

curiously enough, is he really convincing. But three-fourths of his book is given up to them, and here he does some hard and productive thinking. Neglecting minor differences and the conventional distinctions between "realism" and "idealism," he traces subtly and dexterously most startling lines of affiliation between philosophers of supposedly divergent schools. The overwhelming influence of Bergson he finds, not only where every one finds it in the work of William James, but equally in the work of Croce and Gentile, Spengler, Alexander, Whitehead, and Bertrand Russell. Bergson was the first overtly to change Time from an abstract relation into a substance, and in this, the fundamental consideration, the rest have followed him. The World-as-History of Croce, Gentile, and Spengler, just as much as the most arrant pragmatism, makes truth a changing thing, a function of the moment. The Einsteinian Flux, Mr. Lewis insists, is the Bergsonian Flux in only a slightly new aspect; Alexander's "Space-Time" is merely a flattering phrase for "Time," *tout court*; "Emergent Evolution" is our old friend "Creative Evolution" rebaptized. Mr. Lewis appropriately makes merry over the baby-philosophy of Watson and the drill-sergeant methods of the great Testers, Yerkes and Yokum. In all of these contemporary philosophies he points out the attack, explicit or implicit, upon Mind and Consciousness. Whitehead's "organic philosophy," Mr. Lewis asserts, gives us a universe which is no less mechanical for being alive; and a living machine the size of the universe is the most horrible monster yet imagined. These disciples of Bergson have inherited the complacency of their master, but neither they nor he have any right to it. Behind Bergson stands his ancestor Schopenhauer, whose "Will" was the original source of its close analogue, the "Elan Vital." "Schopenhauer," writes Mr. Lewis, "was completely sincere, hence his 'pessimism': Bergson was not sincere, hence his optimism."

Perhaps, however, Mr. Lewis is more redoubtable as a philosophical polemicist than as a constructive philosopher. The present book is avowedly merely destructive, but the hints which he gives of his own position are not reassuring. That position may be briefly indicated as a half-hearted Bradleyan idealism with a large admixture of Lotze. Such a combination cannot possibly remain stable. Mr. Lewis, although he tries to eliminate the problem from these pages, is much concerned with the need of a personal God. He will find no satisfaction for that desire in absolute idealism. His natural goal lies in quite another direction, as he already partly realizes. The one work in contemporary philosophy which he wholeheartedly praises—and most deservedly—is the Neo-Scholastic "God and Intelligence" by the Catholic priest Fulton J. Sheen. Mr. Lewis writes these significant words: "We should support the catholic church perhaps more than any other visible institution, but . . . *outside* we can actually assist that church more than we could *within* it" (italics mine). I give Mr. Lewis five years in which to transmute his propositions. The road to Rome is winding, but it certainly leads to Rome.

"While the dignity and literary interest of Westminster Abbey have received one more enrichment by the reception of Thomas Hardy's remains," says John O'London, "it is curious to note how gradual and casual the assembling has been. Dean Stanley pointed out that of the three greatest names in England's roll of intellect, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Newton, only the last is inscribed on an Abbey tomb. Shakespeare has a monument, Bacon nothing. There are no monuments to Keats, Shelley, and Byron. Cowley is honored there, but not Waller; Beaumont, but not Herrick; Denham and Drayton, but not Marlowe and Suckling. Milton's parodist, John Philips, was given a monument in the Abbey at a time when Milton's own name was considered as an impossible 'pollution of its walls.' Some absences became too glaring to be endured. Robert Burns was given a bust fifty years ago; Scott a bust only about twenty years ago; and Coleridge's bust was unveiled by Mr. Lowell in 1885. On the other hand, Matthew Arnold is represented by a bust, though few visitors find it; here promptitude was matched by modernity, for you may study the cut of the great critic's coat and the shape of his collar and necktie. In the same dark corner which has received Arnold's bust Wordsworth is represented by a feeble and moping statue; why is not our greatest poet since Milton honored in Poets' Corner itself?"

