

saved from destruction. A few months ago, while looking over a wheelbarrow-load of rubbish in a second-hand book-shop in a small city of the Middle West, I came across a little book bound in full-calf, which, however, possessed no interest for me until I read the inscription on the fly-leaf. There in a clear, bold hand was written: "Eliza Cranch's from her Aunt A. Adams." Here, then, was an association volume of uncommon interest—an item almost unique by reason of its rarity. This particular edition of "The English Garden" is enriched with commentary and notes by W. Burgh, Esq., LL.D. The learned Doctor's contribution is of greater length than the poem itself. In 125 pages he ponderously displays his erudition and expository powers; but, unfortunately, his somnolent commentary fails to make this "polite" bit of literature more readable. Eliza, no doubt, read the poem with rapt attention. For the young woman of to-day that would be a quite impossible performance. Indeed, I know of few students of poetry who would now feel any degree of eagerness to master the contents of "The English Garden."

The Reverend Mr. Mason has long been a forgotten poet. Two things only, so far as I am aware, have served to keep his name alive: his friendship for the poet Gray, from whom he received many letters, and his famous line on Hume, which finds a place in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations":

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.

The line is from Mason's "Heroic Epistle" to Sir William Chambers—likewise a forgotten worthy.

Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us that Mason's letters to Gray were not infrequently "tributes to his own inordinate vanity." But in spite of this, Gray entertained a genuine friendship for the man, and speaks in the highest terms of Mason's gifts. Concerning his capacity for writing odes, Gray says: "Mr. Mason indeed of late days has touched the true chords, and with masterly hand, in some of his Choruses." And to him Gray addressed his "Comic Lines." Boaden, in his "Life of Kemble," informs us that "Mason was not meanly skilled in choral and scientific composition." The versatile clergyman also invented a musical instrument, which his friend Gray, in a letter dated May 23, 1767, calls a "zumpe." Mason was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to George the Second in 1757.

Yet he is now all but forgotten; a fact at which I did not marvel when I tried to read his poem, "The English Garden," for the sake of the noble woman, who, one hundred and thirty years before, had purchased it in a famous London book-shop as a gift for Eliza Cranch. We may here indulge only in the opening lines:

To thee, divine SIMPLICITY! to thee,  
Best arbitress of what is good and fair,  
This verse belongs. O, as it freely flows,  
Give it thy powers of pleasing: else in vain  
It strives to teach the rules, from Nature drawn,  
Of import high to those whose taste would add  
To Nature's careless graces; loveliest then,  
When, o'er her form, thy easy skill has taught  
The robe of Spring in ampler folds to flow.

The late Mr. Charles Francis Adams was much interested in my "find," as he termed it, and only a few days before his death wrote about it in part as follows:

There can, I think, be no question whatever that the autograph is that of Mrs. Adams. Her handwriting was distinct and characteristic. I feel no hesitation on this head. It is certainly a curious "find." . . . Eliza

Cranch was Mrs. Adams's niece—the daughter of her sister. There is a tract of land in the town of Quincy, Massachusetts, still known as "Cranch's pasture." On it stood the house of Judge Cranch, his brother-in-law, appointed by John Adams, if I recollect right, the first Postmaster of Quincy. The Cranch pasture subsequently passed into the possession of John Adams, and not so very many years ago it was still a cow-pasture, in which I was wont to practice and train my horses.

Mr. Adams's wonderfully rich life closed soon after writing this letter, and I like to think that the recovery of the little volume gave him pleasure.

## Correspondence.

### THE NATION'S WAR RELIEF FUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I see that "O." has sent you his check for \$2,000, although the condition he laid down has not been fulfilled. I see no reason why I should not do likewise as to the little contribution which I was prompted to offer in support of his scheme. I therefore enclose \$200, to be divided equally between the Belgian Relief Fund, the Polish Victims' Relief Fund, the Serbian Relief Committee of America, and the Jewish Relief Society for Poland.

F. F.

New York, December 7.

### "SWEET VOICES" OF CONSCRIPTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The conjunction, in the morning's newspaper, of Secretary Garrison's hint of a possible "compelling" of military service in this country, and Myron T. Herrick's publicly announced advocacy of "universal military service" for Americans, brought to my mind a paragraph from George Gissing's incomparable book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." Let me quote the passage here:

"Some one, I see, is lifting up his sweet voice in praise of conscription. It is only at long intervals that one reads this kind of thing in our reviews or newspapers, and I am happy in believing that most English people are affected by it even as I am, with the sickness of dread and of disgust. That the thing is impossible in England, who would venture to say? Every one who can think at all sees how slight are our safeguards against that barbaric force in man which the privileged races have so slowly and painfully brought into check. Democracy is full of menace to all the finer hopes of civilization, and the revival, in not unnatural companionship with it, of monarchic power based on militarism, makes the prospect dubious enough. . . . But what a dreary change must come upon our islanders if, without instant danger, they bend beneath the curse of universal soldiering!"

