had precise counterparts in the worlds experienced by their creators.

Of course the question need not be asked, since Mr. Manly, when not swept away by enthusiam for the detail of research, is perfectly well aware that such a thing as creative imagination exists—whatever it may be. Indeed, in a final chapter entitled "Chaucer as Artist," which is perhaps the best brief critical estimate of the poet ever penned, he explicitly recognizes this as one of his great qualities. This concluding chapter would of itself give the entire volume distinction: it is wholly admirable. Earlier chapters, furthermore, which deal with biographical matters, deserve the highest praise not only for their extreme interest but for the masterly precision with which difficult questions are discussed. All in all, the book well deserves its title, as was remarked in the beginning. Used with discretion, it will be stimulating to the general reader and immensely valuable to the scholar. One's only fear is lest some portions of it should create a new legend about Chaucer, which Professor Manly would be the first to deplore. Somehow the average person finds it very hard to realize that authors find it easier and more satisfactory to "make up" their characters than to copy them from what is known as real life.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

(*Continued from page* 725)

have benefited only those who have good investments they wish to make better. This is a treatise on the financial structure of modern production that women and intellectuals, who are the last two classes to attain economic independence, can profit by, because, since it is written in English, not the usual jargon of brokers and economists, they can understand it. Professor Ripley really desires those who save money to save it—a rare phenomenon in the twentieth century.

THE KING'S HENCHMAN. By *Edna St. Vincent Millay*.

Complained of as too much like the Tristram story. Well, Marlowe's "Faustus" resembles Goethe's "Faust," and Aeschylus and Sophocles were content with the same plot. Writing for opera has probably been an advantage to Miss Millay's diction, which is so simple that some fail to see its beauty; but no one who can write such poetry should hitch his wagon to any one's star. Music should be written for poetry, not poetry for music. Let the dramatists do scenarios for operas, and a singing teacher fill in with easily sung words.

PHEASANT JUNGLES. By *William Beebe*.

Will Beebe will wreck his reputation as a scientist if he continues to write so beautifully.

AS IT WAS. By *H. T.*

A love story laid bare not because it was intimate but because it was love. Boston has been shocked by this little book. But then Boston was shocked by the Bacchante which represented naked joy as this book naked matrimony. The question of decency or indecency as society sees it rests much more upon words than upon facts. We are slaves to the verbal, and it may well be argued that our moral judgments are more often determined by the dictionary than the Bible. The spirit of this book is charming; if its words offend, the fault is in the mind of the reader.

THE COPELAND READER. By *Charles Townsend Copeland*.

This looks like The Book of the Month principle carried to an illogical conclusion: all English literature compressed into one fat red book. But that would be to misconceive Professor Copeland, who is not "Copey" for nothing. We traverse masterpieces, from the Bible and the ballads to Heywood Broun and Foster Damon, traverse them in a curve determined by long experience with what people who like to read like to have read to them. Thus this book is a record rather than an anthology, a register of the delicately adjusting tastes of a critic and his public which meet upon a sonnet, a short story, or a chapter from "David Copperfield." But Professor Copeland belongs not in a book but on the vitaphone.

PALMERSTON. By *Philip Guedalla*.

History in epigram, sound as well as clever; the Victorian age in the movies with Victoria, Albert, Gladstone, Disraeli—all stars, and a background sketched in by one of the most skilful scene directors of our day. Thoroughly documented, persuasive—still, one would like to read Palmerston on Guedalla!

Hawthorne, Man of Action

THE REBELLIOUS PURITAN: Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne. By LLOYD MORRIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by JULIAN HAWTHORNE

WHEN I was in college, the examination-paper for admission to a certain undergraduate society included this question: *Does a Chimaera, ruminating in Vacuo, disseminate Second Intentions? If you reply in the affirmative, explain your reasons, with illustrations.* My reply was, No: but I added as an illustration the familiar case of the German philosopher who, asked to describe a camel, evolved the animal from his interior consciousness,—"subliminal" we might call it today.

