

Salmon Not Running, by Bliss Perry, on page 474

# The Saturday Review

## of LITERATURE

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### The Dual Life

EVER since, in Ariel and Caliban, Shakespeare played with the idea of environment and touched with his imagination the mysterious forces of nature, still vexed by men and shaping in their turn the restless human,—ever since, and before, the problem of skies and men has troubled philosophy. Science and literature both have speculated upon the subtle changes of north and south, sea and land, heat and cold. Huntington has linked energy with variability of temperature, but in specific characteristics we are not much more precise than the distinctions of the old quatrain (undoubtedly misquoted)—

The mountain sheep are sweet  
But the valley sheep are fatter.  
Therefore it seemed us meet  
To feed upon the latter.

Count Keyserling, in his new book, "America Set Free," devotes the longer part of a long chapter to discussing the inadaptation of the American to his environment, which accounts, he thinks, for most of our troubles. We are nomads, not yet at home in the land. He might have taken his text from Wordsworth.

Like Wordsworth, but with less excuse, Keyserling takes his environment in terms of nature. It is the high skies, the broad plains, the electric atmosphere, the new soil still only half mastered, yet, in the East, already half relinquished, that he seems to have in mind, although he avoids description. He might have learned from his compatriot, Spengler, to whom he turns for other help, that environment must now have other definitions. The new city agglomerations of which Mr. MacKaye wrote in a recent number of the *Review*, or as Spengler calls them, the megalopolitan centers, are the total environment now for a large fraction of modern civilization. It is a true environment, with its own skies, noises, smells, temperature, and psychic atmosphere, and, if man is moulded by his surroundings, must be one of the most powerful determinants that has ever existed. It is a machine-made environment, and will produce inevitably machine-made men and women, which is not to condemn them with a word, but to describe a constant influence in their making. And even if environment is stretched to include the total of cultural and traditional influences in a given region, still the megalopolitan life may be more powerful in its concentration and intensity than any other.

Yet this is by no means certain. Nature, which throughout the romantic period was the resort of sensitive minds, was then perhaps even more powerful. The nature to which poets and philosophers from Rousseau and Wordsworth down have sent us, was not the ruthless nature of tooth and claw, but Mother Nature, whose patterns of beauty and rhythms of life refreshed the seeker with a sense of partnership in the universe and a conviction of harmony with universal law.

Environment today may be either of nature or the machine, and it is important that writers who speak of our national or racial characteristics, and the shaping of our *mores*, should know which they mean when they talk of our adaptations. This is particularly important when the reference is to the United States, where adaptation to a new soil was still admittedly imperfect when the machine age reached its present height. So far as environment is concerned, the New Yorker and the Viennese are

### Dew On a Dusty Heart

(Schubert Quartet in D Minor)

By JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

IF come into this world again I must  
And take unto myself another form,  
Oh let it be unblemished by a mist  
Of imperfections, or the line infirm.  
And let it shapen to a secret wish  
Untouched, untinctured even by a dram  
Of earthiness; nor let the fretted wash  
Of passion fray the fine-immaculate dream.

Oh let me come back as a melody  
New as the air it takes, no taint of ill  
To halt such lovely flying as birds do  
Going from infinite nought to infinite all.  
Giving to dusty hearts that lag at even  
The dewy rest they dream of and call heaven.

### A Diplomat's Memoirs\*

By J. W. T. MASON

SIR CECIL SPRING RICE, British Ambassador at Washington during the first two and a half years of the world war, missed his calling. He should have been a writer. His powers of observation were large, he was at ease with his pen, and he had a fastidious intellect. But, he possessed a persistent tendency, as his letters show, to decide events in advance and then make his analyses of day by day developments fit into his predetermined conclusions. That is a serious handicap in diplomacy. However much prophesy is needed for properly coordinated diplomatic activities, far more necessary is the competence to value opportunism.

