Of Scotland in the early seventeenth century he writes: "All classes were miserably poor; the gentry lived squalidly in their little stone towers, the peasants were half-starved and half-clad, and rural life had few of the English amenities. The land was strewn with the relics of medievalism, and amid this lumber the spirit of the Knoxian reformation burned furiously, destroying much that was ill and not a little that was good."

There is nothing better in the book than his analysis of Montrose's political theories. In that he adds a supplement to those two recent but already classic works, Feiling's "History of the Tory Party" and McIlwain's Introduction to "The Political Works of James I."

Historians will wish to read parts of this book again and again. And it will command, I hope, that wide public easily found for biographies much less readable and much less wise.

The Island That Was Ireland

OLD IRELAND—REMINISCENCES OF AN IRISH K. C. By A. M. SULLIVAN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN

IN 1877 Alexander Martin Sullivan, the second of a group of five distinguished brothers, published his two volumes on the "New Ireland." An ardent Nationalist and editor of the *Nation*, he had played a conspicuous rôle in the Ireland of his day. As he wrote he looked forward with hope and courage to the new and better Ireland that was emerging from the revolutionary changes of the previous thirty years. Now, almsot fifty years later, his son (of the same name), a noted barrister and the last of the King's Serjeants, records the end of that new Ireland to which his father had looked forward. In one of the most brilliant and profound volumes of reminiscences that have come out of Ireland in a score of years Mr. Sullivan looks back wistfully to the Island that then was Ireland. "So little remains of all that then existed that one sometimes wonders whether the thoughts of the old land, of the old days, and of the old people, are not the hallucinations of a dreamer."

In the early pages we are given an excellent background of late nineteenth century politics, a skilful analysis of Irish character, and some insight into the peculiar land system and its importance in the social and political life of the people. Mr. Sullivan was called to the bar in 1892 and he then entered upon "the happiest career that was open to an Irishman," for it was in the law courts that a sympathetic student could best observe and understand a people born to strife and litigation. He knew intimately the important judges and barristers of the Irish bar as well as many of the humbler folk who came before them. We have never encountered such a sympathetic and vivacious picture of Irish court procedure and its revelations of Irish character—from Judge William O'Brien, who when told that a certain prisoner was a sort of mountebank, said: "And what is he doing here? There is no vacancy in this court," to Tom Donovan, a horse dealer, who being congratulated upon a successful suit against the Bishop of Limerick, said: "Don't talk to me. It breaks my heart to think that a jury of my countrymen wouldn't believe a holy Bishop on his oath." Here also we learn how juries are empanelled, so that while in England a case may be said to have begun when the jury has been selected, in Ireland the case is virtually ended.

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From the early years of the twentieth century Mr. Sullivan believes conditions were becoming progressively better. The Land Purchase Act of 1903 had destroyed Landlordism in Ireland and the peasants set out on a new and hopeful career. In 1908 conditions were most favorable to Home Rule for Ireland and it was catastrophic that it did not come when the nation might have begun its career under the best auspices. But "two cancers, secret organizations and the acquisition of arms, slowly ate into the vitals of the National movement" and these, together with political jobbery and the stupidity of party leaders, finally destroyed it. For a time the World War united all Irishmen, and in the face of the common danger Ireland achieved nationhood—only to lose it through the resumption of faction fighting and the mistakes of the British government after the Easter Week uprising. Then came the confusion, the chaos, and the treachery of the next several years. The Irish Republic was declared with DeValera, "the benevolent Spanish commandant of forty snipers," as its President. With the suppression of the Dail Eirann and the crushing of the old Sinn Feiners the bitter war between the Irish Republican Army and the Royal Irish Constabulary broke out. After a long and successful "beatification of murder and suicide . . . the Confederacy of Criminals had succeeded in the permanent disunion of the two great factors of the Irish race, had re-established sectarian hatred in the North, and had rendered inevitable the breaking up of the Nation and the partition of Ireland." When the conquered people of the twenty-six counties were handed over to a "gang of bullies and gunmen" Mr. Sullivan with his family set out to commence life again among strangers, for he had come to "an end of all the usefulness of a life spent in one long struggle against all forms of oppression." He had tried to fit himself to be of service to Ireland and the knowledge that he did his best is "some alleviation of the loneliness of exile." Mr. Sullivan's trenchant and epigrammatic judgments will undoubtedly provoke bitter comment from many, yet few can deny, we believe, his passionate loyalty to the old Ireland that marks him as one of the most distinguished of modern Irish patriots. We are charmed with the critical and sympathetic intelligence, the kindly Irish humor, and even the mellow sadness of Mr. Sullivan's volume.

