SOME NEW BOOKS.

Our Revolutionary Navy.

"It would have been fortunate for interested readers if Mr. GARDNER W. ALLEN'S *Naval History of the American Revolution* (Houghton Mifflin Company) had appeared before instead of just after Mrs. de Koven's life of Paul Jones. The general history would have enabled them to place the hero much better "in the picture." Now that both books are out, such readers may be advised to read Mr. Allen's volume first. His studies have been exhaustive. His fifteen pages of bibliography have not at all the air of being padded. They include more printed books than one would suppose existed on the subject. They include also the British and French as well as the American manuscript archives, and among the American archives those of the several Colonies and provinces which in 1776 declared themselves States, as well as those of the Continental Congress.

In truth, the looseness of the Confederation worked even worse in naval than in military matters. On land the personal ascendency of Washington enabled him to overcome some of the evil effects of a political organization as ill fitted for efficient war making as any that could be imagined. But at sea he was quite hopeless, and, in fact, "at sea," in the face of the organization. He was fully convinced of the urgent necessity of naval defence. Capt. Mahan could not express himself with more conviction upon the importance of "sea power" than did Washington in his letter to Laurens in January, 1781, a letter apparently written to be shown, as it was shown, to Vergennes, the French Foreign Minister. "Next to a loan of money, a constant naval superiority upon these coasts is the object most interesting. This would instantly reduce the enemy to a difficult defensive, and by removing all prospect of extending their acquisitions would take away the motives for prosecuting the war. Indeed, it is not to be conceived how they could subsist a large force in this country if we had the command of the seas to interrupt the regular transmission of supplies from Europe. * * * With respect to us, it seems to be one of two deciding points, and it appears too to be the interest of our allies, abstracted from the immediate benefits to this country, to transfer the naval war to America. The number of ports friendly to them, hostile to the British, the materials for repairing their disabled ships, the extensive supplies toward the subsistence of their fleet, are circumstances which would give them a palpable advantage in the contest of these seas."

A month after the surrender at Yorktown he wrote to Lafayette in terms still more emphatic and which show that he did not yet appreciate the importance of that victory in its effect upon British public opinion and even in softening the heart of "Pharaoh." "As you expressed a desire to know my sentiments respecting the operations of the next campaign before your departure for France I will without a tedious display of reasoning declare in one word that the advantages of it to America and the honor and glory of it to the allied arms in these States must depend absolutely upon the naval force which is employed in these seas and the time of its appearance next year. No land force can act decisively unless it is accompanied by a maritime superiority; nor can more than negative advantages be expected without it. * * * It follows then, as certain as that night succeeds day, that without a decisive naval force we can do nothing definitive, and with it everything honorable and glorious. A constant naval superiority would terminate the war speedily; without it I do not know that it will ever be terminated honorably." As, when he wrote this, Washington could not know the effect in England of Cornwallis's defeat, of course, still less could he foresee the effect of Rodney's victory which was to be won six months later, and of which the result was to eliminate the French fleet as a factor in the struggle for sovereignty in America. It was very lucky that De Grasse had already shot his bolt and given indispensable aid to securing American independence. Our own naval resources were exhausted, and at Yorktown there was not an American gun upon the sea.

It was not only the provincial navies which militated against the establishment of a "Continental" navy. It was, as Mrs. de Koven has lately reminded us, the prevalence of privateering and the preference of American seafaring men for service with letters of marque, where their business was to loot the helpless and run away from the formidable, to the regular service, in which real fighting was to be apprehended and "prize money" only the prize of hard won victory. The Colonies in revolt comprised only a strip of seaboard, the narrow stretch of coast between the ocean and the mountains behind which there was nothing in the way of settlement worth mentioning. Every one of the "Old Thirteen" had harbors to protect and every one took upon itself the burden of its own protection. This was the function of the "State navies." They did not cost much, but they cost more than they came to. If the money spent upon them had been spent judiciously upon the Continental navy the coast would have been much more efficiently defended than it was. This was prevented mainly by the sectional jealousies in the Continental Congress, which would have ruined the American cause if it had not been so plainly predestined to succeed. Hardly any member of that Congress was free from these debilitating emotions. Some of the most famous of the "fathers" were the most subject to them. The annals of those times always indicate that none of the Congresses of the sons was actuated by meaner and smaller motives than the original Congress of the fathers. So far as naval matters went the indications are that Robert Morris came nearer the mark of disinterested patriotism than any other member of the "Marine Committee" or of the Congress. The singleness and fidelity of Washington's patriotism is brought into clearer relief the more it is examined. That is true also of Franklin's. But of whose else?