Statesmanship fails when it seeks to peer too deeply into the future. There are always unexpected possibilities lurking around the corner of time and diplomacy is a fluctuating thing which must constantly readjust itself to changing realities. British diplomats in general know subconsciously that the future makes itself and cannot be made before it is. The ruthless logic of the French mentality is seldom present among the British. The creative factor of life which demands a constant awareness to take advantage of sudden and novel opportunities is present predominantly in the British mentality. It may be called opportunism or "muddling through"; but that is a false conclusion. Fundamentally it rests on the belief that life is not mechanistic and anything may happen in this most undetermined world.

Spring Rice could not readjust himself to changing his conditions. He complained frequently in his letters that he disliked diplomacy and wanted to get out of the service; but he never did, until eventually he was removed from his Washington post because he had not realized that a new diplomacy which must deal with public opinion in the open had been made by the war for democracy. On November 27, 1914, he wrote from Washington to Sir Valentine Chirol:

There are still people who want us to take a more active part in influencing the press in opposition to the German Press Bureau which is working so energetically night and day. If we could manage a Press Bureau with success it might be advisable to try the experiment. But at the present moment the larger part of the American people are with us or rather against our enemies, not from our merits but owing to the demerits of the antagonist. Their deeds are mightier than their words. Would it be worth while to try and alter a situation which is on the whole favorable? What really would tell in our favor is a cessation of football matches and an increase in recruiting. . . . The feeling here is more anti-German than pro-English, and any failure on our part in courage or energy or persistence or earnestness would tell far more against us than any number of German articles.

In this paragraph is admirably shown Spring Rice's weakness and strength. He was an analyst of no mean ability; but he had little sense of creative action. As a psychologist, he could see defects with aloof impersonality. But he was not the man to overcome them by his own efforts. He was astonishingly frank in his correspondence and had a veritable passion for writing letters, but, when the time came to use the spoken word and take advantage of his opportunities at Washington to become the public spokesman for his country, he became taciturn and timid. Many of his friends called him

\* THE LETTERS AND FRIENDSHIP OF SIR CECIL SPRING RICE. Edited by STEPHEN GWYNN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. 2 vols. \$10.

### This Week

"The Tree Named John."

Reviewed by NEWBELL NILES PUCKETT.

"Animals Looking at You."

Reviewed by SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

"The House of Gold."

Reviewed by JAMES T. FARRELL.

"Pidgin Cargo."

Reviewed by CHARLES BATCHELDER.

Yankee Doodle Dandy.

By CHRISTOPHER WARD.

"The Gothick North."

Reviewed by LEWIS MUMFORD.

### Next Week

Christmas Book Number.

subject to influences more nearly identical than a resident of Chicago's loop and the Illinois farmer of the cornbelt just outside.

But if a new environment has been created, as powerful if less varied than nature's, the power of choice remains, and, what is more important, the power of alternation. The young in this generation here and in England (but not apparently in Continental Europe) have given up nature as a stimulant too weak. They run (literally and figuratively) too fast through the country to feel its beneficence. Only the congestion of the city slows them down to the feeling point. The machine and the machine-like has them in power. The advocates of nature would say that their brittle restlessness was a result. Cause and effect may run the other way; but this is certain, that if environment does mold and shape and sometimes control, then the wise will not trust themselves to the machine-made city without recourse elsewhere. Nor need they declare for Arcadia. The city mass is nothing to be afraid of, and only barbarians would wish to destroy it, though

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"Springy" because of his name. At Washington, some of the newspaper correspondents called him "the mountain goat" because of his beard. Both names fitted his character in his dealings with the press. He bounded away constantly, while von Bernstorff, suave and ingenious, was a constant news source at the German Embassy. Von Bernstorff made the most out of an indefensible and impossible condition. Spring Rice made the least out of the natural advantages which were on his side in dealing with the press.

So, later during the war, the British government sent Lord Northcliffe as its publicity agent in America. But, Spring Rice while evincing a desire to bury differences with the man who he considered had published libels against him, nevertheless was of no coöperative help in the British desire for more open diplomacy. Northcliffe had not, himself, sufficient finesse for the post. Eventually, Lord Reading came and understood the needs better. Spring Rice was recalled, rather brusquely, by Arthur Balfour. A few months after, he died, perhaps overwhelmed by the humiliation, for his nature was, as Mr. Gwynn says, abnormally sensitive. He left his family in a difficult financial position since pensions to British diplomats cease when the recipients die. A group of American friends subscribed \$75,000, the income to be paid his wife for life and after her death to the two children to the age of thirty-five, after which the money is to be used to endow a traveling scholarship for Balliol (Oxford) students entering the diplomatic service.

