

Book Reviews

The Novels and Plays of Charles Morgan. By HENRY CHARLES DUFFIN. London: Bowes and Bowes [Toronto: British Book Service (Canada)], 1959. Pp. 224. \$5.00.

Mr. Duffin's mission in this book is a perilous one. Armed with his "vast admiration" for Morgan's work, he sets out to make amends for "the studied neglect . . . of the critics" which, he tells us, is all the more surprising considering the "generous and penetrating" reviews. That the occasional reviewers have seen fit to put superlative tickets on Morgan's novels as they appeared in their unweeded garden, seems, to Mr. Duffin, reason enough to castigate such critics as Mr. Walter Allen for not even giving the Charles Morgan novel an honourable mention in their more cultivated patches. But Mr. Duffin is after more than an honourable mention for his author who is, he suggests, in the direct line of a great tradition: "To me it seems incontrovertible that, as Hardy handed on the torch of the great novel to Conrad, so Conrad handed it on to Morgan." But Mr. Duffin does not go on to enlighten his readers as to the nature of the connection, for he tells us that as a critic, he "is not in favour of the comparative estimate". His principle, he roundly states, is like Arnold's 'touch-stones' method—with the difference that Mr. Duffin keeps his 'touch-stones' to himself. Having applied the "preliminary test of enjoyment, which may let through books of every grade, from the *Prisoner of Zenda* to *The Dynasts*", Mr. Duffin then goes on to "ask whether it has the feel of a classic". What a classic feels like the reader must guess for himself, and the task is not made easier by Mr. Duffin's rejection of comparisons. The criterion which is more precisely stated in this book (which is, indeed, constantly and boringly repeated) is what Mr. Duffin refers to in this way in his Preface: "But I have other more personal criteria. I (who am no longer young and was never very angry) like a book that makes me feel 'good', not degraded . . . I have found more beauty than sordidness in life, and I believe beauty to be the more important, more permanent, element."

Mr. Duffin divides his books into four parts (The World, The Art, and The Philosophy of the Novels and Plays are the first three, and the fourth is made up of the examination of five particular works). In the first part he is at considerable pains to demonstrate that Morgan "writes as an artist whose aim is not realism but reality" (and he implies that the literary term is opposed to the philosophic one), that "He does not wish to compose, and we do not have to read, records of the inane dialogue of which

some other novels so 'realistically' consist," and that Morgan's world is fascinating for "anyone who enjoys intellectual society and the sight of cultured men and women pitting their brains against the challenge offered by an unpredictable universe." There is much in the passage quoted above which suggests what might be called the smugness and self-conscious romanticism of Morgan's view of life as it appears in the novels and plays—though Mr. Duffin, of course, does not see it in this way. Does Mr. Duffin go to Hardy and Conrad for the "intellectual society" of their characters and the sight of "cultured men and women"? This is certainly what he finds in Morgan: ". . . it is obvious that there has here been some sacrifice of truth for the purpose of achieving what seems to me a very positive gain, the assurance of the constant company of intelligent people."

In the second part of the book Mr. Duffin looks at the beginnings and endings of the novels, and his findings are that "Most of the novels give as much satisfaction in their end as in their beginning." He examines the plots and characters and annoyingly reiterates his argument that on the whole Morgan is truthful because Mr. Duffin has discovered that the good tend to end well and the bad ill, both in his experience and Morgan's novels.

It is in this section of the book, too, that Mr. Duffin disposes of what this reviewer would regard as the most interesting aspect of Morgan as a novelist. Here, it seems, Mr. Duffin does Morgan a serious injustice and demonstrates his own limitations as a reader: "I do not think Morgan can be said to use a technique of novel writing or generally accused of arranging his material in a pattern." Morgan is, if he is anything, a fine craftsman of the novel, and surely any proper criticism must at least include, if not centre on, his control of the form, his precise arrangement of material, his spareness and concentration. In fact Mr. Duffin (though he does discuss details of prose, diction, figures, and dialogue in his chapter on style) seems to have very little idea of control and form and frequently improves on his author in this familiar, but one had thought, antique way: ". . . her [Mary Leward's in *Sparkenbroke*] love for him lacked an element of passion, in spite of which it probably endured and grew stronger with the years . . ." How many children had Mary Leward?

In his third part, on the philosophy of Morgan's novels, Mr. Duffin summarizes a recurrent theme of the novels as the "idea of a deeper Platonic reality, the vision of a greater life to which mortality blinds us, which we can conceive, approach, enter into by achieving a certain stillness of soul." This indeed seems to be what Morgan's talk of "legends", "invulnerability", gods and goddesses comes to. In this part, as in the last part where Mr. Duffin deals with the work individually, he seems to be strangely imperceptive with regard to *The Judge's Story*, which surely contains the obverse, Severidge side of Morgan's recurrent theme. The good in this novel are not good, as Mr. Duffin suggests, "because they are occupied solely with things of the mind", and Severidge is not diabolical because he is concerned with power, as the dictator, the executive, and the wealthy are concerned with it. The essential difference between the Judge and Severidge is made quite clear by Morgan: "'As far as human life is concerned', Severidge replied, 'I make no distinction between morning and night.' 'That is the answer of the dead'" (*The Judge's Story*, p. 192). Severidge has no life,

no soul, no "legend", no invulnerability—that is why he is evil, and the lust for power is only one of the symptoms: "Severidge could not endure, in others, this inward dedication. He did not hate those who were conscious of it, but hated that in them which excluded him. He did not wish to harm or destroy, but to penetrate" (*Ibid*, p. 79). It is an injustice to the consistency of Morgan's thought to say, as Mr. Duffin does, that "*The Judge's Story* differs from all the other novels in being an allegory, an allegory of the struggle between good and evil. Evil takes the form of an immensely rich industrialist. Morgan dislikes and fears excessive power . . ."

Of the plays Mr. Duffin says little, and that little is thoroughly naive and uncritical. Of the problem melodrama *The Burning Glass*, Mr. Duffin says: "I can find no major defect. Its basic idea is both original and profound", and he unwittingly points to a defect of the novelist turned playwright: "Morgan's feeling for her [Mary Terriford] is shown in his stage direction." Then Mr. Duffin goes on to quote the stage-direction without apparently seeing the necessity of discovering whether Morgan's feeling for her is also shown in the dialogue which is the play in performance. Mr. Duffin's account of this play reads rather like the discussion of a group of people whom he once overheard and now sets himself to comment on *as people*. The function of character, the presence and control of the playwright, are seemingly forgotten.

The impression I am left with from this book is that Mr. Duffin is a thoroughly pleasant and dedicated person (and he does not conceal his personality with any sort of attempt at critical objectivity) but a rather obtuse and sometimes misleading critic.

Mount Allison University

M. J. SIDNELL

The Magic of Art. By AMBROSIUS CZAKO. New York: Pageant Press, Inc., 1959. Pp. 138. \$2.75.

For Dr. Czako, human nature possesses both "inwardness" and "outwardness." "Inwardness" is our spirituality, our world-view, in respect of which we are capable of growth. It provides the content of our artistic endeavours, and it is that which art expresses. "Outwardness" is our sensuality. In conjunction with the artist's will-to-create it constitutes craftsmanship, which is what imposes form upon the content of art. Sensuality thus plays a mediating role between the "inwardness" of the artist and the "inwardness" of the viewer. It is by means of sensuality that we have contact between the artist and the viewer, although the communication itself, the content, is not sensual.

This sweetly uncomplicated account is the basis of the following definition of art: "Art is a miracle of sensuousness devised to deepen our spirituality and be in its service; it ought to express the whole man in order to help the viewer toward becoming a whole man." The whole man is, presumably, the man of mature and comprehensive "world-view," and "world-view" is to our spiritual side what disciplined craftsmanship is to our sensual side. The definition stresses the moral, educative, and redemptive character of art, and on the subject of this vocation Dr. Czako is fascinating and persuasive.

But it is another feature of the definition, its *genus*, to which our attention is mainly directed: art is a *miracle*.

For my own part I have long since given over speculating upon the miracle or the magic of art. My eyes for beauty pine, and all that; art casts a spell, and this is not in question. But this spell is a primordial *datum*, like the awareness of duty and the evangelical experience. It can only be explained with reference to a yet more fundamental, and more inexplicable, First Cause.