Of the three outlets for naval enterprise open to native or naturalized Americans privateering was thus by far the most attractive. It was also, it may fairly be said, the most useful to the republic. The most important function of the infant navy was the destruction of the enemy's commerce. This could be done by privateers as effectively as by regularly commissioned war vessels, and in fact by far the greater part of it was done by the privateers. Mr. Allen gives an annual summary, at the end of each year of the war, of naval results and achievements. From this it appears that in 1777 464 British vessels were taken, of which 72 were recaptured, 12 destroyed and 9 released. Of these captures 60 were made by the Continental navy. An estimate for 1778 puts the number of British prizes at 364. But this includes captures by French vessels as well as American, war having been declared between England and France in February of this year. In 1779 also no discrimination is made between the United States and the other enemies of England, but in all the list of captures amounted to 456, of which 111 were retaken or ransomed. The captures for this year by British ships numbered 269, including 31 privateers. In 1780 Congress issued 301 letters of marque, 92 more than the previous year. The results of their activities appear in the list of 596 captures of British ships, of which, however, 262 were retaken or ransomed, while the British captures of enemy ships amounted to 237, of which only 4 were recaptured. In 1781 625 British ships were captured, of which 38 were privateers, and 217 were recaptured or ransomed, while the British captures were 317, including 40 privateers, of which only 10 were retaken. It was this year that a correspondent of John Adams wrote from Boston, "The British frigates have done more damage to our trade the last season than any time since the war; that confounded Penobscot is a handy resort." In the following two years, the last of the war, the British showing was nearly as good. Five hundred and fifteen British vessels were taken, of which 113 were retaken, while the British captures of enemy ships numbered 186, of which only 3 were retaken. The aggregate of the whole period of the war was estimated at 3,176 ships taken from the British, 89 of them privateers, of which 893 were recaptured or ransomed, against 1,351 taken by the British, including 216 privateers, of which only 28 were recaptured. Durin the war the British navy lost from all causes 203 vessels. Of those captured 18 were recaptured.

Throughout the story it appears that prize money was the leading incentive to naval activity on both sides and in all branches of service. There is a curious account here of an undignified quarrel between the immortal Rodney and the forgotten Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot, arising out of Rodney's arrival at New York in September, 1780, just in time to intercept a considerable amount of prize money that would otherwise have gone to Arbuthnot as commander of the squadron, for operations of which Arbuthnot had had the direction. Rodney wrote him: "It was not inclination or choice that brought me to America; it was the duty I owned my King and Country. I had flattered myself it would have met with your approbation. I am sorry it has not; but I own I have the vanity to think it will meet with His approbation whose is the greatest Honor a Subject can receive"—but did not say anything about returning the money.

The "State navies," which diverted so much money and so many men from the Continental navy, which was in so much need of both, did nothing much to the purpose. They were, naturally, small vessels, of light draught and lightly armed, which could take refuge in the rivers from the British cruisers. The Georgia navy, consisting largely of two galleys, mounting three or four guns each, had the temerity in April, 1779, to attack a British cruiser accompanied by three galleys in Savannah harbor, and was accordingly abolished and the British control of those waters secured until the close of the war. The Connecticut navy lost its two best vessels in the same year, one by shipwreck, the other by a surrender in Long Island Sound, which was no discredit, since it was to three British vessels of far superior aggregate force. New York navy there was, of course, none on salt water, since the British had possession of the city throughout.

The chief exploit of the Pennsylvania navy was performed in 1782 when the Hyder Ally made the reputation of her commander, Joshua Barney. Lieutenant in the Continental navy, by recapturing the American privateer General Washington, become the British sloop-of-war General Monk, and of superior force to her captor. There were too many officers for the Continental ships, and many of them took service in privateers. One of these was Waters, who had command of the Boston privateer Thorn, a captured British sloop-of-war, which fell in with two British privateers from New York, forced one to surrender and the other to take refuge in flight. This "glorious combat and cruise of my countryman Captain Waters" excited the enthusiasm of John Adams in Paris, to whom Paul Jones, even after the cruise of the Ranger, was only "an immigrant foreigner from the South." The Massachusetts navy was perhaps the most efficient of any, but shared the general fate in losing its best vessels, one of them, together with one of the New Hampshire privateers, in the abortive expedition of 1779 to drive the British from Penobscot Bay, which Adams's correspondent found such a "handy resort." The South Carolina navy had larger and better ships than those of almost any other State. One of them was the South Carolina, which, under the name of the Indien, was the ship which Paul Jones had vainly coveted when she was on the stocks in Europe. But most of the State navy was sunk in the endeavor to obstruct the channel at the time of the second and successful British attack on Charleston in 1780. In fact the State navies did not answer the purposes of their creation. They did not defend their coasts. They did little harm to the enemy. What damage was done was done by the commerce destroying of the privateers, which were what their name imported.