Submarine Adventures

RAIDERS OF THE DEEP. By LOWELL THOMAS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

THERE is one class of war hero which has never received its due outside of Central Europe. These are the submarine-commanders who risked their lives in the drastic effort to annul the power of the British battle-fleet and to starve out the British Isles. Frankly, much of the world's opposition to their tactics was bred of fear lest they should be successful. These men were acting under orders in time of war and, whatever civilian opinion thought of them, the British and American naval officers had nothing but the highest respect for their ability, courage, and sportsmanship. Even to-day, naval opinion in no country has resigned itself to the abolition of the submarine blockade and, ethics aside, there seems no reason why we should withhold our admiration from the men who went to sea in "iron coffins," to prey on merchant and passenger shipping, while we accord it to the airmen who dropped bombs on towns and cities behind the battle lines—along the Rhine as well as in London and Paris.

At any rate, Lowell Thomas, the first of the popularizers of the adventures of Colonel Lawrence and the biographer of Count Luckner, has rushed, somewhat indiscriminately, to their rescue. He has tales to tell of desperate courage and long chances, tales which stir the blood, despite his reliance on strong adjectives and exclamation points. There is Weddingen, for example, who in a little tin-pot kerosene-burning submarine revolutionized naval warfare by calmly sinking the three British cruisers, *Aboukir*, *Hogue*, and *Cressy*. There is Otto von Hersing, who ran the gauntlet of the North Sea and the Straits of Gibraltar in the U-21, arriving at Cattaro with less than two tons of fuel oil left. Thence he went to the Dardanelles, where he held up a great British attack by sinking the battleships *Triumph* and *Majestic*, and fetched up at Constantinople with half a ton of oil left. There is Lothar van Arnauld de la Perière who in one cruise of the U-35 sank fifty-four Allied ships and who was captured in a battle with the British Q-boat *Prize*, when U-93 sank beneath his feet to reappear miraculously at Wilhelmshaven, after a voyage that ranks as one of the great feats of the war. There were the U-boats which calmly crossed the Atlantic to prey on American shipping, one of which ran up Chesapeake Bay and planted mines off Baltimore.

The greatest drama attaches, however, to two incidents at the end of the war. When Austria broke up, fourteen U-boats set out from Cattaro to get back to Germany. The entire British Mediterranean fleet was waiting for them at Gibraltar. In a fierce dog-fight in the Straits, the little flotilla sank the battleship *Britannia*, and all but one got safely back to the Fatherland. Commander Spiess, who commanded the Cattaro flotilla in this thrilling run, was put in command of the U-135 at Wilhelmshaven to prepare for the "last fight" of the German Navy. Admiral von Scheer planned to send the German fleet down the Channel to break through the Dover barrier and threaten the British command of the sea. The German U-boats were to be thrown across the North Sea, so that when the British fleet steamed south from Scapa Flow, it would fall into an ambush. It was a good plan and, if it had been attempted in March or July, 1918, it might have succeeded. But the German sailors mutinied and the result was the ignominious surrender of the German Navy to their British foes.

As a foonote on the dangers of submarine warfare to the Germans, Mr. Thomas notes that of the four hundred German submarines put in commission, only three hundred did any active campaigning. Of this number, one hundred and ninety-nine were lost. The men who dared to stick to their task against such odds deserve our respect, if not our liking. At the end, it was not the submarine arm of the navy which mutinied but the crews on battleships which had not faced the enemy for more than two years.