If by magic we mean some kind of supernatural touch upon the artist by which he becomes infected with a divine and communicable inspiration, Dr. Czako is not talking about magic at all. In his remarks entitled "Artistic Creation as 'Magic'" he talks about what we know as the illusion of art, what Suzanne K. Langer would call its "virtuality." The magic strength of art is to convert conceivable reality into true reality. This is a kind of play-theory: we come to art as little children, and dispose ourselves to accept what the artist has conceived and put in sensual form as the actual. "Not only can the artist make us accept conceivable reality as true reality, but the very aim of his creation is to transform the perceived and concrete reality, the one that is before him, into conceivable reality, which the viewer can and is willing to accept as reality." Impossible as it is to be unsympathetic, I find myself wondering if an explanation is any gain if it requires that we postulate *three* realities: the reality of experience, the conceivable reality, and the reality that under certain special circumstances we will ourselves to accept as true even when we know that it is not true reality.

Which of these three realities is the really real? Or is there a fourth and generic reality in which these three participate as members of a class that we call "the real"? And, incidentally, what is the faculty by means of which we distinguish between the three or four things we are asked to call "reality"?

Dr. Czako does not repeat the familiar Scholastic doctrines, although with a determined effort the reader may extract portions of them. "Inwardness," for example, has certain important features of *splendor formae*; *habitus* is clearly implied in the way he uses "effort" to distinguish between art and doodling, and to account in part for the artist's freedom. Certain terms from the perennial vocabulary of aesthetics have in recent years taken on new life, and of this the author seems not to be aware. His uses of "symbol" and "form" are important cases in point. However, it cannot be denied that by avoiding both the traditional and the currently fashionable jargons, Dr. Czako has produced a book that is fresh, clear, and very readable.

Some half-tones of the works mentioned in the text would have justified the increased cost, part of which might have been saved by using a more modest and appropriate dust-jacket.

University of Toronto

GEOFFREY PAYZANT

The Eccentric Design: Form in the Classic American Novel. By MARIUS BEWLEY. London: Chatto and Windus [Toronto: Oxford University Press], 1959. Pp. 327.

One cannot have watched without misgivings the increasing number of books on Ameri-

can literature which are based on ever narrower and more preposterous hypotheses. Parrington must bear a large share of the blame for this because his *Maincurrents* was the first really popular partisan study in which the thesis itself was visible from every section and chapter. Parrington, however, was an erudite man whose breadth of learning led him, I think, to a wise and judicious comprehension of American literature and culture; though of course he was occasionally guilty of prejudice toward individual authors. If he was a man grinding an axe, he could also wield the axe with superb effect.

Something of the damage of his precedent can be seen when we remember how dangerous the axe became in less steady hands. Witness Bernard Smith's *Forces in American Criticism* (1939) with its Marxist bias, Randall Stewart's *American Literature and the Christian Tradition* (1955) with its tendentious Episcopalianism, and Leslie Fiedler's current *Love and Death in the American Novel* with its Freudian and Jungian prescriptions. The three make an edifying comment on the shift in American cultural preoccupations over the past thirty years.

Mr. Bewley's *Eccentric Design*, like his earlier work, *The Complex Fate*, belongs to a category of post-World War II volumes which have capitalized upon and encouraged the faddish conservatism of the period. Admitting a slight debt to Parrington for method, Mr. Bewley righteously casts the old liberal aside and embraces the more congenial Lionel Trilling as his guide in matters of meaning. His method is to employ historical, Parringtonian machinery in such a way as to produce an anti-Parringtonian product, a picture of American literature which makes all the "great novels" into testimonials of a strong conservative and Anglophiliac bias.

Yet one would not wish for any changes in a book which is so brilliant and challenging. Mr. Bewley has done the currently popular thing: he discards the overall view of American culture and focuses on the "classics," in this case, Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville, James, and Fitzgerald. With the classics annexed, he proceeds to play the prodigiously ingenious game of criticism *in vacuo*, as deftly as anyone has for years. He casts a spell; he fascinates.

It is only after one puts the book down and breaks the spell that he realizes he has been delightfully hoodwinked. Reading *The Eccentric Design* is like reading so many books on Russia which are lopsided because the writers have concentrated exclusively on the "mighty three" or the great half dozen Russian figures. Mr. Bewley, of course, denies that he is engaged in "literary imperialism," that he is commenting upon what he obviously considers to be the sad spectacle of American life. No, no, says he; "if I speak of national attitudes, my interest is still in literature, not passports"; yet the force of the book is precisely its vigorous and sometimes devastating assault upon "the American dream."

What one objects to is first that Mr. Bewley gives an altogether unsatisfactory picture of the revolutionary heritage. His uncatholic preoccupation with the genteel tradition obliges him to postulate a tension in the national consciousness based on the conflicting ideas of John Adams, Hamilton, and Jefferson. But the presence of Adams, uncompensated by the addition of Paine or Jackson or some other "leftist," destroys the symmetry and the dialectic of the American experience.

The second objection follows inevitably. By commencing with an eccentric hypothesis, Mr. Bewley must scorn a disproportionately large number of American writers who do not fit. The "extreme realists and naturalists" are simply superficial—they can safely be kicked out of the pantheon for the obvious reason (unacknowledged) that they belong to the radical, populist side of American culture (also unacknowledged). Only Twain causes problems. Twain is the sole ungentle author for whom Mr. Bewley has any respect, hence we find the extraordinary (and grammatically tortured) admission that "I have not discussed Twain because he is not a writer who comes to terms easily with literary analysis" (290). Precisely so! Fitzgerald comes to terms, albeit in one slight but exquisitely polished little literary contrivance called *The Great Gatsby*, so Fitzgerald is acceptable. Dreiser does not come to terms, nor Sherwood Anderson nor Willa Cather; ergo they are out. That they tell us more than Fitzgerald does about the mythless day-to-day anguish and hope of twentieth-century American life is irrelevant.

Finally one may object to Mr. Bewley's offhand dismissal of an unspecified but evidently considerable majority of American critics who seem to him to be either dull or foolishly committed to the "electioneering slogans" about democracy. They fail, Mr. Bewley thinks, to understand the true profundity of classic American writers, "their sense that what was good in the American democratic ideal was defined and guarded by its relation to a European aristocratic ideal of which they, as the offspring of European, and particularly British, ancestry, were no less the heirs" (23).

Rank Tory nonsense, to be sure—or perhaps only Leavisite impudence. Yet it is bracing to have a critic remind us so openly that there are forces still abroad which insist that we Americans, like the poor savages of Kenya, must be taught to worship at the sublime British fountain whence all cultural blessings ostensibly flow. It is a sign of independence if we can laugh at as well as learn from such an attitude. It is a mark of sanity if we can profit from Mr. Bewley's keen studies of Cooper and Hawthorne without being troubled overmuch by his axe-grinding. This, after all, is how we must read virtually all of Parrington's descendants, legitimate and otherwise.

University of Alberta

DAVID H. STEWART

The Eighteenth Century Confronts the Gods. By FRANK E. MANUEL. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], 1959. Pp. xvi, 336. \$8.75.

The title of this work is an exact description of its contents, and yet it is a safe assumption that few readers except specialists in the eighteenth century would form accurate expectations of the contents from the title, or would indeed expect the book to be the kind of work it is, an extraordinarily brilliant and wide-ranging contribution to the history of ideas. Handling a massive body of documentary evidence with an enviable ease and mastery, Professor Manuel proceeds to show how intimately theories of the origins of ancient religion and myth become bound up with many of the main movements of eighteenth-century thought: with the quarrel of the Ancients and Moderns; with the

development of the Deist movement; with theories of history; with doctrines of progress and primitivism; with aesthetic theories of poetic creation and 'enthusiasm'; and with psychological and anthropological views. He traces the history of the different explanations of the origins and nature of myths: that they are moral allegories; fables embodying cosmographic or scientific fact; disguised records of historic event or fabulous embroideries of historical personages; imaginative projections of man's fears or of his hopes and wishes; that they are debased memories of authentic revelation, and so on. He shows how skilfully some of these explanations were brought to bear by analogy on the origins of Christianity, and made to serve in the sceptical attack on all religion.

A good deal of the very extensive documentation will be new to most readers; major treatment is given not only to the relatively familiar works of Boyle, Fontenelle, Vico, and Hume, but also to Newton's *Chronology*, and to the works of *Président de Brosses*, *Nicolas-Antoine Boulanger*, *Court de Gébelin*, and *Charles Dupuis*. The last four were certainly quite unknown to this reviewer, and extremely interesting to discover. Besides the great skill with which the book is organised, and the consistent interest and freshness of the material, it must also be recommended for its style. A cavilling critic could object to a few sentences in which the style drops too completely into the colloquial (as he could object to the slip which refers to Clayton as "Bishop Clogher"), but for every sentence he could object to he will find fifty to rejoice in; page after page is illuminated by touches of wit or dry humour, and by neat *obiter dicta*. In short, this is a very important contribution to the history of ideas, a most illuminating and delightful book to read, a work that compels admiration—and rouses envy as well as gratitude.

