Book Reviews

Mid-Victorian Studies. By GEOFFREY and KATHLEEN TILLOTSON. London: Athlone Press [Don Mills: Oxford University Press], 1965. Pp. xii, 335. 50s.

These twenty-four articles, essays, lectures, broadcasts, and reviews of the past fifteen years are "milestones, or halting-places, in the several ways that lead towards" the Tillotsons' joint mid-nineteenth-century volume of the *Oxford History of English Literature*. Five items are printed here for the first time, the most welcome perhaps being Geoffrey Tillotson's on Clough's *Bothie*, and the weightiest the 1963 James Bryce Memorial Lecture on the *Idylls of the King* in which Kathleen Tillotson traces the slow perfecting of Tennyson's life-work. In "Writers and Readers in 1851" Mrs. Tillotson once again skilfully focuses on a slice of time and thereby lights up an epoch. But nineteen familiar items are brought together for more permanent (and convenient) existence, an enterprise much encouraged by the Victorians themselves. The *Times Literary Supplement*, the *Spectator*, the *Review of English Studies*, the *Sewanee Review*, and other journals have yielded up "Rugby 1850", "Matthew Arnold in our Time", "Newman in his Letters", "Trollope's Style", "A Word for Browning", "Clough: Thought and Action", "The George Eliot Letters", "Harriett Mozley", and "Swinburne", while lectures and books have provided "The Tale and the Teller", "Newman the Writer", "Matthew Arnold and Carlyle", and "Donne's Poetry in the Nineteenth Century".

And yet why should anyone read these studies? The Tillotsons themselves invite us to consider whether in reading them our time will be best spent, remarking (p. 35), "It is a good way to spend it in reading and thinking about a thousand brilliant comments on x, but a better surely to try to discern the nature of x for oneself." But the Tillotsons provide the answer to the very question they raise in delighting us with *their* thousand brilliant comments and in helping us to "a truer sense of the liveliness of the literature of the mid-nineteenth century" (p. 206).

That liveliness in part springs from its abundant humour, as the Tillotsons remind us when they recall that Harriet Martineau said of Robert Owen, " 'He was not the man to think differently of a book for having read it' " (p. 327). And they employ their own wit, too; of passages quoted from *Men and Women* they ask (p. 111): "How can any critic of poetry not take things like this to his bosom—provided he has a bosom to take them to?" Of the impact of Arnold's poetry they remark (p. 155): "As we read him we see that to go on talking about defects is

as if you objected to a scratch on a fist that was knocking you down." (Matthew Arnold as dandy we know; Matthew Arnold as pugilist is in a novel guise!) Geoffrey Tillotson quotes with approval John Bryson's remark on Arnold's "adorable insolence of . . . manner", but surely something of the same adorable insolence lies behind the bland repudiation of generations of criticism in Professor Tillotson's assertion (p. 139), "Unique among English metres . . . the hexameter offers a rhythm into which English phrasing glides effortlessly."

We go to the Tillotsons for a thousand brilliant comments. Sometimes these comments have the neat shape of metaphor, such as the conclusion to this description of Trollope's style (p. 56): "It reveals its honesty in its preference for monosyllables. It likes plain words. It abhors the high-sounding. It creeps, and with the practised neatness of the centipede." Sometimes they have the pithiness of Kathleen Tillotson's "One thinks of Dickens as rarely keeping still long enough to read poetry" (p. 309). Sometimes they have the absolute rightness of plain statement: "Arnold is one of the really powerful emotional forces that have found expression in our poetry. If you want to read of aching hearts, longing, frustration, the depths of blankness and isolation, you must go to him, to Tennyson, and to few others" (p. 154). Always the Tilltosons view literature with a large sanity, as we see in the remark, "There is something wrong with literary principles that can allow defects like Arnold's to outweigh virtues like his" (p. 155). And always we feel behind their utterance the presence of long experience in eras of English literature other than the Victorian: "One of the disadvantages of being born in the eighteenth century was that there had not yet occurred any of the literature of the nineteenth century" (p. 61). Or consider Kathleen Tillotson's warning against misinterpreting Thackeray's *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*: "These lectures are always misjudged by modern critics, as if they were offered as a solemn contribution to eighteenth-century biography and criticism. So judged, they are outdated, and were so even then. No, they are, as he said, a tight-rope act, a display of technique; a more exquisite example than even his novels afford of the interplay between Thackeray, his subject, and his audience; in which he uses the past as a stalking-horse for the present" (pp. 318-19).

The Tillotsons' scholarship rarely falters. The misprint, "Tenyson's", in note 2 on p. 98 is an extremely rare bird. No evidence is given for the Hutton attribution on p. 99, note 3, and Hutton's book in 1877 (not 1876) mentioned on p. 101, note 2, was called *Essays Theological and Literary*. (It was not published as two separate works until 1888.) *Loss and Gain* came out in the same year as Clough's *Bothie*—1848—not a year later (p. 144). It is not true (p. 186, note 4) that no biographical notice of Walrond was published in Victorian days apart from obituaries in *The Times* and the *Annual Register*, for the *Spectator* carried one on June 25, 1887, pp. 859-60, written by Thomas Hughes (as I disclosed in *Victorian Newsletter*, Spring, 1960, p. 34). And the evidence in Arnold's letters of September

9 and 22, 1864, is probably misinterpreted when it is stated (p. 202) that he "was asked . . . to review the *Enoch Arden* volume for the *Spectator*. . . ." It is unlikely that the *Spectator* wanted in its pages *another* review of *Enoch Arden;* two articles were devoted to it on August 20 and 27. In the first review of that volume what the *Spectator* expressed (p. 964) was the hope "that *Enoch Arden* may draw from Mr. Matthew Arnold an elaborate criticism on the genius of Tennyson . . . [so that] we should have . . . the most perfect opportunity for comparing two entirely different schools of genius."

The literary pages of the weekly *Spectator* were not suited to "elaborate criticism", and the writer must therefore have been hoping for the appearance in a monthly or a quarterly of a lengthy essay of the sort that Arnold was publishing in the *Cornhill* and the *National Review*.

Why read the Tillotsons? Once again we go to *Mid-Victorian Studies* for an answer, concluding as it concludes with Thackeray's advice given in 1851: "Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that."

University of Alberta, Calgary ROBERT H. TENER

Nature's Sternest Painter. By OLIVER F. SIGWORTH. Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 1965. Pp. 191. $6.50.

Nature's Sternest Painter is the second critical monograph on the poetry of George Crabbe to appear in recent years. Written by Professor Oliver F. Sigworth of the University of Arizona, it draws its title from Byron's praise of Crabbe: "though nature's sternest painter, yet the best". Since it is subtitled "Five Essays on the Poetry of George Crabbe", its contribution to an understanding of Crabbe and his literary milieu may perhaps be best shown in a brief summary of each essay or chapter.

In the first essay, "Crabbe and the Eighteenth Century", Professor Sigworth chooses to ignore fine distinctions of genre and argues that *The Village, The Parish Register,* and *The Borough* are all realistic-satiric poems in the tradition of Dryden, Swift, Pope, and Johnson. Crabbe's originality, he says, lay in his extending to a long and serious poem, such as *The Village,* the use of homely realism—"low" details—which heretofore had been "confined almost entirely to light verse" (p. 24), such as Swift's tale *Baucis and Philemon.* Since, however, as the author himself admits (pp. 26-27), such "low" details are to be found in abundance in Pope's *Moral Essays,* it is rather difficult to accept this part of his argument. One can, however, agree with him when he goes on to point out, against the opinion of various other critics, that Crabbe's characteristic attitude is *not* one of disillusion, but is instead one of humane and charitable recognition of man's shortcomings (p. 52).

The second chapter, "Crabbe in the 'Romantic Movement' ", is a mixture of things. The author points out that, in his narratives, Crabbe is opposite to Wordsworth in that Crabbe remains objective while Wordsworth involves himself. He then goes on to remind the reader that Crabbe remained neutral in party politics, believing it more important that Members of Parliament be " 'men of integrity, liberal education, and [possess] an adequate stake in the country' " (pp. 70-71). Accordingly Crabbe avoided poetic comment on many of the social problems of his day. It is then added that Crabbe was apparently able to keep his addiction to opium under control (p. 84), though how one keeps an addiction under control is a little difficult to see.

The third chapter, "Crabbe as Nature Poet", begins with the author's assertion, with which most readers of Crabbe will agree, that Crabbe's description of nature does not aim at the sublime, but rather expresses his interest in the sciences of botany and geology. His descriptions lack composition: they are intended instead to convey, through their separate, individual details, the various moods and attitudes that Crabbe wishes to create; they always serve, not as ends in themselves, but as a backdrop for human action. It is a pity that, as the author admits (p. 184), he had not read the article entitled "The Flavour of Crabbe", which appeared in the *Dalhousie Review* in 1961, and in which he would have found his argument carried one step further, to the observation that Crabbe, distinctively, chooses scenes from nature which, without any modification, provide a detailed parallel to the human situations he describes.

The fourth chapter, "Crabbe as Narrative Poet", contains three arguments. It traces Crabbe's steady development towards removing himself from his stories, and thus achieving an objectivity which allowed him to be dispassionate. Dr. Sigworth then attempts to show that Crabbe, even though writing in the midst of the sentimental movement, was not himself sentimental in his narratives. He then points out the function of narrative epigrams in Crabbe's tales. Referring to the tale of Sir Owen Dale, he remarks (p. 151):

> there is a great concentration in the lines
>
> But much refinement, when it late arrives,
> May be the grace, not comfort, of our lives.
>
> These convey essential information fully, briefly, and in a way far more calculated to strike the reader's attention than would a paragraph of prose. We can find these narrative epigrams in every one of Crabbe's stories, and this is the reason why we seem to know so much about what goes on in the world of his characters, why they are able to accomplish such an amount of meditation in the small space they are given, and why it is almost impossible to summarize one of Crabbe's stories without quoting. In the midst of a discursive passage we suddenly come upon the tiny grain which crystallizes the sense.

