

The BOWLING GREEN

Trade Survey

"NIGHT CAP and sandwiches in the Elizabethan Smoking Room" said the steamship company's folder. Colatine and Old Quercus were enjoying the night cap, but Q. was shamed (after so excellent a dinner a few hours before) to call for his usual bedtime victual. It would not have been tactful: for Colatine, the Sales Manager, this was the Bicar Hour. Indeed they are the oddest of travelling companions: one has to eat himself to rest with platters of eggs and sausage; the other reaches his necessary nescience by starvation and soda.

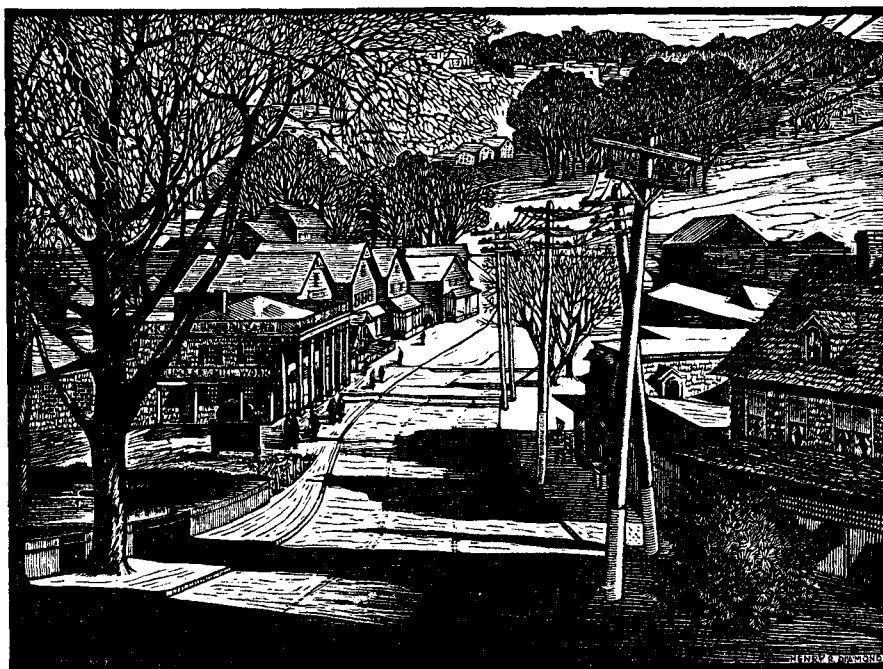
As he evaporated, towards 3 A. M., it occurred to subconscious Q. that the ship was exceptionally quiet. Dimly, faintly, like thoughts of Eternity or next year's Income Tax, he heard a great far away Gabriel sending his soul through the invisible. But he paid no heed. His is a confiding heart. Before turning in he had thoroughly conned the geography of the ship; the route to the nearest lifeboat; the two lifebelts under Colatine's bed; then dismissed all doubt. This time, he had thought, we'll go to Boston by boat; get a night's sleep beyond the possibility of railroads; be at the old Parker House by breakfast time. Fog was something that had not occurred to him. So it was a shock when Colatine seized his foot and shook him awake at 8 A. M. "Well, Penurious," said the publisher, "we're anchored outside the Canal and it looks like we'll be here all day."

Except that Quercus missed a handsome professional engagement that afternoon, the first in a long career of chrysostom that he has ever failed, it would be hard to imagine a pleasanter day. After a hasty eruption of radio messages the passengers all settled down to enjoy their unexpected vacation. There was horse-racing in the main companion, dancing in the stern lounge, excellent Complimentary Luncheon served by the company, and capacity business at the bar. "7½ times round the promenade deck makes a mile," says the folder, and Colatine and Quercus made several such, always amused by a sort of New England precision in the sign over a doorway, CREW'S ACCESS. The *Acadia* is a natty ship, built at Newport News and designed by Theodore E. Ferris. She is not an excursion steamer but a genuine liner (403 feet long, 61 feet beam) with bulkhead construction in excess of the International Convention requirements. Whatever momentary inconvenience it caused we heartily approved the master's caution in not attempting to proceed in fog. And we swiped a little blue glass stirring rod from the smokeroom as an affectionate souvenir.

Except for 7½s round the deck, and visits to the Elizabethan Room and the Radio office, the two Trade Surveyors spent the day reading. So they had no occasion to test the advice of a humorous young daughter who had remarked "There'll be beautiful women and dancing on that boat, won't there?" To which Old Q. observed cautiously "Even if there are, Mr. Colatine and I won't know them." "Don't you worry a bit," she suggested. "Go right up to them and say Hi, Toots!" Admittedly there were anxieties in late afternoon as we crept delicately toward Boston Harbor. For Q. had a date to speak at the State House at 7.30, in the very hub and axle of New England, the absolute center of the codfish ball. This indeed Penurious did not wish to miss; nor to have to send any more radios at 21 cents a word. We docked at 7.10, and made it.

