

An Intimate Correspondence

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HENRY CABOT LODGE, 1844-1918. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. 2 Vols. \$10.

Reviewed by MAX FARRAND
Yale University

THE first impression one receives in reading these volumes is that the title is misleading. Such a feeling is always irritating and one instinctively wishes that the contents had been more clearly indicated, as might have been done by heavily underscoring "Selections," by printing the one name in large caps—THEODORE ROOSEVELT—and the other name in *l.c.*—henry cabot lodge. But after finishing the reading of the two volumes one is inclined to think that the only change needed in the title page is a statement that the selections were made and the editing done by Lodge himself, and even that may be unnecessary as it is said in the Preface.

The fact, however, needs to be recognized, for the selection of letters is quite characteristic of Lodge—eminently discreet and in thoroughly good taste. The series commences with a letter from Roosevelt to Lodge in May, 1884, when both men had just been selected as delegates from their respective states to the National Republican convention. The letter begins, "My dear Mr. Lodge." Three weeks later the "Mr." has been dropped, and by November it is "Dear Cabot" and "Dear Theodore." But the first letter with this more intimate salutation is not included until an extract has been inserted from a memorandum by Roosevelt, dated Feb. 10, 1908:

Altho I had met Cabot Lodge once or twice in the Porcellian Club, I never really knew him until the Spring of 1884, when we came together in connection with the effort to prevent Blaine's nomination for President. . . .

From that time on he was my closest friend personally, politically, and in every other way, and occupied toward me a relation that no other man has ever occupied or ever will occupy. . . . For the past twenty-four years I have discussed almost every move I have made in politics with him, provided he was at hand and it was possible for me to discuss it; and as regards many matters of policy and appointment, it would be quite impossible for me now to say whether it was he or I who first suggested the appointment I made or the course that I followed.

This is a remarkable tribute to an unusual friendship and the strength and beauty of that friendship stand revealed in this correspondence. But the letters also reveal something more, that was intimated in the suggested change in the typography of the title, or that might be inferred from comparing the photographs of the two men which serve as frontispieces for the respective volumes: Roosevelt was the aggressive leader; Lodge was the gentle, persuasive, influential friend. The relation is indicated in a letter from Lodge written in 1903:

I do not suppose that either Root or I could have been of much help to you in the troubles which have gathered this summer, but I do think it might have been a relief if you had one or both of us to talk to. I feel sure I could have been of some help to you and that makes me very anxious every moment I am kept here.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the letters selected are predominantly Roosevelt's and have been chosen to bring out traits in Roosevelt's character, or to illustrate features of his policy or to throw light upon some of his activities. Lodge's part is merely incidental in the life of him whom he regarded as "one of the greatest and most remarkable men who has ever played a large part and exercised a powerful influence in the history of the United States." One becomes almost impatient with Lodge for being content to accept that position. There are references to his own long and honorable public career; it is even intimated that he, Lodge, played an important part in our foreign relations at other times as well as when Roosevelt was President. But these are completely overshadowed by the attention given to the bigger man.

The letters are allowed to tell their own story, but it is a very incomplete and even disjointed story. For example, there may be much upon the preliminaries to the Republican Convention of 1900, or upon certain aspects of the election of 1904, and practically nothing upon the election of 1912. There are pages and pages devoted to the Alaska Boundary settlement in 1903, and only a reference to the Panama controversy in the same year. The text gives no intimation of these and other temperamental omissions.

The volumes will prove disappointing to many.

The average person will never believe that in so intimate a correspondence Roosevelt did not express himself freely regarding persons and events, and that with his virile powers of language there should not be many stirring bits descriptive of personalities and even of invective. But has it not been said that the selection was made by the discreet and courteous Lodge? There are occasional outbursts and emphatic expressions, but one cannot help feeling that they were only allowed a place when Lodge was in hearty accord, and when he believed them not only justified but also perfectly permissible, as for example in the case of Godkin, the editor of *The Evening Post*.

If one becomes reconciled to the limitations that have been described, the letters are thoroughly enjoyable reading, and at times even delightful, and they are informative as well. They throw many strong lights upon important events, notably in our foreign relations, and there are many revealing traits of character and incidents in the careers of both men that are brought out sometimes consciously and sometimes unconsciously.