In his last chapter, "Criticism and a Critique", Dr. Sigworth first summarizes the history of critical opinion about Crabbe (pp. 155-162). He then argues that many

of Crabbe's apparently bad couplets, when viewed in the context of what they are supposed to do in his narratives, do not appear bad at all. In particular he defends the couplet often picked out for pillorying:

> "And I was ask'd and authorized to go
> To seek the firm of Clutterbuck and Co."
> (*Tales of the Hall*, VII, 472-473.)

The author points out, as it is time someone did, that in this couplet Crabbe deliberately wrote what was ridiculous, so as to crystallize the speaker's response to a commercial attitude he had to contend with (pp. 167-170.) He then, by way of conclusion, seeks to sum up the lasting appeal of Crabbe (p. 176):

> A man who was born almost a peasant, but who dined with Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds and was chaplain to a duke; who served most of his life in country parsonages, but who was received in Holland House as an equal by the most glittering society of the capital; who was parochial by training and inclination, but who late in life pondered the problems of industrialization which still are not solved; who barely escaped debtors' prison, but who was forty years later a magistrate—this man is one who has had the opportunity to observe almost every condition of mankind as it falls within the ken of our society. If he is at the same time one who combines sympathetic charity with keen and unsentimental perception, and if he is so detached as to perceive relations and incongruities hidden to the individual who is irretrievably involved in the moil which he observes; if he does not fail to be aware of the humor which may alone make that confusion endurable; this is a man who is prepared by temperament to generalize upon the state of man, and to embody those generalizations in the suggestiveness of poetry.

Viewed as a whole, *Nature's Sternest Painter* can be seen as a most useful compendium, since the author has generously devoted well over half his book to reproducing what others have said, even more than fifty years ago, and has retained considerably less than half for his own comments. Yet some of these comments are of particular interest for the relation they bear to contemporary evidence. Speaking of Pope, for instance, he describes the attitude expressed in his phrase "whatever is, is right" as "resigned pessimism" (p. 20). Since Pope's phrase is the culmination of a passage pointing out that

> All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
> All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
> All Discord, Harmony not understood;
> All partial Evil, universal Good
> (*Essay on Man*, I, 289-292),

one can only wish that Professor Sigworth had introduced some evidence to support his interpretation of "pessimism", however "resigned". Much the same holds for his statement that "the most obvious change Pope seems endeavoring to bring about in *The Dunciad* is in the temper of his enemies" (p. 21). In view of Pope's advice in his *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, "take it for a rule, / No creature smarts so little as a fool", one would conclude that he aimed, not at reforming the people he satirized,

but at preventing others from following their example—as indeed he says in various of his letters. Consequently one could wish for an indication of what other refuting evidence the writer has in mind.

In another passage, referring to metrical tales, Professor Sigworth writes: "these short narratives of the eighteenth century were never, so far as I can discover, favored by being considered as serious productions, worthy of such serious criticism as Jeffrey and others bestowed upon Crabbe" (p. 116). One thinks immediately of Thomas Parnell, whose major poems were narratives, of the Scottish poets Ross, Burns, and Douglas, who wrote "serious" tales of rustic life, of James "Minstrel" Beattie, of William Whitehead, poet laureate, of the bluestockings Hannah More, Mary Robinson, and Helen Maria Williams, who all wrote many "serious"—dreadfully serious—metrical tales, and of course of the *Lyrical Ballads*. One thinks of these and wonders.

Another curious remark is this: "it is perfectly possible to enjoy [Crabbe's] poetry and understand it fully with no knowledge at all of the particular period in which it was written" (pp. 69-70). Apart from the light which this remark throws on the preceding passage, one wonders also about such lines as these, taken from Crabbe's best-known work, *The Village*, and referring to the "hoary swain" now worn out with toil:

> Alternate masters now their slave command,
> Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand;
> And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
> With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.
> (I, 196-199).

When one does know something about the period, one will realize that the words "alternate masters" refer to the "roundsmen" system of poor relief. Under this system, the parish vestry, instead of giving a modest sum to aged labourers no longer able to work, would require that each morning these old men make the rounds of the various farmers in the parish, asking each in turn whether he had any work for them. Often a farmer did have work, for which he would pay less than the going rate paid to able-bodied labourers—in fact less than was required to keep the old men alive, for the farmer would expect the vestry to use the poor-rates to supplement whatever pittance he chose to pay. Such a system could come into being where such farmers controlled the vestry, as evidently they did in the parish Crabbe describes, and such a system explains why Crabbe has used, not only the words "alternate masters", but also such literally accurate words as "slave" and "ruthless taunts". With a knowledge of such a system one can "understand" this passage "fully", but one must wonder what impression a reader without such knowledge would receive, other than a vague and general one that Crabbe thought that someone was being somewhat uncharitable.

In addition to the compendium provided, and to the novel comments appear-

ing *passim*, the devotees of Crabbe are indebted to Professor Sigworth for the new material on the poet he offers, when he refers (pp. 46n and 52) to a number of unpublished sermons of Crabbe in the possession of the University of Chicago Library.

University of Waterloo W. K. THOMAS

The Education of a Navy: The Development of British Naval Strategic Thought, 1867-1914. By D. M. SCHURMAN. London: Cassell [Don Mills: Longmans, Canada, Ltd.], 1965. Pp. 213. $6.75.

"The only thing that history teaches us is that history teaches us nothing"—to paraphrase Hegel. Dr. Donald Schurman, who is Associate Professor in the Department of History at the Royal Military College of Canada, tries to show in his *The Education of a Navy* how the research and writings of six naval historians influenced the Royal Navy at a critical stage in its history. He portrays the development of British naval strategic thought from the era when steam replaced sail to the outbreak of the First World War. To this he adds a brief epilogue, discussing the influence of these naval historians on the conduct of the First and Second World Wars at sea.

Time after time the influence of sea power has swayed world history, from Corbett's "chafing fleet that was felt to the farthest borders of the war, even to the far-off Meuse, withering the lilies on the walls of Namur" to Mahan's "far distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked." What then did all the historical research and writings of these six men teach the Royal Navy, and hence history? The dust cover shouts "This book tells how these six men, each noteworthy in his own individuality, won the Royal Navy round". Round to what? To the principle that study of the past would provide a guide to the future? I doubt it. In a conservative Britain, the Royal Navy has always been a traditionally conservative force. The leopard could no more change its spots than the Royal Navy be "won round" by six historians, who remain unread by the vast majority of naval officers. Even Dr. Schurman reluctantly concludes that their obvious influence was not overwhelming, yet he asserts that the subtle impact was there nonetheless.

At any rate, his book is an excellent study of the published work, including original documents, of the six men—the brothers Colomb, Mahan, Laughton, Richmond, and Corbett—whom he discusses. It is clearly written and well annotated, although his use of the preposition "on" for a ship will set naval officers' teeth on edge. (They will tell him that you no more live "on" a ship than you live "on" a house.) The book is worth reading, particularly to those interested in the esoteric study of naval historians.

H.M.C.S. Stadacona M. A. BROOMFIELD, R.N.

Dickens: from Pickwick to Dombey. By STEVEN MARCUS. New York: Basic Books, Inc. [Don Mills: General Publishing Co.], 1965. Pp. 389. $6.95.

A book on the early Dickens must arouse one's curiosity. Ever since Edmund Wilson's brilliant psychological and social study of Dickens in 1940, the late masterpieces, from *Bleak House* on, have been more and more admired. Here was a Dickens after our own hearts: manic-depressive, violent, segmented, alienated, gloomy. The Victorians generally saw things the other way around; the early Dickens was the great Dickens, energetic, reforming, sentimental, but most of all hilarious. We take ourselves too seriously to share such an enthusiasm. However much we congratulate ourselves on escaping from Mrs. Grundy, we have our own canons of respectability, and one of them is *angst*—like Victoria, we are not amused, or if we are amused, our laughter must be leavened by contempt or despair. As Camus has told us, we are absurd. Our humour is "black humour". Though Dylan Thomas, in "A Dearth of Comic Writers", argues that "the sight of society falling on its ear, and the prospect of civilization itself going for a burton, offer writers possibilities of every kind of laugh", we characteristically approve of what might be called the "significant" laugh, one that implicitly buttonholes and lectures us.

One comes with mixed feelings, then, to Steven Marcus's excellent book on Dickens' works from *Pickwick* to *Dombey*, for here the early and great works of Dickens' comic genius are examined in the light of our modern social and psychological preoccupations. Indeed, after discussing *Oliver Twist* at length, Marcus cannot resist adding as an appendix an article he printed in *Commentary*, in which he relates certain uncanny scenes in the book to Dickens' famous blacking-warehouse experience and then to a possible trauma of Dickens' childhood: "I think that we are witness here to the decomposed elements of what Freud called the primal scene, to either a memory or fantasy of it: the child asleep, or just waking, or feigning sleep while observing sexual intercourse between his parents, and, frightened by what he sees or imagines, is either then noticed by the parents or has a fantasy of what would occur if he were noticed." Still, it may be unfair to light on such a passage, and there is no question that this is one of the best, most perceptive, and clearly written of the many books that have recently appeared on Dickens. A recurrent theme is the uneasy relationship between fathers and sons, especially interesting in *Pickwick*, where Sam not only gains an amiable surrogate father, but still enjoys a free and easy relationship with his own father. "I took", says Tony, "a good deal o' pains with his eddication, sir; let him run in the streets when he was wery young, and shift for hisself. It's the only way to make a boy sharp, sir." Bumble or Squeers might make a remark like that, but with how different an implication. Marcus skilfully shows us not only how filial tensions become a paradigm of social tensions in Dickens' works, but how the vision of society changes significantly from one novel to the next.

