

## THE AMERICAN MERCURY



### Editorial NOTES

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IN THE AMERICAN MERCURY for November, 1930, in an article by Mr. George P. West, there occurred the following passage:

On the hills above San Francisco Bay there lived for a few years a jovial and impoverished poet. Cashiered from a British warship for fighting a duel, Daniel O'Connell came to San Francisco from the China station, ornamented the Bohemian Club bar, and lived on the bounty of friends at Sausalito. When he died there they erected a beautiful granite seat, in a sweeping semicircle, on the spot where he had sat looking out on the passing ships and the distant city, and in the granite they carved the verses of his last graceful lyric. Strangers pause and read it, women sit in the sun with their children, and Daniel O'Connell's memory is fragrant.

To this Mrs. M. Moran, who is Mr. O'Connell's daughter, files a caveat:

Mr. O'Connell was never cashiered from the British Navy. He was the son of an Irish lawyer, Charles O'Connell, and the grand nephew of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator. He entered the British Navy as a junior officer. It was through the wrecking of his health by Panama fever that six years later he retired and came to California to recuperate. He taught languages at a Jesuit college at Santa Clara, and later entered newspaper work, editing at various times the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the San Francisco *Bulletin* and other papers. He married the daughter of United States Senator Delos R. Ashley. At no time did he and his wife and his seven children live upon the bounty of friends. The suggestion that Mr. O'Connell's connection with the Bohemian Club was confined to his having "ornamented the bar", overlooks the fact that he was one of the founders of that club and that it was he who gave it its name. The granite seat erected to his memory at Sausalito was placed there by the members of the organization.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY offers its apologies to Mrs. Moran.

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### Check List of NEW BOOKS

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hearted peasant and his wife, who give Him shelter and food. He leaves them and wanders off to Egypt. "Risen from the dead, He had realized at last that the body, too, has its little life, and beyond that, the greater life . . . Now He knew that virginity is a form of greed; and that the body rises again to give and to take, to take and to give, ungreedily. Now He knew that He had risen from the woman, or women, who knew the greater life of the body." He wanted a woman who could lure His body and at the same time leave Him His aloneness. Finally, He meets the woman of His desires near the Temple of Isis. "Father," He said, "why did you hide this from Me?" And He touched her with the poignancy of wonder, and the marvelous piercing transcendence of desire. "Lo!" He said, "this is beyond prayer." She conceives, and both are happy. At last He must leave her, but neither is troubled by anxiety. "He would go alone with His destiny. Yet not alone, for the touch would be upon Him, even as He left His touch on her. And invisible suns would go with Him."

### MISCELLANEOUS

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, & MESSRS. PULITZER

By James W. Barrett *The Vanguard Press*  
\$1.25 7½ x 5½; 117 pp. New York

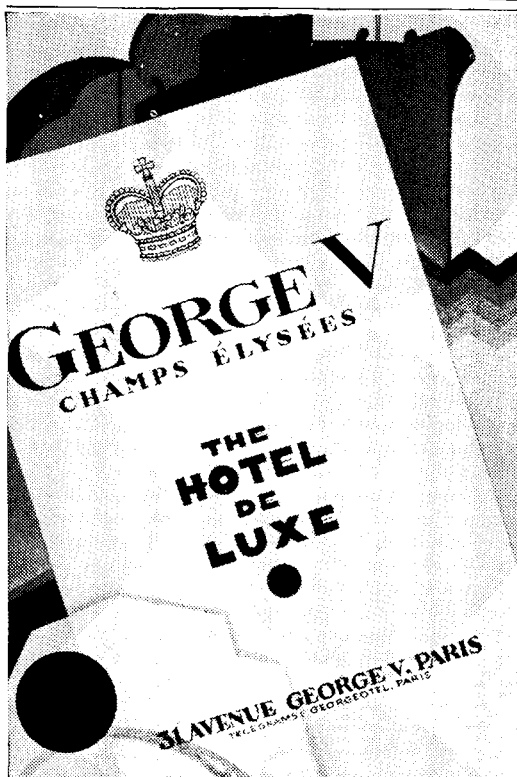
Mr. Barrett, who was city editor of the *World*, wrote this book at white heat during the few weeks following the suspension of that paper, and so it shows a number of slips—for example, James Huneker appears several times as Hunneker—and the tone is sometimes hysterical. The author is a newspaper man of the traditional romantic sort, and the *World* débâcle, though it had been foreseen by others, caught him almost unawares and gave him a profound shock. He deals with the Pulitzers rather roughly. They showed little skill, he says, in managing the paper, and not much sense of its public importance. During the years between the death of their father and its suspension they drew \$25,000,000 in profits from it, but neglected to maintain the physical plant or to accumulate a reserve for the inevitable rainy day. The story is a most unpleasant one. Whether the two New York Pulitzers succumbed to their own incompetence or to the onerous terms of their father's will, the fact is plain that their failure was an immense disaster to American journalism and to American life in general. Since the *World* dropped out the United States is far safer for the Hoovers and Grundys, the Tammanys and Ku Klux Klans than it used to be. Mr.

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