

riages?" No one can say it who has observed that familiar phenomenon, the man who gets on in the world by spending twelve hours a day at the office, because he hates to go home and is too much afraid of his wife to go anywhere else.

Let us be true, then, to the spirit of America, even if it does keep the divorce courts busy. Not by men who wasted their time in uxorious dalliance was our imposing business structure built up; nor, for that matter, was Radio run up to 530 (or whatever astronomical figure it may have reached by the time this is printed) by women who cared so much for their husbands that they saved their money in case John might need it in some unforeseen pinch. Hard as it may be on the art of conversation, it might be safer to stop worrying about what is the matter with marriage. Is the American Home worth saving, at the cost of American Optimism and American Prosperity? The Noes have it, without a rising vote.

Aboard a Square-Rigger

FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS. By A. J. VILLIERS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. \$3.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED F. LOOMIS

SINCE the turn of the century there have been only a few books that shed an authentic afterglow on the disappearing age of sail—personal narratives, that is, of seamen who were also writers. I call three of these to mind,—Riesenberg's "Under Sail," Lubbock's "Round the Horn Before the Mast," and Bone's "The Brassbounder." Perhaps more have been written. These three, at any rate, for wealth and intimacy of detail of the life aboard a square-rigger, rank almost with Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast."

And now comes a fourth, from which the qualifying adverb may well be omitted. "Falmouth for Orders" is as vivid and valuable a record of seafaring in the twentieth century as "Two Years Before the Mast" was of the life nearly a hundred years ago. It is even more. With care the author has assembled data concerning the last fleet of square-rigged ships and laid down facts of nationality, of purchase cost, of wages and maintenance, and of voyages, so that the historian of the future need not grope for an accurate picture of the expiring conditions of today.

Yet this admirable volume is in no sense a dry record of facts. The author, learning that two four-masted barques, one the Swedish *Beatrice* and the other the Finnish *Herzogin Cecilie*, were loading with grain at Port Lincoln, Australia, and were bound for Falmouth, England, for orders, shipped as able seaman on the latter—a lone Australian in a mixed crew of Swedes and Finns. Villiers felt that this might be the last race between survivors of the post-clipper era, and both as a seaman and as a reporter he wanted to be in it. As the affair worked out, it was no race at all, for the ways of the two ships parted, the *Beatrice* sailing west around the Cape of Good Hope, and the *Herzogin Cecilie* east around the Horn, and arriving at Falmouth eighteen days ahead of her competitor. But all through the voyage and all through the book there is the feeling of racing—of anxiety in fog, of hopelessness in calm, and of carrying sail to the last minute and then shaking it out in the teeth of the slackening gale.

Excitement, I must quote from a midnight episode to give the full flavor of it:

It looked as if it were walking into the arms of death to go on that (tops'l) yard. Maybe it was, in a way, though one by one we went out, and nobody thought of that. . . . The loose end of the chain-sheet, flying insanely around, swished through the air with a mad s-s-s-s, threatening murder to us all, and every now and then thwacking the steel lower tops'l yard with a crash that shook it, setting up an awful display of electric sparks. It tore a hole in the canvas of the lower tops'l, and the lee side of that went, too. The loose ends of the wire buntlines that had carried away were up to the same game, coiling through the air like flying snakes, writhing around us, just missing us, flying into the air, and entwining around the rigging. These were only some of the things that we had to face to lay out on that yard. The whole of the tops'l—and it was 95 feet wide by 25 feet deep of best storm canvas—flapped back over the yard every now and then, seeming to say to us that if we were mad enough to go out there—well, it would know what to do with us, that was all. We went; it belled back upon us so that we had to slip down on the foot ropes and lie there for our lives; it flung itself over that yard in a furious attempt to dislodge the puny humans who had come to fight it. Pieces of it that had carried away were flying around in the air like the loose buntline

ends, and if any of these had caught us around the neck it would have been the end. . . . Once a steel buntline, writhing back over the yard, caught Zimmermann in the head and brought the swift blood. He reeled a bit, but carried on. Then after a while we saw that he had fainted, and lay in imminent peril across the yard. For one awful moment the canvas stayed still while we fought to him, and then, because we could not take him down we lashed him there. And when we had time to remember him again we found that he had come to, and was working. Game? I don't know; it was no use any being in the ship-of-sails who was not like that.

