

venture though an entrancing one. Most of all must they be rightly oriented emotionally both for a normal growth through the instabilities of childhood and for the added trials when under the growing sway of the master passion that will stir them to the roots and make or mar their being.

All of us, to reach this goal, must grow and outgrow; and our success in reaching the ports of adult life and sailing easily and safely on its many seas will depend largely on leaving behind us the ways of childhood and exchanging them for the ways of responsible control. To retain a schoolgirl complexion of mind may be a cosmetic but is not an educational ideal.

Mr. Seabury sets forth not only the goals of the cruise and the ports of call, but includes in his cargo the needed equipment for the voyage, and fills the gaps between the stages with accounts of others who have adventured under handicap and met with tragic shipwreck or timely salvation from disaster. As a pilot Mr. Seabury employs progressive methods. The older moralities are not dropped as superfluous cargo, but a newer provisioning is taken on in which psychology and psychiatry are the sources of nourishment. More particularly must we become aware of the rocks of abnormality, and recognize the kindly illumination of the lighthouses that enable us to steer away from them. Mental Hygiene is the pole star of the course. As for the charts they are not, as already indicated, scientifically drawn, but the personal versions of the pilot summarizing and a bit dramatizing his route.

It all points to the newer responsibilities of the progressive parent. Most human ills are due to unwise parentage. The summarizing code that contains the magna charta of youth is set forth in as many clauses as there are letters of the alphabet, and asserts with variations that parents must yield that superior, coercive, "we know better" type of authority and bend their ways to nature's rule. Tradition and rigid morality are much to blame; children's rights have been ignored as inconvenient, and their souls cramped by adult impositions. The new dispensation will seem to some a code of license and indulgences and the platform from which it is broadcasted insecure and one-sided. Mr. Seabury is convinced that it contains the true salvation and offers this *magnum opus* as a comprehensive manual of human redemption.

High Spirits

JEROME. By MAURICE BEDEL. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. \$2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY, JR.

M. BEDEL'S prize novel, which has been given the somewhat florid subtitle "The Latitude of Love" in its English version, has caused a good deal of amused comment wherever it has appeared. That it should have won the *Prix Goncourt* last year is in itself sufficiently surprising, and that it should have annoyed the Norwegians to the extent of retaliation is yet more so. For it is an excellent light-novel of the modern French type, distinguishable from a hundred others only by its original subject matter.

The hero is a writer of plays,—a convenient autobiographic mechanism for the author,—who is sent to Norway to supervise the production of one of his pieces. On the ship he meets a charming young woman and promptly falls in love with her, considering her rather as an abstraction of all that Norway means to him than as a person. She introduces him to life and love in the North, shocking him thoroughly by the mixture of freedom and propriety she shows in her relation to him. The elaborate system of taboos, and restrictions which, like every Frenchman, he has built up in regard to women is completely demolished. The history of his case is complicated and farcical in spots, but never unamusing. Various types of Norwegian intellectuals are caricatured, often not too gently, but there is such an excess of good spirits and such a skilful handling of the racial question throughout that it is difficult to see why anyone should be offended. The book's premise,—that love is subject to climatic influences,—need not be taken seriously, and is certainly not new. What is new in the book is M. Bedel's semi-serious, semi-analytic style.

Though it is the first novel of a man over forty it possesses more than its share of youth, and true or not, his tableaux of the frozen North, so different from the usual conception of the realm, are always diverting. Mr. Lawrence S. Morris has done a first-rate job as translator.

Outposts of the World

VANITY UNDER THE SUN. By DALE COLLINS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. \$2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

DALE COLLINS is the familiar of far, strange coasts, of odd, warped souls, of romance at the outposts of the world. He captured our interest with "Ordeal" and "The Sentimentalists." With "Vanity under the Sun" he should find himself in an assured position as a vigorous interpreter of the exotic. He not only writes of events and people that beat upon our emotions; he puts questions that shake our complacency. His fancy plays with disquieting notions and asks us to consider embarrassing possibilities. Implications, suggestions of symbols, overtones—these lie half-seen below the surface.

