

of both his professions. Until the last part of the book, when Mr. Sherwood gives many old anecdotes in new settings, and grows a bit tiresome about his love for tiny tots, this autobiography is an interesting book, because of the information which it gives about the circus and the sidelights it throws on many of the leading personalities of Mr. Sherwood's time.

Circus people are, Mr. Sherwood writes, the most superstitious people in the world with the possible exception of sailors. It is rare to find a performer's trunk without a horse shoe nailed to it, and the ends must be pointed upward. "To see a white horse, and no red-haired woman is considered the height of good luck."

Clowns are alleged by tradition to be melancholy. A healthy exception was Johnny Paterson, "the greatest of all Irish singing clowns," who, when the doctor who attended him as he was dying in the circus tent, said, "Well, good-by, Johnny; I'll see you in the morning," remarked, "Perhaps you will, but, Doctor, will I see you?"

Some of the performers whom Mr. Sherwood knew as the leading men of their day came to unusual ends. George L. Fox, the best pantomime clown of the times, died in a madhouse, and Billy Sholes, "in the author's opinion, the greatest equestrian bareback rider the world ever saw," when Mr. Sherwood last heard of him, was the night watchman of a Wall Street sewer that was being dug.

Perhaps the most interesting character of Mr. Sherwood's day was Adah Isaacs Menken, who translated the Iliad at thirteen, and some years later created a sensation in "Mazeppa, or the Wild Horse of Tartary." Miss Menken's author activities included "inveigling many London notables, including the poet Swinburne, and the somewhat phlegmatic Charles Dickens, into a series of orgies." "In justice to Dickens, however," Mr. Sherwood remarks, "it should be written that he was the unwilling victim of circumstances." But poets and novelists were merely *hors d'œuvres* for Miss Menken, and when she came to marry she chose John C. Heenan, the leading pugilist of America at one time. Heenan, however, did not prove entirely satisfactory, and Miss Menken spent her later years with the elder Dumas.

Mr. Sherwood tells of another pugilistic romance, that of The Julians, contortionists. Rose Julian married Bob Fitzsimmons, and her brother, who performed with her, became Fitzsimmons's manager, and retained his position even after he married Fitzsimmons's divorced wife. Rose Julian is said to have invented the solar plexus punch at the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight, when she kept shouting to her husband to "'it 'im 'ard in the kitchen."

When Mr. Sherwood traveled with the circus, the show was still generally regarded as ungodly, and it was sometimes difficult to find a minister who would bury an acrobat or a clown. It was also the period when the circus canvassmen and the town rowdies tried their blows on each other. The canvassmen used all their ability to get the money of the country man, and one of the most successful baits was the offer of admission to the ladies' dressing tent. Mr. Sherwood records that he has known a sufficiently lascivious rube to pay as much as fifty dollars for the promise of this privilege, and the promise was never fulfilled.

M. Georges Courteline (whose real name is Georges Moineaux) was given, at the end of June the "Grand Prix" of the French Academy—a supreme recognition which this writer, now approaching seventy, deserved. Courteline belongs, in a sense, to the great French line which Molière typifies: his characteristic is an admixture of seriousness sometimes almost bitter, with an irresistible comic touch, and nothing can be more French. Courteline defended that kind of humor when Zola was the champion of unrelieved gloom. Without him the exquisite *auteurs gais* who charmed France twenty-five years ago and still continue to charm—Capus, Lavedan, Donnay—would perhaps have developed less spontaneously. But Courteline's success did not come either from contrast or a capacity for amusing: he has created types, notably the incomparable Boubouroche, and literary reputations live largely by that achievement. Among his books are "Les Gaietés de l'Escadron," "Potiron," "Le Train de 8.47," "Messieurs les Ronds-de-Cuir," "Boubouroche," etc.

The BOWLING GREEN

Romany Stains

THE LETTERS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE, now first translated from the Latin by C. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF. London, 1925. 4to, buckram, gilt, uncut. Inside back cover and end fly-leaf brandy-stained, and label, "Vieux Cognac 1842," pasted on former.