Mr. Thomas includes the narrative of the man who sank the *Lusitania*. He does not pass upon the morality of "unrestricted" submarine warfare. Theoretically, of course, it was justifiable; practically, it was outrageous. The world can never see a ship go down, with loss of life, without being stirred by all the generous instincts built up by the tradition of generations. The loss of innocent, neutral lives was and is something which chokes the gorge. The fact that the submarine commanders were generally chivalrous and humane and that they spared life where possible need not detract from the general verdict of mankind, that Germany's submarine campaign was worse than a crime; that it was a blunder—and worse still, that it nearly succeeded. That is what the world will never forgive and what naval experts will never forget. In the meantime, both are indebted to Mr. Thomas for his laudable attempt to do justice to some of the bravest men who fought in the World War, the German U-boat personnel—officers and crew. Their exploits have made the limitation of naval armaments seem desirable, for the first time in history, to the public opinion of the great maritime powers. Had they not demonstrated that no navy is, in fact, powerful enough to give effective protection to sea-borne commerce, the old rule of force on the High Seas would still prevail and the doctrine of the Freedom of the Seas would still remain an academic theory.

Soliloquy on Madness

(*Continued from page* 565)

But if human nature is good for something, then much can be said for continuing the experiment of standardizing culture, and everything for good thinkers and good books.

A world madly engaged upon nearby objectives misses these complexities. It ignores human nature and the artificiality of culture as the scientist ignores the possibility of failure in his law, which has worked so often that he assumes it will work always. Wisely of course—it is always wise to be a little mad in this sense. But not rational. If we were rational we would take no chances with possible extremes of standardization or intellectual anarchy, but decimate our book shelves as Cæsar decimated his legions, and wipe out nine-tenths of our magazines and newsprint until the pattern of words which makes our environment of conscious opinion should bear a more useful and valid relation to life than the patter which makes up two-thirds of journalism and at least one-half of literature. But if we were as wise as all that—

The Saturday Review
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A Hymn to America

STRIDE OF MAN. By THAMES WILLIAMSON. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

LITERARY *genres* run together at the edges, and somewhere on the borders of fiction, history, and poetry, Mr. Williamson has searched out material to be fused into a fourth form perhaps best described as, in the Old Testament sense, rhapsody. "Stride of Man" deals with an idea, a sublimation, a symbol—the energy of America expressing itself through a multiplicity of patterns in the unity of time. The plan is one that Whitman would have approved and one that would have had no sympathy at all from Henry Adams.

Mr. Williamson's eidelon is one Daniel Patterson, supposedly a descendant of Daniel Boone, who is born in an Oregon cabin early enough in the nineteenth century to occasion the first planting in the Grande Ronde. In Daniel Patterson the energy of America, having produced him on the farthest western frontier, enters upon such violent ferment that it reverses the tide of expansion and turns him eastward to successively less physical frontiers. In him, this energy sums up three-quarters of a century of our material history, in so much that, after just missing the Civil War, he experiences drouth and a plague of locusts in Kansas, invents the twine-binder and the safety bicycle, has a part in the early industrial troubles in Chicago and assists at the Haymarket riot, recognizes the importance of better transportation and builds the automobile that finishes second in the Chicago-Waukegan race, devises the manufacturing system of Henry Ford, and ends by converting his factories and his desires to the fabrication of airplanes because that is the next frontier on which the energy of America will seek expression.