It is worth while to have it shown again that both Roosevelt and Lodge considered their political careers ended by their support of Blaine after his nomination in 1884. In 1889 Roosevelt wrote:

I would like above all things to go into politics; but in this part of the State that seems impossible. . . . So I have made up my mind that I will go in especially for literature.

It is important to see Roosevelt appreciating the strength of Lodge's "earnest advice," in 1895, that he become the conspicuous leader:

Your party has made your fight theirs. You must lead it. You owe it to them and to yourself and must win. Don't fail to go on the stump. . . . They must see you and get to know you.

Roosevelt had learned something of that lesson when he had been a member of the New York Assembly twelve years before, and conspicuous leadership grew to be the determining factor in his career.

But even when these things are taken into consideration the volumes are to be regarded as only an addition, although an important addition, to the ever increasing bulk of the Roosevelt literature.

A Great Englishman

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COBBETT. By G. D. H. COLE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI

TO say that Mr. Cole has written the best life of Cobbett yet published is faint praise for his achievement. What he has done is to write the first really adequate life of a great Englishman, which is valuable not only for its contribution to historical research, but for the sheer delight with which it can be read. Those who think of Mr. Cole as a narrow doctrinaire will do well to read this book. They will find it contains the qualities which have made Professor Graham Wallas's *Life of Place*, and the volumes of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, classics of their kind. The main duty of a reviewer with such a book is simply to proclaim his gratitude and urge the reader to make his way to the nearest bookshop.

Mr. Cole, let it be added, had the advantage of a magnificent subject, for Cobbett is the embodiment of the English character. His great virtues were unending courage, unending obstinacy, a genuine hatred of injustice, a determination to make his own way to his own goal, and a prose style which, for perfect clarity and directness, only Hazlett equalled in the nineteenth century. He had, of course, faults and to spare. He was colossally egotistic; the age, to him, was quite definitely the age of William Cobbett. He had a serene confidence that not only was he always right, but that those who opposed him were akin to moral lepers. He had little clear perception of the trend of forces in his time. He was uninterested in ideas or in the play of mind. He had no sympathy with the temperament which either hesitates or is sceptical. He was, in a word, an English farmer who happened to be endowed with sterling commonsense and a superlative literary gift. He had no sympathy with, or affinity for, the outstanding minds of his time. He disliked Bentham; he had probably no notion of the importance of Coleridge; Malthus for him was simply a clerical blackguard. His outlook was narrow and limited. He abhorred the slavery of the factories; but negro slavery left him cold. He renounced the ignorance of the poor; but educational effort in any wide sense

did not interest him. The things that moved Robert Owen to become perhaps the greatest social pioneer of the nineteenth century seemed to him not things upon which to build but things to destroy. He was to the end a Tory Democrat who wanted to perpetuate the stolid, comfortable England of the pre-industrial epoch—the England of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton—where men learn by what they see, where the beef is stout and the beer plenteous, and the honeysuckle climbs the door of the laborer's cottage, and his children play in the garden.

However it be regarded, it is an extraordinary career. No one ever helped Cobbett—whatever he was, he was by his own unaided exertions. And his views came to him from the grim school of life. He left Pitt, he left Windham, he joined the Reformers, because he came to see that the England of the Napoleonic era was built upon injustice and corruption. He had no theory of its transformation except the burning desire to root out that injustice and corruption. The new capitalism merely angered him; against its brutality he cried out passionately, but with no real sense of its causes. But with all his narrowness and his prejudices, Cobbett, like Dr. Johnson, is a representative man. He educated the working-class of his generation into a sense of the significance of reform. He did it by constant and indignant reiteration of obvious facts within their own experience. He had that supreme art of the journalist in a supreme degree which consists in being able to put his case so that exactly those readers for whose support he is concerned will recognize the accent of their own hearts. Above all, let us mark his honesty. There is little that Cobbett could not, with his powers, have had, had he chosen to make himself the creature of authority. It was no easy task in those days to lead the opposition in a press regarded by the lawyer and the statesman as the enemy. Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Eaton, were all martyrs to their inability to see truth as their masters would have them see it. Cobbett never budged an inch from his chosen path. If there is stouter invective than his indictment of Castlereagh and Sidmouth, I do not know it. He hated them for the good reason that he hated cruelty and injustice, and they were the authors of a political system in which cruelty and injustice were the foundations.

