

of an ethical anarchist Gide may be, his style is classical in its precision and order. In a characteristically French manner, Gide, skeptical of everything else, is never skeptical of the value of artistic workmanship in writing. To be sure, Mr. Ernest Boyd tells us that one French critic has found in Gide's work no less than "eight barbarisms, thirty solecisms, two misconstructions, several instances of amphibology, misspellings, some mistakes in the agreement of tenses, irregular usages of verbs, a vicious ellipse by change of number, divers superfluous negatives, several pleonasm, and certain succulent imbecilities." The weight of authority, however, among his countrymen, who are of course the only judges of such a matter, is rather with René Lalou's statement that Gide is "the foremost prose writer of his generation." At any rate, not even the "succulent imbecilities" are to be found in Mrs. Bussy's delightful translation, a satisfactory successor to her rendering of "La Porte Etroite," and, one may hope, predecessor to other works, such as "L'Immortaliste" and "La Symphonie Pastorale," which mark Gide as one of the most important of living European writers.

Grammarian's Funeral

APPASSIONATA. By FANNIE HURST. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. \$2.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

THE style of this novel is undoubtedly the most meretricious that has come to my attention as a reader. In it, Miss Hurst continues to experiment with the hysterical mode of expression which she inaugurated in "Lummox" and "White Apes," apparently believing that complete insensibility to grammar and syntax constitutes "style." To this insensibility the present novel adds a peculiarly vulgar form of verbal intoxication; Miss Hurst employs words either in ignorance or in disregard of their meanings. A few characteristic examples of her rhetoric convey the quality of her novel.

"That was it! To yawn as Laura yawned made you shimmer of the ecstasy of the flesh. . . ."

"The urn-like loveliness. The body just that. A Greek vase with the slight flatulence of hips below the handles and the long tapering vase of torso."

"Little silk things that slid on so perfectly over your shimmer."

"St. Vincent's stood on the peak of a knoll of land that was shaped like a very fat man lying prone upon his back."

"You wanted not to feel the shimmer—the shimmer of being looked at by Ashfurth Ropps like that."

"You knew now. The shimmer was a shudder."

"Marble that was almost as mysterious as flesh and with the bluest veins! It had no legs. But breasts. And that flowing sinuosity toward waistline that there might be the flatulence of hips."

It is perhaps unnecessary to add any comment to these Malapropisms. This book is a serious insult to the intelligence of readers. One recommends to Miss Hurst an elementary course in English, the purchase of a dictionary, and the expiation of fasting and prayer.

The Heart of the Negro

MELLOWS. By R. EMMET KENNEDY. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1925. \$5.

Reviewed by ALAIN LOCKE
Author of "The New Negro"

"MELLOWS" purports to be a collection of Negro spirituals, work-songs, and street vendors' cries, recorded from the boyhood memories of Mr. Kennedy in Gretna, Louisiana. But more truly is this book an idyll of the Old South, a chronicle of the *ancien régime* itself, inimitably pictorialized. For Mr. Kennedy has set each song in a character or local color sketch as the case may be, and it is an instance of the setting outshining the gems. Indeed it is a book almost all local color, saturated with the poetry and humanisms as well as with the foibles and hobbies of the old patriarchal ways and moods of the South,—a book that must be reckoned among the comparatively few first-rate portrayals of that by-gone order of "Old Creole Days," "Marse Chan," and "Uncle Remus." One thing is importantly obvious as the memories of the Southland ripen and mellow down from acid propaganda to full-flavored history, and that is the extent to which, while the South dominated the body of the Negro,

the moods and spirit of the Negro by some strange compensation dominated the psychology of the South. From a book like this it is apparent how deeply the folkways of the Negro underlaid the life of the whole section; and at least in the spirit of this author, there is in his tribute to the Negro spirit a chivalrous offering back of a sort of poetic justice in lieu of the social justice that was denied.