Time abbreviated thus, Quercus lost several pleasures he had counted on. Particularly he wanted to visit Lauriat's new quarters. That famous bookstore has moved down to Franklin Street, where it will have opportunity to encourage trade

of a more leisurely and connoisseuring sort than on crowded Washington. Colatine, himself an alumnus of Lauriat's, went there and returned with enthusiastic report; also with his vowels gently flattened by the unconscious return of his old Boston accent which is rarely audible in New York. Visits to the Paakeh House always do that to him. Meanwhile I had the delight of a call on Edwin Edgett, veteran literary editor of the *Transcript* and one of my earliest friends and tutors in the profession of journalism. It was good to find him young and alert as ever in the narrow crannied office where for so many years he has compiled shrewd and generous judgment on books. It was equally a pleasure to note the ancient wire-rope



LONG ISLAND VILLAGE. Woodcut by Henry R. Diamond.

elevator in the *Transcript* building still at working service. It is the only one I know of still in existence; Mr. Edgett calculates that if all the ups that have been handed along that wire cable were added together the old cage would be at least half way to the Moon. He has promised to send me, for reproduction on this page, a photo of his crowded corner through which, in more than thirty years, something like 150,000 books have passed for review.

Another renewal of an old friendship was a salute to Joe Jennings, the anchor and capstan of the Old Corner Bookstore, where he has been for 52 years—since he was a boy of 16. Is it Boston's famous diligence in literature that keeps her bookmen young? Neither Joe Jennings nor Edwin Edgett seems to have shed a hair since Quercus first knew them 22 years ago. And in the adjoining room the steadfast tradition of the trade was being carried on, where Colatine (in the role of Saint George) was locked in struggle with Joe Jennings's buyer, whose name happens to be Arthur Dragon. If Colatine were again to refer to the psalter, for a rueful description of Mr. Dragon, he would probably borrow the rubric *Adhaesit pavimento*, he keeps his feet on the ground.

Quercus's own quotation for the present time would come a little later in the same psalm (119th)—*Appropinquet deprecatio*—which might be translated by the book trade as *Inflation Ahead*.

The Survey also had a chance to visit booksellers known previously only by pleasant hearsay: the Personal Book Shop at 95 St. James Avenue, opposite the enormous John Hancock Life Insurance Building. It is as small, intimate and alluring as its neighbor is vast and formal, and I think that John Hancock himself, whose name has become synonym for personal penmanship, would be more likely to loiter in the bookshop than in the citadel

of premonition. And in Wellesley there was the famous Hathaway House which has done so much to collaborate in that college's love and support of the Muses. Miss Geraldine Gordon, manager of the shop, has given the front room, her most valuable selling space, entirely to the poets. This shop alone has kept many a versifier's work in print. The poets' readings held every year at Wellesley, on a fund perpetuated in memory of Katharine Lee Bates, have been a constant flow of influence upon the young devotees. One who had almost forgotten having been a poet, and supposed that everyone else had forgotten it too, was gratefully moved and thrilled to be summoned to that platform. In Wellesley at least Don Marquis's saying is not so: that publishing a volume of verse is like dropping a rose-leaf down the Grand Canyon and waiting for the echo.

All my life I'd been hearing about the Boston and Albany route, but never had occasion to travel it before. It begins by passing under the Massachusetts Avenue bridge where I am pleased by the tablet in memory of Edward Everett Ginsberg, whose combination of names is a sociological palimpsest. Miss Louella D. Everett,

who is Public Friend Number 1 for all quotation hunters, has her workroom near there and happened to be looking down the street some years ago while the actual dedication of the tablet was taking place, with flags, music, and oratory. It so happens that under the Massachusetts Avenue bridge is a favorite loitering place for locomotives, which pause just there and exhale fumes. From her vantage in a high window Miss Everett could see a lounging B. & A. monster gently nearing the arch, all ready to vent surplus of combustion. Her heart ached for the celebrants, but there was nothing she could do. She still remembers their dismay, and blackened faces, as gas and smoke strangled them in the midst of the pious exercises.

I wish there were space to recount the B. & A. run in detail, for it goes through charming hilly country; still, in mid-March, white with snow. It gives a pretty glimpse of Cambridge, that little Athens by the shining Charles, where the red, blue and green cupolas of the new college houses have sprung up—but where sober Georgian brick has been used in such vast quantities that one turns to the campanile of the Roman Catholic Church almost with relief. It takes you through West Newton, which Santayana enigmatically remarked "extends all the way west to the Pacific," and then close beneath the Hathaway House Book Shop at Wellesley. What was most important to me, it got me to Albany in time for a modest ceremony in which the Bowling Green was naturally and sentimentally interested. It was the rechristening of a friendly little bookshop at 225 Lark Street, which two young women have taken over and named the *John Mistletoe*. I can't resist mentioning, hoping to catch Mr. Ripley's eye, that their names are Miss Foote and Miss Hand. May they never have occasion to quote the old catch written by John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

An English Skippy

THE DEMON IN THE HOUSE. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1935. \$2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HEAR that Mrs. Thirkell's former novel, "Wild Strawberries," was most amusing. I mean to procure it because, certainly, the present book is one of the most diverting I have read in a long time. The portrait of Tony Morland, the small English boy, is wholly convincing and hilarious. He is as English as Percy Crosby's "Skippy" is American, but their dreams, projects, and the importance of their affairs have a common denominator.