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F. E. L. PRIESTLEY

Whitehead's American Essays in Social Philosophy. Edited with an Introduction by A. H. JOHNSON. New York: Harper and Brothers [Toronto: The Musson Book Company], 1959. Pp. ix, 206. \$5.00.

After his death the reputation of a thinker often suffers a temporary eclipse. He now belongs to the past and his work is seen to lie within a perspective and a framework of enquiry already alien to the perplexities and agitations of the present. It will soon be thirteen years since Whitehead's death, and to some extent he has shared this fate. Yet his works continue to be reprinted, volumes of selections and readings from his writings appear year by year, and there has been a steady if not copious flow of books and articles about him. Among those who have striven to preserve an interest in Whitehead's work none has laboured more assiduously than Professor A. H. Johnson of the University of Western Ontario. Professor Johnson has repeatedly placed admirers of Whitehead in his debt, and the present volume is only the latest of a number of works from his hand devoted to the presentation of different aspects of Whitehead's thought. Here he reprints ten of Whitehead's more popular essays on social, political, and educational themes and introduces them with fifty pages of comment and interpretation.

No one would pretend that these essays have anything like the importance of White-

head's scientific and philosophical writings. The three autobiographical pieces, "Memories", "The Education of an Englishman", and "England and the Narrow Seas" have great charm, it is true, and will give much pleasure to those who encounter them here for the first time, while those to whom they are already familiar will be glad to be reminded of them again. But not all pass the test of re-reading with such flying colours. Some are strictly occasional and are already dated. Others on a second acquaintance seem less solid in content and more inflated in style than one had remembered. On this score even Professor Johnson finds himself on the defensive, and to some it may seem that his defence is almost half-hearted. Meeting the charge that Whitehead was "a peddler of platitudes", he says: "In any case, few men have Whitehead's skill in stating the accepted and obvious in striking, challenging form. Some of Whitehead's insights soar far beyond the mere platitudinous." Of course they do, but on the other hand it must, however reluctantly, be confessed that there are others that do not soar at all.

Whitehead was the kindest, the most amiable, and the most humane of men, and these qualities, together with his gift of aphoristic utterance, often brilliant but occasionally painfully obscure, are fully evident in these pages. The tone is liberal, tolerant, eirenical, and optimistic. A recurrent theme, as befits the philosopher of organism, is "the possible harmony of diverse things". The vantage-point from which he surveys the social scene is frequently so elevated and the view so comprehensive that at times he seems to be saying little more than that black and white are not so very different after all. Why not then sink our differences and agree with one another? Everything would be so much more pleasant if only we would. As a final verdict this no doubt comes dangerously, and irresponsibly, near to a mere parody of Whitehead's weakness for holding the balance, finding harmony in discord, and declining to admit that opposites ever cancel out. It certainly does much less than full justice to the varied contents of the present volume. Yet the reader's mind continues to be haunted by certain questions and by the wish that Professor Johnson had seen fit to address himself more directly to answering them. What, after all, was Whitehead's social philosophy and how is it to be related to his philosophy in general? Can these disconnected essays on such a diversity of topics really be said to constitute a social philosophy? Is it possible that Whitehead's opinions on social matters sprang more from his temperament and his background than from his thought?

All these essays appeared originally in periodicals between 1925 and 1942, many of them in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The footnote on page viii does not quite make it clear that eight of the ten have also appeared before in books by Whitehead, no less than seven of them in his *Essays in Science and Philosophy*. Five dollars seems rather a stiff price for a book of roughly two hundred pages of which only about fifty consist of new matter.

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F. H. PAGE

Paradise Lost as "Myth". By ISABEL GAMBLE MACCAFFREY. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], 1959. Pp. 229. \$5.75.

In this study Mrs. MacCaffrey exhibits all of the recent concern with archetype and image, and with the texture of poetic language, although she does not, on the other

hand, ignore the traditional approaches and historical considerations when she believes them relevant to the "descriptive analysis" of *Paradise Lost* which it is her purpose to provide. While she points out parallels between the narrative of Milton's poem and the mythic patterns described by Frazer and Jung and their followers, she insists also on the necessity of discriminating between modern and Renaissance approaches to myth; and her analysis centres in an examination of the consequences for *Paradise Lost* of the unique status accorded by Milton to his myth as literally true, in Raleigh's phrase, the "one true history", of which other myths were but "crooked images". The special nature of Milton's myth demands, as she argues, its own poetic decorum, requiring Milton to invent

a series of techniques profoundly original, and strange with the strangeness of the long-forgotten — among them a style reverberatory and unmetaphorical, and a "spatial" structural pattern of interlocking, mutually dependent parts.

After two introductory chapters which establish her approach and method, Mrs. MacCaffrey proceeds to examine the poem's structure, language, and imagery in turn. She views the structure of *Paradise Lost* as the result of a translation from chronological to architectural idiom. Working with a myth which is cyclical rather than linear, representing a pattern of separation, initiation or quest, and return, Milton abandons chronological for spatial organization. Satan's voyage, to which a separate chapter is devoted, is a secondary rendering of the middle phase of the cycle, the quest of the hero, possessing significant differences but parallel to the endeavours of fallen man. The nature of the myth itself, more than such considerations as epic precedent, determines language and image as well as structure. The argument is developed, for example, that in Milton's single and literally true mythic world allegory and metaphor can scarcely exist: the poet of *Paradise Lost* shows similar forces operating in different areas, rather than comparing areas in different hierarchies.

A disadvantage of Mrs. MacCaffrey's approach is that it sometimes seems no more than an unnecessarily indirect route to familiar and orthodox conclusions. Having rejected a radically archetypal reading, the author still employs much of the language and technique of the modern student of comparative mythology, and the result is occasionally little more than the statement of old truths in new terms. Frequently, however, she brings out implications which are profitably explored as she engages in her detailed analysis of the text. If the reader does not find much illumination in the statement that the structure of *Paradise Lost* can be seen as an inverted 'V', he will still discover much of interest in the close and perceptive examination of the patterns of structure, language, and imagery which follows. Here there are valuable additions to other recent studies of these aspects of the poem. Among other good things is the discussion of the characteristics which Milton gives his various spheres of action, and of the contrast between the "metallic" imagery of Hell and the "organic" imagery of Eden and Heaven. Within certain deliberately established limits, the analysis of language and imagery is generally admirable.

Although Mrs. MacCaffrey declares in her introduction that she has attempted to

avoid the "polemical", in fact only a very dull study of her subject could altogether escape controversy, and she is not tedious. There are some things in her work that are open to question, but there is also much that provides a good kind of stimulation, and there is in addition a solid contribution to the understanding of Milton's artistry that can be accepted without dispute.

University College, University of Toronto

ALLAN PRITCHARD

Historical Poems of the XIVth and XVth Centuries. Ed. R. H. ROBBINS. New York: Columbia University Press [Toronto: Oxford University Press], 1959. Pp. xlvii, 440. \$7.50.

This volume follows in the wake of Carleton Brown's anthologies of 1924, 1932, and 1939 and of Mr. Robbins's own collection of secular lyrics published in 1952. Delivery of the present volume, in which the term "lyric" has been justifiably replaced by the term "poem", marks the completion of this valuable series. Mr. Robbins, like Mr. Brown before him, has not made the mistake of including every song and scrap that fits the description "historical", nor has he been tempted to print many longer poems deserving of elaborate commentary such as *Richard the Redeles*, *Wynnere and Wastoure*, and others. Such an editorial policy would have turned this book into a tome, instead of a compact modern edition. As it stands, the book contains 100 poems from 65 different MSS, 98 of which have been published previously but in less accessible form. *Historical Poems* will have a utility value for students of the Middle English period, who, until fairly recently, were compelled to depend upon scattered sources or, at best, upon the saurian volumes of the Early English Text Society.

