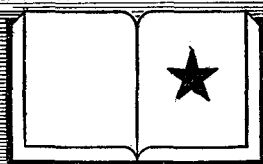


## NEW EDITIONS



EVERYONE who knows Elie Halévy's "History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century" will be glad to learn that Peter Smith is bringing out a new edition of this great work, which is at once matchless and invaluable in its field. Few historians have ever had Halévy's ability to marshal multitudinous details in the service of large views, or his gift of presenting even the driest statistics in such fashion as constantly to engage the reader's interest. He is both comprehensive and precise, a master of generalization and a tireless collector of individual facts. Then, too, he commands a style—competently dealt with by his translators—which is easy, flexible, various, and remarkably well suited to the conveyance of information. If this sounds as if I were describing an ideal historian, all I can say is that Halévy is very nearly ideal.

In the first of his six volumes, "England in 1815" (\$6)—which is the only one as yet issued in this country—he describes the state of England as she was at the close of the Napoleonic Wars and at the beginning of her century of greatest material prosperity. Government, army, navy, industry, labor, finance, trade, agriculture, religion, science, literature, arts—all these, as they existed in England at the time of Waterloo—are surveyed, described, analyzed, and interpreted. England's place in the world is defined in terms of her civilization, and the seeds of her future are seen in her institutions, beliefs, and practices. Reading Halévy we recognize the advantageous elements and circumstances which made England a great power during the nineteenth century, while at the same time we are forced to realize that those elements and circumstances are now largely lost to her, and irrecoverable, no matter how many austerity measures her statesmen may devise or how many sacrifices her courageous people may make. Indeed, if we would understand Britain's present plight, we can do no better than to accompany a fit guide back to the England of 1815—and Elie Halévy's fitness is unexcelled.

Among other new editions on the Peter Smith list there are three that interest me particularly: "Paradise Lost in Our Time" (\$2.50), by Douglas Bush; "Chance, Love, and Logic"

(\$4.50), by Charles S. Peirce; and "A Dictionary of the Characters and Proper Names in the Works of Shakespeare" (\$6.75), by Francis Griffin Stokes. Mr. Bush, whose excellent "Portable Milton" was recently mentioned here, directs the slings and arrows of his wit and learning against the anti-Miltonists—such as Eliot and Leavis—and does them considerable damage by demonstrating the shallowness of their scholarship, the blindness of their prejudices, their "unwillingness or incapacity to understand the methods of classical art," and their refusal to view Milton in relation to the religious and philosophical matrix from which he sprang. In the course of four lectures Mr. Bush illumines the religious and ethical principles which underlie Milton's great poems, demolishes the romantic view of Satan as hero, and makes out a good case against critics who are insensible to the subtleties of Milton's poetical texture. The Peirce volume brings us into stimulating contact with a powerfully original mind, to which justice is at last being done, long after its ideas have flowed into the life-stream of much contemporary philosophy, both realistic and idealistic. As for the Shakespeare dictionary, it is described by its title. Seek in it and ye shall find—an explanation of every proper name, great and small, of the Shakespearean canon, from Aaron who was beloved of Tamora to Zentippe, or Xantippe, the shrew of Socrates. This is a valuable reference work and a fine book for random reading.

An oddity on the Peter Smith list is a lithoprint reproduction of the unique copy of the one and only issue of Rafinesque's "Western Minerva, or American Annals of Knowledge and Literature," printed at Lexington, Kentucky—"the Athens of the West"—in 1821. Still other Peter Smith titles are J. A. Hobson's "Work and Wealth" (\$3.50); "The Theory of Wages" (\$4), by J. R. Hicks; "The Shame of the Cities" (\$3.50), by Lincoln Steffens, and a symposium, "Safeguarding Civil Liberty Today" (\$2.50), consisting of the Edward L. Bernays Lectures, delivered at Cornell in 1944 by Carl Becker, Max Lerner, Francis Biddle, and others. From all of which it should be obvious that the Peter Smith list is well worth any reader's attention.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.



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## LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES

(Provence)

NOW is the day like a cup of  
Venetian crystal,  
brimming with light distilled  
and fine,  
like an old rare wine;  
now is the grapevine hung in rust  
and golden,  
like a tattered arras left from olden  
days, and against the wall of the gar-  
den stands,  
pondering the autumn scene,  
a jongleur, lately home from foreign  
lands—  
the poplar, wrapped in motley of yel-  
low and green.

Yonder the grove of beech and oak,  
a pavilion  
wherein sits apart,  
secluded in hanging of gold and ver-  
milion,  
the Lady Autumn, who stares on an  
ivory parchment  
scriven over with words that are small  
cold knives  
in her heart.

Down the valley a trumpet flings out  
a sudden bloom  
of sound that tells where the wind  
gallops,  
splendid in silver armor and scarlet  
plume.

