

# The Saturday Review

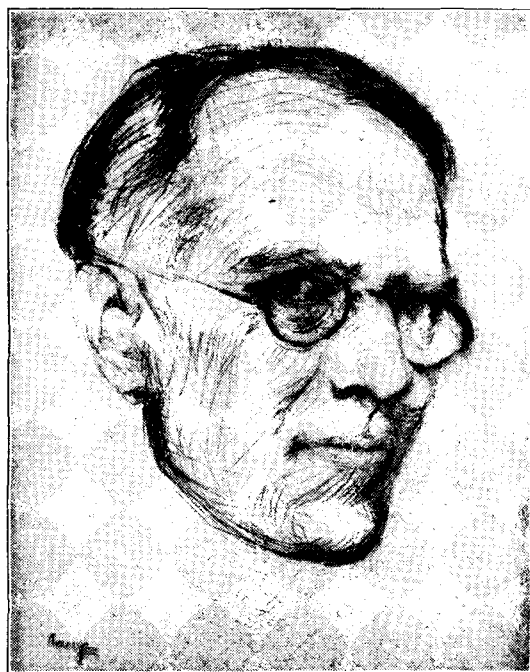
## of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VI

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1929

NUMBER 11



STUART P. SHERMAN

### Finis to a Diary

THE FARINGTON DIARY. May 19, 1815 to December 30, 1821. Edited by JAMES GREIG. Vol. VIII. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. \$7.50.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT  
Harvard University

IT is with genuine regret that one comes, with this volume, to the end of the Farington Diary. It is not, if one may judge by the fact that three editions of the first volume were required and only one of the others, likely to produce the same sensation or to have as wide a popularity as the first volume. But it is not on account of the fact that it is less interesting. It is only less novel than its predecessor. It has, in fact, fully as many high spots as the first volumes, and though its accounts of Wellington and Blücher and Waterloo and Napoleon are not as personal and vivid as those of Creevy, they have a touch of their own. Moreover the fact that this volume covers the critical period which followed the conclusion of the Napoleonic War, and the fact that we have very little of such first-hand material of this sort relating to that period, makes this instalment particularly welcome. It has the additional advantage of containing a complete account of the preservation, the discovery, and the first publication of the Diary, supplementing the account given in the first volume by fresh information not available when that volume was published in 1922. In that story, as in so many cases of the remnants of such material salvaged from the neglect of the past, there is a certain element of romance, and while it would be too much to expect that the later volumes should receive the attention of the first, which was published in part in the pages of the *Morning Post*, it is probable that as time goes on Farington will take his place, if not beside Pepys and Walpole, certainly beside Evelyn and Luttrell.

Yet this volume, if it lacks the quality of a literary sensation, contains much of great interest. It continues the story of the decline and fall of Napoleon begun in volume VII, as viewed from English soil. It contains an extraordinary amount of literary gossip—of Wordsworth, the younger Boswell, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Sheridan, and especially of the publishers Cadell and Davis. Nor is

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### Stuart P. Sherman: "The American Scholar"\*

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT is a grateful task to read "The Life and Letters" of Stuart Sherman and to write upon the man. To have known him, to have read him while he was still alive, is an assurance of vitality in one's own experience. For, little celebrated as he was outside of intellectual societies, he was a representative man, with a scope, a depth, and a tension which make his life history one which has to be taken into account before his period can be accurately described. He belongs, and is responsible for, the early nineteenth century in America as truly as Roosevelt and Wilson, Mencken and Dreiser, the movies and the automobile.

He came from the lineage of the prophets. Emerson was his prototype and his Elijah. "To many a lonely student, obscure and friendless, meditating in the long cold spring and adolescence of his talent on his untried power, Emerson has come as with the sound of a magical trumpet, shattering the dungeons of fear, sending the young knight on his quest inwardly fortified and resolute to give soul and body to that undertaking, whatever it be, for which he was sent into the world." So Sherman wrote of Emerson, with that self-reflection which is inevitable when we interpret those we admire and see our own wills realized in their achievement. And he defined his own wish to "put a little fire in the belly" of the world, when he added, "Such is the primary function of the religious and democratic ethos with which he sought to impregnate American letters."