Romance? You have it in the mere recital of the ship's dimensions and in the number and the ages of her crew. The *Herzogin Cecilie*, 314 feet in length and of 3,242 tons weight, was built in 1902 as a German training ship, to be handled by a crew of ninety men and boys. In her race to Falmouth in 1928, her rig unchanged, she was handled by a foremast crew of nineteen men and boys, all of whom had come into the world since the building of their ship, and whose average age was less than eighteen years. The mate was twenty-two, and the master, more than twice the age of three-fifths of



HENRY VIII

From the painting after Holbein in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.

his crew, was an old man of forty-three. Zimmermann, the game salt mentioned in the quotation above, was nineteen.

If the author had wanted to romanticize this truthful record he had full opportunity, for on the second day out from port a stowaway bobbed up—and she was a girl in boy's clothes. But she was received with resignation by the master and mates and was told to make herself some civilized clothes and get to work sweeping and cleaning, and with alarm by the crew who feared that she would bring them head winds. Her story told, she is dismissed from the narrative, and there is no intimation that she incited the crew to mutiny or did any of the romantic things credited to the modern heroine of sea fiction. Sailors are captious critics. If details are incorrect they naturally reject the whole. It is refreshing to offer them a book which without exaggeration gives all the realism that a landsman craves, written by a seaman with a sympathetic feeling for the sea.

According to a dispatch to the *New York Times*, a bequest of \$100,000 by an Australian judge, Henry Bournes Higgins, has brought the work of the Royal Irish Academy into the limelight. The money will be used for the publication of some of the twelve thousand valuable ancient Irish manuscripts in its library and for the foundation of traveling art scholarships and for research work.

While the burning of the Four Courts will result in many blanks in the story of Ireland during the twentieth century, the Royal Irish Academy possesses a wealth of fact and legend most of which is as yet undiscovered in the twelve thousand or more manuscripts. Lack of funds has been largely responsible for the fact that so far the major part of these has never been translated. Some of them date back to the eleventh century. At least forty-five are on parchment, including the famous "Book of the Dun Cow," as the "Lebor na h-Uidhre" is known, which is a codex compiled by monks of Clonmacnoise, and includes the fabulous stories of the invasions by which Ireland was peopled, and the poems attributed to St. Columba.

Monarch and Man

HENRY THE EIGHTH. By FRANCIS HACKETT. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. \$3.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN
Yale University

THE public is likely to ask for the impossible in history, something short, interesting, and comprehensive. But obviously the most entertaining works of history are those that cover a short period at great length and so allow the reader to see the same characters appearing again and again. Macaulay was able to enlist the attention of *My Lady* because he wrote four volumes concerning the events of a few years; and the circle about whom *My Lady* read, if more important than her own, was not more difficult to know; there was the same rubbing of people against people and circumstances, there was the same number of plots and counterplots and byplots. She could keep track of it as if these people were on her own special 'phone list.

Mr. Hackett is no Macaulay but he has been able to give us in one rather large volume the same effect of daily knowledge of people not too far away from us, yes, and to give us a history that combines features of a Walter Scott romance with a modern realistic and psychological novel. We meet Anne Boleyn, her ruined sister, her brother, and her father, her friends and those who would put her down if they could; we see her playing to win or lose it all, and when she loses, we are sorry for her, sorry perhaps as in the old verse, "she waltzed rather well, I'm sorry she's dead." We meet the people of the court at Richmond and in the hunting field, we come to know old Chapuys, the Spanish ambassador, gathering secrets while he might, we see young ladies-in-waiting waving handkerchiefs from windows, and we hear who told on them. Greater events are shown us, the policies of the mighty Wolsey, those policies written in sand, the ever changing diplomacy of Henry, Charles V, and Francis I, which, by some skill of the author, is made clear and easy to read about. Those portentous sovereigns whom we vaguely remembered out of children's texts become people we have known. Dénouement of course there is none, as in the novels of our day, but unhappy endings all through, dying speeches, and blood spurting on Tower Hill. And to the reader the best of it is that it all happened. It is as real as rainy days that follow one another, more real, I think, than the Elizabeth-Essex story we have all been talking about. Strachey is very good reading, we come away from it aware of tragedy, but feeling no katharsis of emotion, wondering rather about the clever writer.

