

NEW BOOKS

APPEASEMENT'S CHILD. THE FRANCO REGIME IN SPAIN. By Thomas J. Hamilton. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1943.

Title and sub-title set forth exactly the main thesis of this book. Mr. Hamilton is an American journalist, educated as Rhodes Scholar at Oxford; he began his work for newspapers, at the age of twenty-one, about the time when Japan shocked the world by her seizure of Manchuria, and since then he has watched the outcome of that "appeasing" policy which such men as Lord Simon, Lord Halifax and Sir Samuel Hoare recommended for application to rapacious Powers. He studied, and described for the Associated Press, the performances of a group never to be mentioned without shame—the "Non-Intervention Committee." Next, when the Spanish Civil War was in its second year, he went to Madrid as correspondent of the *New York Times*. In 1942 he was exchange journalist in Brazil and Chile, where he found hard at work in Latin-America the Franco propagandism which in Europe he had come to know so well. Mr. Hamilton has thus had the training and the experience which fit him to write with authority on the subject he has here chosen. Many a reader will be startled by his argument that the war now desolating the world began really not in 1939 but in 1936; that the cause of Republican Spain against the dictatorial trio (Franco, Mussolini, Hitler) was in essence the same as the present cause of the United Nations; and that but for the fatuous method called "appeasement," initiated seven years ago, there need have been no "Second World War." Obviously this is not an exhilarating book: but it is eminently instructive. A book to be read penitentially, even remorsefully.

H. L. S.

STALIN, CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS. By Eugene Lyons, George G. Harrop & Co., London and Toronto.

Readers of an earlier book by Mr. Lyons, *Assignment in Utopia*, will have keen expectation from this new volume, which he was so well qualified to write by his six years residence in Russia under Josef Stalin. Not that six years, or any other period, of residence would qualify for such a task unless one brought to so enigmatic a figure a high talent for observation and analysis. But this talent Mr. Lyons had shown in abundance, and the descriptive power which made the Russian scene so vivid to us in the pages of *Assignment in Utopia* has not failed him in this drawing of a Russian (or rather a Georgian) portrait.

The present book is, by comparison with its spacious predecessor, short and compact; its 250 pages should be well within the range even of those who have time only for "brief accounts and the best", and there is surely no personal study more needful to be made for our instruction at the present time Boris. Souvarine's great biography of Stalin is,

no doubt, the standard for reference. But Mr. Lyons, read alternately with (say) Dean Johnson (even as Angelica Balabanoff's account of Mussolini may well supplement the one by Madame Sarfatti) should help the reader to evaluate the facts about Stalin which his elaborate biographer records.

H. L. S.

MARGARET FULLER: WHETSTONE OF GENIUS. By Mason Wade. New York. The Viking Press.

BISHOP BUTLER: MORALIST AND DIVINE. By William J. Norton, Jr. New Brunswick. Rutgers University Press.

THE MAN ROBERT BURNS. By Grant F. O. Smith. The Ryerson Press, Toronto.

Here are three books which should, and would, have been reviewed in these pages long ago but for the stress of writings not more important or valuable, but concerned with subjects of immediate urgency. It is not merely a relief but a delight to record at length the pleasure and profit, together with critical comment, of which for one reader at least they have been the source.

Mr. Wade's account of Margaret Fuller is the best study, by far, which I have seen of that brilliant woman, so similar as a force in American literature to George Eliot in the nineteenth century literature of England. Not that "Margaret" had to her credit any independent masterpieces—any *Adam Bede* or *Mill on the Floss* or *Romola*: but she was a critic, an appraiser, a judicious and discerning leader of literary and philosophic appreciation, with a talent for such guidance of her time as her time (in the New England of a hundred years ago) sorely needed. Her journalistic pen too, her gift of the incisive and memorable phrase, was such as in these matters constantly recalls George Eliot, and Margaret Fuller can bear even the fiercelight of that comparison. Mr. Wade's picture is convincing and unforgettable.