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That Stuart Sherman was Emerson's man would be more obvious if Emerson's works were as well read as the books about them. He was not only spiritually and intellectually kin, but he had also a racial kinship which made it easy for him to act and think, not so much *like* Emerson, but *as* Emerson conceivably might have thought and acted in our generation. To many who knew him the comparison may seem inadequate, to Emersonians, perhaps excessive. Sherman's sardonic smile that concealed more than it gave, his caustic wit, did not suggest the luminous other-worldliness of the sage of Concord. He was on guard always against a universe that Emerson so happily accepted, and transcended. And yet the thoughtful reader of the eloquent letters in the newly published "Life" must inevitably compare their revelations with the man's known history, and say that Sherman was the captain of the rear guard of that American tradition in which Emerson was prophet and judge.

And Sherman is articulate in these letters as in his closely packed, meticulously phrased essays he never quite became beyond the limits of a brilliant sentence or flushed and eloquent paragraph. In his letters, he is openly the romantic and defiantly the idealist. The responsibilities of scholarship do not weigh him down. He hitches his wagon without qualifications to the star of a real and possible fining of the human spirit, he is egregiously American, even in his canny skepticisms. He is radical with a "religious and democratic" radicalism, regardful of intellectual rights rather than material comforts, opposed to progress where progress moves away from "the good life." It was a radicalism that broke with both academicism and Dreiser, with socialism and the Republican Party, just as Emerson broke with both State Street and the reformers. Indeed

\* THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF STUART P. SHERMAN. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1929. 2 vols. \$10.

it is of that precise brand of characteristically American radicalism which Emerson brought to a focus and which has ever since been the cutting edge of American idealism. The best essay on Sherman is his own "Introduction" to Emerson, from which I have already quoted. Change the name and the references, and it will serve as a commentary on his own desires as made clear in his letters and his published works.

I have no desire to christen Sherman the "Emerson of our day." His self-defeating conflicts of skepticism and loyalty were far different from Emerson's high confidence. He was less poet and artist, more teacher and controversialist. If his concern was with the human spirit everywhere (which was what he meant by democracy) as was Emerson's also, he never broke through the bounds of the erudite. He spent his best energies upon intellectual pharisees for they were the audience he knew how to reach, and the affirmations of his letters are replaced by negatives in his essays, attack rather than prophecy. And while Emerson beyond all other modern men of eminence raised his intellectual passions to serenity, Sherman's "Life" is a story of strain and pugnacity. He is a man at odds with his environment, struggling with the preparations to be great. He was maladjusted, economically, intellectually, spiritually, and if the tension of his maladjustment made him certainly our best critic, it surely killed him before his goal was reached.

Nevertheless, the parallel between the careers of these two Americans, the sage of Concord and the oracle of the corn belt, is striking, and its instructiveness is in no way diminished by personal differences which I have no desire to minimize. The great service of this "Life and Letters" is to reconstruct the story of Emerson's "American

### This Week

- "After Mother India."  
Reviewed by EDWARD THOMPSON.
- "The American Secretaries of State."  
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.
- "Beyond Agnosticism."  
Reviewed by VON OGDEN VOGT.
- "The School for Wives."  
Reviewed by ABEL CHEVALLEY.
- "The Virtue of This Jest."  
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.
- "The Half Pint Flask."  
Reviewed by R. EMMET KENNEDY.
- "Are We Civilized?"  
Reviewed by ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER.
- "Bitter Bierce."  
Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN.
- Once and for All.  
By DAVID MCCORD.

### Next Week

Fall Book Number.



scholar," come alive, in our own day, an experience more vivid in its intellectual ardors, and I think more significant, than any novel Sherman might have written.

The narrative runs from a prospector's camp in the West through Williams College and into the fervor of Harvard when graduate teaching of the history and science of literature had become a cult. It stretches through that life of a professor, placid externally, pinched and narrow in the view of fat and prosperous America, but often ardent and pulsing and flung from depth to height of intellectual emotion. And then on to New York. The scholar changes, the man remains the same, a moralist without orthodoxy, a radical holding fast to known realities until he could find new ones, a teacher clinging tenaciously to a faith (long since departed from New England) that culture was a religion for men, not for scholars only, and lost its sweetness when kept in the classroom and the text-book. For the fruits of the intellect were not good enough for this man unless they were transmissible into his own life and the nation's. I am aware that this is not the usual idea of Stuart Sherman's career. His guarded wit, his quick blows at easy rationalisms, his hot conservatism in the face of so-called progress, were all deceptive. But that this Emersonism (I do not know how better to describe it) was fundamental, his letters with constant iteration abundantly prove.