In searching out the themes that organize the early novels and recur in the later ones, Marcus shows an admirable awareness of the context in which Dickens was writing and a refreshingly simple lucidity in describing the artistic devices that Dickens uses to inspire his complex but powerful responses. The commentary on role-playing in *Nicholas Nickleby* is fascinating psychologically, socially, and artistically all at the same time, and communicated so that here the humour is preserved even while the more sombre themes are expounded: and this in a book so often and so maddeningly dismissed as "mere melodrama" by critics who should know better. But here we perhaps touch on the special merit of Marcus's study: it brings care and subtle discernment to books too frequently passed over summarily in the critic's desire to get on to the later "alienated" Dickens. Marcus's own intention was to emphasize the later works of Dickens, but his conviction that they could be better understood in the light of Dickens' early career, "itself of major proportions", led to the present volume, the first of two. One looks forward to the next, but for the shift of emphasis that led to this one, we should be very grateful indeed.

University of Alberta R. D. McMaster

Dickens and the Scandalmongers: Essays in Criticism. By Edward Wagenknecht. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press [Don Mills: Burns & MacEachern], 1965. Pp. vii, 162. $5.25.

Professor Wagenknecht's book takes its racy title from a reworked essay, originally presented fifteen years ago, on the Dickens-Ternan scandal. He also adds some reviews, introductions, and essays, most of them a little aged, and a 1962 address to the Dickens Fellowship at Boston. It seems rather tardy to be republishing such common knowledge as that T. A. Jackson goes too far with his Marxist interpretation of Dickens or that Edmund Wilson's interpretation is excessively Freudian ("I could play this game as well as anybody", says Wagenknecht, "if I chose to put my mind to it."), but Wagenknecht's book is heavy with a sense of scholarly responsibility. He seems to believe that scholarship is on the downgrade, especially among "all the advocates of 'close reading' who are training their poor, helpless students on James Joyce & Co.", and that "it is important for much more than the study of Dickens that irresponsibility in criticism should be challenged."

In his major essay Wagenknecht returns to the attack on the many recent critics who simply take for granted that Ellen Ternan was Dickens' mistress although no concrete evidence can be produced to show that Dickens went to bed with her. Wagenknecht will not tolerate even so cautious a statement as K. J. Fielding's, that "there is no reasonable doubt" that Ellen was Dickens' mistress. The question at issue is what constitutes "evidence". Essentially Wagenknecht's argument resembles a reiteration of Othello's grim demand: "give me the ocular

proof." In the nature of the case, however, Dickens being neither an absolute fool nor a Hollywood star, that kind of evidence is unlikely to exist. No number of dates or addresses in private notebooks proves so much, and to that extent one sympathizes with Wagenknecht's insistence on the verdict "not proven"; but then one is still left to decide, as critics have done with varying degrees of discretion, whether or not the amount of circumstantial evidence is enough to convince a reasonable man. Though Wagenknecht scorns Edmund Wilson's remark that "if Dickens's relations with Ellen Ternan were, as the Dickensians insist, Platonic, he was an even odder case than one had thought", I can, while allowing for the trifling logical quibbles Wagenknecht raises about the sentence, only agree with Wilson.

As with some other essays in this volume, the matters under discussion are somewhat dated, rising out of quarrels of which the modern reader may well be ignorant. The Ternan dispute originally stirred fierce reactions, because some readers, seeing Dickens as eulogist of hearth and home, were cut to the quick by the thought of any sexual irregularities on his part; while on the other hand, in the backwash of Lytton Strachey, one of the great sports in literature was debunking the reputations of all-too-noble Victorians: in Canada, for example, the distinguished Toronto Professor of Classics, Gilbert Norwood, wrote a revaluation based on Stephen Leacock's pot-boiler biography of Dickens and characteristically entitled it "Literary Idols with Feet of Clay" (1936). Though it is convenient to have all that can be said on one side of the argument revised and made easily available in Wagenknecht's book, George Ford's conclusion about the dispute, in *Dickens and his Readers* (1955), appears to be balanced and just: "Ada Nisbet's *Dickens and Ellen Ternan* [supporting the view that Ellen was Dickens' mistress] makes a thorough and reasonable presentation of the facts, and Edgar Johnson's *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph* incorporates many of these facts into an exhaustive two-volume analysis of Dickens' life and character. As a topic for angry debate, the Ellen Ternan case would appear now to be a closed one." That was a decade ago.

University of Alberta R. D. McMASTER

The Foundations of Freedom: The Inter-relationship Between Democracy and Human Rights. By DURWARD V. SANDIFER and L. RONALD SCHEMAN. New York: Praeger and Co., 1966. Pp. xiii, 139. $5.00.

The necessity of linking the existence of human rights and the atmosphere of democratic government forms the basis of this short collaboration of Mr. Scheman of the Pan-American Union's legal staff, and Dr. Sandifer, the United States member of the Inter-American Commission for Human Rights. Dr. Sandifer is the chief architect not only of this book, but of the position favouring the United Na-

tions Declaration of Human Rights, as he was at that time the adviser to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the official delegate. Scheman and Sandifer are convinced, and they present a persuasive case, that where there is democracy there must be civil and human rights.

The volume demonstrates a practical and realistic approach to its subject, as well as a scholarly grasp, using numerous citations for those readers who require documentation. It is divided into four parts: The Problem; Rights and Representative Democracy; Limitations on Human Rights; and The Road Ahead. Former Justice, now Ambassador, Arthur Goldberg comments on the authors' thesis by concurring: "there are no political short cuts to economic and social progress."

Within the Inter-American context in which this treatise is written, there is an uncertain area of no-man's-land between the proposition of the inter-dependence of democracy and human rights on the one hand, and existing provisions of the Charter of the Organization of American States on the other. For the Charter forbids intervention, direct or indirect, in the internal or external affairs of any member state. How then to establish human or civil rights or representative government in a country once a dictator or an oligarchy has assumed power? This is the nub of the case. Santo Domingo comes to mind. Indeed, Dr. Sandifer spent considerable time in that unhappy land during the disordered months of 1965. The solution appears to be to act in advance of an authoritarian take-over, in accordance with the homely maxim "a stitch in time saves nine". But the adoption of this line of action by the sovereign states of the hemisphere will require decades, if not generations, of time and experience.

Although it is clearly and simply written, and persuasive of its thesis, this book suffers from a serious omission. For in modern times there is a growing consciousness of the public's "right to know". Although they are not yet imbedded in constitutional practice, and are approached gingerly in some legislative proposals, recent events of both government and unofficial concern in Canada and in the United States are arousing public interest. Unhappily, this "right to know", so important to us all, is largely neglected in *The Foundations of Freedom*.

University of Maryland WILLARD BARBER

New Letters of Robert Southey. Edited by KENNETH CURRY. New York: Columbia University Press [Toronto: Copp Clark], 1965. Vol. I: Pp. xix, 552. Vol. II: Pp. 566. $20.00.

Although it is unlikely that the 500 letters selected by Professor Curry for his *New Letters of Robert Southey* will occasion any radical change in attitudes towards Southey and his work, they are a welcome contribution to a more complete view of the writer and his associates in the context of their unquiet times. We are told in the Preface that this selection is made, with few exceptions, from the 2500 un-

published letters located in various collections on both sides of the Atlantic. The exceptions are those which have already appeared in print either only in part or in versions manifesting mistreatment by earlier editors.

The host of letters from Southey to his first wife reinforces Dorothy Wordsworth's impression of him as one who possesses "the most rigidly virtuous habits and [who] is exemplary in the discharge of all domestic duties." The following passage from one of the many long letters written to his wife during his travels is characteristic of his domestic correspondence:

> Edith it often occurs to me what widely different beings we are from what a single life would have rendered us. A single man has no one to know him, thoroughly to understand him. At least I never should have had—and if you Edith had never known affection you would scarcely have understood your own ability of happiness . . . . True affection increases with time, habit makes it part of our identity.

The same warmth marks his letters to her throughout their married life until her decline into madness in 1843. The unhappiness and the sense of loss that her illness occasioned Southey is evident in a line written to his friend and publisher, Joseph Cottle: "My poor Edith manifested no emotion of any kind at my return." Yet here as elsewhere in a life beset by hardship Southey is determined to seek rigorously to find in loss a gain. In the same letter he avers, "a little while and these trials will be over, and by God's mercy we shall be the better for them."

It is not wholly surprising that a man so "rigidly virtuous" and happy and diligent in his domestic responsibilities, should entertain a degree of harshness in his attitudes towards one less fortunate than himself, particularly when that one was his brother-in-law, the gentle and irresponsible Coleridge, who resigned a great portion of the care and support of his own family to the financially harassed Southey. The derelictions of Coleridge are repeatedly remarked in the correspondence included here. He procrastinates on his marriage, he neglects his family, he spoils borrowed books, he fails to open his correspondence, and in general thoroughly provokes the conscientious and high-minded Southey. But this is not news; the Laureate's opinion of Coleridge is already well-known. Similarly, his comments to and about Wordsworth, Lamb, Hunt, Landor, and Scott offer little more than amplification of the known facts.

Less is known, however, of Southey's troubles with a member of his own family—namely, his younger brother Edward. Here Professor Curry's selections afford considerable new light, though it is but a poor wretch thus illumined. As usual Southey was long-suffering but never hesitant to castigate.

A letter that will be of interest to many readers is that written by Southey to his wife from Paris in 1817 relating his visit to the child, by then married, of Wordsworth and Annette Vallon. Although published previously by Professor Curry, this letter is now for the first time made conveniently available.

Students of early nineteenth-century publishing will be interested in the many letters addressed to publishers. Aside from mundane details about proofs and deadlines, we discover that the *Quarterly* paid contributors surprisingly well, and we read of the financial difficulties encountered by publishers during the economic crisis of 1831. There is one especially graceful letter to John Murray in which Southey declines to contribute to the *Quarterly* as frequently as he was wont and adds sensible advice on how to combat the rising competition from *Blackwood's*. There emerges here too the history of the abortive attempts to publish the *New Colloquies* on which Southey and Rickman collaborated.

