

actual world that he lived in, and more and more, as time went on, sought compensation by building an inward one "more real." The external result of this maladjustment and this compensation was—The Works of Edgar Allan Poe.

I have given a mere sketch of Mr. Krutch's argument, on the assumption that the reader will proceed to the book itself, a provocative little book, one of the best of many recent attempts to determine what light psychoanalysis throws on literature. Although on the whole commendably circumspect, the author has not succeeded in maintaining the scientific attitude at which he aims. The Edgar Allan Poe professor of English at the University of Virginia has already published corrections of some of the errors in fact into which Mr. Krutch wandered in consequence of his zeal for supporting his thesis. More important is his habit of wholesale assertion, as when he announces that "no more completely personal writer than Poe ever existed," and that "there is not, in the ordinary sense, one iota of observation or touch of reality in any story or poem which he produced. No native characters, no observed incidents, no contemporary problems appear; into himself he drew nothing, but he poured out, on the contrary, scenes, characters, and emotions which had no source but his own imagination." This is to propose a new Poe myth. Again, while the author occupies a strong position when he maintains that Poe and his works must be related to each other, he lapses into what appears to me a vague or nonsensical dictum when he holds that "to accept one is to accept the other"—does this mean that we must admire Poe the man if we admire Poe's writings? Mistaken zeal causes the author, once more, to subscribe literally to the assertion of Poe himself (a lamentable witness) that the terror in certain of his tales was "not of Germany but of the soul;" this, says Mr. Krutch, "is merely the simple and unescapable truth," since "the forces which wrecked his life were those which wrote his works." In saying this, the author invites a sweeping criticism of his study of literary genius.

There are involved here two ways of "explaining" the writings of a man like Poe, or, less obviously, the writings of any genius. One is the historical way, which emphasizes the literary and intellectual influences that shape a writer's work. This is the favorite method of the academic mind in our time, which enjoys the task of showing how thoroughly the work of a writer like Poe fits into the history of the Romantic Movement. The other way is the psychoanalytical, which centers attention upon the quality of the writer's subconscious psychic activity, in the belief that in that activity is to be found the true "source" of his works. Mr. Krutch has only scorn for the historical approach, and only admiration for the psychoanalytic. In taking this attitude he is doubly unscientific, although to be scientific is his dearest desire. For, in the first place, the literary influences upon a writer, the things that he selects or that gravitate toward him, show why the creative force in him expressed itself in the way that it did express itself. Poe's way was that of his time. If he had lived at another time, and had had the same kind of personal heritage and experience, there is every reason to suppose that he would have written otherwise, or not have written at all. The forces which wrecked his life may have awakened the impulse to write, but in the shaping of his intuitions he was guided primarily by the traditions of romanticism. We can see that definitely; the historical "explanation" of a writer's work is, so far as it goes, valid. Secondly, we cannot see definitely, on the contrary, what goes on in the psychic realm. The application of our present psychoanalysis to literature is essentially unscientific, for the reason that this new development of psychology is still on trial—is still interesting and promising speculation rather than knowledge.

To pass beyond the study of the gravitation of influences to the cause of the gravitation is to

... take upon's the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies.

It may well be questioned whether we shall ever enjoy so exalted a commission; and assuredly it is plain that we do not enjoy it now, and that Mr. Krutch is, accordingly, somewhat premature in his attempt to circumvallate Poe and his works in a neat system. Yet, it ought at least to be said that he has employed plausibly the supposed knowledge that underlies his book, and that the picture that he draws makes us feel closer to the tortured spirit of Poe than we feel in reading the encomiums or the denunciations by most of his biographers.

## "L'Homme d'Amour"

FRANZ LISZT. By GUY DE POURTALÈS. Henry Holt & Co. New York. 1926.