One may be allowed to suspect that Mr. Hackett first became interested in Henry VIII on account of his wives, an aspect of Henry's life that even the most constitutional of historians finds it difficult to ignore. One suspects that it was a psychological interest, an interest in the "bull man" who "had embarked on that most ambitious of all adventures, the grouping of world-facts around a personal desire." That interested him, and the desires, aspirations, and repressions of all the many people around Henry came to interest him. In dealing with them he is likely to allow imagination to run in front of knowledge. Again and again he constructs from a few hints a whole personality, a personality that fits together and seems probable enough, but may be far from the truth, which, if we knew, might be improbable. With all his psychology Mr. Hackett seems to me to miss one of his chances. He is concerned with the progressive deterioration of Henry, but not so much with that subtle change in character wrought by unlimited power in the hands of an undisciplined person as with the physical weakness that came with weight and years, into the details of which he goes with as much loving and realistic attention as Rupert Brooke in his least pleasant poem.

Mr. Hackett is obviously not an old hand at history. Of what parliament was at this time he has none too clear a notion and he touches it gingerly as he would a nettle. Nor does he know a great deal about the relations of Church and State before Henry VIII, and in that long history lies much of the explanation of what happened when Henry failed to get his divorce. He is too inclined to accept, with an engaging credulity, the good stories told by Roper, Cavendish, and various ambassadors. Furthermore, he is given to fancying purpose where probably none was. He sees Thomas Cromwell intent on overturning the Church. Cromwell was less interested in the Church than in serving his master

as best he could; if he could strengthen the government of that divinity and make him rich from the spoils of the monasteries so much the better. More experienced historians than Hackett have yielded to the temptation to assume that statesmen do with aforethought that which is afterwards set down as their achievement.

But if not an old hand at history Mr. Hackett is not without an historical conscience nor without a sense of the past. He is obviously a man of intellectual integrity who was led from other interests into the study of history until he found himself involved, and went at sources, went at them evidently with a terrible persistence and curiosity. Years of work there must be in this book, but happily work that did not destroy an extraordinary quality of imagination but rather fostered it. The author has more skill in seeing a particular past time than many professional historians; he has a feeling of the climates and geography of opinion; he has an uncanny understanding of the English squirearchy—he is Irish born—and of its implications. Nor is that skill only exercised about classes; he sees individuals so vividly in his own mind's eye that we cannot forget his pictures, even if sometimes the colors seem too bright.

Here is his description of the class that surrounded Henry, squires and nobles:

They were indigenous and they were beamed like oaks. They grew and spread, formidable because of their slow imaginations, their thick wills, their truculence, and their umbrageous tenacity. Yet a little literacy distilled into these men and dreadful things happened. Stable and routine themselves, they bred hot-tempered, wilful, adventurous children, whose voluble and original, not to say eccentric, expressiveness carried them fast into Elizabethan days . . . they (the children) managed by sheer daring to translate their illiterate forebears into something that raced and rhymed.

In the same tone is his picture of a celebrated English family:

The Howards had in their hearts the icy core of pride. This jewel they preserved by hard courage, grim zeal, smooth habit, and level-eyed contempt. . . . The Howards were the most deeply instinctive of all the great families in whose medium the royal . . . principle swims. It is not their lot to change but to transmit intact the germ-plasm of an established order, and nothing short of revolution or extermination can shatter such families.

In the last sentence Hackett might be speaking of the Wiltshire Longs, as E. T. Raymond has described them, or of countless county folk that make up the political backbone of the *Morning Post* party.