The novel begins with a brutally vivid description of the great Yokohama earthquake; it soon shifts to the mental derangement of a victim of the disaster. His loss of memory is the occasion for the birth of a new man, a man who proceeds to build a future without the foundation of a past—precarious but strangely happy. There is a girl, herself with no past—none, that is, of interest to herself or to the man; the relations between these two are developed with fascinating subtlety. Later their two lives become entangled with the lives of others, climax rising over climax until the man's memory returns in a way that no one would anticipate. The novel ends in a flare that illuminates and makes significant the whole. A flat or obvious ending would have been heartbreaking.

In the loss of identity Mr. Collins does much of his best work; he emphasizes the creation of something new rather than the confusion of losing the old. The girl, Leila, is an astounding character. We know of no one in fiction who resembles her. Indeed, it is the final revelation of her character that crowns the book. Minor personages of brilliant individuality are on almost every page: the Frenchman, Cuvelier; the cracked religionist, Evan Jones, and his Hebraic savage, Analoolie; "young" Kennedy, who sometime would be "old" Kennedy—these and many more flash out like spraying rockets against the night. Scenes, too, come to us unforgettably: the departure of the liner from Saigon; Li-Goon's netted sanctuary where drinks and talk flowed endlessly; the house at the top of the hill in Netherlandia; the horror at the end of the jungle march—memorable passages, all of them. Mr. Collins can write; he controls his material in the interests of effectiveness, and he colors it with a sure art.

In the Canon

CARLYLE, HIS RISE AND FALL. By NORWOOD YOUNG. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1928.

Reviewed by GERALD CARSON

HERE is an addition to one of the most fascinating of all literatures—the posthumous history of a reputation. The reputation is Thomas Carlyle's. The addition is a new biography by Norwood Young, a British scholar who comes forward quoting significantly from Carlyle—"How delicate, decent is English Biography, bless its mealy mouth!"—and with the grim look of one who is about to do great execution. The book carries a subtitle, noted above; "his rise and fall," it says, and it is a fair announcement of intention.

When Thomas Carlyle died he was an oracle and a divinity. The publications of J. A. Froude produced a violent reaction. They inaugurated a long era of atheism, with respect to Carlyle. Froude "humanized" Carlyle, as a book jacket of our own time might express it.

Then came bitter controversy. Froude died, was discredited. The counter reaction swung in, and Carlyle was made, is still being made, the subject of a ponderous sort of Moneypenny-Buckle biography in five volumes by David Alec Wilson, expressly written to supersede Froude.

The end is not yet. Carlyle has now been dispatched by Mr. Norwood Young, who has throughout the air of a man who wipes a bloody bayonet on his tunic. Says Mr. Young; the reputation Carlyle obtained for wisdom is one of the curiosities of history. His merit fell as his fame rose. He was a medieval peasant, born too late. His utterances were "gilt farthings." He did not deserve

the character of moral teacher. He was wrong in his position on political and social questions, wrong about labor, wrong about democracy, wrong about the press and public opinion, wrong about slavery, wrong in his interpretation of the French Revolution, wrong in the philosophy which his biographical interpretation of history constrained upon him; deficient in both scholarship and conscience in all his historical research work. Mr. Young will not even allow Carlyle his indigestion.

"Who reads Carlyle?" people often ask, anticipating the answer "nobody": as though that disposed of a puissant personality; and even Mr. Young will grant Carlyle that. But he will not allow that it was an attractive one. Just as Carlyle's equipment consisted of two things—"the dramatic speech of his father, the religion of his mother"—Carlyle's personal development is seen through those circumstances of environment which are least favorable to Carlyle. Carlyle's father was dour, irascible, overbearing; his mother fiercely proud under the appearance of humility. Carlyle himself, then, was a bully at heart, filled to an unusual degree with a sense of his own worth. His schoolboy associates punished him cruelly for his supercilious airs, and inflamed his insatiable ambition for fame and position.

At twenty-five Carlyle was already enraged over his continued obscurity and complaining about his health—which was made to carry the burden for more serious failings. But he won influential and distinguished friends, and a brilliant wife whose social standing and worldly goods, Mr. Young thinks, Carlyle noted from the outset with satisfaction. After Carlyle reaches his productive period, Mr. Young carries on his discussion of Carlyle's life and works concurrently; with long abstracts, condensations, and paraphrases from all the important books, illuminated with his own comments which are often witty, and usually drawn full to the head and let fly directly at Carlyle.