Reviewed by EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL  
Harvard University

"EXPRESSIONISM" is gradually stealing into all the arts. One by one, it has invaded painting, music, sculpture, poetry, and the drama. It is now the fashion to write biography in the "expressionist" manner. In place of the exhaustive two or three volume treatment of the human subject, with an elaborate analysis of his professional career, amply provided with notes and cross references, we have a far briefer exposition of humanistic traits, a coloristic background of persons and places into which the life work of the individual makes scarcely more than an apologetic entrance. Witness "Glorious Apollo" and "Ariel" both which are atmosphere and personality incarnate, but which do not attempt the conventional sphere of biography. This method has much to commend it. Its first place it enables the author to concentrate upon the human qualities of his subject without demanding the intense critical insight which is essential to the real biography. There is a further advantage that in outlining the career of an artist, the precise nature of his innovations and indeed the accurate estimate of his historical import may be



DIANA: "SPORTS THE THING"

From "Ixion in Heaven," by Benjamin Disraeli, decorated by John Austen (Holt)

safely ignored. The general reading public expects from biography first of all an illumination of personality, an intensification of character, not an accession to its knowledge of professional prowess.

With the preponderance of argument on his side, from the popular point of view, M. de Pourtalès has written a life of Liszt which belongs to the "expressionist" category of biography. He has, at the outset, defined Liszt's dual personality, that baffling union of the sensualist and the mystic. He has followed his subtitle "L'Homme d'Amour" and given refined, yet glowing narratives of Liszt's principal love affairs, and deftly indicated their reaction upon the composer's career. Marie d'Agoult and the Princess von Sayn-Wittgenstein naturally occupy the lion's share of these tender episodes. In the former case, M. de Pourtalès errs on the side of chivalry, overlooking the fact that the Countess d'Agoult's brother once declared that Liszt had throughout acted "like a man of honor." On the other hand, the refusal to grant the Princess von Sayn-Wittgenstein a divorce in order that she might marry Liszt is so skilfully related as to arouse the reader's sympathies for a noble-hearted woman.

If the inherent unselfishness of Liszt's character is scarcely revealed in its real dimensions by M. de Pourtalès, neither is the intrinsic significance of his innovations in the field of composition, and the universality of his influence more than suggested. On the other hand, Liszt's personality as a whole, the intellectual and emotional background of his life, his friendships with von Bülow, Schumann, and more especially Wagner, the gradual domination of the ecclesiastical over the worldly in his later years, are all admirably depicted, and give this biography

a graphic quality possessed by no other. For the untechnical music-lover, and the student of human nature, M. de Pourtalès has accomplished his task excellently. If this volume does not supersede the life by Huneker, it supplements it in an admirable fashion. For one who wishes specific information, Huneker is always available. For the student of temperaments who wishes to obtain a vivid glimpse of the man Liszt, M. de Pourtalès' picturesque and enlightening volume will provide an enthralling stimulus.

## When a Man Thobs

THOBBING. By HENSHAW WARD. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1926. \$3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

"WHEN a person thinks without curiosity, has an opinion because he likes it, and believes what is handy, then he thobs. I am weary," wrote Jack in Mr. Ward's parable, "of a universe of thobbing. I am coming home to study mining engineering." Thinking, opining, and believing are stages in the progress of thobistic conviction. Thobbing is what Professor Conklin calls "wishful thinking," and is the better term, first, because it is one word, and second, because it suggests thobbing, whereas *wishful* suggests wistful. It is not the thobbing that is wishful, but the thobbing that is thobbing, which is mainly the target, the elusive quintain, successfully speared by Mr. Ward's agile lance. What are the faiths, beliefs, convictions which we so emotionally champion? Either they are in the "mores," handed over to us in packages by inheritance, and never really poked into to see what they contain; or they are reached in a manner somewhat like this: as soon as we ask ourselves, What is the truth about this or that? straightway one of several attractive answers pop into our expectant minds; presently one of them has been taken into the heart of our affections, and we are its hundred per cent champions. The reasons we give for our choice are commonly not causes of choice, but weapons of defense.

