

## NEW BOOKS

ONE WORLD. By Wendell L. Willkie. Simon and Schuster. New York. 1943. \$1.25.

REPORT FROM TOKYO. A Message to the American People. By Joseph C. Grew, United States ambassador to Japan, 1932-1941. Musson Book Co., Ltd. Toronto. 1943. \$1.00.

A marvellous seven-weeks trip is that described by Mr. Wendell Willkie in this book of breathless interest. It carried him to Egypt, Iraq, Iran, Turkey, Russia, China. Necessarily, although not much more than two days of twenty-four hours each was spent in the air flight from point to point, the time to spend at each stopping-place was very brief indeed in proportion to what was to be seen. But surely never did a traveller amid fast changing scenes concentrate with keener discernment on the features that signify. Mr. Willkie describes these with arresting and even dramatic effect.

The book's title is well chosen, for its design everywhere is to show the unity in fundamental things that underlies all racial or national difference. This lightning survey of the whole—made possible by aeronautics—has helped the traveller to realize it with unique vividness, and he has been quick to share his vision. Truly *one world*, in which Turk and Chinaman, Iranian and Iraqi, Egyptian and Russian and American are partners of a common heritage, however differently their different languages describe it and their different habits turn it to use.

What a succession of pictures we have here: one might even say of *talking* pictures, for actual conversations are everywhere reproduced. One is of General Montgomery's headquarters in the desert—headquarters that consisted of four American automobile trailers hidden among sand dunes on the Mediterranean. Rommel's divisions were at the moment in retreat, and that moonlit night, while the steady pounding of British artillery upon them could be continuously heard, the victor in the tremendous conflict sat with his American visitor on the steps of the trailer, "from which we could see whitecaps breaking on the sea," talked only at times about "the Boche" and how he was to be overcome, then drifted into reminiscences about his own boyhood in County Donegal. Next to Iraq, where Mr. Willkie—troubled, like Montaigne of old, by the "importunity" of his mind—thought by turns of how Abraham had seen there a vision of angels, and of how men of enterprise perhaps not more sagacious than Abraham, but using very different methods to become rich like him, had laid from the oil reserves there a pipe line to Haifa. Turkey, Russia, China (not India, which for some reason President Roosevelt asked Mr. Willkie to omit from his tour) supply him with material for like realistic pictures, which I cannot attempt here to describe in summary, but which I strongly advise every reader of this review notice to contemplate.

What strikes the reader most of all is not Mr. Willkie's gift of description, remarkable as this is. It is rather the missionary note in the whole. No one can mistake the writer's sense of responsibility for the message which he feels that this experience has made so vivid and urgent for himself—the message that out of this war, if victory once won by arms is not lost again (as it was a quarter-century ago) by peacemakers unworthy of the warriors, at length a far finer order may emerge. Here is surely the greatest sermon ever preached by an American against the isolationism which drove the world a second time over the precipice. Mr. Willkie is in splendid rage, by turns against those who dare to say "Mind Britain's Business" and those who dare to say "America First" as slogan of national irresponsibility. He came back with such a picture of the potential goodwill and co-operation all over the world which the present tragedy has uncovered, and so full of the appeal that this time at least the opportunity shall not be missed. Here and there he met an Englishman of the narrow school, and sums him up neatly as "Rudyard Kipling, untainted even with the liberalism of Cecil Rhodes." But then he had to think of the corresponding American, who with a folly compared with which French trust in the Maginot Line was discerning, used to talk of the "hundred per cent security" provided by the Pacific Ocean, the Rockies and the Mississippi. It is to open such unseeing eyes, whatever the race to which they belong, that this book has been produced. As an old Scottish divine I knew used to say of some precious volume "Sell your bed and buy it." But it costs only \$1.25, so that the sacrifice will not for anyone be so severe.

Mr. Grew's book is not less opportune than Mr. Willkie's, though the purpose served is very different. Not to unite those apparently divided, but to clarify and deepen the appreciation of inevitable conflict between those who have assumed that they can get along together without first "fighting things out"! Here is the account an American gives to his own countrymen, after ten years residence in Japan, of a situation there which overwhelming military defeat alone can mend. Still more is Mr. Grew concerned to waken up Americans from their complacent view that they can win this war over "mere Orientals" without any great sacrifice. It may well, he thinks, be lost unless they fight it with their utmost resources.

