

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Masaryk and His Country

THOMAS G. MASARYK OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA. By C. J. C. STREET. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1930. \$3.

ROMANTIC CZECHOSLOVAKIA. By ROBERT MEDILL MCBRIDE. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1930. \$5.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

HARDLY could there be too many books about Thomas G. Masaryk, the venerable but still alertly vigorous President of the new Republic of Czechoslovakia. He is, in our deliberate judgment, the greatest personality now living; certainly the greatest among the titular heads of governments. Risen, like Lincoln, from lowliest beginnings, and coming to high place among men by virtue of his own efforts and qualities, he has all of the fine attributes of Lincoln, lacks those not fine, and surpasses him in those respects of intellectual discipline and equipment which group under the name of "culture." Masaryk is a scholar, to say the least as much so as Woodrow Wilson; his life has been, if in a different way, as strenuous as that of Roosevelt. No President that we ever have had could match him in his intelligent knowledge of the world as a whole. And none, not even the legendary Washington, has been of finer character, more unselfish devotion to the cause of human liberty, more spendthrift of precious things of life in the service of his own people. It is no exaggeration to say that he was the maker of the new republic, most interesting, most prosperous, most progressive, of the "succession states" made out of the ruins of old Austria-Hungary over which he so benignly presides.

Mr. Street's biography of Masaryk is a plain, straightforward account of Masaryk's life and political views, drawing heavily,

as one must, upon the President's own writings into which he has himself inextricably woven his own personality. If it lacks the warmth and human color of Donald Lowrie's previously published story of Masaryk, Street's has a broader sense of the political factors. One might well read this somewhat heavy-handed book (this is not to call it dull, which it is not) and then season the dish with Lowrie's. But whether one read either or both, he cannot escape the total impression of a very great soul, worthy the study and emulation of any American.

As for Mr. McBride's account of a really thorough journey through Czechoslovakia—I wish I had had it before I made the trip myself. Those who know his "Towns and People of Modern Germany" and his "Spanish Towns and People" need not be told that Mr. McBride is a careful observer and intelligent traveler, who fortifies himself with history and detail more than sufficient for the ordinary tourist. In charm and vivid color this book cannot compare with Jessie Mothersole's "Czechoslovakia: the Land of an Unconquerable Ideal"; but, again, one undertaking to see this new-old country must have both books.

Czechoslovakia is in some sort the keystone of democracy under present political conditions in Central Europe. Upon its stability depends the whole structure of the "Little Entente," guaranteed, as it were, by France. Were Czechoslovakia to slip, the house of cards ensuing upon the war and the treaty of Versailles would come down and almost certainly plunge all Europe and very likely the whole world again into political chaos. Therefore the rest of the world, and especially the people of the United States, cannot know too much about this little country which guards the way

between West and East, between medievalism and today.

Mr. Caswell's drawings for "Romantic Czechoslovakia" are delightful; in them one feels the life of the people in all its manifestations, from the German edge of Bohemia to the tail-end in Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia, over against Russia.

A Great Scientist

COPE: MASTER NATURALIST. By HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1931. \$5.

Reviewed by EDWARD W. BERRY

Johns Hopkins University

EDWARD DRINKER COPE was a great naturalist—certainly among the greatest that America has produced. His passion for nature in all of her aspects, and his passion for recording her manifestations in the written word as well as pictorially, commenced at the age of six in his childish letters to his relatives, and ceased only with death. His mind and body were incessantly active, the earthly tenement of an indomitable spirit worn out prematurely. No one can look at his portraits without a realization of his great mind and aggressive spirit. The map of his explorations includes every state in the Union except Maine, the southern tier of states from South Carolina to Louisiana and Washington, and the present generation can have no appreciation of the hardships and very real dangers of field work in the West during the '70's.

Cope was of that noble company of individualists who are inevitably in advance of their times in their thinking and who therefore never command the support of the scientific bureaucracies. An innovator in taxonomy and perhaps the most prolific writer on a wide range of scientific subjects in modern times, he inevitably sacrificed maturity of judgment to speed, and often allowed his enthusiasm for new ideas to carry him beyond the available facts. He was also exceedingly chivalrous toward his own opinions. Of a long line of honorable Quaker ancestry, Edward Drinker Cope was a forthright man and we know of no higher praise. No one was ever in doubt as to where he stood on any question nor in his estimates of his contemporaries.