## Mr. Moon's Notebook

March 15: *A Memory of a Memory*

**A**N odder mind than that of my acquaintance, George Hackney, I have rarely encountered. Turning over a miscellaneous assortment of papers in my desk the other day I came across sundry abortive scribbles of George's. There was the outline, for instance, of his novel, "Trinity," a novel destined never to be written. I had forgotten its rather irreverent book divisions. Book One was entitled "Father"; Book Two: "Son"; Book Three: "Holy Ghost." The tale was to be one of those father-and-son novels of rebellious youth, save that it would naturally possess a peculiar twist of George's own, and a surprise climax which, even at this late date, I shall not reveal; for, wherever George is by this time, some day he may return to us and to that story. I doubt it enormously, but he may. However, I feel no compunction in setting down his opening paragraph to "The Glassy Sea," which was to have been the first chapter of the first book of his novel. He may damn me for it when we next meet, if ever again we do; but he will damn me gently; he will not really care; he will pass on to abundant quotation from poetry and parody, between imbibations, the recreation he loved best of a long afternoon,—and he possessed one of the most extraordinary memories for out-of-the-way verse that I have ever known in mortal man. George preferred above anything else to idle thus, where there was plenty to wet the throttle. But first, to this paragraph from his own slipshod holograph. (It seems to me such a pity that the man was never able to produce more than fragments, for his mind used positively to bristle with fictional ideas):

Church to him was a great drowsiness. For some inscrutable reason many people spent Sunday morning all being drowsy together. At that early stage of his existence he did not know what it was to be bored; but he could feel the pall of boredom that stifled as with heavy velvet the minds of the congregation. Church was hard on your knees and it made you sleepy. There was a pervading narcotic smell of pew-cushions, feminine apparel, artificial flowers in hats, kid gloves, and prayer and hymn books. It was forbidden to do anything in church except sit still. It was rather pleasant for a short period of time just to sit still and to feel "good"; but this never required for the longer period of time during which a thousand pleasing things suggested themselves, any one of which would have outraged the sanctity of that ruminative stillness. People knelt with their eyes shut, and there was a wide rippling murmur of responses. When they came to "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord," in the Litany, it sounded like the swish of foam on a beach. He liked the hymns best, and the Benedicite, Omnia Opera Domini—the latter because it had things like

O ye *Whales*, and all that move in the waters,  
bless ye the Lord; praise him, and *mag-nify him*  
for e-e-ever.

There the scribble breaks off. George would say, at that point, to himself, "Gawd, how sickening!" and just let it go at that. He was never consecutive about anything. Indeed, he would probably drop a poised pencil quite suddenly to stare at you owlishly over the top of his eyeglasses and intone,—well, this perhaps, which used to be a great favorite of his:

*Chidden* still murmurs  
*Slapped and Rapped* complain,  
*Hurt*, with a thousand tongues  
Whines out his pain.

This is the learning  
Unto which we come:  
*Properly Walloped* is forever dumb.

And if you happened rightly to attribute it to the embittered and saturnine T. W. H. Crosland, Hackney would give his short bark of a laugh and appear distinctly pleased. George was one of the queer ones of life who have somehow been too badly hurt by it ever to reveal to you just what it was that hurt them. A man of many talents, he never would really exercise them. He liked few people. On a small private income he traveled a good deal, though you could rarely find out where his travels had taken him or just what he had been doing. There was another verse of Crosland's that I recall he used occasionally to quote in a hang-dog sort of way, looking at one slyly out of the corner of his eye:

When all is done  
Fate worketh thee no ill,  
Leaving thee still  
Thy skill,  
Thy furious wise will,  
And thy heart of stone.

I think he rather prided himself upon the possession of a "heart of stone," which was infinitely far from the actual truth, of course. But the "furious wise will" part of it was very like George.

I have been trying to remember, however, the kind of thing that would go on when Hackney was really in form, over his favorite beverage, and fully launched upon quotation. All one had to do was to listen,—and I remember a good many of his favorites—at least, I remember scraps from them. He was extremely fond of old parodies. He was the only person I ever knew who could recite Charles Stuart Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull" complete, or Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch's "The New Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens." With what gusto he would chant:

And there ye have a little triangle  
As bonny as e'er was seen;  
The whilk is not isosceles  
Nor yet is it scalene!