He has been moved to write this warning volume by much that he has heard or read in America about the inability of Japan to wage a long war. Foolish optimism, for example, about how easy it will be to start in Japan's "paper and cardboard cities" such a blaze as history has not as yet on record! From what base, it may be asked, will this air attack be launched, and what will be the strength of Japanese fighter planes operating in defence from bases at home? No doubt (as trial has shown) the attack can be made, with good effect though with heavy loss, but it will be no such simple job as the gay optimists have pictured. For a long war Mr. Grew believes the Japanese to be both equipped and willing. He is not encouraged by the reminder, so effective with many of his countrymen, that the Chinese have made long and successful resistance, for he points out that Japan during that conflict was using year by year only a fraction of her available strength

—not more than 40 per cent of her military appropriation being spent on the war with China, while the rest was devoted to storing up reserves for the greater conflict she had in view. We must avoid the comfortable delusion into which the initial success of Finland misled Germany regarding Russian fighting strength.

To those who expect Japan to "crack" in resolution and endurance, as Germany did in the First World War under the strain of failure, Mr. Grew replies that, having watched the two peoples in war, he awaits no such similar outcome. He was on the staff of the American Embassy in Berlin for years up to the breach in 1917, and he was American ambassador in Tokyo for years up to the breach in 1941. Having seen the Germans collapse morally when the tide of battle flowed against them, he looks for a like collapse there again, but not for this result upon the spirit of "the yellow brother":

I know the Japanese intimately. The Japanese will not "crack." They will not crack morally or psychologically or economically, even when eventual defeat stares them in the face. They will pull in their belts another notch, reduce their rations from a bowl to a half bowl of rice, and fight to the bitter end. Only by utter physical destruction or utter exhaustion of their men and materials can they be defeated. That is the difference between the Germans and the Japanese. That is what we are up against in fighting Japan.

Mr. Grew is no implacable enemy of the race he thus describes. He has many valued Japanese friendships, has received much personal kindness in the country where he spent ten pleasant years, and gladly records the proof he has had that "the militarists" are but a section unfortunately dominant. He dwells upon the long continued discipline, the misuse of educational machinery with diabolic effectiveness to create a superstitious "patriotism," the successful exclusion of those agencies of enlightenment which have rescued other races from such imposture. Nowhere else in modern times has there been such ghastly exhibition of "thought control," contrived by a ruthless gang to mould a people spiritually for its purposes. Most suggestive and timely is the exposure by Mr. Grew of the too common plea that what the Japanese want is just "room to live," and that they have had recourse, reluctantly, to war because other nations have selfishly shut them out by exclusion laws from settlement and by tariffs from trade. He writes of the invasion of Manchuria in 1931:

That this invasion was not economic in its objective is shown by the fact that Japanese military authorities in Manchuria tried to set up a curious sort of army socialism. They were not interested in the welfare of the Chinese whom they had conquered. They were not even interested in profits for Japanese capital or increased wages of Japanese labor. They concerned themselves only with the procuring and supplying of further materials of war for the Imperial Japanese Army. In other words, they made war in order to acquire more weapons with which to wage more war.

This is the judgment not of a long-distance arm-chair student of documents: it is that of a keenly observing American who lived in Tokyo for the ten years which followed the invasion of Manchuria.

Here is a brief, terse, convincing account which everyone should read. Particularly those who have "made a case for the Japanese." One may hope that Mr. Grew's account of what he saw during the

months which intervened between the outbreak of this war with Japan and the departure of the American Embassy officials from Tokyo will make even those special pleaders ashamed.

H. L. S.

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RELIGION AND EMPIRE. *The Alliance between Piety and Commerce in English Expansion 1558-1625.* By Louis B. Wright. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1943. Pp. ix, 190.