Mr. Kennedy calls his book "A Chronicle of Unknown Singers," but by his fascinating type sketches,—rare pictures for which we have to thank a singularly reverent and retentive memory—he has immortalized a few. There is a peasant singer for each of his folk-songs;—George, the loquacious, superstitious houseman with his nighttime ballad of "Dry Bones," Uncle Andrew Barkis with his African voodoo talk and his ultra-Christian "Go Down Death," George Riley, the shouting Penitent with his "Lonesome Valley," and Hattie Sparks with her wash-tub ritual that always came to a climax with "I Got Two Wings toe Veil My Face." Occasionally the orthodox note of Southern fiction creeps in, but not all these figures have "sunny dispositions" and "happy, humble ways"; there is faithful, accurate folk drawing in most of them. The ballad of the "Dying Testimony of Brother William Henry," for example:

Oh! how dark.
It is raining down Brimstone.
Hell is on fire,
My bed is burning up.

I have played too long,
The sun is almost down,
The lamp of life is almost out,
It's bad to play with God.

As to the songs themselves, they are faithfully set down, and their unequal musical value is due to the unevenness of the life itself. Some are tritely familiar, especially now that Spirituals are so much the vogue, others interesting local variants, and a few quite rare like "Po' Li'l Jesus" and "If You Can't Get There, Send One Angel Down." These religious songs are interlarded with seculars, work-tunes, and street singer's cries in a way that gives an organic picture of the folk-life that Mr. Kennedy so intimately knows and so patently loves. Not since Mina Monroe's collection of Creole songs, "Bayou Ballads," has anything quite like it appeared, and Mr. Kennedy's subject has the advantage of being more understandable, and more warmly human in its appeal than Miss Monroe's. But the final impression is neither of Negro music nor of Louisiana, odorous with magnolia, wild honeysuckle, and japonica, and saturated with semi-tropical languor and primitiveness.

Lands and Men

SEVENTY SUMMERS. By POULTNEY BIGELOW. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

MR. BIGELOW was fortunate in his birth and varied in his experience. His grandfather was a substantial citizen of the upper Hudson; his father a distinguished diplomat and one of the foremost citizens of New York.

In 1848 John Bigelow became a partner in the *Evening Post* with William Cullen Bryant, and when he sold his share some years later it was paying him \$20,000 a year. In 1858 he took his family abroad; in 1860 he was appointed by Lincoln consul-general to Paris, and soon after chargé d'affaires, and then minister. In 1867 the family returned to America and lived at their country place near West Point. In 1870, then about fifteen years of age, the young Bigelow was placed at school at Potsdam, where the now fallen Kaiser, then eldest son of the Crown Prince, was one of his playmates. So that he became very early as much at home in Europe as in America, and familiarly enough at home in the French and German languages. Two years later he returned to America, and after a year at Norwich Academy in Connecticut entered Yale in 1873 with the class of '77. But his health broke down after a year there, and in 1875 he was taken out of college and shipped in a sailing vessel for the far east by way of the Cape of Good Hope. He was two years in Malaysia, Japan, and China, came back to Yale in the fall of 1876, and graduated with the class of '79.

After a short experience as clerk in a large busi-

ness firm, he entered the Columbia Law School, where Roosevelt was then also a student. Mr. Bigelow's dislikes are pertinacious and emphatic, but so numerous as to lack distinction. His dislike for Roosevelt was perhaps of early conception, but as his abhorrence of Wilson is if anything even a shade more intense, there is nothing much to be argued in the matter.

His career was hardly longer in the practice of law than in business. He dropped it to become assistant city editor of the New York *Herald*, and for some years continued in the Bennett employ, the last two in Europe. But the Bennett rule was autocratic, and the employ was felt to be precarious and not always dignified. He resigned and founded *Outing* magazine in 1885, edited it for three years, sold out, and with his classmate, Frederick Remington, as illustrator, went off to Europe to write articles for *Harper's* on French North Africa. Afterwards the two went to Russia looking for articles on the Volga.