The literary value of many of these historical poems is harder to define than is their worth as social documents of a political revolution, when the English agricultural labourer came into his own, when England first became a manufacturing country with a powerful mercantile middle-class (of which some members such as the De la Poles of Hull came to be nobles), and when the allegiance of England to the Papal See began to show signs of weakness and impending dissolution. Terrible calamities such as pestilence, famine, war, and oppression forced common men to think in practical terms about improving material conditions, and startled them out of that placid contentment with their lot which had long smothered intellectual vitality. Men who had lived through the Black Death and the Peasants' Revolt and who had witnessed the sudden rise and fall of Kings were stimulated, among other things, to write verse in a wide variety of styles. Some of these styles were blatantly imitative in the courtly tradition and as such are but mildly interesting, but others are vital and vigorous and conceal technical brilliance behind an apparently crude spontaneity. The authors of many of these were also poets in the religious tradition, and the preaching tone of the mediaeval pulpit is often skilfully adapted to secular concerns. The expression is at times angry, ironic, despondent, condemnatory, or openly sceptical of the professions of the "establishment" that worships a new deity, money, and thereby encourages men in all walks of life to do likewise:

where in-dede, so god me spede,
 Sey all men whate they can;e;
 yt ys all-wayes sene now-a-dayes
 That money maketh the man. (Poem 51)

This is a far cry from the hair-shirt of the early Middle Ages, when the official attitude of the Church was that men should think of this world as but a vestibule to the next and earthly goods as not worth having. The labourer was now beginning to see through the mediaeval Church as handmaid of the economic power of the nobility, and the poet was his propagandist.

These are "poems" in so far as they are concerned with high emotions, occasionally vocal though more often concealed under a veneer of irony and cynicism; when this quality is lacking, the result tends to be flat "verse" of historical interest only. The surprising thing about many of them is their modern spirit, or looking at it the other way, how little, judging from the sentiments expressed in a poem like the following, the philosophy of the working-man has changed:

Vertues & good lyvinge is cleped yprocrisie;
 trowthe & godis lawe is cleped heresie;
 povert & lownes is cleped loselrie; [profligacy]
 trewe preching & penaunce is cleped folie.
 pride is cleped honeste,
 and coveityse wisdom.
 richesse is cleped worthynes,
 and lecherie kyndely thing,
 robberie good wynnynge,
 & glotenye but murthe . . . (Poem 57)

Would this not make Swift, Shaw, or even Mr. Eliot chuckle? There is much in *Historical Poems* that looks forward to the phrases of the early Socialists and which, with some dressing up, could be adopted as electioneering slogans today. "The tax hath tened us alle/probat hoc mors tot validorum" (Poem 19) refers to the poll tax, first voted for in 1377, which eventually touched off the revolt of 1381. "Every beste that levyth now/Is of more fredam than thou!" (Poem 22) dates from 1434 but it, or something like it, turns up in Orwell's *Animal Farm*. In verses like these we have the practically undiluted sentiments of the late mediaeval peasant, expressed for him by technically accomplished rhymesters.

Mr. Robbins prefaces his collection with a competent introduction, meticulously composed, 143 pages of notes, one to each poem, in which the bibliographical data and historical background are clearly set out, and a glossary. The last-named is particularly useful since many of the terms formed part of the every-day vocabulary of the peasant class and as such are rarely encountered elsewhere. The verdict on *Historical Poems* is that it is a solid and well-presented book, in handy size, that stands as a monument to its editor's scholarly industry and literary discrimination, a combination not inevitable in anthologies of this type.

On Translation. Edited by REUBEN A. BROWER. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited], 1959. Pp. x, 297. \$8.50.

A distinctive characteristic of the art of translation is that its practitioners, unlike other interpretative artists, strive for complete self-effacement. The actor, the singer, the dancer, the instrumental performer are allowed, and even expected, to add to their interpretation of an original artist's work "something of themselves". The highest praise that translators may hope for is of the kind recently expressed by a critic in the *Listener*, who said of the translators of a book originally written in French that they "have performed their tasks so admirably that, did we not know otherwise, it would not have occurred to us that this book was not written *ab initio* in English." In fact, the perfect translation is such that its merits can only be fully appreciated by one who knows so much about the original language that he *needs* no translation! Why then do translators translate? For financial gain? Presumably not. Out of a sense of philanthropy, a desire to share with others the work to be translated? Possibly so, but fundamentally the true translator is moved by the same desire that impels all artists—the desire to create. The creative art of the translator is, of course, secondary, but it is nonetheless of a very high order. It consists of establishing an *equivalence* (to use the expression of Edmond Cary, the author of another recent work on translation, *La Traduction dans le Monde Moderne* [1956]) between the words, the idioms, the sounds and rhythms of two contrasting languages, between the ideas, the modes of expression, with all their multiple allusions and connotations, of two contrasting civilizations—and that is a very exacting art indeed.

On Translation is a book about this form of artistry by eighteen experts in the matter. It is divided into three sections: (1) "Translators on Translation", with essays by Eugene A. Nida, Dudley Fitts, Richmond Lattimore, Rolfe Humphries, Jackson Mathews, Justin O'Brien, Edwin and Willa Muir, Vladimir Nabokov, and Achilles Fang; (2) "Approaches to the Problem", with essays by Renato Poggioli, Willard V. Quine, Reuben A. Brower, Douglas Knight, John Hollander, Roman Jacobson, and Anthony G. Oettinger; (3) "A Critical Bibliography of Works on the Study of Translation" by Bayard Quincy Morgan.

The essays of Part I are beautifully written, with all the clarity and concision that might be expected of persons whose business is language: that may be appreciated as well by general readers as by specialists. Here we are conducted on a tour through the special world of the practising translator and brought to understand, with the aid of abundant illustrative examples, the nature of his task and its peculiar problems. This is, I think, the most fascinating section of the book.

Part II consists of essays somewhat less precisely focussed on the subject. I must say that I kept feeling, as I progressed from one to another of these papers, first that the pace of the book had suddenly slowed down, and then that I was being led away from the point. Some of the essays, that of Renato Poggioli, for example, seemed to me to be restating, largely in the abstract, ideas already implicit in the material of Part I. Others, like that of Willard V. Quine, would be more at home in a work on general linguistics than here. I make no such criticism, however, of "Seven Agamemnon", by the book's

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editor, Reuben A. Brower, a brilliant essay on the significance of translations at various periods of history of an ancient author (here Aeschylus) as a means of illustrating the prevalent view of the nature of poetry at those periods. The last essay in this section is on "Automatic Translation", by Anthony G. Oettinger. After a clear account, suitably simplified for readers ignorant of electronics, of the way in which a translating machine might work, the author gives us an idea of some of the linguistic problems that would have to be solved by its creators. It appears from this, as from other accounts of machine translation (Locke and Booth's *Machine Translation of Languages*, for example) that the main obstacle to the realization of the translating machine is a lack of understanding of the problems of syntactical analysis. The author admits that the word-for-word "automatic dictionary" at present envisaged would produce a translation "not wholly intelligible", then adds that "when a polished, literary translation is required, the product of the automatic dictionary should provide excellent raw material". How little of the nature of translation, as so painstakingly set forth in the rest of the book, is revealed in these words!

Part III, the Critical Bibliography, seems quite comprehensive.

On Translation may be read by any literate person for pleasure and instruction. I wish it *would* be read by any publishers (if such publishers still exist!) who may be inclined to look upon translators as a species of literary drudges, and may plan to save money by employing one of doubtful qualifications. And oh! if only it could be declared "required reading" for those educational administrators who make school-children devote so much time to what they call "translation", apparently on the theory that this exercise is of great value in the learning of foreign languages!

Dalhousie University

H. F. AIKENS

New Zealand, 1769-1840: Early Years of Western Contact. By HARRISON M. WRIGHT. Harvard Historical Monographs, XLII. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], 1959. Pp. xii, 225. \$6.25.

Dr. Wright has written an excellent book, one that is among the two or three best books on New Zealand by American scholars, and one that well may be one of the best dozen or so in the last decade, regardless of origin. True, the book may be excellent for reasons other than those the author intended, for it arrives at few new conclusions and is even more limited than its title implies. But it nonetheless will be indispensable reading for any student of the Commonwealth.

In one sense the book is an intensive monograph, for it examines the impact of the *pākehā* (non-Maori) upon the Maori and of the Maori upon the *pākehā* within the compass of a relatively few years and in a single section of New Zealand: the Bay of Islands region of largely Ngāpuhi Maoris in the North Island. But in another sense the book is a work of synthesis, and it is here that its excellence lies. Dr. Wright, who first wrote his study as a doctoral dissertation at Harvard and who now teaches at Swarthmore College, has used a series of nine interwoven essays to examine three subjects: the extent and

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nature of white penetration after 1769; the reason for Maori depopulation; and the nature of the Maoris' changing patterns of behaviour. In so doing, he has drawn upon manuscript materials in New Zealand (especially at the Hocken Library in Dunedin), England, and the United States, and has woven such materials together with the aid of nearly every pertinent secondary work in history or anthropology. The result in almost every case is to support recently emerging interpretations of the period and to arrive at reasonable, moderate estimates on certain controversial subjects. Dr. Wright, for example, is neither pro- nor anti-missionary, and his humane, amusing picture of Samuel Marsden is typical of his approach.