Cope's private life merged early with his scientific work. Born in July 1840, the eldest son of a family in comfortable circumstances, his education was objective rather than scholastic. Following his return from a European trip in 1864 he was professor of zoölogy at Haverford College for a time, but a modest financial independence, subsequently lost, enabled him to follow the lure of zoölogy—present and past—which took him to extensive explorations of cave life throughout the East, to exhuming and describing the extinct vertebrates of the Coastal Plain deposits, particularly those of the Upper Cretaceous of New Jersey, and then the Tertiary mammals of the Coastal Plain. In 1871 we find him collecting in the Cretaceous of Kansas, and from that time onward his main interests were in the West.

Connected with the Wheeler and Hayden surveys, he worked usually without remuneration and often outfitted expeditions at his own expense, as well as employing collectors, and buying collections freely. In 1886 he lost his fortune and the next decade was one of poverty which undoubtedly shortened his life, but serves to exalt our estimate of the spirit of the man and his devotion to science. In 1889 he became professor of geology and mineralogy at the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1896 professor of zoölogy and comparative anatomy in that institution. In April of the next year occurred his untimely death.

Professor Osborn has brought together an exceedingly interesting biography, one that is something more than mere biography since it portrays an epoch in vertebrate paleontology. This is done in a way that gives the book a wide appeal to the layman as well as the scientist. It is not only a most important contribution to the history of the natural sciences during the last half of the nineteenth century, but a fascinating character study of a man whom we have honored since childhood. Nothing in the intimate details, and none are withheld or glossed over, casts a cloud over the memory

or detracts from the mental and moral stature of the man.

The author aptly compares Cope with Lamarck in his powers of generalization and induction. Like Lamarck, he was buffeted by fortune and without influence in high places, and also like Lamarck again, Cope was least happy in deductive philosophy.

Cope's productivity and versatility were prodigious. His achievements as a field explorer, in geological correlation, in herpetology, ichthyology, paleontology, and evolution were sufficient in any of these single fields of human endeavor to have brought him great honor and a secure place on the bed of roll of scientific worthies.

It might be well for the distinguished author of this most excellent book to be reminded of the etymology and accepted usage of the terms paleontology and paleontologists since vertebrates comprise but a small part of the subject matter of the science, and their students constitute but a small minority of that guild.

Urbane Lectures

STUDIES IN LITERATURE. Third Series. By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1930. \$2.50.

Reviewed by SHARON BROWN

IN this, the latest volume of a notable series, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch repeats the happy achievement of earlier pages, extending the bounds of his lecture hall at Cambridge to embrace his readers as well as his hearers. The form of these addresses being reproduced without change, one may enjoy the illusion of sitting before an urbane and scholarly and witty lecturer as he shares his enthusiasms with his students. Wistfully one reflects that such lecturers are all too rarely encountered.

Or one may regard this book as an invitation to spend a mellow afternoon in some private library. Here are ranged Dorothy Wordsworth, W. S. Gilbert, Patmore, Longinus, Scott—one and all brought alive at the touch of familiar gossip. Longinus was a passionate lover of the poets, but his job obliged him "to yoke them up to the rhetorical business" for his masters, the stolid Romans. Gilbert had a detestable temper and savagely derided the passing of woman's beauty. Patmore, fearful of Louis Napoleon's ambitions, organized a rifle club, thus inspiring the Volunteer Movement (and Tennyson's "Riflemen, form!"), a strange business for the Poet of Nuptial Love!

With more serious purpose the author turns to the English elegy and, in perhaps the most important papers of the lot, analyzes this little-discussed form. With inexhaustible felicity of illustration he traces the history of the elegy to modern times and concludes that "however its form may change, the function of elegy must abide, since it renders a permanent service of its own to human life."

In the entertaining lecture on Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals we learn how complacently her poetic brother lifted inspiration from her pages. Indeed, Quiller-Couch even credits Dorothy with originating the romantic fondness for drawing philosophic generalizations from nature.

Again, the failure of Patmore's idylls of married love is explained: their subject matter is that normality of conduct which, however desirable in life, is only a point of departure for art; and the arts "illustrate law by means of its exceptions, vindicate the normal by means of man's deflections from it, teach peace by bringing it triumphant out of conflict."

