

## A Historian of The Colonial Mind

THE LIFE OF MOSES COIT TYLER. By Howard Mumford Jones. Based Upon an Unpublished Dissertation from the Original Sources by Thomas Edgar Casady. Ann Arbor, Michigan: The University of Michigan Press. 1933.

Reviewed by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

MOSES COIT TYLER is remembered for one monumental work—the four volume "History of American Literature" from the beginnings to 1783. A landmark in the study both of our history and our literature, the History was the finest thing of its kind until the appearance of Parrington's "Main Currents of American Thought." The colonial volumes, published as early as 1878, inaugurated the modern critical study of American literature, and revealed new and valuable sources for the illumination of colonial history. Constructed entirely from a painstaking examination of the sources, and written with a persuasiveness that all but convinced the reader of the intrinsic importance of the subject, the History established new standards of literary criticism and discovered new avenues of approach to an understanding of the colonial mind. Nor has this survey of the period been superseded in any essentials by later scholarship; written over fifty years ago, it still retains such vitality that so recent a student as Angoff devotes himself primarily to deprecating the judgment—never the scholarship—of the learned Tyler.

The two later volumes—called with a significant change of emphasis the "Literary History of the American Revolution"—are of even greater value than those devoted to the earlier period. They presented for the first time a systematic analysis of the controversial literature of the Revolutionary era, and for the first time gave adequate and impartial representation to the Loyalist argument. Tyler was, indeed, chiefly instrumental in the rehabilitation of the Loyalist cause, and it was one of the notable achievements of American historiography. Tyler's work was the first serious examination not only of the literature but of the political theory of the period as a whole, and if it did not penetrate to the economic bases of some of the arguments, it did cut loose completely from the filiopietistic attitude that had so largely obtained up to that time.

It is of particular interest to observe that Tyler anticipated the modern school of literary historians in preferring the social to the esthetic approach to our national literature. Indeed, despite his position as a professor of English literature, Tyler's interests were primarily historical, and, like his successor Parrington, he was interested in literature as it illuminated history. He was one of the pioneers in this country in the study of intellectual history—in attempting to do for America what Ticknor had done for Spain, Brandes for Germany, Taine and Leslie Stephen for England.

There is but one thing more interesting than the intellectual history of a man [Tyler wrote in his introduction] and that is the intellectual history of a nation . . . It is in written words that this people, from the very beginning, have made the most confidential and explicit record of their minds. It is in these written records therefore that we shall now search for that record.

And Tyler's History is in the best sense a history of the colonial mind—less partisan, as it is less vigorous, than Parrington's.

Mr. Jones's biography of Tyler is based on a study prepared by the late Thomas Casady; the collaboration has been skilfully wrought. Mr. Jones displays here all that literary grace and urbanity which we have come to expect from him, and he has succeeded remarkably well in recreating for us the character of Moses Tyler. It is not so clear that the recreation was justifiable. For all of Mr. Jones's literary skill cannot make Tyler a memorable or an attractive figure, though he may be a significant one. Born in the Land of Steady Habits and brought up on the Michigan frontier, he represented an eternal con-

flict between the deep-rootedness of Connecticut Calvinism and the rootlessness of the pioneer West. He studied at Yale and at Andover, he began as a Congregational minister and ended as an Episcopalian rector. He aspired to be an orator and a politician, he frittered away years of his youth spreading the gospel of physical culture to England, and while the nation was plunged in the Civil War he who had been an ardent abolitionist was lecturing in England on "American Humor." He taught elocution, he taught English, he edited the Christian Union, he lectured on woman suffrage, he preached, he taught history, he attempted a novel. Not until he was forty did he find himself, and throughout his life he remained uncertain of the correctness of his discovery. He was, as far as we can judge, untouched by the great moral issues of the day, and his judgments of men and issues of his own time were not characterized by the wisdom and discrimination of his interpretation of the past. He will be remembered as one of the founders of the American Historical Association, as a pioneer in the study of intellectual history, and as one of the handful of scholars in this country who have written books that outlasted their own lifetime.

Henry Steele Commager, Professor of History at New York University, is working at present on a biography of Theodore Parker.

## Figures in Sail

YACHTS UNDER SAIL. A Collection of 93 Photographs, with Foreword by Alfred F. Loomis. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1933. \$3.