Southey's life-long, lively interest in public affairs finds trenchant expression in the letters written during the political crisis which issued in the passing of the First Reform Bill in 1832 (for him "the wicked year"). Threats of revolution were to him a palpable reality. His fear and indignation focussed on Henry Brougham, his life-long opponent in polemic. Writing to Wynn in March, 1832, he attributes the decline in church attendance at Carlisle to "the Broughamite press [which] has educated the rabble who are ripe for any violence." Of Brougham himself, he declares "he is a person from whom anything may be feared and nothing can be hoped. I know that the thorough-paced revolutionists who make no secret of their hopes and their intentions look to him as one of whom they are sure . . . . He is utterly without principle and rash enough for anything." In a letter the following January addressed to Warter and dealing mainly with "the ominous state of public affairs", he speaks of the reformed Parliament with Carlylean scorn as "Parldemonium" and insists that "the most turbulent democracy of the ancients was not more under rule of popular opinion than the English Government is now, and must continue to be, till the inevitable inconveniences which result and the serious sufferings which may be expected bring the nation to a sense of its folly or of its sins."

As editor of these letters, Professor Curry has undertaken his work with great care. His notes are accurate, concise, and helpful. In view of the scholarship expended on these volumes, it is indeed unfortunate that the index should be sadly deficient as a guide to the great variety of subjects discussed in the letters and therefore reduces the value of the collection to the busy researcher. Nonetheless, virtually everyone engaged in nineteenth-century studies should be grateful for this collection of letters. If there are few surprises, there is much in them that is interesting and informative.

Dalhousie University C. J. Myers

A Natural Perspective: The Development of Shakespearean Comedy and Romance. By NORTHROP FRYE. New York: Columbia University Press [Toronto: Copp Clark], 1965. Pp. xiv, 160. $3.75.

Shakespeare and the Comedy of Forgiveness. By ROBERT GRAMS HUNTER. New York: Columbia University Press [Toronto: Copp Clark], 1965. Pp. 272. $6.50.

Shakespeare: The Comedies. A collection of critical essays edited by KENNETH MUIR. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall [Scarborough: Prentice-Hall], 1965. Pp. 184. $1.95.

Aristotle seems to have thought that comedy was formally inferior to tragedy, and we have tended to persist in that view. This makes it odd that Kenneth Muir introduces his collection of recent essays by remarking, "It is surprising that, in spite of the overproduction of books on Shakespeare, so few should have been devoted to the comedies" (p. 1). It is not really surprising at all. Tragedy still strikes us as more fundamentally profound, because more morally serious. Perhaps, too, it sorts better with the emotional realities of life under competitive capitalism: that the individual's struggle should end in disaster seems more plausible than that wounds should finally heal, all men be reconciled to one another, and everyone live happily ever after.

But if comedy brings us to the contemplation of an ideal state of affairs it is, for that very reason, more necessary amid the fatal conflicts and hostilities of everyday reality. We can expect art to look not merely at reality but beyond it. Thus comedy, ultimately idealistic, represents the gesture of hope that is needed to enliven a despairing world.

Each of the three books under review demands that we revise upwards our assessment of Shakespearean comedy, and each endorses the trend that regards the late plays as the transcendent climax of Shakespeare's dramatic art. As Northrop Frye puts it, "Shakespearean comedy still seems to me widely misunderstood and underestimated, and my main thesis, that the four romances *Pericles, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale,* and *The Tempest,* are the inevitable and genuine culmination of the poet's achievement, is clearly less obvious to many than it is to me" (p. vii). Eventually, the effort to establish this view depends upon our seeing the plays as theatre—preferably in a theatre—rather than upon the printed page in the library. It is wholly admirable in Professor Frye that he recognizes "that there is an irreplaceable value in the theatrical experience" (p. 22). At one point, when he suggests that music (process in time) rather than architecture (structure in space) is a more valuable source of critical analogies for the drama, he seems to be about to commit himself to a thoroughly theatrical approach. The distinction is particularly fruitful, and needs to be widely applied. Disappointingly, however, Professor Frye reverts to the category of structure on the grounds that

> we can make no genuine critical judgment until the work is over. When it is all over, it assumes a quite different appearance. Now we see it as a simultaneous unity, something that has not so much a beginning and a middle and an end as a center and a periphery. Criticism deals entirely with literature in this frozen or spatial way, and a distinction between criticism proper and the direct experience of literature which precedes it is fundamental to any coherent act of criticism (p. 9).

We are thus returned to the library and a shivering contemplation of the printed page.

Nonetheless, it would be churlish to pretend that Professor Frye's little book is not worth the time—it can be read in an evening—or even the expense. Along the way he freshens the stale comparison between Shakespearean and Jonsonian comedy, and his elucidation of comic themes and even—let us concede the term for now—structure is by no means irrelevant to the plays in performance. Moreover, in a world in which so many professional literary critics seem bent upon alienating any audience, Professor Frye's direct and invigorating style, reflecting his profound engagement with his subject, is especially welcome. His chapters originally constituted the 1963 Bampton Lectures at Columbia University.

Also emanating from Columbia is Robert Grams Hunter's *Shakespeare and the Comedy of Forgiveness*, a work which it is less easy to recommend. Originally a Ph.D. dissertation, it maintains the thesis that *Much Ado About Nothing, All's Well That Ends Well, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, Measure for Measure,* and *The Tempest* are terminal examples of a mediaeval literary "form", the play of forgiveness. The pattern of such plays progresses from sin to repentance to forgiveness, a cycle which is accomplished individually by Claudio, Bertram, Posthumus, Leontes, Angelo, and Alonso. But surely any argument that would place Alonso at the dramatic centre of *The Tempest* is perverse. Incidentally, Hunter is remarkably insensitive to performance. For example, writing of *Cymbeline*, II, iii, he frets that "Staging problems are created by the scene, for the actors playing Posthumus and Cloten must be able to wear one another's clothes—unless two identical costumes were created for them with, perhaps, a third for the headless dummy which the scene requires" (p. 157).

There is some dogged research into mediaeval and Elizabethan "comedies of forgiveness", but when it comes to Shakespeare so narrow a perspective is of limited value. Professor Hunter's awareness of this is rather pompously stated:

> While insisting on his indebtedness to the traditional drama, I do not wish to give the impression that my view of Shakespeare coincides in any way with that which would see him as "simply" a popular playwright who was "simply" working with traditional materials in order to turn out plays "simply" to please his audience. In the first place, none of these activities is ever simple, and in the second place, I know of no artist to whose work the adjective "simple" can be less aptly applied (p. 84).

This is not untypical; elsewhere Professor Hunter asserts, "There are two kinds

of example from which one can learn—good example and bad" (p. 24).

Why, one wonders, did Professor Hunter and the syndics of the Columbia University Press allow this work to be published in this form? Was it perhaps so that we might see what it takes to get a Ph.D. from the leading manufacturer of doctorates?

All the items in Professor Muir's collection, apart from his own introductory essay, have appeared before. Examples of both good kinds and bad are represented.

University of Illinois, Urbana ALAN ANDREWS

Sidney's Arcadia. A Map of Arcadia: Sidney's Romance in its Tradition. By WALTER R. DAVIS. *The Old Arcadia.* By RICHARD A. LANHAM. New Haven and London: Yale University Press [Montreal: McGill University Press], 1965. Pp. viii, 417. $10.00.

The course of study of Sidney's *Arcadia* during the last sixty years has been somewhat erratic in relation to the fairly uniform pace and direction at which study of Spenser, Shakespeare, and lesser sixteenth-century figures has advanced. The principal cause, of course, is to be found in one of the major events of English literary history in the twentieth century—Bertram Dobell's discovery and purchase in 1907-08 of three manuscripts of the unrevised Old *Arcadia,* hitherto not known to exist. What was to become the standard edition of Sidney's works (Feuillerat's) was then in preparation and appeared in 1912, and it was not until 1926 that Feuillerat was able to present the Old *Arcadia* for general reading (a new critical edition is now in preparation). The chief result of the interest generated by the unearthing of the MSS. was, as was to be expected, the study of the Old *Arcadia*'s relation to the *Arcadia* as it had always been known, and the standard detailed comparison of the two versions was produced by Zandvoort in 1929. Since that time, interest in the *Arcadia* has centred upon the nature and sources of its political and ethical didacticism, upon the included poetry, or upon the peculiarities of its prose style.

At least part of the difficulty for any study of the *Arcadia* as a literary work *per se* has been the necessity of considering not a single work, but two sharply different works and the relations of their intentions, before offering any single statement about "Sidney's *Arcadia*". Of the two present book-length studies of the *Arcadia,* published by Yale University Press in a single volume, the first, *A Map of Arcadia: Sidney's Romance in its Tradition* by Walter R. Davis, takes the least satisfactory approach in its choice of a text. While admitting that "we have no satisfactory text for the critic or the literary historian to examine, but only a first draft [the Old *Arcadia*], a fragmentary revision [the incomplete New *Arcadia*], and an awkward composite [the "Countess of Pembroke's" 1593 folio]", Professor Davis has chosen to follow C. S. Lewis's pragmatic assertion that the 1593 version

is the only historically significant one, and proceeds to analyze for its inherent aesthetic value what really is "an awkward composite". In defending this choice of text, he claims for it "an incredible sense of order", although the reader cannot help being constantly aware that any orderly relations between the first three books and the last two are the largely fortuitous results of the Countess of Pembroke's patchwork.