Arthur Clement Hilton's "Octopus," in imitation of Swinburne, was another favorite. But Charles Godfrey Leland's "Topside Galow," that extraordinary feat in Pidgin-English singsong, overtopped them all. I recall from it

Ole man talkee, "No can walk,  
By'mby lain come—velly dark,  
Hab got water, velly wide,"  
Maskee, my must go top-side,  
Top-side galow!

"Man-man," one girley talkee he,  
"What for you go top-side look-see?"  
And one tim more he plenty cly,  
But 'allo-tim walkee plenty high,  
Top-side galow!

"Take care t'hat spoilum tlee, young man  
Take care t'hat ice. He want man-man."  
T'hat coolie chin-chin he, "Good night!"  
He talkee my can go all light  
Top-side galow!

James Kenneth Stephen and Henry S. Leigh, of course, he knew well,—but his preference among all parodies, I think, was for Horatio Smith's travesty of Tennyson. It is called, "An Attempt to Remember the Grandmother's Apology." I know that Hackney's favorite verse was:

"Marry you, Willie!" said I, and I thought my heart would break,  
"But a man cannot marry his grandmother, so there must be some mistake."  
But he turned and clasped me in his arms and answered,  
"No, love, no,  
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago!"

Another verse, almost equally well-loved, followed quickly:

Pattering over the boards, my Annie, an Annie like you,  
Pattering over the boards, and Charlie and Harry too,  
Pattering over the boards of our beautiful little cot,  
And I'm not exactly certain whether they died or not.

But not entirely by parody was my friend George beguiled. He has been known to murmur, in another mood:

Then came brave Glorie puffing by  
In silks that whistled, who but he!  
He scarce allowed me half an eye:  
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

And Hackney the last man in the world, you would have said, to care a rush for George Herbert! Yet was he never averse, at least to judge from the poetry he chose to remember, to the mystical. There was that little-known poem by Laurence Housman, "Young Bloods," for the last stanza of which, in particular, Hackney cherished a great fondness:

Then saw I pacing at our side  
Three Strangers passing fair;  
And easy, easy went the stride  
Of feet that moved on air.  
Bright Bodies, how their raiment shone!  
Their heads were lost in light.  
"We shall be whipped for this!" said John,  
"Or each be made a Knight!"

And I can recall on one occasion how surprised I was when his steel-blue eyes lighted with an unusual excitement and he leaned forward on the



table saying in his most impressive tone—and staring the while as if he saw a vision—

What phantom is this that appears  
Through the purple mists of the years,  
Itself but a mist like these?  
A woman of cloud and of fire;  
It is she; it is Helen of Tyre,  
The town in the midst of the seas.

The younger critics may cavil as they will. That was one moment in my life in which lines of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's seemed to work a veritable conjuration.

Can we guess at any concealed sources of pain in Hackney's life, from such quotations? He is gone, and gone with him an uncompiled anthology which would have contained many curiosities. One day, ten years ago, he was occupying his small room in a house on Christopher Street, rising late and sitting up till the small hours of the morning,—reading, reading, incessantly reading, save when he ventured forth with a crony or two,—drinking, drinking, incessantly drinking, I might say with quite as great truth,—for that was his failing. The next day he was gone, having scrupulously paid off his few debts. I do not believe he ever possessed a trunk. He had two large suitcases chiefly full of books and papers. He left no slightest clue to where the whim took him this time. But, recalling the lines of "Ironquill" that appealed to him:

There is a clouded city, gone to rest  
Beyond the crest  
Where cordilleras mar the mystic west.

I like to think of him sojourning somewhere amid remote natural magnificence and where

there are lofty temples, rich and great,  
And at the gate,  
Carved in obsidian, the lions wait.

Yet, for all I know, he may only have repaired to Jersey or to Westchester, dropping out of sight, according to habit, tired of all his acquaintances,—for he could hardly be said to have friends.

Something was quite wrong with Hackney, and I never found out what it was. He was a man averse to confidences. I never knew anything of his private affairs. He was a voice of quotation. He remains merely a memory of a memory. There are such individuals. They seem to imply so much more than they are. The queer part about it is, they often foster the illusion that they are of far more importance than the people of achievement. For they are veritably the children of wonder.