American educators seeking a more liberal academic regimen will be interested in "On Reading for the English Tripos." Ostensibly a lecture of advice to new students this is actually the professional creed of a gifted teacher of English. In another place we find a defense for the continuance of the lecture method in an age of printed knowledge. Printed knowledge as represented by mere books in the mass is, to the untrained mind, only so much inert stuff. But to the mind trained by contact with living minds, books are dynamic realities. "The purpose of lectures is to awaken and stimulate interest." In this book Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch amply fulfils his own axiom.

TIME TO READ

book on a subject. Each of the titles listed below has been selected as the *ne plus ultra* in its field, and is recommended as part of this mild exhortation against the summer light reading fallacy.

MAIN CURRENTS IN AMERICAN THOUGHT

By Vernon Louis Parrington 3 vols. \$12.00

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CHARACTER

By A. A. Roback \$5.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 Madison Ave., N.Y.

A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

I ALLUDED in my last letter to Charles de la Roncière's "Jacques Cartier." He is one of our best connoisseurs of old cartography and tells the story of Jacques Cartier's life and discoveries with all the advantages accruing from his situation as vice-director of the Bibliothèque Nationale and keeper of the Maps Department. He does not claim to be an artist in words and his methods of composition lack variety. But his spirited digressions, not devoid of a personal element, are at least as entertaining as his narrative.

For instance, he will tell you, *en passant*, how he dated one of the fine maps in his department, by the Castilian flag adorning Granada (taken January 2, 1492), while no mention appeared of Columbus's first discoveries (October of the same year). This led to a closer study of the document. He first noticed the faint outline of an island far west of Ireland, towards what was called "Newfoundland" (a mere translation of the Breton fisherman's "Terre Neufve" already in use), after Cabot's discovery. Two or three lines more than effaced were then revealed: "This is the Isle of the Seven Cities still inhabited by Portuguese, as reported by Spanish sailor boys. Silver is found in its sands."

These were the very same words used in a memorandum by Columbus's son. That memoir relates how seven Portuguese bishops flying in 711 from their Islamized country, had found a refuge, together with some of their flock in an island called Antilia, and how a Spanish ship had once, by chance, been stranded on its shores. The crew narrowly escaped internment. The cabin-boys cleaning their sauce-pans on the beach had found gold dust in the sand.

"Silver" was probably good enough for Columbus's son.

Such a textual coincidence could not but induce La Roncière to further research. The Map was studied with manuscript references borrowed *verbatim* from the "Imago Mundi," of Cardinal Pierre d'Ailly, and we know d'Ailly's "Imago" was Columbus' "livre de chevet." But there was more to come. One of those references reproduced, down to a solecism in the text, an autograph note written by Columbus himself about the length of time taken by Solomon's ships from one end of the Red Sea to the other. In another note Columbus specifies that his Red Sea reference is "on one of his maps where a sphere is figured."

It so happens that the 1492 map of the Bibliothèque Nationale is the first sea chart yet discovered where a sphere is displayed. Nothing will ever persuade M. de la Roncière that he is not the happy keeper of the document that inspired Columbus and led him to the discovery of your continent. Who knows but that it was on board with Christopher himself?

Many an American has probably enjoyed as much as I did the view of that treasure and, still more, the chastened enthusiasm of its worthy identifier. But has the story been made as popular as it deserves? If you discern some weak link in La Roncière's argument, do not pounce upon it. I like a pleasant illusion as much as a bitter truth. We are all prisoners of our imagination, all confined in our particular "châteaux en Espagne," or, as Chamfort said, "cachots (dungeons) in Spain."

In a former volume, mentioned here, M. de la Roncière pointed out the existence of an Indian League of Nations. He now relates the Indian methods of gas and smoke war, and illustrates them by a reproduction of two curious etchings, one of 1575, the other undated, representing Hochelaga (Montreal). The natives are tightly trousered. O God, O Montreal! Another curious illustration (from Thevet's "Cosmographie") shows a pilot, armed with his *bâton de Jacob*, or *nocturlabe*, in the act of taking his bearings from the poop of a caravel.