Reviewed by ROBERT KEITH LEAVITT

MR. LOOMIS, that indefatigable yachtsman and writer on yachting subjects, has gathered from a score of sources some ninety-three photographs in "an attempt to reproduce pictorially the dramatic action and the intrinsic beauty of the yacht under sail." At the close of a breezy and delightful foreword he alleges that he nearly called the book, "God! What Pictures!"

To the layman that enthusiastic title might have been perhaps a trifle misleading. Most of the pictures do, indeed, justify it, but there are some which, to any but a yachtsman, must seem only so-so. To the real wind-jamming sailor, however (and there are those who would deny the title of yachtsman to any mere motor boatman), every picture in the lot must be full of interest. Most of the pictures are striking; many are downright beautiful; there is not one that does not tell its own story to the man who sails.

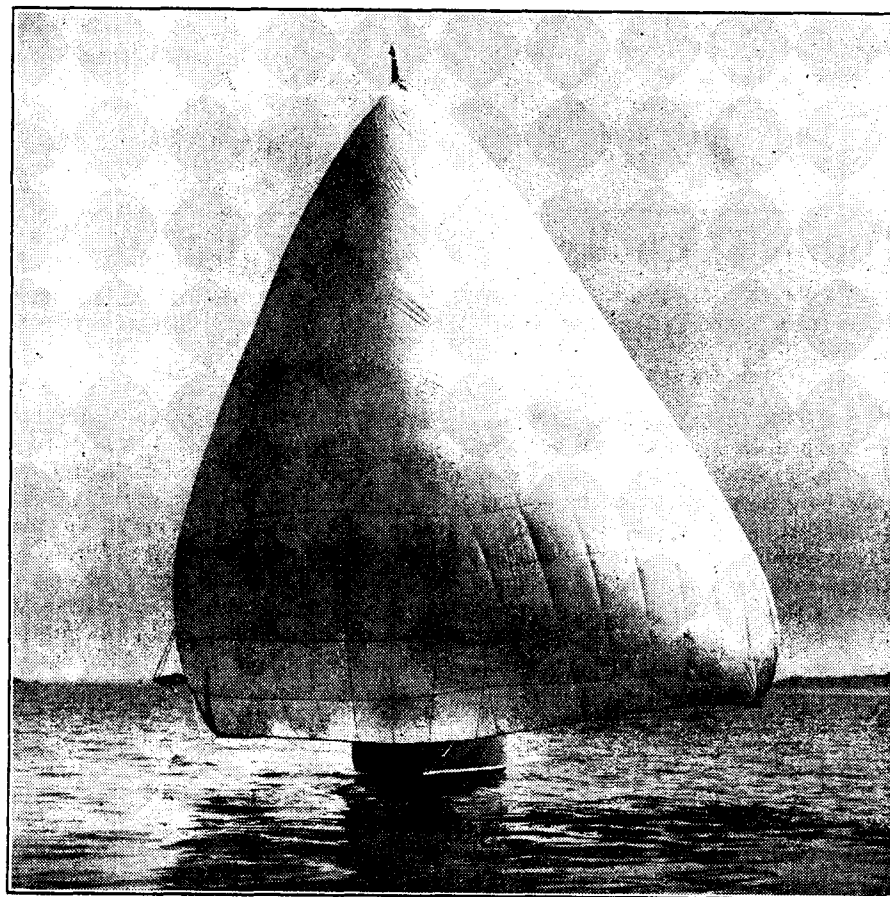
There is a generous distribution of pictures among the different classes of

yachts. There are the purely racing craft—afternoon racing boats, Mr. Loomis calls them with the deep-water sailor's patronizing air toward racing machines: Wee Scots and Frostdite Dinghies, Fishes, Stars, Atlantics, Interclubs; Victories, 6, 8, and 12 Meters, New York 30's and 40's, and so on up to M's like *Istalena* and *Valiant* and the great international class sloops, *Enterprise*, *Shamrock*, *Weetamoe*, *Yankee*, *Vanitie*, and *Resolute*. And there are many of that sturdier company, the offshore racers—cruising yachts, able and more-than-willing to race to Bermuda, across the Atlantic or around the famous and violent Fastnet track in England—usually the severest test of all ocean-going yachts. Here, then, are *Elaine*, the 18-footer which sailed single-handed from Sydney to Los Angeles; *Migrant* and *Atlantic*, big three-masters, the latter holder of the record for fastest passage of the Northern Ocean under sail, *Pinta*, *Nina*, and *Highland Light*, ocean racers all; *Dorade*, winner of the 1932 transatlantic and Fastnet races, *Brilliant*, *Malabar X*, *Water Gypsy*, *Hotspur*, and others, including *Carlsark*, whose owner, the redoubtable Weagent, "was once advised by a tugboat skipper to take his toy boat home and sail it in the bathtub. *Carlsark* had that day returned from a voyage to Greece." Here, too, is the venerable and justly beloved *Jolie Brise*, the English cutter whose custom it is casually to sail over here to race with the local lads whenever there is a brush toward Bermuda way.