He is no less vivid about individuals. "Alexander VI," he says, "was a brigand, a robber baron, one of those hard, nut-headed men whose ferocious gusto and pithy decision and vibrant yes and no are like hot days falling without the nonsense of twilight into the cold clarity of night. Alexander was a strong and shrewd animal wallowing in the papacy like a rhinoceros in the warm mud." Clement VII was a "handsome man with a sensitive face, brilliant eyes, quivering, alive, with a suave, caressing, in gratiating soul, who hoped by imparting his difficulties to excite sympathy and thus escape them." Katharine Parr was a "lady of the court, but one of those who push up by themselves in any society, out of season or in season, affluent in their natures, well-molded, rich, gracious like a crocus under autumn leaves." Of Katheryn Howard in her troubles he says: "She was too young to understand the complex laws of self-preservation and not old enough to apprehend the dangers of sincerity."

That gift of imaginative conception of people leads not infrequently into exaggeration. Of Thomas Cromwell he says:

He had a peeled eye and a hard face. Life to him was no philosophic interlude, no theological way-station, no unfurnished junction between Nowhere and Somewhere; it was a fight with poverty, a fight with necessity; it was a mixture of hell and *Kriegsspiel*. . . . He would be the man to act as go-between, to pay off the wench in trouble, to force through the liquidation, to browbeat the timid, to break down the evasive, to clean up the debris of orgy, ill nature, and extravagance, to push the resourceless to the wall. . . . Men like Thomas Cromwell swim up the sewer to power.

Cromwell hardly deserves such a piling up of denunciation. That the chief servant of Henry had dirty work to do needs no saying, he was likely to go at his work with directness, but he was no more a knave than most statesmen of this time. A statesman he was, if the measure be the work accomplished, and that he was an upstart, and that he plundered the monasteries gives little excuse for talk about "sewers."

He does not go out of his way to be fair to Cranmer. When Cromwell had been thrown in the Tower, he tells us: "Two men owed much to Cromwell . . . the other was Cranmer. But Cranmer was a weeping willow. He was amazed! He was grief-stricken! 'I loved him as a friend,' he wrote to Henry, 'and the more for the love he seemed to bear Your Grace.'" True enough, but hardly the whole truth. Cranmer's letter, while it assumed the truth of the charge against Cromwell, was about as persuasive a letter in behalf of his old friend as it was healthy for him to write to one grown old in tyranny. It is easy for the historian sitting in safety to condemn the weak brothers of the past who were caught in a tight place. To Hackett, Cranmer is a type of the academic mind:

This mind that housed an oubliette as well as a prayer-book, that lent the alembic of religion to distil one political opiate after another, that included a cupboard of theological skeleton keys—this mind had its own curious integrity. It was a beautiful instance of the definitely cerebral man, forced in middle age into action.

It will be seen that Mr. Hackett is inclined to pile up figures of speech. Now and then he goes on a rampage with metaphors. He has evidently set out to use the American language in all its idioms, modified by his own Irishry. Some of his idioms are unworthy of the book, most of them are arresting, and many felicitous. Such idioms as: "In the meantime Pope Julius died on him," or "His eye peeled for his own conquests" leave the reader less than flattered. To say of Henry, "This big-faced, little-eyed man . . . who went through wives as some men go through socks, with a kind of hilarious destructiveness," or to speak of the elders, "the solid men who ate the larks instead of listening to them," is a shade too smart. When he is explaining why Henry stood by a Cranmer under attack, a Cranmer who had arranged his divorces, he comments: "No man, no matter how tempted, is likely to pull down his fire-escape." Precedence in court he tells us was "like a quotation on the stock exchange." Henry raising an issue of right and wrong in order to give a fat living to a friend of Anne leads him to remark: "The moral trump has been slipped into the old easy-going game." He can plunge unafraid into the most involved metaphors:

While he (Henry) was rehearsing his brasses for the next war, and ruling the kettle-drum for his work at Tyburn, he had no intention of leaving the religious accompaniment to chance. He was perfectly aware of the feud between Gardiner and Cranmer, but he did not propose to let the burly prelate with his gorgeous Catholic cello drown the first violin, who could not otherwise avoid a whine in his otherwise exquisite Protestantism. There had been a time in Henry's green days when he thought more of the score than of the playing. Now, willing to carry on the traditional symphony that his father played before him, he was supremely concerned with his team.

The figure changes:

In his thirties no doubt he had referred everything to his conscience. But for seven years he had not mentioned that accusatory organ. It was gone, like a diseased kidney, and he was managing surprisingly well without it, finding, like most executive mankind, that (so long as the banks carry you) it is best to leave your moral worry to pressure from the outside.