This is a study of the influence of religion and clergymen upon British expansion in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Most historians of the beginning of the British Empire have emphasized the influence of religion upon some of the thirteen American colonies only; but Professor Wright shows that not only the New England Puritans felt that they had God on their side, but that every early adventurer and the most hardened sea-dog took the same view, or at least believed in a supernatural Being Who controlled their destinies and commanded their worship. Thus many individuals and trading companies alike carried chaplains to bless and win favor for their expeditions; and Sir John Hawkins on a slaving expedition instructed his crew to "serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keep good companie."

Professor Wright is to be congratulated on the interesting and discerning manner in which he develops his thesis that clergymen, of whom Hakluyt and Purchas were the most famous, were also the social thinkers and broadcasters of the Elizabethan and Jacobean era, that Anglican and Puritan alike saw in expansion the best remedy for unemployment and the rehabilitation of the poor, and that both looked upon the material gains of trade and expansion as but the natural rewards of partnership with God, who had obviously pointed out England's path by Spanish failures and cruelties. Anglicans and Puritans as well as many Catholics joined forces in resisting Spanish material and spiritual imperialism, and felt justified in breaking this monopoly by any means in their power, whether frontal attack or counter-empire.

Moreover, he sees the origin of American Manifest Destiny, not in President Polk and his contemporaries, but in the Puritans who left England in the confidence of a mission. In fact, he argues that these Puritans "had a belief in Manifest Destiny that makes the later American imperialism look anemic and pale"; and, while not arguing for a reversion to 17th century Puritanism, he thinks that Americans will need some equally strong national faith and goal after this war to enable them to assume their international responsibilities and avoid drifting into chaos.

D. C. H.

DONNE: A SPIRIT IN CONFLICT. By Evelyn Hardy. Macmillans in Canada. Pp. 274. \$3.50.

This study of John Donne is more interesting and valuable than one might gather from the biographical sketch on the jacket of the author, an American who went to London University in 1924: "As a student she showed talent as an actress." Miss Hardy is familiar with the large mass of literature about Donne, and knows his works intimately. Some of the tables—chronological, genealogical, of dates of composition and publication, and of engravings, etc.—are most useful; likewise the volume has been very well indexed. For the reader well versed in Donne the volume should be stimulating and provocative, but it cannot be recommended to the novice. Plainly Miss Hardy is obsessed with the psychoanalytic approach to criticism; for her, Donne becomes the product of an Oedipus complex and many other eccentricities. This is bad enough, but when we find that Miss Hardy was very strongly impressed by Dr. Ernest Jones's psychoanalytic study of poor Hamlet, that she believes the core of Shakespeare's play is the inactivity of the hero—she might read Professor E. E. Stoll's studies with profit—and that she finds Hamlet and John Donne very similar in their characters and problems, the dubious reader begins to lose patience. Then one may well object to the method of getting evidence. Miss Hardy admits that we know nothing of the early relations of Donne to his mother and his step-father, and that all is guess work about a resultant complex; yet within a few pages she assumes the complex and uses it throughout the book. Again, on p. 12 we are told that the boy's tutors were "probably Jesuit"; a few lines further we are told, "His debt to the Jesuits was profound", and the argument of the later part of the study is made on the assumption that Donne's character was unfortunately moulded by the Jesuits! The present reviewer is very dubious of any evidence drawn from Elizabethan portraits; presumably, all Elizabethans had the same shape of face; Miss Hardy, however, can read Donne's character from a portrait, and the reading fits beautifully with the rest of the "evidence". Miss Hardy, when her evidence is weak, has the habit of asking a number of rhetorical questions, a device that sets up the desired train of thought in the reader if he is not on his guard. The imagery of Donne's poems seems often to be pushed to extremes to fit the theories. There is, for Miss Hardy, something hermaphroditic in Donne's comparing himself and his wife to the legs of a compass, especially as he is the one making the circle, "a feminine symbol"; yet we might point out that Ben Johnson used the same symbol of the legs of a compass, and that since it was Donne and not his wife who was going abroad, it was most likely that the poet and not his wife should be the leg describing the circle. The imagery having shown Donne hermaphroditic—at least in tendency—the reader is a little disconcerted to find that from Donne's handwriting an expert shows that the poet was homosexual. The confusion is complete when we remember that in seventeen years of married life John Donne begot twelve children! Probably we are not sufficiently versed in the ways of the unconscious and the subconscious to work that one out. Following Prof. Dover Wilson, Miss Hardy must drag in Essex to