It was fundamental, and it was decisive in his career. When Emerson withdrew from the church and became a lonely oracle, he challenged precisely that form of institutionalism which in his days most throttled the free movements of the spirit. His radicalism was of self-dependence and of self-revelation. When Sherman went to Harvard, the universities had taken over the function of the churches as guardians of high thinking. Youth heard its idealism in literature, not in the pulpit. It was by good reading that the intellect was to be saved for things of the spirit. Literary culture, which in earlier times had been self-sought outside of the ancient classics, was now a major subject of instruction. In an education otherwise conformable to the needs of a practical age, it was the chief antidote to stockbroking and best alleviative for the country's obsession with adding bank to bank, factory to factory. Salvation was no longer by Jesus, but through Shelley, Tennyson, Shakespeare, and Arnold.

But the universities had already passed through the first stages of religious conversion and were more concerned with the accuracy of the dogma than "fire in the belly" of man. Their training schools in the faith were the new graduate departments which, under German influence, were springing up everywhere. Now that literature in the vulgar tongue had become a bread of spiritual life, it must be administered by experts. It must have its theology, its exegesis, its commentaries. The young Ph. D.'s pouring out of Harvard (just then *fidei defensor*) must be trained in philology as their predecessors had been trained in scholastic argument. To the science of theology succeeded the science of literature.

Stuart Sherman, fresh from the expansive West, was first persuaded of the immense vitality of literature in comparison with the staleness of institutional religion, by casual lectures in Williams of the enthusiast, William Lyon Phelps,\* who discoursed of books as if they were coals of fire for the spirit. He went on to the Harvard graduate school, then setting the standards by which literature should be taught, believing that he was engaged "in a great cause, worthy of surrender, something to give one's life to" in order "to add to the sum of knowledge—; to contribute to justice; to contribute to the joy and beauty of the world." And he encountered the science of the new theology, Gothic and Anglo-Saxon as disciplines where he wished to study Browning and the Elizabethans as literature: an insistence on historical accuracy where his passion was for moral and esthetic truth.

Sherman was a romantic, and his desires, like the desires of all romantics, were expansive and creative. He wished to make imagination tangible in poetry and infectious in criticism. He wished to go straight to the business of lighting a fire in the belly of the world. But he was a scholar by temperament, and his judgment was good. He submitted to the discipline, seeing that the mere enthusiast in literature

would soon burn out his heart. He learned more from his opponents than from his friends. It was Irving Babbitt who with dogmatic strength taught him the value of classic order, proportion, restraint. It was the great scholar, Kittredge, ruthless in his accuracy, a stickler for intellectual discipline, a man like Browning's grammarian wanting to know, no end to the knowing, it was Kittredge who laid down the Harvard challenge, to know all about literature before practising it. They made a Ph.D. of Sherman, tempted the lion of work in him to crouch in a cage and gnaw bones to dust, and sent him away as good a scholar as came from Harvard in that era, but with the enthusiast in him turned into a devil of doubt which held him to the insatiable demands of scientific scholarship and yet drove him to turn all he knew upon the problem of culture itself—What was it worth when desiccated into treatises? What was it accomplishing if the people did not profit? Was his own soul saved by order and accuracy and all that could be known of literary history? "We need men with an eye for contours and altitudes, a sense for life in its fullness, an eye for the glory of the world. Such men . . . the graduate schools are turning away uneducated into literary hackwork, journalism, and underfed literature . . ." Literature must be "a partner of politics, religion, and morals, and potentially the most effective partner."