Tony's bosom friend and foil, "good old Donk," Master Wesendonck, is also priceless. Once only he speaks, the rest of the time he plays the mouth organ. Stoker, the middle-aged maid; Laura Morland, the mother, with her perpetual visions of Tony dying or maimed; George Knox, the celebrated biographer, with his extraordinary tangle of speech; Adrian Coates, his son-in-law, to whom Tony demonstrates his complete oarsmanship; the vicar's small daughters, Rose and Dora; the young Miss Coates, aged eight weeks and three days; and a number of other characters, notably Doctor Ford and Sylvia Gould, all play their well-characterized parts in the saga of Tony's holidays, Easter, the Half-Term, Summer, and Christmas.

Once, in England, I encountered a man-of-the-world who stood slightly higher than my knee, a personage of astounding self-possession. I should not be at all surprised if he eventually became Prime Minister. He expatiated to me upon the more scientific novels of H. G. Wells, such as "The War of the Worlds," and contributed his own theories and philosophy. Upon the ensuing picnic he gave such a dignified exhibition of the proper way to punt as to make me feel quite ineffectual. Tony is something like that. To the admiring little daughters of the vicar he is personage, save for the perpetual argument between him and Dora as to the respective merits of the imaginary countries, Dorland and Morland. He is also a constant menace to his mother's peace of mind, particularly in regard to the bicycle acquired by him during the Easter holidays. Her love for her youngest, shot through with horrible fears and ensuing wrath, should be deeply appreciated by all mothers.

The best thing in the book is Tony's flow of conversation, usually beginning with the forestalling gambit "I know." Mrs. Thirkell has perfectly transferred to paper an utterly convincing idiom. I shall not spoil the reader's pleasure here by recounting the many small episodes, including the vaccination of young Miss Coates, which furnish the background for Tony's behavior and dicta. Through much of the book one finds oneself merely quietly smiling, but certain crucial moments beget unforced and exuberant laughter. At least, they did with me. The busy mind of a small boy is sometimes almost incredible in its evolutions. Tony's is often so. And with all his utter self-confidence, his boasting, his mannish superiority to the young ladies of the story, and even to his mother, he is a sympathetic character. He is seldom to blame for anything in his own mind—but most of us were like that. His intention is always to be helpful to a blundering world of adults. He exasperates and even infuriates the male element of this world with his ready advice. "Good God, Anne, [exclaims George Knox] that boy is like Prince Giglio. He could address an army for three days and three nights without the faintest difficulty, on any subject!"

I add Tony to my list of really great child characters, a list which includes a number of younger people out of Booth Tarkington, some from Kenneth Grahame and "E. Nesbit," "Skippy," "Helen's Babies" (Budge and Toddy), "Diddie, Dumps and Tot," and so on. I shall reread "The Demon in the House" as often as I can. For Tony's mastery of life must appeal to every male. He is the undaunted spout-climbing sparrow!



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MACMILLAN

Why Lee Lost Gettysburg

(Continued from first page)

powerless when the body is riddled with shot.

For all the excellence of Dr. Freeman's historical analysis and grasp of military technique, he seems to miss this fundamental reality. Placed beside it, the contributory factors which he traces with such skill appear to have less significance than he attaches to them, although they are not insignificant.

The first of those factors is the redistribution of commands, in May 1863, necessitated by Stonewall Jackson's death at Chancellorsville. The two over-large army corps of the Army of Northern Virginia were reorganized as three; while Longstreet remained at the head of the First, the Second was given to Ewell, and a third created for A. P. Hill. Ewell had been Jackson's lieutenant in the valley campaign until wounded at Groveton, and had now returned to duty after losing a leg. Sentiment and seniority dictated his selection, as Dr. Freeman remarks; his inherent lack of initiative had been hardened because "experience with Jackson had schooled him to obey the letter of orders and not to exercise discretion." Dr. Freeman argues that "Lee had never had an opportunity of discovering this lack of self-confidence in Ewell," but such an argument does not do much credit to Lee's capacity for gauging men, or recognize his responsibility for informing himself by indirect inquiry.

Lee's system of command, with its large latitude deliberately given to the chief subordinates, made it of the highest importance that they should be men of exceptional initiative, if they were to fulfil their part in the type of operations he exploited. Yet, by a curious paradox, Lee was inclined to be conventional in the process of selection for command. There are numerous examples of this tendency, notwithstanding his sympathetic tolerance of independent minded assistants.

Lee's own misgivings over the reshuffle of commands were expressed in a letter he wrote at the time, a letter which expressed the hope that the new commanders would improve with time, and concluded with the reflection—"Rome was not built in a day, nor can we expect miracles in our favor." Yet without allowing any time for them to settle down, he built on these foundations the boldest of all his plans—the invasion of Pennsylvania. And put it into execution barely a fortnight later.