The most interesting chapter to the present reviewer is that on "The Maori Domination," which demonstrates how the European often had to accept Maori ways. This and other chapters emphasize the tremendous resiliency of the Maori character. The reviewer, who has done some research on the question of how the Maori utilized Christianity for his own purpose in the Hau-Hau and Ringatu movements of the 1860's and thereafter, wishes that Dr. Wright had looked further into the precursor of these movements, the Papahurihia cult of the 1830's, for as he notes, no Maori killed a missionary during these early years of religious confusion but such murders did occur later. However, it is a testimony to his slightly informal but highly attractive prose that the reviewer wishes that it were Dr. Wright, and not someone else, who had the space to say more on such matters.

While a New Zealand historian once remarked, with justice, that no small country has had so much history written for it, Dr. Wright has demonstrated (as has Joseph Jones in his recently published book, *The Cradle of Erewhon: Samuel Butler in New Zealand*) that an American scholar can make a significant contribution in a field crowded with second-rate, but not first-rate, books. This reviewer hopes that in a subsequent volume the author will carry into the period of the Maori wars his superb abilities to synthesize.

Yale University

ROBIN W. WINKS

The Enduring Past: From Earliest Times to 1763. By JOHN TRUEMAN. Illustrated by VERNON MOULD. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1959. Pp. x, 517. \$3.75.

Although this volume has been written primarily as a textbook for senior high schools, it will provide interesting reading for those wishing a general introduction to ancient history and to the influences that have shaped the world in which we live.

The Enduring Past is arranged in six units: The Ancient Middle East to 500 B.C.; the Greeks; The Romans; Making the Middle Ages; the Medieval Transition; and Making the Modern World. Each unit contains source readings, definitions, outline questions on the text, and topics for discussion and research. The author is to be commended for his attempt to cater to students with greatly varying interests and ability.

The source readings include Hammurabi's code, Pericles' Funeral Oration, extracts from St. Benedict's rule and Machiavelli's *The Prince*, articles of the guild of London Hatters, Newton's Discovery of the law of gravitation, and Saint-Simon's description of

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Mr. Vernon Mould, Art Master at Upper Canada College, has provided many sketches to illustrate the architecture, customs, dress, weapons and other features of the times, and the accompanying legends provide an informative and lively supplement to the text. For instance, on page 305 below the drawing of a monk copying an illuminated manuscript we learn that in one severe winter a hungry bear broke into the library and devoured some leather parchments, including the monastery's only Bible. The illustrations break up solid blocks of text and introduce readers to the art and sculpture of the ancient world and Middle Ages. There are many clear maps and charts. The timetable of an arts student's day in the Middle Ages will be a revelation to most college students.

Dr. Trueman, assistant professor in the Department of History at McMaster University, has scattered provocative questions through his text for the purpose of making his readers think and note similarities between the modern world and ancient civilizations; for example, the ideals of education in Sparta and Athens are clearly expressed, ideals which are familiar in later centuries as those of Nazi Germany and Great Britain; and we can note problems common to the Roman Empire and to the United States of America.

The main emphasis is political, although the economic, philosophical, scientific, and cultural aspects of civilization are touched upon. The author outlines the development of law and government, and asks his readers searching questions as to why the democracy of Athens failed, why the Roman system of government collapsed, and how the world today can solve the problem of combining national and international citizenship without destroying our liberties.

The varied style, the provocative openings of the chapters, and the unusual bits of information should appeal to boys and girls, while teachers will like both the content and the format.

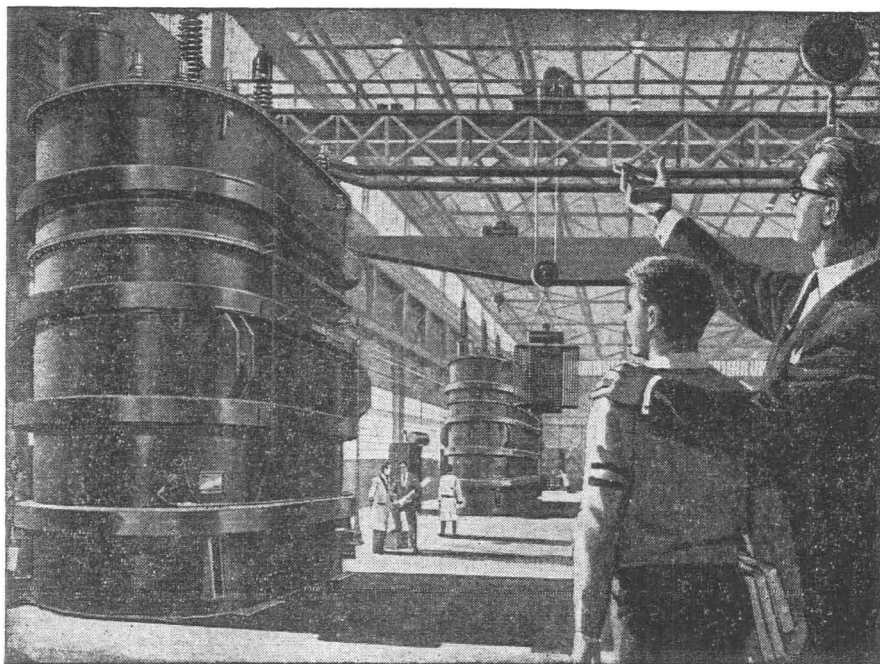
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PHYLLIS R. BLAKELEY

Slavery, A Problem in American Institutional and Intellectual Life. By STANLEY M. ELKINS. Chicago: University of Chicago Press [Toronto: University of Toronto Press], 1959. Pp. viii, 248. \$4.50.

Reviewers should be less generous with terms like "brilliant" and "superb," for such words lose their value when truly needed. Fortunately the present reviewer has found few occasions to use either term before and can bring both forth untarnished to describe this brief analytical (in the truest and fullest sense of the word) work. Professor Elkins, of the University of Chicago, has written, as the sub-title states, a prolegomena to the institutional history of American slavery. His book belongs on the shelf with those of Gilbert Freyre and Frank Tannenbaum, of Gunnar Myrdal, Melville Herskovitz, and C. Vann Woodward.

Professor Elkins has divided his analysis into four sections. After a lengthy introduction on the historiography of slavery—probably, by contrast, the weakest section of



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the book, for Elkins is a social scientist, not a historian—he moves on to describe the law of slavery in an institutional framework, to analyze slavery and personality, and—in the finest section of all—to follow the incredible anfractuosités of the mind of the intellectual in attacking, defending, and describing slavery.

This book may have less interest for Canadian readers than its broadly American title implies, for Professor Elkins is not concerned with (although undoubtedly aware of) slavery as it was manifested in British and French North America, and his one reference to Canada's own authority on Negro history—Fred Landon—is in error. But slavery, after all, is a problem for humanity, not nations, and as such Canadians should find the work of considerable interest.

Yale University

ROBIN W. WINKS

Unity 1942-1944: War Memoirs. By GENERAL DE GAULLE. Translated from the French by RICHARD HOWARD. LONDON: Weidenfeld and Nicolson [Toronto: McClelland and Stewart], 1959. Pp. 340. \$6.00.

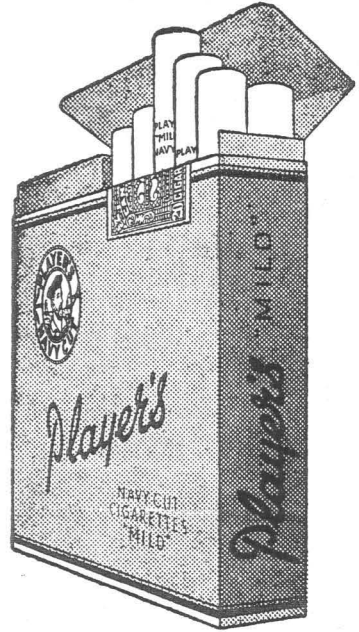
General Charles de Gaulle has found all too little time for writing. He has spent a goodly portion of his life in other, more energetic pursuits. In its way this is a pity, for the books de Gaulle has written have all been of a rare excellence. His pre-war military treatises, *The Army of the Future* and *The Edge of the Sword* displayed a mastery of prose style, a sweep of imagination, and a keen analytical intelligence seldom found in such works, and the two volumes of his war memoirs already published, while retaining these characteristics, have the additional merit of dealing with the great events in which the author himself played so conspicuous and noble a part.

