

be described, without derogation, as appropriate and familiar. I admire the brilliant comprehensiveness and precision of the page allowed to "Frederick." I applaud the courage which undertakes to present "the bare outline of Carlyle's argument" in "Past and Present," and I wish that Carlyle could have had that "bare outline" before him as a guide. I am grateful, in short, for the competent summaries of the writings themselves.

I must, however, quarrel with Professor Neff's pronouncement as to the nature of Carlyle's present and permanent significance. This permanency he appears still to find in Carlyle as prophet, in "his political thinking" which reaches in "Latter-Day Pamphlets" "its most brilliant development," in his "course of wise social reconstruction," in his "social synthesis." "The great public," we are told, "is listening to writers who say incompletely and imperfectly what Carlyle said with unparalleled brilliance and cogency." Thus Professor Neff feels cogency where most of us, I fear, suspect confusion. Carlyle's permanency, I had supposed, was achieved not in social criticism,—or in any other kind of criticism,—but in his unparalleled portrayal of the lives of men in the past. The present reviewer, in any case, will seek elsewhere for sociological instruction, and in reading "Past and Present" he will dwell only briefly with cash-nexus and Houndsditch, and will be captured for the fiftieth time by the irresistible exhibitions of Abbot Samson and a parcel of very human monks. In "The French Revolution" he will be unable to take with deep seriousness Carlyle's quite insufficient "synthesis," and will live with delightful terror among the wretched in the streets and prisons of Paris. In "Frederick" he will forget the lame and agonized reasonings, and will enjoy the humorousness evoked from certain well-known Prussians. Perhaps he will inspect oftenest that polished gem,—a kind of Poem,——"The Diamond Necklace." I surmise that J. S. Mill put us on the right track when he remarked, somewhat too gruffly, "One continues to read his best things with little, if any, diminution of pleasure after one has ceased to learn anything from him."

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## The Other America

THE COMING OF SOUTH AMERICA.

By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON. New York: John Day. 1932.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

THE jacket announces that Mr. Norton's volume includes "no tables of statistics, no congestion of unimportant facts, no insignificant travel gossip, no attempt to cover Latin-America as a whole," but that it does include "a new interpretation of the psychology of the great nations of South America, an estimate of their trends of development, an examination of their relations with each other, and an evaluation of their relation with the United States."

This succinctly sets forth the scope of this readable, up-to-the-minute, and popular account of changes brought about by recent political revolutions in South America, of the economic tendencies in its larger countries, and of their relations with the United States. So extensive a survey naturally cannot make for profundity. It is frankly journalistic. It might well be read as a complement to Mr. Waldo Frank's recent "America Hispana" which attempts a deeper, more mystical, and more abstruse penetration of the other America complex, which no one term (Latin-America, Ibero-America, Hispano-America) accurately describes. Contrasting viewpoints would be thus balanced. While naming no names, Mr. Norton's prevailingly kindly tone waxes a bit caustic on the subject of "intellectuals" in Latin-America, on their strictures of Uncle Sam, and "our own unleashed critics whose sayings the South American radicals love to quote to our undoing;" who, moreover, "are quick to return courtesy and quote their quoters to us as the 'voice of Latin America.'" Mr. Norton considers that "this mutual admiration and citation would be harmless if it did not tend to increase the dis-

tance between the majority of thinking people here and in the republics of the Southern continent."

On the subject of Latin-American loans Mr. Norton is more tolerant. He develops the thesis that there are in the United States "bankers and bankers," and contrasts the "parvenu bankers," whom the promised harvest of profit in the 'twenties brought into the international field, with "some of our more responsible banking houses," which "refused to have anything to do with the orgy of irresponsible money-lending." The divested American public would owe Mr. Norton a debt of gratitude if he would name them. Inspection of circulars offering the now defaulted Brazilian, Chilean, Peruvian, Bolivian, and other Latin-American government, state, city, and industrial bonds, discloses the participation of the entire galaxy of great banking houses in the American financial firmament. But as Mr. Norton puts it: "The American market for foreign bonds was avid and indiscriminating." And while he relates conscientiously how the "bankers" (who for this episode Mr. Norton hangs between quotation marks) solicited the loans, resorting even to bribery to secure them, and how not only have American investors lost some \$1,300,000,000 of their money, but that the United States has earned much ill-will in Latin-America—



WOBLIES RESTING.  
From an etching by Julius Komjáti reproduced in "Fine Prints of the Year, 1931" (Minton, Balch).

he nevertheless takes exception to the criticisms made prior to the débâcle "by professional liberals," of these loans.

