

visionaries what Coleridge described, magnificently, as "A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear." Of a similar grief, caused by what he saw of Stalinist work in Spain, Orwell made his desperate parables. A central nerve had been broken. The later poetry of Wordsworth has the worn, professional air we find in the post-radical verse of the 1940's. The deliberate turn to the cult of private life and landscape yielded high lyric values, but let us not forget how much there was in it of retreat.

A tiny group stuck it out. Blake persevered in a mythology of apocalyptic liberation (rather like the continued determination of Sean O'Casey and Picasso to see in Stalinism and Soviet policy the shape of a dove). Byron adopted an aristocratic radicalism and lamented the fall of Napoleon. But no one remained truer to himself and to revolutionary convictions than Hazlitt. For him (unlike Howard Fast) there came no Budapest, no outrage of Napoleonic rule great enough to make him recant. He would not swerve. Almost his last work was a defense of Napoleon's career and an affirmation of belief in the ultimate validity of the Revolution. One after another, the friends and patrons of his youth shuddered away. Hazlitt denounced them as turncoats, informers, lackeys of reaction.

PROFESSOR BAKER has rightly made of his massive portrait of Hazlitt a study of ideas and political stress. As in the 1930's, so in the late 1790's and during the period of the Napoleonic challenge, ideological conflict and nuances of partisan feeling shaped private lives among the intelligentsia. In fact, these are the two moments in English literary history when we can speak of an intelligentsia in the proper sense. Hazlitt breathed ideas; they were in the substance of his feverish gusto. Hazlitt lived in a "state of perpetual litigation with the community." The best of his writing is thrust and parry. Nearly always it springs from local occasion. That is the major fact in any estimate of the man: he was the first journalist to make of his hurried craft a classic literary achievement.

Journalism had its eighteenth-

century lineage; Defoe, Swift, and Johnson often wrote from ephemeral motives. But with the urgency of political crisis and the development of a new bourgeois reading public in the early nineteenth century, periodical writing entered its major phase. There has never again been a gathering of journals to match the stylistic brilliance of the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, *Blackwood's*, the *London Magazine*, the *Liberal*, the *Examiner*. Some of these were short-lived, but each won its place in literature. They assailed, enlisted, and employed Godwin, Southey, Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, Leigh Hunt, Byron, and Keats; later, they gave to Mill, Macaulay, and Carlyle their natural medium. We owe to the mingling of private voice and public matter devised by such editors as Jeffrey, Lockhart, and John Scott, the art of Charles Lamb, the shape of modern dramatic criticism, the techniques of the profile and essay review.

Hazlitt was thirty-four when the failure of his careers as metaphysician and portrait painter edged him into journalism. After that he never slipped out of harness. Professor Baker estimates that in twenty harassed years he wrote three million words of copy. The wonder is that so many of them retain their strength and truth of feeling. The gallery of profiles in *The Spirit of the Age*, the essays of *The Round Table*, the feuilletons collected as *Table-Talk*, the memoirs of the Lake Poets, the papers on Rousseau, "Reason and Imagination," on prize fighting and Shakespearean acting, on Hogarth and "The Fear of Death"—all were composed under the goad of a deadline. Yet it is a plain fact, and Professor Baker's meticulous record should establish it for once and all, that Hazlitt is among the supreme writers of English prose. He stands beside Swift and Burke.

Always he dreamt of clearing his desk and getting down to "the real thing." Exasperation made his spirit raw. He fought with others because he quarreled constantly with his own hopes. Only Lamb kept faith. But necessity had found out Hazlitt's true genius. His larger works, the *Essay on the Principles of Human Action* and the *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, are feeble. It was over

the short distance, in the twenty-page essay or article, that Hazlitt triumphed. The virtue of his style derives from a concentrated singularity of mood—sarcastic or reminiscent, acid or playful. His power lies in a rich brevity.

Hazlitt's essential limitation (Professor Baker fails to note it) was psychological; it sprang from the peculiar indirection and second-handedness of a critic's art. He saw reality through a curtain of print. Other men's writings, pictures, and ideas became the staple of his own feelings. The sovereign touch he possessed when picking up a book failed him utterly in the immediacy of personal experience. This is where the ruin of his marriages and the macabre fiasco of his infatuation with Sarah Walker are relevant. There is a sharp-sightedness of the reading eye which can grow to a blindness of life.

But enough of Hazlitt's work endures to justify the aloneness and self-destruction of his ways. It justifies also the care lavished on this major piece of intellectual history and portraiture.

## Long Count

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THAT SUMMER IN PARIS, by Morley Callaghan. Coward-McCann. \$5.

When Morley Callaghan set off for Paris in the summer of 1929 it was a wonderful moment in a young man's life: Max Perkins at Scribner's had accepted a novel and a book of his short stories; Fitzgerald and Hemingway had praised him. Now he was leaving Toronto—it is exciting to leave home if only for a while—and he was going to be with men he admired and talk with them about writing. Hemingway and Fitzgerald did talk with him, and at rare moments interestingly enough about their work and plans, but the world into which they admitted him, far from being the republic of letters, was a private world that swirled grotesquely with "fierce passions and wounded pride."