Nor, indeed, was the Continental navy more efficient than the State navies. Thirteen frigates were authorized in 1775. By the end of 1781 they had all but one, the Trumbull, disappeared from the American navy list. Most of them had been added to the British navy list, having been caught and given up for the most part without a struggle, not in a single case with so much of glory as attended the loss of the Chesapeake in the next war. The personnel of the navy was as inferior as its material. There were captains who showed promise, such as Barry, Conyngham, Biddle and Nicholson, but none of them had a fair chance to show what he could do. Those who had such a chance showed that they could do nothing. There was really more credit to be got, as well as more profit, out of privateering than out of the regular naval service. The appointments to high rank were mainly political jobs. Hopkins, the first commander in chief, was the brother of the chairman of the Marine Committee of Congress, and highly incompetent, as he promptly proceeded to show. Silas Deane at Paris did what he could to adulterate the navy as well as the army with foreign incompetents and embarrassed Congress in this department also with his commitments. That malignant lunatic Pierre Landais was one of Deane's selections. In the performances of the navy of the Revolution there were with two exceptions no heroic exploits, nothing to which you could attach a legend or a song. The exceptions, of course, were Paul Jones's two cruises, that in the Ranger, culminating in the capture of the Drake, and that in the Bonhomme Richard, culminating in the capture of the Serapis. If personal and sectional jealousy had not hindered the promotion of Jones and his assignment to a ship more worthy of him, or even to the squadron up to the command of which he had earned his way, the story might have been different. It is no wonder that the British navy entertained for American sea fighting a contempt which resulted in the high handed behavior that provoked the next war, when it was thoroughly dissipated. But it was justified by the naval operations of the Revolution. Of course the numerical and material superiority of the British was enormous. At the close of the war the American navy comprised five vessels, of which the Alliance was the most formidable, and a vain effort was made to keep her in commission. The British navy consisted of 608 vessels of all classes, of which 62 were on the North American station and twice as many in the West Indies. This preponderance was probably as great during the War of 1812. The difference was that at the close of the Revolution a British naval officer was entitled to believe that his service was superior to the American, ship for ship, gun for gun, and man for man, whereas by the close of the War of 1812 that belief had become entirely untenable. The Confederate navy did immeasurably more harm to the United States than the American navy of the Revolution to the United Kingdom.

Mr. Allen has an interesting supplementary chapter on "Naval Prisoners." The treatment of prisoners in war always in large part depends upon the personal character of the officer who has charge of them. But there is little doubt that, even in the mind of so humane a person as Admiral Howe, there was a notion that a "rebel" was on a different footing from that of an ordinary prisoner of war and that his imprisonment should be also a punishment. At any rate the horrors of the prison ship Jersey in Wallabout Bay do not appear to have been exaggerated. It was a horrible pest hole, disgraceful to those who maintained it. On the other hand many instances are cited here of Americans who bore testimony to the humanity with which they were treated by their British captors. But it is a fact that the American "rebels" confined in British prisons received an allowance of bread a third less than that of their French, Dutch and Spanish fellow prisoners and that a motion in the House of Lords in July, 1781, to put all prisoners on an equality in this respect was defeated, 47 to 14. But John Howard reported of one of the prisons the next year that the prisoners of war of all nations received equal treatment. Franklin tried to arrange with the British Ambassador in Paris for an exchange of prisoners. His communication received no answer, and after waiting a sufficient time he wrote a mildly satirical comment on Lord Stormont's silence. This elicited a topical reply: "The King's Ambassador receives no applications from rebels but when they come to implore his Majesty's mercy."

Some French Literary Critics.

The title of Mr. IRVING BABBITT'S *The Masters of Modern French Criticism* (Houghton Mifflin Company) will attract literary readers. Particularly will the author's name attract readers of his plea for the humanities and a "regular," even Procrusteanly regular, education, which would have been a rather bold venture for a Harvard professor, Eliot consule, though under the presidency of Lowell and the prevailing tendency at Harvard it requires no courage to recur to the ancient ways.

Mr. Babbitt's title is not strictly enough limited. It is literary criticism alone that he has in mind, whereas French criticism deals with everything. The annual Parisian output of pictorial and dramatic criticism is probably equal to that of literary criticism. To be sure, dramatic literature is none the less literature, and at least one of Mr. Babbitt's subjects addicted himself to other than literary art. That is Taine, of whose "Philosophy of Art" it seems that Scherer remarked that there was no philosophy in it and no art. But upon the whole it is with literary critics alone that the book deals, going back not to Boileau, as you might almost expect in spite of the qualifying "modern," but only to Mme. de Stael, and coming down—one has a notion that it is a "come down" in another than the chronological sense—to Brunetiere. Between are Joubert, Chateaubriand, Sainte-Beuve, Scherer and Taine. These are appetizing names and the discourse of an intelligent and cultivated man about them must have its interest.

