

by Hugh Walpole



an honest determination to do good to your fellow-mortals can have.

But it is at exactly this point that we encounter two personalities who show to what remarkable heights of melodrama those novelists of the 'seventies could rise—two figures who both in their faults and their virtues are products only of that period; writers of their kind, of their naïveté, their force, their absurdities, and their gusto will, we may safely say, never appear in the world again. They stand, big symbolic figures of that odd half-real half-imagined Victorian world—the close of it—figures at the gates about to be shut for ever.

Charles Reade is crying out for his biography, for his novels are both curious and perplexing in their combination of quite opposite qualities and his personality in its odd violences, generousities, impetuosités both provoking and endearing.

He was a melodramatist of the theatre and in that he followed both Dickens and Wilkie Collins. There was in him a great deal of that odd mixture of sawdust, variegated waistcoats, and amateur theatricals that belongs to Mr. Crummles at one end and "The Frozen Deep" at the other.



But it was not merely *amateur* theatricals that held him; he had a very real traffic with the *real* theatre and it was unquestionably this *real* theatre—felt at a time when the English drama was at its lowest ebb—that was responsible for the gravest faults in his tempestuous novels. His fame also has been hampered by the excessive popularity of his most famous novel. Had he never written "The Cloister and the Hearth" there is no doubt but that "Griffith Gaunt," "Put Yourself in His Place" and "Foul Play," would be awarded a higher critical position than they are. In many ways indeed "Griffith Gaunt" is the best novel that he ever wrote; it has less of his melodrama—although there is plenty—and more real tragedy having its source in character rather than in event, than any of the others. And it is strangely typical of its period. It is full of the old false tricks, false violence, false pathos, false situation. It has that odd air of a city and smoking footlights that came in with Monk Lewis, persisted with Lever, Hook, Ainsworth, Lytton, Dickens, Collins; it is one of the finest achievements of Meredith, Hardy, and Stevenson that they took this very false paste and glitter and changed it into something quite different. It is that transformation that is the most interesting feature in the English novel between 1870 and 1885.

Henry Kingsley is, in my opinion, a yet more important figure than Reade. It is quite certain that he is most undeservedly neglected. The space allotted to him in the "Dictionary of National Biography" as compared with that given to his brother Charles is scandalous; it is more and more generally recognized to-day that he is in every way a novelist of greater importance than his brother.

His life was romantic enough with its swift transitions from Worcester College, Oxford, to the Australian gold-fields, thence to England, then to the Franco-German War where he was present at the battle of Sedan, then back to England and novel-writing again. He was the author of at least six remarkable and memorable novels—"Geoffrey Hamlyn," "Ravenshoe," "The Hillyars and the Burtons," "Silcote of Silcotes," "Mademoiselle Mathilde," and "Stretton."



He is an especially good example of the novelist of the fading Victorian tradition who was almost untouched by the theories and aims of the coming modern novel. He is, in a way, the most old-fashioned novelist in English literature. One might say that he would have been old-fashioned in whatever age he wrote, and that very fact, so long held against him is now beginning to be his principal charm. He is a remarkable example of what zest can do for a novelist. Practically every fault that a novelist can commit Henry Kingsley commits. He is inconsequent, verbose, and casual; he is desperately sentimental and a frantic moralist; he is for ever thrusting his own opinions and personality be-

fore the reader; he uses every possible device of melodrama and every impossible one; his characters are so black and so white that they blind the reader with their simplicity. He adores noble heroes with brawny chests, athletic parsons, weeping heroines, and worst of all Earls soaked in the traditions of Oxford and Cambridge. He is so proud of being an Englishman that one blushes for one's patriotism and his affection for cold baths deserves all Laurence Oliphant's sarcasm. He has no technique, no powers of construction, and only a theatrical sense of effect. Nevertheless with all this, his best books survive and survive amazingly.

He has neither the priggishness nor the intolerance of his brother and he is far, far stronger in the creation of character. It is indeed his creation of character that carries him through. How or why his characters survive his emotional exposition of them it is difficult to say, but survive they do.

But it is his own interest in his own subject that gives Henry Kingsley his power; in this he is an object lesson to a number of very clever novelists to-day; again and again he makes us ask the question which is the supreme question forced upon us by the typical 'seventies novel—how is the novelist to reconcile his creative zest and his self-conscious sense of art?

It is the age-old question to be asked about the novel; how to use your brains without stifling your heart, how to give your emotions full liberty and yet not make a fool of yourself! Only the greatest masters in this difficult art have answered the question for us and they have answered it without thinking of the rules of the game. It is instructive to realize that none of the great novelists of the world have written treatises on the novel—they have other things to do.

Henry Kingsley makes us ask almost in accents of despair about our own modern novel—must we always be compelled to choose between the novelist who is all heart and no brains and the novelist who is all brains and no heart? Happily there are one or two with a mixture of both and, for my part, it is they who win the prizes.