explain much in Donne and his contemporaries just at the turn of the century. What Miss Hardy must trace to dark, hidden depths in the unconscious, many of us have been content to see as reaction against prevailing literary fashions. If we forget Donne's love of his wife and his admiration for the Countess of Bedford and some other ladies, we can explain his poetic attacks on women in terms of a revulsion against his mother's having married again—a course that every widow and widower in England took, by the way—but most of us think Donne, because he was a young, dynamic man, was tired of the hopeless admiration that the sonneteers had been showering for a decade on their ladies, and decided to show women as something else, and incidentally men too. Likewise his imagery and his rough verse are reactions against the mellifluousness of the Spenserians. Then the unkindest cut of all comes from the expert on handwriting: Donne's hand shows that the man was really not an artist at all. Alas, for all the wasted admiration by the Donne cultists of the last thirty years! On the whole, the book is well written, but one shudders on reading this monstrosity; "His career was one of those which does not reveal its lapses and discouragement, but in retrospect seems to follow a full arc of growing glory." Just what is the antecedent of "which"? We repeat, the book should be read by students of Donne, but not by beginners, who will find safer guidance from Sir Herbert Grierson.

B. M.

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SIR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. A Biography, by E. M. Pomeroy. With an Introduction by Lorne Pierce. The Ryerson Press. \$4.50.

The coming historian of Canadian literature will feel indebted to the author of this biography for its picture of one who throughout a long life has signally promoted the literary development of Canada. For half a century Sir Charles Roberts has been such a pioneer, notable not merely for the conception but in great measure for the fulfilment of a new national purpose. His story has thus an interest far beyond the personal.

But, like all biographies worthy of the name, this one aims in the first instance to introduce a personality. Wilfred Ward used to say that it is the biographer's function to make known his "hero" as the hero was known to intimate friends, not omitting foibles or whimsicalities where these can be shown to the reader in their true proportionate perspective. Miss Pomeroy has drawn a convincingly human likeness. One will not easily forget the Roberts of this book, with countless details of work and habit and taste; a sequence of adventure, personal and professional, in many countries and at very different times, by which the period as well as the individual is reflected. It is the record of one continuously busy on the writer's job, from the time when Canadian Confederation was but the doubtful experiment of a dozen years before. He is presented as he has been at home in his family circle, in schools and colleges where he was pupil or

instructor, in journalism, in travel far and wide, on lecture tour and recital tour, as a soldier in the First Great War, with the innumerable and so diverse contacts of such a life. Sir Charles Roberts, with the daring which Carlyle deprecated (and yet presumably admired, because he so successfully exemplified) took "literature" as his calling from a quite early date. He has known that service in many forms, from humble toil for some obscure newspaper, to the production of poetry and prose that have appealed to the keenest critics of the English-speaking world. Sir Charles could well add an illustrative footnote to the reflection in Mill's *Autobiography*, that books by which men live are not books which will themselves live; and he could decide between the two types of writing with the judicial impartiality of the famous Scotsman declaring honesty to be the best policy—"I know, for I hae tried baith". But whether his reward was to stir a merely languid interest in the weekly of a Canadian country town or to draw enthusiastic welcome for a literary comrade from Matthew Arnold and Oliver Wendell Holmes and Rudyard Kipling, his choice of literature was unshakable. Through difficulties as through striking success he has stuck to that mission, and if Canadian literary enterprise has now both a record and a future very different from those which confronted writers when he began, he has the credit of having contributed heavily to the change.

Miss Pomeroy's vivid narrative is thus one for which the Canadian reading public should be grateful.

H. L. S.

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THE NAZI UNDERGROUND IN SOUTH AMERICA. By Hugo Fernandez Artucio. Farrar and Rinehart, 1942.