Mr. Morris's book reminds me of this incident. It is a sort of chimæra, or subliminal camel, and I am at a loss how to tackle it. The subtitle, "The Rebellious Puritan," adds to my perplexity. And why write "Mr. Hawthorne" on the title page, and then, throughout the volume, refer to the hero of his story as "Nathaniel,"—a name applied to him in the baptismal ceremony, I suppose; but never afterward used by family, friends, or foes. His sisters called him "Natty"; his college friends, "Nath," and his wife—by such titles as a loving and imaginative wife might employ. His children called him "Papa"—never "Pa," "Dad," or even "Father," except in moments of emotion. Of course, external people addressed him as "Mr. Hawthorne," and old Salem folks as "Hathorne," declining to recognize the "w" which he had restored to the name from the English ancestral usage. In his writings he sometimes referred to himself as "De L'Aubepine," because genealogical records indicated that the family was of Norman origin and came over with William the Conqueror, and had presumably performed prodigies of valor at the Battle of Hastings. I don't know. But of course "De L'Aubepine" is French for Hawthorne.

"COPEY," otherwise Charles Townsend Copeland
From an Etching by D. C. Sturges

As to the Professor's volume—(I assume him to be a professor, because I am under the impression that most writers of biographies nowadays are professors, and I take this to be a biography)—well, it may not be a biography after all. Sometimes, on my journey through it, it read like a queer sort of romance; full, to be sure, of realistic data; but so are the novels composed by our contemporary addicts of fiction: but the suspicion would recur to me that the author was intending a work of art. I seemed to scent a species of *motif* in it. I strove to repudiate the idea, but it hung on. For instance, the entire work might be regarded as a meditation of Mr. Emerson's, in his study, with paper and ink before him, just after he had returned home from Hawthorne's funeral. There is a "Prologue" at the beginning of the volume, and at the end, when you think it is all over, you turn the page and find an "Epilogue," and Mr. Emerson is the protagonist in both. But though the theory of the narrative, or exposition, or romance, may be Emersonian, the hand is the hand of Mr. Morris, unmistakably. And though he may have meant to make a portrait of Mr. Hawthorne, his results remind me of the camel of the German philosopher. In short, he seems to be barking up the wrong tree. He is not to be blamed for thinking that his quarry was in the tree; but I cannot disguise my conviction that he has mistaken not the tree only, but the forest in which it occurs.

In his preparations for the hunt he was amply diligent, and he enumerates his sources on the fly-leaf. Of these, two are authentic,—my own "Biography," published in 1884, and Horatio Bridge's "Recollections." The little volume by my younger sister, Rose, was written about 1897, and she had been but thirteen years old when Hawthorne died; neither was she temperamentally fitted to form sound judgments; nor was she always able to distinguish between her personal experience of her father, and what she had been told about him by others. Bridge's contribution is animated and cordial, but he was no delver into depths, nor always accurate in his placer diggings. He loved Hawthorne, but had seen very little of him after his marriage in 1842. The author whom I am now considering, however, got access to materials which had been laid away in J. P. Morgan's library, and elsewhere; but it offered small opportunity to enlarge or clarify one's point of view. He pondered seriously upon his accumulations—which after all are all that anybody will ever be able to acquire—and thereupon he conceived and gave birth to his "Rebellious Puritan." It is an odd offspring, and bears, I fancy, a closer likeness to a metaphysical camel than to anything of human flesh and blood.

But I recognize the futility of this criticism. For the honest gentleman believes he is right, and who is there now living on this earth and conversant with the facts, who can contradict him? Who *won't* believe him? and who *will* hear or believe me? Coventry Patmore says,—

> After its work is done, the lie will rot:
> Mighty is truth, and shall prevail
> When none cares whether it prevail or not!