If an Englishman, the citizen of an Old World empire, won and welded primarily by armed force, could feel thus in regard to compulsory military service, with what tenfold or hundredfold "sickness of dread and of disgust" must the possibility of this evil be viewed by Americans! For myself, nothing in all the black history of the past seventeen months seems so fraught with menace for the future—not the future of America only, but of the world. Murdered lives, squandered treasure, devastated towns—these

are things over which time soon draws its veil, things which leave no ineradicable scar upon humanity's face. But national ideals, the precarious inch-by-inch growth of centuries, once cut down and trampled upon, are almost irreparably lost. A few months ago America was the hope of the world, the young Moses who alone might lead the nations out of the bondage of armaments and militarism, whose opportunity it was (the most glorious that ever presented itself to any country) to take the van in a world movement towards reason and brotherhood as opposed to the old suicidal dependence upon brute force. To-day America is embarked upon a policy that will soon make her the chief menace to world peace—the leader in a new and madder race to ruin among the nations; a policy that means the Prussianization of the entire world for an indefinite time to come. Never was a warning to mankind fulfilled more utterly than the Christian message that blazes in letters of fire and blood in the eastern sky, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword!" And yet, blinded to that message by fear and selfishness and distrust and hatred, we Americans are wildly throwing overboard all our traditions, all our Christianity, and are taking the sword. Of course we do not lack the old hypocritical mask behind which every nation and every individual, however lawless and tyrannical, has made the appeal to force. "So long as right and wrong exist in the world there will be an inevitable conflict between them. The right-doers must be prepared to protect and defend the right as against the wrong." Nor is the old sophistry lacking to darken counsel and confuse the dull-witted. "One is impelled to query upon what proper consideration there is based any distinction between the right or necessity or desirability of using mental force to repel error, moral force to repel evil, and physical force to repel wrong." There is the frightful essence of the whole matter! To Secretary Garrison, and to the average American whose mind he so well typifies, there is no distinction between moral suasion and brute force—Marcus Aurelius is on the same level with Attila, Christ with Wilhelm II. Ideals, traditions, moral values—what are these but "sloppy sentimentalities," the nebulous mental playthings of dreamers and mollycoddles! Let us be real men in a real world. Let us base our conduct "upon a consideration of facts or conclusions of reason." Let us have our "supreme navy," our "world's biggest guns," our conscript army, and all the rest of it. Let us lead the nations in a new and more furious dance of death than has yet been known.

WALDO R. BROWNE.

Wyoming, N. Y., December 10.

### A FRENCH VIEW OF AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the reports which have reached this side of the ocean that ex-President Roosevelt is so keenly disappointed in the course which the American Government has pursued in the matter of its foreign policy that "he would be ashamed to show himself in Europe," may I address to you a few reflections? Of course these problems are very delicate and complex, and I am also well aware that a foreigner should hesitate to intrude in affairs of this kind. But, on the one hand, my attachment for America is so strong that I do not look upon it as a wholly foreign

land to me; and, on the other hand, it is not my intention in this letter to try and settle the question myself. I wish simply to draw the attention of your readers to one of the aspects of it with which they may not be thoroughly acquainted; and, furthermore, they will be quite free to attach whatever importance they may see fit to what I say.

I refer to the incontestable fact that the present attitude of the United State, at least as it appears from this distance, is producing here in Europe a very unfavorable impression.

But I hasten to add that this feeling is far from being associated with all Americans. Those who know and understand your country make a marked distinction between the two sorts of citizens which you have on your side of the Atlantic—those who practice truly the free spirit of America, and those who do not. There are those who, like Mr. Roosevelt and others, wished to come to the defence of Belgium when her neutrality was violated, recognized as it was by the signature of the United States in the conventions of The Hague, or at least give of their riches and their devotion, as so many of your countrymen and women are doing in this Ambulance, to the victims of this atrocious war. But there are others who, too inclined to put first considerations of their own profit, their own quiet, and their own safety, seem to have as their only care the maintenance of peace at any price, forgetting, as Mr. Roosevelt has well said, that, though war is a great evil, it is not the greatest evil. Shame on him who would not prefer the glorious martyr Belgium, victim of its respect for its plighted word, to the tranquil and despicable lot of Greece, refusing to carry out the stipulations of its treaty with Servia, because the danger is too great!