This tribute to the memory of Spring Rice from Americans shows the direction of his friendships. His intimate associates in Great Britain were among the lesser lights. His closest friends, as his letters reveal them, were Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge. John Hay, too, was on cordial terms with him, and Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Lodge were his frequent correspondents. Among Britons, he opened his heart to Chirol, foreign editor of the *London Times*, to Ronald Ferguson, now Lord Novar, to Luxmoore, his Eton tutor, and one or two others. But it was to Roosevelt that Spring Rice looked with fascinated eyes, though he was not averse to ruffling the Colonel now and then. The man of action held him the closest perhaps because his own mind did not lead him to ways of direct activity.

Spring Rice was one of the most experienced of diplomats as far as first-hand observation of the four corners of the world could develop experience in him. He was at Washington in his younger days long before he returned as Ambassador. He held posts in Berlin, Petrograd, Tokyo, Teheran, and elsewhere. He had two major ideas. He was convinced that Germany was constantly conspiring against Great Britain and that Anglo-American intimacy ought to develop, perhaps to dominate the world. As history has written itself, one may say these were not bad influences to guide a British diplomat. But Spring Rice seemed unable, all too often, to discern other factors in international relations and appeared even to consider all else of minor importance. He was a Cato in diplomacy.

His letters show a persistent desire to make the flesh creep, as Roosevelt wrote him. He felt himself in the midst of diabolical schemes to undermine Great Britain and whenever American opinion for the moment did not seem to be moving in the direction of a British *entente*, he was up in arms. He seemed specially fearful that his beloved "Theodore" would fall under the influence of the German Kaiser. Roosevelt wrote him in 1897:

As a German I should be delighted to upset the English in South Africa and to defy the Americans and their Monroe Doctrine in South America. As an Englishman I should seize the first opportunity to crush the German Navy and the German commercial marine out of existence and take possession of both the German and Portuguese possessions in South Africa, leaving the Boers absolutely isolated. As an American I should advocate—and as a matter of fact do advocate—keeping our navy at a pitch that will enable us to interfere promptly if Germany ventures to touch a foot of American soil.

Spring Rice wrote back, from Berlin: "I would like to see you here for a time and hear your opinion. I believe you would go on the side of the Soldier and drink the Kaiser's health with tears in your eyes."

Roosevelt evidently did not relish this comment. It lingered in his mind so much that when he became President, Sir Mortimer Durant, British Ambassador at Washington, in a letter to Lord Lansdowne, March 10, 1905, quoted him as saying:

I know Springy thinks I am inclined to fall under the

influence of the German Emperor, but he is quite wrong. I like the Emperor very much in a way, but I don't trust him and am not in the least affected by the ridiculous messages he makes Specky (the German Ambassador, Speck von Sternburg) bring me. . . . You need never be the least afraid that I shall take the Kaiser seriously.

Many of Roosevelt's letters to Spring Rice bring the Rough Rider back to life and are among the most interesting parts of the book. One communication, from the White House, dated December 27, 1904, is typical of those paragraphs which seem to have frightened Springy into believing Roosevelt was drifting within the Kaiser's orbit:

Liberal institutions of necessity tend to invite factionalism and such absorption in party contests that the successful party leader, the successful parliamentary manager, the victor in struggles at the ballot box, usurp an altogether improper place in popular estimation when compared with the military administrator, with the man who is preparing the resources of the nation for the event of war, and who is watching the course of other nations and the trend of developments in international affairs. . . . In the Spanish War, for instance, and in the Boer War our generals and yours, our public leaders and yours, had to grapple with a public sentiment which screamed with anguish over the loss of a couple of thousand men in the field, a sentiment of preposterous and unreasoning mawkishness.

