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the billiards-room or the Regimental theatre." He turned from the debauched pleasures of military life to the purer (though, perhaps, more hysterical) society of "a group of evangelical officers" living together "in a large house which they called Fairy Hall." That he came under the influence of this group for a time is certain: it is equally certain that the new recruit had views of his own which, even if the Burmese War and subsequent leave in England had not intervened, would sooner or later have made his residence at Fairy Hall impossible. In temper he was "sulky and violent"; he was "impatient of friendly rebuke and counsel"; worst of all: "Lawrence does not seem to comprehend the doctrine of original sin." These were great handicaps, no doubt, in the eyes of Lewin and Craufurd; but the unfanatical outlook they indicate served him well in later life, when he was called upon to administer a recently conquered country, and to mix in a world of oriental intrigue very much opposed to the idealistic tenets of the English Christian Gentleman. By modern standards he appears strict and unbending, but compared with his colleagues he was as tolerant and impartial as, believing implicitly in a narrow code, it was possible for him to be. An extract from one of his journals, quoted by Professor Morison, shows the direction his thoughts naturally took when he was not engrossed in his work.

I'll try to look after myself as to

Anger,
Tidiness,
Procrastination,
Regularity; to do as far as possible any Nepal work

before breakfast, and to devote Saturday to bringing up all arrears of Nepal work, and letter-writing. Sunday to be kept holy as the day of rest and preparation for heaven. No newspapers to be opened on Sunday. I pray God's blessing on my weak endeavours as to the above, and also to enable me to set an example to my children, that they may love me, and have reason for doing so.

If he was never quite able to look after himself as to anger and tidiness, there was little of procrastination and much of regularity in his untiring devotion to duty. But if these noble sentiments and the industrious disposition they represent constituted the most important features in Lawrence's character, he could hardly have been distinguished, at this date, from a thousand con-

temporaries equally hard-working, equally earnest. The fact is that his principle was smaller than his practice. His schools and hostels and barracks; his constant endeavours to better the conditions of the white troops, mentally and physically; his exceeding care for the education of their children; his interest in the development of agriculture by means of intensive irrigation; his intimate knowledge of the Punjab, the North-West Provinces, Nepal and Rajputana; above all, his intelligent interpretation of the Act of 1833, marked him out as the natural successor to Canning. His appointment came too late to reward his labours: he was killed by a shell at the siege of Lucknow. It is invidious to speculate as to what would have been the outcome of his term of office, but that it would have seen a vast, perhaps permanent, improvement in the mutual relations of Indian and Englishman is beyond question.

I believe that two small criticisms of Professor Morison's book are justified. Biography is not best served by always presenting the subject in a favourable light: man is known as much by his vices as his virtues, and no man is entirely without either. The reader, whose standard of moral values may differ from Professor Morison's, will see more of the prig than the hero in Sir Henry—which certainly was not the case. And lastly, since the Professor has had access to Lawrence's private papers and journals, he seems to have lost an opportunity in not quoting more extensively from them. But this is an important book.

RICHARD STRACHEY

MECONOPSIS

The Genus Meconopsis. By GEORGE TAYLOR. *New Flora and Silva.* 20s.

Gardens of Delight. By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE. *Medici Society.* 15s.

It was in 1814 that Viguiet, who must have been a sort of horticultural Sherlock Holmes, began to probe into the antecedents of the beautiful and prolific *Papaver Cambricum*, the delicate orange Welsh poppy. The sufferings of flowers at the hands of botanists are many, and it was Viguiet who triumphantly discovered that *Papaver Cambricum* was not a *Papaver* at all, but of the tribe *Papavereae* or *Pavaveraceae*, which was much as if he had discovered illegitimacy in a noble and unstained house. For *Papaver Cambricum* was then dismissed for ever from its line, and became instead a *Meconopsis*, Viguiet regarding that genus as intermediate between *Papaver* and *Argemone*. The new family was not recognised, at least for some years. It was a floral outsider. Yet there seems to be nothing wrong with the blood, which looks in fact quite classical:

Calyx diphyllus, caducus; corolla tetrapetala; stamina numerosissima; antherae lateraliter dehiscentes; stylus brevis; stigmata radiantia, convexa, libera, et non sessilia saper discum, persistientia. Capsula unilocularis, valvulis dehiscentibus; dissepimenta parva.