If the herd gets off to a false start, there are no cowboys to corral them. How many thousand volumes have been written about Napoleon? and who understands him? Cellini's account of himself seemed frank enough, but it now appears that he misled us. What could be more convincing than Boswell's "Johnson"? But the diligence of resurrectionists has already begun to revise our opinion of him. Poor Herman Melville's innocent remains have been torn from his grave and sent hurtling aloft with fireworks and acclaim. The trouble is, not that truth about a person doesn't exist, but as soon as he has died, nobody will or can find it out. Possibly, for example, I myself didn't know my father as he really was: nor any others of the family: nor he himself even! His books, stories, and letters remain, or some of them; but such things can be and often are misinterpreted, and besides, during the early years of his life he not only wrote under pseudonyms, but he admits that he was prone, at times, to enact the imaginary authors,—gentle, subdued, almost feminine creatures, instead of big, broad-shouldered, ruddy-cheeked, powerful he-men such as he actually was. He encouraged the Gentle Fanny conception of himself because it amused him, helped him to escape being pointed out as an "author" in the street or in omnibuses; and very likely, too, out of pious deference to his black-browed, grim-jawed ancestors, who, as he remarks in one of his prefaces, would have denounced him as a preposterous interloper in the family preserve. Despotic mariners, they were, who rounded the Horn, applied the nine-tailed cat to rebellious crews, drank deep with slave-holding planters in Jamaica and Cuba, and passed sentence of death on Salem witches. The Nathaniel Hawthorne of our times might have been and done all that, and could look the part when he was aroused; what possessed him to turn to pen-and-ink? From their Valhalla they would have damned him for a degenerate or a pretender; why, he would sometimes growl quarter-deck anathemas against himself! And if he hadn't met Sophie Peabody just when he did, he would have thrown his inkstand at the devil and joined the buccaneers of the Spanish Main. Instead of that, he made honeymoon in the Old Manse, begot children, and wrote "The Scarlet Letter:" which made a dent, to be sure, and was a blowing-off of steam; but James T. Fields, his publisher, would sometimes refer to him as The Pirate.

Oh, I know that this is no proper criticism or review of Lloyd Morris's psychical romance. It only goes to indicate that he had no conception of what Hawthorne really was, front-face as well as profile;

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and that, to do him (Professor, or Mr. Morris) justice he had no means of finding out. Hawthorne was three or four men bound-up as one; of which combination Mr. Morris picks out the one that has in it least of all of the true person, and then he goes on to eviscerate and transubstantiate that. But what especially makes his book a cross-word puzzle is, that he keeps quoting real or authentic attributes of his subject, and then goes on to present his imaginary concoction, just as thin and pithless as before. He manifestly tries to tell not merely the truth, but a superfine, esoteric, psychoanalytic truth which never could be true of anybody. I said that the tree he picked was not the right one; but God never made such a tree as he is barking up. And as to his justifiable quotations—why quote them, since they were already in print and published? Why not have written an elegiac poem, and let his fancy run free, instead of hobbling himself with incongruous facts? "The Rebellious Puritan" isn't a bad title, and might have led to the movies; but Hawthorne wasn't a Puritan, and therefore couldn't rebel; and Mr. Emerson knew him almost as little as Professor Morris does. Neither could stand the other's books; and though they existed side by side in Concord for a while, as soon as they cast off the fetters of a falser life we may be sure that they got off on opposite sides of the universe, and built up a barrier between them of the furthest stars back.

It might have helped our author if he had happened to observe that the most salient element in Hawthorne's nature is his humor. He was continually ironic, and in order to convey what he meant, said the opposite of that. His children knew that he was habitually "in fun" about everything. But their insight was aided by his chuckle, which, like the magic mirror in his story, "Dr. Heideigger's Experiment," showed things as they really were. The mirror was not included in this biographer's equipment, but having conceived his pale, gentle, sensitive, elegiac figure, he relentlessly thrusts it upon us, from childhood up. Once in a while, to be sure, some stubborn little fact might crop up, to queer the portrayal; but on the whole, it prevails, and Mr. Emerson sits ready, at the end, to pen his epitaph.