To say, and to substantiate the charge, that Carlyle was not an admirable character, that his ideas were either of the order of philosophical incunabula, or positively pernicious, that he means nothing to our times, represents a very serious enterprise of literary demolition. Mr. Young completely disposes of Carlyle as an accurate scholar, and in this day of graduate seminars, photostated original documents, bibliographies, and careful, factual historical writing guarded by profuse citation of authority, it is not hard to prove that Carlyle was not properly a historian at all.

But we knew that before, just as we know that Shakespeare is not the best source of information upon the Wars of the Roses. As for Carlyle's character, one can only weigh all the frailty, vanity, unkindness, and egotism brought forward by Mr. Young against the fortitude and nobility and strength found in Carlyle by his chief defender, Mr. David Alec Wilson, and decide for one's self. Character is not a matter of photostatic record.

This much is certain about Carlyle's earthly immortality. He is in the canon and all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot get him out again; his reputation is safe. But it is true that he is not likely to return soon to the power of the living book. Carlyle was all for the immensities, for moral earnestness and conscience. He preached the mystery of life and the dualism of man. The whole tendency of thought and feeling is away from all this now. Ours is an age of unfaith, tentative, uncertain, burdened with a sense of futility, with new knowledge still uninterpreted. But in spite of Carlyle's "fall," so ably chronicled by Mr. Young, Carlyle may still have his Second Coming; for when another generation learns to lift up its eyes to the stars, Carlyle will again be read.

"Afraid of Success," a play by the transatlantic flier, Baron von Huenefeld, was recently produced in Dresden. The period of the play is the early eighteen-thirties in France. A reactionary old father is faithful to his royalist ideals; his daughter accepts the republic with good grace. She loves a baron who is forced to earn his living by writing popular songs. A wise old clergyman wields a soothing influence over both extremes and love, and in the end the song royalties triumph over the fidelity to the other royalties. The play is of special interest as reflecting the philosophy of a German ex-officer, who is true to the traditions of his class, even though he has modified his philosophy to suit the times.

The BOWLING GREEN

Powders of Sympathy

HOW pleasant to find unexpectedly, in that small Long Island postoffice where so many surprises occur, a copy of William Edwin Rudge's handsomely printed *Certain Letters of James Howell*; which was compiled and issued as a sort of laboratory exercise for students in the Fine Arts Department of New York University. "The students participated in each successive stage, from the editing of the manuscript to the binding of the finished book." An admirable project.

The selection of Howell's letters was done, and sagely, by Richard J. Walsh; and Guy Holt (whose hand I wish would appear oftener in public) wrote an agreeable introduction. It is excellent to know that the *Epistolæ Ho-Eliaæ* still have their readers. I have the two tiny volumes of them published by David Stott in 1890, which cost me only \$1.50 for the pair some years ago, so I don't need to rely on selections. I've never been able to understand the note of condescension adopted toward Howell. Why did Thackeray call him "priggish"? Even Mr. Holt, though a true Ho-elian zealot, ventures to suggest that some of his quips are "humorless." The deuce! Are we to forget that Howell was one of the "sons of Ben" (viz., disciples of Jonson)—as combustible a group of euphuists as ever sharpened circular saws round a tavern table, and left circular stains on the board. Howell doesn't look like a prig in his portrait: observe the heavy brows, the cavalier curls, the fierce and flourishing mustache, the jutting nose, the dark well-opened eyes brightened with something of a Welshman's melancholy. He was thoroughly the son of Ben in his letters, with all the eloquent violence of lingo that was fluid in seventeenth century ink. Even the geese on village greens must have felt burdensome if they considered what sluice of elegant rhetoric their quills must some day carry. But Howell could also speak rarely to the point. I quote just one little note of his, not reprinted by Mr. Walsh. It is addressed "To R. S., Esq." who had evidently dalled overlong in the payment of a debt:

SIR,—I am one of them who value not a courtesy that hangs long betwixt the fingers. I love not those *viscosa beneficia*, those bird-lim'd kindnesses which Pliny speaks of; nor would I receive money in a dirty clout, if possibly I could be without it. Therefore I return you the courtesy by the same hand that brought it; it might have pleasur'd me at first, but the expectation of it hath prejudic'd me, and now perhaps you may have more need of it than

Your humble servitor

J. H.

Westminster, 3 August, 1629.