De Gaulle's second volume of war memoirs covers the period between the spring of 1942 and the late summer of 1944. During these two and a half years the course of the Second World War underwent a complete change, with the balance of military success shifting conclusively to the Allied side. There had, of course, been earlier indications of better times. The Red Army had held before Moscow in December, 1941; and—equally decisive—the entry of the United States into the war had more than counteracted the addition of Japan to the Axis powers.

Nowhere, however, was the improvement in the fortunes of the Allies more apparent than in the case of Free France. For nearly two years before the spring of 1942, the real France had been symbolized by the gallant, but lonely and isolated, figure of one man—de Gaulle himself. By the fall of 1944, although this symbolism was if anything the more pronounced, France had already done much to regain her soul. Her fighting forces had again been engaged against the enemy, in North Africa, in Italy, and on her own soil, as well as on the seas and in the air; and there was, for the time at least, a new unity of purpose evident among all those Frenchmen who continued to fight. This improvement in the French position was, in very large measure, due to the efforts of General de Gaulle.

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It could not be expected, of course, that de Gaulle could set himself the objectives he did without encountering opposition. And although in the end that opposition proved quite unable to deter him, it has perhaps succeeded in unjustly lessening his reputation. De Gaulle came to be known as an unbending difficult man, proud, austere, and afflicted with the notion that he had been divinely chosen, as a sort of latter-day Joan of Arc, to save France.

This volume of memoirs makes it clear that there was some truth in many of these charges. Where the interests of his country were at stake, de Gaulle was certainly unbending; and those who were tempted to infringe upon French rights undoubtedly found him difficult. But if he was proud, it was of the thousand-year history of France; and if he was austere, it was because those who answer the call of greatness dare not be otherwise. There is, however, nothing in his correspondence, his speeches, or his actions to substantiate the little sneer that he thought of himself as a modern St. Joan. That parallel could more properly have been left for history to draw, as drawn it assuredly will be in all seriousness.

Unity 1942-1944 is basically the story of how de Gaulle, with little to help him make an acceptable bargain, nevertheless managed to unite the Fighting French by the sheer force of his own personality and integrity and to gain recognition for that unity from reluctant Allies. By the autumn of 1944, and even before then, de Gaulle had behind him not only the Free French in North Africa and the United Kingdom, but also the great mass of the French people at home. This volume shows in detail how this was achieved: the winning back of substantial portions of the French Empire under the Cross of Lorraine and the growth of the resistance movement in France itself.

In passing there are, of course, many incidental judgments on men and affairs, and some of these, supported as they are by the careful assembling of facts, are likely to modify accepted ideas. President Roosevelt, in particular, is shown in a far from favourable light, as a man who had no real conception of the place of France in European civilization and perhaps only a poor and meagre idea of what constituted European civilization itself. The account of how the simple soldier, General Giraud, was used in an attempt to undermine de Gaulle's prestige—and thereby the claims of France—does not make pretty reading, while the recognition extended to such a notorious collaborator with the Nazis as Admiral Darlan demonstrates with shocking clarity what kinds of political pressure were exerted against de Gaulle.

There is, however, a happy ending. This volume closes, appropriately enough, with the great surge of the *Magnificat* swelling up in Notre Dame on the afternoon of August 26, 1944. In the upper galleries of the cathedral, armed men were concealed, and these opened fire as the tall figure of de Gaulle walked slowly up the central aisle towards the choir. The man, who above all others had been responsible for the unity of liberated France, did not turn his head as the shots rang out. The disturbance was suppressed; the



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mighty Latin chant went on; and de Gaulle—as proud, unbending, and austere as ever—went deliberately to his appointed place to genuflect and kneel in prayer. History, which so frequently seems to have no dramatic sense of her own, will for this occasion need no embellishment.

In short, the General's own story of these years is an invaluable contribution to the history of our times. More than this, the simple grace of its style is likely to ensure the book a permanent place among the classics of the twentieth century.

Historical Section, Canadian Army Headquarters

D. J. GOODSPEED

Canadian Books

Atlantic Anthology. Edited by WILL R. BIRD and ALEC LUCAS. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1959. Pp. 310. \$6.00.

An anthology, like a human life, takes much of its quality from its sense of purpose, and the avowed aim of this one is to portray the Atlantic provinces in their history, their human and physical background, their achievements, and their own literature. For whom is the portrait assembled? That is nowhere defined, but the air of nostalgia that hangs over so many of the modern selections suggests the army of homesick Maritimers that every generation sends westward. There is little here describing the changing provinces of today. Hugh MacLennan's "Portrait of a City" was written yesterday of a Halifax a generation gone. The book faces backward, and even Joseph Smallwood's vision of a prosperous Newfoundland looks forward from the days of commission government, now past.

The selections from early history include old favourites that need no introduction, and a few that are less available. Cabot and Champlain form part of every history of Canada. Denys may have been mentioned, but he is less familiar, and deservedly so. The editors have limited themselves to short prefaces to the four sections of the book, a commendable discretion; but dates of authorship might often have helped. There is nothing in the text to suggest to the uninformed a difference in period between Lescarbot's capable and comparatively orderly savages and the drunken and unruly Indians of Denys, whereas dates of 1608 and *c.* 1668 might point up the contributions of two generations of French trade to Indian culture. Similarly the idyllic picture of the nine *Publicos* might mislead a misguided stranger to seek for oxen on the lawns there today. The Maritimes change with the years, and only the memories of youth remain the same. Here the idealized past far outweighs the objective glimpses—of hungry cattle, of parents afraid to forbid their sons to whistle on the Sabbath, of Sam Slick's humorous scorn of behaviour as common in Nova Scotia (and in Sam Slick's New England) now as then.

The wide variety in this book misses little of Maritime achievement and of Maritime writing, as far as its scope allows. It could not have been complete without a sample

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of Joseph Howe hammering responsible government home in Ciceronian sentences a hundred words long. Murdoch's history is represented by the familiar, and inadequately told, story of "The Shannon and the Chesapeake". Raddall's description of the Halifax explosion is perhaps not his best writing, but it comes from the histories that may well be his most enduring work. The short stories fall between two extremes: those in which the background is all-important and the characters are lay figures; and those built around emotional incidents in a generalized setting. Only rarely, in "Spring Release" by Grace Tomkinson and in "David Leaves Home" by Ernest Buckler, are the emotional theme and the Maritime setting adequately blended. The L. M. Montgomery books could not be overlooked, but the single *Anne* story brings a bathos of immaturity into a volume that—apart from occasional ghosts and giants and treasure-hunts—is reasonably adult.

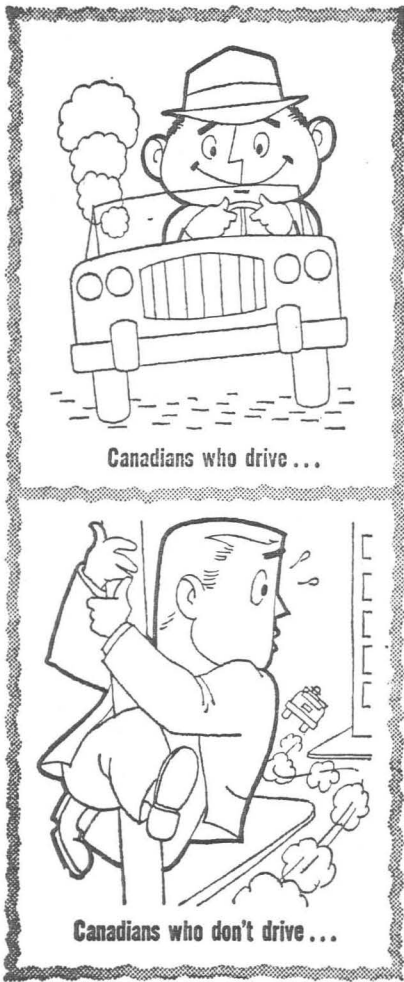
The volume is punctuated with verse that makes no pretence to fitting into the historical divisions. Howe's "To a Mayflower" is probably the only poem present for purely historical reasons, and it merely arouses mild surprise that the master of flamboyant rhetoric could have produced these thin sentimental tinklings. Some pieces fail to classify, especially the charming "Maiden of Passamaquoddy" which studies the delights of New Brunswick's rivers and finds paradise

Where the swift gliding Skoodawabskooksis
Unites with the Skoodawabskook.