Supplies were lacking, and so were horses, while those that he had were "mournful beasts"—the transport of the Confederate Army looked to one Federal officer like a "congregation of all the crippled Chicago emigrant trains that ever escaped off the desert." The Confederates pinned their hopes to the chance of remedying these deficiencies on arrival in hostile territory. And, as has happened so often in military history, the commander's vision of success outraced his perception of the difficulties as the test came near. Lee's biographer tells us that as he reviewed his forces before starting "his confidence in them was greater than ever," and quotes a divisional commander, General Heth—"The fact is, General Lee believed that the Army of Northern Virginia, as it then existed, could accomplish anything." It seems clear that Lee was, for the moment, exalted by this offensive spirit above the plane of realities. He was as patient as ever when Longstreet dwelt upon them, but it was the patience of a man who is not listening.

By his thrust into Pennsylvania, past the flank of the Army of the Potomac, he counted on drawing this army after him, in a hurried attempt to interpose between him and the target offered by Baltimore and Philadelphia. General Trimble later quoted him as saying:

They will come up, probably through Frederick, strung out on a long line and much demoralized, when they come into Pennsylvania. I shall throw an overwhelming force on their advance, crush it, follow up the success, drive one corps back on another, and by successive repulses and surprises, before they can concentrate, create a panic and virtually destroy the army.

Then, pointing on the map to Gettysburg, he said—

Hereabout, we shall probably meet the enemy and fight a great battle, and if God gives me the victory, the war will be over...

The actual words may not be exact—although they are the less suspect since the main prophecy was unfulfilled—but they ring true to Lee's purpose and mood.

His design was shrewdly conceived, if its essential elasticity was impaired by

strength of his preconception of the enemy's submissive part. The first crack appeared when he learnt on June 28th, from one of Longstreet's scouts, that the Union Army, now under Meade, was already north of the Potomac—close on his heels and close to his communications. The effect was the greater because Lee had received no news from Stuart, who had been temporarily left with the larger part of the cavalry south of the Potomac, to watch and worry the Union Army. Stuart, inflated by the offensive spirit, had stretched the liberal discretion given him so far that he tried to burst through the hostile army when unable to ride round it, and aimed at fighting troops instead of wagon trains. But if Stuart deprived Lee of the services of the larger part of his cavalry by becoming thus embroiled, Lee failed to make the best of the remainder.

The unexpectedly early appearance of the Union Army came like a pull on the Confederate cord and brought Lee round to meet a threat that he could not accurately locate. One may think that this state of blindness demanded more caution than Lee showed when he encountered the enemy's head at Gettysburg on July 1st: especially in view of his comment on hearing of their change of command—"General Meade will commit no blunder in my front, and if I make one he will make haste to take advantage of it."

At first, it is true, he kept the brake on, discouraging a subordinate's ardor with the remark, "No, I am not prepared to bring on a general engagement today—Longstreet is not up." But he suddenly reversed his attitude when the arrival of further divisions of Ewell's and Hill's corps on either flank of the enemy's advanced force led him to seize the local opportunity. The enveloping line swept forward and the Northerners were hurled back through Gettysburg to the ridge behind, leaving "nearly 5,000 bewildered prisoners" in the assailants' bag.

This opening success was intoxicating. Lee's eyes fastened onto the hill just south of the town and at the northern end of the ridges—they suggested to him that if he could seize the hill he would dominate the enemy's new position. As Hill reported that his men were exhausted and disorganized, Lee sent Ewell discretionary orders to press the advantage "if practicable." But Ewell's troops were also in some confusion, and he availed himself of the discretion to wait until his third, and fresh, division arrived; when it did, Ewell still hesitated. So evening came and the opportunity passed.

Up to this time, Lee appears to have been justified in his aim, if not in his orders. As Lawrence has truly remarked—"if there is one military maxim of universal value, it is to press hard upon a rout." But once the pressure was relaxed, and the enemy was in a strong position with a night's grace for recovery and reinforcement, the whole situation was changed.

Soon after Lee had attempted to initiate

the evening "push" by Ewell, Longstreet rode up—his leading division was still some six miles distant. After a careful survey of the enemy's position on the ominously named Cemetery Ridge, he suggested, as he had done before the invasion began, that Lee should combine offensive strategy with defensive tactics—"throw our army round by their left, and we shall interpose between the Federal Army and Washington. We can get a strong position and wait, and... the Federals will be sure to attack us."

In condemning this suggestion, Dr. Freeman quotes General Maurice's recent opinion that such a move "would have been wildly rash." But we may reasonably attach more importance to General Meade's view, at the time, that Longstreet's proposal was not only "sound military sense" but the step he feared Lee would take. The absence of the larger part of Lee's cavalry certainly handicapped such a move, but Stuart was hourly expected, and did in fact arrive next day.

Lee, however, replied to Longstreet: "If the enemy is there, we must attack him." Longstreet countered—"If he is there, it will be because he is anxious that we should attack him—a good reason, in my judgment, for not doing so." The experience of two thousand years of warfare suggests that this was even more sound military sense.