THIS I find in the proceedings of a book sale held this week at the Anderson Galleries, and I pay tribute to the delicacy of the cataloguer's discrimination. This is a new refinement of bibliophily, that the connoisseur must not merely describe all the technical points of a rare edition, but be able to identify the nature and provenance of stains and foxings. I was always amused by the wine-spots on a waistcoat of George Washington's preserved in the State House, Philadelphia. Very likely the expert who catalogued "Abelard and Eloise" could tell us the exact vintage of those long-vanished maculations.

And the same day that I found that item in the auction catalogue I met by chance a man who told me that he had foolishly attempted to bring in three bottles of wine when he landed from an Atlantic liner the other day. He is a very honest and unselfish man, he had made no particular attempt to conceal the contraband—which, indeed (he is an author) he intended to give to some publisher friends. But the inspector found it, and they made a public humiliation-scene. My friend was given a severe lecture, before a large grinning crowd of his fellow-passengers; he was heavily fined; and then, like a guilty schoolboy, ordered to carry the bottles to the edge of the pier and hurl them against the side of the ship. Which, in much misery, he did. It must have been a shocking scene, painful even to think about. I only allude to it because it is healthy, sometimes, to meditate anxious things.

I am not interested to argue whether or not Prohibition is a sagacious political experiment. Quite possibly it is: I cannot pretend to know. At any rate it removes the enjoyment of fine things from those too insensible or uncontriving to ensue them. But the pragmatics of the matter are irrelevant: I look about in my mind for a rationale. I can see many reasons why a government should prohibit. And the maxim *Abusus non Tollit usum* may apply both ways. But you can have no philosophy of the matter until you really know what has been prohibited. The god of pure wine has been crucified between two malefactors, hooch and gin. And much of their discredit has fallen on his divine head. As dear Henry Holt so shrewdly said, "The dinner party has been abolished by those who never saw one."

Wine is under suspicion, as beautiful things so often are. Like religion, love, laughter, any sort of explosive, it is an anxiety to officials. It cannot be tolerated unless under some hygienic pretence. Quite potable vintages are sold, legally and without scathe, because a grain or so of pepsin added makes them, theoretically, a "tonic." Peruna, I have no doubt, rises higher in the alcoholic scale than some of the bottles my friend had to crash against the *Leviathan's* steel plates.

But wine is under suspicion because it is beautiful. It opens the heart, it warms the shy poet hidden in the cage of the ribs. It melts the wax in the ears that music may be heard. It takes the terror from the tongue, that truth can be said, or what rhymes marvellously with truth. The soft warm sting on the cheekbones that a ripe Burgundy gives is only the thin outward pervasion of a fine heat within, when the cruel secret smoulder of the wit leaps into clear flame: flame that consumes the sorry rubbish of precaution and cajolery. The mind is full of answers. And then, presently, if you have dealt justly with the god, not brutally, he gives you the completest answer of all—sleep.

Wine is under suspicion because it is beautiful, because it is ineradicably woven into the triune mystery, man, woman and god. This is wild palaver, I hear someone say; but it is part of man's folly to have to bear testimony. The goblet, pure color, and form adorably curved as woman herself is this not fit calix for the miracle within? Or the shallow silver of the Burgundian tasting-cup with its curly snake carved for a handle. The eye of the adder notes you as you tilt the draught: to remind

you that we are more than mere botanists. We pay quitrent in Eden yet, and honeysuckle and poison ivy grow gladly in the same clump.

Sage indeed are those who have him under suspicion, the shining god of wine. For his magic treads close to dark giddiness and horror, the sickness of unanswerable things. But there is a moment in his ritual, his clean austere ritual, when the heart is pure as the chemist's adoring the atom, dreaming an easier world. Then, on this warm sandbeach beside the uncounted surf, Bacchus lights his fire. You thought it was a lonely bivouac, yet looking round in the dark there is firelight in other eyes. So if you shudder to have men unburden the packed excess of their souls, you are well-advised to have well drilled squads of inspectors on every pierhead of literature. Governments and good manners, tidy pyramids and proses, are not built of the great blocks of the Un-said. Leave those to such quarrymen as William Blake and Walt Whitman. Keep Off the Leaves of Grass.