Most of the other verses seem divided between the Fredericton school and the more recent nostalgics.

An excellent study, "Creative Moments in the Culture of the Maritime Provinces", by Alfred G. Bailey, suggests the background to the Fredericton movement. The Family Compacts of Tory dominance, Church, and established business had nurtured a small but cultured intelligentsia which was left suddenly meaningless in the stormy rise of the new bourgeois society. The tide of faith was then on the ebb, and a century of fashionable natural history had culminated in Darwinism. Torn from their traditional moorings, these men found new foothold in a love of nature resembling Wordsworth's pantheism, and the result was a flowering of poetry more genuine than any produced in Canada until that time. Charles Roberts led the movement, and he is represented here by "Tantramar Revisited", a Niagara of rhythmic syllables carrying a rivulet of content, and by one of his animal stories which, like most of his fiction, have survived only among the pre-adolescent. Theodore, his brother, shows here as the most genuine of the group. Bliss Carman, weaving elusive emotional threads into his descriptions, contrives a sense of greater intricacy at cost of one's confidence. Today these poems seem sadly old-fashioned, for they are written in educated English and planned in memorable form, and the introversion which was their poets' refuge from a rough-and-tumble present is equally of a past age.

The nostalgics, on the other hand, are the voice of extroverts whose souls are in their surroundings, of uprooted farmers and fishermen-born cast as slave-labour into the industrial cities. They are full of youth-gilded memories of swaying ox-teams and boulder-strewn pastures and grey breakwaters tiptoeing out into a misty sea. It is a formula of Maritime poetry, but some of the shapeless verses, notably Charles Bruce's "Words Are



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Never Enough", touch the robe-hem of poetry. They tell the homelessness of the uprooted who have not been reconciled by the husks that the swine did eat. Often one sees the exiles returning in large cars financed by these same husks, and they gaze blankly over the old scenes, groping for golden hours in a waste of alders and collapsed cellars. The oxen have become hamburger, the pastures pulpwood; the breakwaters are in ruins. The Maritimes have moved on, and the external soul that the exiles have built of their memories is homeless, and they know no other. Kabir would have pitied them:

"Go where thou wilt, to Toronto, or to Vancouver, if thy soul is a stranger to thee, the whole world is unhomeily."

Wolfville, N. S.

J. S. ERSKINE

The Arthur Papers, being the Canadian papers mainly confidential, private, and demi-official of Sir George Arthur, K.C.H., last Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, in the Manuscript Collection of the Toronto Public Libraries. Vol. III. Edited by CHARLES R. SANDERSON. Toronto: Toronto Public Libraries and University of Toronto Press, 1959. Pp. 603. \$10.00.

The appearance of the third volume of *The Arthur Papers* completes the publication of this most interesting and valuable collection. Almost 2000 manuscripts have been carefully and painstakingly transcribed and edited and now fill 1476 printed pages. Although some general remarks on Arthur's career, particularly his tenure of office in Upper Canada, have already been offered (*Dalhousie Review*, XXXVIII (1), Spring, 1958, 85-7), some more detailed comments on the contents of these volumes seem justified here.

The first volume opens with a very few items concerning Arthur's administration in Van Diemen's land and events in Upper Canada before 1838, but the bulk of the papers relates to Arthur and Upper Canada in 1838, that first troubled year after the Rebellion. Arthur weathered this year of "Patriot" attacks from American bases, repelling the invaders and settling the domestic aftermaths of the Rebellion by a firm policy that countenanced neither tory demands for revenge nor radical pleas for leniency. Alarms and incursions from Windsor to Prescott, the trials of prisoners, legislative attempts to remedy the most flagrant grievances of the Province—these and many other extraordinary exertions added to the burden of routine administration must have made 1838 one of the busiest years of Arthur's life. But to his discomfort Arthur found himself temporarily displaced when Lord Durham, commission in hand, arrived to pry, enquire, and search for a panacea for the disease of colonial unrest. Like many contemporaries, Arthur viewed Durham's recommendations as the beginning of the end for the "monarchical principle" and the "British connexion" in what remained of the North American Empire.

The second volume carries us forward through 1839 to the spring of 1840. In this interval Arthur was once more displaced as Lieutenant-Governor—and for a longer time—by C. P. Thomson, the future Lord Sydenham, who had come as Governor-General to implement most of those very reforms which Durham had advocated and which Arthur so much feared. Sir George found himself, to his great spiritual distress, engaged as



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Thomson's assistant in the work of destroying the constitution and parties which he had hitherto so manfully defended.

This final volume shows Sir George Arthur at his best, dutifully aiding and abetting Lord Sydenham in establishing the new Union of the Canadas, acting as his go-between in the general election of 1841 (perhaps the most controversial and corrupt election in Canada's history), and hating every hour that his sense of Imperial duty alone required him to spend in the midst of muddy Upper Canadian politics. Released at last from this onerous and unlovely task in the spring of 1841, Arthur returned to England and passed in time into Imperial service in India. He did not, however, forget his experience or friends in Canada, and the closing letters of this volume attest to his continuing interest in Canadian affairs several years after his departure from this country.

The fact that most of these printed Arthur papers are "private and confidential" makes them doubly interesting and valuable. Private motives and private opinions now become public property. Never in an official document would a Lieutenant-Governor refer to his superiors, Durham and Sydenham, as "the two Great Autocrats", or a Governor-General call Robert Baldwin's influential father "that mischievous old ass". As a source of political history the Arthur papers deserve to stand side by side with the invaluable correspondence of Lords Elgin and Grey. As a source of social history they provide incidental information on conditions of everyday life, travel, army routine, and personal relations in a society still unsophisticated, if not crude, by Old World standards.

The editorial work that has gone into the transcription, collation, and technical presentation of these papers is above the mildest reproach. Where material did not relate to Canadian affairs, the editors have commendably seen fit to summarize the contents in calendar form. No effort has been spared to produce a work that is at once useful, interesting, and most attractive in format. The analytic index has been carefully prepared, and considering the size and scope of the whole undertaking, the number of typographical errors that appear in the three volumes is literally unbelievably small. *The Arthur Papers* may never repay the cost of publication, but future generations of students of Canadian history will have ample reason to admire and praise the scholarly work of the late Dr. Sanderson and his editorial successors who have made the Arthur papers available to them.

Carleton University

JOHN S. MOIR

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz. By MORDECAI RICHLER. Don Mills, Ontario: Andre Deutsch, 1959. Pp. 319. \$3.75.

The novel of apprenticeship to life usually takes a native hero and educates him in the ways of the world. Mr. Richler's "hero," like a modern-day Jonathan Wild, is wise in the ways of the world to begin with; this is not the story of how he learns by his experiences, but the story of how he gets what he wants. "Where Duddy Kravitz sprung from the boys grew up dirty and sad," we are told; and Duddy is the worst of a bad lot. The early chapters show him in a Blackboard Jungle located in the Jewish district of Mont-



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real. But there is nothing comic about Duddy's schoolboy pranks: they drive one of his teachers to a mental home, after they have caused the death of the teacher's wife. Duddy is malicious, callous, and utterly without decency—in every way fit, Mr. Richler stresses, to be the hero of a novel about coming up the hard way.

One of Duddy's two obsessions is put into his head by his grandfather, who repeatedly tells him, "A man without land is nobody." The other is attributable to his father, who has stimulated his imagination with stories about the legendary Jerry Dingleman, the Boy Wonder—another St. Urbain product who rose from rags to ill-got riches. Through a girl named Yvette, Duddy finds the piece of land he wants, a hidden beauty spot beside a still blue lake in the Laurentians, the perfect location for a resort development. The book is the story of how this scrawny teen-ager fulfils his dream. In the process he lies, cheats, steals, smuggles, attempts blackmail, and commits forgery; he ruins his own health and cripples a man who works for him; he loses every friend, loses Yvette, and leaves his father and his grandfather disgusted with him. But he gets his land. And at the end he has become another Boy Wonder, about whose career his father can weave legends: "He was born on the wrong side of the tracks with a rusty spoon in his mouth . . . a motherless boy, . . . but one who thrived on adversity, like Maxim Gorki or Eddy Cantor, if you're familiar with their histories."