Howell was fond of remembering that he was born in the "hot constellation of Cancer," and frequently alluded to the dog-days in his letters; this little note shows admirably that there was a fine sultry sparkle behind his polished gentility. But we have contemporary testimony of his flavor. Aubrey, writing of Hobbes in the *Brief Lives*, remarked that Hobbes had "whiskers which naturally turned up—which is a signe of a brisque witt, e. g. James Howell."

So I think that Mr. Holt, in his charming memorandum, tames him a little. Elia was not always gentle, nor was Ho-Elia (I have always wondered whether Lamb got the suggestion for his pen-name from Howell?). I have many reasons for being fond of Howell; one is that he once took ship at Granville in Normandy; one that he was a close friend of Sir Kenelm Digby, to whom he paid so jovial a compliment—"You have parts enough to complete a whole jury of men. Those small perquisites that I have, are thrust up into a little narrow lobby; but those perfections that beautify your noble soul, have a spacious palace to walk in, more sumptuous than either the Louvre, Seraglio, or Escorial."—And did not Browning lift from Howell the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin?

It was Howell (Aubrey tells us) who translated into English that amazing "discourse" on the Powder of Sympathy, delivered by Digby (in French) to a learned assembly at Montpellier in 1658. And since the hazard of the morning mail has brought us round to our darling Sir Kenelm, whom we have neglected too long, let me quote to you the opening of that famous and almost interminable lecture in which Sir Kenelm so startled the learned pharma-

cists of Montpellier—then as now a center of medical science. He was a hardy man: he not only addressed them in their own tongue, but ventured, after a couple of hours of talking, to introduce anecdotes on the psychology of yawning. But this is how he began, and I always think of it as a fable pleasantly applicable to journalists—or any others who have been well pursued by a wolf:

Il me semble avoir leu en quelque endroit de Plutarque, qu'il propose cette Question, Pourquoi les chevaux qui pendant qu'ils estoient poulains, ont esté poursuivis par le loup, et se sont sauvez à force de bien courir, sont plus vites que les autres? A quoy il répond, qu'il se peut faire que l'épouvante et la frayeur que le loup donne à une jeune beste, luy fait faire toutes fortes d'efforts pour se delivrer du danger qui la presse; et ainsi la peur luy dénoue les jointures, luy estend les nerfs, et luy rend souples les ligaments et autres parties qui servent à la course; de telle sorte qu'il s'en ressent tout le reste de sa vie, et en devient bon coureur. . . . Il en donne encore d'autres raisons; et à la fin il conclut, que peut estre aussi la chose n'est pas veritable.

As I have remarked before, you will not make merry over Sir Kenelm's ideas about the cure of wounds by sympathology if you have taken the trouble to read him; he curiously anticipated some modern doctrines. It is interesting to know that descendants in his family are eminent in medicine at the present day. Apropos varying ideas in medicine, I noted in a volume of Dr. W. W. Keen's collected papers an essay entitled "An Episode of the Second Battle of Bull Run." Dr. Keen, serving with the Union army, was in charge of a train



JAMES HOWELL

of 36 wagons of medical supplies, August 30, 1862. He tells us that of those 36 wagons, 9 were loaded with whiskey, one with brandy, one with sherry, one with port. Arriving on the battlefield, Dr. Keen stored all his supplies in a small smokehouse. A day or so later, two high Confederate officers inspected the stores.

One of them turned to the other and said with an explosive preface: ". . . there's more good liquor in this little smoke-house than in the whole city of Richmond!"

I quote this from Dr. Keen's extremely interesting volume, lately published by Lippincott, "The Surgical Operations on President Cleveland in 1893." He tells the very remarkable story of the operation on President Cleveland's mouth, done in private for reasons of public policy. It was performed on Commodore Benedict's yacht *Oneida*, and by the skill of the surgeons in avoiding any scar was successfully kept secret for many years.

Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex," which will presently be on the counters, is an enchanting thing. I have been told that it is running now in the *Ladies' Home Journal*; somewhat expurgated, perhaps, unless the clients of that magazine are of stronger stomach than when Plancus was consul. Most delicious of all is to reflect how many reviewers will remark on the "newness" of the Stracheyan technique; on the "modern" way of writing history; on the modern historian's employment of all the rich assistance of neural philosophy and behaviorist science. It is true that Mr. Strachey discusses a few pathological oddities that would have

been taboo fifty years ago; but in the main the value and the charm of his essay is that it relies on the lively melodramatic style that once in every generation makes some historian's fortune. Hear him, happy man, make whoopee with Lord Bacon:

Francis Bacon has been described more than once with the crude vigour of antithesis; but in truth such methods are singularly inappropriate to his most unusual case. It was not by the juxtaposition of a few opposites, but by the infiltration of a multitude of highly varied elements, that his mental composition was made up. He was no striped frieze; he was shot silk. The detachment of speculation, the intensity of personal pride, the uneasiness of nervous sensibility, the urgency of ambition, the opulence of superb taste—these qualities, blending, twisting, flashing together, gave to his secret spirit the subtle and glittering superficies of a serpent. A serpent, indeed, might well have been his chosen emblem—the wise, sinous, dangerous creature, offspring of mystery and the beautiful earth. The music sounds, and the great snake rises, and spreads its hood, and leans and hearkens, swaying in ecstasy; and even so the sage Lord Chancellor, in the midst of some great sentence, some high intellectual confection, seems to hold his breath in a rich beatitude, fascinated by the deliciousness of sheer style. . . .

The same cause which made Bacon write perfect prose brought about his worldly and his spiritual ruin. It is probably always disastrous not to be a poet. His imagination, with all its magnificence, was insufficient: it could not see into the heart of things. And among the rest his own heart was hidden from him. His psychological acuteness, fatally external, never revealed to him the nature of his own desires. He never dreamt how intensely human he was. And so his tragedy was bitterly ironical, and a deep pathos invests his story. One wishes to turn away one's gaze from the unconscious traitor, the lofty-minded sycophant, the exquisite intelligence entrapped and strangled in the web of its own weaving. "Although our persons live in the view of heaven, yet our spirits are included in the caves of our own complexions and customs." So he wrote; and so, perhaps, at last, he actually realized—an old man, disgraced, shattered, alone, on Highgate hill, stuffing a dead fowl with snow.

I could go on indefinitely quoting Mr. Strachey; that's the kind of thing pen and ink were (partly, at least) invented for—"the deliciousness of sheer style." It would astonish My Lord Chancellor, no doubt; it would please My Lord Chancellor's exquisite intelligence to see even Mr. Strachey sometimes falling into his own pitfall of antithesis; and it troubles me very little to worry whether or no things really happened that way. If they did not, they should have. But I should be a little troubled if all the important reviewers insisted too much that this sort of delightfulness is new. It will only be thought so by those who never read any Macaulay. There's a queer passage at the end of Macaulay's third chapter; a passage which Macaulay intended to be read again (he says so) "in the twentieth century." Do so some day.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



Glamour

YOUTH having fled with its glittering promises,

Leaving our faith as unstable as Thomas's, All that's remaining to soothe us and calm us is Memory's charity, lovingly vast.

Blest be the power to sweeten and pasteurize Bygone mistakes, until strengthened at last, you rise

Free from remorse, and can fearlessly cast your eyes

Over the past!

Over that love affair, scrappy and clamorous, Time throws a veil iridescent and glamorous, Cloaking the sordid, revealing the amorous—

Hiding the ashes but leaving the flame.

Now, in the days of your sobering solitude, Soft Reminiscence endows it with mollitude— Were she not able to gild it and doll it, you'd

View it with shame.

Praise ye the vision that makes ineffectual Thoughts that would otherwise simply have wrecked you all;

Praise the Unconscious, that sets intellectual Logic at naught, if emotion desires.

Bend ye, before that delightful Chimera, knees

Wearied of climbing impassible Pyrenees—

Kindle before that destroyer of tyrannies

Undying fires!

TED ROBINSON.