This is a dream, a foolishness, an absurdity. But I don't like to hear people talk of Amendments until they know what they've amended. I am thinking of a cellar I know in Burgundy. There, laid away in rows as carefully ranged as the lines of a poem, are the future gladnesses of men. There are names that I am selfish enough to enjoy rehearsing. Musigny, rich in bouquet and ether; Romanée-Conti, *d'une délicatesse*. Clos Vougeot, potent and velvety, Richebourg with exquisite power and aroma. Hospice de Beaune, strong but a thought acrid; Pommard that tingles the cheekbone; Pouilly, the perfect luncheon wine. Nuits St. Georges, bright and gracious; Chambertin, which seems to me just faintly metallic, bitterer than the soft Musigny. Meursault, which I rank below Pouilly; and adorable Chablis Moutonne, clear and fine as the lizard's bell-note when he rings, like an elfin anvil, softly under the old stone steps in the mild French dusk.

So I could go on, but I leave it to you to verify my private amateurishness from your own researches. What I want to tell you is this. In the vaulted of that cellar, strangely swaying in the hot flick of the candle you hold, are the crystallized skeletons of spiders. Some moist drip of limestone juices, oozing through long silent dampnesses of winter, has trickled down the threads of silk, embalmed these fragile creatures in their hammocks, turned them and their webs into gossamers of airy fossil. Perfect, pale, lovely as the most inconceivable daintiness of ivory filigree, they shiver in the tawny gust of candle-heat.

Isn't this just what happens in the darkest of all cellars where purple juice is stored? In the heart of man the wine-god does the same magic. The old spider of doubt, of anguish, of secret despair, is turned to pretty crystal. There, for a while anyhow, he hangs, a tiny brittle charm. An octagonal jewel, an epigram in silk and shell. At least that's part of what I was thinking when I came upon the conjunction of those three ghosts, Abelard, Eloise, and Vieux Cognac.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The chief political editor of the *Figaro*, M. Lucien Romier, who gave us an interesting book in 1924 entitled "Explication de Notre Temps," has written his first novel, "L'Homme Blessé" (Grasset), which has been looked for with some curiosity. Again interpreting our times. M. Romier has taken for his hero a young man who had been injured in the war, who finds himself struggling with a newly-organized world, and whose worst wound lies in his consciousness that he has been robbed of his real youth. The action moves rapidly and smoothly, and a peculiar love story holds the interest. For a first novel it is rather a good one, but is the kind that does not "bite in."

Another work of importance to be added to the steadily increasing number of authoritative studies on the war has appeared in General Krafft von Dellmensingen's "Schlachten des Weltkrieges: Der Durchbruch am Isonzo" (Oldenburg: Sterling). The book is an official monograph presenting the German account of the genesis of the offensive and the course of the first four days of battle. It is a clear record, written in a fashion to be of interest to the layman as well as the student, and illustrated by excellent photographs.

Books of Special Interest

Critical Studies

SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE: CRITICISM, VOLTAIRE TO VICTOR HUGO. By C. M. HAINES. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. \$3.50.

SHAKESPEARE'S DEBT TO MONTAIGNE. By GEORGE COFFIN TAYLOR. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1925. \$1.50.

Reviewed by KARL YOUNG.
Yale University

M. R. HAINES'S book is a sound and decorous study of a well-established theme: the incompatibility of English genius and French taste. The author has shown us once more that for exposing the racial and national differences between France and England no touchstone is more effectual than the plays of Shakespeare. In method the book is a thorough-going chronological review of French opinions of Shakespeare from the early decades of the eighteenth century to the year 1870, or thereabouts. The superiority of this survey over previous similar attempts arises chiefly from its patient and agreeable reporting of facts. In no other volume, I think, is the reader so briefly and penetratingly introduced to what several scores of French critics actually said about Shakespeare.

Nor is this book deficient in generalization. From his survey of specific utterances the writer allows us to see clearly that at least twice during the last two centuries Shakespeare was the very centre of French critical controversy. This occurred during the generation in which Voltaire, after ardently commending Shakespeare to the notice of his countrymen, spent his later energies in an attempt to suppress the resulting enthusiasm for the English dramatist. In treating Voltaire Mr. Haines could, of course, do little more than compress the ample account already at hand in Professor Lounsbury's "Shakespeare and Voltaire." It is at least reassuring, however, to find our present author agreeing with Lounsbury and others in regarding the eminent Frenchman as both sincere and fundamentally consistent in his dealing with Shakespeare. No one, perhaps, has summarized Voltaire's attitude better than Mr. Haines does in one

sentence: "His opinion, that Shakespeare was a great poet but a contemptible dramatist, remained unchanged all his life; only in his youth he stressed the first quality, in his old age the second."