They are shown in all points of sailing, close-reefed and close-hauled in half a gale or more, running free with everything set and drawing in light airs. To the yachtsman every line of these pictures is technically significant, the set of every inch of canvas a matter of critical notice. There are, too, a lot of fine, dramatic pictures: the well-known one of the New York 40's in a squall off Larchmont, *Marrilee* carrying away her topmast, *Blue Streak* with her mast just about to break in a 45-mile gale, and *Valiant's* famous dismasting, when her experimental duralumin mast not only went overside, but rammed itself into the mud at the bottom of the ocean and stayed there.

Yachtsmen will find this book interesting personally as well as technically. Many of the best known figures in sail along the eastern seaboard are here to be seen, in informal—sometimes all-too-informal—poses.

Dr. E. J. Dillon, who has recently died at Barcelona at the age of seventy-eight, was a famous foreign correspondent through many stirring years. He had been all over the world, studied at six universities, spoke a variety of languages, and published a number of stimulating books on Russia, Mexico, the Peace Conference, and other kindred subjects.



THE CUTTER GOLLIWOG LOAFs BEHIND THE ULTIMATE IN PARACHUTE SPINNAKERS

## Pearl S. Buck and The Chinese Peasant

(Continued from first page)

political student, does not write for the mind.

In this volume, Pearl Buck has collected pieces which have appeared in various publications. Some of them were written many years ago. The principal story is "The First Wife," almost a novel. It is the story of the relationship between the girl-wife of an arranged marriage and her husband. The husband had sailed for the United States after the wedding to study in an American University. He returns to China to find that, although he has changed, his family has not. He resents his wife. He resents her ignorance. Mrs. Buck describes his inner struggle, the tribulations of his father, mother, and wife, none of whom understands. To Westerners of decent instincts, the husband will appear a brute.

If one were to question Mrs. Buck's accuracy, she surely could point to dozens of her acquaintances in China who would fit her characterizations. The struggle between children and parents over arranged marriages is the most bitter phase of the Social Revolution. It would perhaps startle Americans if they were to learn that most of the Chinese whom they meet here or in China have had to face this problem, that many of them have left wives in their native villages, and that the women who are introduced as wives are regarded by old-fashioned Chinese as concubines. It is rare that a young man can return to the girl he left behind him; yet, many Chinese have solved Mrs. Buck's problems with broad sympathy and understanding. Hu Shih, for instance, was married under circumstances exactly like those of Yuan in Mrs. Buck's story. Yet he taught his wife to read; he has lived with her monogamously, and between them is a deep sympathy which evokes admiration among his friends who understand the difficulties of adjustment which faced both of them. Many Chinese will feel, as Dr. Kiang Kanhui did, that in this picture Mrs. Buck has painted only one side of the face. Yet perhaps that is the function of the novel—to select a phase of life and to paint just that and no more.

The best stories in this volume are the four dealing with the floods. Here Mrs. Buck is in her own world, which she populates with human beings whom she knows and loves. Her artistry is so fine that one can forgive her the bit of chauvinism which she drags across the last page, spoiling a brilliant scene, even as the odor of China's manure ruins a visit to beautiful Soochow.

Father Andrea, the tale of a Catholic priest in interior China, is a gem—surely the best tale in the volume. On the other hand, "The Frill" has no place in this series and might have been left to another author who has lived more among Westerners in China. "Wang Lung" and "The Communist" form the foundation for stories which became, in Mrs. Buck's better style, her justly famous novels. In the present tale, Wang Lung is not altogether understood by the missionary who, at the time this was written, must have been quite antagonistic to the revolutionist. Mrs. Buck, in her matured style, does this type of Chinese more sympathetically.

Richard J. Walsh provides an introduction to this volume which will prove invaluable to Mrs. Buck's many admirers. It furnishes authoritative biographical material, much of it quite autobiographical.

George E. Sokolsky, once adviser to the Nanking government, is the author of "The Tinder Box of Asia," and has lived for many years in China.