Sainte-Beuve called the critics of the Empire "the small change of Boileau." He cannot have meant to include Mme. de Stael, who was "a critic of the Empire" in another sense, a critic very much to the distaste of the Emperor, who hated her and her works both temperamentally and politically. To confiscate her "Germany" and banish her for writing it was a splenetic performance that one would have expected Napoleon to be above. In announcing her sentence Savary told her: "Your last book is not French." It was in fact very much so, although it was not Bonapartist, which was the confusion that it suited the Emperor to propagate. He would have appeared better and done himself no political harm if he had emulated the easy magnanimity of Frederick the Great: "My people say what they please and I do what I please." Mme. de Stael was a "daughter of the Revolution" and Mr. Babbitt considers her the spiritual progeny of Rousseau, and it gave her pleasure to indicate how far from Rousseauism Bonapartism had wandered. But the book was only a pretext. Napoleon simply could not abide the woman. "The greatest woman in France? Why, it is she who has had most children," is the reported retort on the childless "philosophess" of the Emperor, who "lacked soldiers." Though "Germany" is "French," undoubtedly the current German philosophy of Germany, or rather of the Germans, for there was no Germany then, had rubbed off on it, and there was good criticism in Heine's gibe that he could hear in its pages the voice of August Wilhelm Schlegel raised to a falsetto. Also there was a basis of truth in his satirical description of the book, as was so apt to be the case with his satires. The author was "a passionate woman eddying about like a whirlwind through our tranquil Germany, exclaiming everywhere delightedly, 'Oh, how sweet is the peace that I breathe here.' She had got overheated and came among us to cool off. * * * 'You are good and virtuous; you have no idea of the moral depravity that prevails among us in the Rue du Bac.'" Mr. Babbitt rather sympathizes with Napoleon and Savary, and finds it impossible to refrain from quoting the dictum of Fichte in a lecture, that there was no special word for "character" in German, because to be a German and to have character were the same thing.

Most English readers owe their whole notion of Joubert to Matthew Arnold's account, which Mr. Babbitt calls "one of the best critical essays ever written in English," and assumes the familiarity of his readers with it. But he considerably extends the boundaries of their knowledge of Joubert. Joubert was a reactionary kind of critic, harking back to the old regime although holding an appointment under the Empire, and sticking for the classics, or, at least, the classicalities, in form. But intellectually he has as little as anybody to do with "times." He constantly reminds one of Emerson, a beautiful and unworldly spirit, which might have taken form and visited the earth at almost any period and in almost any place. He is in fact a French Emerson. But though so near in temper the two are wide apart in what Carlyle calls their "articulate opinions." Emerson's constant inculcation of individuality finds nothing of sympathy in Joubert, who was rather of Burke's opinion: "We are afraid to put everybody to live and trade on his private stock of reason." But his "Thoughts" keep reminding us of Emerson's, and there is even a curious correspondence in their literary method or lack of method, in the absence of consecutiveness or "flow," in the presentation of detached aphorisms. As Emerson said in criticism of his own writing, "each sentence an infinitely repellant particle." This essay is one of the best worth while in Mr. Babbitt's volume.

The essay which will immediately attract most readers is that on Sainte-Beuve, "the master of us all." It is rather curious that the portrait of the acknowledged master of literary portraiture should not have been attempted or should not have been so successfully attempted as to have attained any wide vogue or any acknowledged authority. Matthew Arnold's biography in the Encyclopædia Britannica is still, doubtless, the most adequate presentation of its subject in English. Mr. Babbitt gives us an intelligent selection of the details of the life and work of the "naturalist of souls," interspersed with critical remarks often shrewd and seldom altogether negligible. From these his reader may perhaps compile a portrait for himself, from these, be it understood, taken in connection with a wider first hand knowledge of Sainte-Beuve's own writing than that with which the ordinary reader can fairly be charged. Perhaps a defect of Mr. Babbitt's presentation proceeds from his solicitude to classify his subject and find for him a place in a "system." This is a tendency from which the great portraitist himself was singularly free. His freedom from it gave life and force to the presentation of the individual, with which alone he was concerned.