It seems a pity that this should go down to posterity as the final word on my poor father. One wouldn't so much mind the romantic and esoteric method; for aught I know, it may be the fashionable sort of thing, just now, in biographical essays, and the last biography I have read was Strachey's about Queen Victoria; and, before that, Anthony Trollope's capital volume about Trollope. Since then, many things have been jettisoned. But I can't reconcile myself to the tone of this fluting and harping composition: I long for an axe and a sledgehammer. Hawthorne was first of all masculine; being a good-looking child, and clever, he was spoiled by his mother and sisters. Among other boys, he was pugnacious and domineering, and though he limped for a while on one foot, his spirit was not crippled, and if he lay flat on the floor to read books, it was because he was a boy, and naturally preferred the floor to a chair. When he went to college, he was athletic, tall, and handsome; insubordinate toward the Faculty and maintaining toward his fellow students an intellectual ascendancy,—he dominated them. If undergraduate pranks were afoot, he was apt to be in them; he drank, but never got drunk: played cards, but didn't gamble; and, moreover, he kept men like Frank Pierce and Horatio Bridge within bounds; and to the end of their lives they adored him. Meanwhile, an insubordinate imagination, fed by the books he had read and the tales he had heard, led the strong man captive, and he began to write stories himself, little to his own satisfaction however; but in the cold Salem winters they were good for kindlings. But home conditions and lack of other occupation, together with the obstinate streak in his composition, made him stick to his desk, pending a chance to become a Red Rover of the Seas; he cursed his fate, and would write extravagant letters to his friends, but, like his tales, they were also imaginative and "in fun." He was disgusted with himself, and declared he was a victim of the ancestral witch's curse; but that too was in fun; he was the most common-sensible man I ever knew. To add to his discomfort, he had no love affairs, and he adhered rigorously to the classic standards of a gentleman. If he hadn't happened, at a critical juncture, to meet the woman he married, who was stronger than he, he might have become—who knows what! She gave him all he lacked, and much more; and American literature owes her thanks for him.

The Professor seems to me to have missed the point, but that is the way of the world, and I suppose it is, somehow, for the best.

A Promising Author

HORIZON. By ROBERT CARSE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by DUDLEY NICHOLS

ROBERT CARSE like many another of our day holds up the mirror to his own nature. His first novel opens out as a portrait of the artist as a very young gentleman and follows him through to the growth of manhood and the happy loss of his gentility. In all likelihood it is a small matter at what age the artist does embark upon that autobiographical book, although one might reasonably maintain that when there is little or no distance of time between character and author the danger is that the character may try to do the writing. One speculates what might have happened had Dickens, for instance, done "David Copperfield" at twenty, and whether the resultant loss of detachment might not have made of David's first intoxication, say, a chapter of defeat instead of the gorgeous goose-flight which intervening years of memory fledged. Dickens and not Copperfield should write David's story. Or again look what gold was in the eyes of that old nostalgic dreamer, Marlowe, as he fondly looked far back upon the young third mate of "Youth."

In the present book the upper hand is held by Duncan Dunn, a vivid and very young man whose soul is incandescent from bombardment of those electrons which life itself throws off. His story is honest and arresting and deeply felt. But even at the end he is not yet off the anvil and so is not fully aware there are other stars to see by than his own hot flying sparks. He is turbulent, thank God. But when romance comes thundering up and the tempest pours in fiery reds and purples he is not yet able to fathom down to the reassuring china bottom of it all. We follow Dunn to sea and we follow him in his metropolitan newspaper office round which another and even vaster sea is murmuring by day and night. One might say with full meaning that more men are at sea in newspaper offices than in ships. Indeed, a newspaper office is like a ship and as mysterious within its own peculiar way. On both packets, then, in this book the author has striven to heave the lead but he has had the more success upon the veritable ocean. In the city room he only dimly senses the deep water that abounds off Park Row, or if he senses it then too often in such wise as common sailors understand the Main, not as a treacherously shifting surface, a sheet of fabulous vicissitudes but always the immense mere buoyant platitude.

Let this not be set against the promising author as a formidable judgment but only for what it is worth as the impression of one reporter.

