



Monseigneur Cortois de Pressigny
(etching by Ingres, 1816).

pecially in the art of indicating features and suggesting character with the pencil, Ingres was one of the most amazing and delightful of virtuosos. But take drawing in its essentials, as fundamental construction. Look over any series of reproductions of Ingres's most famous pictures. Ask yourself, Where is the figure or figures placed with regard to the picture plane? What assurance is there of the larger articulations? Having done this and perhaps having recalled a few of the many feeble and sentimental pictures, say the Paolo and Francesca and Raphael and the Fornarina,—having taken these precautions, you may read Mr. Pach with much profit and with measurable impunity.

Mr. Mather's new book, "Western European Painting of the Renaissance," will be reviewed next week.

The Colonial Rank and File

THE AWAKENING OF AMERICA.
By V. F. Calverton. New York: The John Day Co. 1939. 474 pp., with index. \$3.75.

Reviewed by PERRY MILLER

VIEWED as the very lowest classes, what Mr. Calverton calls the Fourth Estate, saw it, the settlement of the American colonies was a grim business. In all quarters, he says, they were treated "as if they were physical scum," and he tells the story in their name and in their honor. He emphasizes social factors, the conditions of ordinary men, and celebrates the many leaders, Bacon, Culpepper, Leisler, and Zenger, who fought in the bitter colonial conflicts, many of which were undeniably class conflicts. That he has performed an important service which historians are inclined to neglect is obvious, and the sincerity of his devotion to the rank and file, of his sympathy with their lot, gives the book a vigor that all too often is lacking from the more conventional histories.

Mr. Calverton describes his approach as Marxian, but advertises his intention of escaping the trammels of a rigid Marxian orthodoxy. He accuses economic historians of oversimplification in their neglecting or playing down the force of ideas, of religious fervor, and of theories, in the colonial enterprises. It is indeed heartening to find an avowed Marxian so valiantly refusing to be ridden by dogmatic preconceptions, though it is also amusing to find him so much more the Marxian than the historian that he is unwilling to let any colonial

occurrence be explained in its own terms unless he can find a Marxian moral for today. Zenger, Leisler, and Bacon, he admits, were liberals, but he adds that liberalism at that time was radicalism, and that to be a democrat then "was like being a Communist today." However, amusement turns into discouragement when we find that at many crucial points he has eluded Marxian dogmas only to become entangled in easy generalizations still more questionable. That the religious fervor of New England cooled, and that the creed was modified and altered as the social order evolved is clear enough, and we might well look to a Marxian historian for much-needed help in understanding the process. Yet here Mr. Calverton seizes upon the tenuous hypothesis of a recent writer that Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay were distinct embodiments of two antagonistic principles, the one being the incarnation of "Dissent," the other of "Puritanism." Following this lead, Mr. Calverton proceeds serenely to treat the two terms as separate entities, finding that the key to New England colonial history is the dialectical triumph of the Dissenter over the Puritan.

No more unfortunate notion that this artificial separation of Dissenter and Puritan has ever befuddled the study of American history, unless it is Parrington's equally misguided notion that Thomas Hooker and Connecticut represented a "democratic" protest against the theocracy of the Bay. Yet Mr. Calverton accepts them both at their face value, with the result not only that he presents Plymouth and Connecticut in an utterly fantastic light, confuses the terms of the seventeenth century, and distorts the facts precisely as he accuses Hollywood of distorting the facts of witchcraft, but still more seriously he is forced to indulge himself in a strange metaphysic of interpretation in order to explain New England as a conflict of non-existent principles. Meantime the true story of the interaction between the ideas and the society, religion and economics, is crying to be done, and he turns aside from what he, or someone with his lights and his sympathies, might be fitted to do. Objection could be made to his treatment of every colony, yet even where his interpretation grows more clearly out of the facts, a succession of annoying errors makes it still suspect. George Fox, says Mr. Calverton, was acutely conscious of rank, position, and wealth, and in this respect, he says on page 357, Fox was "unlike the earlier Quakers!"

On Skis

BY SARA KOLB DANNER

NOT heavy footed with the white clods weighing me down
But lightly as Mercury or even Sonja herself,
Poised as the victory of Samathrace on a shelf
I shall sail on two wind borne ice boats into the town;
Swift as thought which from hill to hill can leap
I shall not tangle my feet in the thickets of prose
But glide smoothly as verse. On the slope where the melted snows froze
I shall evade the valleys narrow and deep;
You cannot reach me, however you try, I have gone,
Elusive as ever Diana, on the chase keen,
You will hear the motif of hurry, pale as the dawn,
Through the trees you may ask if it's my face you have seen;
Think of me always as flying, flying through space
With my hair streaming backwards in motion, the wind in my face.

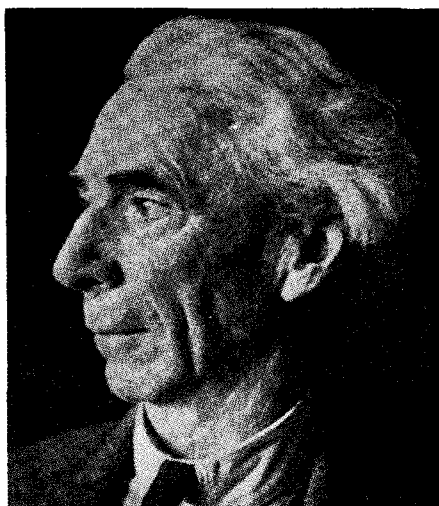
Almost Perfect States

THE STORY OF THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHERS. By George Catlin. New York: Whittlesey House. 1939. 802 pp., with index. \$5.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

