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the *Melodies*, Dublin, 1818, was, not that he was too detached from the Gaelic-speaking Ireland of his day; but that he might seem, to those with their eye on England, to love Ireland too much; yet he hopes that "those who condemn his manner of showing (that love) will at least allow it to be sincere, and perhaps forgive its intemperance for its truth."

It must not be forgotten, however, that the course Moore took was by far the most effective for his country. Moore made England artistically conscious of Ireland. His *Irish Melodies* were not only admired in the drawing-rooms; they had a popularity among the masses which nowadays is reserved for two or three music-hall songs in a generation. Professor Stockley records how in the American Civil War the opposing armies were heard answering each other at night, singing Moore's melodies. For fifty years or more, practically every middle-class parlour in Ireland held the large green book bound with a brass clasp. To exiles all the world over, Moore's *Irish Melodies* stood for music and love of country in one. Nor, though this was perhaps an accident, was the taste as sentimental as it seemed; for Moore had done something which had not been done for generations, and which is unlikely to be surpassed. His powers as a poet were grossly exaggerated by his contemporaries, but one thing he did to perfection, and that was to write songs. In the art of fitting to a melody words which naturally suit the notes, and which can be sung naturally, Moore stands alone. The combination of poet and musician and singer is rare enough. It is practically impossible to read the best of Moore's lyrics without hearing the tune for which they were made, and his practical knowledge of the singer's art made his English as easy to sing as Italian. Certainly he Anglicized many of the airs, and adapted them to his mood of facile melancholy; but the man who transformed the jiggling advance of "The Little Red Fox" to the noble sweep of "Let Erin Remember" cannot be denied a subtle ear for music.

Professor Stockley has little to say about Moore's art: he is more concerned with his politics and his religion. To the latter, indeed, he devotes no fewer than fifty-seven closely documented pages, leading to the conclusion that, though a Catholic, Moore was what Newman would have called a Liberal.

"The New Testament for Moore was never the book of —reprove and exhort; of the text, that he that is not with us is against us; of, he that believeth not shall be condemned; of, God is a just judge, austere, whose eyes are as a flaming fire piercing the heart, before whom all the tribes of the Earth shall quail; of, depart from Me, ye cursed, to where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth: it is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God. He was ready to hear; Suffer little children to come unto Me; my son was lost and is found; he that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone; much shall be forgiven her, for she loved much; Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Professor Stockley's papers on Moore will be valuable to students, for, as we have said, they are admirably documented. The other essays of the book, concerning Canon Sheehan and Dr. Henebry, will hardly attract the general reader. There is matter of much interest in them, but as narratives they suffer from the quotations with which they are so liberally studded.

L. A. G. STRONG.

A Prince or Buccaneer

Sir Henry Morgan. By Adolphe Roberts. (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.)

The literary sins that lie at the feet of the seventeenth-century buccaners must be countless; for they have inspired a legion of cheap ballads, sentimental blood-and-glory romances, and lurid histories that rival those of the French Revolution. Yet, oddly enough, the prince of them, Morgan, has hitherto lacked a full biography, a defect which Mr. Adolphe Roberts, an American, has set out to remedy in a "picture of the man and his epoch based on the original sources, documents and ascertainable facts which hitherto have been neglected and overlooked by nearly every investigator of the buccanering period." The more one reads of Morgan the more amazing this lack of biographers appears; for Morgan's life had all those qualities which, in the eyes of the world, go to make up heroes. The fact of his rise, in five years, from complete obscurity to the lordship of the buccaners, would seem to be a sweet enough kernel for any biographical nut, but the rise from a murdering buccaner

to a knight and from a knight to a Governor gives to his life that final touch of solidity, if not of respectability, without which no portrait of a worldly hero is complete. Between obscurity and governorship his life is swift, bloody, gallant, cruel, picturesque, a prolonged orgy of treasuries, women-hunting, murders, high piracy and drinking interspersed with feats of high audacious generalship and gallantry. The background is rich with blood and gold and sunshine. The names of the scenes themselves are poems: Santiago, Hispaniola, Panama, Porto Bello, Old Providence, Jamaica, Maracaibo. Add to it all the physical picture of the actor himself:

"Morgan was of average height, but heavy, weighing perhaps an hundred and seventy-five pounds. His portraits show him to have had the typical South Welsh bullet head, the neck tending to be thick and the chin solid. Otherwise he was handsome, after a bold fashion, the eyes set well apart, the nose very straight and the mouth full-lipped. He wore a light moustache that fluffed out at the ends and a tuft on the lower lip which did not extend sufficiently far down to rate as a beard. The long flowing hair in which he was always represented was a wig for formal occasions; beneath it his head was cropped fairly close. Except on gala days, he wore a secret handkerchief knotted about his head, and habitually carried his hat in his left hand. A waist trimmed with silver, knee-length pantaloons made of linen, thread stockings and low shoes completed his ordinary costume. There was invariably a sword at his hip and sometimes a pistol stuck in his belt."

Thus the drama, the scene and the man are perfect in themselves and perfect for each other. Mr. Roberts makes the most of this. He writes shrewdly and spiritedly and at times pugilistically, hammering those authorities with whom he disagrees. He follows the drama to its fullest length, through the petty quarrels of Morgan's governorship and the libel suit with Malthus the London bookseller, to the death from consumption of the once roaring buccanier at the age of fifty-three. There is a touch of the unheroical about that end, for we have so long been taught to think of buccaners dying in their boots, tipping Jamaica rum. There is, too, a strange irony about the epilogue. In 1692, less than four years after Morgan's death, an immense earthquake split his graveyard asunder, half of it sinking into the sea, the rest swept back by a tidal wave and buried under depths of coral sand. It was a devastation such as he himself would have loved to engineer. It lacked only the gold and jewels, the rich embroideries, the silks and silver, the women and the rum, the blood and the so-called glory of his own performances.

H. E. BATES.

The New Russian Writers

Soviet Literature: an Anthology. By George Reavey and Max Slonim. (Wishart, 8s. 6d.)

THERE are two kinds of anthology. The first provides a judicious selection of old favourites; the second sets out, by displaying a few samples, to whet the appetite for the unknown. The reviewer of the first kind need merely reveal his knowledge and taste by deploring the omission of his own particular choices. The reviewer of the second is expected to act as guide and showman to an exhibition of novelties.

Soviet Literature belongs to the second type of anthology; for attempts made hitherto to acclimatize Soviet writers in this country have met with little success. But the major part of the critic's task has already been done for him in an excellent introduction. Read in conjunction with the third section ("Criticism") of the anthology itself (the two previous sections are "Fiction" and "Poetry"), this introduction will tell you where the principal Soviet writers came from, where they stand, and what they suppose themselves to be driving at; and this, since you are dealing with Soviet writers, is highly important. For the whole of Soviet literature is siekled o'er with theory. The Soviet poet or novelist is doubly foreign. He is not only Russian but "proletarian"; and, before you approach him with the hope of understanding, you will be well advised to study the label round his neck.

There have been many labels. First came, oddly and incongruously enough, the Futurists, who, being the most revolutionary movement in contemporary literature, claimed to be the true proletarians of art. The claim might have been laughed out of court at once but for a single man—the poet Mayakovsky, the founder of the Futurist school in Russia, and the one indisputable genius among Soviet writers. He