I wonder if Mr. Hackett would call himself a disciple of Froude; he has an eye for the pageantry of the past, as that historian. Let me recommend to the reader, when he has finished Hackett, to turn back, not to Froude, but to a less exciting and briefer work, Pollard's "Henry VIII." There he will find less emphasis upon Henry's desire for Anne Boleyn and more stress upon Henry's conviction that Katharine's still-born and quickly dying children were an evidence of God's displeasure with him for marrying his deceased brother's wife. In Pollard too, the reader will be able to gain an estimate of the greatness of Henry's work, a sober estimate by one most competent to make it. Alas, that memory is a shiftless servant and that we shall probably forget Pollard's restrained words and remember the fine stories, the scenes, and the people in Hackett.

"Surely the most retiring novelist of our time," says *John O'London's Weekly*, "is Mr. George Preedy, the author of 'General Crack.' Mr. Preedy moves about the Continent quietly, unknown, in search of material for his novels, refusing to be interviewed, much less photographed. He has recently been in Dresden, exploring the archives and verifying references for his new novel, 'The Rocklitz.' This is a story of Germany in the seventeenth century."

A Surgeon's Avocations

CONSECRATIO MEDICI AND OTHER PAPERS. By HARVEY CUSHING, M. D. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1928. \$2.50. Reviewed by HENRY R. VIETS, M. D.

THE fourteen papers comprising Dr. Cushing's book cover a period of twenty years' literary effort snatched from the busy days and nights of a surgeon's life. Dr. Cushing stands at the head of his profession, not only in America, but in the world, as a neurological surgeon; his place in literature was firmly established in 1925 by his "Life of Sir William Osler," a book which was awarded the Pulitzer prize for biography for that year. His previous books dealt with the various aspects of his profession; the present deals largely with his avocations, medical history, and medical education.

One is impressed by the breadth of his interests. He skips from a clever skit about Garth, the Kit-Kat poet, to a splendid tribute to his lifelong friend, Osler, the physician. Other papers deal with a brilliant exposition of the personality of a modern hospital, the Ether Day address at the Massachusetts General Hospital in 1921, showing how the staff and everyone connected with a hospital may give a "personality" to the institution; another, "The Doctor and His Books," expands Osler's dictum: "To study the phenomena of disease without books is to sail an uncharted sea, while to study books without patients is not to go to sea at all." No subject is too small to attract his attention. The "Boston Tins" depicts in a delightful and whimsical way the history of the tins of surgical dressings made by a committee of Boston women and shipped to France during the War; one paper describes days with The British Medical Corps in 1915; another is a tribute to a nurse who died in service. Longer addresses, more serious in nature, on medical education and the relation of physicians to surgeons, read at important surgical congresses and medical schools, complete the volume. These, carefully written, detailed, and of considerable historical value, lack something of the charm of the more literary material. The best paper is the "Personality of a Hospital" mentioned above. Here one finds the real Cushing, historically minded, witty, generous to his colleagues, a personality himself who has given a distinctive stamp to his own hospital and American medicine.

Good, Better, Best

(Continued from page 873)

ably not say so. But for our own taste in goodness we shall be willing to fight.

The Editors of the *Review*, therefore, will publish from time to time the titles of such new books as seem to deserve and need recommendation to readers who have been willing to follow the stony path of criticism in our company.

THE books listed below have been read with interest by the Editors of *The Saturday Review* and have seemed to us worthy of especial recommendation to our subscribers. It is our desire to bring to the attention of our readers books of real excellence, especially books by new or not widely known authors, which may not always get the recognition which we believe they deserve.

THE DARK STAR. By LORNA MOON. Bobbs-Merrill. A story of the unhappy passion of a strong personality. SIX MRS. GREENES. By LORNA REA. Harpers. A successful technical experiment in character fiction. THIS POOR PLAYER. By SHIRLEY WATKINS. McCrea-Smith. The character study of an egotist. FURTHER POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Little, Brown. A discovery of poems of the first quality by a woman likely to be ranked among the best in the nineteenth century. UNDERTONES OF WAR. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. Doubleday, Doran. The notebook of a poet at war.

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