Miss Harriet Monroe has received a \$5,000 donation from the Carnegie Foundation for her magazine, *Poetry*, which she is now editing for the twenty-second year. According to Horace Gregory, Miss Monroe is busy conducting literary visitors about the fair grounds at the Century of Progress show, whose setting may be visualized by a glimpse at the etching printed on the first page of *The Saturday Review*.



## From Pins to Fords

MODERN INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION. By Herbert von Beckerath. Translated by Robinson Newcomb and Franziska Krebs. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1933. \$4.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

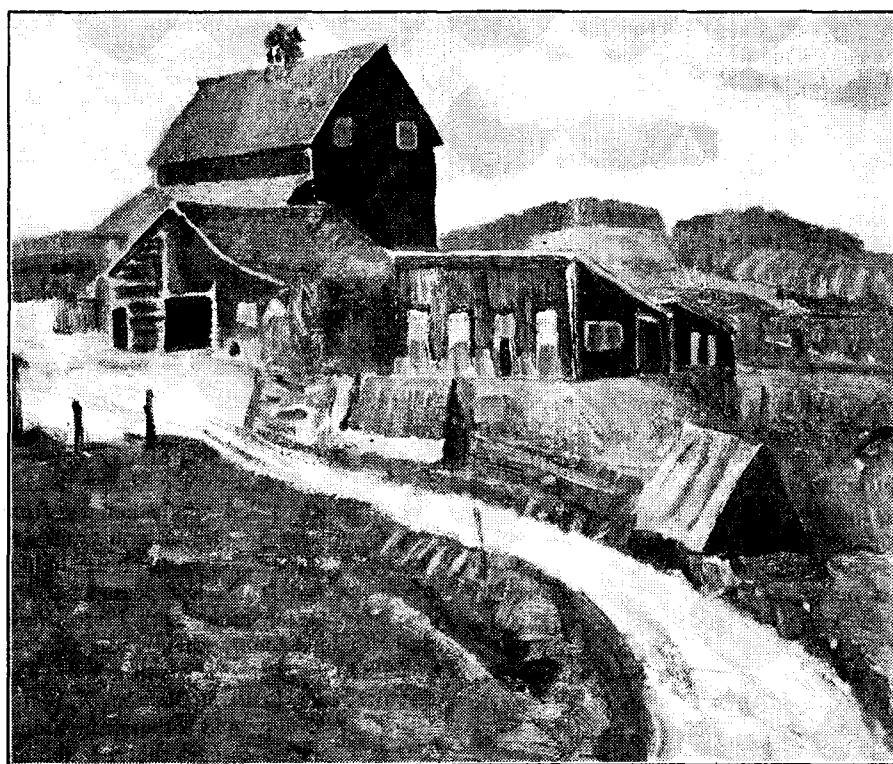
TO any one desiring full information on the chief characteristics of modern industry, on its development out of earlier forms of economic activity, and on the main points of difference presented by its nature in the various leading countries of the world, this book will be extremely valuable. It is a fine example of German thoroughness and German scientific impartiality. It covers an amazing range of subjects; a glance at the table of contents is sufficient to indicate this, and the contents themselves fully bear out the indication. The subject-matter is so accurately and minutely classified that the student, or the reader seriously bent on acquiring sound knowledge, can have no difficulty in finding what he wants.

It must, however, be admitted that the book has the defects as well as the merits of German scholarship; everything is set forth with such scrupulous care that hardly anything stands out impressively as of cardinal significance. To the specialist, or even the special student, this may be no serious drawback; for he may, after thoroughly absorbing the mass of information—and, it is but just to add, of excellent analysis and comment—supply by his own thinking the necessary perspective; but in this attribute of first-rate exposition, so essential for effectiveness with the lay reader, the book is somewhat deficient.

But this is not to say that it is lacking in force, or ever in conciseness. Not only external facts, but also the economic, technological, and psychological rationale, and often the ethical aspects, of modern industrial organization are covered with great skill, in a space very moderate when one considers the vast amount and variety of the subject matter. How great that variety is, and how conscientious is the examination to which every phase of the gigantic structure of modern industry is subjected, it is impossible to indicate satisfactorily in a brief space. Out of countless instances, it may be worth while to point to one relating to a matter of interest to everybody. In the chapter on "Influencing Supply and Demand in the Interests of Industry," Professor von Beckerath treats the subject of advertising with a breadth and fairness rare in such discussions. He dwells with deep feeling on the deadening effect upon individual taste of the large-scale advertising that goes with mass production; but he conscientiously adds that the part played by advertising in increasing cost "is often overestimated," and that "it must be remembered that in many respects advertising is doubtless economical" because "it facilitates the task of distribution" and takes the place of a possible "disproportionately extensive commercial activity."