Mr. Richler seems to be saying, "Here is what it takes to be a success in your free-enterprise scramble. Take a good look at what the budding young capitalist is like." This theme is made fairly explicit by a wealthy scrap dealer named Cohen, who says that he would cut the throat of his best customer for an extra half a cent a ton.

It's a battlefield, he thought, it sure is. But you and I, Duddy, we're officers, and that makes it even harder . . . We're captains of our souls, so to speak, and they're the cabin boys. Cabin boys, poor kids, often get left standing on the burning deck . . . It's a battlefield. I didn't make it (I wasn't asked). I've got to live, that's all.

So that we may realize that not only Jews possess this outlook on life, we are introduced to a rich resident of Westmount, Mr. Calder: the same avarice is present, but with a greater façade of gentility. Mr. Richler's theme seems to be that used in England by one Angry Young Novelist after another—the only way to rise in the world is to sell yourself, and any kind of success is a form of degradation. All too clearly, the theme is one which Mr. Richler has encountered in books rather than in life; there seems to be no good reason why, after it has become shopworn in England, it should be exported to Canada.

Duddy's career also illustrates another familiar theme, the Jewish search for status in a predominantly gentile community. But Duddy, intent on becoming a Boy Wonder, suffers few doubts about desirable social goals; he leaves such worries to others, especially his Uncle Benjy and his brother Lennic. Lennic reflects most of the possible attitudes, from repudiation of his family and cultivation of the gentiles to seeking fulfilment of his racial heritage in Israel. Most of the younger people are orthodox only when it suits them, and their compromises are depicted in scornful terms by Mr. Richler. He has much more respect for their elders, such as the old man who walks five miles rather than break the Sabbath by riding in a car. He is especially scornful in dealing with people

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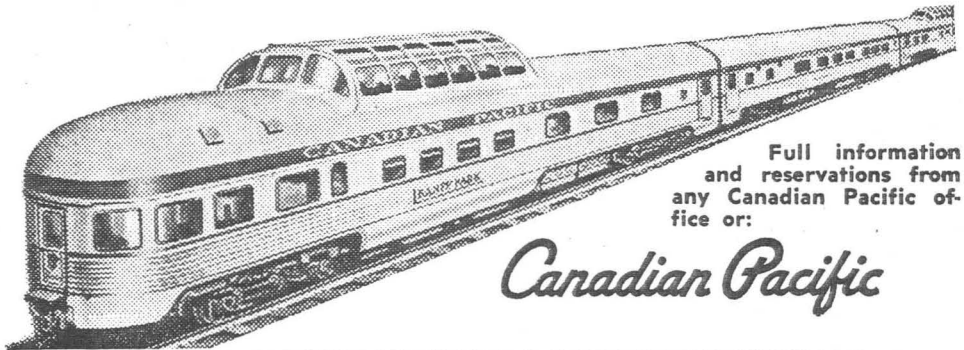
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like Rabbi Harvey Goldstone, M.A., "a fervent supporter of Jewish and Gentile Brotherhood, and a man who unfailingly offered his time to radio stations as a spokesman for the Jewish point of view on subjects that ranged from 'Does Israel Mean Divided Loyalties?' to 'The Jewish Attitude to Household Pets.'" Uncle Benjy makes the point with expressive disgust: "'There used to be be,' he said, 'some dignity in being against the synagogue. With a severe orthodox rabbi there were things to quarrel about. There was some pleasure. But this cream-puff of a synagogue, this religious drugstore, you might as well spend your life being against the *Reader's Digest*. They've taken all the mystery out of religion.'"

This theme is not dealt with very seriously, however; its chief use is for humorous incongruities. But, even though it is at times very amusing, this book is not what it has been said to be—one of the funniest books of the year; a great deal of the humour is extremely distasteful. The book has other serious weaknesses, particularly in characterization. The Jewish characters, whose backgrounds and conversation are realistically conveyed, possess a certain solidity; the others possess almost no reality at all. Perhaps the best example is Yvette. The reader keeps wondering why she takes so long to realize that there is not a decent sentiment in Duddy's body; but he becomes aware that Yvette exists in name only. As with his theme, Mr. Richler in his writing gives an impression of striving to be up to date, particularly by his omission of connectives and transitions.

The book seems to be authentic description of a Jewish area in Montreal. As a satire on the money-maker, however, it is too contrived, too bitter, and too simple in its approach. Mr. Richler does not convince us that he is describing the situation which actually exists; rather we feel that he is approaching his material with certain preconceptions derived from a type of fiction which happens to be fashionable. His unconventionality, in other words, is too conventional.

Royal Military College

D. J. DOOLEY

Books in Brief

At the Tide's Turn and Other Stories. By THOMAS H. RADDALL. Introduction by ALLAN BEVAN. Pp. ix, 178. \$1.00.

Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. Introduction by RALPH L. CURRY. Pp. xi, 157. \$1.00.

Habitant Poems. By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND. Introduction by ARTHUR L. PHELPS. Pp. 111. \$1.00.

Poets of the Confederation. Edited and with an introduction by MALCOLM ROSS. Pp. xiv, 130. \$1.50.

Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1960. General editor: Malcolm Ross.

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he well demonstrates in these eleven stories chosen from *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek*, *Tambour*, and *The Wedding Gift*. Leacock's *Arcadian Adventures*, in bringing satire to bear on the North-American city (Montreal, but also a type of all cities on this continent), is a companion volume to *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*. Here the satire is more biting, for Leacock was more disturbed by folly and corruption in high places than by the amusing foibles of the humble citizens of Mariposa. Nevertheless, his characteristic humour and urbanity remain to make his picture of "the idle rich" much unlike that of Sinclair Lewis. The dialect verse of Drummond, though ably defended by Arthur L. Phelps, is almost forgotten now (as Mr. Phelps says, "the Drummond vogue is dead"), and one wonders whether it is worth reviving. At least it is doubtful that the slight work of Drummond deserves the honour of a volume to itself when in the same Series four of Drummond's betters are crowded into a similar space. These four are Roberts, Carman, Lampman, and D. C. Scott, as represented in Malcolm Ross's excellent little edition. The editor has tried to avoid repetition of stock anthology pieces and in particular has excluded the well known unless it also represents the best of the poets—for example, neither Roberts' bombastic patriotic and imperialistic verse nor Carman's vapid "metaphysical" effusions are included. Instead, we have truly the best of these four Victorian poets.

They Who Fought Here. Text by BELL IRVIN WILEY. Illustrations selected by HIRST D. MILHOLLEN. New York: The Macmillan Company [Galt: Brett-Macmillan Limited], 1959. Pp. vii, 273. \$10.00.

This is a well-produced and profusely illustrated book on the American Civil War. It is primarily concerned with the attitudes, conditions of service, and daily lives of the soldiers—their civilian backgrounds, their enlistment, their conceptions of the enemy, and their training, rationing, clothing, weapons, diversions, and casualties. In such an account, which restricts itself to the details of soldiering and does not venture into wider aspects of the War, the numerous photographs supplement rather than merely decorate the text. To anyone who wishes to know what it was like to be a soldier in the Union or Confederate armies, this book should be most enlightening.

Anerca. Edited by EDMUND CARPENTER. Drawings by ENOESWEETOK. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1959. Pp. 42. \$2.75.

An unusual little collection of Eskimo poems translated into English, with drawings by an Eskimo of Baffin Island. The drawings were collected in 1913-14 by Robert Flaherty, the film-maker and explorer who died in 1951. The title of the volume is the Eskimo word for the soul, "that which is eternal: the breath of life". Dr. Carpenter explains that "in



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Eskimo the word to make poetry is the word to breathe; both are derivations of *anerca*." Paper, design, and typography are all of high quality.

Marcel Proust: a Biography. By RICHARD H. BARKER. New York: Criterion Books [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company, Limited], 1959. Pp. x, 373. \$7.75.

So much has now been written about Marcel Proust that one wonders what a new biography can have to offer. What is there, for example, in Richard H. Barker's book that is not to be found in André Maurois' *A la Recherche de Marcel Proust* (1949), translated in 1950 as *Portrait of a Genius?* Barker's book makes use, of course, of recently published material—certain letters, the unfinished novel *Jean Santeuil*, the critical essays *Contre Sainte-Beuve*—unknown to Maurois in 1949, but Barker's account of this material does not add *very* much to our understanding of Proust and his work. Barker gives us the most complete picture yet of Proust the strange man, but Maurois leads us to a deeper comprehension of the artistry of Proust the literary genius.

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