Mr. Bigelow's narrative is so liberally parenthetical and given to leaping backwards as well as forwards, that the freegoing order of events has been picked out with some difficulty. Somewhere about this time he had established connection with London papers; "For twenty years I was of the Fleet Street fraternity. I made much money, traveled much, studied much in men and manners, and enjoyed life the same time." At one time or another he was connected with the *Standard*, *Times*, *News* and *Morning Post*. In 1897 he was in Spain, in 1898 in Cuba reporting the Spanish-American war for the *London Times*. His four-volume "History of the German Struggle for Liberty" appeared 1899-1905. His "White Man's Africa" came of experiences in the Boer War. He was three or four times in the far east, and his "Japan and Her Colonies" appeared in 1923. Four of his books are about Germany. He has crossed the Atlantic times unnumbered, been a known man in nearly every country in Europe. There are some sixteen published volumes to his credit, including the present work. For some years past he has lived mainly in the home of his forefathers on the upper Hudson.

Mr. Bigelow has had a very entertaining life and his story of it is entertaining. The story would have been better told if it had been told in better order. It could well have been put in one volume rather than two. The second volume is largely taken up with a miscellany of dogmatic opinions that will hardly seem to the reader either as wise or as important as they seemed to the author. After undergoing such a flood of promiscuous judgments on everything some readers might be inclined to think his judgment of small value on anything, especially on any large questions, social or political, national or international. Some might declare themselves in a state of wonder how a man could have had so much experience of men and affairs, have done and seen and written so much, and come to his seventieth year in so bumptious, unbalanced, and half-baked a condition.

All this would no doubt be unjust. Few of us can be so outspoken as Mr. Bigelow and give the impression of being judicial. If we wish to give that impression we must weigh our words, and if we weigh all our words our memoirs will probably be dull. But outspokenness in autobiographies has its perils. Certainly one way to be interesting is to be outspoken, but in that case one ought somehow to be likable, and one has a resistant impression that Mr. Bigelow is not wholly likable. On the other hand there is a half-quizzical smile in both of Mr. Bigelow's portraits here included which leads one in some measure to suspect that impression.

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Morality and Intelligence

MORAL PHILOSOPHY. By WARNER FITE.
New York: Lincoln Macveagh. The Dial Press.
1925. \$3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. BENNETT
Yale University

I COULD wish that Professor Fite had chosen some less pallid title for his book. "Moral Philosophy" does not suggest at all its notable originality both in theme and treatment. "Academic ethics," says Mr. Fite, presents "a rather dismal unity constituted by the fact that the literature of ethics consists so largely of the discussion of some half dozen stock questions: such as, whether virtue is one or many, whether the good is perfection or happiness, whether the idea of obligation is analysable, whether benevolence can be derived from self-love, whether conduct is to be judged by motive or by intention." These and others like them are agreeably ignored. There are no historical excursions, no classification of problems, no footnotes. Mr. Fite does not need to parade his scholarship: it has become part of his mind: it is there as something which gives substance and texture to his interpretations. In treatment, this essay, while it has a perfectly coherent logical structure, resembles less the development of an argument than an ordered utterance of wisdom. It is the mellow fruit, I imagine, of extended reading and observation and prolonged meditation upon life.

The theme of the book can be simply stated. "Morality is the self-conscious living of life. . . . To be moral is to know what you are doing. . . . To be moral is to be thoughtful; to be conscious; which to me means to be self-conscious; to live one's life, if possible, in the clear consciousness of living." This doctrine has a negative and a positive side. To be moral means to be critical, and that in turn means to live by choice rather than by habit or by instinct: to substitute individual initiative and responsibility for obedience and deference. The first part of the book therefore is given up to a most telling analysis and criticism of the ethics of authority, whether the seat of authority be placed in the Will of God, the claims of Society, the Categorical Imperative, or the Laws of Nature. The central thought here is, of course, the Platonic doctrine that the good life is not the life one *ought* to lead but the life that after reflection and self-examination one really *wants* to lead. Or, from another point of view, we might say that we have here an application to Ethics of Royce's doctrine of "the internal meaning of ideas."