Shakespeare became the centre of critical polemic in France for a second time when, during the first half of the nineteenth century, the romantics resorted to him for justification. In this phase of the subject Mr. Haines has a somewhat more ample opportunity for fresh observations. Although he does justice to the spectacular and powerful influence of Victor Hugo, he is more especially useful in making accessible and lucid the ideas of some twenty other romantic critics of less renown. Particularly arresting and serviceable is Mr. Haines's attentive analysis of Guizot's "Preface" of 1921. Although this work has been available in an English translation for about two generations, it has been generally neglected in England and America. The writer cannot be far wrong in remarking that "Guizot's great essay remains the best French criticism of Shakespeare until recent years."

It is probably unfortunate that Mr. Haines did not carry his survey down to the "recent years" of which he here speaks. Had he done so he might have removed the slight feeling of confusion left in one's mind at the end of the book as it stands. When one reads, for example, that since Hugo French critics "neither approve nor blame Shakespeare's peculiarities: they accept them," one recalls uncomfortably that only a few years ago, in his "La Superstition Shakespearienne" (1914), M. Pellissier could still attempt to resuscitate the pseudo-classical spirit of Voltaire. Mr. Haines is probably guiding us more safely when, in his last paragraph, he writes, "The quality of the French mind excludes it from perfect sympathy with that of Shakespeare."

When I dismiss Professor Taylor's handsome little book in a sentence, I treat it most unworthily. It treats an old subject with fresh scholarship and penetration, and gives delightful cogency to the general observation that "Shakespeare was affected by Montaigne in much the same manner that the moderns are by Shakespeare."

India's Soul

THE HEART OF ARYAVAITA. By the EARL OF RONALDSHAY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925.

Reviewed by HELENA NORMANTON

AS a former governor-general of Bengal and as president of the Royal Geographical Society, Lord Ronaldshay might seem more qualified to discourse of Britain's mighty purposes in the East than to give an accurate picture of what ails India's very soul. Let no one, however, who cares to understand that great, mysterious, Oriental land come to so hasty a conclusion and thus omit "The Heart of Aryavaita" from a library list. No one has penetrated with a more delicate and sympathetic comprehension into India's twilights than Lord Ronaldshay. He is an Orientalist of great distinction and of sensitive temperament.

There is extremely little in the book about politics, as the American or Englishman understands that term. There is an attempt to understand the Hindu mentality, and to convey the essence of that understanding to the non-Indian mind. The earlier part of the work deals most interestingly with the story of India's system of education under the British *Raj*, with full and free confessions of its defects and partial breakdown. Indian art, scriptures, monism, the "Vendanta," modern Indian fiction, and the Indian Renaissance are carefully considered, always with a view to convincing the European mind that its way is by no means the only way of regarding the universe. The book is in essence a very spiritual plea for spiritual Home Rule, as the foundation of whatever political systems may be built upon the mind and heart of the Indian peoples.

As a sample of what in practice may prove to be the cost of solution that the Indian problem is crying out for, Lord Ronaldshay gives in an Appendix (of far greater value than is the usual appendix to a book) a description of the Constitutional developments in one of the best of the native-ruled states, Mysore. There the political edifice is built upon the bodies characteristic of the ancient Indo-Aryan polity such as village Panchayats and guilds, so that local village self-government is the strong feature of the system. The stages through which legislation goes in Mysore are essentially different from those familiar to parliaments and congresses formed upon the British model.

Americans who frown under their multiplicity of laws might well consider the marked sanity of dividing the lawmaking process, as in that state, into the enumeration of matters in respect of which legislation is desirable; technical and expert examination of the matter; discussion and amendment in the course of which the measure assumes its final form; ratification by head of state.

If the second stage—the expert examination—were a feature of both American and British legislation, many foolish laws would die at a very appropriate moment—before birth. The Constitution of Mysore may thus be said to exhibit some of the most advanced features of the world's next season political models! That it goes back to primitive practices simply demonstrates how wise the primitive world often was. It shows that we moderns can teach them little about Initiative and Recall!