Do you very much care whether Madame Georgette Leblanc is or is not the real author of Maeterlinck's work? Or do you want a red hot document on that larger question of married or unmarried collaboration which lies at the bottom of so many "Lives" of great writers: the Carlyles, the Lewises, the Brownings, and Anatole France, too, and Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, and above all, Strindberg, not to speak of those American couples that you know better than I? Then buy, borrow, or steal Madame Georgette Leblanc's "Souvenirs" (Grasset). But for God's sake do not induce some learned professor to write a treatise on the whole subject.

If Gerard d'Houville was not the pseudonym of Herédia's daughter, Henri de Régnier's wife, one would perhaps hear more of her literature. Not that she is out-classed by her surroundings. But a certain well-meaning reserve makes many of her admirers shy of praising a talent so closely associated by birth, and by election, with some of the best in modern French poetry. Shall I venture to say, however, that if you open her volume of Poems (in Grasset's Cahiers Verts) with the joyful anticipation justified by an old acquaintance with them, you will re-open its pages on the slightest provocation. There is something of the "Portuguese Nun" spirit, and also of the pensive intensity of Elizabeth Barrett, in her early love poetry. Italy and the East are breathing in other pages. But hers, especially hers, is the deeper note of maternity, maturity, and full womanhood, neither timorous nor clamorous.

Lovers of polemics, students of the inner life and strife of France, if they like a *man*, not necessarily a gentle man, will find in "La Grande Peur des Bien Pensants," by George Bernanos, more than pleasure and instruction. They will find two *men*, the author and Edouard Drumont. I am far from sharing their hatreds. But in what the one loved and the other reveres, none can now refuse to share. And there are some pages of history (see the chapter "Maréchal Gribouille") that read like a first-class satire and comedy.

By the way, I am not sure that the most lasting result of Charlie Chaplin's visit—diplomatic lunches and all—will not be Philippe Soupault's tale or rather poem in praise of Charlot (Plon).

Nothing can be more daring and dramatic in its quiet, quaint, fifty-year-old way than the last work of Paul Bourget, the G. O. M. of French novelists ("La Recluse," Plon). His manner of writing has nothing to hope from the verdict of contemporary fashions and nothing to fear from the future. His way of stating the acutest problems of life is as effective as the modernist's and less offensive. Andrée Rémonde's daughter falls in love with Pierre Thérade, the young aviator. But Pierre's father was Andrée's lover, never seen, never met since. Can the *Relapse* be averted? At what price? A cable from New York relates the loss of Pierre's monoplane in the East Atlantic.

Younger by a generation and more concerned with the realities of everyday life, Charles Silvestre is the novelist of rural Limousin. One of his books, "Prodiges du Cœur," was a great success (Femina Prize). Another, *Jean Pradeau* is a great book. In "Monsieur Terral," something of Balzac's towering strength is reappearing. Terral is a *collectionneur*. His ravaging passion devours everything in and around him. There are naïvetés in the enumeration and description of his treasures. There is none in the making of the book.

Were it only for the section: "Wilson; or the Brand New Reed Pipes," "Destin du Siècle," by J. R. Bloch, though merely a reprint of review articles, should be read by those who try, on independent lines, to understand our epoch. Jean Richard Bloch should not be judged by his "Night in Kurdistan." Nor, for the matter of that, by " . . . and Company," a much bigger book. He has been called the great *brasseur des idées courantes* of the after war generation. Not: *brasseur* (duster) but: *brasseur* (brewer). Three years ago I was writing in this same paper: "Nothing from him can ever be indifferent." A rash prophecy, but now justified.

George Pillement is an art critic (Riberia, Gromaire, Pedro Figari), also a frequent translator from the Spanish (Azorin, Baroja, etc.). His "Valencia" (Grasset) bears a significant subtitle: "Entre Deux Rêves." The descriptions are as good as the story. The series of sketches by Jean Louis Vaudoyer published under the title, "D'Athènes à la Havane via Berlin" are much more than their title promises and quite worthy of the author of "Raymonde Mangematin" or "Nuit à l'Hôtel Beaux-Monts." His native Provence will out, in whatever he writes.

