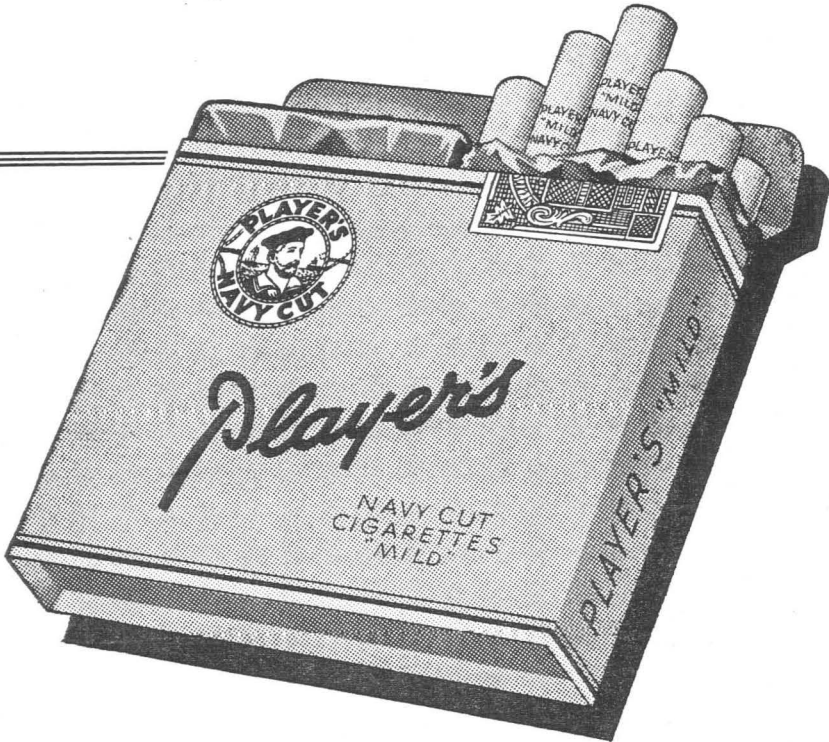


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NEW BOOKS

MUST NIGHT FALL?, by Major Tufton Beamish, M.C., M.P. Hollis & Carter, London. 12s. 6d.

This book has as its main purpose a careful exposition of the process by which, under direct orders from Moscow and with the support of the Red Army, tiny Communist minorities in Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary systematically exterminated all national opposition. The author is a young Conservative M.P. who has specialized in foreign affairs and devoted all his available time to travel and research. He pays special tribute to those invaluable sources *Continental News Service* and *East Europe*, with their heavily documented weekly commentaries on the countries behind the Iron Curtain. Anyone who has followed carefully the grim annals of the corruption, torture, murder and terror by which Communist dictatorships have been forced on these unhappy countries will find that Major Beamish has given us a masterly analysis of it all.

A secondary aim of the book is to assess the significance of the Red triumph in Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary for political life in Great Britain. The author finds that the crucial factor in the destruction of national freedom in each case was the willingness of Marxist Socialists to team up with the Communists in order to achieve the same revolutionary dream; and he sees the same mentality in the Left-wing members of the British Labour Party. That these same East European Socialists were presently liquidated, along with many of the Communists, as the hand of Moscow tightened on the national throat, is not relevant to that fact that they shared in full responsibility for the destruction of human freedom in their several countries.

Major Beamish claims that there is a great rift in the British Labour Party between a Christian majority that is leaderless and hypnotised by Socialist dreams and an aggressive Marxist minority that is anti-Christian, pro-Communist, and inveterately totalitarian in character. He sees the latter increasingly responsible for the steady extinction of individual liberties between 1945 and 1951. He urges his readers not to underestimate the power of 40,000 British Communists stationed today in strategic posts of conspiracy in every part of English industrial, administrative and professional life. A partnership between them and the fanatical Marxist Socialists might, he feels, be fatal to British freedom.

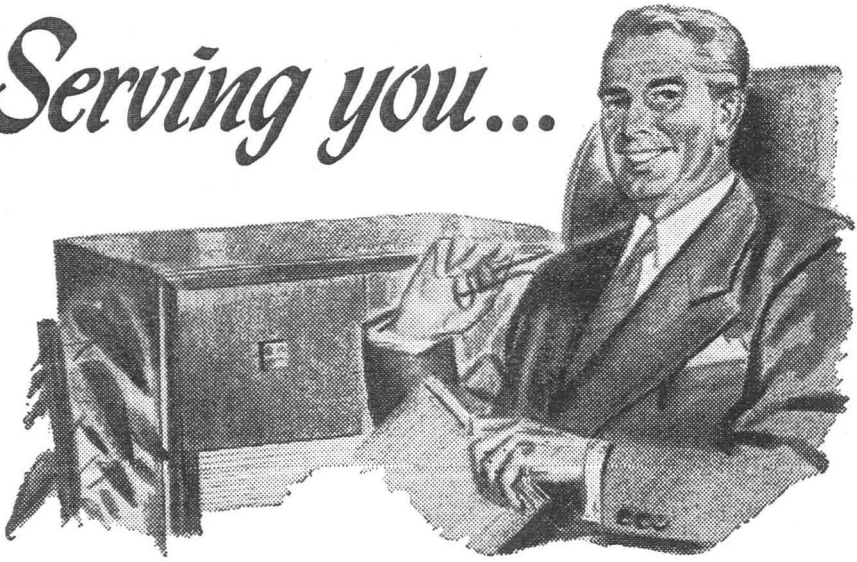
A major criticism of this part of the book is that while he earlier recognized the important role played in each East European tragedy by a Soviet Army of Occupation, Major Beamish seems to assume that a similar disaster may come in Britain without any such compulsion from an armed alien Power. He may be right, but his argument appears to be weakest at this point.

