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Griffith — brave little man, 'simple and unostentatious like all great men' — did all the fighting and De Valera all the directing. Not that he is not eminently fair to Griffith and to every man in his drama. But he has written his history in the belief that ultimately it was the intransigent idealists who were right and the compromising realists who were wrong, and that in forcing a Treaty under threat of 'immediate and terrible war' the English negotiators acted without foresight, even without mercy, and have been punished in the event by the loss of that friendship they might have bought with a little more generosity.

If there is any unbalance in its course or judgments *Peace by Ordeal* suffers in that much of it becomes, in this belief, special pleading to prove that Mr. De Valera was the rock and Arthur Griffith was the willow before the English storm — a more than fragile argument in history and an unkindness to as brave a man as ever lived. Yet, in spite of these superfine arguments, I believe — and that in the face of the strongest personal sympathies the other way — that it is Griffith and not De Valera, not even Collins, who will emerge from this record, or indeed from any record of the period, as the four-square man. That it should be so is a tribute to the objectivity and fairness against which Mr. Pakenham has throughout his book balanced his own predilections. But then he has done the whole thing with such an extraordinary human sympathy and with such a power of suggesting all that is in and out of a human character that what begins as an effort at balanced judgments, and an objective record, becomes after fifty pages and continues to the end as a book tingling with the warm excitement of the stuff of life itself.

## The Romance of Gardening<sup>1</sup>

reviewed by H. E. Bates<sup>2</sup>

WE are all collectors. To acquire something, to keep it, tend it, improve it, gloat over it and exhibit it to our friends — these are among the strongest and commonest of human characteristics. To ourselves, whatever others may think, it is very natural that we should collect old matchboxes, fossils, railway tickets, Swiss china, cigarette cards, old masters, historic collar-studs or rare books. It is not only natural but amusing. Nevertheless we do not intend or expect that our collections of cosmopolitan matchboxes shall benefit mankind. The acquisition of the collar-studs of Charles I or Charlie Peace may be highly interesting, but we cannot hope that it will contribute a single atom to the happiness or development of human society.

There are collectors, however, to whom such remarks do not apply. And Mr. Kingdon Ward is one. For over twelve years he has collected, from the mountains and remoter places of China, Tibet, Assam, Burma and Indo-China, species of flowering trees and plants not known to cultivation. He has not only collected plants, but has introduced them to the gardeners of the world. He is most famous as the introducer — though not the discoverer — of *Meconopsis Baileyi*, the blue Tibetan poppy which yearly dazzles the uninitiated at Chelsea; and but for him we might never have seen *Gentiana*

<sup>1</sup> *The Romance of Gardening*, by F. Kingdon Ward. Illustrated. (Large Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net)

<sup>2</sup> Author of *The Poacher* (Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net), *The Fallow Land*, etc. etc.

*sino-ornata*, the gentian that blooms in November. In short, since flowers, unlike matchboxes, are living things, and moreover things of beauty on which the devotion of the civilized world is being more and more concentrated, Mr. Kingdon Ward has every reason to be called a benefactor of mankind.

*The Romance of Gardening*, however, is not a history of plant collecting. Neither is it a contribution to that branch of gardening literature in which 'sweet peas are now coming along nicely in cold frames'. It is in fact neither historic nor instructional. It is not even, from the popular point of view, very romantic. But for a book written by an expert loaded with highly specialized knowledge it is extraordinarily light, colloquial and fascinating. It is packed with experiences and facts about plant life which will deal unpleasant blows at those who not only imagine English gardens are the finest in the world but who cherish also an insular and patriotic notion that they are filled exclusively with dear old English plants. The total British flora is about 2000 species of flowering — not necessarily garden — plants. Whereas English gardeners cultivate at least 12,000 species. Of the 200,000 species of flowering plants known in the world to-day, it is estimated that 60,000 alone are found in South America. We are, indeed, not a nation of shopkeepers, but a nation of flower importers.

The spirit of acquisitive curiosity which has made us the greatest explorers in the world has also made us the most catholic gardeners in the world. We think nothing of growing, side by side, flowers from Tibet, Mexico, Japan, America, New Zealand, China and the Russian steppes — and then of regarding them as English into the bargain. On

these and other horticultural matters Mr. Kingdon Ward sets us right. He is not only well informed and interesting, but highly provocative and dogmatic. There are points on which I would wish violently to disagree with him. The place is not here. I can only rejoice in his achievements and vitality and share cordially in his love of flowers, his passion for new species and the romance to which his book is dedicated.

## D. H. Lawrence<sup>1</sup>

reviewed by

Rayner Heppenstall<sup>2</sup>

A SCANDAL to the pure, at first: a savagely and tirelessly hunted pornographer. And then an object of hysterical adulation: a Messiah, with an all-embracing truth, alleviating the frustration of every possible (and impossible) kind of woman and man. A textbook of sexual behaviour: a sort of latter-day bearded Mrs. Grundy. And finally, with Middleton Murry's studies of him, he became a symbol, an archetype: a man in whom many weaknesses and false gestures were transcended and redeemed by the embodiment in his life of all our greater modern problems.

But which of these figures was The Real Lawrence? People have grown so weary of debating this question that Lawrence's stock, this last year or so, has undoubtedly fallen. To such an extent that it is the correct thing now, in Bloomsbury and Hampstead, to talk

<sup>1</sup> *D. H. Lawrence, a Personal Record*, by 'E.T.' (Crown 8vo. 5s. net)

<sup>2</sup> Author of *John Middleton Murry* (Crown 8vo. 5s. net)