Mr. Cole speaks of his "abounding faith in the common rightness of the common man." That is wherein Cobbett's greatness most truly consists. For it was in his feeling (it was an emotion rather than a perception) that only what happened to the common man really mattered, that Cobbett's greatness is most apparent. He became a Reformer because the England he cared about was being uprooted by the great society. He felt uneasily that in this uprooting the common man would lose his mastery of self and become the slave of blind forces beyond his ken. The protest was, of course, impossible; the change was already inevitable when he wrote. But Cobbett's legacy was a spirit that, even today, is discernible in the mind of English labor. It is the spirit which has made Mr. George Lansbury the most beloved figure in the working-class movement of our time. It is the sense that he is of them and with them. It is the ability to state their feelings as they know them. It is the recognition of their right to satisfy their simple desires, the insistence on the eminent worth of their personality because it is humble and oppressed. Mr. Lansbury is disliked in Mayfair, as Cobbett was disliked in St. James. But in the mean streets of Poplar and the grim dourness of northern mining villages people speak of Mr. Lansbury in a special accent as they spoke of Cobbett a hundred years ago.

I have only one complaint to make against Mr. Cole. He deliberately, I think, belittles the part Francis Place played in those years of which he writes. Mr. Cole, like Cobbett, dislikes political tacticians, and Francis Place was the supreme artist of that day in his *genre*. But, as Burke said, the little minor of circumstances plays a great part on the field of battle. Whatever Place's shortcomings, he played a great part greatly; and the mutual antipathy between him and Cobbett ought not to obscure our debt to him.

The Eugene Du Maurier prize of \$25 is offered through the Order of Bookfellow for the best ballad in English ballad meter submitted by a Bookfellow on or before June 30, 1925. The judges will be Clyde Robe Meredith, C. A. A. Parker, and Miss Louise Molloy. Further information may be obtained from Flora Warren Seymour, Clerk, 4917 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago.

Faith and Modern Living

CHAOS AND A CREED. By JAMES PRICE-MAN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. \$2.50.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

IN "Chaos and a Creed" we are face to face with the clearest, the most sincere, and the most betraying statement which has yet appeared of the average man of today, in respect to man's need of a formal faith. Beginning honestly by admitting that James Priceman is a pseudonym adopted to secure the necessary detachment, the author has explored the faith of millions of men, based, like his, on orthodox Christianity, informed by modern education, and emptied of its earlier validity by the adventure of modern living. With an honesty that engages the reader's attention in excess of the interest of the subject matter—for he offers no new material either of scholarship or interpretation—Mr. Priceman attacks the general problems of the historicity of Jesus, the supernormal elements of his life story, and the doctrinal residue. Accepting an evolutionary creation, he dismisses the legend of the Virgin Birth as unimportant, chiefly because of Jesus's own silence on that point, accepts the miracles in general, and relegates their detail to a secondary consideration.

The resurrection he accepts primarily for the reason that gives every student pause, the tremendous events that sprang from it, too revolutionary to have arisen in anything but facts otherwise inexplicable to contemporary observation. But in the very act of accepting the Gospel account of the death and reappearance of Jesus, Priceman rejects the Pauline dogma of salvation by Blood, sees in Jesus' own statements as to the forgiveness of sins something much more akin to modern psychoanalysis than to the orthodox scheme of salvation.

Finally, the book closes with a statement of personal faith which, while it refutes most of the concepts on which such a conclusion has formerly been established, definitely reasserts a belief that Jesus was God. He is presented as God the Creator, thought of as distinct and apart from his creation, who deliberately, and at "one actual historic date" and as "one consummate revelation" assumes human form and lives the life of a rejected Jewish rabbi in an inconsiderable corner of the world. Altogether a modern American exposition!