I would not be misunderstood. The friends of America on this side of the ocean do not exactly complain because she does not take part in the war; they are ready to let her be the judge of her duty in this matter, and, furthermore, they fully appreciate the great service she is doing the cause of the Allies by the single fact of her business transactions with them. What afflicts us who have a warm affection for your grand country is to see the American name lose little by little its ancient prestige and fall from the high rank which it once held in the eyes of the other nations. It is hard for us to hear repeated so often over here railleries like this:

"They are easy-going, your Americans! They threaten, and then they are treated in just the way they said they must not be treated! Then they get angry, but again no attention is paid to their anger. They protest once more, but less and less attention is paid to their protest, for it is felt that words and not acts are to be the order of the day. And now they are not even able to prevent a foreign nation from sowing discord among them, causing fires, explosions, and attempts at murder. One asks how much further their patience will go."

But thanks to the views and acts of a large portion of the American public, we are able to reply:

"You have no right to judge the United States by the newly-arrived citizens, who are not yet completely freed from the influences of their former home. Judge her by her real children, the worthy descendants of the companions of Washington and Lafayette; those

who were born on American soil, and have drawn from the generous land the sentiments of true honor, the love of justice and real liberty. They are the *élite* of the nation; they are its heart and intelligence. It is their mission to educate their fellow citizens, and in all great crises like the present they end by having the last word. Once again the future will prove the correctness of this assertion."

Such is our reply, and I feel sure that you will approve of it. ABBE FELIX KLEIN,  
Chaplain of the American Ambulance.

Neully, near Paris, November 29.

#### SEX IN FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Might I be permitted to append my feeble chirp to Mr. Sherman's magnificent three-page exhortation of Mr. Dreiser and the American realists, and at the same time to air a little grievance of my own?

I am on the executive committee of our local book club. Last winter, for some reason, fiction was hard to come by. The level was low. Such as they were, we got together a tolerably representative lot of reasonably recent novels, English, French, and American; and of all these books—thirty in number—just two were vivid and alive: Mr. Dreiser's "Financier" and Mr. Adams's "Clarion." Unlike as these two books were, they had one peculiarity in common: trenchant and sure when they dealt with the world of men, they became inept, silly, and coarse when they touched the world of sex. I think Mr. Sherman is most unjust to Mr. Dreiser's handling of his financier's business side. That seemed to me masterly; but when it comes to the financier's "softer" side—well, Mr. Sherman's treatment errs, if at all, on the side of gentleness.

And now comes my grievance. This autumn we went forth again to forage for our winter supply of literature, turning eagerly to the two men who had so impressed us the year before, to find that Mr. Dreiser had given to the waiting world a book which he called "The Genius," but on which we bestowed the sub-title "The Amatory Adventures of a Consummate Cad," and forthwith discarded; while Mr. Adams had produced something called "Little Miss Grouch." Possibly we were hasty, but it seemed to us to call for neither sub-title nor examination.

Now this is odd. Americans, who are second to no men in fineness of feeling towards women, seem to be constitutionally incapable of handling the sex motive in fiction. They are either coarse, like Mr. Dreiser; silly, like Mr. Adams and Mr. Chambers, or frigid, like Mr. Churchill and Judge Grant. So why can't they leave it alone? Frenchmen handle it cleverly, Englishmen gracefully—why not leave it to them? They can be relied upon to keep up our interest in the subject. Heaven knows, they give us enough of it! Sex—sex—SEX! Until the cloyed reader cries out with Solomon, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love!" Even Mr. Sherman in his review treats it as if in fiction it was the only thing that mattered; but really, as dear old grouchy Carlyle remarked, laying down a recent book by a lady novelist, a forerunner of the present school, for most of his great contemporaries used sex merely as a pin to hold their plot together—such a bent, inadequate, brassy pin, it's a pity they used it

at all! "It is a biological fact that only one form of organism exists for that and that alone—the coral polyp."

Defoe, and later Stevenson, greatly daring, threw away the pin. There is no reason to suppose Mr. Stevenson's pirates in "Treasure Island" were sexless. He merely didn't touch that side of them. It was not necessary. There were no women on the Caribbean—there aren't many on the Stock Exchange. After all, men occasionally, in life, keep the two sides separate. M. A. A.

Concord, Mass., December 9.