As for the positive side of the theory, I must content myself with noting two of its characteristic tendencies: first, humanism; secondly, individualism. Humanism is opposed to naturalism. Naturalism, whether in the form of pragmatism or instrumentalism or "evolutionary ethics" treats conscious experience—knowledge, love, memory, worship, for example—as a means to some practical or social end beyond itself. Fite contends that the critical enjoyment of life is an end, in fact, *the* end, of intrinsic worth. Utilitarian questions such as, What is life for? What are we to get out of life? are irrelevant. The only legitimate moral question is, Do you find experience interesting? What music do you hear, tragic, comic, or ironic, in human existence? What range of ideas, what degree of imaginative insight, do you bring to the conduct of life? Naturalism would exploit experience: humanism would interpret it.

A second consequence of the identification of morality with intelligence is that there is no one type of excellence to which individuals must conform and by reference to which they may be classified as good or bad. "Every moral philosophy is *moral* if once you grasp the point of view. Yet to resolve them into a system of good men based upon a universal standard of classification seems quite hopeless." "And thus I continue to reject the distinction of the good man and the bad, as a distinction morally irrelevant; and the discrimination that I have in mind is between the presence of moral significance and the absence of it. . . . For my own part, I seem to find ever less use for such terms as 'wicked,' 'sinful,' 'nefarious,' and the like." The only standard is that of intelligence, and so "I tend rather to think of those who are morally inadmissible as 'coarse,' 'brutal,' or 'insensitive.'" This might seem—

to blur the distinction of good and bad and to make any man as good as any other. But hardly, I might reply, if

morality is to be identified with the intelligent, or critical, life—unless indeed we are to assume that all men are equally intelligent. Yet this will still mean that the intelligence of each is to be judged according to what he in particular is trying to do, according to his particular conception of life, or kind of human nature; and as for the kinds of human nature, none is better than another.

It is customary to say of a competent work of scholarship that it is a "contribution" to this or that—another little bit added to the coral reef of knowledge. I would not use this term of Fite's book, for it does not aim to extend our theoretical knowledge nor to elaborate a new system. Its power and originality consist in the way in which it brings home to one with the force of a convincing revelation that the moral life is a form of art. To live well means that you have renounced dependence upon the authority of nature or of custom or of fixed standards or of duty, and that you have accepted the responsibility of the free man who proposes to rely on his critical and creative intelligence. Just as no outsider and no set of canons can solve the artist's problem for him—he must solve it for himself, so the individual who would be moral is left to confront alone the question, What am I to do? He cannot evade this responsibility and be moral. This doctrine, as Fite works out its consequences with wisdom, with insight, and with fascinating literary skill, produces a strangely tonic effect. The moral life, as thus envisaged, is lonely—with the loneliness of Nietzsche's "creators of new values;" it is arduous, for you have to call to your aid all your powers of critical reflection and imagination; it is dangerous, for you will often be wrong, and there is no guarantee of safety. Yet perhaps for these very reasons the idea of such a life operates as a challenge: it appeals to man's love of freedom, to his sense of adventure, to his desire for the difficult.

To have created an image of the good life, so vivid, so fresh, and so moving, as Mr. Fite has done in this book is a high achievement.

Historical Science

THEORY OF HISTORY. By FREDERICK J. TEGGERT. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925. \$3.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THIS volume should be heartily welcomed by all scholars interested in the development of American historical science even although they may not be wholly satisfied with its treatment. It is a serious effort, of a sort made all too seldom in America, to examine the philosophical basis of history. In spite of the expansive idealism of the American temperament, the American mind is, in the main, preoccupied with the concrete and the practical. But the assemblage and utilization of "facts" in any branch of intellectual endeavor implies an underlying philosophy and the making of many philosophical assumptions. The man who refuses to consider these and who prefers to devote himself, as he believes, to the practical rather than to the theoretical side of his subject, does not escape them. He merely adopts them naively, wholly uncritically, perhaps unconsciously, but if he ever reaches intellectual maturity he comes to realize that he can make no permanent advance unless he clarifies his position as to the philosophy underlying his subject. This involves to a great extent a break in his accustomed line of thought and activity. Moreover, what with the insistent pressure of life, felt in academic as well as commercial circles; the constant stream of new facts being discovered with which it is almost impossible to deal; and the desire to show some practical result of labor, which is due to the general intellectual environment in this country, he is indeed a rare man who is willing to turn aside in order to pursue enquiries in the purely theoretical sphere. And yet any intellectual pursuit tends to become sterile and even to lead one to take many weary steps on wrong roads, if the scholar does not consider fundamentals. It is not, therefore, against Professor Teggert's volume but wholly in its favor that it is, as he says almost apologetically, "wholly theoretical." The weak point is not that judgment should have to be reserved until the author has shown by examples how his "mode of procedure" actually "works" but that he does not clearly enough indicate theoretically just what forms of presentation he would substitute for the admittedly unscientific one of narrative in the presentation of historical material.

