

person; but in the eyes of a Rochester, and in her great moments, she becomes beautiful and possesses a power of rousing great passions in men. Of course, it was part of Charlotte Brontë's purpose to deepen the ordinary conception of physical beauty. In Miss Cornish's novel, she ascribes, and rightly, this kind of attractiveness to Charlotte herself. The climactic scene in this new novel is suggested by the scene in "Villette" where Lucy Snowe in her distress visits the confessional in Brussels. Here, Charlotte is drawing upon her own experience, as we know. Miss Cornish manages the whole affair between Charlotte and Monsieur Heger with considerable tact and success, and does not transgress the bounds of known fact. Charlotte's letters to Heger, the four which have been preserved, show the ardent devotion of the pupil for the master, and hardly justify the legend of Charlotte's passion for him. It takes delicacy and restraint to depict the relationship as it probably really was, suppressed, unspoken, transmuted into literature. Miss Cornish has done this admirably.

The result is a good, imaginative book upon the Brontës—not so good as a careful biography, and not so exciting as a novel might be that is not bound to the earth by facts. Here Emily is not the wild and wonderful creature she is often portrayed as being, but rather one who performed her household tasks with cheerful regularity. This is probably a truer picture of her than we usually get. And Branwell is allowed to die here with quietness and dignity, after he has told Emily what to do with the story of "Wuthering Heights." The imagination must be allowed some scope in a book that is called a novel; it must be restrained by probabilities, or at least by possibilities, when the subjects are historical characters. It is my impression that Miss Cornish has generally succeeded in her task of navigating these difficult straits.



Dorothy H. Cornish

A Teacher's Two Worlds

A TEACHER AND HIS TIMES. A Story of Two Worlds. By William Adams Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 390 pp., with index. \$3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE rapidly increasing number of autobiographies is a sign of the times; is the long reign of the novel fading with other reigns? Two hundred years ago in England theological and religious poems were best sellers; but in the nineteenth century the novel dominated the field so thoroughly that various treatises on politics, economics, and religion were cast in the form of prose fiction. Many of those pseudo-novels were like the instance (*fact*) where in a church prayer-meeting the minister called on Mr. Brown, saying "Brother Brown, will you lead us in prayer?" to which Mr. Brown replied, "Well, I was about to make some remarks, but perhaps I can throw them into the form of a prayer."

Anyhow, here is another autobiography which resembles Mary Ellen Chase's "A Goodly Fellowship" in this respect. The latter writer was known chiefly as a novelist; but her chosen profession was teaching, and the published story of her life is confined to experience in the classroom; almost immediately it became a best seller. Now the Rev. Dr. William Adams Brown is a scholar in church history and theology, has written many learned and important books in those fields, was for years a member of the Yale Corporation, has done much work in many countries and in the World War, and yet he calls his book "A Teacher and His Times," emphasizing his life-work as a Professor in Union Theological Seminary. I repeat therefore what I said in this periodical of Miss Chase's book; of all occupations, teaching is the most exciting.

Professor Brown is emphatically a city man. Born in Manhattan, with metropolitan grandparents and parents, graduating from Yale Phi Beta Kappa and fourth scholar in his class (1886) at the age of twenty, taking a long term of graduate study in Berlin, he began teaching in New York City at Union Seminary when he was twenty-six, and held that post for forty-four years.

It was a wise decision when he chose a professorship rather than a pastorate. For while he loves many different kinds of human relationships, he is primarily a scholar, and in Milton's phrase, he was foreordained to behold "the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful

studies." That is what it used to be at Union Seminary; but in the twentieth century, to make the Miltonic sentence fit the case, we should have to change the word "truth" to "youth" and "quiet and still air" to "tumultuous and stormy"—for Union Theological Seminary is one of the hottest battlefields in the world. Fortunately indeed it is that two men, its President Henry Sloane Coffin and one of its professors William Adams Brown, have combined religious consecration with extraordinary diplomatic tact. Personally I had rather be an opera impresario or a lion-tamer.

Dr. Brown is not only a theologian; he is a Christian. I am not a Catholic; but one reason for the advance of the Catholic Church in power and numbers is that the Catholic Church really believes something; it has never substituted political and economic reform for individual spiritual regeneration. Now Dr. Brown's statement of his faith is very fine and largely accounts for his success as a teacher of men preparing for the ministry.

What that gospel was, I did not doubt. It was the good news of a God who had made Himself known in the man Christ Jesus, as the righteous and loving Father who was giving Himself for the life of the world. It was a Christo-centric gospel. But the Christ in whom God was supremely revealed was not simply the man of Galilee and Jerusalem, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, though he was this, but the one in whom God had Himself entered humanity in self-imparting love; in whom, therefore, we could find a window through which we could look into the heart of God.

In addition to his professional work as a teacher and the details of the changes wrought at Yale when he was a member of the Corporation, there are many adventures in city slums, in the war in Europe, in "fifty years of Mount Desert," in English and Scots Universities—he has had and is having an exciting and happy life, filled with enjoyment with family and friends, and the consciousness (never emphasized by himself) of having done a great deal of good.

As he mentions one of his teachers who insisted on minute accuracy, may I suggest that in the next edition some trifling errors be corrected?

Newman "Smythe," Rev. Joseph "Twitchell," "Centre" Church in New Haven, Professor "Thatcher" are all spelled incorrectly. Mrs. "Charles" Cushing should be Mrs. William Lee Cushing. "Terracina" Peck should be Teresina. It was not Poe of Princeton who made the famous run for a touchdown in 1885, it was Lamar.