Now it is worthy of record that the outstanding example of such criticism, Margaret Marsh's "The Bankers in Bolivia," written in 1928, forecast the disaster as far as that country was concerned. There it was in black and white, for any investment counsel, banker, or bond salesman to read (and run). And that warning dealt only with the \$24,000,000 1922 loan floated by the Equitable Trust, Halsey Stuart, J. & W. Seligman, Spencer Trask, Kissel, Kinnicutt, Hallgarten and Co., Cassatt and Co., Rollins and Sons—and others. Yet subsequently Dillon, Read and Company—and others—floated two more Bolivian loans for \$23,000,000 and \$14,000,000 respectively. It would seem therefore that American liberals, "professional" or otherwise, were a good deal sounder in their judgments than the conservatives, whose profession and business it was to protect, if not their investor-clients, at least their own reputations.

Mr. Norton's volume, while obviously straining for fairness and impartiality, reveals the bias, which, in one form or other, resides in nearly all of us. His is a temperate, well-mannered—and conventional—expression of his belief in the all-round superiority of the U. S. A. He even sets out to prove it by a careful matching of the various elements of our culture and that of our Southern neighbors. Despite the financial fiasco he feels that American capital will soon be at it again, and that this "irresistible tide" will be beneficial to all concerned. Yet once in a while, perhaps unconsciously, he permits the suspicion that there may be a cat in the bag.

## The American Scene

LAUGHING IN THE JUNGLE. By LOUIS ADAMIC. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. \$3.

Reviewed by HARRY W. LAIDLER

IN the view of Louis Adamic, America has not as yet "arrived." It is still more of a jungle than a civilization, "a land of deep economic, spiritual, and intellectual chaos and distress," in which "by far the most precious possession a sensitive and intelligent person can have is an active sense of humor."

This view Adamic has reached as a result of fifteen years of adventure tinged with laughter in the United States following his arrival at Ellis Island as a young boy from the Balkans. Adamic's book throughout is a lively, refreshingly frank and accurate description of the American scene as viewed by the unprivileged foreigner who seeks a thrill or fame or fortune in America, and too often finds only confusion and frustration.

The story begins in a small village of Carniola, now a part of Yugoslavia, where Adamic was born. In this primitive, agricultural community the author spent his boyhood. He early learned of America and decided—to the great consternation of his parents—to migrate there.

A nationalistic student protest in which he took part and in which his best chum

the country and of the pathetic figure made by Wilson before the delegation of the "wobblies" of the Northwest constitutes one of the most brilliant descriptive pieces in the book.

The fifteen years of living, reading, and reflection left Adamic a sympathizer with the underdog, but not an active participant in his battles. Early in his career Adamic discovered Mencken, and became deeply tinged with the Menckene philosophy. He became critical of the "bunk" and the "bla" in American life, but he became convinced that it was not worth while for him to lose his head in opposing it. He met agitators—many of them—jailed or battered into unconsciousness leading a strike. He saw no immediate gain from their sacrifice and, after all, he philosophized, can anything be expected from democracy? The pictures he gives, however, of the futility of labor leaders, tell only part of the story.

"Laughing in the Jungle" leaves out much of America. On the other hand, it portrays a side of the country which many smug native sons are utterly unaware of. For that reason, if for no other, the first autobiography of this promising American writer constitutes a most welcome addition to our social literature.

## ABenevolent Incendiary

AS I SEE RELIGION. By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. \$2.50.

Reviewed by P. W. WILSON

ON "the younger generation," Dr. Fosdick writes as an expert. He hears their confessions, he faces their perplexities, and they listen to his discourses.