Readers of THE DALHOUSIE REVIEW may remember an article by Bruno Fricke which appeared in it a year ago, under title "Nazi Hunting in Argentina". It described the discovery and exposure of lawless manoeuvring by Hitler's agents in a South American Republic, with the vivid authoritativeness of one who had a principal part in collecting evidence of this misconduct for a Commission of the Legislature. The recent Revolution in Argentina lends special interest to our remembrance of that article.

But Argentina is only one out of many South American Republics where the same nefarious practices have proceeded, and the new book by Professor H. F. Artucio, of the University of Montevideo, presents the damning record about each of them. Here is a most instructive account, by a keen and painstaking observer on the spot, of the Nazi intrigues all over South America from headquarters at Buenos Aires. It cites the evidence, and shows, with a clarity that brings conviction, just what is the purpose that moves the High Command at Berlin to such expenditure of effort far away. Anyone who has listened with surprise and perplexity—as I think not a few have—to President Roosevelt's radio talks so strongly emphasizing danger to the United States from the growth of Nazi control in Latin-America will get a new insight into what is at stake from reading this book. He will probably

close it, too, wondering not at the eventual overturn of a pro-Nazi regime in Argentina, but at the long postponement of what was so necessary.

Here is indeed a book for the times.

P.

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THE WORLD OF YESTERDAY. An Autobiography. By Stefan Zweig. The Macmillan Co. of Canada, 1943.

THE CONFESSION OF AN OCTOGENARIAN. By L. P. Jacks, London. George Allen & Unwin.

Somber interest belongs to Stefan Zweig's book because it was his last important work, finished shortly before the tragic end of his life. On February 23, 1942, the author and his wife died by their own hands at Petropolis, Brazil, where as Jewish refugees from the Hitlerized Austria they had for some time made their home. This autobiography is a posthumous book: whether the author had at first the purpose of seeing it through the press, or whether it was written purely as a relief to his own mind in exile, there is nothing to show. At all events, it was reserved for a literary executor to arrange the publication. We have here yet another token of the spiritual collapse that marks this terrible period of the world.

Stefan Zweig had been brilliantly successful as a writer. His plays, his novels, his short stories, his historical sketches, his critical essays fascinated the reading public: his work had been translated into thirty languages. Sometimes in a drama such as his *Jeremiah*, sometimes in biography such as his *Marie Antoinette*, sometimes in literary criticism such as his *Three Masters—Balzac, Dickens, Dostoevski*—his versatile talent and his many-sided interest appeared. In sound health at the age of sixty, and with his gift of writing unimpaired (as this thrilling autobiography shows beyond doubt) one would have thought that life still held much to charm him. But, as he explained in his letter of farewell, he could not adjust himself to an utterly new spiritual scene: the world which had been his delight had vanished, and long years of homeless wandering had broken his resilience. For his friends he left a parting wish that they might yet see the dawn after the night: "I, all too impatient, go on before".

Readers of the book will, I think, have mixed feelings, not unlike those aroused by Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis*. Zweig has such descriptive skill: such an art of words, such keenness in psychological analysis: his career too had brought him so many contacts with scenes or persons unforgettable, and he presents them with such dramatic clarity. There is intense interest, too, in this picture by an Austrian of the Austria he knew during the tense years between the two World Wars, and as the record of a twentieth century personal career in literature the book has historical value. Yet it leaves the impression of an intellectual sybarite. Stefan Zweig was too sorry for himself, too resentful—amid a world in flames—against a Fate which had smiled upon him so long but did not remain gracious to him until the end. What chance



is there for our poor world if such "way out" is taken by one who, relatively to others, has so little of which to complain? Literary parallels suggest themselves, when one writes of such a litterateur, so artistic but so brittle. One recalls Carlyle's robust scorn of Byron, occupied in reflecting how unworthy was God's universe to contain so distinguished a resident. And one feels just now, with "godless Billy" in *Lavengro*, that suicide through ennui is undignified as well as unheroic.