It was in his first years as an instructor in a Western university, I imagine, that the smile we all knew became sardonic. In a happier age, with this revolt in his heart, he might have wandered to Paris, become an angelic or diabolic doctor, drawn the studentry after him, and set up a new religion of culture—as had Emerson three-quarters of a century before. But Sherman followed Emerson only in his rebellion against the chains of institutionalism; he still wore them, though he clanked them at intervals in the *Nation* (to the distress of good Harvard students and the delight of the rebellious), and continued to study and to think. For the penalty of our too much knowing is heavy upon the youthful scholar, especially when youth has conscience as well as ambition. If the aims and ends of literary scholarship are to be attacked, its vast apparatus of learning, which can bemuse the honest critic as readily as upset the charlatan, must first be mastered. One must possess scholarship in order to challenge it, and that, in our day, is a task for a lifetime. There is a new scholasticism where the shapeless edifice ever building wears out the would-be critic in mere numbering of its galleries and halls.

And Sherman stayed inside, bound economically (for where else could he earn a living) as much as by his scholar's conscience. In the published essays of his early years at Illinois, the inner conflict is only half articulate, even in those which, like the famous *Nation* article on Kittredge, are directly critical of the aims of the study and teaching of English. One must go to his letters to see what fire was burning. Outwardly he had completed his first stage of development. The order and control he had imposed upon his own romantic spirit he now began to try to preach, not chiefly to his colleagues, as was the academic wont ("the academic point of view," he said, "lacks two virtues one cannot do without and touch greatness: courage and love") but to the anarchic, realistic America that was writing and thinking outside with such sublime ignorance both of principles and of Harvard. He did not yet comprehend this extra-academic America, he reached only a few critics and escaped professors, but it obsessed him as it had once obsessed Emerson.

It was then, perhaps, that we became aware of Sherman. For if he was still enmeshed in academic duties, still publishing where only the learned read him, still regarded vaguely by the literary as a young conservative emerging from under the wings of Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, his essential radicalism became evident at least to the spiritually kin. A scholar true to Emerson's definition, and yet equipped with the weapons of research, it was clear that he was setting aside an easy reputation in Chaucer or Beowulf or the miracle plays in order to strike out viciously against the system of cultural teaching in America. The universities, he said, were teaching literary history, literature, and with infinite pains he had added literary history in order to speak with authority. The professor, he said, in whose hands culture had become a

specialist, inflicting his specialism upon his students with no true relation to their lives, or to any life, for he himself had lost touch with life. The flow of culture had dried to a description and analysis, with its immediate aim a knowledge of fact, and its ultimate end lost in the mists. There was discipline for the preordained specialist, and nullity for the citizen of the world, who emerged contemptuous from the classroom, or bearing with him only what was necessary for a degree. And all this had been institutionalized, precisely as in Emerson's youth religion had been institutionalized. Rewards were in accordance with success in its doctrines, reputations were made by it and it alone. A suspicion of charlatanism or "popularity" hung over the teacher who dared to step beyond his facts and speak of that "which loves life and seeks to help it toward a lovelier expression of itself." Sherman in the 1910's was proclaiming to those who would listen what Emerson certainly would have said of the dogmas of this new institutionalism which was so evidently placing impediments in the way of the intellectual passion by which culture lives. His challenge is as yet unanswered. But so, I suppose, is Emerson's. Yet the chains of ecclesiastical institutionalism are loosened.