Now it is easy to find fault with such a scheme. One may say that the design resembles the naiveté of the Civil War novels of twenty years ago. The hero of those braveries, you remember, happily chanced to be at Fort Sumter for the bombardment and in St. Louis for the attempt at secession; he participated in the first Bull Run and Antietam and Chancellorsville; then, necessarily, he went West for Vicksburg, but had informative letters from Gettysburg; somehow he had leisure to detect Copperhead activities in Ohio and contrived to be with both Sherman at Atlanta and Grant in the Wilderness; then he was an aide at Appomatox, and someone thoughtfully sent him theatre tickets for the appropriate evening in Washington. Such a criticism of "Stride of Man," however, is immaterial. For this reason: if you are going to write that kind of book, that is the kind of book you must write. There is nothing historically or psychologically implausible in the life of Daniel Patterson. Mr. Williamson's history is, if anything, too accurate, so that he sometimes, especially in the first part, piles up substantiating detail beyond his needs. He is writing a rhapsody, a celebration of the American experience, and he cannot very well do so without leading his symbol through the heart of the experience.

No, the trouble with "Stride of Man" is not the encyclopedic career of Daniel Patterson. It is rather the difficulty of writing rhapsody in English prose, a medium that forces it to use at least the exterior of fiction. Seeming to be fiction, it must submit to judgments of fiction, and there it falls down. Daniel Patterson remains a symbol, an eidelon; he does not exist in his own right. He is a surface merely, and a significance—not a person, not an individual. The American pageant abundantly fills the pages of the book, and it is vividly, even memorably, managed. But the pageant, crowded with America, somehow lacks an American. The national experience is there, the human experience lacking.

All honest books germinated from our national past are welcome, and one would respect Mr. Williamson's on that score, even if it were not unusually good in its kind. And his utilization of the West, almost completely ignored in serious literature, commends him still more. But for all that, his book would have more nearly realized his own intent if he had cut the experience into tenths and used no more than one of the tithes for the complete exploitation of one man. One American truly created will be more national than a hymn to the sun, even so sustainedly brilliant a hymn as Mr. Williamson's.

The BOWLING GREEN

Composing Room

IT is just five years since the old Bowling Green in the New York *Evening Post* was sodded for the last time. Miss Alison Smith of the *World* has long been asking us to reprint the *Ode to the Comp. Room* which was printed in the Green during those days. We had no copy of it, but lately our old friends Bill Barron and Scotty Connell, who were in the *Post's* comp room in that earlier era, dug up an ancient clipping. By their kindness we are able to reprint it here, as a sincere tribute to all newspaper composing rooms — which are, with steamship engine-rooms and theatre switchboards, the most exciting places on earth.

ODE TO THE COMP. ROOM

I'd like to work in the Composing Room,
For what happens to a poem before it is published
Is far more poetical, usually,
Than the poem itself.
Poor little bundle of words, here you go—
Boy! Shoot this, prithee—
Up the pneumatic tube it flutters
To Jim Henderson, the copy cutter.

I wonder why there are so many Scots
In all printing offices?
Humorous birds, with shrewd, busy eyes.
Jim Henderson is from Glasgow;
Bill Barron, the foreman, is from Aberdeen;
And Jim, if he thinks Bill is near enough to hearken,
Will tell you a little story, something like this:
There was a fellow on a ship, in mid-Atlantic,
And way off yonder he sees another ship,
Just a speck on the skyline.
I wonder, says a fellow passenger, what that is?
Why, it's a vessel, he says.
Yes, of course, replies the other, but where's she going?
To New York, very likely.
Sure, but I wonder where's she from?
Our friend pretends to scan the horizon carefully.
I think she must be from Aberdeen, for I don't see any sea-gulls following her.

In the meantime the poem is on the linotype.
I don't savvy the lino very well, but I'm enough of a printer
To know how to light my pipe from it
Where the little blue flame lurks among the machinery.
See how the matrices come sprinkling fast
Down the slots of their fan-shaped runway,
And then, if you watch, you'll see the strips of type,
Hot and shining,
Slide one by one into the brass galley
—I tell you, when you see that machine,
And the cheerful calmness of the grizzled operator,
You want to write something worthy of them both,
Words that would come out hot and shining,
Words strong like metal,
Words built cannily together,
Not to be melted again.
So much of what we send up might as well be set
etaoin shrdlu ("A line of Greek," they call it;
Which, since it may have puzzled you, is simply the way
The letters lie on the linotype keyboard,
Just as you might write *qwertyuiop* on your Underwood
Or vamp a few chords on the piano).