A self-portrayal very different from that by this Austrian is the one by the Englishman, Dr. L. P. Jacks, whose *Confession of an Octogenarian* has so strongly appealed to the autobiography-loving public. The author is known everywhere by the *Hibbert Journal*, which it is no exaggeration to say that he created, and which remains under his active editorship—in his octogenarian years—without a peer in its own field. If the *Hibbert Journal*, as an old phrase runs, is indeed "the lengthened shadow of its editor", Dr. Jacks may feel deep satisfaction in having so conceived and promoted the enrichment of his time. The inscription on its cover describes it as "A Quarterly Review of Religion, Theology and Philosophy". For forty years without a break it has served a great educational purpose as medium for thoughtful, charitable and well informed opinion, set forth by the best minds on these momentous subjects.

This autobiography reveals the manner of man to whom we owe such notable service, and the personal qualities it discloses—by accident as well as by intention—help one to understand why the *Hibbert Journal* succeeded beyond so many other experiments in a like field. So manifestly a sincere man, telling the reader of his own mistakes as he now recognizes them with the better insight that experience has brought and the humor which the passage of time seems to have made more mellow! Particularly to anyone who remembers the English Midlands in the last decade of the nineteenth century, this picture of middle-class Nonconformist surroundings in Nottingham brings back a sort of life which, for its foibles and limitations not less than for its sturdy virtues, those who have known youth only in these last appalling years may well envy. Dr. Jacks belonged to that time, and in a sense belongs to it still, though his horizons have become wider. He describes it with affectionate fidelity, and also with critical frankness, including always himself as an example to show where the road was missed. I don't know what equipment of disposition could better fit a man for survey and appraisal, especially for catholic hospitality of mind mingled with a high resoluteness, in the editorship of a great magazine devoted to philosophy of religion. *Solvitur ambulando*: Dr. Jacks has proved it.

I cannot refrain from two, altogether different, citations to show what the reader may expect of charm in this book. Dr. Jacks is describing his boyhood in Nottingham, where an old sailor who had fought under Nelson at Trafalgar, and had become totally blind, used to earn coppers from passers-by as he read aloud from a Braille Bible:

One day some of us boys, ingenious young devils that we were, provided ourselves with fine sand, and, waiting for the moment when the centenarian stopped reading, and withdrew his fingers from the book, we approached silently and sprinkled sand over the page so as to obliterate the letters: then

we waited for results. Presently the old warrior returned to his reading, and this is what was heard: "And the Lord said unto Moses—*who the hell has been putting sand on my Bible?*" On which a local wag made comment that the words were evidently aimed at Bishop Colenso, whose destructive criticism of the Pentateuch was then fluttering the theological dovecot."

My other citation is from a time in the author's life probably three-score and ten years later:

Only last night I heard from the lips of a Pole the story of what the Nazis had done in Poland, and prayed that strength might be given to my country to execute God's errand on the wicked, and that I might live a little longer to see it done.

So, at the age of eighty, Dr. Jacks has no such mood as that of Montesquieu rejoicing in a sensitiveness enough to enjoy the human scene, but not enough to share its distress. His horror at the world débâcle is not such as to make him think the designs of Providence are even yet frustrated. We need a leaven of such composed and at the same time resolute spirits, to "carry" the others, who so fail in nerve or sink into self-pity. Whatever the mockers of ancient faith may profess to the contrary, it does make a lot of difference at a time such as this to believe in a divine purpose running through even these ages. It is a suggestive line from the Psalms which Dr. Jacks chose for inscription on his title-page: "By my God have I leaped over a wall".

II. L. S.

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FRANK NORRIS: A STUDY. By Ernest Marchand. Stanford and Oxford University Presses. Pp. 258. \$3.00.

Frank Norris (1870-1902) appeared on the American literary scene at a most fortunate time. The dominance—it can hardly be called leadership—of New England was to be challenged. French realism and naturalism were beginning to be known. The cult of the strong man, as in Kipling's work, was new. The social function of the novel was just beyond the horizon. All of these strands are found in the works of Norris. Norris was attracted by the scientific determinism of French realism with its emphasis on heredity and environment, and he tried to imitate it. He was, however, an American in an age when the individual still counted for something in moulding his own course: after all, in Norris's day, the West was still a refuge for those who had failed in the East or in Europe. Consequently, Norris could never be a strict determinist. It was the day of railway promoters and stock-market manipulators, so Norris found in his West examples of the strong, ruthless man, and these he embodied in *The Octopus*, a novel of railway exploitation in California, and *The Pit*, a novel of Chicago. In a few years, he found the sociological implications of the novel, and thus was one of the earliest American novelists of purpose. It can be seen, then, that even if Norris is not widely read today, historically he is of great importance in American life and letters. Professor Marchand

has written a notable study, not a biography, of Norris and his work; he relates the novelist to all the cross currents of the day. The book is a real and readable contribution to American letters.