Sherman spent the major portion of his working life in the small town of Urbana, Illinois, as a professor of English in one of the largest of the State universities—a university whose major interest was, quite properly, agriculture. He went to Urbana and he stayed in Urbana for reasons frequently discussed in his letters, and which seemed to him fundamental. He believed, he said, in democracy, and upon this issue broke with his old masters, Babbitt and More, who in truth were his allies only in the intention of "a good life" and a "world of order and righteousness," never in ways and final ends. He called the reason for his choice "democracy," but the word was ill-chosen, and indeed was used with a vagueness not characteristic of his esthetic vocabulary. He believed that if culture meant anything it must be transmissible, not merely to a class, but to the typical best of the typical many. These he hoped to find in the Middle West and in a State university more surely than in Amherst, or Yale, or Harvard. This was his contention, but one doubts whether it tells the whole story. He loved independence, I think, even more than democracy, and the independence of a heretic in culture was safest in an agricultural university. A mutual distrust kept him out of the older institutions. As for democracy, Sherman, unlike Emerson, was always unhandy in fields of experience far removed from the classroom and study. Even in his last New York years he could discuss socialism in terms which no practising socialist would have recognized as applicable to anything that really happened in politics. And his definition of democracy as the rights of man by divine revelation to the people is certainly not what democracy meant in Urbana. The truth is that Sherman was not interested in political or social democracy at all, except as a sympathetic form of organization. When he argues for democratic ideals, when he justified by them his life apart from the currents of intellectual life that swept most broadly through the older universities, or as the cause of his differences with the specialists or the humanists, he was more concerned with culture than with demos. It was not an idea but an aim that engaged his mind. He did not believe in culture as an end in itself. He did believe that the universities, and especially the older American universities, were imparting culture only to minds sympathetic with the brand they cared to manufacture. He believed that scholarship, whether of Plato or Aristotle, must stand the test of assimilation by non-Platonists and non-Aristotelians; more specifically, that literary and philosophic culture must be enlivened and humanized by vital contact with the current mind. And he felt that this mind could no more be found complete and whole in a Boston group or a Yale faculty than in Mr. Ford's factory or a firm of New York lawyers. So he chose for his contacts (arbitrarily, I think) the uncategorized and little differentiated masses of a State university rather than the selected scholars, most of them professorward bent, with whom he would have inevitably dealt in Harvard or in Yale.

His theory seems to have been that life and teaching in Illinois would enable him to preach truly and write soundly for Harvard and New York. As

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\* So stated to the writer, by Sherman himself.



## Mother India in the Dock

AFTER MOTHER INDIA. By HARRY FIELD. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. \$3.50.

AN INDIAN COMMENTARY. By G. T. GARRATT. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929.

INDIA ON TRIAL. By J. E. WOOLACOTT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929.

NEIGHBOUR INDIA. By AGNES RUSH BARR. New York: Fleming H. Revell. 1929. \$2.

Reviewed by EDWARD THOMPSON  
Vassar College

IN "After Mother India" Mr. Field defends Miss Mayo, and shows up the pathetic feebleness of much of the reply made to "Mother India." Indians aiming at that wide target, the British administration, score many hits; Indians patriotically defending the indefensible in their own civilization can scarcely be classed as even C3 troops, for effectiveness. Their English and American friends are good-hearted but seldom deserving of much respect on intellectual grounds. We breed a sinful pride in our enemies, who feel, after exercise on our arguments, like a cat that has had a rousing afternoon with tethered pigeons. Nevertheless, it is worth while pointing out that Mr. Field—the latest successful feline—owes his triumph largely to his having ignored the miscellaneousness of Miss Mayo's attack and having concentrated on the startling first half of her book.

There can rarely have been a faultier book than "Mother India," or one that did more good. It abounds in howlers, some of them, like Miss Mayo's outline of England's connection with India (an account obviously picked up carelessly, from dinner-table or steamer conversation) or her dictum that India has no vernacular literatures, of a major kind; others, like her opening statement that the present age is under the patronage of the goddess Kali, of trivial importance, this example being due to some informant's ignorance of Sanskrit. On the strength of two sentences in his Introduction to Count Keyserling's "Book of Marriage," she represents Tagore as an upholder of child marriage. Tagore writes far too many Introductions, and they are always getting him into trouble. But the indignation in his protest against this misrepresentation should have been enough to convince Mr. Field; it is customary to accept a man's word, unless we can prove him a liar. Mr. Field does not accept it, unless this ungenerous tissue of innuendoes and assumptions can be called acceptance:

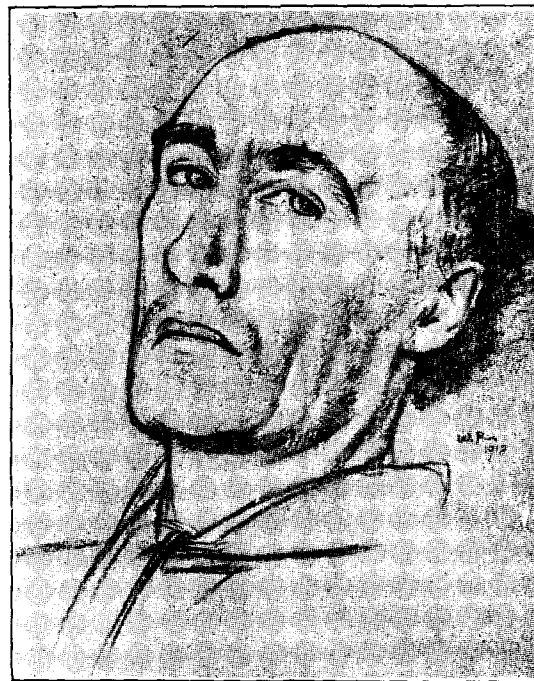
A personal associate of Mr. Tagore, Mr. C. F. Andrews, later advanced the information that in certain books, which, however, Mr. Andrews was unable to name, and which, he said, have never been translated from Bengali into English, Tagore has vehemently denounced the practice of child marriage. . . . That his championship of this cause, so deeply in need of the support of every prominent Indian, should lie buried in Bengali, hidden from the non-Bengali-speaking Hindu majority, or should be shrouded in an ambiguous phrase, or should be conspicuous only to those familiar with his personal life, is difficult to reconcile with the idea of championship worthy of the name.

The skilled investigator, even if he has travelled widely in a country and followed its newspapers and official publications—Mr. Field has done all this—may still be unaware of facts that are commonplaces to residents in that country. Every Indian knows that the Brahmo Samaj, the reformed Hindu church with which Tagore's family has had so close a connection for more than a century, forbids child marriage. As far back as 1884, Tagore angered the orthodox public by a tractage on Hindu Marriage. I am ashamed to refer to my own writings; but, since Mr. Field, like Miss Mayo, does me the honor of quoting me when I criticize Hindu customs, perhaps I may say that my larger study of Tagore repeatedly cites instances of the poet attacking child marriages, and translates considerable part of one savage poem—"Conversation Between a Newly Married Couple"—the couple being an old man and a little girl. I write from memory, with no copy by me; but I think the poem comes from "Manasi," a book published about 1887. And do not Mr. Field and Miss Mayo think that the whole Hindu Marriage question comes in for reasonably ferocious treatment in Tagore's short stories, many of which have been translated—in such a story as "Subha," for instance? As for the "buried in Bengali" sneer, Bengali happens to be

Tagore's own tongue, it is spoken by fifty million people, he has been an English writer for only a few years but a Bengali one for half a century.

But Miss Mayo's main thesis was so moving and so terribly supported that it made her errors of scant importance. She was right in her insistence that the Hindu doctrine of woman is damnable. Her ghastly physical details brought this home to the slowest imagination, and shocked the European and American world. As a result, today we see the Hindu civilization fighting, not for praise or honor, but for bare respect. Did any book ever accomplish more? I consider this a magnificent achievement, a consummation long overdue. Every Indian question should be brought on to the scientific plane, clean away from the present atmosphere of patriotism and prejudice. Hindu and Mohammedan thought need the same searching examination that our own thought has had, and is still getting; Indian history and politics should be handled as if neither Indian touchiness nor British pride existed.

Mr. Garratt's "Indian Commentary" is not indignant, as "Mother India" was; it is more closely knit and better documented, for he has not put his strength into one part of his theme and let the rest go. The book is without padding or fine writing, it is an almost ideal handbook to the political controversy—a guide to recent discontents and ex-



ANDRÉ GIDE

From "Twenty Portraits," by William Rothenstein.  
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periments, to the nationalist movement during the last fifty years, to the problems of the people, whether ignorant farmers, landless poor, precariously employed middle classes, or ruling princes. So conservative a man as Sir Valentine Chirol has testified to the book's moderation of tone and statement. I think it the best and fairest study of the Indian situation that has appeared in my lifetime.