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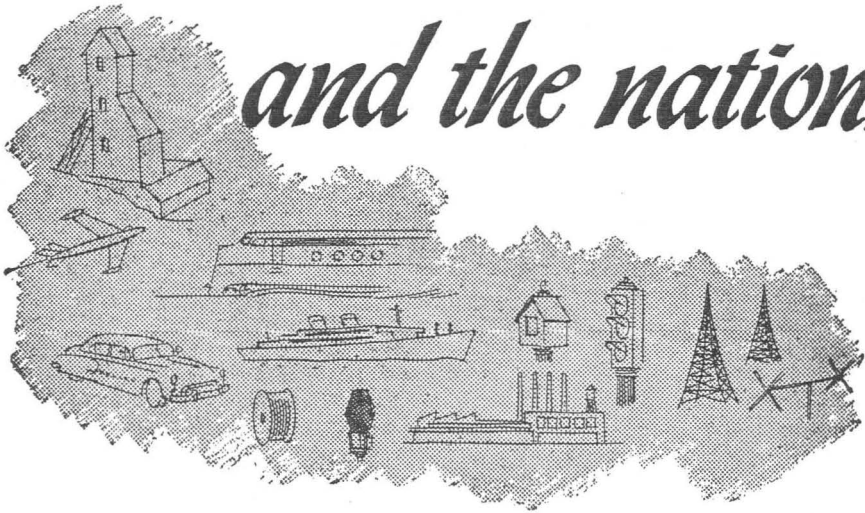
A DOCTOR'S PILGRIMAGE, by Edmund A. Brassett, M.D. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. Ltd. \$4.00.

It is not very frequently that a reviewer finds himself compelled to express unqualified approval of a book by a new writer, but if any

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book to come to our attention within the past few years demands such treatment, *A Doctor's Pilgrimage* does. It is the autobiography of a comparatively recent graduate in Medicine from Dalhousie University, Edmund Brasset, who was born in the mining town of Inverness, Cape Breton, had his heart set on becoming a brain surgeon, but saw his dream fade when lack of funds forced him into general practice. He set up in business first at Canso, on the advice of an older medical friend, but found that while he had no lack of work, his patients were so poor that they were unable to pay for his attentions, and that he often had to diagnose and prescribe and then pay for the drugs to fill his own prescriptions. After acquiring some experience and a good many debts, he transferred his base of operations to New Waterford, Cape Breton. Here he practically repeated his experience at Canso, except that the burden of debt was compensated for by his marriage to an attractive nurse from the general hospital at New Waterford. However, try as he would, the debts continued to mount.

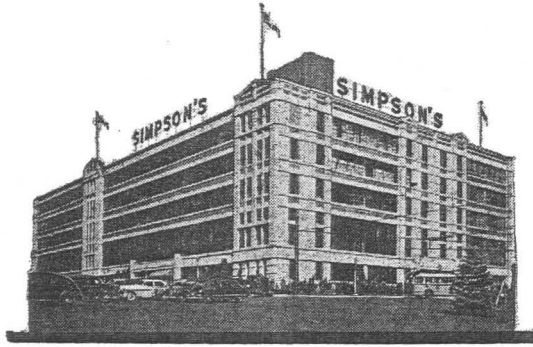
Finally, when his economic situation was becoming desperate, he heard of a vacancy at the Nova Scotia Hospital, at Dartmouth, and was successful in securing the appointment for a period of one year. With his expenses paid and his living quarters assured for the next twelve months at least, he found that conditions at the hospital were more pleasant than he had anticipated. He found, too, that he had endeared himself to the patients to the point where they were trying to repay him by making articles of furniture and other gifts for him and his family, and one of the most touching portions of the narrative recounts the efforts of the patients on his behalf.

With the approach of the end of his tenure at the Nova Scotia Hospital, he began looking about for a new field of endeavour, and in quest of a suitable one visited the village of Little Brook, Digby County, on the advice of a dentist-friend of his college days. Here he found things to his liking, and moved to the village with his wife and baby son, settling in a new house which he rented for the princely sum of \$5.00 per month.

But that wasn't all. Housewives faced with today's prices will turn green with envy to learn that Dr. Brasset was able to buy round steak for 15c a pound, T-bone for 18c and stew beef for 10c. And then, to cap it all, his meat man even tossed in liver free of charge. Into this Utopia, however, came word from New York that an old and almost forgotten application Brasset had made many months before for acceptance at a large neuro-surgical hospital had been approved, and he set out to New York to investigate.

Arrived there he was plunged at once into the work toward which he had unremittingly striven during his earlier days. But something was missing from his life. This huge hospital, these noted doctors, the staff nurses were too impersonal, too cold. Brasset began to realize what the personal contacts he had made as a general practitioner had meant to him, and the desire grew to return to that type of work. What he eventually did provides the climax to one of the most absorbing books we have read in years.

A Doctor's Pilgrimage is a heart-warming, thoroughly readable



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and intensely interesting narrative that will hold the attention as thoroughly as any thriller, and it will prove once again the truth of the old saying that *Truth is stranger than fiction*. In this case, it is even more exciting.