Lord Ronaldshay's work would be a valuable corrective to all who imagine that Mr. Gandhi sums up the whole of India's activities. Not but that the writer is leagues away from attacking him; but that he simply fits in Mr. Gandhi as part of an infinitely greater Indian whole.

Students of oriental matters multiply daily. Those who seek a fair and reasonably clear picture of India might do far worse than possess themselves of "The Heart of Aryavaita." It is a truth-telling and wide-visioned book, in no sense a propagandist volume for imperialism. Yet from its pages the citizens of the states friendly to Britain and well meaning to India can get an occasional glimpse of Britain's difficulties, and how she patiently and often blunderingly tries to overcome them.

By explaining *how* India is different, the author makes the reader infer for himself how different types of governmental forms are as necessary for India as are her own religion, art, and culture.



The New Interest in Science

"The most recent volume to delineate man's increase in understanding comes from the University of Chicago Press. Its title is 'The Nature of the World and of Man' and it is fascinating reading for any one who has a spark of that divine curiosity about the ways of life which causes man to seek, and seeking, to progress."

—Chicago Daily Tribune.

The Mystery of Existence

"The conviction grows that man is traveling a true path toward the great goal—an understanding of the mystery of existence."—President Max Mason, of the University of Chicago.

A Bird's-Eye View of the Universe

"Here, then, is a chance for all to learn what modern science means from those who have a share in the making of it."—E. E. Slosson, in Science Service.

NOW AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE NATURE OF THE WORLD AND OF MAN

BY 16 SCIENTISTS, MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO FACULTIES

\$4.00, postpaid \$4.15

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

5852 Ellis Avenue

CHICAGO



"Not all the madonnas are feminine"

A
gem
of a
book!



"Men used to be pompous, confident creatures."

The Delicatessen Husband

By FLORENCE GUY SEABURY

MRS. SEABURY pictures the plight into which men have been cast by the new status of women. The one-hundred per cent He of the Victorian era has passed, and to keep pace with the feminine revolution men must find a new pattern of masculinity.

Clarence Day's amazingly versatile and humorous sketches give an added zest to the book. \$2.50



"Even the old-fashioned woman had bursts of indelicate wrath"

Lytton Strachey's

POPE

The Leslie Stephen Lecture delivered at Cambridge in 1925.

\$1.00

Louis Untermeyer's

COLLECTED PARODIES

The entire contents of "—And Other Poets," "Including Horace" and "Heavens"—as well as twenty new parodies.

\$2.75

Stallings' & Anderson's

THREE AMERICAN PLAYS

Includes the only printed text of "What Price Glory?"

\$2.50

Robert Littell's

READ AMERICA FIRST

By an editor of the New Republic. \$2.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company

A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions

Edited by HYDER E. ROLLINS

Appearing in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, this delightful anthology, so illuminative of the times just before Shakespeare, now survives in only two copies. This new edition, carefully reprinted, page by page and line for line, will be invaluable to everyone interested in Elizabethan literature. The *Saturday Review* describes it as "a perfectly beautiful revivification of a book of poetry first published in 1578, with facsimile title-page and lovely typography" and adds that it is a work "all bellettrists will hanker after." \$5

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro

By NEWELL NILES PUCKETT

Mysterious voodoo rites, diabolic festivals, laying spirits, catching vampires and ghouls—through all the magic and ritual of the highly imaginative Negro, from potent love charms to ways of disposing of enemies, this volume takes the reader. An extremely fascinating picture, presented simply and carefully with all the method of science—a book which those who are interested in folk lore and the Negro will be sure to buy. Cloth, postpaid, \$5.00.

Negro Workaday Songs

By HOWARD W. ODUM and GUY B. JOHNSON

Blues, workaday sorrow songs, songs of the lonesome road, bad man ballads and jamboree, songs of jail, chain gang, and policeman, of construction camps and gangs, woman's song of man, man's song of woman, religious songs for work, the annals and blues of Left Wing Gordon, the epic of John Henry the Negro Workingman—over 250 creations of the Southern Negro—one chapter on types of Negro melodies, giving about a dozen typical tunes; and a very interesting chapter on the Negro voice as studied with phonographic records. Cloth, postpaid, \$3.00.

At all bookstores or from
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
PERSON HALL, Chapel Hill, N. C.