#### CLASON'S TWO BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall be grateful for space to make an inquiry. In collecting notes on the very numerous attempts to continue Byron's "Don Juan," I have found references to two such poems by Isaac Starr Clason, one, "The Ingenious Forgeries of Don Juan," 1825 (see Sabin's "Bibliotheca Americana"), the other, "Don Juan, Cantos IX, X, and XI," Albany, 1823 (see Cushing's "Anonyms"). Neither of these is at Harvard, Columbia, in the Harris collection at Brown, in the Library of Congress, or in the New York Public Library. In the catalogue of the last named library an anonymous "Continuation," London and Oxford, 1825, is incorrectly ascribed to Clason on the evidence of a pencilled note on the title-page of the copy there. Prof. W. E. Leonard ("Byron and Byronism in America," p. 93) describes one of Clason's continuations, but he is unable to tell me where he saw the copy, his notes being now inaccessible. I may add that the spurious cantos published by Duncombe, London, 1825, are not by Clason. Can any one tell me where to find copies of Clason's two books?

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Bryn Mawr, December 2.

#### TRUTH IN WINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following *goguette* from Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes" will perhaps bear repetition as a relatively obscure document. The capping epigram itself is for deftness and pungency worth a classification with Johnson's best ("Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," Fourth Edition, p. 261).

"It was, however, unlucky for those who delighted to echo Johnson's sentiments, that he would not endure from them to-day, what perhaps he had yesterday, by his own manner of treating the subject, made them fond of repeating; and I fancy Mr. B— has not forgotten, that, though his friend one evening in a gay humor talked in praise of wine as one of the blessings permitted by heaven, when used with moderation, to lighten the load of life, and give men strength to endure it; yet, when in consequence of such talk he thought fit to make a Bacchanalian discourse in its favor, Mr. Johnson contradicted him somewhat roughly as I remember; and when to assure himself of conquest he added these words, 'You must allow me, Sir, at least that it produces truth; *in vino veritas*, you know, Sir'—That (replied Mr. Johnson) would be useless to a man who knew he was not a liar when he was sober.'"

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

Swarthmore, Pa., December 10.

## Literature

## A SOCIALIST GENIUS.

Jean Jaurès: *L'Homme—le Penseur—le Socialiste*. By Charles Rappoport. Paris: L'Emancipatrice. 5 francs.

At the first page of this "book on Jaurès"—for it is that rather than a life—our breath is fairly taken away by words of Anatole France:

I will give you a preface in which I shall try to follow out your thought and pay homage to the greatest genius of modern times. But it would be impossible for me to write a line of such work during the war. . . . After the war the genius and work of Jaurès, which you have made to live again, shall serve us for a guide and inspiration.

To genius in the Aristotelian explanation—superior power of putting two and two together—Jaurès might well lay claim. So, too, in Cousin's sense of power of continuous application. Like Dr. Samuel Johnson, his communicativeness equalled his receptivity, while, unlike the English doctor, he had, with tireless strength of body, that devouring activity of both body and mind which is characteristic of Frenchmen at their best. As a rhetorician he was the equal of Gambetta, who was comparatively uneducated and without Jaurès's mental readiness of resource; and he was superior in the power of consistent thinking and in personal character, though inferior, in political sense, to Mirabeau, the other Frenchman whom he most resembled.

While waiting for Anatole France's study of the genius, we may accept for the man a formula of Dr. Johnson. He had just warned Boswell: "Never believe extraordinary characters which you hear of people. Depend upon it, Sir, they are exaggerated. You do not see one man shoot a great deal higher than another." I mentioned Mr. Burke. Johnson—"Yes; Burke is an extraordinary man. His stream of mind is perpetual." No genius of modern times had a stream of life more abundant and perpetual than Jean Jaurès. Yet, on the whole, we might have expected from him something more—something to endure in intellectual production or political reform or social transformation.

In this book, though long in parts and in others obscured by the smoke of recent conflicts, we have materials for judging a great man and an important life; and it is likely to remain for a long time our chief source of information. The speeches and newspaper articles in which Jaurès uttered himself to France day after day, year after year, except in extracts such as are here given have passed with their occasion. This is the common fate of politicians, unless, like Burke, they take time to elaborate masterpieces. Gambetta has left scarcely more than a few happy formulas which he threw into the balance of history. Jaurès has a better chance of furnishing to the rhetoric of the future fragments like the classical *conciones*

with which Roman history has been taught in France ever since the Renaissance. Of the Jaurès all but unknown in foreign countries, there is something else that may be more enduring than his eloquence. It is the philosophic mind which shows itself in the pages of his "Socialist History," particularly of the French Revolution.