Lee, however, "displayed not the slightest intention of changing his plan." Yet, significantly, Colonel Long of his own staff returned, during the discussion, from reconnoitering the front of Cemetery Hill, and reported that it was occupied in considerable force by a well-posted foe. "An attack," he said, "would be hazardous and doubtful of success." Lee then rode over to see Ewell, and asked if he could renew his attack next day; but even General Early, who had lived up to his name while the opportunity remained, now declared that by the morrow an attack on the heights would be mostly costly and dubious. Lee then thought of bringing Ewell's corps further to the right—as a precaution lest "the enemy may come down and break through"—but gave up the idea on hearing that there was a chance of Ewell seizing Culp's Hill on the extreme left.

The main attack, on the right, was to be made by Longstreet. Lee was anxious to launch it as early as possible but seems to have refrained, according to his habit, from giving explicit orders. Dr. Freeman casts repeated reproaches on Longstreet for not hastening, yet elsewhere, somewhat inconsistently, speaks of the "weary columns" of his leading divisions.

Early next morning, fresh enemy reinforcements were seen moving into position on Cemetery Ridge, and when Longstreet saw this he again urged Lee to consider a turning movement in preference to an almost direct attack. But Lee was not to be dissuaded, although he decided to shift his line of advance further to the right. Longstreet's two leading divisions were



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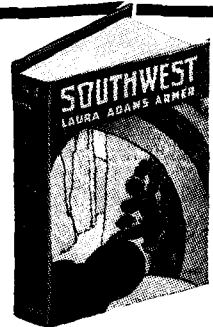
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now approaching, but he was anxious to wait for the third—"I never like to go into battle with one boot off." Some time before nine a. m. Lee went off to see Ewell, whose troops had been unable to develop an attack on Culp's Hill—and a reconnaissance by one of Lee's staff could discover no opening. Returning to the other flank about eleven a. m., Lee seemed upset that Longstreet's attack was not yet ready, and gave him definite orders to act with what troops he had at hand. Lee's confidence was still high, for when told by an officer that the enemy were again extending their left, toward Round Top, he remarked—"Ah, well, that was to be expected. But General Meade might as well have saved himself the trouble, for we'll have it in our possession before night."

But the enemy's extension meant a fresh sidestep by Longstreet's troops, and produced a further delay. Dr. Freeman argues that the difficulties were aggravated through Longstreet, in pique, being "determined to carry out orders literally." It was four p. m. before Hood's division on the extreme right attacked up the stony slopes, an attack that was taken up in turn by McLaws's division and then by Hill's corps. The attempt ended in costly failure, despite heroic efforts and partial successes that flattered only to deceive Lee.

For he determined to renew the attack next morning, although he would have only one more division, Pickett's, to supplement the eight which had already been engaged. Longstreet greeted him at day-break with the hint: "General, I have had my scouts out all night, and I find that you still have an excellent opportunity to move around to the right of Meade's army, and manoeuvre him into attacking us." When he found Lee unshakable, he protested strongly that he did not believe men could be found who would be capable of storming the ridge. But his warning had no effect. Its effect on Lee's biographer, however, is to make him exclaim that "For the supreme effort of all his warring, Lee had to act through a sullen, despairing lieutenant." This seems an exaggerated and unjust interpretation of Longstreet's attitude—he owed a duty to his men and his country as well as to his commander. His loyal attitude to Lee is shown in the testimony of Colonel Freemantle, the British military observer, on the eve of the battle: "It is impossible to please Longstreet more than by praising Lee." And in the battle he surely acted as a "sane lieutenant" should towards a revered superior who has momentarily lost his balance.

For that day, July 3rd, three divisions were launched soon after mid-day on a narrow front against a narrower objective near the centre of the enemy's position. The attack came where Meade had expected it—and that fact alone is no compliment to Lee's generalship. It was no longer possible for Lee to hope that the enemy were not concentrated and prepared to meet him, and they had been allowed ample time to strengthen artificially an immensely strong natural position held by forces much larger than his own. If they were concentrated they could be counted as having about 100,000 men on the spot. Yet Lee was building his dream of decisive victory on a frontal assault by 15,000 out of his 60,000 men, a converging assault on a narrow sector where the enemy's superiority of fire would have a concentrated effect. In a brief time the assault was shattered—and with it Lee's dream. We hear of regiments that had shrivelled in the furnace to a mere forty men, companies to a mere eight. It had been a suicidal effort, and a homicidal one.

The more one reflects on Gettysburg in the light of fire-power, the more is one driven reluctantly to the conclusion that no great commander has been guilty of a madder action. And that is saying a lot—for the deeper one explores the realm of military history the more one is brought to realize that power of command is compatible with complete lapse of common sense; that great skill in handling troops, in dealing with the visible factor of command, is often accompanied by inability to visualize the invisible and basic factors of warfare—resulting in failure to distinguish between what is desirable and what is practicable.

As a strategic artist, Lee has had few equals; he was a master of logistics. In this respect he was on a higher plane than Longstreet, concerning whom one may quote Lee's comment that "General Longstreet, when once in a fight, was a most brilliant soldier; but he was the hardest man to move I had in my army." Nowadays one might say that Longstreet was the Pétain of the Civil War: Pétain would certainly have endorsed Longstreet's gov-

erning thought—"I would not give a single man of my command for a fruitless victory." Both kept their feet firmly on the ground; and their eyes on the profit and loss account.