(To be continued)

## Chinese Art

CHINESE PAINTING. By JOHN C. FERGUSON.  
Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1927.  
\$12.50.

Reviewed by LANGDON WARNER  
Harvard University

THIS book will be received with mixed emotions in America. Students of the subject will find the first adequate presentation of the Chinese point of view, while those more casually interested will be delighted at illustrations of pictures which have never been available before. Artists will con it and realize that a people, remote in space and time were, after all, closest kin. Not only grave young persons who take the study of art so seriously, but intelligent amateurs, avid collectors, and not a few men in the street are asking for the book on Chinese painting. This book of Dr. Ferguson, of course, is not *the* book, for that will never be written. But it is packed with lean meat on the history of Chinese art, prepared and tinned for foreign consumption, but obviously the product of China itself. And that, after all, is the great value that "Chinese Painting" possesses over the other books written in English on the subject. Here, for the first time, we have a compendium of Chinese lore implicitly believed in by Chinese scholars. We can take it or leave it, agree or disagree, accept details and reject whole chapters, but we cannot deny that the greatest adepts in the subject in the world have produced this body of critical material and it must be treated with respect by foreigners.

Binyon has written more charming essays, Waley has been ingenious and very scholarly; Giles, Hirth, Fischer, Grosse, and Kummel have lent spice to the

subject by their quarrels; but nowhere in English (or Chinese for the matter of that) can one find quite such a torrent of tradition poured out.

As often as not one is irritated by the hoary respectability of it all and tempted to say, "What of it? I propose to make my own choice." That is fair enough in all conscience, but it is also fair to notice that Dr. Ferguson treads on, regardless of such defections. Where he deals in nebulous distinctions that do not distinguish or in esthetic judgments that do not convince, you will find that it is generally the fault of his subject. The ancients have said thus and so and it is his duty to bring forward whatever may prove to be useful evidence. Sometimes it does not appeal to the Western mind—so much the worse for the Western mind. His is not a hymn of praise for Chinese painting, but the first history of it in English which even begins to present the evidence.

\*\*\*

Of course, the omissions are quite as Chinese as the inclusions. The enormous stream of Buddhist painting, which swept along from the sixth to the sixteenth century, is alluded to in passing, but not once illustrated unless the Wu Tao Tze be counted. It has been western opinion that the walls of the cave chapels of innermost China are decorated with some of the world's masterpieces. Chinese opinion ignores them. Sung and Ming frescoes that have come to Europe and America in the last three years are surely too splendid to be entirely neglected, but Dr. Ferguson is silent on the subject. He gives us the point of view which is "as near that of the native-born student as is possible to a foreigner." But I am not moved when he tells us that "Chinese writings and paintings must be considered in a class by themselves, surrounded by the literature and civilization of their own country, in order that their artistic appeal may have free course." It is a truism that the best Chinese paintings surmount such barriers and appeal immediately to any person who is sensitive to line and to color. If we could enjoy only after acquiring the Chinese spoken and written language, steeping ourselves in a foreign tradition, and learning to eat with chopsticks—there would be room for grave doubt whether the Chinese were indeed great artists. Naturally a background of Chinese culture enables the expert to take more pleasure in the less important works of art and to see further through the millstone of esoteric and mannered productions than is possible for the mere amateur, whose enjoyment is limited to masterpieces.

\*\*\*

Of course, there will be bitter criticism of Dr. Ferguson for omitting to mention a large body of the finest Chinese paintings which are available to us westerners, namely, those in Boston. His fault is the graver because he includes so many paintings in New York which have not, on the whole, worn any better or been subjected to quite so searching a test by the scholars of the last quarter of a century. But this omission can almost be forgiven in our gratitude for the new facts which the author gives concerning the K'u Kai Chi in the British Museum and his re-attribution of a painting described by Chavannes and Petrucci. Best of all, because of what he tells us of some of the paintings in the palace collection to which he has had more frequent access than any other foreigner.