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It is modern in its easy acceptance of as much scholarship and "higher criticism" as its author happens in a not narrowly informed career to have come across. Thoroughly American in its invincible natural prepossession in favor of Godness in man, accessible to man; this book is even more American in its profound ignorance of the whole science of mysticism by which such an inheritance can be accounted for and handled. So completely is this side of the subject, which so evidently engages the writer's whole subconscious approach, divorced from his intellectual consciousness of it, that it is more than likely Mr. Priceman would reject the idea that mysticism is, or could be, scientific. So ignorant does he remain of the history and meaning of the mystical approach to God, that his nearest touch is to reject for Jesus any sort of "monkishness," though as a matter of fact the picture of Jesus drawn in "Chaos and a Creed," as a man of great spiritual simplicity, renouncing all attachment to the things of this world, unmarried, given to both physical and spiritual healing, practicing long sessions of retirement in prayer and fasting, going about preaching, and finally suffering death with quietness for his Revelation, is like nothing so much as the great monks of the Middle Ages. Here speaks the average American Protestant prejudice in which both mysticism and monks stand—ignorantly—for the most disliked expression of religiosity.

One cannot help but feel that had the eminent American lurking behind the not too thick disguise of James Priceman, understood that mysticism is a way of life as definitely described as any other phase of human psychology, more soundly based and more extensively annotated by experience than psychoanalysis, and much more copiously documented, he might have found a way out of his chaos even more satisfactory to himself. "It is easier for me to believe," he says, "that Jesus called Lazarus from the tomb, than to believe that any merely human man . . . could have conceived of asserting 'I am the resurrection and the life.'" But any student of mysticism could have told him that this form of expression, this speaking in the person of the Indwell-

ing Spirit, is the usual practice of mystics in what is called primary meditation, all over the world, and is used today by healers and other practitioners of spiritual therapeutics. He could, indeed, within ten minutes walk of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second have discovered several of them who use the mystical methods of Jesus for the same purposes that Jesus used them.

Missing this item, Mr. Priceman misses the not unimportant fact that Jesus nowhere asserted that he was the sole, or chief, or in any respect peculiar, incarnation of God in Man. Nevertheless, that a layman should have gone to such earnest lengths to deliver his faith that, however it came about, God is in man and with man, is of heartening significance.

The Mediterranean Age

THE MEDITERRANEAN LANDS: AN INTRODUCTORY STUDY IN HUMAN GEOGRAPHY. By MARION I. NEWBIGIN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$2.75.

Reviewed by HARRY ELMER BARNES
Smith College

SOME seventy years ago Arnold Guyot delivered his famous Lowell Lectures on "Earth and Man," in which he presented his suggestive theory of the "geographic march of history." By this he meant that the great historic civilizations had rarely repeated themselves or replaced each other in the same geographic environment, but had passed on to other areas. Specifically, civilization had originated in the Orient, developed still further in the Mediterranean basin, and had opened a new and revolutionary epoch with the conquest of the Atlantic by the nations of northwestern Europe. A generation ago the brilliant young Russian geographer and anarchist, Léon Metchnikoff, died leaving a manuscript entitled "Les Grands Fleuves Historiques," which was later published under the editorship of the distinguished French geographer, Elisée Reclus. In this he sketched a geographical interpretation of the history of civilization through three stages: the fluvial, the thalassic, and the oceanic. He had planned to complete this survey, but his early death prevented him from finishing more than the first part. Subsequently, Huntington, Gilfillan, and others have offered more complete and technical confirmation of this thesis.

In this volume by Miss Newbigin, the erudite and original Scottish geographer already well known through her studies of Balkan geography and history, we have the only serious effort which has yet been made in English to present in complete and succinct form the historical geography of the Mediterranean area from the rise of Egyptian civilization to the discovery of the overseas routes to the East at the close of the fifteenth century. She thus unfolds the panorama of history which enlists her attention:

As the dawn breaks we see Egypt and Babylonia struggling. . . . Out of a period of world disturbance the cities of Phœnicia emerge, . . . bringing the new west into touch with the older east. . . . Then comes the rise of Classical Greece, the growth of the free cities in mountain-girt but sea-fringed plains. . . . Next Rome begins to expand in ever-widening circles, and makes the Mediterranean area a unit. . . . But the peoples of Europe react, and under the impact of the Goths and Vandals, with the Arabs advancing along the southern shore, Rome goes down and the Mediterranean world is once more filled with strife. . . . Next we see the rise of the great mediæval trading cities. . . . Amalfi, Venice, Pisa, Genoa and many other towns. . . . Then new armies appear, menacing the Levantine coast, the area from which the trading cities derive their wealth. From Asia Minor the Turks advance into Europe, shattering off the eastern from the western world, once more shattering the concept of Mediterranean unity. The ships of Venice return empty to port; but Vasco da Gama has already reached India. . . . The Mediterranean Sea is now but a pocket; the ships of commerce have left it for the wider oceans beyond.