Preeminently a fighting soldier—admittedly the best, after Jackson's death, in Lee's army—Longstreet had the experienced fighter's sense of reality. Like Pétain, he appreciated the effect of fire and knew "what couldn't be done"—which is the beginning of military wisdom. And on this solid foundation of practical sense he rose at times to a level of vision which Lee never reached. His idea of combining offensive strategy with defensive tactics foreshadowed the method which Sherman fulfilled a year later—to the cost of the Confederacy. It fitted not only the new conditions of warfare but the special conditions of the South—whose best chance lay in making the North sick of the war by making it pay too dearly for profitless gains. The most likely way to create this impression was to lure the Union armies into attacking under disadvantageous conditions—as Longstreet shrewdly saw.

By contrast, the longer one ponders the data collected in Dr. Freeman's volumes, the further one is led towards the conclusion that Lee's virtuosity, combined with his too literal loyalty, hastened the ruin of the cause he served so devotedly. Superb on the plane of logistical strategy, he failed to come down to the plane of minor tactics or to rise to that of grand strategy. Steeped in the military doctrine that victory can only be won by offensive action, he could not adapt his strategy to the limiting conditions of the Confederacy's situation. His offensive strokes were brilliant as artistry, but too expensive to be profitable as contributions to the object for which the South was contending.

Military connoisseurs justly acclaim Chancellorsville as his masterpiece, even as a flawless masterpiece, but are apt to overlook the sobering fact that the Southern losses were proportionately far larger than those of the defeated Northerners. Even in 1864, when growing weakness compelled him to stand on the defensive, his dominating thought was to take the offensive at the first opportunity. Events frustrated him, but did not dissuade him. In his offensive ardor he does not seem to have given the weight that one might expect to the significant evidence of Spottsylvania where his men "who stood behind their earthworks and mowed the enemy down, suffered far less than did the Federals." In the weeks that followed he continued to parry Grant's blows in a way that was palpably shaking the morale of both the enemy troops and the enemy people, yet he scarcely seems to have appreciated himself the effectiveness of his new mode of action, unwillingly adopted. Clinging to his dream of the offensive, he talked repeatedly of a blow that should "crush" Grant's army and "was more than ever determined, if he found an opening, to take the offensive in what he told Anderson was 'the grand object, the destruction of the enemy.'"

Greater knowledge of military history might have informed him that such an ideal has been rarely attained even with superior strength, yet he continued to dream of destroying at a blow an opponent of twice his strength! If the object remained out of reach, it was not calculated to foster the most economic treatment of a difficult problem. Even when laid up in bed on the North Anna, his "insistent cry from his tent" was: "We must strike them a blow." Yet his biographer admits that the conditions did not justify the desire. As it was, his enforced abstinence from an offensive blow yielded 64,000 enemy casualties at a cost of barely 30,000 during the six weeks' campaign from "Rapidan to Petersburg."

Nevertheless, one gains the impression that the balance in his favor might have been greater, and his own troops less exhausted, if he had been less prone to make counter-attacks that did not repay their cost. Dr. Freeman tells us approvingly that on June 18 Lee rejected Beauregard's suggestion of one against the enemy's flank near Petersburg—"It was no day to waste troops in futile counter-attacks. It was, instead, a time to watch every move, to consider every step, and to conserve every life." While applauding the sentiment, one may feel that the last day of the campaign was a rather late time to reach such a reasonable conclusion.

The wastage of the campaign was much larger than the Confederate resources could repair. Lee's strength had now dwindled to a point where he found it difficult to reply to the enemy's manoeuvres. "For the dark emergency these con-

(Continued on next page)

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When I AM JONATHAN SCRIVENER first appeared in 1930, this brilliant exploration of a soul caused such critics as Lewis Gannett to greet it as a novel of first importance, even though many people classified it as a mystery. Each new season since then, new readers have come to discover I AM JONATHAN SCRIVENER and the other novels of Claude Houghton, as a fascinating romantic mystic "who insists that there are more spiritual worlds than this one in which we live, and that it is a man's chief business to discover his relation to these worlds. . . ."

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HERE is a book which catches something that is curiously a part of all our secret, inner lives; and it is little wonder that a company of the most perceptive minds in modern letters—such people as Richard Aldington, James Hilton, Clemence Dane, Frank Swinnerton, J. B. Priestley, Hugh Walpole, have grown to regard its author as "one of the most original writers who have established themselves since the War." Here is wit and excitement and that most stimulating of adventures, the coming to grips with a powerful and original intelligence.

JUST ask your Bookseller to show you the haunting "Invocation to a New Being" (Page 298), attended, as you will come to sense, by a presence off-stage of ideas new, beautiful and important to modern fiction.

THIS WAS IVOR TRENT

(2nd Big Printing, \$2.50)

I AM JONATHAN SCRIVENER

(Just re-published, \$2.50)

Doubleday, Doran

ditions so tragically disclosed, Lee saw but one major policy the government could employ. That was the vigorous enforcement of the conscription act." Such has ever been the cry of the military spendthrift, and even in the narrowest military sense its wisdom was dubious. For, some pages later, Dr. Freeman remarks that "while conscripts were not arriving in sufficient quotas to strengthen the army materially . . . enough of them were being sent in to impair the morale."