I have tried briefly and I fear very inadequately to form some picture of the novel in the 'seventies as it typically was. There were forces on the opposite side, forces that were, in one fashion or another, to effect the magic transmutation from the homely exuberant lusty "innocent" to the polished, shining, sophisticated citizens of all the world that we now know. Oliphant's "Piccadilly," Butler's "Erewhon," and a delightful work, now quite forgotten, but most worthy of reissue, the gay and ferocious "Ginx's Baby" by a Mr. Jenkins who is not even in the "Dictionary of National Biography," sound the doom of Victorian Uplift and moral behavior. On every side the new forces come sweeping in: "Harry Richmond," "Beauchamp's Career," "Travels with a Donkey," "Far From the Madding Crowd." These, however little it was recognized at the time, were the books of the modern world. The old novel was killed by three destructive forces—the sense of Form that came, with the aid of Mr. Vizetelly, Mr. George Moore, and others from France, the sense of Reality given to us by Thomas Hardy and George Gissing, the New Morality introduced to us by the New Woman.

The sense of Form taught us that it mattered whether our books were well-constructed, whether our sentences were well-balanced, whether our sequences were inevitable without being arranged. That our sense of Form has not yielded to the senses of Philosophy and Poetry is a subject beyond this present article.

Our sense of Reality has led possibly too easily to a sense of grime. Our noses are too close to the ground to-day just as in the 'seventies our chins were too high in the air.

But it is the sense of Morality that has yielded the greatest changes. In the 'seventies the novelists took it for granted that once you were married you were happy for ever after. In the 'nineties the novelists took it for granted that once you were married you were done for. In the modern novel

as none of the characters are married at all the old question scarcely arises.

But there *are* other questions. We have lost something. What? Shades of Charles Reade and Henry Kingsley answer us! I see them standing in their Olympian shrouds gazing down upon us. On their genial countenances there are shadows of admiration, but also implications of pity.

Can it be that they pity us because we are so clever?

Hugh Walpole, the novelist, and author of this essay on the turning-point in the history of the English novel, with its interesting sidelights on what a modern writer thinks of the art of his own times, is too well known, both as novelist and lecturer, to need introduction to American readers. His best read works are, perhaps, "Fortitude," "The Duchess of Wrexhe," "The Secret City," "Jeremy," "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair," "Harmer John," and "Wintersmoon."

A Successful Anthology

A COMPREHENSIVE ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN POETRY. By CONRAD AIKEN. New York: Modern Library. 1929.

Reviewed by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

THERE is little that can be said about an anthology. If the selection is made in accordance with an esthetic theory one can argue the theory. But where, as here, the attempt is to make a comprehensive selection, only questions of taste remain. And in questions of taste Mr. Aiken's authority is considerable. He is guilty, to my mind, of but one considerable breach, and that is in the omission of himself. His modesty is commendable. But a man making an anthology has no right to modesty. The result is that his presentation of modern poets is extremely incomplete because he himself occupies a place among them which is not filled by mere silence. Different critics will suggest different emendations in his list but not one would leave him out, not one would give him a less place than the places taken by the best.

With this one (considerable) objection Mr. Aiken's anthology stands as the best existing anthology of American verse. And certainly the most interesting. In his preface Mr. Aiken says:

At the very outset (the editor) faces the formidable question of proportion. How much space shall he give to "early" American poetry—the poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? . . . It has been the present editor's intention to be somewhat severer with his material than his predecessors have been, in order that the process of clarification of this tradition (the now beginning tradition of American poetry) might take a step forward. He has been rather hard on certain national favorites. . . . To . . . an objection he can only reply that in his opinion the poetry which begins, roughly, with Emily Dickinson, has been the richest which America has produced; and that our so-called classics have been very seriously overestimated.

In view of this statement it is not surprising that we find Whitman with about seventy pages, Longfellow with seven, Bryant with five, Holmes with two and the poets since (and including) E. A. Robinson, with more than one hundred and thirty. These poets are Anna Hempstead Branch, Amy Lowell, Masters, Lindsay, Frost, Sandburg, Leonard, Kreymborg, Fletcher, H. D., Untermeyer, Eliot, Wallace Stevens, Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Hall Wheelock, Cale Young Rice, Elinor Wylie, Pound, Cummings, Archibald MacLeish, John Crowe Ransome, and Marianne Moore.

For the completeness or incompleteness of this list Mr. Aiken will have to answer to enraged families and friends. It would be dangerous, in this case very dangerous, to stand beside him there. But for the poems selected, granting the poets from whom to select, he need fear nothing. They will fairly stop the mouths of his adversaries. They suggest a contemporary poetry in America which can fairly be compared with the contemporary poetry of England and the Continent. And not, thereby, too seriously suffer. For making this appear, the few persons who interest themselves in American poetry owe Mr. Aiken their gratitude as well as their admiration.