True, the diagnosis is made in that cranky compilation of huge Latin epithets which Farrer ridiculed exactly a hundred years later, a method for which neither he nor I nor any of us except the descendants of Viguiet has much use, but the blood is there. Moreover, the family, now a large one, has become not only recognised but very much honoured and loved among gardeners. All except poor *Meconopsis Cambrica*, which has passed almost into the limbo of weeds. Nevertheless, *Cambrica* is still the type-species, in spite of its forty gorgeous Eastern relatives. The term poppy, remnant of its illegitimacy, still clings to it, and has become attached also to *M. betonicifolia* (syn. *Baileyi*) now the most popular of the species, the blue-poppy of every nurseryman, the delight and wonder of all the dear parochial old ladies at Chelsea, and the trump-card of every gardener who wants to dazzle his uninitiated friends. And Veguiet or no Veguiet, *betonicifolia* is a blue-poppy: no other name will do for the crinkled satin blue buds opening out of hairy cups, and the smooth, sky-coloured petals. Mr. E. H. M. Cox, in his brief chapter on the cultivation of civilised species, complains that the "genus is not so popular in gardens as it should be," which may be due to Robinson's perfectly horrid description of how it should be grown, for good nurserymen now catalogue seeds of roughly half of the cultivated species, of which *Regia*, yellow-blossomed with olive-green and silver leaves, is probably the grandest, and *betonicifolia* and the biennials the easiest. Nor are Farrer's instructions, which resemble orders to a plumber, of much help. He recommends a subterranean water system which is almost as terrifying as some of Mr. Taylor's botanical observations. No doubt he would be astonished

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and delighted to know now of the ease with which *betonifolia*, for instance, has established itself here without the aid of the water-board.

Levity is the prerogative, sometimes, of the reviewer; especially of the reviewer who is also a gardener; but it is a quality in which botanists seem to be utterly lacking. Thus, Mr. Taylor's treatise on this most lovely genus, the meconopsis, is as humourless in its dry technicalities as an advanced school trigonometry. The notes on the cultivation of introduced species are wickedly brief. And he will have only himself to blame if his book appeals to no more than a score or two of people, and those mostly fellow-botanists. His thirty photographs, both of species in cultivation and in natural habitat, are the redeeming feature of the book.

Good photographs are abundant, too, in Miss Eleanor Sinclair Rohde's book, which belongs not to the realm of botanical horrors, thankfully, but to the world of personal delight. Her book is a good example of the catholic and discursive type of gardening book which Miss Jekyll, in the 'nineties, made popular. Some idea of the progress in the establishment of new species and of the meconopsis in particular can be gathered from the fact that whereas Miss Jekyll, thirty years ago, mentioned only one meconopsis and that a biennial, Miss Rohde gives descriptions of fifteen. I dare say Miss Rohde, like myself, does not know that in *meconopsis Quintuplinerva* the lamina is "obovate to narrowly oblanceolate elliptic or lanceolate, longitudinally (3-5-) nerved," but her heart is right.

H. E. BATES

Chartreuse, before narrowing down his focus to the impact of the Reformation upon them in England, and its issue in the Carthusian martyrdoms. Frs. Mathew give a very beguiling picture, refined and exquisite in its detail, of the innocence of the Carthusian mind; but were they so ignorant of their own interests, if indeed they were of high politics? The Reformation can hardly have come so unexpectedly to the monks; for years, in circles like that of Erasmus, there was an expectation of some such attack; after Wolsey's fall in England, most people in touch with the governance of the Church realised that the blow could not be long delayed. Frs. Mathew point to the keynote of the monastic life as being "provided by a turning to God, whose influence seemed everywhere so visible in the developed consciousness of Christian life"; but how in this case do they interpret the Reformation?

The answer is that they do not try; they seek only to describe, taking a whole framework of belief as given. With this fundamentally uncritical point of view, they cannot be regarded as historians; nevertheless, they are among the most sensitive and interesting of historical writers.

A. L. ROWSE

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