The author of this book is an old and close friend and associate of Jaurès, but he is no Boswell:

I have limited myself to the modest rôle of secretary of Jaurès's thoughts, and of the events which called them forth. Indeed, I might have called my book "Jaurès, Told and Explained by Himself." . . . I have tried, while explaining the *essentials* of his life and work, to settle their fundamental idea and directing principle. I flatter myself that I have found the intimate bond that existed between his whole political and social action and his philosophical ideas, which are little known, and so much the more wrongly known.

The middle-class quality—*bourgeoisie*—of Jaurès's family and surroundings is more important in considering his career than his birth in the South of France, although *méridionaux* like himself have had more than their share of political influence. Henri Martin, in his monumental wall-painting in the Salle des Illustres of the Capitole of Toulouse, has Jaurès conspicuous with the others. His uncle was an Admiral who sat as a Republican Senator and was Ambassador at Madrid and St. Petersburg (as it was then) and, as Minister of Marine, lived to face in Parliament his nephew, who was already a disquieting Republican, but not yet a Socialist.

Most *bourgeois* of all was the education of Jaurès, first at his provincial college, then at the Paris Lycée, where he won his baccalaureate at nineteen, and lastly at the old and world-famous Ecole Normale, where he was fed on the purest fruit of the Humanities. At the age of twenty-two he came out an *agrégé* (accepted state professor) of the University of France along with Bergson, who has stuck to philosophy. Jaurès also went forth to teach philosophy for two years in a women's college at Albi, and for two years more he lectured in the University Faculty of Toulouse; but then, in 1885, at twenty-six, he was elected to Parliament—and so finally escaped into politics. Six years later, when his fame as a politician and orator was already established, he went back to pass his two theses for the University doctorate—one a bulky volume in French on "The Reality of the World of Sense," and the other, in Latin, on "The Origins of German Socialism."

Here the distinction of the Man, the Thinker, and the Socialist (which is the somewhat arbitrary division of this book) all but ceases, for never was a public career so underlain by one system of thought and method of thinking. Jaurès, with all his genius, was the *vir systematicus*. His thought was not original, and the consistency of his thinking was in great part an acquirement of superior intellectual training; but there

was all the impressiveness of unity and quantity in the result. He was not merely, as Mirabeau's father reproached his son, a "swallower of formulas"; but he deserved fully the veteran philosopher Renouvier's reproach against most systems, that they are forever "realizing abstractions." In working out his Socialism, philosophical as it was, Jaurès seems not to have been trained to that unremitting recall of speculative generalities to real individuals which John Stuart Mill, who was almost the first to segregate the moral sciences, made their necessary condition. "Only particulars do exist," said John Locke, translating the *Tantum singularia existunt* of scholasticism.

Jaurès himself noted very properly in his thesis:

If Karl Marx had not had the Hegelian dialectic imprinted in his mind, he would not have attached the whole economic movement of England to such Socialist dialectic. England furnished the facts, but German philosophy interpreted them. When you penetrate German Socialism, you find it includes a philosophy. It pretends that in history and political economy there is a certain dialectic which changes the forms of things and the relations of men. It defines liberty, not as an abstract faculty of choosing between contraries or a hypothetical independence of each citizen taken individually, but as the veritable basis of the equality of men and their communion. . . . To German Socialism, accordingly, there is attached a solid dialectical doctrine of the Universal Becoming, of human liberty, of Nature and God.

In plain language, such Socialism does not seem to allow the individual citizen, as a matter of right, to do what he pleases, but only as a matter of social expediency. Tocqueville noted that, all through the French Revolution, in spite of the proclamation of the Rights of Man, liberty was confounded with equality. Tocqueville perhaps, and Jaurès certainly, were not acquainted with the words which John Adams wrote in 1766 in praise of the British Constitution, while he was leading Americans to an independent imitation of it: "Liberty is its end, its use, its designation, drift, and scope, as much as grinding corn is the use of a mill."

German philosophic Socialism, under its mask of Internationalism, was to take full possession of the thinking and speaking mill which Jaurès had become. His last pained astonishment, before a criminal fool struck him down, was to find the Internationalism disclosing stubborn Germanism behind it in fundamental accord with Prussian militarism.

With this clue the open-eyed reader will be able to thread the labyrinth of Jaurès's thought as presented in this book, where much truth is often inverted and confused. Above all, a firm hold on Americanism, so far as it has been worked out, is necessary to avoid being swamped in all this Socialism which, in the reality of human lives, has never been worked out at all.

It is plain that Jaurès, in his conception of the state as it is to be constituted by Socialism, that is, of the human community