Within these rather arbitrary limits, Professor Davis proceeds to examine the *Arcadia* "in its tradition" of the pastoral romance. The study of the tradition is centred, naturally, upon Sannazaro and Montemayor, and, from much that is commonplace concerning the conventions of pastoral and romance, he develops a perceptive statement of the structural growth of the genre as it moves from a collection of miscellaneous poems through a collection with thematic unity to a single work with a multiple plot. It is this last aspect of the type upon which the author concentrates his study of the *Arcadia*, emphasizing Sidney's moralization of the structure —that is, his turning of the multiple plot, the contrasting and analagous episodes, to his moral purpose.

The nature of Sidney's subjects within these episodes is examined in terms of four themes suggested by Gabriel Harvey: the amorous, the pastoral, the chivalric, and the political. The episodes embodying the amorous element are seen as interweaving it with the ethical as Pyrocles and Musidorus move towards perfection through love in a modified neoplatonic pattern. The pastoral element found in the Eclogues and the activities of the shepherds provides parallel commentary on (and thereby demonstrates the universality of) the themes of love and death in the main plot. The thirteen chivalric episodes (all added during revision) extend "the main plot by relating it to ever wider contexts"; thus the progression is from the love of private persons, through the public effect of this passion, to a consideration of its general significance. The political discussion revolves around the common analogy between the government of the individual soul and that of the state, in the *Arcadia* involving a loss and recovery of justice in both spheres.

In general, Professor Davis concludes that Sidney's most original modification of the pastoral romance is to moralize the relations among the multiple plots, all of them tending to move the heroes through a "contemplative experience" towards harmonious integration of the several elements of the soul. Fortunately, the discussion does not depend to a great degree upon generalizations across the patchwork of the 1593 version, and it is not often necessary to invoke any of the enormous exceptions that must be made to general statements concerning the composite *Arcadia*.

A potentially more fruitful subject for study is that of the other work in this volume, Richard A. Lanham's *The Old Arcadia*, the first thorough examination of the original version without reference to the uncompleted revision. This study is centred, however, not so much upon the Old *Arcadia* as a literary work in itself

as upon two rather academic questions: "(1) Is the Old *Arcadia* comic or serious? . . . into what genre did Sidney design it to fit? (2) How seriously did he regard the writing of it?" The attempt to answer the first question degenerates into a fervent search for a generic label, and the answer that is offered (apparently without tongue in cheek) is that "Sidney wrote, without any doubt, a prose-fictional tragi-comical-heroic-politico-pastoral drama."

In the face of this conclusion, the answer to the question of Sidney's seriousness (disregarding his own statements to his sister, of course) hardly surprises us: despite its apparent lightness and the obvious subjects of its didacticism, the work is deadly serious in directions never suspected, possessed of a subtlety that has remained unperceived by nearly four centuries of readers. Most of all, the work, in spite of its narrative method, is to be taken as some sort of closet drama, and its excessively rhetorical speeches (which have generally found disfavour, or at best amused curiosity) are really ironic parodies of unrecorded and unspecified artificialities of Sidney's contemporaries.

Taken together, these two studies provide frequent insights into the internal structures of these two versions of the *Arcadia,* but, still taken together, they produce the impression that they are efforts to make a *chef d'oeuvre* out of a large but minor production of a man who is primarily a poet and literary theorist. One can only wish for the restraint of Dobell, who, even in the heat of announcing his discovery of the MSS. of the Old *Arcadia,* had the judgment to realize that the *Arcadia* "is not, indeed, a masterpiece in either of its forms."

Dalhousie University R. L. RAYMOND

Canadian Books

To Seize the Victory. By JOHN SWETTENHAM. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1965. Pp. 265. $8.50.

This is the best unofficial account yet to appear on the operations of the Canadian Corps in the First World War. Several first-class books have been published in recent years dealing with successive phases of the fighting on the entire Western Front—Barbara Tuchman's *The Guns of August,* Brian Gardner's *The Big Push,* Leon Wolff's *In Flanders Fields,* and Barrie Pitts' *1918, The Last Act.* These are all scholarly, well-documented works, welcomed not only by the military student and the veteran who was there, but by a new generation of readers with no direct experience of the events of the 1914-1918 struggle. It is gratifying for Canadians

to see Captain Swettenham's enthralling book added to these titles. It worthily holds its own with them.

As we follow the story of the Canadian Expeditionary Force from its mobilization at Valcartier in 1914 to its entry into Mons in 1918, and all the battles it fought in between, we are given a vivid picture of what the men from Canada experienced for Canada. With masterly skill the author depicts the bleak dreariness of static warfare, during which "the Canadians lived like beasts, more primitively than in Stone Age caves, in the blood-soaked, puzzling and filthy Ypres trenches." He writes dramatically of attacks carried out in all but impossible conditions, particularly in that dreadful autumn of 1917, when, as he puts it, Currie retrieved "Haig's reputation from the Passchendaele mud."

During these actions the spotlight is never long away from Arthur Currie—as a Brigade Commander at Ypres, 1915, a Divisional Commander at the Somme and at Vimy Ridge, and finally as the Corps Commander, who having inherited a first-class fighting formation from General Sir Julian Byng after Vimy, went on to develop it into the superb machine that drove forward to victory in the final "Hundred Days".

If Currie is the hero of Captain Swettenham's story, the villain is Sam Hughes, whom the author labels as "a tragic nuisance whose influence on the Corps was not for good." From the time in 1914 when Hughes shelved existing mobilization schemes in favour of his own improvised measures for raising an expeditionary force—thereby achieving "the complete smashing of the regimental spirit"—his every action and motive become suspect. The construction of Valcartier Camp in record time, thanks to the Minister of Militia's energy and drive, may have been a "magnificent achievement", but the project was "wasteful and unnecessary." Scrupulously documenting every piece of evidence as he proceeds, Swettenham describes the worsening relations between Sam Hughes and Currie, at first over Currie's criticism of the Ross rifle, and then over his reservations about the qualifications of the Minister's son to be given a senior command in the field.

One of the tragic results of Hughes' insidious attacks on Currie as a callous leader who had needlessly sacrificed his soldiers' lives was the shamefully frigid welcome that met Sir Arthur on his return to Canada in 1919. So well had Hughes done his work that members of the disbanded Canadian Corps found themselves giving way to doubt about their former leader. "And the Canadian Government," points out the author, "uncertain of the temper of the returned soldiers, hesitated to come out in support of the Corps Commander." Vindication came nine years later when Currie won the libel trial at Cobourg, an account of which forms a dramatic introduction to the book.

Some readers may feel that Captain Swettenham serves no useful purpose by reviving the controversy over the relations between Currie and Hughes. Yet history demands that the record be set right. As General A. G. L. McNaughton points out

in his eloquent foreword to Swettenham's book, Currie's reputation, despite the verdict in the Cobourg trial, has continued to suffer from "an occasional echo of past criticisms and insinuations." By analyzing these allegations and in every case carefully documenting their source, Captain Swettenham has exposed the motives of those who attacked Sir Arthur Currie and sought to besmirch his good name.

"Now at last," asserts General McNaughton, "the record of the Corps and of its commander stands clear and unchallengeable."

Ottawa G. W. L. NICHOLSON

Selected Letters of Malcolm Lowry. Edited by HARVEY BREIT and MARGERIE BONNER LOWRY. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. [Toronto: McClelland and Stewart], 1965. Pp. xix, 459. $12.00.

With the publication of these letters, Lowry's reputation should increase considerably among scholars and laymen alike—for they reveal, along with much clear insight into writing, some brilliant insight into the human soul: into the area of the psyche where all great joy and agony reside. In these letters one finds all the despair and disaster, all the humour and happiness that one would expect from the author of the masterpiece *Under the Volcano*. The individuals addressed are publishers, writers, friends, critics—but there is frequently the feeling, which one finds in the greatest letters, that the author is writing for a wider audience. The editors have supplied several appendices with letters written to and about Lowry; the result is a complete and moving literary experience.

At their most poignant moments the letters read like the journals of a seer—of one who left the arbour of his work only to penetrate the arbour of nature. Both worlds Lowry knew considerably, yet both worlds [his art, nature] were able to terrify him. At times he entered the inner torment of self as though he were descending into hell. But then it was primarily the infernal regions of the soul that he wanted to write about:

> There are a thousand writers who can draw adequate characters till all is blue for one who can tell you anything new about hell fire. And I am telling you something new about hell fire. I see the pitfalls—it can be an easy way out of hard work, an invitation to eccentric word-spinning, and labored phantasmagorias, and subjective inferior masterpeices that on closer investigation turn out not even to be bona fide documents but like my own *Ultramarine*, to be apparently translated with a windmill out of the unoriginal Latvian, but just the same in our Elizabethan days we used to have at least passionate poetic writing about things that will always mean something and not just silly ass style and semicolon technique: and in this sense I am trying to remedy a deficiency, to strike a blow, to fire a shot for you as it were, roughly in the direction, say, of another Renaissance.

Lowry's life was not, however, always at the point of infernal awareness. He

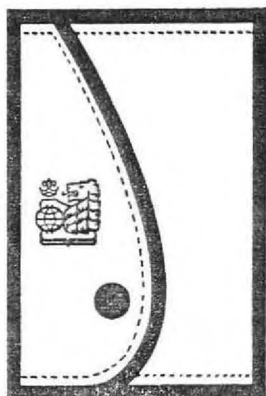
and his wife (a remarkable woman in every sense) enjoyed a sometimes incredible happiness in their forest-ensconced sea-shore cabin at Dollarton, British Columbia. They spent fourteen years of their life on this stretch of rugged beach—visited only by neighbours and close friends such as Earle Birney. They rebuilt their house themselves when it was levelled by fire; until ill health and eviction forced them to depart, it represented for them "a fine way of life that seems dying out of the world."

The letters take us from Lowry's nineteenth year and his apprenticeship under Conrad Aiken, through some hellish experiences in Mexico "under the volcano", through these fourteen years in Canada—to the final three years abroad (in Sussex, mostly) and Lowry's "misadventure" with death. Most of the letters are written from their Dollarton anchorage—and represent the period of Lowry's greatest productivity.