"Neighbour India" belongs to the literature of edification. Miss Burr covers familiar ground—Indian poverty, superstition, ignorance—and brings out the great services of Christian missions. "India on Trial" is by an experienced journalist. If "Mother India" has left any considerable American public that still supposes the Indian Government to be what Mr. Gandhi calls it, Satanic, and the Indian nationalist movement angelic, this public should read "India on Trial." It will probably decide that India ought to go to jail. Truth would be easier to serve if she led merely into danger. Unhappily, she leads into squalid company; and if you follow freedom you cannot afford to be fastidious. Corruption, cowardice, meanness, these have found their way into every nationalist movement the world has seen. But the noblest, as well as the most selfish, thought of India is engaged in the controversy which next year will see the British Parliament endeavoring to end. "India on Trial" is indictment only. Mr. Woolcott exposes, by contemporary testimony, the absurdity of the statement that India used to be a wondrously wealthy land, which the British ruined. But other early European travelers in the country (whom he does not quote—Tavernier, for example) make it clear that some districts, at any rate, were once more flourishing than they now are; increase of population and centuries of soil-impoverishment have done their work. He makes a good deal of the

sacks of Delhi by Nadir Shah and Ahmad Shah; it was treated quite as ruthlessly by the British in 1857. His first chapter, which is historical, is worth no more than Miss Mayo's incursions into history; he does wisely in stopping short of the Mutiny, for the beginnings of the present bitterness trace back to that terrible episode and the wars and annexations, some of them unjustifiable, of the twenty years preceding it. As an example of the gaps in Mr. Woolcott's argument, compare his explanation of the conspiracy of the Sikhs, "who had returned from America, where they had fallen under the influence of notorious seditionists," with Mr. Garratt's statement of a fact more immediately relevant: "They had been refused admittance by Canada, and considered, not unjustifiably, that they had been badly treated." His account of the Punjab troubles is full of omissions. He must have heard that much of the discontent was due to the people's belief that their Province's War response was largely an enforced one. This belief was shared by the British troops in Mesopotamia, who were in a position to know. So, when Mr. Woolcott pays glowing tribute to the work that missionaries have done for India, we can go along with him, and be glad that this is today winning recognition, after so much ignorant detraction. We must admit that the dishonesty of nationalist propaganda, the squabbling of Hindu and Moslem, the treatment of women and outcasts, and much else, now nauseatingly familiar to the West, are blots on India's claim to be held civilized that must make any sensitive Indian miserable. Nevertheless, "India on Trial" as a study of the political situation is neither complete nor fair.

## Finis to a Diary

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it without interest to note that in discussing Scott's poetry, "John Taylor thought it of a mechanical nature, and Wordsworth illustrated this by saying it was like a machine made to amuse children which turns round seeming to unravel something but to which there is no end. He said that in some of Scott's descriptions where there is much action to be expressed as in battles, etc., Scott has shown energy." Against which may be set Byron's opinion of Wordsworth that "he was wrapt up in self approbation as a Poet and holding other Poets as beneath him. On the contrary his Lordship held Southey and others in higher consideration."

One is interested to find, also, that, in the opinion of Farington's generation, Sir Philip Francis was the author of the letters of Junius. And—though one must not be tempted too far in quotation—it is not unfitting to note of contemporary opinion of the younger Pitt, that the Marquis of Abercorn not merely observed that "Mr. Pitt was the wisest Man he had ever known," but told a story of a ministerial meeting which he once attended that will bear repeating. It began, oddly enough to our sophisticated eyes, with the discussion of a passage in Tacitus which these ministers were trying to turn into acceptable English. They had not succeeded to their satisfaction when Pitt came in. "He took up the Book, and after reading the words He gave this translation, "It is of Eloquence as of Flame; it requires matter to feed it, agitation to excite it; and it brightens as it burns." On the other hand the hero of the Reform Bill, Lord Grey, comes off badly in these pages, as a man disposed "to talk upon subjects which He does not understand," with a mind not calculated to produce much influence by its superior judgment, and with a "disposition to cavil and object," though willing to acknowledge error, and "a most agreeable man in his domestic character."

But it is unnecessary, as it might be tedious, to go on. One must read Farington; for that is the only test of any book, especially, one might add, of a Diary. For a Diary is like a pudding; not merely that the test of it is in its consumption, but in that the tidbits are held, as it were, in suspension by the materials of which it is made, and one never knows from moment to moment just what choice morsel he is about to find. It is the real test of a great diarist to provide such fare that one is tempted continually to go on from page to page with pleasant anticipation of a treat—and this test Farington meets. So we part from him with regret.