The precocious parishioners are kittle-cattle to deal with. "One cannot sell them," writes Dr. Fosdick, "a foregone conclusion any more"—"the whole idea of supernatural dictation has petered out." The command—"thou shalt not commit adultery"—may be "excellent morals":

This generation, however, will walk around the idea, look it over, size it up, watch its consequences, listen to anyone from Bertrand Russell to Bishop Manning, and decide; but one thing this generation will not do is to accept even that command on supernatural authority.

Whether any individual is qualified thus to speak for "this generation" may be no more than a passing demurrer. Let it be agreed that youth imitates the Emperor of China who, desiring that all knowledge should start with his reign, ordered his clergy to burn their books. As a benevolent incendiary, Dr. Fosdick enjoys the bonfire. To him, organized religion is a "potpourri" or "salmagundi" and, to quote a famous Alician,

If only this were cleared away,  
He said it would be grand.

He is grateful to the seven maids of science with their seven mops who, "calculated old fables and cleaned up a mess of rubbish in religious tradition." There is "no such thing as a true Church" and "the most hopeful thing about any system of theology is that it will not last." We are assured that "all the superficial elements of orthodox Christianity" are to be "paralleled in non-Christian faiths." Among the "superficial elements," we are to include an "inspired" Bible, miracles, "the deification and worship of the religion's founder," his "miraculous birth" and physical resurrection, the expectation of his return, and a doctrine like regeneration by faith.

Wherever an Arius emerges, there will arise an Athenasius to add anathemas to his sevenfold amens. But, in this case, some of the heresies perpetrated by Arius seem to be, in Dr. Fosdick's word, "strategic." When General Booth wanted a crowd, he beat the drum, rattled the tambourine, and refused to allow the devil to monopolize the best tunes. Harry Emerson Fosdick sees no reason why all the tomtoms of "truth" should be beaten by Harry Elmer Barnes. Preachers as well as professors can dance the war-dance of denial.

It is thus as a theologian in partibus that Dr. Fosdick is to be judged. Not on the inner citadel does the Christian soldier stand sentry. He is in the trenches,

and in fighting the good fight of faith against beasts at Ephesus—the redoubtable Krutch, the diabolical Dreiser, and the sardonic Mencken—the sword of the crusader flashes snicker-snack. The influence of Dr. Fosdick over those who dissent from some of his dicta, lies in his virile championship of man against all who would belittle man's dignity.

Happily, he has the advantage of situation. It is from the summit of a lofty tower that the pastor pastorum can, as he puts it, "see religion." He looks down on other ecclesiastical institutions less fortunately altitudinous. "The ethical ideas of the Churches as a whole," he declares, "are narrow and negative," nor has he any use for "religious rotarians with new methods of salesmanship." He finds that "preachers have become too commonly crooners,"



HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

indulging in "too much flute and too little trumpet," while "modern Christianity has taken on pink flesh and lost strong bone." He notes "a rising impatience with glorified lecture halls, sermon-ridden Sunday mornings in which worship is only 'opening exercises,' trashy hymns, anthems bawled from the latest millinery, and casual prayers through which the minister strolls into the presence of the Almighty with indecent carelessness." So, with indiscriminate panegyric, rings the carillon of clerical comradeship.

It is announced that the view from the tower along the Hudson River is thirty miles. It is a broad view. But the world is wider even than that; and as a preacher, with the telescope to his eye, Dr. Fosdick is in the position of scrutinizing one point only of the compass at any given moment. He states the point with irresistible clarity. But it is perilous to collect such utterances and include them in the same volume. Sometimes, comparing page with page, we find that the telescope shows no less clearly a point in a direction precisely opposite.

"Buddhism," we read, "has profound and distinctive sources and has pursued a historic course of development, rich in peculiar associations and meanings." If the appeal to antiquity is worth while for the Buddhist, why is it to be obsolete for the Christian? To be liberal in New York and conservative in Tokio is to invite the deadly parallel.

"Nothing in human life, least of all in religion," writes Dr. Fosdick, "is ever right until it is beautiful," and so great is his anguish over "esthetic starvation" that he says

For a long time now religion has been so absorbed in adjusting itself to science and to the new social life created by its inventions that conscious concern about beauty has been practically nil.