During the Spanish War, Spring Rice was in Berlin and his correspondence shows he was continually on the alert to advise his American friends of Germany's possible unfriendly intentions. He wrote to John Hay, July 16, 1898, when Hay was Secretary of State:

I came back here on Thursday evening and was lucky enough yesterday to meet Metternich, who is generally with the Emperor on his land journeys as representative of the F. O. I said that the presence of the large German force at the Philippines was plainly regarded in America as a threat, and was likely to lead to unpleasant incidents. Was Germany prepared to face the consequences and had the Government counted the cost? He said he quite agreed with the view I took, that it was unfortunate that the ships had been sent, but that it was difficult to withdraw them. It had been necessary to make a display of force to satisfy public opinion at home. He went on to say that Germany hadn't the remotest idea of engaging in a conflict with America—only of defending German interests. I said that the disparity between the interests and the force sent to protect them was sure to excite remark, especially in view of the published desire of the Germans to get a coaling station. He then began to talk of that question and ask what England would say. I said I hadn't any doubt that the Liberal Party, a section of the Conservative Party, and the great mass of English public opinion would be opposed to any action on Germany's behalf which would be unpleasant to America.

Ten years later, the American historian, W. T. Thayer, asked Spring Rice to discover which of the British statesmen had replied to the Kaiser's secret invitation that the British should join a coalition against the United States. Spring Rice wrote that at the time of the crisis, Joseph Chamberlain had sent him with a message to John Hay, then American Ambassador at London, to tell Hay that Chamberlain would leave the cabinet "if the decision taken was a wrong one." Chamberlain's message concluded: "Tell him to see if I am still there and he will know it is all right."

Repeatedly, Spring Rice's letters reveal his sincere desire to befriend the United States and so reach his objective of an Anglo-American understanding. His American friends, however, were not of special use to him when he eventually was appointed to the ambassadorship at Washington. With Woodrow Wilson at the White House, an ambassador whose closest American intimates were Roosevelt and Lodge (the latter of whom had more than once approached the British foreign office to get Springy a Washington appointment) was not in a position to wield great influence at the White House. Spring Rice was not sympathetic to Wilson's character and Bryan, as Secretary of State, irritated him constantly. Back in the old days, he had been at Washington during Cleveland's first term and Harrison's term. When Cleveland defeated Harrison in 1892, after Harrison's four years of office, Spring Rice wrote his brother: "For England the Republican administration is the best; for though unpleasant to the last degree, it was capable and certain under Harrison; under Cleveland it may be anything—and Cleveland is bound to show that he was not elected by British gold, by being as disagreeable to us as possible."

Yet, Wilson's election to the presidency as a Democrat did not cause Spring Rice to harbor his former opinion about the two parties. After Wilson defeated Hughes, Spring Rice wrote, October 17, 1917, to Lord Robert Cecil, then Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs:

It was fortunate for us that the Republicans were defeated, for had Mr. Hughes been elected and declared war as he would have been forced to do, it is probable that the great mass of the Democratic Party would have opposed the war bitterly, and that there would have been a strongly divided nation.

Yet, as for Wilson:

He is unfortunate in the rather inferior calibre, not in the way of intelligence but of Parliamentary experience, of his principal supporters in the House and Senate. His position is an embarrassing one and he is driven more and more into himself and his own resources. . . . He regards most interviews, especially argumentative interviews, as a waste of time and mental resources. The emotions of his mind are thus wrapped in mystery but there are no indications whatever of any change in his point of view with regard to the war.

Spring Rice seemed sceptical of America's possible entrance into the war until the event occurred and then he was convinced that Wilson would not stop fighting until there was a complete victory. He wrote home of the President's inaccessibility and how foreign affairs were controlled from the White House and not the State Department, but his superiors apparently thought he should have got into the fortress by applying more effort. Action instead of mere analyses was desired. Perhaps nobody could have speeded events, but it is doubtful whether Spring Rice saw the true trend. His personal disappointment seems to have been keen that his dream of an Anglo-American *rapprochement* did not materialize into actuality, as he desired. Yet, Lord Reading wrote, after Spring Rice's death:

I believe it to be the case that the Allied Governments were never forced to recede from their position in any important question owing to American opposition and the result is in itself a sufficient proof of the sagacity with which the negotiations were conducted during the period of American neutrality.

