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voked an unknown critic to say known a little law he'd have known a little of everything. A friendlier critic wrote that he plunged into a thousand projects with the energy of a Titan. Contemporary opinion is still indirectly swayed by the biography in Campbell's *Lives*, of which it was well said that they added a new terror to death. Mr. Garratt successfully corrects that opinion in a book which is an addition to scholarship and to literature. With equal success he enables us to understand why Brougham has been underestimated.

Partly the cause is that he was so estimable. His zeal against slavery, his enthusiasm for education, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the Penny Cyclopædia, the Library of Entertaining Literature, the Defence of Queen Caroline, the founding of London University, the Reform Bill—the list becomes almost a litany.

Brougham may be regarded as in some ways the most representative figure of his generation—of the rising force of liberalism. He represented the intelligent middle classes against the frequently stupid and generally corrupt patricians. His chief personal peculiarity—beyond the detestation at that date of cruelty in all its forms—was, Mr. Garratt points out, a combination of a restless inquiring mind with high animal spirits. There is a just observation that they make a difficult pair to drive through life—and after ceasing to be Lord Chancellor in 1834 Brougham's driving was slack. It is Mr. Garratt's great merit to exhibit fully the services Brougham had rendered by that date. He was not a member of the governing class. Yet he became the foremost progressive figure in politics in the decade before the Reform Bill. His versatility was invaluable: "The universal nature of his interests forced the English to see that all these reforms were bound up with each other and the general idea of progress." In a notable passage inspired by disrespect for the Old Corruption Mr. Garratt writes:

England is not really a happier country today because her education was allowed to lag behind that of many European countries. Lancashire is still suffering, in the stunted bodies of her people, from the successful opposition of Lord Eldon and others to all factory legislation. Ireland's future was not made brighter by deferring Catholic emancipation for another twenty years. It was no gain to Britain that Lord Lauderdale, the Whig, continued for twenty years to block every Bill intended to stop little children being sent up chimneys, or that the British army remained unique for the savagery of its punishments.

Brougham's attacks on the system of flogging and sentences of a thousand lashes would alone make his name memorable. For, in Mr. Garratt's pointed words, in the first half of Brougham's life it was almost safer to be a felon than a reformer. Parliament and the law courts were the only places in which it was possible to speak freely. Especially interesting is Mr. Garratt's treatment of the trial of the Queen, and the passing of the Reform Bill: the democratic significance of the effect of popular feeling in regard to the first; the aristocratic significance of the aims of the Whigs in regard to the second.

In Mr. Garratt's final estimate of Brougham stress is laid on the fact that he never quite grew up—treating life in general and London society in particular as a kind of harlequinade—in short a "card." The fact remains that he was a tremendously powerful and influential supporter of most of the good causes of his day. Not that Mr. Garratt has any illusions. New

so happily as in the pages of Mr. Garratt's book gives us a new Brougham to redress the injustice done to the old.

G. E. FASNACHT

## American Short Stories

O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories. Edited by Harry Hansen. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

During the last ten years the American short story has suffered a sea-change. First Sherwood Anderson, then Ernest Hemingway, then, in a lesser degree, William Faulkner, and, finally, the magazine *Story* have brought to it more salutary influences than it has known since Stephen Crane. "Travel more in third-class carriages," said Tchekov in his famous receipt for the improvement of style, and the words might well be hanging up over every budding short-story writer's bed from New York to San Francisco, for Americans are now producing more first-class stories about third-class people than any other writers in the world. Negroes, hoboes, shop-girls, truck-drivers, poor whites, prostitutes, bowery lunch-counter waiters, gangsters, and so-called third-class people of every kind, have replaced as characters the slick and elegant fighter-lovers of the gilt-edged magazines. True, this democratic standard in heroes has some disadvantages and is open to a criticism well expressed by a correspondent to *Story* itself: "You got the idea that every story written by a truck-driver about a truck-driver in the truck-driver's idiom is a good story." There is some truth in this, but what a relief no longer to be asked to believe that every truck-driver is a lover and a hero! Heroism has been debunked, and with it the moral attitude, the pursuit of heroines and the twisted ending. The American short story writer stands, indeed, not where he did, but where he has never stood before: on his own feet in his own country.

The O. Henry Memorial Award was instituted sixteen years ago, and only American writers are eligible for it. The present volume, edited by Mr. Harry Hansen, contains nineteen stories, mostly by writers of fresh reputation. All, even Mr. T. S. Stripling, put O. Henry to shame. O. Henry's stories were clockwork plots dressed up in the hideous verbal embroidery of which O. Henry alone, thankfully, knew the secret. In this selection of stories there are no plots and no embroideries. *No More Trouble for Jedwick*, the prize story, by Louis Paul; *Old Red*, the second prize, by Caroline Gordon; and William Saroyan's *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, the third prize, are all first-rate pieces of work, individual, living and unembroidered interpretations of three totally different phases of American life. Mr. Saroyan, in spite of his faults, promises to be a writer of significance. Of the rest, Benjamin Appel, Erskine Caldwell, William Faulkner, Varian Fisher, Harry Sylvester have all acquired reputations for distinguished work, and here justify them with stories of negroes, pigeon-fanciers, seducers, boxers, ranches and such third-class people. The remainder, even Mr. Stripling with his love-story wrapped up in shell-fish, are on a high level. So that O. Henry, ironically enough, gives his name to a volume far better than he could ever have written himself.

H. E. BATES