In this respect Taine was at the antipodes from Sainte-Beuve. The environment interested Sainte-Beuve simply as the setting of the individual whom it was his business to detach and present. The individual, you may almost say, interested Taine only as an index to the environment. At least that was the case so long as he stuck to his system, from which, luckily, he frequently escaped in an access of enthusiasm. But so long as he consistently followed his method a poet or a painter of the past was to him what a fossil man is to a geologist, who does not care in the least for the "specimen," individually considered, but is intensely anxious to know how it came about. This is Taine's "scientific" treatment of literary history, which one has so often occasion to resent in the "English Literature," and which in his study of Napoleon in the "Origines" was so warmly resented that it cost him the friendship of Princesse Mathilde, a resentment which he doubtless regarded as being as absurd as Huxley found the resentment of the bishops at the exhibition of the evidence of the descent of man. Mr. Babbitt's account of Taine is interesting and contains many just and striking remarks. "We might accept Taine's method more readily if it applied to every one as well as it does to himself." "The Bushmen of Australia fall more readily into the categories of Taine than the Greeks of the age of Pericles." And the summation is just that "a hundred English and American schoolboys have probably received a wholesome stimulus from the 'English Literature' for one who has been unduly affected by its pseudo-scientific bias."

This essay is particularly well worth reading. But indeed they are all worth reading, or all except the chapter on "The Transition to Sainte-Beuve," which one reader has found it feasible to skip without experiencing the least compunction. One notes with pleasure that Mr. Babbitt has really read his Johnson, outside of his Boswell, and does not find him so utterly negligible as it is the fashion to do. He apologizes in his preface for his copiousness in quotation, justifying himself by Sainte-Beuve's saying that "with well chosen citations you may find in every author the proper judgment of him." But there was no occasion for apology. Mr. Babbitt's citations are undoubtedly "bien prises," and it is worth while to look over his pages if one regards them merely as a cento of good sayings.

An Efficient but Unfortunate Promoter of American Independence.

A sympathetic rather than unemotionally critical style of historical research is employed by GEORGE L. CLARK in his *Silas Deane, a Connecticut Leader in the Revolution* (Putnams). The subject of this essay in rehabilitation of a tarnished reputation found his ultimate place, whether by desert or by the cruelty of circumstance is a moot question, on the shadowy under surface of a heroic era. The American Revolution was not all glorious; it had a scamy side that, thanks to the mistaken notions of patriotism cherished by too many authors of school text books in history, is no part of our national tradition. The common understanding of many distinguished careers is based upon a boldly eclectic narrative. Perhaps the high lights of patriotism and the sable shadows of treachery owe their prominence to the spatial limitations imposed upon contributors to books of reference, perhaps to the preference of all but the best disciplined readers and writers for the picturesque. Mr. Clark contends that substantial injustice has been done to his hero.

That Deane of Connecticut rendered very real and valuable services to the freedom seeking Colonies is commonly known. He won recognition and rose to high honor and positions of extreme responsibility; and then he fell. His latter days were as full of obloquy and vilification as his early years were of desirable distinction and commendation. His last years were passed in an exile more wretched than Burr's; he was even accused of treachery equally culpable in intent, though not equally obvious in effect, with Arnold's.

Silas Deane's contemporary enemies painted him a vampire, a plunderer of his compatriots in direst need; his present champion has him a martyr, a victim of an unscrupulous conspiracy. As to his treachery, the corpus delicti is the famous correspondence known as "the intercepted letters"; and for the claim to martyrdom the argument rests upon the act of Congress in 1842, whereby $37,000 was appropriated for settlement of the demands of Deane's heirs, with a finding that the audit made by Arthur Lee as Commissioner of Accounts in the eighteenth century, the cause of Deane's downfall, was "ex parte, erroneous and a gross injustice to Silas Deane." He seems to have been in truth a very human person caught between the upper and the nether millstones who suffered and was soured by his hard experience.

Mr. Clark's opening chapters are biographical, and tell a good story well. In 1762 Deane, born at Groton, December 24, 1737, son of a blacksmith, and graduated from Yale in 1758, admitted to the bar, but turning from his profession to mercantile pursuits, began business in Wethersfield, Conn., and quickly gained a solid reputation as a man of energy and enterprise, good judgment and unimpeachable probity. He was prominent among the men of substance who moulded his Colony's policy and course of resistance in the tense years between the stamp act and the war, went to the General Assembly in 1772, where he served ably as secretary of Connecticut's Committee of Correspondence, and then to the Continental Congress, where he quickly acquired prestige, serving two terms and being defeated for a third, it is said, on pretext of rotation as an instrument of restraint against individual ambition. He was prominent in navy organization, was chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means over men like Robert Morris and Samuel Adams, and served on other important committees and commissions. Some quoted letters illuminate his genuine patriotism, his abilities and the esteem in which they were held by the best men of the time.