The sagacity was not recognized at the British foreign office, nor is there evidence that Spring Rice realized how the American government was causing him to win the substance, without the shadow.

The two volumes contain nearly a thousand pages of letters. They are always interesting and often fascinating. Mr. Gwynn's editorial notes are valuable and enlightening. Many of Spring Rice's comments on the customs of the countries where he was stationed are amusing and sparkle with life. He was an inveterate gossip and diplomatic tittle-tattle fascinated him. One of his letters relates that when the Kaiser and Kaiserin visited Constantinople, the ladies of the harem presented the Kaiserin with a bouquet of diamonds valued at \$50,000. The Kaiserin's return gift for the Sultan's youngest daughter, was a gold bracelet, worth \$10. This so enraged the harem favorite that she snapped it on the arm of a negress, "who still wears the Imperial gift." The ensuing uproar with the Sultan's wives telling their Lord he had been cheated "by the greedy Giaours" presents a scene of harem life not often found in literature.

Thus mingling light tales of the diplomatic world with weighty comments on the course of world politics, Spring Rice went through his career. His name will not live in diplomacy, but his letters are likely to survive for long.

## The Dual Life

(Continued from preceding page)

it needs bounds and control, but it gives strong doses, and to judge from what it does to cockney types of authors, journalists, musicians, traders, and politicians, the result of an exclusive inspiration by noise, speed, and the excitement of congested male and female bodies is belittling, giving a clever hardness rather than any depth either of sentiment, humor, or thought.

The regimen for the man who aspires to culture and the good life is likely in the future to be of necessity dual. He must, in the words of Arnold, fly

. . . this strange disease of modern life,  
With its sick hurry, its divided aims.

But after exposure to the violet rays of Mother Nature he can come back, not only safely but wisely. He will be a better man in the suburbs if he can keep his eye for a spring brook and an astered meadow; and a better man in the environment which, in spite of the realtors, nature will still provide, if he avoids country dullness by constant sharpening in the city's machine.



## The Undeclared Present

BROTHERS AND SISTERS. By I. COMPTON-BURNETT. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. \$2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE theme of incest, especially incest between a brother and sister, seems to travel an orbit like a comet's, somewhere in Space-Time, and to appear at intervals in literature. The Jacobean age was one of its periods, the Romantic Revival another, and from the publication of Princess Marthe Bibesco's "The Green Parrot" last spring and Mr. William Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury" and Miss Compton-Burnett's "Brothers and Sisters" this fall, it seems as if this were perhaps to be a third.

"Brothers and Sisters" is a strong contrast to the other two, but then "Brothers and Sisters," as so many English critics have said, is unique. It is made up almost altogether of conversations, all of them charged with a peculiar vitality and with under-currents of deep humor and pathos. The talk of the young people, in particular, has from its sheer health and spirits a brilliance as different from the brilliance of mere epigram as the sparkle of spring-water from the sparkle of champagne, and as refreshing. But over the chief characters, Andrew and Dinah, brother and sister, hang two revelations, one at least foreseen by the reader from the first. They learn first the maternity and then the paternity of their dead father, who himself had known only that he was the adopted son of their maternal grandfather; that is, they find out, under circumstances which make it impossible to conceal the truth from their mother or any one else, that their father was the half-brother of the sister and brother to whom they are respectively engaged, and that he was also the half-brother of their mother. These disclosures and their effects make up the book.

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It is here that there appears the great difference between this and all other books with the same subject, even the newest of them. "The Green Parrot" treated incest as a mysterious and deadly curse latent in a noble, dying race, just as Byron might have conceived it; the brother in "The Sound and the Fury" thinks of it as a sin so loathsome as to make the fire of hell seem clean and desirable, as Ford thought of it; the young people in "Brothers and Sisters" face it afresh for themselves, and—are not accursed. (This is not to depreciate "The Sound and the Fury," a remarkable piece of work done in a strikingly modern manner; it is only to point out that Mr. Faulkner writes of a decaying, old-world family with a heritage of insanity, and Miss Compton-Burnett of some healthy moderns.) Their friends treat their misfortune with the same coolness and candor.