The paragraphs on the distinction between the North and South schools of painting differ most interestingly from the loose talk on the subject which we are accustomed to hear, and his list of painters who must be included in both (or neither) category will cause some reconstruction of our preconceived ideas. Full as the book is, one gets the feeling that it might be fuller still, and that Dr. Ferguson might have branched off on a thousand interesting by-paths. What, for instance, of the ancient pigments? Since the death of his friend, Dr. King Pao Kung, there is danger that the tradition may die out.

\*\*\*

In form the book is a credit to the University of Chicago Press. The illustrations from dim originals are adequate and the page and type delightful. An index, beside the list of Chinese names, would have been welcome; so too would have been a discussion of Chinese artists' and collectors' seals. The chapter called "Sources of Information" is so admirable that one wishes it had been double the length, as it could have been, and that the learned author had appended a real bibliography with his illuminating comments after each item.

## Making of British Character

(Continued from page 697)

Here the author is at his worst because he does not realize how fully the inheritance of mental characteristics has been demonstrated. To him "a race is a physical classification and a nation a spiritual fact." He is not yet quite convinced that occupations, migrations, social usages, and various other conditions sort people out according to their mental traits, and that this sorting, even though very imperfect, tends to produce a definite mental slant which is hereditary and which for generation after generation may differentiate the people of one place or group from those of another. Nevertheless, even at his worst Dr. Barker is always worth listening to because he writes so clearly and fairly.

In discussing physical environment Dr. Barker's main thesis is one which geographers are at last coming to recognize. The environment does not say to man you must do this or that. It merely says "Here are the possibilities. Choose which you will. Or choose one now and another later." He might perhaps do well to go somewhat farther in pointing out that the environment *limits* the possibilities—only a few may prove profitable in any one country, and only one perhaps at a given stage of human progress. In England grass as food for sheep, wheat as food for man, the sea as a highway for commerce, and coal and iron as commodities for industry and trade, represent the four main geographical possibilities that have thus far been used. But does the future, he asks, still hold in store some unrealized resource which will carry England on when coal and iron fail? That is the sort of question which Dr. Barker repeatedly sets before us.

Far be it from the reviewer to quarrel with the geographical part of the book, for even if the author is skeptical of our theories as to historical changes of climate, he wholeheartedly accepts our complimentary conclusion that "if health and energy may be taken as the criteria of goodness, we (the British) have perhaps the best climate in the world." But does Dr. Barker reject the one conclusion and accept the other because one is false and the other true? Or is it because one cuts across his traditional line of thought and the other merges with it? We ask this question not as impugning the author's judgment, for we ourselves agree that the conclusion which he accepts is the one for which we have presented far the stronger evidence. We ask it to illustrate the nature of his book and his sterling sincerity.

\*\*\*

But we are spending our time on that which precedes the author's main work. It is the spiritual factors which interest him most. With ever deepening enthusiasm he passes from the nature, growth, and significance of a national spirit to politics, law, government, religion, language, literature, and education as factors in past development and as signs of the future. Again and again he harks back to the idea that "man's choice determines his environment more than the environment determines his choice." Toward the end of the book he expresses it in quite another way when he says that "Kipling's pictures of the men who have made the British Empire have helped to make the men who have made the British Empire." Elsewhere he says that England's educational idea is still that of Dr. Arnold, and in Dr. Arnold's *order*, first religious and moral principle, second gentlemanly conduct, and third intellectual ability. He glories in the fact that religious instruction is still a part of the regular curriculum in the English public schools—not Public with a capital, but our common kind with a little letter. More significant even than this as an evidence of Dr. Barker's interpretation of how British character has been formed is this passage at the beginning of his discussion of the political factor:

The language, the beliefs, and the laws of a nation determine, or at any rate influence, the nation from which they proceed. Men project the ideas of their minds into an outer world in which, escaping like fugitive birds from their creators, they acquire their own habitation, and from which they return to control or limit their originators. This is the universal experience of all creative minds—to originate an idea; to seek to realize it externally; and to find, as soon as it is realized, that it has escaped and is lost to its originator. . . . It is the tragedy of action, that men lose control over what they create; but it may also be the power and the triumph of action that the thing created transcends the ideas and intention of the creator.

Such a book, even though poorly printed and shockingly bound, is sure to live, for it will mold the thoughts of those who mold the thoughts of nations.