It is somewhat late in the day to mention "Dieu, Est-il Français?" by F. Sieburg. It was a nine days' wonder. Now the hubbub has subsided; one feels more at ease to say of this book by a great German journalist that it is also the work of a real artist. Mr. Sieburg seems to be sincerely in love with many aspects of French civilization,

but somewhat *agacé* by the mystery of a bedrock autonomy appealing to so many different tastes. Is France, after all, god-like? That is what she seems to feel. But can't she, and can't you all, shake off the insidiousness of her attraction? That is what Mr. Sieburg implies. A faint shade of propaganda in that, together with many compliments. But the rather gross flavor of the German original is somehow much attenuated in the French version, extremely well-written and fully alive.

Peasant and Poet

By FERNAND JOUAN

"I know somewhere, in the country, a peasant who, sometimes, behind his plough dreams of his innumerable brethren and their unknown life."

IT was Augustin Habaru who, three years ago, revealed the existence (on the boundary of the Ardennes and Lorraine in a little village counting about five score inhabitants) of Francis André. And at the beginning of this very year we were given by Jean Cousseul the name of the hamlet: Frasin.

In the meantime, Francis André had issued a pamphlet in verse, "Poèmes Paysans" (Poems of a Countryman), and critics, novelists, poets expressed their astonishment and admiration. In the booklet we find a poetry we have only heard before in Walt Whitman, a poetry such as his but with different tonal qualities. It has the subtle mark of individuality of a great poet:

*Oh, my fellows, my other fellows,
Oh, the woodcutters, the ground-diggers,
the vagabonds!
Oh, you who are drinking somewhere in
the world,
In the taverns, in the cottages!
Oh, my innumerable fellows
Come! I feel frolicful of love.
Come! I feel down there, thither where the
light comes from.
I see rising towards us, down there,
A glass able to quench the thirst of every-
body, a huge glass.
Come! We will shatter our filthy little
glasses
And we will drink together in this large
glass
Full of clear gin and light
Which has just laid itself on the table of the
world.*

We must go back about ten years, to the time of 1917, when Jean Cousseul published his first stories, if we wish to meet, at least in Belgium, a literary work comparable to "Poèmes Paysans." Francis André composed his poems on the plain in the face of the sun, while guiding his plough, in the midst of his peasant comrades. And in all his work there is this feeling of brotherhood with the soil and with the pea-

sants who worked with him in the fraternity of labor. For this poet is a peasant, not a gentleman farmer such as Francis Jammes, but a strong chap who attends to forty acres of land, who cuts with his rough ax the knotty oaks which will preserve him and his family from the severity of winter in the Ardennes, a man who every day sees growing his fellowship with the earth upon which he lives. He sings of the plain:

*Yes, we are those who have created you the
golden plain,
Fine moving, sunny, living plain,
Which flows over from us, which waves
and sings.
It is we, our hands, our bodies, our faith-
ful hearts
That have struggled for you, that have
watched on you,
That have redeemed you from mist and
winter.
You have sprung from us of our love
And the sun which helped us in our en-
deavors
In order to give you the blood, the breath
of life.
Yes, we are those who created you, fine
moving plain,
And our pride is a great power before you,
And our songs and our joys which are in
you
Are all our joy and our triumph.*

The rustic pictures and pastoral melodies are not to be found here. But the people and the animals, the sun, the clouds, the wind, the trees, the woods, and everything which stands out on the horizon of the husbandman wrestling with the soil appear in grave, religious stanzas in which labor, struggle, and mercy are cemented into a credo. The cosmic in André's poetry is rooted deep in the heart of the peasant. He realizes instinctively the universal in what Stephan Zweig calls "the deep law of harmony which each of us must extend between himself and the landscape to wholly understand nature and the world."

Foreign Notes

AFTER a period of depression the book trade in Italy, according to the "Istituto Italiano del Libro," of Florence, seems to be reviving. For the latest year of which statistics are available, 1928, 5,806 books were published in Italy with works on art, archaeology, and history leading fiction—over 800 novels were published in 1928. Only 370 scientific works appeared. Poetry and the drama were scantily represented.

Bernard Shaw is writing a new play of which the first draft is two-thirds finished. It is to be a comedy entitled, "Too True to Be Good." According to the author "it will be something of a sermon, with a few of the usual music hall tricks thrown in to make people laugh. There is also a dash or two of Edgar Wallace."

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