All the themes (the images even) that are worked out in the novels and in the stories can be found gestating in these letters. Only the all-too-real theme of dipsomania is played down. The letters seldom do more than allude to Lowry's drinking; and although there is considerable space for reading between the lines, we must read the final stories to imagine the kind of self-destruction he had to fight. But forces other than self-destructive ones operated in Lowry's world as well. At times he was convinced of daemonic, chthonic powers rumbling beneath his base of tranquillity: white whales wash up on the beach; ships that he has written about sinking, years previously, sink off-shore; fire destroys his manuscripts and pursues him (it seems) as he travels east to escape the memory of the disaster. He writes Aiken:

> . . . the phoenix clapped its wings all right, all right, in fact gave such a bloody great resounding clap that the poor bird nearly broke its neck and had to be immolated all over again. As you know we went east after the fire. The grave preceded us however. The interminable golden bittersweet awful beautiful Eastern Autumn (which I'd never before experienced) restored Margie, whose childhood was in Michigan, to *some* extent, but me it almost slew. It had a worse effect upon me in fact than on Henry Adams. . . . We had to live through the bloody fire all over again every night. I would wake to find Margie screaming or she would wake to find me yelling and gnashing my teeth . . . fire itself seemed to follow us around in a fashion nothing short of diabolical . . . when we went down to Niagara-on-the-Lake the house next door to ours . . . went up in a blaze. . . . And to cap everything when we returned here, it turned out that the house where someone had been good enough to let us store our bedding and some few things we had left after *our* fire, had in our absence itself burned down, totally demolished, and our bedding and stuff with it, the house mysteriously bursting into flame for no reason at all apparently, one calm mild evening . . . altogether about fifty [other] odd senseless sad terrifying and curiously related things that make me sometimes think (taking it all in all) that maybe I am the chap chosen of God or the devil to elucidate the Law of Series. Unfortunately it would seem to involve one in such rotten bad art: or need it not?

Usually, however, Lowry was not put off by such subterranean rumblings. Unlike Strindberg (whose autobiographies describe living infernos equal to those described



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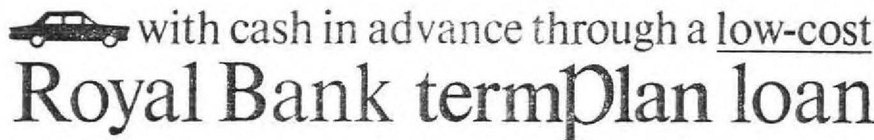

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by Dante and Swedenborg), Lowry never lost faith completely and seems to have relied on the workings of a happy if somewhat ingenuous Providence; besides, he possessed a remarkable sense of humour which enabled him, somehow, to fight his way out of his darkest depression.

After the critical success of *Under the Volcano,* Lowry was not content to produce a novel every few years. His ambition, outlined in these letters, was to write a prose epic (*The Voyage That Never Ends*) involving several related novels, the protagonist of which was "not so much a man or a writer as the unconscious—or man's unconscious." This continuum of novels was to trace out a spiritual katabasis from hell to paradise. *Under the Volcano* itself represented one of the inferno levels—and was to function "as a sort of battery in the middle but only as a work of the imagination by the protagonist." Reading these letters, one is struck by the lack of real encouragement Lowry received from the New York Publishing Establishment for his work-in-progress; it becomes painfully obvious how publishing subsists on taking only sure financial chances. Thus Harcourt-Brace found it could quite easily sell Lowry out for a few hundred dollars—and this on only the basis of a rough draft of *Lunar Caustic*; and it did so without much explanation except a cryptic note. When Lowry is unable to turn out finished novels on schedule (he refused compromise and clung to his own work habits in a way that would put such writers as Scott Fitzgerald to shame) Random House terminated his contract.

The discouragement of rejection is all too evident in the letters of the final years. The distress is aggravated by the fear that he has been "lamentably out of touch with the contemporary world of fiction." While it may well be true that isolation in Canada did hurt Lowry's chances of better survival during his lifetime as a writer, his hermitic existence probably ensured that all he wrote came close to the specifications of his genius: much of his final work *is* brilliant. Lowry had chosen Canada in the first place because of economic and emigrant reasons—but he shortly fell in love with the primitive grandeur of its landscape and seascape. It seemed as though he would never be evicted, as the consul in *Under the Volcano* had been, from such a paradise. In England, during the last two years of his life, Lowry still considered himself a Canadian—though he could remember that Canada had hardly recognized him as a writer, had refused him fellowship aid to write, and had finally evicted him. Weeks before his death at 48 (in 1957), he wrote friends of his longing for Canada, "whose literature I had had the childish dream of enriching with some well-chosen words."

State University of New York at Buffalo MATTHEW CORRIGAN

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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

The State of Quebec. By PETER DESBARATS. Toronto and Montreal: McClelland and Stewart, 1965. Pp. xvii, 188. $4.95.

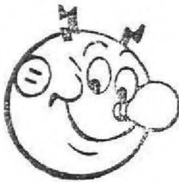
"Quebec is a State with limited jurisdiction which, designated as a province, participates in the Canadian Federation." So commences the section on "Government and Administration" in the 1963 edition of the *Quebec Yearbook*. Yet, even if Mr. Desbarats' title implies this meaning of "state", his book is actually about "the state of affairs" in the province of Quebec and how it has come to be as it is.

The author may be right that the full analysis of Quebec's quiet revolution will have to be made by sociologists, economists, historians, and other academics. But he need have no apologies for his work. From a background knowledge gained through personal experience, copious reading, and interviews with more than seventy of Quebec's prominent citizens, he provides an account which is astonishingly rich in insights. And he does it clearly, cogently, and often delightfully, without an annoying intrusion of the newspaperman's journalese.

All significant sections and segments of Quebec life come under Mr. Desbarats' searching probe. There is Montreal, whose citizenry has been compelled to live schizophrenically for two hundred years in order to live at all; whose "Anglostocracy" sticks out "like a sore, if well-nourished thumb" and attracts the fire of any French Canadian concerned about the lack of French-Canadian economic control in Quebec; whose French-Canadian population has had its giving instinct "dulled by generations of automatic contribution to the bottomless collection plate of the Roman Catholic Church." There is the Rue St. Jean of Quebec City, frequented by hordes of French-Canadian youth every evening, which has a truly Latin beat and provides "the kind of excitement that you find only in countries where the Roman Catholic Church has attempted to inoculate a hot-blooded people with the conflicting serums of chastity and fertility."

There are revealing pictures, too, of Quebec's contemporary politicians. There is Premier Lesage, who has "the grandeur that is an essential quality of political leadership in Quebec", who has "never had a big idea in his life", but who combines an ability to formulate policy from the political ideas of others with an instinctive assessment of popular opinion. There is René Lévesque who, despite his apparent extremism, is "far too pragmatic to risk cutting himself off from the mainstream of political life in Quebec by joining a separatist group." Perhaps those Anglo-Saxons who put Mr. Lévesque at the top of their list of *bêtes-noires* will now breathe a trifle more easily.

From all of this there emerges a picture of the "quiet revolution" which more sophisticated accounts will have difficulty in bettering. Both cause and symbol is the "Mafia", the wave of bright young men who invaded the civil service after Jean Lesage's victory and who have set the tone of the whole revolution. "We're pushing the ministers from behind all the time", said one of them. "And so far, so good."



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The concluding chapters, which deal more specifically with the events of the past few years, are something of a let-down. In the end the only remedy seems to be a time-worn one. Both English- and French-speaking Canadians must get to understand each other's position better, and the English ought to try a little harder than the French. Yet, to be fair, Mr. Desbarats could not be expected to find the solution which has eluded everyone else.

For a moment there was a ray of hope. The men who now run the province, it appears, "represent a Quebec that is more pragmatic and reasonable—with all the Anglo-Saxon connotations that can be given to these words—than at any time since the Conquest." But when it also becomes evident that French Canadians almost universally place Quebec before Confederation while other Canadians generally subscribe to the primacy of the national interest, one is much less sanguine. Perhaps there was less danger of a head-on collision when French-Canadians were governed more than they are today by sentiment and abstract theory.

Dalhousie University J. MURRAY BECK

The Incredible War of 1812: A Military History. By J. MACKAY HITSMAN. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1965. Pp. xiii, 265. $7.50.

Dr. Hitsman, of the Army Historical Section, has produced a valuable and balanced account of the War of 1812. It is valuable because of the new source material which it incorporates, and balanced because it not only portrays the situation on both sides of the border, but also quite rightly emphasizes the importance of naval as well as military operations. Frequently throughout the book there are judicious appraisals of the British and American commanders, and of the operations that they conducted.

The opening chapters deal with the growing tension between Britain and the United States which culminated in war, and with Governor Sir George Prevost's plans for defence of the Canadas. (The appendix publishes, for the first time, a dispatch respecting defensive and offensive policy, written by Prevost to the Earl of Liverpool in May, 1812, and one from Lord Bathurst to Prevost in June, 1814.) There is also an excellent summary of the military situation in British North America on the eve of the War, and of the state of affairs confronting Major-General Isaac Brock in Upper Canada. Sufficient is said about the extent of military preparations in the United States to place the whole situation in perspective.

In the following chapters the engagements on land and sea are lucidly and dispassionately recounted. Amidst the varying shades of incompetence and faint-heartedness on both sides, certain episodes of brilliance and bravery stand clearly limned. One is sufficiently grateful for the assessments which Dr. Hitsman occasionally makes of individual commanders in either camp, and of their military competence, to wish that he had ventured to make more of these.