Practical expression was given to this high regard when at the beginning of the war, with the Colonies utterly unequipped for a struggle with the forces of the British Empire, the Congress, seeking through its Committee of Secret Correspondence to enlist European aid, commissioned the delegate from Connecticut "to and into France, there to transact such business, commercial and political, as we have committed to his care in behalf and by the authority of the Congress of the thirteen united Colonies." The commission carried a very liberal grant of powers, imposed a responsibility and implied a trust highly complimentary to the envoy. It was signed by Franklin, Benjamin Harrison, John Dickinson, John Jay and Robert Morris. The appointment was the opening wedge for negotiations toward the formation of an alliance of vital importance.

After the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence a commission of three members was sent openly to negotiate for a French alliance, and the original appointees were Franklin, Jefferson and Deane, who had performed well his secret assignment as a procurer of military supplies. Jefferson declined the appointment and Arthur Lee, sixth son of Thomas Lee and brother of Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee, the signer, took his place. With that appointment Deane's career of service was halted, though for some time not visibly. The story of the consummation of the treaty negotiations is a commonplace of history. Silas Deane signed it with the others—and the ship that bore home the good news was passed in midvoyage by another bearing the recall by Congress, under charges, of the commissioner. These charges were the work of Arthur Lee.

Mr. Clark detects the harmful influence of Lee so far back as the early days of Deane's secret mission in France; not a malicious interference, but a readiness to make promises with seeming authority beyond his power to operate; "officious and imaginative talk" that led to confusion (specifications are given) in the dealings with Beaumarchais and Vergennes. Sparks attributes Lee's charge that Beaumarchais and Deane were plotting to deceive both Governments to personal jealousy of Deane inspired by the latter's usurpation of Lee's place in the recognition of the Frenchmen. Lee had promised cargoes of tobacco from Virginia and Maryland that failed to materialize, and the munitions, eight ship loads of clothing, weapons, ammunition, tools and tents, forwarded from France in anticipatory exchange he represented as a gift. Congress was befogged, and Vergennes could not explain officially his country's participation for fear of engaging France in war with England. The whole affair presents our noble revolution in a pretty sordid aspect.

The character of the two men thus opposed must be taken into account in analyzing their painful relations. The author describes the Virginian as "a man of wide scholarship; fearless, industrious, tireless in the pursuit of his object; not averse to storm and struggle in pursuing his aims. Alert, energetic, remorseless, everything must be sacrificed to achieve his ambitions." He was, on other authority than Mr. Clark's, not above the greenest jealousy, morbidly suspicious of others, credulous, hasty, impetuous, insincere and mean, a bitter quarreller and a general trouble maker. His attack on Franklin, which led to his own recall in 1779, does him no credit, and certainly does not win sympathy for his war against Deane. But:

> We are not to think of Lee as lacking in patriotism and devotion; the implications of Deane and Beaumarchais that he was willing to play into the hands of the English we would rather regard as unproved, though there are suspicious facts that injure him if they do not convict.

It will be seen that Mr. Clark is inclined to fairness in his estimate of the men, for he accompanies this good word for the object of his severe arraignment with a description of his client unflattering enough to give the impression of verisimilitude:

> "Deane was by nature more formal, cold, perhaps a little haughty"; willing to use the advantage of his position to the utmost and not at all reluctant to let Lee know that he meant to put and keep him in his proper, subordinate place; "The two men were so unlike each other, their aims so antagonistic, that nothing less than an angelic visitation or a daily miracle could have averted quarrels." Bancroft calls Deane "a treacherous merchant" and Lee "a barrister consumed by malignant envy."

Fourteen months the miserable cabal used the Congress as its tool of persecution. Its tactics were Fabian; Deane, accused of using his public office for private gain, was unable to get any real hearing: "He was treated like a criminal, without a criminal's opportunity to hear the charges and answer the complaint." Jay, who alone seemed able to strike a perfectly fair balance in his judgment of Deane, wrote that he was blamed not for omitting finally to settle his accounts in France, but for being unable to show how far his measures had been prudent: "I think some of them were, and some were not. I believe you honest, and I think you injured." Deane admitted that his "measures" had been not always satisfactory to his own judgment and desire, but insisted that they were always such as the circumstances of "the time dictated"; and he wrote to Morris that he claimed commission only on goods bought before he was selected as Commissioner with Franklin and Lee, according to a contract with the secret committee. He said that he might have taken his pay out of the funds in hand, as others had done, but preferred to leave the settlement to Congress. Those were foggy days in the national legislature.