Beyond the ruined chateaux the sun-  
set flames in burning rose  
over apple-green; flames and fades  
and finally dies  
in steely-grey. The jongleur stirs in  
his threadbare cloak  
and sighs.

By the garden path, numb and alone,  
the small spider creeps  
on the chilly stone.

—DOLORES CAIRNS.

\* \* \*

## ADOLESCENT MOMENT

There was September in the room.  
The boy lay across his bed and felt  
it wrap him in slow sunlight and  
drooping leaves and dust. City dust.  
With warm asphalt in it and dry earth  
and something that was a street of  
houses in a big city and that was  
all it was.

Time was suspended in the golden  
motes that drifted by the window.  
The air was heavy with time. Outside  
in yesterday there was lake and the  
sharp smell of pine needles and the

sizzling of campfire steak. Outside in  
tomorrow there was the race to school  
and a football between the goal posts.  
But today swung in golden motes to  
and fro, to and fro, up and down.  
It was like the beginning of sleep or  
the beginning of awakening.

He turned on his side and for the  
first time heard consciously the chil-  
dren shouting in the street below. At  
first the cries seemed slow and far  
and with no weight in them. Then  
they sharpened and became clear, like  
a hard shining stone. Like a stone  
pressing against his heart. There was  
no use stretching out his hand; time  
was on the move again. It was going  
past him like dust; like city dust  
with the cry of children in it. Some-  
thing was lost, something had not  
yet come. There was an emptiness in-  
side him, but the stone was there too.  
What had he possessed which was  
gone? What had he known and for-  
gotten?

He sprang suddenly from his bed  
and opened the door into the hall.

"Guess I must be hungry," he mut-  
tered impatiently as he went through  
it and down the stairs.

But he knew it wasn't that.

—GILEAN DOUGLAS.

\* \* \*

## THE CRITICAL NEW ISM

The last cohesion atrophies, the state  
Of nature over turns; we face the fact  
Of fictions bypassed, although left  
intact.

The oiled machinery breaks of its own  
weight

And leaves us anxious with our use-  
less books

Of logic. Like the vain agility  
Of watches timing probability,  
We narrow focus, fish for grace with  
hooks

In poisonous seas that rot our dreadful  
barque:

We voyage with a most outlandish  
gear—

Our hope is to desire what we fear,  
The tactic is a leap into the dark:

To blot the horror, pray, forget our  
shames—

We've come to Belsen armed with  
Henry James.

—CLELLON HOLMES.

\* \* \*

"Chinese Love Songs (Famous  
Poems from the Time of Confucius to  
the Present)" is a little book of Eng-  
lish verse renderings by the wife of a

distinguished inventor, Mable Lorenz  
Ives. The book sells for a dollar and  
is published by B. L. Hutchinson, 7  
Glenwood Road, Upper Montclair,  
N. J. The poems translated cover  
twenty-six centuries. Chih Meng, of  
the China Institute of America, writes  
a prefatory note, and the little essay  
at the end of the book is a useful pen-  
dant to the text. I mention the book  
here as it may easily escape the aver-  
age reader as the fall books pour from  
the presses.

\* \* \*

A plan to purchase and preserve  
Walt Whitman's birthplace is being  
circulated by a committee for which  
I am one of the sponsors. You can  
pledge any amount you wish to con-  
tribute by writing to Cleveland Rod-  
gers, chairman of the committee, 80-  
32 Grenfell St., Kew Gardens, Jamaica  
15, N. Y.

\* \* \*

Grace Cottage Hospital has opened  
in Townshend, Vt., with two rooms  
furnished in the name of Genevieve  
Taggard. This small hospital, serving  
the people of the West River Valley,  
arises from the initiative and energy  
of Dr. Carlos G. Otis who was Gene-  
vieve Taggard's good friend and phy-  
sician in her last illness. The project  
had her enthusiastic support. Under  
the direction of Dr. Otis, with a staff  
of registered nurses aided by volun-  
teer workers, the hospital is intended  
mainly for obstetrical cases and gen-  
eral diagnosis, but will care for emer-  
gency accidents and such other cases  
as facilities permit. When completed  
it will have twenty-five beds. A group  
of friends and former students of the  
poet pledged the furnishing of two  
rooms in her name. The urgent call  
for immediate operation required pur-  
chase and installation of equipment  
without waiting for the necessary  
donations. Those who wish to join in  
this undertaking may send checks—  
large or small—to Mrs. Ruth P. But-  
ler, treasurer, Genevieve Taggard  
Memorial Fund, East Jamaica, Vt.

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S  
DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 807)

G. B. SHAW:

## SIXTEEN SELF-SKETCHES

The vital difference between  
reading and experience is not  
measurable by examination  
marks. . . . On the strength of that  
difference I claim arrogantly to be  
one of the best-educated men in  
the world. . . . At ninety-two I am  
still learning.