Students of eighteenth century British philosophy will be stimulated by Professor Norton's careful study of Bishop Butler to renewed examination of a "moralist and divine" too much neglected of late for others far less fertile in suggestion. The critic is here in love with his subject, shows inexhaustible patience in tracing out the subtleties of Butler's thought, and has the reward that is due to his work in discovering fresh sides or applications of a writer by no means even yet exhausted in interpretation.

Of Mr. Grant F. O. Smith's book *The Man Robert Burns* it should be said that every Burns enthusiast will want at least to have access to this, the most elaborate and exhaustive presentation which has yet appeared of the poet's personal characteristics. He is made to live, as, I think, never before, in the correspondence, the anecdotes, the gossip good and bad, which clustered around him. A most attractively

executed work, sumptuous in the qualities of the printer's art, and beautifully illustrated. There is a Burns Fellowship as truly as there is a Dickens Fellowship. This book will be wanted there.

H. L. S.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Published for the first time, from the original manuscript of the author of *The Rising Village*. With an introduction and notes by Rev. Wilfrid E. Myatt, C.J.M., M.A. Foreward by Lorne Pierce. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1943. Pp. XVIII, 76.

One of the weaknesses of Canadian literary history is the lack of autobiographies or authoritative biographical details of our early writers. Consequently, our historians can only guess about such simple facts as date and place of birth, education, avocation, sources of inspiration and such data as are necessary to interpret or set their writings in perspective. In finding and publishing the autobiography of Oliver Goldsmith, our first Canadin-born poet to have his work published abroad, grand-nephew and namesake of the great Oliver, Father Myatt, therefore, has done a unique service to Canadian letters. Moreover, his critical edition of the autobiography not only provides a satisfying account of this particular author, but may stimulate the search for similar accounts of earlier Canadian-born writers of verse, such as Miss Tonge of Windsor, N.S.

Father Myatt re-discovered the manuscript amongst some family papers of Mrs. Elizabeth Goldsmith Tufts of Annapolis Royal, great-niece of the Canadian Oliver; and, having learned from her its interesting history, proceeded to confirm her belief in its authenticity by checking its statements with every source of information available to him in family histories, public documents, army lists and contemporary newspapers and magazines. The result of his labours is a very carefully edited and annotated text of 24 pages, with 48 pages of notes and four pages of bibliography. The notes leave nothing unexplained that could leave a shadow of doubt in the mind of the reader, whether the reference be to a personal incident, an historical event, a place mentioned in the narrative of Goldsmith's travels, or a building or historic landmark visited by him. In general, his notes and comments are accurate and specific, and the instances are rare in which he has to admit that his researches have been fruitless.

If any criticism can be offered of Father Myatt's work, it is not that of making snap-judgments or dogmatic assumptions; but rather that he has been too meticulous in supplying notes on well-known persons or places; or that occasionally, as in Note 94, on **Colony**, his explanation tends to confuse the reader, who may know his general history better; and on page 15 he seems to think that all the Loyalists who came to Nova Scotia were from the four New England states. Another error, due less to haste than to inexperience with manuscripts,

occurs on page 12, where he misreads **Bantling** for **Baubling** and, therefore, inserts an otherwise unnecessary note, 152.

Minor criticisms apart, this is a very competent essay in editing and bibliography, creditable alike to Father Myatt and to his college. It is to be hoped that, having served an apprenticeship and projected himself into this field, he will make further contributions to our literary history.

D. C. H.

A POET'S NOTEBOOK. By Edith Sitwell. Macmillans in Canada. Pp. 153. \$3.50.

During years of reading, Miss Sitwell jotted down in her commonplace book passages relating to poetry. Now she offers to a wider audience the fruits of her reading, arranged under such headings as "Notes on the Nature of Poetry", "Notes on Technical Matters", "On Morality in Poetry", "On Over Civilization", and on various individual poets. To the quotations she adds her own comments; the reader is amused when Miss Sitwell quotes from her own writings and then annotates the passages. For good measure she has added two of her recent poems.