C. F. B.

THE FRASER, by Bruce Hutchison. (Rivers of America Series).
Clarke, Irwin & Co. Limited, Toronto. \$4.50.

It has been said repeatedly that the fur trade brought about the exploration of the Canadian Northwest. If that claim be true, it may have been the lure of the fur trade that first tempted men to explore the mighty torrent that is the Fraser river. But the fur trade faded almost into insignificance beside the greater lure of gold to be found along the course of the turbulent stream, which resulted, among other things, in the building of a series of wild and lawless towns along its banks. Of these settlements, declares Mr. Bruce Hutchison, the town of Barkerville was outstanding. "Of all the goldtowns in America," he writes, "Barkerville must have been the maddest. You had to walk 600 miles from the coast to reach it. When you got there you paid \$300 a barrel for flour, \$2.50 a pound for dried apples, \$50 for a pair of boots, and by now (around 1861) you could hardly find a yard of gravel not already staked, washed and drained of gold." Ironically enough, Billy Barker, a Cornish sailorman who gave the town its name and who was co-discoverer of one of the richest gold strikes in the history of the west, returned to his ship at Victoria finally, as penniless as when he had deserted it and set out for the gold diggings. But miners were not the only ones who sought fortune from the gold of the Fraser territory. Let Mr. Hutchison continue his record:

"But still they came up the Fraser on boats to Yale, through the jungle of the Harrison, by the lakes back to the Fraser, then up a mile in the air over Pavilion Mountain, down the other side by a goat track, over the rolling plateau . . . and down into the tortured valley where Williams Creek had once run clearly through the woods and now ran dark and muddy through the miners' tailings.

"Not only miners followed that long trail from the sea. There were men in city clothes, top hats and tail coats . . . there were plump, painted German dancehall girls . . . escaped criminals from the States who lived on robbery and murder . . . And right behind them stalked the majestic figure of Judge Begbie, who carried the law in his head."

In the midst of all this lawlessness men strove to bring about some semblance of law and order—and finally succeeded. In the interim, however, the life in the gold camps was rugged in the extreme, as grim and hard as the trail from the more effete East. But we run ahead of Mr. Hutchison's narrative. It is a much broader canvas on which he limns his first few bold strokes. As he says, "No man stands beside the Fraser river without sensing the precarious hold of his species upon the earth . . . In this grisly trench, bored out of solid rock through unimaginable time by the scour of brown water,

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the long history of lifeless matter, the pitifully brief record of life, the mere moment of man's existence, are suddenly legible."

Mr. Hutchison finds that the history of the Fraser river is the history of Canada's west coast, the story of British Columbia and its people, yet, despite the richness of its story, it is one of the least known chapters in this country's history. And it is precisely with the idea of seeing to it that the tale shall no longer be among those "least known" that the author unfolds the narrative of the mighty Fraser, from the days of Spanish discovery to those of the founding of Vancouver, "the most remarkable product of the river," and including the arduous trip of its discoverer, Simon Fraser, who felt he had failed in his mission after navigating the hitherto unexplored artery in the face of the most stupendous difficulties in the belief that it was the Columbia. "This river," he wrote in his journal, "is, therefore, not the Columbia. If I had been convinced of this when I left my canoes I would certainly have returned." British Columbians have ample reason to be glad that he did not turn back.

In addition to the golden wealth discovered in 1857 along the banks of the Fraser, the richness of its salmon fisheries had begun to be noticed; and today, though the gold yield has shrunk to a trickle, a new and prolific source of wealth has replaced it in those salmon fisheries.

The whole gripping saga of the opening of the Canadian West Coast is recounted in *The Fraser*, including the tragic tale of the ill-fated "Overlanders" expedition, surely one of the maddest ventures ever undertaken by emigrants from the United Kingdom, many of whom left not only their fortunes, but their bones, on the rough trail along the river's channel, the repeated efforts of men to tame the river and navigate it, the later efforts to harness its mighty power to the service of man; Mr. Hutchison tells his readers how one after another of the grandiose schemes failed; how the river continued to follow its ageless course; of the coming of the railroads, and of the work of a young engineer, Sir Sanford Fleming, which aided materially in fixing the route of the Canadian Pacific—a man who left his mark on both coasts of the country, as Fleming Memorial Park, on the western slopes of the famed Northwest Arm, at Halifax, will testify—and who also was instrumental in working out the different "time zones" now adopted on both sides of the Atlantic.

Over the entire story of the Fraser, Hutchison has thrown a cloak of nostalgic romanticism, but strangely enough, he is also a realist. He can (and does) make excursions back along the stream of time and indulge in fanciful speculation as to prehistoric days in his beloved province; yet in the next moment he whisks his readers back into the present; he can (and does) write of the colorful characters who made the story of British Columbia's past as fascinating as it appears in his book; he can (and does) depict the sadness that comes over him as he contemplates the scenes of great events of the past today and notes the changes that have taken place; he can (and does) whet the appetite of the sportsman by his vivid description of the angling and hunting possibilities of his native province. As a good reporter, too, he does not neglect the political side of the story of British Columbia. Through it all, however, the mighty Fraser river flows, justifying his