To secure the documents necessary to the proving of his case Deane returned to France in the summer of 1781. It was at this time that he wrote the "Paris Papers," nine letters addressed to American friends, counselling discontinance of the war. The letters became public and contributed powerfully to the purposes of the writer's enemies, who were now able to magnify their charges of mismanagement into accusations of treason. Even Jay wrote: "I was your friend and should still have been so had you not advised America to desert that independence which they had pledged each other their lives, fortunes and sacred honor to support." Mr. Clark's explanation of the letters is that they are the outpouring of a broken spirit, "written under a fearful strain of disappointment, poverty, neglect and calumny," published by Tories "who knew how to make the most of them," and edited to that end. "We cannot conceive of Olympian men like Washington or Franklin writing such letters, but the Olympians are in a select and lonely class." Many good men in the 1780s shared Silas Deane's misgivings and apprehensions. Ruined financially, denounced and proscribed, he died wretchedly in exile, despairing of exoneration.

John Adams in his diary scores Deane for extravagance and lack of business system, but credits him with successful and advantageous performance of his mission. Morris, Jay and Franklin deliberately indorse, in calm, judicial and persuasive language, his capability and the services he rendered. The testimony of such men must outweigh the interested assertions of men like Lee and his cabalistic associates. Over against the opinion of Bancroft we have the later and more favorable conclusion of Lossing: "Lee had the ear of Congress and Deane had to suffer. He has since been vindicated and all unjust suspicions have been removed from intelligent minds."

As to Deane himself, he gained such personal reparation as was possible through the payment to his heirs in 1842 of a generous allowance for his claims. The summary of arguments for and against his administration cannot be wholly conclusive; therefore, as to his place in history, it seems best to expunge from the record the affair of his accounts and save the story of his efficient and highly valuable service. "Non-proven" must be the verdict; he may have been negligent, but has never been proved guilty of criminal intent. That, in any case, he suffered far beyond his desert at the hands of Congress is undeniable. The reader will give to his memory much sympathy, no mean praise and a fair withholding of judicial sentence.

Mr. Clark has collected a respectable array of documents and pleaded his case earnestly. Assuredly, it is a pleasanter task and makes pleasanter reading to rehabilitate a tarnished reputation than, like many overeager contributors to literature, to tear down one of established honor. Arthur Lee does not suffer at the hands of this apologete for Silas Deane any loss of his reputation as it has come through the filter of history.

A Poet's Critique of an Elder Poet.

If there is in literary history any one topic that has reached the point of saturation it is the Victorian poets, individually and collectively, the men and their works. They have been chemically analyzed and bertillioned to a finish. Their personalities, social, intellectual and artistic, have been weighed, measured, taken apart and put together again so often that there is no mystery left in their mechanism. New books about them derive such claim to commendation as they may possess from the character and viewpoint of the interpreter, and some rehashers of a stale story would stand on their heads on the deck of an East River tug to get a novel view of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Certainly one who does not care for poetry will not care to read about it, and one who is qualified to read poetry understandingly has no need of vicarious elimination of his own powers of appreciation and criticism and scant patience with it unless it is manifestly a more evocative criticism than his own. These are the difficulties against which JOHN DRINKWATER contends, with good taste and good sense, in his *William Morris, A Critical Study* (Mitchell Kennerley).

Mr. Drinkwater is himself a poet; and a poet's criticism of a poet is pretty sure to be either extraordinarily good or extraordinarily bad. This is more than ordinarily good, for it is based not upon whim but upon a real and respectable philosophy of poetry. The critic has read with his heart and reported with his head. A large part of his book is unavoidably biographical, and that is a drag; but the retelling of the old tale is edged as inspiringly as may be upon the whetstone of criticism. With agreeably little of the tediousness of the lecture platform Mr. Drinkwater brings out the relation of Morris to his age and traces the development of his poetic power and control.

The distinctive thing in Morris's career as craftsman, socialist and poet was his recognition of the spiritual loss involved in the modern development of industrialism and his lifelong attempt through the manual arts, all the rills of which were poured into the deep and lovely channel of his poetry, to realize for the masses of men a combination of beauty and joy with utility and the prosaic work of making a living. His mediævalism was a harking back to an order of things in which men were something more than adding machines. He dreamed for his fellow moderns "a life of large simplicity"; through all his diverse activities this author traces a not commonly recognized unity of intention. The Morris that revolutionized many manufacturing processes, restored craftsmanship to a large degree of its earlier and lost vitality, rediscovered secrets of mediæval artistry supposed to have been irretrievable lost, "reestablished the union between beauty and things of common use" and did so much for the beauty of typography is the same Morris that wrote "The Defence of Guenevere," "Jason," "Earthly Paradise" and "Signed." There is no such duality, for example, between Morris the writer and Morris the publisher of books as between the same two roles played by Walter Scott.