"I am doing the thing I am most ashamed of, of all I have ever done," said Julian. "I don't mean those things in a young man's life that he does not speak of to his sister, though if you look at me with eyes of unbelief, Sarah, I shall feel obliged to mention them. I mean little, innocent, degrading things, like asking acquaintances to tea to gossip about friends."

But his conclusion is that there is nothing to be ashamed of. In the end, everyone makes the best of it. Andrew and Dinah have to give up their proposed marriages, and even to leave the place they live in, but they never lose their courage or their common sense. After a final question as to whether to take their grandfather's picture, Dinah says calmly, reasserting her sense of proportion, "Grandfather has only twice his normal significance." It is the only book where one can find implicit what every twentieth-century reader of "Oedipus Tyrannus" must have felt, that a prohibited marriage ignorantly contracted may be a calamity, but is after all nothing to blind oneself about.

The significance of the book is pointed by the figure of the children's mother, Sophia, an appalling Good Wife and Mother. One suddenly sees that she is all that is worst in the nineteenth century, and the young people, with their forthrightness and independence, all the best of the twentieth. Their modernity gives them almost the quality of the children in "The Innocent Voyage," the ability to go through the fire and escape the smell of the burning. All other books on this theme are stories of the present defeated by the past; "Brothers and Sisters" is a story of the present hurt by the past, but not defeated.



## Yankee Doodle Dandy

(With thanks to Stephen Vincent Benét and "John Brown's Body" for the inspiration.)

JABEZ WINTERGREEN lived in Lexington. "Boots and Shoes Neatly Mended While You Wait,"

So ran the sign, rude lettered o'er his door.  
A simple soul and well content withal,  
He paid no heed to all this tavern talk  
Of tyranny and taxes and what not.  
It was all Greek to him, all foolish talk.  
He never felt oppressed or put upon.  
"Let me but mend the boots of my country,  
And I care not who makes its laws," said he.

Paul Revere had saddled his old white mare,  
Or maybe she was black, or he was a bay.  
I don't know. All I'm sure of is the saddle  
And Paul and some sort of equine quadruped.

He was bound to ride all night,  
He was bound to ride all day,  
If the redcoats tried to steal a march  
On the folks down Concord way.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
(Be quiet, Tom, stop giggling!)

Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere  
(Stop squirming, John, stop wriggling!)

On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five—  
(Blue eyed Alice, let laughing Allegra alone  
And, Edith with golden hair, if you don't stop—  
Oh, hell! Gwan to bed, the hull lot of ye!)

Where was I? Oh yes, down Concord way,  
Where the grapes come from, the purple grapes  
The honey-sweet empurpled grapes that hang  
All ripe and ready for the Bacchic harvest,  
Globules of potential joy, whose juice fermenting  
Will, at the last, yield ruby wine of high  
Alcoholic content. But Paul Revere  
Saw no grapes, for there were no grapes  
On the vines in April, nothing but leaves.  
No grapes, no wine. Poor Paul Revere!  
Nothing to drink but rum and beer.

Again, where was I? Oh yes, down Concord way  
Not far from Lexington and Jabez Wintergreen.  
Jabez Wintergreen was sound asleep  
And snoring. The snores of Jabez Winter-  
Green resounded like the bellowing of  
A bull elephant. And yet—trust Nancy—  
Nancy heard the knocking at the door.  
"Jabez! Jabez! Wake up! There's a burglar  
In the house." "Grrmph! What? A burglar?  
Nonsense!

Foolish woman, it's nothing but the cat."  
None the less—again trust Nancy—he got up  
And went down.

"To arms, Jabez! The redcoats  
Are coming!" "Let 'em come. Fat lot I care."  
"Tut, tut, Jabez! An thou join us not  
Never shall child of thine join the Sons  
And Daughters of the Revolution.  
Moreover, thou thyself shall this night  
Be tarred and feathered by the gallant  
Sons of Liberty, as a slacker."