The Author of "Pinocchio"

BY GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI

THE name of Pinocchio has been familiar to children the world over for the past generation; and it may be said that there isn't a grown-up who has been through school who hasn't heard the story, either told in his own language or shown on the screen, of the wooden marionette who becomes a boy. Even Soviet Russia has given us a version.

Yet no one ever asks who its author was, and few men, outside of Italy, can tell you anything about him. Even a scholar like Carl Van Doren, in the preface to a de luxe edition of "Pinocchio"—as beautiful typographically as misleading in its illustrations—confesses knowing "very little concerning its author."

Collodi is not even the real name of the author but the pseudonym which he adopted from the name of the villa where, as the son of the chef of the proprietor, he spent many years of his childhood. This villa—as it lay huddled in the arms of a valley, caressed each evening by the departing sun—was saved from eternal oblivion by the author, Carlo Lorenzini, whose fame spread the name to the four corners of the earth. As you approached the villa—which was owned by a Tuscan nobleman of the eighteenth century—on the small road surrounded by low walls, you suddenly came upon a strange architectural structure composed of foliage, a veritable theater of trees, where was evident the hand of a gardener-sculptor who had known how to mould the vegetation to his will, to have it now assume the shape of a pilaster, now of a column, now of a loggia, now of a niche, within whose branches were housed grandiose and grotesque statues, and fantastic fountains spouting up their jets to intertwine with the air in a most bizarre fashion.

Carlo Lorenzini was not born there, but in Florence, in 1826, where he later returned to complete his studies. It seems that he never went very far in them, with the result that he remained but a small-time employee of the Grand Duke. (Tuscany at the time was ruled by a good-natured but weary Austrian dynasty, whose "tyranny" consisted in keeping the Italian people in a state of enforced idleness.)

Yet in that humble employee's soul

there was a spark that could not be dimmed by the monotony of those four walls of his office: there burned in him the desire to write and jest. He busied himself with dramatic criticism, he wrote sketches and satires, he even founded a small journal called *The Lamp Post*. Like all Italian writers and youths of the period, he espoused the liberal cause, and hoped some day to see a new and united Italy, free of foreign domination. In 1848 he joined the Tuscan student forces which acquitted themselves well on the battle-fields of Curtatone and Montanara in Lombardy. In 1859 he again joined the colors, this time as a member of the cavalry. Finally in 1860, with Italy free and united, he found himself transferred from the Austrian's employ to that of his own country. He did not, however, rise in office, or change his way of life. He still remained that same perfunctory sort of employee, never really interested in his work, barely respectful toward his superiors, always dissatisfied with his salary. In all probability, he preferred writing articles or going to the theater, to recording in the archives. But even his writings, though they reveal a decided flair for dialogue and scene-making, never seem to have quite succeeded. They were later collected under the titles "Gay Grimaces" and "Eyes and Noses," which today are scarcely ever read. In them is depicted a middle-class world



Collodi

with a comic moralistic touch, but without profundity or penetration.

It was by accident that he came to write for children. A modest editor of the day, a certain Felix Paggi, asked him, in 1879, to translate Perrault's "Three Fairly Tales" from the French. The book was immediately popular. Whereupon the editor invited him to send in something of his own.

Lorenzini did. There was current at the time a tradition inaugurated by one Pallavicini, an author of children's books, known as "teaching by entertaining." Its basic idea was to have pupils participate in the subject they were being taught:—map out a voyage in geography, act out the events in history. These are formulae well known to all writers of children's books, and have been the germ of a vast literature on the subject in all parts of the world. Thus came into being two of Collodi's creations, "Lit-

tle Joe" and "Tiny Morsel," and with them a raft of Little Joes that went parading up and down Italy learning their reading and arithmetic, and brandishing (what was new in those days) a magic lantern.

Today "Little Joe" and "Tiny Morsel" are no longer in vogue, and are relegated to the domain of powdered wigs and carriages. No Italian child will read them now. Their editor has even tried to stream-line them, adapting them to changed social and technological conditions, but all in vain.

But Lorenzini did not stop there. Another incident occurred, purely arbitrary, which resulted in his one and only masterpiece. There had just started in Rome, in 1881, the publishing of a *Children's Journal*, with Guido Biagi, a friend of Lorenzini, as its secretary. The former relates that one day he received a batch of papers, carelessly written, together with an explanatory note from Lorenzini, whom he had invited to collaborate with him. In this note, he found the following: "I send you this bit of *Childishness*, do with it what you can, but if you publish it, *pay me well for it*, so that I'll have some incentive for following it up." This bit of childishness was called "The Adventures of a Puppet." It became very popular. Soon Biagi began pestering him for more. He started to send in chapters every now and then, whenever it struck his fancy, without even rereading what had gone before, content to devote himself to editing and correcting the text. Thus was Pinocchio born, and thus did he grow.

From the journal he passed into book form. The editor Bemporad, who bought him, made a fortune from the book. It is estimated that in Italy alone the sale exceeded a million copies. Out of it, poor Lorenzini made but a few thousand lire. The book then passed from Italy into foreign countries, where it was translated in all languages, including the most distant and remote like Japanese and Irish.

But more interesting than its financial was its literary success. Carlo Lorenzini himself died unaware of the fact that he had written a world's best seller, one destined to become a classic in Italian literature. His contemporaries considered him just another writer of children's stories. But the trend today among the more prominent Italian critics is to see in Collodi not only the Tuscan writer of color and wit, but also the affirmation of the goodness and realistic teaching of life. Pinocchio is a hero of the soul, who, like the characters of the "Divine Comedy" and "Faust," goes through life finally transformed by experience. It is the story of hope