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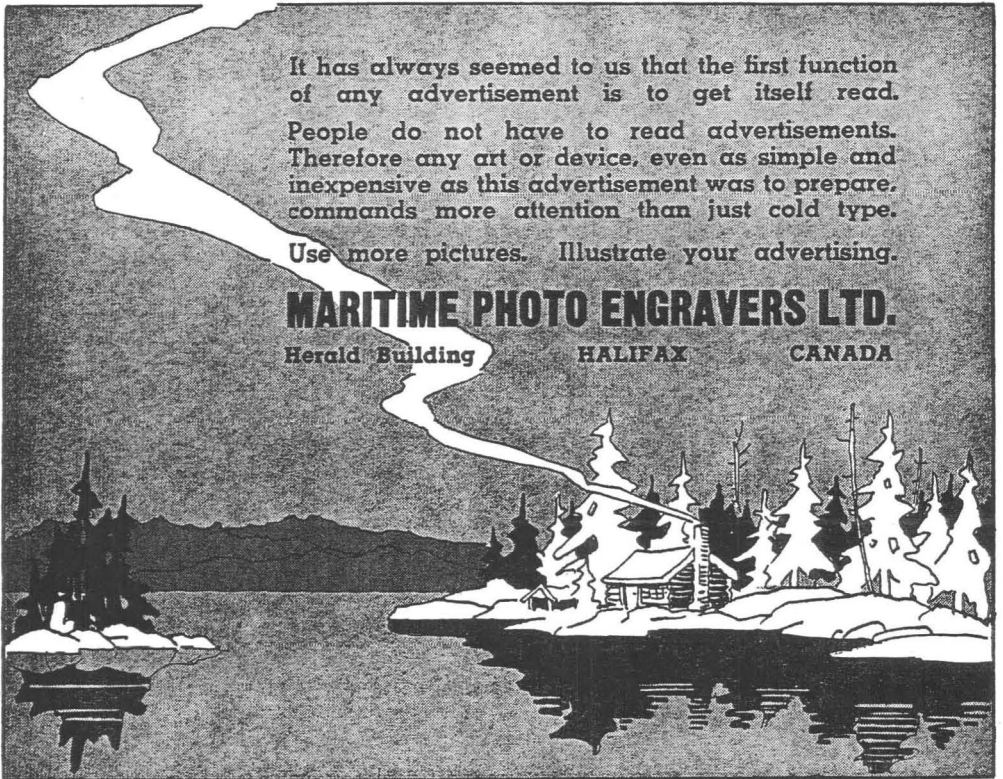
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claim made at the outset that the story of the Fraser is the story of British Columbia, its natural resources, its beauty, its people and its politics, industries, and institutions. It is a colorful and entralling tale of hardship, peril, and of the gradual emergence of law and order out of a maelstrom of violence and conflicting forces and interests. It is engrossing reading, and makes one take an even greater pride in being a Canadian than he may have had before.

The Fraser is probably Mr. Hutchison's outstanding literary achievement to date in a lengthening list of literary milestones that have marked his brilliant career.

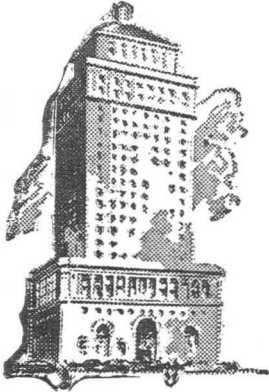
C. F. B.

POPE AND HIS CRITICS: A STUDY IN PERSONALITIES. By W. L. MacDonald. J. M. Dent & Sons. \$4.25.

Of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago." The more cynical might say, however, that Professor MacDonald has been emptying the garbage tins of the 18th century and poking round in the contents, looking for possible gems. Actually, the book is not designed for the ordinary reader or even for the general reader in the 18th century; it is rather for the specialist in Pope, for whom it brings together a wealth of hardly accessible material.

George Saintsbury entitled one of his works *The Peace of the Augustans*. In theory the Augustans may have sought peace, but in practice 18th century literary life more closely resembled a fairly active volcano, spewing forth at regular intervals black smoke and scorching lava. Politics and personalities seem to have played a greater part in criticism than did aesthetic principles. Professor MacDonald, now retired from the Department of English in the University of British Columbia, re-emphasizes this in his study of Pope's relations with the critics during his life and his fate at their hands after his death until the end of the century.

Professor MacDonald comes to the conclusion that during his life Pope's friends wrote eulogistic verse and his enemies made vicious personal attacks whenever Pope published a new work; this is not a new or profound discovery, but in the course of making it Professor MacDonald introduces us to a large number of out-of-the-way pamphlets that illuminate the period admirably. In his chapter on *The Dunciad* he discusses the question of general *versus* personal satire; general satire has as its object the reformation of manners, but "certainly in the poem itself there is ample evidence that Pope was more bent on castigating the Dunces than on reforming them" (p. 174). That is a sound conclusion and is borne out by the fact, which the author makes clear, that Pope very probably published the "Bathos" in order to provoke his opponents to reply and so give him a seemingly good reason for *The Dunciad*. The state of criticism is well summed up in the following quotation: "It is another sad commentary on the state of contemporary criticism, that only a single observation which could be called 'literary' remains in one's mind from all the deluge of articles that issued from the press on the occasion of the publication



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of the *Dunciad*—a poem which some critics rate as a major classic of English literature.”