Books of Special Interest

Our Philippine Record

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. By W. CAMERON FORBES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. \$10.

Reviewed by NORBERT LYONS

FORMER GOVERNOR-GENERAL W. CAMERON FORBES has written a work on the Philippines which is certain to occupy an important place in the literature on the Islands, especially that pertaining to the critical incipient phases of American occupancy. Taken by and large, it is the completest, most carefully constructed and most authentic history of America's major colonial enterprise yet produced.

Governor Forbes went to the Philippines in 1904 as a member of the Philippine Commission at the request of President Roosevelt. He was given the portfolio of Commerce and Police. In 1908 he was appointed Vice-Governor, and in the following year Governor-General by President Taft, holding that post until 1913, when Francis Burton Harrison succeeded him.

The history of the Philippines in the past quarter century, following the military period of occupation and pacification, may be epitomized in the names of four Governors-General: Taft, the organizer; Forbes, the builder; Harrison, the altruist; and Wood, the reconstructor. Of these four administrations, that of Forbes, the builder, will probably go down in history as the one richest in permanent, constructive achievement in an economic sense.

To the author's credit be it said, he does not take advantage of the opportunity to heighten his own status at the expense of other administrators. If anything, he is too modest and self-effacing in the recording of his own achievements, this despite the fact that he does give rather excessive credit to those who constitute his immediate personal entourage, failing to mention many minor characters in the Philippine story who also played not inconspicuous parts. Personal loyalty to an unusual degree has always been a marked feature of the Forbesian milieu, both on the part of the Governor himself and on the part of those who basked in his favor and profited there-

by. However, the detached, judicious, well-balanced, and dispassionate attitude of the author toward the larger topics and problems discussed in the book will come as a pleasant revelation to those who know Mr. Forbes personally. At the same time it contributes measurably to the historic and literary value of the work. Mr. Forbes is especially gracious and charitable to his successor, who, goodness knows, gave him plenty of cause for personal recrimination.

Following a general description of the Archipelago, Mr. Forbes recounts the early history of the Islands and then with greater detail, the story of American occupation. He has chosen to depict the progress of civil government by topics such as Public Order, Finances, Justice, Health, Public Works, Education, etc., and these chapters form the most valuable portion of the work, being largely based on personal observation, experience, and accomplishment. There are also excellent chapters on the Church and the State, Philippine Political Parties, the Philippine Assembly, the régime of the Democratic Party, and the Independence Movement. In his chapter on the Moros, one might have wished to read more specific comment by Mr. Forbes on the results of civil government in the Moro Province. The success of the civil régime is implied, if not stated, but it is certain that Leonard Wood would have questioned its timeliness and deplored its results. However, since civil government in Moroland was instituted on the joint advice of Governor Forbes and General Pershing, then military governor of the province, and since Frank W. Carpenter, Mr. Forbes's former executive secretary and his chief collaborator on the present book, was the first civil governor, continuing in that post for some years, an outright condemnation of that important step in our Philippine administrative policy could hardly have been expected. Yet it is a topic of vital contemporary interest in the Philippine situation.

Mr. Forbes writes in a simple, straightforward, lucid style with no pretense to literary preciosity. He tells the story of American colonial venture and accomplishment in the Philippines as a conscientious

investigator would tell it, and it is one that should make every American proud. The author justifies and defends our record in comparison with less liberal European colonial systems, concludes that the policies of our statesmen with respect to the Philippines have been sound, and suggests a continuance of further autonomous concessions in the form of complete local autonomy under the supervision of an American Resident Commissioner with extensive plenary reserve powers.

A Broken Dream

LIV. By KATHLEEN COYLE. Introduction by REBECCA WEST. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1929. \$2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

IN this simple little story of a simple little Norwegian girl who would go to Paris, who burnt her wings there with a light of love and returned to Norway, in hurt bewilderment, Miss Coyle has dealt delicately and convincingly in a difficult field of national psychology. We have all of us wondered what goes on behind the placid exteriors of those innumerable Scandinavians who form their phalanxes in the Latin Quarter and who may be found drinking beer, blond and benevolent, at any hour of the day or night in the Paris of the expatriates.

Miss Coyle tells us. Little Liv Evensen was the "one" of her family. "Isn't there always one who travels, one with the Viking's itch, amongst us Norwegians?" She didn't want to settle down right yet and marry Harald Christensen to whom she was tepidly affianced. She fought her family to be allowed to go to Paris. Her Aunt Sonja had been there as a girl and had suffered. Just the same she had returned and reared a large and healthy family. Sonja Krag didn't want Liv to go—"she hated waste, not because she was mean, but because she was too intensely aware of the treasures of life." However, Liv was determined and, after all, as her uncle said, "She'll have enough of it . . . she'll never want to go away again . . ." On the desperate excuse that she wanted to study cooking so as to make Harald a better wife, Liv won free.