Those familiar with this author's poetry and criticism will remember her interest in the texture of verse, the subtle influence of sound on sense, the interplay of consonant and vowels, and the delicate use of assonance and dissonance. The sensitive reader of poetry will find his appreciation deeply enriched by this book. The chapter on Shakespeare's verse is particularly illuminating. Miss Sitwell also has the gift of summing up an author in a telling phrase. Perhaps many readers will feel that she attributes too much importance to sound: words have meaning as well as sound, and poets choose them for their connotation as well as for their suggestiveness. It may be, too, that Miss Sitwell does not allow sufficiently for changes in pronunciation across the centuries, for example, since Herrick's day. On p. 62, there is specious pleading on a point involving Chaucer's pronunciation. For the present reviewer No. 19 is not the greatest sonnet by Shakespeare, and certainly not the greatest in the English language. One is surprised to learn that "the earliest English poetry of all" is from about 1200. There are a few signs of careless revision: "with a strong. . . strength" (p. 61); "closing" (p. 113) for "closing"; "The kernel. . . have" (p. 99); "The mutilation . . . are" (p. 140). These are, however, minor matters; the great merit of the book is that a poet offers us rare insight into the nature and texture of poetry. The wise reader will not devour the book at a sitting; rather he will read it slowly and often with full attention to, and frequent reading aloud of, the passages of poetry so skilfully analyzed by Miss Sitwell.

B. M.

WIFE TO MR. MILTON. By Robert Graves. Cassell & Co.
Pp. 372. \$3.00.

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks." The twentieth century has an uneasy conscience in the presence of John Milton, and so spends much time assuring itself that Milton was an inferior poet with a very bad influence on subsequent writers, and was, to boot, a really bad man. Mr. Graves has joined the hue and cry with a novel designed to show that Milton was, indeed, a very bad husband.

On her fifteenth birthday, 6 January, 1641, Mary Powell was given a diary by her godmother, so the fiction goes; later she wrote the present book from the notes in her diary. By this use of the first person the novel gains a sense of immediacy. The historical and antiquarian background is very well done, if a little too fully for the very thin story to carry easily. Life at Forest Hill, the home of the Powells near Oxford, is most convincing; the only characters who really come alive are the Powells, especially Mary's mother; James Powell is, however, a little too obviously the mouthpiece for modern views about young Mr. Milton's poems and pamphlets. Mary, at the age of eleven, fell in love with Mun Verney, but to save her father financially agreed to marry Milton; the love story, since Mun appears in person only about four times, is carried on rather unconvincingly by telepathy and sympathetic responses of the separated lovers—even John Milton, Junior, was affected by the process. No master is hero to his valet, and probably few geniuses have been heroes, or even tolerable companions, to their wives; certainly in this novel Milton is no hero to his first wife. Little wonder, too, for he is pompous, vain, opinionated, pedantic, silly; one wonders how he was able to delude Englishmen for two and a half centuries. Then, too, to suit 20th century taste, he had homosexual tendencies as a young man, but, presumably to suit the proprieties and fact, the tendency was only spiritual, not physical. Even if Milton had to be denigrated, was it really necessary to give John Phillips an adulterous passion for his aunt, Mary Powell Milton? One's chief criticism of the novel is that the reader is given no inkling of how much is fact and how much fancy. The present reviewer does not profess to know the whole field of Milton scholarship, but he is familiar with a fair corner of it, and he can recall very little information about Mary Powell to justify the present novel as a true picture of her character or her relations with John Milton. The casual reader will have a strange idea of the man who said that in order to write a great poem a poet must be a good man: but perhaps Mr. Graves likes the poetry no more than he seems to like the poet.

B. M.

THE AMERICAN-BORN IN CANADA. A Statistical Study. By
R. H. Coats and M. C. Maclean. Toronto: The
Ryerson Press, 1943. Pp. vi, 176. Maps and charts.