Mr. Carse can write. For only an uncertain moment does he seem to hold writing above the aim of writing, which is to make the reader feel as the writer, to seize his busy soul and make him see. He does feel and see. He has movement, glow, color. Though here at the risk of seeming ungenerous one remarks that color itself is a phenomenon of surface, the thinnest slice of a wave of light. One drop of oil on a yard of water will catch all the undulating colors of the world. Horizons themselves are phenomena of surface and wherever we stand they cage us with their everlasting rings. There are verticals as well as horizontals and it is their combination which gives us substance.

This spot of ground we stand on was yesterday's or may be tomorrow's horizon, and it is only now that our eyes do not rove it with eagerness. The horizons shift around us as deceptively as the thimblerigger's shell around the pea, yet the verticals of now and next and last cross at the eternal core. This might be offered as geometrical discrimination between the romantic and the real. At all events one salutes Mr. Carse for the great gifts he has and looks expectantly for him to go on writing—even if successful—in pursuit not only of the ever-beckoning illusion of horizon, but of the real perpendicular which, however he may wander, strikes out to the stars and down through his own stout heart to the deep-beating fiery heart of his world.

Scene—An Island

MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT. By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. New York: The Viking Press. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

REV. Timothy Fortune was a simple-minded missionary who felt a call to go to Fanua, an imaginary island in The South Seas. In the course of several years of earnest friendliness there was only one "convert," but whether it was Mr. Fortune who converted Lueli or the other way about, the reader of this frolic and tender fable may be left to ponder.

It is not necessary to say much about Miss Warner's charming tale, but it should be said precisely and gratefully. The story is written with tranquil grace and a most dainty humor. "Lolly Willowes" enchanted deserving readers with its demure insinuations, but "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" exceeds the earlier book as a fancy completely orbed, sustained to the end. There is health in Miss Warner's ink: gaiety, tonic wit, tenderness never lacking real power. Some readers will probably want to reckon this tale a satire, an allegory, but it is too prettily done to burden it with literal symbolisms. The pure copper thread of the telegraph is not blemished by dull or covetous messages that pass along it; the shear electric efficacy of Miss Warner's fable need not be coded into any doctrine. The account of how Mr. Fortune tried, on the clean sandy beaches of Fanua, to teach his pupil Pure Geometry; how this resulted in Lueli's attempted suicide; and how Mr. Fortune, having taken Lueli's god away from him, lost his own and himself carved a new idol for his segregation of one—all this is in the most winning vein of cheery mischief. Mr. Fortune's attempt to describe an umbrella to Lueli who had never seen one, deserves quotation.

> An umbrella resembles the shell that would be formed by rotating an arc of curve about its axis of symmetry, attached to a cylinder of small radius whose axis is the same as the axis of symmetry of the generating curve of the shell. When not in use it is properly an elongated cone, but it is more usually helicoidal in form.

It was after this that the poor Polynesian attempted to End It All.

Yes, it is a delicious book, sprinkled here and there with passages that make one aware that Miss Warner is not merely a gracious humorist but a creator with enviable reserves of energy. "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" (and *maggot*, by the way, has nothing to do with grubs or worms), like another recent work of gramarye, Mr. Fraser's "Flower Phantoms," is a book for those who ask their literature to be something more than an arrangement in black and white.

And (this is the real tribute to very cunning art) even Miss Warner herself, like Miranda, is surprised at the vitality of these island spells. In an unexpected but quite Shakespearean mood she exclaims a wistful little envoy to poor Mr. Fortune. When you come to that, you will feel, just as she did, how the true magician is always overcome by his own magic. You will feel the uneasy pang that succeeds the working of any delicate sorcery. You also will have left a fragment of your heart in the green escape of an island that never existed—

> This island
> Her own for ever, and I, her Caliban
> For aye her foot-licker.

The next play in the Variorum Shakespeare, edited by Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., will be "Coriolanus," and it will probably be ready for publication by J. B. Lippincott Company in the late summer or early autumn. During the five years occupied in the preparation of this volume, Dr. Furness has read 1,200 texts of the play, 350 of them in German.

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