portrait of a man enigmatic, inconsistent, a sort of *enfant terrible* among statesmen, a man of incalculable abilities, unfathomable wrong-headedness—this is a terrible and almost a pitiable thing.

Thus, the fact that Mr. Lansing has given, as one would expect, a remarkably clear and statesmanlike exposition of the principal issues at stake in the Peace Conference—an exposition which historians cannot ignore—sinks, for the present, into relative insignificance beside the personal aspect of the book. What is borne in upon one overwhelmingly, just now, is the conviction that nothing more damaging to the ultimate reputation of Woodrow Wilson as