

Spain, he was awarded the Cross of San Fernando with the title of knight. At twenty he was hunting in Canada, and at twenty-four he had made two trips to Africa, contributing a paper on the Bushmen to the Ethnological Society of London. By twenty-five then he was ready for his great adventure. He had developed a sturdy individualism, knew primitive people, had tried his hand at writing, was familiar with the Spanish life and language—and was an excellent shot.

All these talents for life and observation came into full play when on September 14, 1846, Ruxton left Mexico City in a cavalcade of twenty mules and horses. Two thousand miles north, and four months later, he reached Río Colorado (Questa, New Mexico), "the last and most northern settlement." Alone, in his saddle, he took "a last look of the adobes, and, without one regret, cried, 'Adios, Méjico!'"

Ruxton's descriptive account of this memorable journey through Mexico ranks with those of the celebrated Madame Calderón de Baca. Only the later travel letters of Adolph Banderier equal his acute observations of the "striking analogy" between the "Aztecs" and Pueblo Indians, and his intuitive surmise of their ancestral relationship. And no present resident of "Fernandez" (Taos), like this reviewer, can fail to be enchanted by his descriptions of those ranchitos and milpas which are our homes and fields today. Like his contemporary American traveler and friend, Lewis Garrard, author of "Wah-to-Yah and the Taos Trail," Ruxton completely erases the century that lies between us.

The snow-ribbed Rockies of Colorado, Bayou Salado, and Manitou's springs, still lay ahead. In their pristine purity, their hardy mountain men, Ruxton found what he had been seeking. By August 1847 Ruxton had crossed the Great Plains and was back in England to publish his "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains." That winter he wrote his "Life in the Far West," which was to run serially in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* and then appear in book form. Meanwhile he made plans to return to the Rockies. To obtain money for the trip he sold his royalty rights and left for America.

On August 15, 1848, Ruxton arrived in St. Louis during a dysentery epidemic. Fourteen days later he died, having just turned twenty-seven. That his gravestone has never been found is inconsequential. His obituary is written in the clear running water of Ruxton Creek, and his memory engraved on those high mountain peaks that give it life.



Americana Notes

THE OHIO STORY, by Frank Siedel. World. \$2.50. Ivory Soap got its name from Psalms XLV, 8 (Harley Procter heard a sermon preached from that text). The Hoover for whom the Hoover vacuum cleaner (originally "suction sweeper") was named was also a Herbert, but Herbert W., not Herbert C. All the Liederkrantz cheese in the world is produced in Van Wert, Ohio. Annie Oakley's real name was Annie Oakley (Ohio girl). Leslie Peltier, Delphos (Ohio) furniture designer, spends his nights discovering comets. These and seventeen other personalities and events in Ohio history, new and old, make up this entertaining and informative collection. All of them, and some 500 like them, have been broadcast over a network of eleven radio stations in the state. They read well, too.

PENNSYLVANIA'S SUSQUEHANNA, by Elsie Singmaster. J. Horace McFarland Co., Harrisburg. \$6. This book is a rich awakening to the truth that the natural beauty of America is not limited to the double-starred guidebook entries. Miss Singmaster's narrative is an agreeable blend of history, folklore, anecdote, description, and devotion, and the text is lavishly illustrated with a sumptuous assemblage of photographs. Taste and judgment have gone into the selection of these; effort has been made to depict scenes visible from and reachable by highway, and air views are employed rarely, and only to point the relationship between cities and towns and the Susquehanna itself. The book is not a promotion venture; it is much better than that: an outpouring of warmth and affection, aglow with life and with a feeling for beauty to which the river itself provides a fit response.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S LETTERS TO THE PRESS, 1758-1775, collected and edited by Verner W. Crane. University of North Carolina Press. \$6. "I think there may be enough to make three more such Volumes, of which a great part would be more interesting." Thus wrote Franklin, from Passy, to his first editor, Benjamin Vaughan, who labored under difficulties: the

Revolution was on, and Franklin's papers were in Pennsylvania in the hands of his Tory son. Vaughan did his best, but it was not enough, and thereafter nobody did anything—not until Dr. Crane set himself the task of closing "the great hiatus in the canon of [Franklin's] contemporaneously printed writings." The book thus becomes an expert assembly job by a ranking Franklinist who is also professor of American history at the University of Michigan. Of the nearly 150 units here included, more than ninety are new in the sense of never having previously been collected. Previously collected material is usually indicated by cross reference to Smyth, with textual corrections as required. The pieces themselves provide surpassingly valuable material for the study of the technique of propaganda and also (since Franklin wrote them) for the study of American letters. The fifty-page introduction is an admirable and lucid essay on Franklin as "American press-agent-in-chief in London." Dr. Crane stresses "the lack of a good history of early American journalism." Any takers? The book is published for the Institute of Early American History and Culture at Williamsburg, Virginia, which is sponsored jointly by the College of William and Mary and Colonial Williamsburg, Inc.