In Paris she looked up an old and rather disreputable, friend, Barbra Grondahl, who made a living by painting little red foxes and who lived in sin with a Russian named Sasha. Barbra took Liv to the Fullers' studio, where she met her fate in a half-Spanish, half-Norwegian charmer named Per Malom. They fell in love with each other, but not in the conventional sense, for Liv came from the north and "In the South you love with the body, in the North we love with our souls!" Liv's was a spiritual flirtation and a soul-mating. "We shall always belong to each other," she tells her lover, and when they separate she told herself, "It was not ended. It had only begun. It would never end." For Per Malom was married and Liv was not that sort of girl.

In her pain, she takes the first boat back to Norway and seeks out her wise Aunt Sonja. "What is it about them, Aunt Sonja?" she asks. "They seem afraid to be real . . . they are ruled." Her aunt enlightens her:

"There is something wrong with us in this Northland, Liv. We have become like the earth we inhabit. Our natures are white as the driven snow outside and full of dark passion beneath. It is all right for us here. Here . . . we preserve our pride. When we go South into warmer lands we lose something of ourselves. We thaw, we flood over. We are not to blame . . . We are too easily hurt . . . It is better, I think, to stay where we belong . . . where even the trees know us . . ."

Slender though this story and brief though this book may be, it is written with such perception and restraint that it must be recognized as a valid piece of artistry. There will be many to regret that Miss Coyle has expended her fine talents upon so meager a theme and more to wish that she had carried the story further, to show us Liv finally wedded to her stupid Harald and living out a broken dream in the admirable but stupefying north. However, Miss Coyle has made her choice, and if the result is not so satisfactory as "Shule Agra" or "The Widow's House," it has been wrought with the sincere integrity of art and stark economy of means which distinguishes her literary style to the discriminating.

Cycles of Taste

By FRANK P. CHAMBERS

"There is wholesome tonic in this comfortable little volume for all who can take the time to read and think in these days of hurly burly. It might well have been entitled the archaeology of aesthetics from the literary point of view, and both art student and archaeologist can learn something from it. . . . Mr. Chambers's essay presents the past in such a way as to give the thoughtful a needed bridge to the present."—*Art and Archaeology*. Selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts for the Fifty Books of the current year. \$2.00 a copy.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

2 RANDALL HALL
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HAVE YOU READ

W. H. HUDSON
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT
WILLA CATHER
H. M. TOMLINSON
JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER
G. B. STERN
THOMAS BEER
CARL VAN VECHTEN
E. M. FORSTER
SOMERSET MAUGHAM
KNUT HAMSUN
SIGRID UNDET
MAXIM GORKY
H. L. MENCKEN

?

Some of the best of their work and that of many other authors in the same class with them is now published for your enjoyment in the

BORZOI POCKET BOOKS

\$1 a volume

Ask your bookseller to show you this series, or else use this coupon:

ALFRED A. KNOPF
730 Fifth Avenue

New York

Please send me, free of all charge, your full descriptive catalogue of the sixty-six titles now in the Borzoi Pocket Books.

Name.....

Address.....

~ ~ ~ ~ ~
? IS BERNARD SHAW ?
? a Dramatist? ~ ~ ~ ?
? A scientific, but imaginary ?
? Symposium in the neo-Socratic ?
? Manner: Conducted by ?
? Bernard Shaw's ?
? Biographer ?
? Archibald Henderson ?
? ~ ~ ~ ?
? One thousand numbered copies ?
? for America and England ?
? Printed on Arnold unbleached ?
? paper at The Georgian Press ?
? Orders filled as received, until ?
? all copies are sold ?
? Price Four Dollars ?
? MITCHELL KENNERLEY ?
? 489 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK ?
~ ~ ~ ~ ~

MYTHS AFTER LINCOLN

by Lloyd Lewis

Here is the first searching study of the most tragic and intense period in American history—the months following Lincoln's assassination. From the delirium with which the North viewed his stupendous funeral—"half circus, half heart-break"—from the incredible melodramatics which shrouded the fate of John Wilkes Booth, from all the hot feelings and hysterical uprisings of the time—Mr. Lewis shows the epic story of Lincoln becoming a national God. \$3.50

Among Mr. Lewis's most significant contributions to *Lincolniana* are

1. The first eye-witness story which definitely identifies John Wilkes Booth as the man who was killed by Union soldiers.
2. Interpretation of Lincoln's political moves to save Lee from hanging.
3. The first complete story of Lincoln's funeral.
4. The first—and very extensive—digest of the sermons preached on Lincoln's death.
5. The study of Lincoln's dreams.
6. The tracing of the age-old Dying God myth as manifested in the deification of Lincoln.

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, NEW YORK