Jabez' heart nearly failed  
And he quailed and he paled,  
For the deadliest of fears he couldn't stifle.  
So he put on his clothes  
And his hose, I suppose.  
With a duty made so plain he dared not trifle.  
Though his hand sadly shook  
Yet he took from its hook  
O'er the fireplace his granddad's ancient rifle.

Sing a song of Lexington. What a pretty scene!  
Nine and ninety farmers gathered on the green.  
(Have a care, King George.)  
Came a thousand redcoats. Aren't they awful cute!  
When they saw the farmers, they began to shoot.  
(It isn't fair, King George.)

Sing a song of Concord. Something else again.  
See the farmers chasing soldiers down the lane.  
(Make you stare, King George.)  
See the redcoats falling. Hear the bullets sing.  
Isn't that a pretty tale to carry to a king!  
(Say a prayer, King George.)

Jabez Wintergreen had his fill  
Of digging the trenches on Bunker Hill.  
With pick and shovel he toiled all night  
Betwixt the men on his left and right.  
And whenever he stopped to quench his thirst  
Or ease his back, he roundly cursed  
The hull consarned dodgasted war  
And this here job in partickler, for  
"No two ways about it. It's plain to be seen  
We're diggin' our graves," said Wintergreen.  
But now and anon the whole night long  
He'd cheer up the rest by singing a song:  
"We're diggin' our graves, so narrow and deep.  
We're makin' the beds for our longest sleep,  
For the British'll come with mornin' light,  
And they'll shoot everybody that stays to fight.  
And them that runs will cert'nly feel  
The stab of the bayonet's yard of steel.  
They'll lay us in rows in the graves we've dug,  
And cover us up so tight and snug,  
And we'll sleep so sound in the nice warm clay  
That we'll never wake up till the Judgment Day."

Came the dawn and the redcoats. Now Jabez  
Was glad he'd dug the trench so deep. It was  
A heap sight nicer to kneel behind  
The bank of earth and peek over at them,  
As they came, in thin red lines, marching  
Up the hill, than to stand up and be shot at.  
"Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes."  
"I wun't," said Jabez. "An' not even then.  
"I swanny, I don't want to rile 'em none."  
But when the fight was over  
And the bugle blew retreat  
Jabez, gallant Jabez,  
Was the first one on his feet.  
Jabez, hero Jabez,  
Was the first one to obey,  
The first to leave the battlefield,  
The first to get away.  
He led the troops to safety  
On that memorable day.

Philadelphia, now. "What are they doing  
In Philadelphia?" "Voting for Vare."  
"No, no, I don't mean that. Of course they're  
Always doing that. I mean what else.  
They're getting ready to do a Big Thing."  
"Oh, I know. Arranging for the Sesqui."  
"No, no, no! We never speak of that  
In Philadelphia. See those men over there?"  
"Who are they?" "They're Congressmen." "Aw,  
shucks!

Who wants to look at a congressman?"  
"Wait a minute. They're not the kind you mean.  
They're Continental Congressmen, and that's  
Something else again. They're Thomas Jefferson  
And John Adams." "Yeah! They are not. Those  
blokes  
Are dead long ago." "Gosh! don't I know that?  
I'm talking in the Historical Present.  
Now listen to them"—"Morning, Tom." "Morn-  
ing, John."  
"Tom, seems like the boys want a Declaration  
Of Independence." "Think they do?" "Seems so.  
Been a heap of talk about it." "How about  
The folks back home. Think they'll stand for it?"  
"I reckon. You better write it." "No, you."  
"I would, Tom, only I've got a sore finger.  
You do it." "All right I'll try it. So long, John."  
"So long, Tom. Drop around sometime. I've got  
A couple of cases—good stuff—pre-war."

Young Tom Jefferson writes a Declaration  
Casts off King George and all the British nation.  
Much discussion by members in attendance.  
Finally the Congress votes for Independence.  
To tell the news to all the people  
They ring the Bell up in the steeple  
The Bell proclaims the news with glee  
That Congress votes the country free.  
(Tinkle, tinkle, little Bell.  
Now I wonder what the hell  
You'll be thinking by and by,  
When Congress votes the Country dry.)  
(To be continued )

CHRISTOPHER WARD.