

The Uncrowned King of Ulster

CARSON THE STATESMAN. By Ian Colvin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. \$3.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

THIS is the second part of the life of Lord Carson. The first part was written by Sir Edward Marjoribanks and published in 1932 under the title of "Carson the Advocate." It dealt with Carson's dramatic and distinguished career as a pleader before the English bar. The present volume, written by Mr. Ian Colvin, deals with an equally dramatic and distinguished part played by Carson in the field of English politics, in opposing the Third Home Rule Bill for Ireland sponsored by the Asquith Administration, a part which earned for him the title of "the uncrowned King of Ulster."

In the light of the events which have taken place since those hectic days we may, perhaps, hesitate to dignify Carson's championship of Ulster as that of a statesman, even if we freely acknowledge his disinterested enthusiasm and loyal devotion to England. Carson defended the Union rather as a lawyer pleading his client's legal rights than as a statesman who foresaw the trend of the social, economic, and political movements of his time. He dreamt no dreams: he only saw the immediate present, and what he saw of that filled him with indignation against the English ministry in power and distrust of the Irish Nationalists. These latter, he was convinced, would not stop at Home Rule, but would proceed to obtain full independence and, perhaps, lead to the dismemberment of the Empire. To prevent this Carson would fight with all his strength of mind and body. Moreover, he knew the temper of the people of Ulster, and knowing it, he was convinced that to include them under Home Rule would in all probability precipitate a civil war. It was to prevent this even more than anything else, that he fought so strenuously to prevent the passing of the Bill. Armed with his legal knowledge and gifted with remarkable oratorical powers he attacked Asquith and John Redmond, the Irish leader, in and out of Parliament with such effect that the Prime Minister, though he sought a mandate from the English electorate, was still left dependent on the Irish party in the House of Commons and receptive of the smart advice of his fellow Cabinet member, Lloyd George. As regards Ulster itself Carson organized an army of 100,000 men from its citizenry by way of preparation to resist, à outrance if necessary, its inclusion in any Home Rule scheme. In this he obtained the coöperation of the great landed proprietors of the province and held in leash a spirit in the people which the English administration dared not ignore.

This struggle, begun in 1910, continued until 1914, when the Great War brought on a new crisis in which both Irishmen and Englishmen found themselves compelled to sink their differences in a common anxiety to meet a foreign foe. What would have happened to Home Rule had the war not come is a question which

leaves room for interesting speculation. For Carson was not the man to give up quietly. The cause for which he was fighting was in his blood, and we learn enough of his character and high spirit from Mr. Colvin's book to realize that the fight would have been to the finish. Carson was not in love with politics as a game. He was a great-hearted gentleman as well as a great lawyer, and when he consented to lead the Union Party he did so in order to serve his country and its people.

Mr. Colvin's book, though its subject-matter has now almost an ancient and fishy smell, makes a stirring story which will be read by Irishmen and Englishmen alike with absorbing interest.



A CARICATURE OF CARSON
From "Carson the Advocate" by Edward Marjoribanks

Hampton's Campaign

HAMPTON AND HIS REDSHIRTS. By Alfred B. Williams. Charleston, S. C.: Walker, Evans & Cogswell Co. 1935. \$2.50.

MR. WILLIAMS, who was an eyewitness of Wade Hampton's stirring fight to capture the government of South Carolina from the carpet baggers in 1876, presents here an extraordinarily detailed record of that campaign. Claude Bowers used Mr. Williams's narrative in manuscript as a source in the preparation of his "The Tragic Era." Few state campaigns have been preserved so well for posterity as Hampton's has been in this volume. And, indeed, that courageous effort of the South's white race to win at the ballot box deserves an excellent history, for it was of deep significance to the South as a whole. Many of the minute details may be of interest only to South Carolinians, but the story is one which has a meaning in the annals of the nation. Mr. Williams writes as a reporter of an old and a fine school.

The New Sociology

SYSTEMATIC SOCIOLOGY. By Leopold von Wiese and Howard Becker. New York: John Wiley & Sons. \$6.50.

Reviewed by CAROLINE E. MACGILL

WITH this new work a beginning is made towards a sociology that shall study the American scene from a severely scientific point of view. The basis of the book is the work of Professor con Wieser of the University of Cologne, the "Allgemeine Soziologie," very much enlarged and adapted to American experience in social processes, by Professor Howard Becker, of Smith College. The work is in no sense a textbook for introductory classes; one doubts whether more than an occasional beginner could be found willing to master its close and abundant reasoning. But for advanced students, and for those who seek something more in a work purporting to be sociological than a *rechauffée* of old and new "noble experiments" it is a mine of objective fact and suggestion. As far as possible, metaphysics is rigorously excluded.

Some sociologists have been known to say that the best studies in sociology were to be found in popular fiction. The underlying truth of that statement is to be found here in the detailed and immensely valuable studies in the dyad and triad groups. All human contacts, both psychic and social, are based upon association, dissociation, and distance, approach and avoidance, in popular language, likes and dislikes, in variously mingled proportions, between human beings and human beings, between human beings and plurality patterns, and between plurality patterns and plurality patterns, and the situations are infinitely varied and dynamic. In such a kaleidoscopically shifting scene, the static viewpoint cannot be maintained, except perchance by means of the camera, with its power to crystallize the overt attitudes of a moment. By such an isolation, resembling the biologist's slides, the sociologist must analyze the reactions of a moment, with their social implications. These reactions involve an infinite number of processes, passing swiftly from one type to another, constructive and destructive, formal and free, supraordinate and subordinate, anticipatory and simulative, sympathetic and antipathetic, and mimipathetic, by which the actions of the players upon the gigantic chessboard of life are determined.