This volume is a companion of *The Canadian-Born in the United States*, in the Canadian—American Relations series, issued by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and like it gives a statis-

tical survey and analysis of the interchange of population between the two countries. Part One, comprising 52 pages, discusses the distribution of the American-born in Canada and its significance, and is preceded by two maps which show this distribution at a glance, first by varying tints for every county and secondly by actual percentages of the population. Part Two, comprising over 120 pages, gives the more or less conventional statistical analysis on which the conclusions of the first part are based.

The authors find that of those born outside Canada, enumerated in the 1931 census, England was the largest contributor with 723,864, the United States second with 344,574 and Scotland third with 279,765. The British Isles and other British territories contributed 1,138,942 and all foreign countries other than the United States 778,121. No other foreign country contributed half as many as the United States; and no group whatever born outside Canada is so widely distributed as the American-born, who are found in every county and municipality, and no other group constitutes such a uniform percentage of the population and occupations of the country.

The reasons offered for this general diffusion of American-born are complex but, though somewhat paradoxical, convincing; and the authors see in American immigration no political motive nor any ground to fear undue group influence. The American-born become naturalized readily and intermarry freely with the Canadian-born, thereby giving further evidence that in the main these migrations are individualistic rather than en masse, inspired by individual familiarity with what the country offers rather than by high-pressure immigration salesmanship, and therefore are more likely to be permanent and assimilable.

In comparing the interchange of numbers the authors suggest that Canada has given one-eighth of its population to the United States and received only one-thirtieth of it from the United States; but this one-eighth of Canada's population was only one-hundredth of the population of the United States, while the one-thirtieth was only one three-hundred-and-fiftieth of it.

It is difficult to do justice to the skill with which these statistics are handled without writing a long article, but it should be said emphatically that no one interested in the movements of population across the border should fail to study this book.

D. C. H.

CATULLUS: Selections from the Poems. Edited by F. Kinchin Smith M. A. and T. W. Melliush M. A. George Allen and Unwin, London. pp. 126.

This is the second volume of a projected series to be called "The Roman World." The first volume was Pliny edited by C. E. Robinson.

The volume under review here is very attractively printed, bound, and illustrated, and contains forty-six of the best known and admired poems in this poet's work, with six versions in English poetry, an account of the metres, and a vocabulary. This edition forsakes the

traditional arrangement according to metres, and attempts to set down the selected poems chronologically, as has been done with the complete poems of Catullus very learnedly by an American scholar—McDaniell of New York University. The notes in the edition under review are at the bottom of the page—not a desirable method of arranging notes, thrusting them thus under the eye of the youthful student. It is better to have them at the end of the book, and concisely and attractively done there.

The best edition of these poems for school and college use is by MacNachten and Ramsay, (Duckworth, London), where the poems are printed in the traditional order. After all, we do not have Horace's poetry arranged in order of time, which would begin with the first book of the Satires.

The editors of the book we speak of in this brief notice are to be commended for giving us well known versions in English of the six best known poems, especially Calverley's rendering of the Sirmio poem:

Gem of all isthmuses and isles that lie,
 Fresh or salt water's children, in clear lake
 Or ampler ocean, with what joy do I
 Approach thee, Sirmio. Oh! Am I awake,
 Or dream that once again my eye beholds
 Thee, and has looked its last on Thynian wolds?
 Sweetest of sweets to me that pastime seems,
 When the mind drops her burden: when—the pain
 Of travel past—our own cot we regain
 And nestle on the pillow of our dreams!
 'Tis this one thought that cheers us as we roam.
 Hail, O fair Sirmio! Joy, thy lord is here!
 Joy too, ye waters of the Garda Mere!
 And ring out, all ye laughter-peals of home.

We thank the editors for thus refreshing the minds of lovers of Catullus by this little book.

J. W. LOGAN