All in all, the book thoroughly deserves the commendation passed upon it by Professor Taussig, in the closing words of his brief introduction: "It is a weighty volume, stimulating in quality and of lasting value." And, although the book was written during boom years, "its value," to quote the translator's preface, "has not been reduced by the changed economic conditions, because the author is concerned with many of the basic economic conflicts which helped to bring the period of prosperity to a close." And indeed the book has a very great and very special timeliness at this juncture in our country, because of the obviously vital bearing of the facts of industrial organization upon the problems with which President Roosevelt's coordinators are about to grapple.

The translation is well done. One error occurs in it which, though of no importance, is curiously interesting. Adam Smith, we are told, demonstrated the economic benefit of division of labor by "the classic example of needle manufacture." The interesting thing about this is not that the translators must have taken *Stecknadel* to mean *needle*, but that the time seems to have come when Adam Smith's "classic example" of the manufacture of pins is no longer familiar to everybody.



IOWA FARM. Painting by Grant Wood

## Back to the Land

(Continued from first page)

picting the relations between the three women, and conveying, through conversation rather than by statement, the war between them.

But though he has ingenuity in selecting the sort of incident that best sets off his farm background, he lacks the ability, or at least in this book he lacks the ability, to devise a romance that has any originality. His love story is banal in incident and flat in dialogue. In fact, were it not for the setting against which it is projected it would be intolerably dull. His hero and heroine are unconvincing figures, lacking in robustness and distinction, who wake no emotion whatsoever in the reader. To create tension in his story he resorts to a cumbersome and incredible episode, which, even while it is being enacted, leaves little doubt as to its purpose. The finale of this will episode is, to be sure, amusing, and the neat fashion in which Grandpa Storr, though now no longer among his relatives as a living presence, turns the tables on them, is a clever feat of fancy. But though this particular instance of his sardonic humor is credible, it is hard to believe in the incidents which are evidence to his grand-daughter of his forward-reaching satirical purpose.

However, it would be unfair to Mr. Stong's story to leave it without praise of Grandpa Storr himself, a full-flavored personality, sharply individualized and treated with blitheness. Simon, too, has his many moments of being highly entertaining. Mr. Stong's zest is one of his most effective qualities; it comes out at its best in his depiction of these characters. If his plot and his incidental figures were as good as they are and as is his general portrayal of the farm scene, "Stranger's Return" would be very good indeed. As it is, it is not as good a book as Mr. Stong has done before, or will, as it is to be hoped, do again.

## Through a Child's Eye

LITTLE FRIEND. By Ernst Lothar. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. \$2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

FICTION, like man, has been expelled from Eden; it is a guilty thing, condemned to turn its back upon the state of innocence. Its realities are the realities of experience, and it is a sad but obvious comment upon man's first disobedience that in such realities children can only play a minor part. This is Ernst Lothar's great mistake. He has chosen to show us a very complicated human relationship as it appeared to the eyes of a bewildered, innocent, and unhappy child: so that the scene of "Little Friend" is set, not in the mature world where it belongs, but in a mournful backyard of Eden. The result is inevitable failure.

Consider the case of Felicitas Tagman. She is eleven years old. Her mother is a Viennese aristocrat, her father a Viennese

Jew, their marriage a marriage of convenience. Tagman's racial desire for a family life is gradually broken down before Frau Tagman's obvious infidelity; he is on the point of divorcing her, and he wants "Feli" to stay with him. "Feli" hears her parents quarrelling, she knows that her father is making up to her, she feels that her beautiful mother is no longer telling her the truth. She discovers her mother and her mother's lover together. She is forced to give witness in a divorce court. And at each stage in the story her confusion grows worse and worse confounded. In the end she attempts to commit suicide; by which device the author brings her parents together again, and the story to a happy conclusion.

This is second-hand reality with a vengeance, this is making a virtue of confusion. And while the Tagman affair, seen through "Feli's" eyes, becomes a very miracle of indirection, the other characters in the story are little better off. They are people from all walks of Viennese life—a "gallery of portraits" as we sometimes say, with mistaken kindness, of a novel that is more wasteful than precise. In this case the portraits are blurred, and the gallery poorly lit, for "Feli" is an indifferent guide to the mysteries of adult life.