A thobber seems to be much what Napoleon used to call an ideologist, a person whose conception of a thing is always getting in front of the thing. After all it is a relative matter. Everyone sees somewhat and fancies somewhat. No one sees anything without some personal slant. We are as little rational as primitive savages. We know more, but from his premises the savage argues as rationally and irrationally as we do. Our minds also are full of myths, and we, too, are outraged if anyone threatens them. No sooner is one dream castle and palace of theory thrown down than we build another, as convinced of its rock foundations as the architects before us.

Only in certain sciences, in which men constantly observe and only theorize intermittently, is there indisputable progress. The process is not wholly observation and induction, but nowhere else are hypotheses called hypotheses and recognized as classifications of apparent facts which the mind cannot otherwise handle. Elsewhere hypotheses are called laws, principles, convictions, doctrines, faiths, or other terms charged with possessive emotion. Herbert Spencer's idea of a tragedy, someone said, was a generalization destroyed by a fact. Only the Darwins are more pleased by a new fact than distressed by the wound it gives to a theory previously in good health. A mining engineer cannot thob on the job,—not very much,—for the job will rise up and smite him. But whenever the facts are not too thin-skinned, quick-tempered, and contentious, one may thob blissfully along, and bequeath his thobs to posterity who will rise up and call him blessed.

Mr. Ward has cast his argument in the form of letters to Clarence Day. Could anything be more ingratiating, more inductive of candor and wit? But with all his conversational manner, somewhat this side of sedate, there is nothing half-baked or incompetent in his handling of the monumental subjects into which he plunges. He has read widely and thought hard. He uncovers thobbing ruthlessly in the man in the street and in the deep thinker of long long thoughts: in morality, science, sociology, philosophy, and psychology; in the radical as in the conservative; in the educational doctrine of Professor Dewey, the economic man of Adam Smith; and the gargoyles of Upton Sinclair; in peace plans and principles of law. His inspiration or starting point, if it can be traced definitely, seems to be Sumner, and Sumner's Folkways.

Personally I am a thobber, probably more so than



the average; and while admitting Mr. Ward to be correct in his analysis and nearly always right in specific attacks, I am drawn by the practice of that pleasant habit to wonder if life would not be somewhat dry and dreary if one did nothing but satisfy curiosity. I doubt whether the faculty of observation would ever be as steady a source of happiness to me as the faculty of imagining. That is only personal. But—somewhat more impersonally—I do not see how we would get anywhere without making pictures and schemes out of, and round about, the things we observe; or how we would be really the better for holding all our beliefs provisionally, and putting cold hypotheses everywhere in the place of warm faiths. It is all very well for Mr. Day, with speciously disarming candor, to admit: "We aren't expecting to free ourselves from thobbing; all we hope is for *awareness* of thobbing;" Mr. Ward's sense of injury is quite understandable when he adds: "To us it appears that the uplifters are not even interested in becoming *aware* of thobbing." But, naturally, they are not! If they were, they would not be so interested in uplifting. George Sorel wrote a book once on the function of the myth. Mr. Ward owes us another book in defense of thobbing. There is not heat enough in curiosity. As soon as one throbs one thobs. A world without thobbing would probably be a world without heroism or poetry. Awareness of thobbing takes away its effectiveness; takes away all its gusto and its glory, and leaves us at sitting perched on the cinder heap of dead illusions, sniffing at the green grass for growing so foolishly.

Nevertheless Mr. Ward's "Thobbing" is a book worth any man's reading for several reasons. One of them is that he handles weighty and complex subjects competently, in language as light and simple as a baseball bat, and with that smacking impact which suggests enthusiasm on the bleachers; and even to the discriminating mind, observant, curious, but unthobbing, suggests the provisional possibility of a home run.