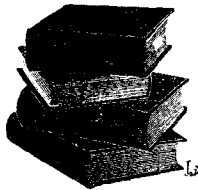
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PUEBLOS, by Stanley A. Stubbs. University of Oklahoma Press. \$3. This book is something new under the sun of anthropology. Mr. Stubbs conceived the idea of photographing the Indian villages of New Mexico and Arizona vertically from the air and accompanying each photograph with a precise keyed ground-plan. Twenty-five pueblos are covered in strikingly clear and effective reproduction. Each reproduction and ground-plan is accompanied by a body of tabulated data (name and derivation of name, location, linguistic group, period of occupation, type of construction, present population, area, and fiesta dates) plus a brief physical description. The whole is prefaced by a compact introduction on the Pueblos, their history and culture. The camera and the airplane thus combine to produce a
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Stendhal: Appointment with Posterity

A Classic Revalued—VI

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

STENDHAL is distinctly not one of those Great Dead Authors whom people read out of snobbish motives: so that (1) they may deny that they haven't read them, or (2) avoid that Lost Feeling of being excluded from a conversation between well-read persons. The reader of today taking up "The Red and the Black," on the contrary, feels the author very close to him and highly contemporary in his outlook and range of ideas. As there are few descriptive passages in Stendhal, the occasional reference to horse-drawn carriages as means of transportation, or to candles, strikes one as somewhat odd—until one recalls, almost with incredulity, that our author was, after all, born in the late years of Louis XVI's reign. How, we ask ourselves, could Stendhal in the 1820's and 1830's have entertained so many points of view and even shared the interests and anxieties that we consider peculiarly the property of the twentieth century? How could he have known about suppressed desires, or the Oedipus complex? Or how could he have spoken in such "modern" accents upon the questions of feminism, sex, religion, history, power politics? One may even read him with profit on the "Russian problem," for did not Stendhal march with the glorious army of Napoleon to Moscow and suffer, also, in its terrible, inglorious retreat?



The self-styled "Baron de Stendhal" (Marie-Henri Beyle, in plain French) claimed to have been at various times a soldier, a diplomat, a traveler, a society wit, a great lover, a man of letters, and even on one occasion a revolutionary conspirator. There was some truth in all these claims. The ripe humor of his prose could have been nourished only upon a great and varied experience of the world outside the writer's study. In his day he acquired a passing reputation as an "immoral philosopher," or as "the fat Mephistopheles," and rather enjoyed that. By birth he belonged to the romantic generation of Chateaubriand and Lord Byron: but, thanks

to his intellectual detachment and truly prophetic powers, managed to project himself to a point in time some two generations after his death, where he took rank in the history of literature with the great social realists of the end of the century: with Tolstoy, Ibsen, Zola, and Shaw. Forgotten, rejected by the public of his own age, like Blake, Melville, and the later Samuel Butler, Stendhal was resurrected in the 1890's, amid great ovations, as a lost genius, an unknown yet more amusing Voltaire.

He was by disposition essentially a moral philosopher and psychologist who used the relatively new medium of the novel as a vehicle for what his admirer Balzac called the "Literature of Ideas." But his ideas and methods alike were heavily assailed by the foremost critics of his age—such as Sainte-Beuve—as unintelligent, tasteless, subversive, and, what was worse, out of date. At a period, during the Bourbon Restoration in France, when writers en masse were turning back to authoritarian religion and monarchism, Stendhal was held up as a fool who expounded the rational, materialistic, and democratic ideas of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment and the French Revolution. Since his books did not sell—one had a circulation of only seventeen copies—he made a virtue of his insuccess and told himself that he would write chiefly for posterity. "I shall be read only in 1900," he prophesied. Or, again, "Literary fame is a lottery. I have taken out a ticket marked 1935."

The particular qualities of Stendhal that vexed his contemporaries—his psychological inventiveness, his social nonconformity, his "realistic" style—were the very things that led to his conquest of millions of readers in the next century. The men of 1830, given over to their new verbal intoxication, felt disgust for Stendhal's hard, cool, precise prose—which the André Gides and the Somerset Maughams of our own century would take as their model. He, on the other

In Print

STENDHAL'S two major novels, "The Charterhouse of Parma" and "The Red and the Black," are each available in the Black and Gold Library (Tudor, \$2.49). This series also publishes "The Shorter Novels of Stendhal," including "Armance, the Abbess of Castro," and "The Duchess of Palliano." Another edition of "The Red and the Black" is on the Modern Library list (\$1.25). Last May New Directions released one of two works appearing in English for the first time, "The Green Huntsman"; they will follow in November with "The Telegraph" (\$3.50 each); and Knopf still lists the autobiographical "Life of Henri Brulard" (\$2.50). These three latter works were all originally published long after Stendhal's death. Gleanings from Stendhal's journal are to be found in "Memoirs of Egotism," edited by Mr. Josephson (Crown, \$3).

hand, insisted on differentiating himself completely from all those who wrote according to what he called the "servant-maid's idea" of the beautiful or the tender or the grandiose.

MOREOVER he was one of the great precursors in the field of psychology which to the romantic taste seemed odd, mechanical, and insulting to the sentiments. From the time of his youth the study of human nature—"the observation of the human heart and its passions"—was his constant preoccupation. But where could he study the passions better than in himself? While he lived exuberantly, submitting himself to experience with an abandon that few men of letters really relish, he made it his fixed habit at the same time to write down everything that happened to him just as it happened. He performed remarkable experiments upon his own emotions. The more horrid his confessions, the more he blushed inwardly at human depravity as revealed in himself, the more unsparingly he recorded it all. Thus he learned to portray human character in his novels as diverse, rather than of one piece, and formed not of some one ruling passion for money or sex or glory, but of contrary elements existing side by side in some kind of harmony.

"So far as I know," Somerset Maugham remarks (in "The Summing Up"), "the first novelist who [disclosed this diversity] with deliberate (Continued on page 57)

I see but one rule: to be clear. If I am not clear, all my world crumbles to nothing.
—REPLY TO BALZAC, Oct. 30, 1840.