I do not mean that Lothar is a bad writer: you will discover many passages of tenderness, humor, and understanding in "Little Friend." I mean rather that he has attempted the impossible. If he had written a study of the child herself—which would have made up in charm what it lacked in importance—that would have been a different matter. But he has not. He has tried to reduce his readers to the stature of a girl of eleven, an undignified and dwindling procedure. He has only himself to blame if we are less gratified than resentful.

George Dangerfield, author of "Bengal Mutiny," is at work on a critical study of some pre-war English literary figures.

## The English Novel

FACTS OF FICTION. By Norman Collins. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1933. \$3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

THE "Facts" are facts of English fiction almost exclusively, and if the title suggests something dry the title misleads. The survey begins with Richardson and not earlier, because the modern novel is psychological and Richardson is the first psychological novelist. He saw "at least one of the complexities of the female heart, the ideal of chastity," whereas "Defoe saw woman simply as a brave, buxom, jolly body." But Mr. Collins admits that much of modern fiction is based on Defoe's idea, and personally I am glad to hear that it is. I had had the impression that there was a general overlooking of that essential constant in society, namely, brave, jolly people with buxom bodies. He comes down even to contemporary Americans, but his ob-

ject is chiefly "to show the authors of the past in as much detail as we know those of the present; to show the long romantic spectacle of these men at work as well as the works of these men." And this he really does in a quite magical way. He is as vivid and nearby about Fielding and Smollett as about Lawrence and George Moore. He does not repeat the old things. He starts from scratch. It is possible enough to disagree with him, but it is impossible not to be interested. He is too keen, witty, sagacious, incisive, quotable. He has the gift of putting flesh on dry bones.

In the essay or chapter on Richardson he quotes the long-winded title page of "Pamela," announcing its purpose to cultivate "the principles of Virtue and Religion in the minds of the Youth of both sexes," and to avoid all Images which "tend to enflame the minds they should instruct"; he quotes Pope's opinion, which seems to have been the general one at the time, that the book will "do more good than a volume of sermons"; and he comments: "In the vivid and economical language of our day we should probably express the affecting story of Pamela thus: PRETTY SERVANT GIRL'S AMAZING ALLEGATIONS AGAINST HER WEALTHY EMPLOYER. ASTOUNDING LETTERS HOME NOW PUBLISHED. These terse and accurate headlines tell the story in a dozen words and show the extreme modernity—or, in its essentials, agelessness—of the plot. The plot of his second novel, 'Clarissa,' transcribed into modern headline English, would come to nothing less than: INNOCENT GIRL RAPED IN A HOUSE OF ILL FAME. VICTIM'S DEATH UNNERVES SEDUCER. MORE LETTRES. Both 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa' are races between the Ring and the Rape, and in the better novel it is the Rape that wins. Richardson's claim to be considered the father of psychological fiction is considerable," and he was mainly interested in sex. "His novels may seem antiquated to the point of despair, but they were the forerunners of a popular school of fiction in which someone, usually a woman, is desperately eager to express himself or herself without ever knowing quite what or how or why—novels of suppressed individuality we should call them today."

But the novel after Richardson did not follow this lead, nor that of Fielding and Smollett either. It went into Gothic romance first. Gothic romance, "for all its ghostly gimcrackeries was a highly developed psychological literature," but there was nothing Richardsonian about it. Then the novel fell into the tremendous wake of Scott; and Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, Disraeli, novelists aristocratic, romantic, and so-called realistic, were all as innocent as Scott of sex and psychology in the modern sense.

It is the word, psychological, and not the thing it describes that is young however. The word entered the language in force about 1870—The modern sympathy with fiction is not so much with the spectacle of life as with the more delectable sensation of living—Within the last generation the novel has tended to change from a record of events into being a record of the causes of events—It is Henry James, the naturalized American, who ends by becoming the typical new English novelist.

The final chapter on "A Few Modern Americans" is not so good, and rather out of place in a book altogether on English novelists, which mentions no American of the nineteenth century except so far as Henry James was an American. It is hardly a history of the English novel since Richardson either, though it covers the ground more or less with the aid of chapters on "The Best of the Second Best," "The Regular Army," and the like. It is mainly, both in space and value, a collection of essays of varying length on the principal figures in the story. The phenomenon of Richardson's inheritors isolated from him by a century has been noted before this. The notable thing about Mr. Collins is that a century's distance seems to blur or diminish no object; it is all vivid and quite near; and secondly, that he writes with such terse vigor and fresh insight as to tempt an enthusiastic reviewer to review him largely by a long string of excellent quotations.