## American History in Pictures

THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA. A Pictorial History of the United States. Edited by RALPH HENRY GABRIEL. Volume I, Adventures in the Wilderness. By CLARK WISSLER, CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER, and WILLIAM WOOD. Volume III, Toilers of Land and Sea. By RALPH HENRY GABRIEL. New Haven: The Yale University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

Author of "The American States"

THE principal merit of these fascinating volumes is likely to be missed by the man who gives them but a casual inspection. A pictorial history of the nation is no new thing, and a very full pictorial history might be compiled which would have little value beyond entertaining the general reader and vivifying the country's record. But these volumes, the first two in a projected set of twelve, go to the original documents for their illustrations, and thus become in considerable degree sourcebooks. They are a guide and an object-lesson in research as well as a mere collection of interesting pictures. Consisting in the main of contemporary drawings and paintings, portraits, and maps, and photographs of museum models and exhibits, they give but little room to the endless list of "fanciful" historical pictures with which young students are often fed. They do not entirely avoid the stock paintings of Isabella pawning her jewels, Pocahontas saving John Smith, Washington crossing the Delaware, and the like, but they keep them subordinated to material that is truthful, un-hackneyed, and historically illuminating. To most students the original sources seem difficult and forbidding. Anyone who masters these volumes will receive a delightful introduction to many of them, as well as a freshening stimulus to the imagination.

The first volume, dealing with the Indians, the explorers, and the early European colonies, shows best the compilers' breadth of research. Here the whole panorama of North American history from 1492 to (roughly) 1700 is reviewed by means of 750 illustrations. The life of the aborigines is treated with skill and thoroughness, receiving 130 pictures with explanatory paragraphs by Clark Wissler. He begins with John White's drawings of the Virginia Indians and their customs, made about 1585 and deposited in the British Museum; with the

illustrations from Theodore de Bry's "Grands Voyages," published at Frankfurt in 1591—drawings of deer-stalking, boat-building, autumn harvesting, and so on by Jacques Le Moyne; and with photographs of models representing Indian scenes from the National Museum and the State Museum at Albany. Thence we come to the illustrations from Lafitau's "Customs of the American Savages" (1724), of which the study of Iroquois Indians weaving, cooking, grinding meal, and dressing skins is the best example. The drawings by George Catlin, by M. H. Eastman (1853), and by Schoolcraft are of course more familiar. Western Indians as well as Eastern are given attention, and we have some striking reproductions of Clark Bodmer's fine drawings of Prince Maximilian's Travels (1832-34), as well as of the work of later artists like Frederic Remington.



The chapter on Christopher Columbus offers in briefer compass an example of the editors' methods. Here are such geographical items as a reproduction of Toscanelli's chart, and a photograph of a page of d'Ailly's "Imago Mundi," annotated in the handwriting of Columbus or of his brother. Here are contemporary portraits of Isabella and of Ferdinand. Two pages are given up to the early portraits of Columbus, none of which is known to be an authentic likeness. The Jovius portrait, which hung on the walls of one of the first great admirers of Columbus; the Yanez portrait, with marks of the sixteenth century Italian school; the Uffizi gallery portrait, and five others are presented, and their various claims to attention weighed. There is a recent photograph of the sunbaked monastery of La Rabida, where Columbus was sheltered and encouraged at a dark hour. A German picture of a Venetian shipyard, dated Mainz, 1486, shows the method of shipbuilding followed in Columbus's time. Of course there is a picture of the reconstruction of the Santa Maria made for the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, and there is a modern sketch of the beach at Watling's Island, where Columbus landed. The chapter is one that should kindle the imagination of every reader, young or old.

The one disappointing portion of the first volume is its pictorial history of New France, "a tragedy complete in five acts." The story is accurately and spiritedly told by William Wood, but the space allowed, 46 pages, is hardly sufficient for this epic narrative of the years 1534-1763, from Cartier to Montcalm. A large proportion of the 113 pictures are photographs of modern statues, murals, paintings, and the like. It is to be hoped that the chapter will be carefully supplemented when the history of the French wars is treated from the British side. Yet even in their inadequate pages are highly valuable materials for any student—Ramusio's plan of Montreal, 1565, when it was a little palisaded hamlet; a reproduction of sections from Champlain's manuscript account of his voyage to the West Indies in 1599; Lescarbot's map of New France, 1609; Champlain's own spirited sketch of his fight with the Iroquois in 1613; and so on down to a specimen of paper money signed by Bigot, 1749. A somewhat harrowing item is a picture showing all the different forms of torture inflicted upon the Jesuits by the savages, published in New France, 1664. Special mention should be made of a map, one of several prepared expressly for this work by Gregor Noetzel of the American Geographical Society, showing with graphic clarity the wanderings of all the French explorers from Champlain in 1609 to the Mallet Brothers in 1740.