I'd like to work in the composing room—
Such ingenious bustle, such humorous haste,
And I never weary of the black skull cap
Worn by Harry Martin, the superintendent
(Who is not a Scot—he sprang from Guernsey,
Home of those plush cows with amberlucent eyes).
I esteem the lively clatter of mallets pattering on the forms
Before they go rolling to the stereo room
On nine little trucks
("Bogies," says Bill Barron, "we used to call them in Aberdeen.
Say, laddie, were you ever in Aberdeen?
Glasgow's a dour black, reeky town.")

I love to watch the veteran Make-Up Editor,
A fine, portly figure of a man,
Brooding over the forms as they fill with type,
Pondering how to fit a six-inch story
Into a stick of space.
"Here," he says, "that'll never go.
Put in a bit of recherche Real Estate to fill."
In off moments he'll talk to you about George Borrow.
And in between times he's Religious Editor.
You might ask him to tell you the story about the High Church curate
And (O Scotland again!) the bottle of Athol Brose.
Being Religious and Make-Up Editor
Keeps a man mighty sinewy:
The other day, when he was jostled by a flivver,
She had to be towed home.
I love also to see the magazine pages, already made up for Saturday,
Marked ALIVE,
(Aye, for if type isn't alive, what is?)
And a young lady, concentrated and proud, from the editorial department,
Side by side with some inkstained compositor,
Their heads bent charmingly together over a correction.

Now, when the page is made up, I see it pass to the molding table,
Where it is blanketed under black sheets of felt,
And, when the semi-cylinder plates are made,
Down to the pressroom.
I tell you, it makes me dizzy to think of that poor little poem
Revolving down there, round and round and round
More than 60,000 times
(That is, on Saturdays,
As sworn to and subscribed before James W. Jennings, Notary Public,
Whose commission expires March 30, 1923,
But will doubtless be renewed).

And here is the Circulation Manager,
With his eyes full of yearning,
Appealing to the Production Manager:
"The Home Edition starts at 12.45, but is that Absolute?
Something's happened down on Staten Island,
And I've got to catch that 1 o'clock boat.
Can you go in a few minutes early?"
News, news, news. . . .
Some people smile at my old darling.
But I think she prints more Real News
Than any evening paper I know.
Not much poetry up here, the Composing Room tells me,
But I can see the Muse hugging herself
Down every roaring aisle.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"In the present critical state of the book trade in Italy," says the London *Observer*, "authors are finding it increasingly difficult to get their works published and to receive proper remuneration. With a view, apparently, of imposing themselves on publishers by cumulative weight, a kind of coöperative association has been formed by ten well-known Italian authors of very different tendencies: Antonio Beltramelli, Massimo Bontempelli (modernist), Lucio D'Ambra (classicist), Alessandro De Stefani, Fausto Maria Martini, F. T. Marinetti (futurist), Guido Milanesi, Alessandro Varaldo, C. G. Viola, and Luciano Zuccoli (classicist).

They are not only writing works in partnership, but they uphold one another in enforcing lucrative terms from publishers. They have also formed a sub-group of five dramatic authors, who have got together a company bound to act nothing but their plays.

"The first novel of the 'Ten' of which each contributed two chapters, appeared as a serial in the *Lavoro d'Italia*. It is entitled 'Le Zar Non è Morto' (The Czar is Not Dead), and the price is said to have been 150,000 lire (about £1,600), an unprecedented sum for a novel in Italy. But if its financial success has been secured, from a literary point of view the work is by no means considered an important contribution to Italian literature. A comic paper publishes verses to the effect that if the Czar were not already dead, he has certainly been killed now by the ten authors."

A Bible has recently been placed in a cave among the ice and snow of the summit of Kilimanjaro, the highest peak in Africa, which, 200 miles south of the Equator, towers to 19,720 feet. The feat was accomplished by Mr. W. J. Roome, who has been for twelve years Secretary for East and Central Africa for the British and Foreign Bible Society.