The reviewer sympathizes wholly with the author's expressed discontent with the present situa-

tion of the social sciences after two centuries of endeavor to found a scientific study of man. In view of the failure to establish such a scientific study of society, the author says that he must assume either that it "is impossible, or that the procedure followed in the conduct of these inquiries has been at fault." He traces the procedures employed in the social science and history back to the eighteenth century, and shows the fundamental divergence between the traditional methods adopted by the two groups of studies.



In the earlier portion of the volume he enters into an interesting, though not particularly novel, analysis of that narrative form into which all historical material is cast by the historian, and shows that such a form is of necessity a creation of the artistic and not the scientific mode of thought. In this portion the most significant point is his opposition to the main preoccupation of almost all the "methodological guides" to historical study. These have all exhibited as their dominant interest a description of the successive steps to be "followed in the preparation of materials for the use of the historical writer" whereas in his opinion "any critical examination of the activities of historians must concern itself primarily with the form in which the results of historical investigation are presented." He does not hesitate, indeed, to say that historians by continuing to use the traditional form of narrative "have cut themselves off from any possibility of the attainment of scientific results."

On the other hand, he does not indicate with any exactness what form the new presentation of historical facts should assume, although this is implicit to some extent in his discussion of what he considers as the "second major obstacle to the application of the method of science to the study of man" and which he finds to lie in the contrasting attitudes toward the study of *change*. "Events," he points out, "happen" but "things undergo change," and "extraordinary as it may seem, scientific investigation, during the last two centuries, has maintained the view that the study of change in objects, entities, and things must be carried on independently of the study of events." As a result of this cleavage, he finds that "the study of history and the study of evolution are carried on in different worlds, and without appreciation of their common relations to the study of change in the course of time." He also finds, to quote again, that "pursued in isolation, historical study finds its end in the æsthetic appreciation of unusual happenings, while evolutionary study exhausts itself in the vain quest of processes of change," from which he declares it obvious that to arrive at a science of man it will be necessary to bring into one focus the historical study of events and the scientific study of processes or, in other words, to bridge the gap established in the seventeenth century between historical and scientific studies and to revise our methodology with that in view.



There are many other matters touched upon and illuminated in the course of the author's exposition of his main theses, but with these it is impossible to deal within the limits of a brief review. The academic historian bent upon producing a new historical narrative may probably complain that Professor Teggert does not tell him just how, in assembling and choosing facts, he is practically to apply the philosophical discussion found in this volume, nor, in spite of the valid criticism of narrative as an impossible medium scientifically, what other form may more nearly meet the requirements of matter and presentation.

Many readers may finish the volume with the feeling that the subject has rather been left in the air as far as the practical writing of history is concerned. That, however, is not a valid criticism of the book. Aside from the author's promise to show by concrete example whither his criticism of present methods leads as to new and constructive ones, it may well be claimed by him that a new form cannot be evolved save from a new methodology, and that that cannot be established without a preliminary philosophical critique of the methods and assumptions of present history and science. It is much to be desired that more men would devote themselves to the production of just such studies as Professor Teggert has been engaged in. It is not likely that we are going to proceed much further in perfecting the present method without such discussion. The collection and verification of historical data has