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The first third of Miss Newbigin's book is devoted to a brief survey of the geographic setting of the Mediterranean basin and adjoining lands, based obviously on the monumental work of Philippon. The last two-thirds treats of the geographical elements involved in the sequence of historic cultures from the days of Menes to those of Columbus. It is rather to be deplored that this distribution of space was chosen, as the material on geography is much more competently and impressively presented than that on history. Fortunately, even the historical geography is more geography than history. As a general judgment on the work it may be safely stated that it performs more satisfactorily than any other

brief book in English the highly valuable service of presenting in a compact, readable, and suggestive fashion the physical basis of the history of civilization during the ancient and mediæval periods. The book should be most useful to historians and classicists alike, and should help to introduce a more dynamic and realistic element into the study of the life and cultures of these areas and periods. It should be particularly serviceable to the teachers of ancient and mediæval history in the schools, who are usually tragically innocent of the environmental background of their subject, and to whom historical geography is primarily a tracing of the shifts of political boundaries indicated on maps by ingenious chromatic designations.

While freely granting its general usefulness and many specific excellencies, it must also be pointed out that the book strikingly illustrates the dangers of venturing unchaperoned out of one's one specialty. The geographer in history is always faced with the difficult problem of being in thorough command of the historical facts for which he desires to find some geographical foundation and explanation. In no field is this so hazardous an undertaking as in regard to ancient and mediæval history, particularly the former. In most modern problems one can feel reasonably sure of himself when he has mastered the monographic secondary literature, but in ancient history the mass of papyri which are gradually being digested change our views and enrich our information weekly. In the light of this, what can be said for the reliability of the historical data of an author who seriously tells us that "alike for Egypt and for the Tigris-Euphrates area Herodotus and the Old Testament are invaluable," and whose chief sources of historical information are such books as Gibbon, Rawlinson, Freeman, and Reclus, even though there is reference to the existence of the first volume of the "Cambridge Ancient History"! It is not surprising to note that the author has missed a prize detail for her story in Walter Leaf's ingenious geographical explanation of the rise of the Mycenaean civilization and the causes of the Trojan War, or repeats solemnly the venerable myth punctured ten years ago by Professor Lybyer to the effect that overseas explorations and discoveries were produced by the advance of the Turks which intercepted and excluded the Christian merchants from contact with the Orient. If, however, the historian will need to exploit rather gingerly her strictly historical data, he will find here assembled a large body of pertinent geographical facts of undoubted validity with which to enrich his knowledge and interpretation of the history of western civilization to the modern era.

Five Scenes from a History

THE DARK HOURS. By DON MARQUIS. New York: Doubleday Page & Co. 1925. \$1.75.

Reviewed by HENRY LONGAN STUART

ANY attempt to rewrite the gospels in whole or in part has strong prejudice to overcome before it can be accepted as anything but overweening and misguided ambition. This sentiment is not altogether derived from a fear that the hands laid upon the fabric will be unworthy of irreverent ones. Indeed, from the nature of the case, it is far more likely that unfamiliarity and reluctance to offend will breed a new and intenser respect. Nor does it arise from a conviction that everything has been said and that nothing remains to be added. Mr. Middleton Murry, who is said to be busy on his own Life of Christ, has told us that an intelligent modern policeman, from the mere point of view of fact, could write a better Gospel story than either Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John. And, to pass from the ridiculous to the sublime, many of the great mystics have experienced a sort of sacred exasperation at the exiguity of Gospel narrative, and have tried to supplement it by meditations and visions often startling in the wealth and plausibility of their detail. The reluctance of many pious souls to see the Gospels exploited is due rather to the feeling that they are sacred ground, *hortus conclusus*, and that to go botanizing thereon with anything but the purest spiritual intention is to take unfair and unlawful advantage of the solemnity and authority with which long association invests every word and incident of Holy Script.

It did not need the author's note appended by Mr. Don Marquis to "The Dark Hours" to feel sure that, in his case, the great drama of the Redemption fell into singularly worthy and reverent