Professor MacDonald is good on the early lives of Pope, which are not easily obtainable. He tries to be fair to that thoroughly unlikable man, Warburton. He has a good essay on the merits and demerits of Johnson's *Life of Pope*, and in his discussion of Joseph Warton's studies of Pope, Professor MacDonald essays the task of evaluating Warton's real understanding of the newer approach to criticism and literature.

One might quarrel with the author's attitude towards orthodox 18th century criticism. He is very skeptical of what was meant by taste; he refers to “the stifling air of eighteenth-century ‘decorum’.” The trouble seems to be that Professor MacDonald has little appreciation of the classical point of view in literature, and that he does not clearly differentiate among classical, neoclassical and pseudoclassical points of view. Good critics of the period, knowing that taste is the offspring of genius and learning, could laugh at those who took refuge in a “je ne sais quoi” attitude; decorum, in the true classical sense, as Miss Tuve has shown us, has a much deeper significance than Professor MacDonald's remark (quoted above) would suggest. Judgment may have been interpreted by some in too narrow a fashion, but when one sees the fruits of Anatole France's definition of criticism as the journey of a soul amid materpieces and when one reads that Mr. T. S. Eliot says that his poems may mean whatever the reader reads into them, one wonders if standards founded on the “sens commun” of two thousand years are not preferable to individualism running into chaos.

BURNS MARTIN

GOERING, by Willi Frischauer. The Ryerson Press. \$3.25.

“I did not want a war,” declared Hermann Goering in his last public pronouncement, spoken at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials, “and I did not bring it about. I did everything to prevent it by negotiation. After it had broken out, I did everything to assure victory . . .

“I stand up for the things I have done, but I deny most emphatically that my actions were dictated by the desire to subjugate foreign peoples by wars, to murder them, to rob them, or to enslave them, or to commit atrocities or crimes.

“The only motive which guided me was my ardent love for my people, its happiness, its freedom, and its life. And for this I call on the Almighty and my German people to witness.”

The foregoing was Goering's *credo*, which he felt confident would find its way into the history books. One can only wonder whether it will or if the late Reichsmarshal will be forgotten in a short time, along with Hitler, Goebbels, Ribbentrop and the others of that sorry crew of murderers and worse that went to make up the Nazi hierarchy. Actually, however, Goering, aptly described as “the last surviving Renaissance figure” among his compatriots, is the most interesting of the lot as he is depicted by Willi Frischauer, the Vien-

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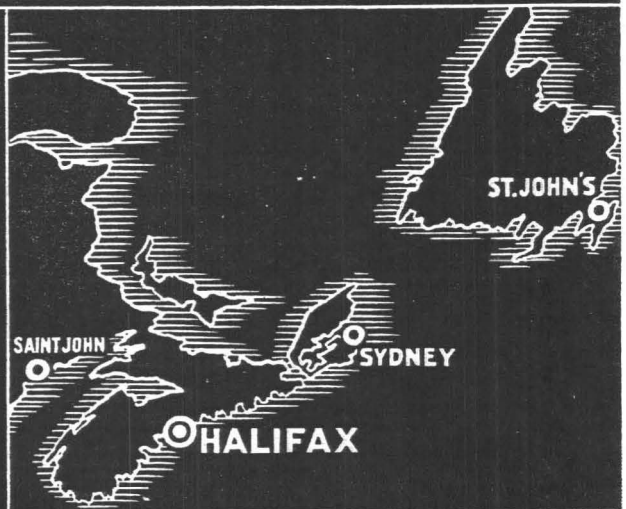
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nese-born newspaper editor who fled to England and later went to Germany to complete his research for this absorbing biography of wartime Germany's Number Two Nazi.

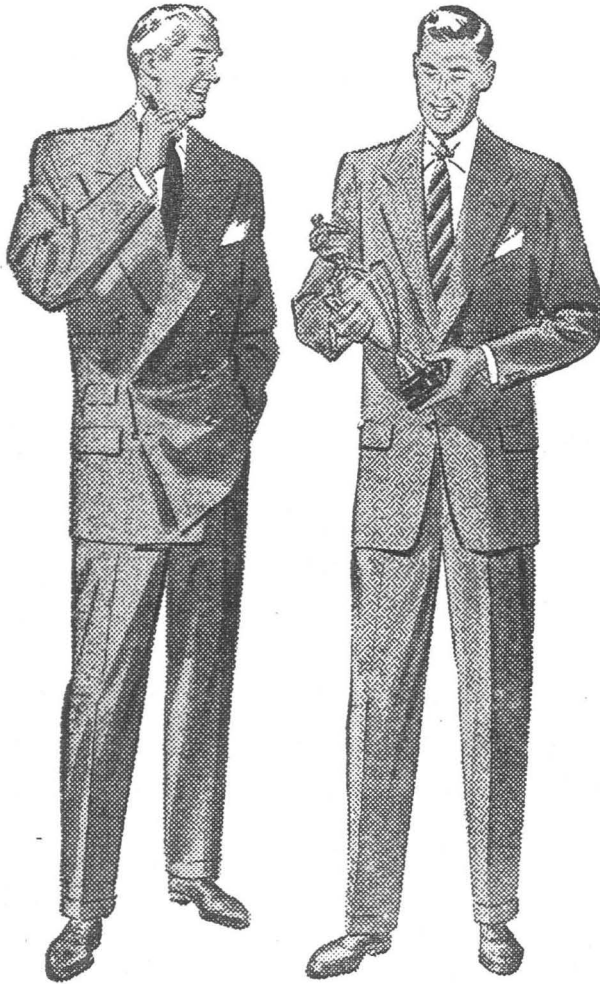
So sympathetically has Frischauer treated his subject that the reader begins to feel a bit sorry for the obese Goering, despite his black record of "guilt unique in its enormity." His character was many-sided. The man who could ruthlessly condemn hundreds of innocent people to death, who could send his Luftwaffe over Britain on indiscriminate "terror-bombing" raids, the man who had little or no mercy on his foes when they were in his power is depicted as a kind and loving father, as a sentimentalist who could be crushed by harsh words from the fanatical Hitler, who could cherish the memory of his first wife and endeavour to perpetuate it in *Karinhall*, the woodland retreat he built for her and filled with treasures to secure which he had literally looted Europe—the "nest" she never lived to enjoy, but which to Goering became a shrine; yet this same Hermann Goering showed himself skilful and subtle in argument with other members of the Nazi Party, jealous of his "rights" in Hitler's hierarchy and contemptuous of and bitterly insulting to the Russian prosecutor who sought to question him at his trial in Nuremberg. In some respects he displayed characteristics associated with Barrie's Peter Pan, for he had childlike qualities of his own. Indeed, in one passage there is a description of how Goering, attending a Christmas party, sat delightedly playing with a number of orphan children in an institution in Berlin while members of his organization hunted for him, oblivious of his pressing duties as Economic Co-ordinator of the Reich, a position he occupied at the time. He was a man "whom it is extremely difficult to analyse", according to his biographer.