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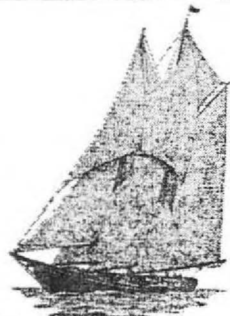

The book should effectively scotch once and for all the popular myth, originating with the Reverend John Strachan, that it was the Provincial militia, aided by a "handful of regular troops", that virtually repelled the invaders. Indeed, it seems evident that the widespread defeatism in the western portion of the Province, and the mounting tide of desertions from the militia, were temporarily checked only by the brilliant conduct of Brock and his British regulars, aided by Indian allies. Dr. Hitsman makes it clear that the militia, especially the long-term militia, had vital tasks to perform in guarding prisoners, convoying supplies, and in acting on the flanks of the regular troops, but his detailed account furnishes a just estimate of the varying contribution that British regulars, Indian allies, and militia each made to the successful defence of the Province. The crucial effect on the land operations of the struggle for naval supremacy on the Lakes is clearly brought out.

Among the important contributions of the book is the additional light that it sheds upon Governor Prevost's conduct of the war, and in particular, on his failure at Plattsburg. Dr. Hitsman is non-committal regarding Prevost's previous failure at Sackets Harbour, perhaps rightly so because the evidence appears confusing, and deals quite leniently with his second failure at Plattsburg. Harsher strictures seem called for, but many readers will no doubt agree with the author's conclusion that "The Plattsburg fiasco was the result of leaving a defensively minded general in charge of operations once the tide had turned and there was no longer any need to hesitate about doing battle merely because several hundred casualties might be suffered in a single action."

Prevost had been compelled from the beginning to wage a defensive war, and had done so splendidly with meagre resources. When the arrival of large numbers of Wellington's veterans made it possible for him to take the offensive, he was unable to shake off the caution born of two anxious years. Dr. Hitsman does concede that with one of Wellington's senior officers in command, the Plattsburg story could have had a different ending.

The book contains the appendix of two hitherto unpublished documents, previously mentioned, and a useful bibliography. There are also some fine maps by Major Bond and a number of good illustrations.

It is an interesting book, which one feels could easily have been exciting were Dr. Hitsman not so restrained and dispassionate. One small quibble: nowhere does the author tell us why the War was incredible. Given the history of New France's relations with its southern neighbours, and the history of American aggressiveness as demonstrated in the 1840s and on later occasions, the War of 1812 seems entirely plausible. Dr. Hitsman seems to imply that it was incredible in view of the good relations which have prevailed between Canada and the United States since 1871. (He surely means 1903?) The War of 1812 was certainly incredible for the poltroonery which characterized the American declaration and waging of it. But perhaps all that the author meant by "incredible" was the fact, common to many

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wars, that the peace settlement which closed the War had nothing to do with the ostensible causes which began it.

University of Manitoba LOVELL C. CLARK

The Modern Senate of Canada, 1925-63: A Re-Appraisal. By F. A. KUNZ. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1965. Pp. xii, 395. $8.50.

In one respect Professor Kunz is unique: he is the first Canadian political scientist to have fallen in love with the Canadian Senate. Obviously a social scientist ought not to have too close contact with senators lest their beguiling ways prove fatal to his objectivity. If the Senate ever finds its existence endangered, it might well circulate this book to justify its *raison d'être.*

Apart from its main thesis, the work regrettably fails to investigate the conventions which have grown up around the senatorial representation from each province on the basis of race and religion. There is reason to believe that the size of the French-Canadian and Roman Catholic contingents has become almost as strictly regulated as if it were provided by the constitution or by statute. Thus the Senate has been subjected to much the same process of "federalization" as have the cabinet and the Supreme Court. It would be useful to know, too, how much recognition the prime ministers have given, when naming senators, to an alteration in the religious or racial balance of a province's population. The table on page 48, which indicates the number of Acadians, French- and English-speaking Protestants, and English-speaking Catholics who have been appointed from the various regions by successive prime ministers, is of no value because there is no way of knowing whether they have honoured the usual conventions or not. With respect to the tables generally, the percentages contained in them are open to criticism for their lack of uniformity and even for their inaccuracy.

Professor Kunz makes a detailed examination of the members of the Senate, their procedures for carrying on business, and their record in legislation and other matters over a period of thirty-eight years. Carefully and painstakingly he amasses a great deal of factual material which should prove highly useful to the student of politics. But the major conclusions which he draws from the factual data are all highly questionable. His habit of never missing an opportunity to quote someone who has expressed approval of senatorial action and of almost never citing an unfavourable opinion serves to increase the suspicion.

None would deny that the Senate contains a small minority, mostly lawyers and former M.P.'s, who have a capacity for useful work. But should there not be some discussion of the great majority of senators who, it may be suspected, all too richly deserve Professor R. MacGregor Dawson's low opinion? None, it is also true, would deny that there have been many instances in which senators have shown

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independence of the party tie. But surely this is not the same thing as saying that the Senate is largely non-partisan. Its all-too-benevolent attitude towards the Liberal administrations between 1935 and 1957 sticks out like a sore thumb. More than Professor Kunz realizes, partisan attributes are the inarticulate major premise of the Senate.

The author criticizes Professor Dawson for focussing his attention on the appointing system as the dominant factor in shaping the attitude of individual members of the Senate. The inevitable result, he says, was "a biased and superficial explanation which took no account of an equally strong stream of influence: the atmosphere of the Senate as a corporate body." But anyone who has seen the body in action may well conclude with Professor Dawson that the atmosphere is that of an old folks' home whose inmates realize that they have reached their next-to-last resting place. They may conduct the debates of high order which earn Professor Kunz's praise, but the instances are few and far between. Certainly these debates do not set the style for discussion in the country, and in the soporific atmosphere which prevails it is dubious if they educate even the senators themselves. Undoubtedly the Senate has conducted some useful investigations, but the number is indeed meagre and they could easily have been made by a royal commission or two.

Even if the quality of the Senate's legislative work has been as good as Professor Kunz says it is, its quantitative performance in terms of bills rejected and substantive amendments is small, indeed, for a period which covers thirty-eight years. The author is happiest of all that the Senate is performing so well the most vital function which a second chamber can exercise in the world of today, that of checking an executive which more and more dominates the House of Commons. Would it were so! Why did the Senate say almost nothing about the Defence Production Act of 1951, even though it granted powers to the executive which ought never to be conferred in peace time? Why did the Senate spend so much time on Coyne and scarcely a moment on the pipe-line? Perhaps the biggest joke of all is the statement that "the bare presence [of the Senate's powers] may compel the Government to think twice before it brings forward any item of policy in Parliament." Just imagine the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe shivering in his boots as he contemplated what the Senate might do to one of his far-reaching bills!

In one of his judgments Professor Kunz is correct. If the Senate is as good as he thinks it is, it needs no substantive change. But actually the Canadian public has little to show for the seventy-five millions or more which have been required to keep the Senate going since 1925. To conceive it as a body which, by some feat of magic, automatically adapts its roles and procedures to meet the needs of a new day and which performs its substantive role as an auxiliary check upon the executive with reasonableness and self-restraint is an idyllic picture which has little basis in fact. The author might have seen this too if he had diverted some of his attention from what the Senate has done to what it has failed to do. It is not Professor

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Dawson who is superficial. This book ought to be entitled *The Modern Senate of Canada: Apologia.*

Dalhousie University J. MURRAY BECK

Twelfth Night and Shakespearian Comedy. By CLIFFORD LEECH. Toronto: Dalhousie University Press/University of Toronto Press, 1965. Pp. viii + 88. $3.50.

Professor Clifford Leech gave the three lectures which form his *Twelfth Night and Shakespearian Comedy* from the stage of the Neptune Theatre in Halifax, in August, 1964, "as part of a programme arranged by Dalhousie University and the Neptune Theatre to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare."

Professor Leech's book is, in essence, a short history of certain aspects of Shakespearian comedy. He does not, however, give us a page or two about every play; rather, he concentrates on four plays—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Twelfth Night, Troilus and Cressida,* and *The Winter's Tale*—and uses them to illustrate certain themes and developing viewpoints in the comedies as a whole.

The early comedies, says Professor Leech, are mainly "festival" pieces for our "delight" in which "we rejoice that difficulties may be overcome and union achieved" (p. 7). Although there are "the threats of disaster and the moments of sorrow" (p. 24), we are not too much disturbed by them. *Love's Labour's Lost,* however, does have a slightly disturbing quality which looks forward to *Twelfth Night,* in which "we are sometimes not sure whether the picture of the world is any longer truly, or at least wholly, comic" (p. 25).

The world of *Twelfth Night* is gay, but a little sad. Antonio's sense of human ingratitude when he thinks that Sebastian, in the person of Viola, has betrayed him, the tangled sexual situation when Olivia falls in love with Cesario, the perennial problem of the gulling of Malvolio which may leave us somewhat embarrassed, provoke moral responses which do disturb us a little. These moral responses point towards the bitter comedies and the last plays. Yet Professor Leech admits that the harmony of *Twelfth Night* is, after a fashion, maintained, and that Malvolio's treatment does not obtrude on our consciences too much.

In the third, and last, lecture of the book, *Twelfth Night* is behind us, and we are in the more cynical and brutal atmosphere of *Troilus and Cressida.* Yet Professor Leech takes a less cynical view of the love and the war than most scholars have done. Time will destroy all things, but "*Troilus and Cressida,* for all its sharpness and frankness, is not a nihilistic play. There is a sense of pity here, a concern even for the apparently despicable. We cannot see this play without feeling in some measure that the sufferings and frailties of the characters are our own . . . . It is a

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harsh play, but also one of humanity and sympathy and appreciative laughter" (pp. 75-76). *The Winter's Tale,* like *Troilus and Cressida,* is pre-occupied with Time, and again we find predominant images of jealousy and sexual disgust; but it is not a play of death and disillusionment. Like *Troilus and Cressida,* it offers us sharp analyses of folly, but it offers us also forgiveness and reconciliation, and "by man's application of Art to Nature, something coherent can be made" (p. 86). From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* through *Twelfth Night* to *The Winter's Tale,* we have moved from the "delight" of the early comedies, through a somewhat disturbing "delight", to comedies in which "delight" is no longer a primary concern.

