

of the first and most adventurous half of Archbishop Ullathorne's life. Its vivid account of his seafaring, of his monastic training, but above all of his Australian mission, must be read for itself. When the *Autobiography* was first published in 1891, two years after the archbishop's death, it was published in a revised and abridged version. The present edition goes back happily to the original draft of 1868, and we have in consequence a fuller and franker record, albeit one that is more rugged and downright in style. We have two criticisms to make. The first is that the editor, although he supplies a vivacious introduction, has abstained almost entirely from annotation, so that the average reader may often lose himself in these pages. Even a few dates, attached to the chapter-headings, would have been helpful. We recommend such a reader to turn to Abbot Butler's biography, where the early chapters provide an admirable commentary upon the narrative of this book. The second criticism is this, that the text is marred by many obvious errors of transcription. The editor does indeed seek to disarm the critic, by pleading the illegibility of the original; but—to mention only two examples—we cannot think that this is a sufficient excuse for presenting Bishop Challoner's familiar book of meditations as *Think Well Out*, or for attributing the famous *Institutes* and *Conferences* to an author called 'Capiani.'

J.M.

WINSTON CHURCHILL. By Robert Sencourt. (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.)

It is difficult to see exactly what purpose Mr. Sencourt had when writing this book. There is, surely, enough material in the speeches, adventures, writings, opinions and environment of Mr. Churchill to furnish a long, exciting and extremely valuable book without the biographer introducing highly controversial views of his own. But this is what Mr. Sencourt has done. The early part of the book is informative and valuable, though there are one or two unexpected lapses in taste; but in the latter part, dealing with events after 1914, the author's own preoccupations with various European political maladies, in their own place justified, have obtruded into his immediate task of detailing the career of the Prime Minister. As Mr. Sencourt has not comprehensively outlined his peculiar political outlook, the ordinary reader will be frequently mystified by his sidelong references to it and will be disquieted by the overt adulation and quiet denigration of the chief figure in the book which succeed one another through its pages. There is also another disturbing feature; the incomplete-

ness of some of the historical passages which is so misleading; we instance the fantastic reference to Lord Curzon at Lausanne; the omission of the question of India in Mr. Churchill's relations to Lord Baldwin; the unconditioned blame of France and, especially, England for the resurgence of aggression in Germany; more blame of the two countries for failing to 'reward' Mussolini after Munich; and complete omission of Marshal Petain's failure to honour the Franco-British treaty in June, 1940 (the footnote on page 288 is an egregious example of statistical manipulation). This is a disappointing book from so distinguished an author.

P.U.F.

POETRY.

SONS OF THE MISTREL. By Roy Campbell. (Faber and Faber; 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Campbell's work has suffered from the praise and dispraise of partisans. In reaction against the Georgians, with their townee verse about the countryside which Mr. Campbell so justifiably satirises, he blows his 'silver trumpet,' as he calls it: the silver trumpet needs careful handling if it is to produce more than sound and fury and not be like the oboe, 'an ill woodwind that nobody blows any good.' The cure for the spiritual anaemia of this generation is not, however, blood-and-thunder verse but robustness of intellect, not sensuous naïvety (although that is an advance on the bourgeois unreality of the week-ender school of versifiers) but complexity in simplicity, the virile nervousness born of a harmony of intellect and emotion. It is easy to put a film of profundity on experiences that are essentially shallow and slick, and so it comes about that novels like *The Power and the Glory* raise a chorus of praise from the tired minds of the Sunday reviewers with their ready-made jargon about 'exquisite workmanship' or 'realistic limning' as per Sir Hugh Walpole, who inherited the Lake District from Wordsworth.

Mr. Campbell, at his best in his shorter lyrics, reminds one of nineteenth century poets such as Francis Thompson and Leconte de Lisle: his is the same bluff aestheticism. The selection is one of the useful Faber Sesame series.

JOHN DURKAN.

THE POEMS OF ALICE MEYNELL. (Burns, Oates, 4s.; and Oxford University Press, 4s.)

Alice Meynell's poetic career began whilst she was still in her teens, and from the first her work showed a remarkable maturity both in thought and in execution. *Renouncement*, for