In the course of his membership in the Nazi party, however, Goering managed to quarrel with most of the bigwigs of the group, and although he always claimed a great admiration for Hitler, there were times when he doubted the Fuehrer's qualifications and ability for the position which he held. For some of the more violent Nazis he had little use, and he was especially bitter against Bormann, whom he considered his greatest foe, and against Himmler, and even against Goebbels, though the two had at times to pretend great friendship. However, late in 1938, when Goebbels instigated the anti-Jewish riots throughout Germany, Goering was furious and did not hesitate to tell the Propaganda Minister exactly what he thought of his action.

Goering is more than a biography of one of the Nazi "greats", however; it is really a masterly presentation of the disintegration of Germany under the rule of a group of fanatics and bloodthirsty maniacs unequalled for ferocity since the days of the Goths and Vandals, yet curiously enough, in the case of Goering, having a softer side. The accounts of how the obese Goering acquired a mania for collecting art objects, and how he practically scoured Europe for anything of value in the fields of painting, sculpture, etc., to the neglect of his duties of state throw a fascinating sidelight on his character. If ever there was an outstanding exemplification of the dual-personality theory, surely Hermann Goering provides it. Swashbuckler, astute debater, ruthless killer, loving father, brutal opportunist, he is yet

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the only one of the whole Nazi clique who merits any consideration by posterity. He at least had the courage of his convictions, such as they were, and that is something that can be said of few, if any, of his fellow-Nazis.

This full-length biography of one of the most puzzling of our late enemies is worth reading for the revealing picture it presents not only of the man but of the cause he claimed to represent, and in the service of which he eventually sealed his own doom.

C. F. B.

MORE POEMS, By Eileen Duggan. London: George Allen and Unwin. 1951. 7s.6d.

Eileen Duggan is poet laureate of New Zealand. Her first lyrics, written while she was still at college, were published in brochure by the editor of *The Tablet of N. Z.*, and awakened the interest of as distant a reader as George Russell (AE). A few years later, *New Zealand Bird Songs*, a children's book with a strong appeal for adults, received cordial praise from discerning critics; but *Poems* in 1937, with its benison by Walter de la Mare, won international fame for the poet as well as a place in the King's Honours List. It ran through several editions, and a copy is now unobtainable. *New Zealand Poems*, 1940, honours the centenary of those gallant islands half a world away in a beautiful long, limber poem of the high, sustained flight proper to an ode.

More Poems has less of joyousness and of beauty than the earlier books; or rather, its beauty is sometimes austere even to starkness, and it has gained greatly in depth and in strength. Miss Duggan's beloved islands went through a searing ordeal during the recent war. The experience apparently hardened her quality somewhat, tempered the metal of her singing gift to frequent sternness. The wing of sorrow occasionally darkens this verse, or disillusion edges it with cutting keenness.

First and last, Eileen Duggan's best virtue is utter sincerity. This gives authority to all she writes and informs her style. Her poetry illustrates nobly Barzun's principle that writing should be the incarnation of thought; certainly her words are close to her matter as flesh is to spirit in the enigma of life. Her poetry is the very stuff of life; surge and soar through it may, it remains rooted in reality. Her verse is not dated. There is nothing "nineteen thirtyish" about it, as Ivor Brown might say. Like all good writing, it is timeless. It is not mannered, it is not posed. She has a free, creative way with words that can suggest Shakespeare's mastery of them. Eileen Duggan does not borrow; what she gives is all her own.

One cameo lyric will serve to exemplify the poet's changing quality. She has, it would seem, encountered falseness and become a banner bearer of

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Give to the truth your heart's quick
 And the pupil of your eye;
 Where the sly and the savage are thick,
 Let the truth fly!
 You were born to slay this thing,
 Catch all your powers in one,
 Till your body becomes the sling,
 Your life the stone!