If the volume on "Toilers of Land and Sea" shows less of erudite scholarship, it is even more broadly illuminating and diverting than the first volume. The treatment is naturally more topical and less chronological. Professor Gabriel has the advantage of covering an almost untouched field, for we have no good history of American agriculture; he has furnished an excellent exposition of its general development, in simple, and popular form, and has illustrated it felicitously. Especially after 1840, he has made much use of contemporary drawings in illustrated periodicals. The slowly changing aspects of Northern farm life are depicted by many drawings from *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and old books, by the rural paintings of Winslow Homer and Thomas Wood, and by the admirable photographs of Clifton Johnson. Some of the chapters are a revelation of

the inspiration that the rural scene has given to American art. E. A. Abbey's choir in a country church, Eastman Johnson's "Cornhusking in Nantucket," A. B. Frost's drawing of a Yankee delegation calling on their legislative representative to attack him for his votes, Alfred Howland's painting of a horsetrade, and W. L. Taylor's of a barn-raising, show how varied and picturesque is the material which country occupations and customs have offered. One chapter is given to the cotton kingdom, and another to the cattle country. In the later pages there is a good deal of contemporary matter upon both agriculture and fishing which comes closer to commercial geography than to history.

Throughout these two volumes the text plays a rôle, as it should, quite secondary to the pictures. We do not need new outlines of American history, and the authors make no effort to furnish one. At times, particularly in the volume on farming and fishing, and in the section on Indian life, the letterpress is merely explanatory of the illustrations, and shows little cohesion. But a special word of commendation is due to Constance Lindsay Skinner for the adroitness with which she has made a consecutive, closely knit narrative of the colonizing activities of England, Holland, and Spain. She has so selected and arranged her five hundred illustrations that she can tell a continuous story. It is to be hoped that the contributors to those later volumes which require narrative rather than exposition will solve the problem with equal skill.

The series as a whole promises to be of great value and interest. It is an admirable continuation of the work that the Yale University Press has done in recent years in arousing a popular interest of more than superficial character in the history of the United States. Like the series of books called "The Chronicles of America," and like the films of the same name, it should have a wide appeal, should hold the attention of those who would find even a Fiske or McMaster somewhat heavy, and yet makes no compromises with the demand for veracity and thoroughness in the essentials of history. If the whole set maintains the standard of these initial volumes, it will be prized by specialists and scholars as well as studied with delight by general readers.

Joseph Mallaby Dent, publisher, and member of the British Archaeological Society, died recently. Mr. Dent was born in Darlington, England, in 1849, and was educated in the elementary schools there. At the age of seventeen he went to London to finish his apprenticeship in bookbinding and printing. He went into business himself as a bookbinder in 1872, and began publishing in 1888. Among his publications, in addition to the Temple Shakespeare, Temple Classics, and Everyman's Library, were the Collection Gallia, the King's Treasures, complete editions of the works of W. H. Hudson, and Joseph Conrad. He was much interested in photography, archaeology, and travel.

David McCord is making a collection of poems and verses (serious and humorous) about Harvard, though not necessarily by Harvard men. If the readers of the *Saturday Review of Literature* can refer him to any such that are not to be found in the files of Harvard periodicals—the *Lampoon*, *Advocate*, the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, etc., he will be greatly obliged for such information. His address is 4 Wadsworth House, Cambridge, Mass.

### The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... Editor  
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT ..... Associate Editor  
AMY LOVEMAN ..... Associate Editor  
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... Contributing Editor

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, \$3.50; in Canada, \$4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, \$4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. 11. No. 45.  
Copyright, 1926, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.