Dr. Freeman also tells us of Lee's care "to prevent the wastage of the troops he had" by strict administration; of his "great vigilance in declining to issue furloughs," even in the case of war-worn troops; of his refusal to release men "because their families had need of them, or because there were many brothers of the same family in the army." The maintenance of the country's food supply had to take second place to the maintenance of the blood supply for the ranks of the army. The question remains whether his strategy was in accord with this care to prevent wastage in comparatively trifling ways.

The answer, a negative answer, is suggested by an incidental statement in Dr. Freeman's glowing summary in the chapter entitled "The Sword of Robert E. Lee." That statement runs:

During the twenty-four months when he had been free to employ open manoeuvre . . . he had sustained approximately 103,000 casualties and had inflicted 143,000. *Holding, as he usually had, to the offensive, his combat losses had been greater in proportion to his numbers than those of the Federals, but he had demonstrated how strategy may increase an opponent's casualties, for his losses included only 10,000 prisoners, whereas he had taken 38,000.*

The italics are mine. While the ratio of prisoners was certainly a tribute to his military artistry, the ratio of casualties in general spelt bankruptcy to his country. Its chief soldier, if a true grand strategist, should surely have kept sight of such calculations in framing his military strategy. The unqualified praise which has been given to Lee by so many eminent soldiers is the strongest support for the ironical saying that modern war is "too serious a business to be left to soldiers."

We are left with the reflection that "The Sword of Robert E. Lee" is an all too appropriate title. For all his brilliance of manoeuvre, Lee seems to have had no clear grasp of the basic tactical conditions upon which strategy depended. Had it been possible to epitomize his generalship with such a title as "The Bullet of Robert E. Lee," the story of the Civil War might have a different ending. As it is, the South is left with a heroic dream—topped by the figure of a great artist of war who was also a good man, a man for whom other men died willingly even when they died needlessly. That dream is worthily perpetuated in this monumental biography.

Psychiatry in Verse

SIX SIDES TO A MAN. By Merrill Moore. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935. \$2.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

WHEN "The Noise that Time Makes" appeared five years ago, Dr. Moore and his very personal version of the sonnet-form were discoveries, and it seemed necessary to write apologetically, perhaps a little patronizingly, about them. Dr. Moore's point of view was strange, or seemed strange at that time, with the strangeness of the point of view of any man who sets down, with an immediacy permitting neither revision nor discrimination, exactly what he thinks about things. His sonnet-form was described as the disintegration of the established form, a kind of pleasant eccentricity with only an eccentricity's interest. The book delighted me; but I am ashamed to say that I too wrote about it in this way. For with the appearance of "Six Sides to a Man," there can no longer be any question (except, apparently, in the mind of Mr. Louis Untermeyer, who contributes a quaint epilogue to this book) of apologizing for Dr. Moore, of "interpreting" him, of treating him, in short, as though he were an amazing child who was for some reason taken up by the Nashville Fugitives, and who has since been amusing himself by wilfully breaking up the pretty plaything-sonnets in his nursery. It becomes clear that what looked like a disintegration of the sonnet-form was really not disintegration at all (in the sense that some of Cummings's fine sonnets represent disintegration), but a considered alteration and loosening of the structure. Eccentricities of rhyming and lineation are not gratuitous here: they are necessitated by the poet's precipitate, yet curiously ordered, way of thinking and expression. They are never so extreme that the reader is allowed to lose the sense of the underlying form; and it is the urgent clash between this form and the superficial variations—precisely like the clash between metre and cadence in all good verse—that makes the best of these sonnets memorably exciting, and that saves even the worst of them from commonplaceness.

"Six Sides to a Man" ("Seeing," "Hearing," "Smelling," "Tasting," "Feeling," "Knowing") is a psychoanalytical treatise in sonnet-form. The range of the book is immense, yet the poems have a curious coherence. Some of them—some of the most moving—are as artlessly objective as pages torn from a psychiatrist's case-book: which, I suppose, is precisely what they are. Others are as subjective and as contemplative as the most reactionary of sweete-slyding poetry-fanciers could wish. Still others are dream-poems, as obscure in their private symbolism as any *surréalisme* could be, and often distract-

ingly beautiful when they are most unintelligible. My feeling is that Dr. Moore is most successful when he seems least concerned with writing poetry: in certain unforgettable case-histories, for instance,—like "Andrew MacClintock," or "Daring Cousin Killed in an Air-Crash,"—and in deceptively simple statements of fact. This manner is perilous: it frequently allows Dr. Moore to perpetrate such verses as

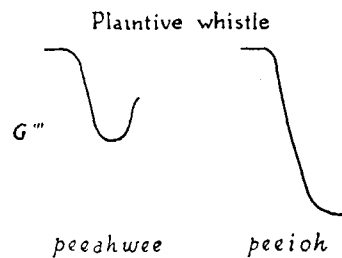
*Time has castrated Grandpa; his endocrines
Are of no more use than his vas deferens—,*

which I find very hard to forgive, let alone forget. But at its best, this cold, hard poetry of perception, apparently so casual, actually so many-surfaced, has the depth of meaning, the universal tenderness, the clean irony, that characterize the philosopher and the fine poet.