Sonnet, on the other hand, retains all the old bright buoyancy, as is hardly to be wondered at since its theme is spring. "We were the last romantics," she quotes, and continues:

But by an innocence, a pure unreason,
 Each Spring comes in as if none other burst.
 No thought it has that any other season
 Was quick with flowers which it believed the first:
 And all that old green travail of the willow
 Seems the first labour of the primal bough,
 So sure it is that never hill or hollow
 Came to its hour of leaves as it does now.

* * * * *

O lovely natural! O simple pride!
 O saving error of a vernal pride!

Though Spring is a favorite subject, there is no other poem like this: newness is not in the theme but in the mind of the writer.

Tragic, dramatic, intense is *To-day*, a tribute and threnody for all the war's lost airmen:

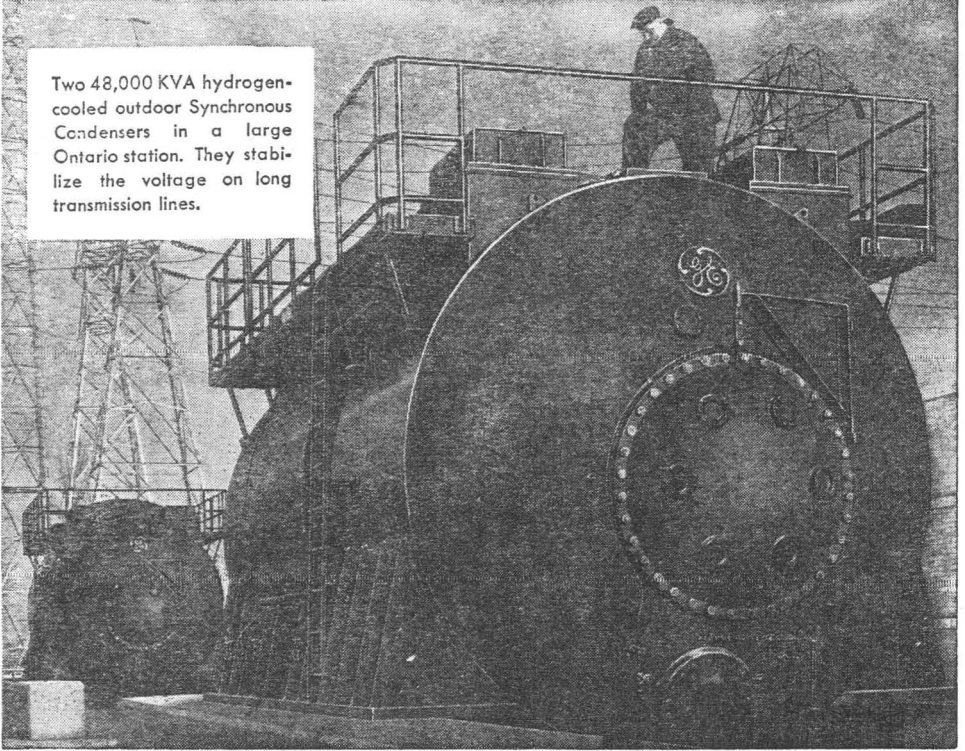
Panther-stare of searchlights
 Only clouds for cover,
 Then the deep death-spin.
 Salute! It is over.
 Wild each mourner's question,
 Single and sore;
 Wilder is the answer,
 Youth expects no more.

Night is a jewel that strings four gleaming metaphors in an octet:

You are the still caesura
 That breaks a line in two;
 A quiet leaf of darkness
 Between two flowers of blue;
 A little soft indrawing
 Between two sighs;
 A slender spit of silence
 Between two seas of cries.

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Lo, *How the Butterfly* spreads its wings in ecstasy; it is pure poetry. The chrysalis

Lies blind, without reflection,
 Entombed, enwound,
 Forgotten and alone,
 Till rolls its Easter stone
 Without a sound,
 And oh that cavalier of light,
 That breathless one,
 Bewildered, kindled, by its resurrection
 Rides up into the sun!
 So even I,
 When wings lift from my clod,
 Breaking the sky,
 May shimmer up to God.

Since 1937, Eileen Duggan has had her niche in the hall of literature; the present book makes her possession more secure.

SISTER MAURA

SEA ROAD TO THE INDIES, by Henry E. Hart, F.R.G.S., Ph.D. Macmillans in Canada. \$5.75.

In the somewhat spectacular exploits of Columbus and his contemporaries and immediate successors in the discovery of America, the exploits of a number of pioneer explorers of the same century are often overlooked. Yet in their way those of the Portuguese mariners of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were of even greater importance to their age than those of Columbus and his successors. Yet documentation of the Emanueline era is scanty, as Dr. Hart has observed in his preface, and contemporary accounts of the Portuguese voyages remain untranslated and unavailable to the majority of students, even yet. *Sea Road to the Indies* is designed to fill the gap existing in accounts of the Portuguese explorers, and to give a survey of the contribution of Portugal to the discovery of the Eastern World (as far as India). It is also intended to provide a fuller presentation, of the figure of Vasco de Gama than has heretofore been available and also a depiction of some of his more illustrious predecessors.

The narrative begins with the first slave raids into Africa in the days of Prince Henry the Navigator, continuing with the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Dias, and records his miserable death in a hurricane; it also recounts the exploits of Pero de Covilhan, including vivid descriptions from authentic documents of his fantastic spying journeys to Alexandria, Cairo, Calicut and even to Mecca (the latter a highly dangerous business in those early days for any but a true believer), of his search for the mythical kingdom of Prester John in Africa and of his kidnapping and attainment of high office among the Ethiopians.