Professor Leech ranges over so many aspects of the comedies and—sometimes in asides—starts so many hares racing in our minds, that any attempt to summarize his ideas inevitably leads to distortions and inadequate simplifications. Bearing in mind the scholarly restrictions of the lecture platform, it may seem petty to wish that he had inserted a few scholarly doubts about some of his statements, in the form of "possibly" or "perhaps". But is Professor Leech really sure, for example, that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is "as late as 1600"?

The blemishes in Professor Leech's book, however, are small. When we see directors of Shakespeare so often introduce gimmicks into their productions by calling them "new interpretations", when actors so often mangle Shakespeare's intentions "to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh", and when scholars so often weave their archetypal patterns ten leagues beyond man's life, Professor Leech reminds us that Shakespeare is firmly anchored to our common humanity. Like *Twelfth Night* itself, his lectures are gay, but a little sad.

University of New Brunswick DAVID GALLOWAY

The Emperor of Ice-Cream. By BRIAN MOORE. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1965. Pp. 250. $4.95.

Brian Moore's new novel, *The Emperor of Ice-Cream,* is the work that all novelists sooner or later write: the portrait, if not of the artist, at least of the rebel, as a young man. And if it comes somewhat later than usual (it is Moore's fifth novel), it is probably the result of due deliberation, of not wishing to rush into print an autobiographical experience that is personally close to Moore.

The delay, apparently, has been worth while; for if the situation is stereotyped, Moore's telling of it is not. *The Emperor of Ice-Cream* has the qualities that characterize Moore's writing: a feeling for the humanity of the underdogs of the world—those total and all too pathetic failures of city living; a sensitivity to the innumerable impulses that make up any human action; and an ability to draw emotion from the description of everyday living. And such limitations as the novel has are not those inherent in its situation but rather those typical of Moore's work in general.

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Gavin Burke, Moore's young man, is a somewhat reluctant rebel. He no longer believes in the Catholic faith of his bourgeois parents, yet keeps a religious statue in his room; he reads poetry and sees no sense to studying law or business but assures his parents that he has taken a job as an air-raid warden so that he might study for the London Matric and be admitted to the university; and he wishes to seduce his girl, Sally Shannon, even though he admits she is not the type who can be seduced—a good Catholic—and one of the few people he can talk to.

Convincing his father and family that he is drunk and lazy (he fails the London Matric again) and Sally Shannon that he is following the path of all unbelievers (he once more is unable to seduce her), Gavin seems to have finally divorced himself from the Catholic world of his youth. Yet this independence gives him small consolation; he still considers himself a failure by his family's standards and by his own. It is not until after an air raid that his education becomes complete and his conflicts resolved. While coffining dead bodies, he notices a protruding calloused foot and is struck by its similarity to the "horny foot" of one of his favourite poems, Wallace Stevens' "The Emperor of Ice-Cream". The poem is an ironic one to note in Gavin's situation, carrying with it as it does instructions for the burial of the dead. But, more importantly, Gavin sees for the first time the relationship between life and art, that shaping force of the imagination at work which gives meaning and order to the flow of life.

He now sees what he is to live by, and when his father returns to their dead, bombed-out house looking for him, Gavin takes his weeping father's hand but remains silent. What Gavin does not see, and perhaps not Moore either, is that Gavin's present situation has been brought about by conditions of war-time living; and in no other situation would his father accept him as he does at the end of the novel. When the war—which Gavin sees as a freedom from futures—ceases, will he still remain free from his parents' world and views or will he again have to face that condition that Thomas Mann knew so well of seeing so clearly the faults and weaknesses of those he was attracted to?

The ending does not suggest an answer. More than anything else, it is mere frosting to the cake, a scarcely credible sentimental touch. It points to one of Moore's basic weaknesses as a writer. Sentimentality is a product both of some excess emotion and of a failure in perception; and although Moore is scrupulously careful to avoid the sentimental in his work, this tendency toward it accounts for his limitations as a writer.

Moore is at his best when he writes simply of that world he knows, creating what Hemingway called the arrangement of motion and fact which causes emotion; and at his best, too, when his prose may be measured against the harsh reality of fact. But when he must enter the world of his characters' minds or consider some overriding theme, his prose becomes laboured and turgid, his attitude less detached and more indulgent.

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Moore has commented that the trouble with American writers is that they all want to be the best and none of them are content to be simply good. And although he himself does not always possess the fine irony of Chekhov or the prose style of the Joyce of *Dubliners*—both writers with whom he has affinities—Brian Moore, it appears, is content to be merely good. And that is good enough in a world which appropriates greatness every day

Wayne State University ROBERT BUCKEYE

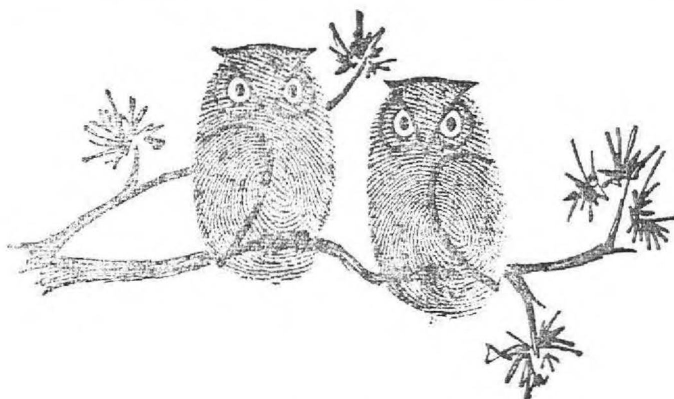
The Unrepentant Pilgrim: A Study of the Development of Bernard Shaw. By J. PERCY SMITH. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1965. Pp. x, 274. $4.95.

Every book has to have its justification and sometimes a writer is obliged to invent one. Mr. J. Percy Smith, the perpetrator of *The Unrepentant Pilgrim*, justifies his book thus:

> The truth . . . is that Shaw was concerned not with the destruction of religion but with its affirmation. It is strange that although he did his Shavian best to make this fact clear, his critics—with few exceptions—are not much disposed to take it seriously, and his biographers, embarrassed by it, tread round it nervously and with astonishing condescension (pp. 2-3).

Such disregard of his critical predecessors does not inspire much confidence in Mr. Smith's scholarship. As long ago as 1907, Holbrook Jackson wrote, in what is still a useful little critical study, "Shaw's drama is the only consistently religious drama of the day—it is as relentless in its pursuit of an exalted idea as were the ancient Moralities or Mysteries." Frank Harris's unauthorized biography (1931), though its general tone is somewhat flippant, devotes to "Religion" a whole chapter, in which he says: "Though [Shaw] thought he had rid himself of theological superstitions, he has all his life remained a religious man, and religion has been the subject on which he has written perhaps more than any other theme after Socialism; which I suppose is only another façade of the same temple." The ablest of all Shaw's critics, Eric Bentley, displays throughout his *Bernard Shaw* (amended edition, 1957) an acute awareness of his subject's instinct for religion. Bentley calls his climactic chapter "The Fool in Christ", explaining that "Living in this queer disgusting age [Shaw] found he had to give the impression that his highest quality—a sort of delicate spirituality, purity, or holiness—was fooling when what he meant was that his fooling was holy."

Even were Mr. Smith's thesis original, he seems to force it to extravagant lengths. The progress of Shaw's thought from a determined atheism to an acceptance of the comprehensive philosophy of Creative Evolution is ultimately a typical late nineteenth-century phenomenon. Our understanding of it, however, is not



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assisted by submitting this experience to the cruder simplifications of evangelical Christianity:

> The impact on Shaw's life of his conversion—if we may use that term—to Creative Evolution can hardly be over-estimated. The eccentric socialist now had a religious basis for both eccentricity and socialism; the man who had struggled to find an aim and had battled long against his own indolence found his being flooded with the purpose and energy of fully awakened genius. And at least some of the gates of Hell were not to prevail against him. He was saved forever from the gloom that so often darkens the work of his great contemporaries in letters, Hardy, Conrad, Galsworthy (p. 158).

Some of Mr. Smith's book, especially the section dealing with Shaw as art critic, seems irrelevant to his argument. (What is really interesting about the art criticism is that Shaw responds to a painting as one might to a stage picture within a proscenium frame.)

A number of judgments in the book are offered as inspired guesses, without supporting evidence. Why, for instance, does Mr. Smith aver that it was with difficulty that William Archer persuaded Edmund Yates to let Shaw review paintings for *The World*? Why is he so eager to assume that Shaw was influenced by the anarchist Bakunin—who crops up in the text more often than the index indicates? On what grounds does he assert that the author of the ironical "Why Not Sir Henry Irving?" was "as pleased as anyone else" when Irving was knighted?

Much of Mr. Smith's research was carried on with the aid of a Canada Council Senior Research Fellowship which enabled him to study the Shaw papers in 1960-61. The general availability of much of this material in the first volume of Shaw's *Letters* (1965), edited by Dan H. Laurence, diminishes further the value of Mr. Smith's book. It is not surprising that he speaks of Mr. Laurence's "somewhat frantic collecting activities." Most of Mr. Smith's footnotes refer to the manuscript collections, Shaw's published works (though not the plays), reminiscences by his contemporaries, and a handful of articles in Canadian periodicals. There is no bibliography.

The religious approach to Shaw has been increasingly popular of late. Brigid Brophy and Colin Wilson took it, and now I see there is a book called *Shaw and Christianity* in which it is argued that Shaw anticipates the theology of Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Paul Tillich. Nor is Mr. Smith the first to give a book on Shaw a title suggestive of the religious avocation; Stephen Winsten called his 1956 memoir *Jesting Apostle*. But the book that really needs to be written is the one that will show how and why Shaw was a great dramatist.

University of Illinois ALAN ANDREWS

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