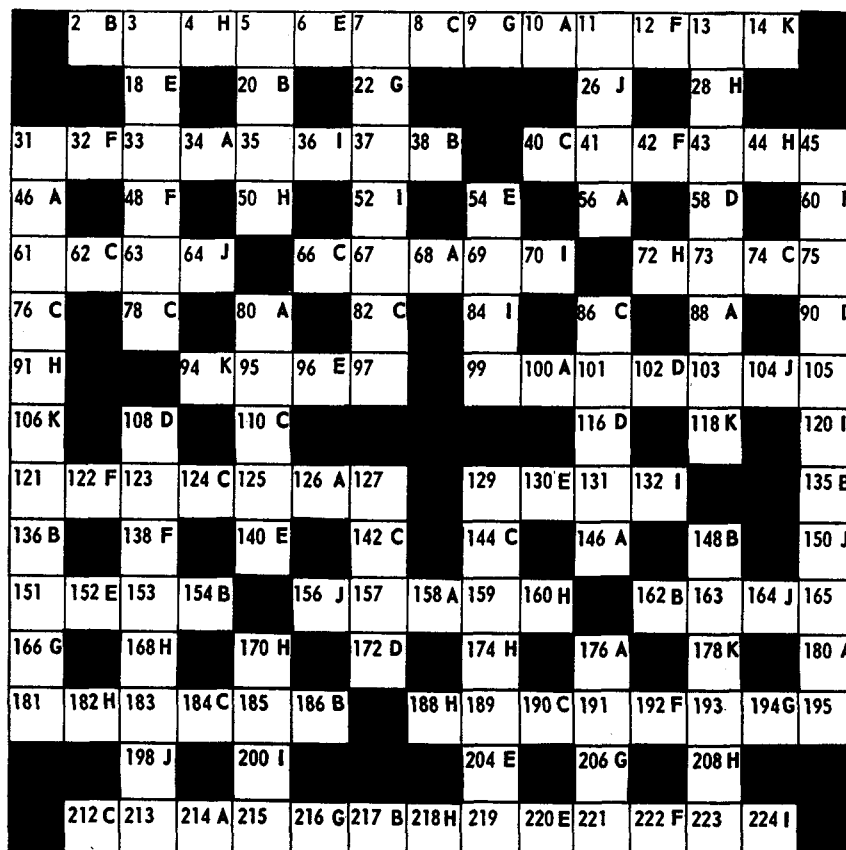
Fitzgerald told Callaghan that he had always been a poor boy in a rich

# THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 70

by HENRY ALLEN

## DIRECTIONS

- 1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
- 2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
- 3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.



A 214 126 46 100 10 180 56 88 176 68 34

158 80 146 "Liberty means \_\_\_\_\_.  
That is why most men dread it." Shaw,  
"Maxims for Revolutionists."

B 20 2 162 136 148 135 154 38 217 186 A  
college in Los Angeles.

C 66 76 40 82 144 124 184 86 212 74 8 110

142 62 190 78  
"For God's sake, let us \_\_\_\_\_.  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings."  
Shakespeare, "Richard II" (3,4,3,6).

D 108 58 116 90 172 102 "Then a senti-  
mental passion of a vegetable fashion  
must excite your languid \_\_\_\_\_.  
Gilbert, "Patience."

E 220 6 18 204 96 130 152 54 140 The first  
weekday after Christmas (British) (6,3).

F 60 42 138 12 222 192 122 48 32 A certain  
indefinite kind of measure, of rope, for  
example (1,6,2).

G 9 216 194 206 22 166 "Words are wise  
men's counters, they do but \_\_\_\_\_ with  
them, but they are the money of fools."  
Hobbes, "Leviathan."

H 218 50 72 188 91 44 168 170 182 28 174 4

160 208 A term sometimes applied to  
the group of young advisers of President  
Kennedy (3,8,3).

I 36 120 52 84 224 200 70 132 Applied to  
the heavens devoid of life or activity (5,3).

J 198 64 164 26 150 104 156 A pattern,  
usually consisting of a thin plate or piece  
of wood.

K 178 106 94 118 14 Records a television  
show for future use.

## ACROSS

2. Meeting place on which plebeians may agree? (6,7).
31. Is the farm left? It's well off anyhow.
40. After tea permit a kind of candle.
61. Unadulterated when it goes with Simon.
66. Kilns may creep?
72. We may sharpen in degree, whether or not pointed.
94. Cooking utensils without results.
99. A monkey wrench beginning with 94 about.
121. With the basis of proof or, I hear, them.
129. Goes with plug, stepsister, or duckling.
151. A god of good intentions.
156. The Tiber may have a group of people on its bank.
162. A lake for a singer.
181. The kind of success popular with communicators.
188. A fact's in dispute with zealots.
212. A kind of age for former transportation (5,3,5).

## DOWN

3. Place prominent in recent activities of the Acrostician.
5. A grimace a mouse might make when he loses a shilling.
7. Bewilder negatively.
11. A tree found in a spa, you know.
13. Help dine and wine this lady.
31. Breaths of hopes.
45. Put the term on Wales for fruits.
54. Picnic participants found in pleasant surroundings.
80. Linger for art on the railway.
86. The score is all in Mr. Cobb's keeping.
108. Ties gone? He's looking after them (6,2).
127. Utopian? Not less!
129. It would seem that the queue can't hang down if we reproach it.
148. The cur holds metal, and his owner is being excessively fond.
170. A news agency of the Socialist Assembly.
176. The capital of the Indaba Kulak region.

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