B. M.

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THE CANADIAN BORN IN THE UNITED STATES. By Leon E. Truesdell. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1943. Pp. xvi, 263. Maps and diagrams.

This volume is an analysis of the statistics of the Canadian element in the population of the United States from 1850 to 1930, by the Chief Statistician for population of the United States Census Bureau. It is designed to supplement the information contained in *The Mingling of the Canadian and American Peoples* by the late Professor Hansen, which has already appeared, and it will be followed by a volume on *The American Born in Canada* by Canadian statisticians.

It is packed full of information under the various headings which modern census returns give, and should reduce to a considerable extent the amount of guesswork that has hitherto been necessary as to the movement of Canadians across the border, although the incompleteness of the earlier census returns still leaves a wide field of speculation.

It is seen that in 1850 there were 147,711 Canadian-born in the United States, or 0.64 per cent of its population, while in 1930 the number had increased to 1,286,389 or 1.05 per cent of the total; but although we are given these percentages by decades, we still have to guess as to the total migration from Canada, inasmuch as many must have died in the period between one decennial census and the next. However, we learn that the number of Canadian-born in the United States increased rapidly between 1850 and 1900, and more slowly between 1900 and 1930.

Again, we see that in 1930 Canadian stock, comprising those of Canadian birth and parentage, numbered 3,337,345, or 2.7 per cent of the total population and 8.4 per cent of the foreign white stock from all countries, while Canadian-born alone comprised 9.1 per cent of the foreign-born white population. Incidentally, out of 9,355,650 Canadian-born, 8,069,261 were living in Canada in 1931, and 1,286,389 living in the United States. All these figures are broken down into various categories, French and English, urban and rural, distribution by states and regions, occupations, age, sex, and what not; but space forbids further comment, except to say that this volume will be an invaluable reference book for many generations of historians and statesmen.

D. C. H.

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MUTINY IN JANUARY. By Carl Van Doren. The Viking Press, New York, 1943. Pp. 288. Nine illustrations and a map.

This is an illuminating account of a very crucial incident in the American War of Independence, told by an undoubted authority on

the period. The incident itself, the successful mutiny of the Pennsylvania Line and the imitative but abortive mutiny of the New Jersey troops in January 1781, has not been ignored by other historians but, hitherto, it has not been discussed in detail or explained adequately.

At this stage of the Revolution the future United States was still an occupied country and overrun by that type of informer, spy and double-dealer which has appeared in geometric progression during the present global struggle. In dealing with this mutiny, therefore, the Congress, the states and the officers had to consider not only the justice of the claims of the troops and the demands of military discipline, but also the offers that were likely to be made and were made to them by the enemy in their midst. Moreover, they had to consider the effect that their settlement of the dispute would have upon the troops of other states, whose grievances were also real, if not so heavy as those of the Pennsylvania Line. All these factors are set forth skilfully by the author, who treats the case of the Pennsylvania troops sympathetically, but does not condemn Washington for his stern repression of the New Jersey mutiny, which attempted to imitate the action of the Pennsylvanians but less wholeheartedly and after the legislature had already taken steps to redress their grievances.

On the whole, although the continental army lost half the Pennsylvania Line through the mutiny, the results were not all to the bad. It spurred Congress to appeal for better treatment of all the troops by their respective states, and it hastened Maryland's decision to ratify the Articles of Confederation, which in turn made for greater American unity both in the immediate conduct of the war and in the formulation of future policy.

D. C. H.

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**CORRECTION:**—In the poem *Grand Pre* in our last issue, in the last stanza the line "Worked hard, thought much, ah lack and once for a'" should read "Worked hard, thought much, at length and once for a'".—*Editor.*