It is startling that, on the centenary of the Oxford Movement, the only comment on "conscious concern about beauty" should be "practically nil." Was not religion associated with the pre-Raphaelite in painting, with a magnificent outpouring of musical expression, with a definite and now classic school of literature, and with an architecture of which five cathedrals, Truro, Westminster, Liverpool, New York, and Washington rank with the greatest?

"The lamp of beauty," as Ruskin called it, sheds a penetrating light. Without certain beliefs, a Church like Riverside Church, may borrow beauty from churches that retain those beliefs. But unless we believe, can we initiate such beauty? Not a vault, not a buttress that echoes with Dr. Fosdick's dismissals of the supernatural would have been designed had not generations of men believed in the supernatural. Not a window that sheds a glorious glow upon his wondering congregation but owes its radiance to the beatific visions that, in his opinion, ended with eras other than our own. The chisel that carved the face of Einstein on the modernist portal was guided by the minds of monks. The bells that ring over Grant's tomb would never have been cast if our forefathers had doubted the angels of Bethlehem.

Religion, we are assured, does not mean "an orthodox system of theology" but a "psychological experience." It was the view of Paul, of Luther, of Calvin, of Loyola, and of Dr. Straton. It is the view of Dr. Buchman. Personal experience is inherent in the meaning of all the distinctively evangelical terms, repentance, conversion, consecration, and, indeed, of backsliding and damnation. Catholics and Protestants, Modernists and Fundamentalists are agreed that religion is personal or nothing.

But is it enough to say that religion is personal? Does the word "psychological" add anything to the discussion save extra syllables? It is when we pass from page 4 to page 121 that we encounter the real problem. "The egocentric nature of much popular religion," says Dr. Fosdick, "is appalling," and he instances the chorus, "Oh that will be, Glory for me." How then is the appalling egocentricity to be held in check? At once, we are led on that field of dogma and discipline which Dr. Fosdick had invited us to leave behind. Good or bad, creeds as the judgment of the community, like laws as the expressed will of the nation, bring to bear on the individual an experience and a wisdom—or a folly—greater than his own.

Dr. Fosdick recoils with uneasiness a little book, "Peep of Day," which we also used to read. It said that God will bind the sinners in chains and put them in a lake of fire. In justice, it should be added that this lurid image is reserved alone for those who refuse to love a God of love and that even they are offered full, free, and immediate pardon.

What is Dr. Fosdick's eschatology? How does he deal with people, whether they love or not? He promulgates and enlarges on "the law-abiding nature of the universe that will not vary its procedure to save any one." We do not remember ever to have read a declaration more pitiless. On man's quivering limbs it clamps forever the welded fetters of Islamic Kismet and Calvinist predestination.

Does Dr. Fosdick believe it? Of course not. He devotes other pages to demolishing such "mechanistic" ideas, and in one of his admirable antitheses, tells us that a religion, needing to be saved, is "senile," that "our real task is to achieve a religion which saves people." If, then, the law of nature "will not vary its procedure to save anyone," the religion which we are to "achieve"—how is not stated—must be the very thing that Dr. Fosdick denounces, namely supernatural.

From Dr. Fosdick, therefore, fundamentalism, though much annoyed, has little to fear. His head may be on the top of the tower but his heart is in the right place. With the most human, unselfish, and companionable of peripatetic philosophers—like youth and the seventh Commandment—we walk round a little. It is an ever pleasant pilgrimage. But in the forest, the trail that we blaze instinctively is a circle and we end where we started. Amid all the sound of wind in the trees, we still hear the eternal overtones of the inevitable orthodoxologies.

A library recently presented to the Selly Oak Colleges, Birmingham, England, is notable because it will house the great collection of Oriental MSS. known as the Mingana Collection, gathered together in the East by Dr. A. Mingana, formerly of the John Rylands Library, Manchester.

## The Merry Monarch

KING CHARLES II. By ARTHUR BRYANT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. \$3.50.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

OF all the kings and captains who have played their part in English history, there is probably none who has captivated the imagination more than that sovereign who—chiefly for his sins—has been called the Merry Monarch. Nor is there one whose biography has been, until now, more serious reading. The life by Mr. Airy, with all its undoubted merits, is little short of dull. Its predecessors have, for the most part, reached, where they have not overpassed, that quality. Now, at long last, we have a life which, whatever its other qualities, is, at least, not tiresome. It is indeed, very much the reverse. It is entertaining, lively, and eminently readable. It partakes, in consequence, of the better qualities of its subject, and, among other things, reveals in no small measure why, in spite of his



CHARLES II

less attractive characteristics, Charles the Second was so esteemed by his people.