Mr. Drinkwater denies that the age makes its poets. "The poet is the product of his own temperament and personality, or he is nothing." The names of Tennyson and Browning are habitually coupled, he says, and he bids us compare "In Memoriam" and "Crossing the Bar" with "Pippa Passes" and "Prospice." Diversity of environment and experience may cancel the consequences of temporal coincidence. Therefore in his study of Morris the author departs from the conventional comparisons with contemporaries and seeks rather "to discover the aim and ultimate achievement of Morris's artistic activity" than in any broad and vital sense to measure him in terms of his time. The result is an improvement on the stereotyped processes.

"Poetry seems to me to be the announcement of spritual discovery." "The magnitude of the poet's achievement depends on the range of his discovery and the completeness of his announcement." "Morris's poetry is a permanent record of the man's temper, of his spiritual adventures and discoveries, not a desultory series of impressions imposed by external events, but the continuous manifestation of his reading of life." In these scattered observations, which may be skimmed as jargon or read with deliberation as good critical sense, Mr. Drinkwater discloses a sound, non-metaphysical basis for his criticism that lends weight and point to his observation: "Much of our finest creative energy to-day is being exhausted in the consideration of problems that are local and temporary." "Ultimately it is the great normal life of mankind that is immortal, and the perishable things are the grotesque, the odd, the experiences which are incomplete because they are unrelated to the general experience." It will be noticed that we find Mr. Drinkwater more quotable in his first hand canons of criticism than in his piecemeal analysis of Morris's poems.

The book is uniform with volumes on Synge, Ibsen, Hardy, Gissing, Peacock and Swinburne.

TOM MOORE'S HOMAGE TO BERMUDA GIRL

Dr. Cameron in a lecture on Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, delivered in Hamilton, Bermuda, talked of Moore's visit to the island at the time the war between Great Britain and both France and Spain was about to break out afresh.

"Moore had not been many days in the island when he was caught up by its gay society and was employing much of his time in making love to a Bermudian girl whose charms he immortalized in his poems to Nea," says the Bermuda *Colonist* in its report of Dr. Cameron's lecture. "But he could not stay long away from London and the aristocratic society into which he had found an entrée or from his mother, to whom as long as he lived he showed the devotion of a lover, and after a four months stay he returned to England.

"Moore could not but be a highly valued addition to the society of Bermuda during his short stay. He was one who, into whatever society he was thrown, could easily make himself the centre of interest. He was a warm hearted Irishman, brilliant in conversation and admiral le as a story teller. It is said that even when he might be speaking of a thing so trivial as the shape of a wineglass he could hold his listeners in delighted attention with the charm of his language. He was not, however, an orator when he had to address an audience or speak at a banquet, but when he sang his own songs he had the whole company spellbound.

"The Nea to whom he paid his homage and addressed his well known odes was Hester Louise Tucker, whose house is still pointed out at St. George. She was a young lady of 18 in the first bloom of maidenhood and from all accounts possessed of charms not unworthy of the tribute of his muse. Probably neither the poet nor the maiden took the passages of love seriously, but it was not unpleasing to her that they helped to accentuate the feelings and even to excite the jealousy of the young man, one William Tucker, to whom she was already betrothed. The poet seemed to have been aware of the situation when he penned the lines

> "Well, peace to thy heart, tho' another's it be,
> And health to thy cheek, tho' it bloom not for me.

"While the poet lived in St. George Nea's house there was a place of frequent resort to him. Years after he remembered fondly the lime covered alley that led to her house and which he had trodden so often, the walks with Nea after the dance and the revel were done, and when the stars were beginning to fade in the sun, and how his heart had burned to tell her of his love, though it was a love he had reason to know could never be returned. In the poem to her in which he recalls all this he closes with the lines

> "O think of the past, give a sight to those times
> And a blessing for me to that alley of lime."

PAST GOLDEN AGE OF BOOKBINDING

The great binders of the sixteenth century, the golden age of bookbinding, seem to have possessed in a remarkable degree the power to express the spirit of the book in its binding, the result of an intimate blending of the artist and the artisan.

True, in those golden days art was served at greater leisure, says a writer in the *Englishwoman*, and the craftsman's object was, so to speak, more crystallized. To-day he works for men and women of whom he has never heard, of whose personality he knows nothing, of whose tastes and individuality he is entirely ignorant. Autres temps, autres moeurs.

The unknown binder of the "Pandectæ Juris Florentini," that masterpiece of form and craftsmanship, worked for a great king and for a woman who was higher than the Queen. The library at Fontainebleau, as well as the Mazarin Library in Paris, holds many rare and beautiful specimens, possibly by the same master hand, whereon the royal cipher and the crescents of the peerless Diane have found perfection.

T. Everett Harre, author of "The Maiden Manifest," has acquired a mountain top in Pennsylvania and, in a mediæval looking big stone house, is living literally "above the clouds." There he is working on a new novel, which he expects to have ready for fall publication.