Identifying Birds

A GUIDE TO BIRD SONGS. By Aretas A. Saunders. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1935. \$2.50.

THIS excellent little manual is a successful attempt to write down bird songs by a method of notation comprehensible to the many bird lovers who have not sufficient musical training to follow the note and bar system of previous books, which indeed, since birds do not sing like man, is usually inaccurate. This simple but elaborate scheme provides for the quarter notes and the irregularity of rhythm not easily recorded by our musical scales. His method, which is partly phonetic, partly graphic, records time, pitch, and loudness in a simple fashion easily used in the field. Each note of the song is represented by a separate line, the pitch being the direction of the curve. The book begins with a careful key, in which the terms and curves are all explained. Trills, slurs, changes in quality, recurring consonant sounds are all recordable, in a double device of curves, and words or letters, which cover the surprising variety not only among bird songs, but among birds of the same species. Here is the fa-



miliar song of the wood pewee, G'' indicating a point of reference for the pitch. "Each one-half inch of horizontal length of a record represents one second of time, and each one-eighth inch of vertical height represents a half-tone in pitch."

The Middle Class Under Capitalism

CAPITALISM CARRIES ON. By Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Whittlesey House. 1935. \$1.75.

Reviewed by ERNEST G. DRAPER

FROM the sea of volumes on economic subjects that has almost submerged us in the last three years, I vote for this book. It strikes pay dirt from beginning to end. Fresh and arresting ideas flash from the mind of Professor Pitkin like sparks from an emery wheel. Sometimes they flash too fast. Even so, mental indigestion is preferable to the literary sawdust that has been served up to us by various so-called classical economists in the past.

Professor Pitkin explores a thousand bypaths as he goes along. His main theme, however, is direct and clear. It is that the salvation of capitalism rests with the middle class. Who comprise this class?

About one American out of every ten, at the most conservative estimate. Not more than one in seven, on the most liberal estimate. Let us say between twelve and eighteen millions. . . .

In this group we find, at the top, men and women of genius but not of immense wealth. Just below them come people of high ability in science, technology, management, and the arts. Then comes another, much larger sub-group of professional men and women, highly skilled workers in fields requiring considerable mathematics or other analytical ability. Add to all these their children, and you have the American Middle Class.

What has happened to this class in the last five years? "The middle-class man is being ground exceeding fine between the upper millstone of Ceresus and the nether millstone of Cyclops. . . .

Who were the first to rush to Washington for cash relief? The bankers. Then the railroads. And in their train a score of other major interests, each with a flying squad of lobbyists and ladies. The government gave its millions, then its billions. Then it turned to the next arrivals. And who were they? The starving, the sick, the park-bench sleepers, the wild boys, and all the other hapless wretches without food. . . .

Virtually every dollar of the tens of billions allotted to the powerful rich and the powerful poor! Scarcely a dime given to middle-class folk! But strange to say, it is these same middle-class folk who are now being asked to pay most of the relief bills. Who else could pay them? Will they acquiesce? Should they? . . .

They should not if they follow the advice of certain short-sighted capitalist leaders. On the other hand, Professor Pitkin's argument implies a situation that was not so clear cut as he describes. In citing "the bankers" and "the railroads" as among the first beneficiaries of the Government, he omits to point out the fact that the Government by giving aid to these private agencies was in reality extending a much greater aid to hundreds of thousands of middle-class investors and savings bank depositors. Of course, the point remains, however, that in spite of this valuable assistance, thousands of banks did fail and only a portion of the savings of the middle-class depositors was salvaged.

Then follows an illuminating discussion of how best to retain the loyal support of the middle class. It all boils down to a brief statement of minimum requirements which conclude the book.

Capitalism will carry on smoothly if it shows at least as clear a grasp of realities as the capitalists of fifty years ago exhibited.

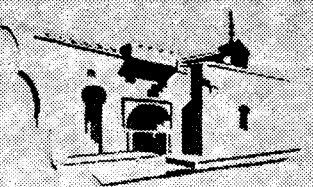
It will attain this clarity only if it retains both the loyalty and the services of the middle class.

It will retain both only if it abolishes fear of ruin and old-age poverty from middle-class minds.

While this running comment suggests the essence of the main theme, it does not do justice to the wealth of provocative ideas and new slants of thought which saturate these pages. A minor flaw is the author's style. In his desire to make this style appeal to the general public, he resorts, in places, to rather amateurish wise-cracking. This frequent use of high school cheer leader diction is doubly unfortunate in that it tends to cloud a thread of argument that is both vivid and profound. However, such criticism is trivial compared to the worth of the book as a whole. We need this type of stimulation if we wish to help in steering the ship of liberal-minded capitalism between the shoals of Huey Long and Father Coughlin on the one hand and the rocks of "obsolescent capitalists" on the other.

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