All this despite the fact that it is "scholarly." There seems to be little of the literature relating to his subject that Mr. Bryant has not read—and if his reading has not gone far beyond the British Isles, if his bibliography, however extensive, is such as would make angelic bibliographers weep at its arrangement, that does not detract from the value and interest of his narrative, nor from the pleasure and profit of his readers; for bibliographies and references are not for readers, and are relegated to the end of the volume where they may be, and almost certainly are, ignored by the multitudes who have been amused and edified by his story. Yet they are there, and one must pay a heartfelt tribute to an author, who, with such an entertaining gift of style and such a talent for biography, has not succumbed to the temptation to allow his imagination to do duty for investigation, and has been honest enough to permit his readers to test his authorities for themselves, if they are so inclined. In the light of so much which has recently passed for biography, Mr. Bryant's volume is a blessed relief to old-fashioned folk who like to think there is some basis in fact for brilliant narrative. That, at least, makes his book notable, and gives some hope for the future of biography, concerning which there has of late been reason to despair. For he has made it evident that it is possible to write a life which is at once "scholarly" and "true."

But it has another quality of some importance to the world of scholarship. It has now been some thirty years since Mr. Airy wrote his life of Charles II. It has been much longer since the Master of Peterhouse contributed his admirable sketch of that monarch to the "Dictionary of National Biography"; and it has been nearly a century and three-quarters since Harris penned his account, "after the manner of Mr. Bayle." This last was a long and searching indictment of the Merry Monarch, and not until now has that indictment been answered so fully. It is, in effect, a plea of confession and avoidance. Accepting the principle that the King's morals were the business of no one but himself; that his mistresses and his French pension were excusable, the one in accordance with the standards of the time, the other necessary to preserve

the state, one can find little fault with it. Those are, indeed, large concessions; they are, at bottom, the whole cause of the dispute as to the character and policy of Charles. Admitting them, he must take high place among the English kings; denying them, the case is dubious.

This much one must admit. Few rulers have ever had a more difficult part to play; few have played that part with more of personal success; and fewer still have left such a romantic impress upon history. Yet the full story of his reign remains to be written. It is an obscure—if not, indeed, a shady—spot in modern English history, between the brilliant light that has been shed on the two revolutionary periods on either side. It has been written largely, as it still is in Mr. Bryant's entertaining book, from the side of the court, and diplomatic documents. That side has now been done, fully, completely, and attractively. The other side remains. Whatever judgment one may pass on the problem of Charles II as between Harris and Bryant there remains the problem of England as a whole. To that problem Mr. Bryant gives, in passing, one answer. He challenges for the first time and in an admirable spirit the legend of Shaftesbury and his merry men; and for that one is grateful. And if—and when—the story of the rest of England, outside the court and the Green Ribbon Club, comes to be written in a sober and impartial spirit, we shall be the more grateful even than we are to Mr. Bryant for putting the King's case as strongly as he has.

Wilbur Cortez Abbott, professor of history at Harvard University, is one of the best authorities in this country on English history, and the author of a number of historical studies.

Beatrice Kean Seymour, whose new novel is called "Maids and Mistresses," is reported to have said that she always intended to take up writing as a career, and that before she was fourteen she had read all Dickens and Thackeray and a good deal of Hardy. She studied literature at King's College under Sir Israel Gollancz. Her first novel, "Invisible Tides," appeared in 1919.

## A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

A PLANNED SOCIETY. By GEORGE SOULE. Macmillan.

A reasoned and lucid discussion of economic planning.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. By CATHERINE MACDONALD MACLEAN. (Viking).

A portrayal of Wordsworth's sister with much lively comment on the poet and his friends.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. Modern Library.

An edition of the powerful recent novel with an introduction by Ford Madox Ford.

## The Saturday Review of Literature

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