IN this big book Mr. Catlin has brought together the ideas of all sorts of thinkers on politics, from the pre-Socratic Greeks and the early Chinese sages to Mr. H. J. Laski. He has strewn among them with great liberality the ideas of Mr. George Catlin, ideas of a not too discouraged English liberal of the post-war generation. The total result is a book which as a sober outline of political philosophy, as a student's guide to a vast and confused field, is not for a moment to be compared with Mr. George H. Sabine's masterly little book on the history of political theory. Yet for the reader who likes to ramble about uncharted ways, Mr. Catlin's book is like none other in existence. His scale is big enough to permit generous quotations from the originals; he has an easy lecturer's style; and he never feels too greatly tied down by the immediate job of tracing out a given philosopher's course, so that he is always free to wander off into pleasant and often profitable by-paths. He has, moreover, strong feelings, and no temptation to conceal them. He feels that fascism is the enemy we must all turn against. He will do his share in the warfare against the common enemy by exposing relentlessly the pre-fascists who, like Carlyle, have somehow managed to acquire respectability as part of our ethical tradition.

Mr. Catlin can let himself loose among his loves and hates with a clear conscience because he distinguishes sharply between *political science*, which is the understanding of what goes on in politics, and *political*



Howard Coster

Bertrand Russell

philosophy, which is the evaluation of what goes on in politics, as well as the setting of standards for what ought to go on. The political scientist, like the natural scientist, is concerned with the analysis of concrete situations in terms of what is at a given moment actually so, and of what seems immediately possible. He cannot let his feelings enter into his study. The philosopher, however, deals with ends of social and political action, and must consult his feelings—properly trained and disciplined feelings, but still feelings. Political science, Mr. Catlin thinks, is a relatively new pursuit, though in some senses men like Aristotle and especially Machiavelli anticipated the work of the modern political scientist. Political philosophy, however, is as old as Western thought, and as ethical philosophy, much older. After his earlier "Science and Method of Politics," Mr. Catlin now feels free to give up the restraints of science and permit himself in this book the delights of philosophy.

This distinction between a science dealing with means and a philosophy dealing with ends can be pursued into all sorts of metaphysical tangles. As Mr. Catlin uses it, however, it seems a useful and plausible distinction. He is too good an Englishman to pursue abstractions beyond the point of immediate profit. His work is uneven, best on the eighteenth century and on men like Mill, spotty on Marx, worst, or at least most unfair, on German idealism. It may be that he has in much of this book been too often the judge—or occasionally, master of ceremonies—and too little the expositor. Yet he makes no pretentious claims to "objectivity," and he judges pretty much as you and I might judge, in accordance with one of the Great Traditions, that of optimistic, liberal, progressive, individualistic, Western democracy. If this be blah-blah, let semanticists make the worst of it. Mr. Catlin won't be discouraged.

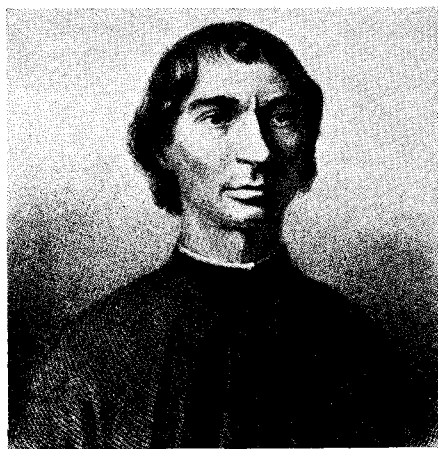
Poisons and Their Detection

THE POISON TRAIL. By William F. Boos, M.D. Boston: Hale, Cushman & Flint. 1939. 380 pp., and index. \$3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M. D.

DR. BOOS was an American youngster living in France when he first became poison-conscious and succumbed to the fascination and mystery of the death that lurks in the woods in the cups of mushrooms and in the fangs of adders. For a time he planned to become a chemist and to this end studied at Harvard and abroad. Narrowing his field to physiological chemistry, he was forced to study medicine. But he had hardly started his course when he was called upon for expert testimony in a poison case, and from then on he was destined to follow the poison trail into wider and wider fields—into canneries, factories, mines, farms, and again and again into state and federal courts. He has figured, he tells us, in "upwards of two hundred capital poison cases" as well as in a long series of suits arising from food and drug acts. But Dr. Boos's theme is not himself but poisons, and after a few autobiographical paragraphs he plunges at once into a clear, well-organized exposition of his subject. In terms carefully defined, and in language non-technical, we learn of animal and germ poisons, the metals, the alkaloids of plants and the habit-forming drugs, the volatile poisons of industry, the sprays of the newer agriculture. But the author has a feeling for drama as well as for science, and each chapter is enlivened by a "true story" by which he illustrates both the action of the specific poison and its manner of detection.

The last chapter is devoted to the expert in court, and it is followed by an appendix in which are presented verbatim three complete toxicologists' reports setting forth the chemical analyses, the post-mortem findings, and the researchers' conclusions. Legal and medical students will find "The Poison Trail" an absorbing short-cut to required information, but its field of interest is by no means restricted to professional groups. If you are contemplating writing a detective story, or committing a murder, you will find it invaluable; if you have wondered how the men behind the scenes detect poison traces months after death, your curiosity can now be easily satisfied; if you are merely an intelligent and curious reader, you will still learn from it much that is news to you and gain a lively respect for the world's toxicologists.



Machiavelli: (illustrations from "The Story of the Political Philosophers").