Passing from a study of the systematics of common and interhuman relations to the systematics of plurality patterns, a functional analysis is built up, based upon such fundamental concepts as social distance, and a classification of different types of plurality patterns based thereupon, and not, in the customary manner, upon the purpose to be served, as the differentiating factor. The system expounded stimulates the scholar to go on with studies ranging from the current phenomena of the springtime, and the important dyadic groups resulting therefrom, to the nature, fictive and real, of institutions, classes, and corporate groups, to mention but a few. An important book, and one that should do much to bring sociology to its majority.

A Parliament of Writers

BY AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

TO the English delegation the most surprising things about the Congress of authors held recently in Paris was undoubtedly the audience and the reception given to the assembled writers. It appears that in Paris those who write books are news—just as are film stars in any country, and cricketers in England. Here was all the apparatus of loud-speakers, crowded press tables, nimble photographers, and a band of cinema operators (representing among other things "The March of Time")—all the things in short which make an assemblage believe itself important and interesting.

On this occasion writers from thirty-eight different countries had met at the instigation of such French authors as André Gide, André Malraux, and Jean Richard Bloch. Their purpose was to discuss, and even to protest against, such menaces to the writer's craft as those whose political forms are fascism and war, political forces which bring with them attendant censorship.

Messrs. E. M. Forster and Aldous Huxley headed the English delegation, and Mr. Forster, in a most engaging speech, pointed out that though writers were certainly not buried alive in England or dosed with castor oil, or imprisoned indefinitely in concentration camps (as delegates told us they were in Japan, Italy, and Germany) we were yet threatened by the same disease—a disease showing itself (characteristically) in a form so insidious that it was difficult to combat. He cited as an instance of the British type of censorship the treatment received by a book called "Boy," by James Hanley. This book had received respectful reviews, as well as attention and criticism from qualified people, yet several years after its publication a copy was seized by the police of a remote borough in Northern England—and then declared by the local magistrate to be obscene. The consequence was that the publisher was fined £300—a fine which (so lawyers assured him) might be repeated indefinitely in every county in England in respect of every copy of "Boy" wherever found. Mr. Forster went on to say that our boasted English freedom of speech did exist, but was only considered a suitable indulgence for those whose skin was white and whose income and position were respectable. Those British subjects whose skin happened to be brown or black or who had neither friends, money, nor influence, found that their freedom to speak their minds was decidedly doubtful and tenuous. He did not, he said, much like communism—but perhaps that was a fact accounted for by his birth, his age, and—finally—his income. But he very greatly preferred communism to fascism: "Communists do evil that good may come. Fascists and Nazis do evil that evil may come."

As an expectant and cheering Paris public obviously expected, one of the most remarkable speeches was that made by André Gide. He began his speech with a defense of internationalism, and went on

to discuss two tendencies in French literature. After praising Racine and the French classicists, he continued:



"Civilization," writes Monsieur Thierry Maulnier in the current issue of *L'Action Française*, "is falsehood. It is the attempt to replace the natural man by an artificial man; to replace nudity by clothing, ornaments, and masks. . . . But he who refuses to admit that this anti-natural trend of civilization, this splendid mendacity, embodies the very purpose of civilization,—its greatest and our own—is running atilt against civilization itself."

For my part [commented Gide] I cannot agree that civilization is necessarily mendacious. A civilization that is a sham, that wants to be and proclaims itself to be a sham, that is an appropriate reflection and outcome of a mendacious social condition, and bears within it the germs of death. The works it continues to bring forth are moribund, as is the society which endorses them; and if we cannot rid ourselves of such shams, we are doomed. Hothouse culture has had its day; and if the nationalists defend it, so much the better.

Hardly less interesting were speeches by Bloch, Ehrenbourg, and Panferov, whose very different experiences of life and their craft had led them to much the same point of view; Julien Benda, too, was worth hearing. He though wishing to act with the others—the writers of the Left—yet approached the problem entirely from the Liberal standpoint.

A question arose as to the relations of the new body which has been formed as a consequence of the Congress—"Association Internationale des Ecrivains pour la Defense de la Culture"—with the P.E.N. Club. Mr. Herman Ould, the International Secretary, suggested that such work as was proposed by the new body had in fact been done by the P.E.N. Club for fourteen or fifteen years, but the impression which I hope will be left by discussions that are still going on is that the P.E.N. Club and the new organization can very usefully collaborate. The P.E.N. has a definitely less political point of view than the International Association, and would probably not be willing to subscribe to all the articles of association of the new organization: for besides establishing a literary prize—setting out to popularize the best exiled writers who cannot publish in their own country, to publish lists of recommended books, etc. (quality guaranteed by the names of those who are acting for the Association), the new body pledges itself "à lutter sur son propre terrain,—qui est la culture—contre la guerre, le fascisme, et d'une façon generale, contre toute menace affectant la civilization."

"Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" It would be very revealing if those in favor of nationalism, fascism, and the Nazi type of culture, would try to hold a congress of writers. Who would come to their call? Certainly not a brilliant gathering such as was constituted by those novelists, dramatists, and poets who stand against them.

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