But these men were only the precursors of da Gama, whose three almost fabulous expeditions opened the way to India, to the long-

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sought spice islands, to the lands of ivory, gold, sandalwood and precious stones. Dr. Hart calls da Gama's exploits the greatest feat of seamanship up to that time, declaring it even greater than that of Columbus, though because of his inflexible will and terrible rages he left a hideous trail of blood and hatred behind him and made the Portuguese a hated race in most of the countries he visited.

Not only for students of the history of the age in which da Gama lived is this account of import. It is of engrossing interest to the reader who likes to lose himself in a vivid story, for although Dr. Hart has romanticized much of his narrative, it is vivid above all else. *Sea Road to the Indies* should prove not only an informative, but a rich and colorful piece of reading, and one that can be placed on a bookshelf and returned to again and again with equal pleasure on each occasion.

C. F. B.

HISTORY OF SYRIA, by Philip K. Hitti, Ph.D., Macmillans in Canada.
\$11.50.

The history of Syria, declares Dr. Hitti in his preface to this unusually fine volume, is in a sense the history of the civilized world in miniature; and he doubts his qualifications to present it to his readers because, he says, his studies have been limited to the Semitic field and his researches to the Arabic and Islamic one. He feels, however, that not only is Syrian history a cross-section of the history of what he calls "the cradle of our civilization," but that it also contains a significant part of our spiritual and intellectual heritage." None of the ancient peoples of the Middle East—the Phoenicians of Lebanon, the Hebrews of Palestine or the Arabs of Damascus—can be fully understood, he believes, unless treated as integral parts of the people of greater Syria and projected against a common background of contemporary Near Eastern culture.

What Dr. Hitti has attempted is the inclusion of the geography, geology and pre-literary history of Syria; the ancient Semitic period, "with emphasis on the Phoenicians and Hebrews and their relations with Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria; the Greco-Roman period from Alexander's conquest to the rise of Islam; the far-flung Umayyad empire," greater and more extensive even than that of Rome at its zenith; the dramatic era of the Crusades; and the long period under the Ottoman Turks that began in 1516 and continued until 1918. That he has succeeded admirably becomes very evident as one proceeds with the reading of his very comprehensive book, which has been checked, according to his publishers, "with the results of archaeological investigations and modern critical scholarship." The author writes that "almost any civilized man can claim two countries: his own and Syria", and in compiling his history he has proven the truth of the assertion.

Profusely illustrated with photographs, both in black-and-white and full colour, the book also contains numerous maps that, together with the pictorial material, serve to augment the text, and contribute in no small measure to the enjoyment of the reader who is not a scholar in the strict sense of the word, but who has a liking and flair for history, especially when it is as well-documented as is Dr. Hitti's work on Syria and its people.

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A HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES, Vol. I, by Steven Runciman. Macmillans in Canada. \$5.00

"Whether we regard them as the most tremendous and most romantic of Christian adventures or as the last of the barbarian invasions, the Crusades form a central fact in medieval history," writes Mr. Runciman in the preface to the first volume of his *History of the Crusades*. It was as a direct result of the Crusades that the centre of our civilization was shifted from Byzantium and the lands of the Arab Caliphate to western Europe.

The story of the Crusades is one that cannot be told from the point of view of the Franks alone, or of the Arabs alone, or even from that of the Christians of the East (called by Mr. Runciman its chief victims); to attempt so to tell it is, he declares, to miss the significance of the whole movement.

The whole account of the Crusades has never been fully told in English, although there are several admirable works on it, chiefly, as far as British contributions are concerned consisting of learned articles in periodicals and in what are termed "a few unscholarly histories".

Mr. Runciman's account of the Crusades is intended (when complete) to comprise three volumes. Volume One deals completely with The First Crusade and the foundation of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. Volume Two (upon which work is presently going forward) will provide a history and description of the Kingdom of Jerusalem and its relations with the peoples of the Near East, and of the Crusades of the Twelfth Century. The third and final volume of the trilogy will comprise the history of the Kingdom of Acre and will include the record of the later Crusades.

Written in the form of a simple narrative which the average reader may enjoy, the three volumes will be sufficiently fully documented to satisfy the strict demands of scholarship, while eight plates and five maps do much to enable the reader to follow the text clearly. The second and third volumes will be awaited with keen anticipation by scholar and layman alike.

C. F. B.

A MAN'S LIFE, by J. H. B. Peel. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited. \$3.25.

Here is a book for the reader who is seeking something in a novel that is a bit out of the ordinary, a story dealing with one family of Englishmen—the Sibthorpes—through a long succession of defenders of their country. *A Man's Life* is in the tradition of Thomas Hardy and falls into the line of great regional novels. Like Hardy's novels, this one has the simplicity of great power; it is an epic of the human spirit, tracing the gropings of Adam Sibthorpe, its hero, for the meaning of life, and depicting his own existence with extreme skill in the process.

To single out any particular portion of the novel for special commendation would be obviously unfair, both to the author and the reader. It is filled with the love of England—the England that

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even now is passing away forever—and dotted liberally with exquisite passages descriptive of that England. The characters are drawn with exceptional skill, and if there is a shade of bitterness and regret discernible, it can be ascribed to the author's intensely patriotic loyalty to the England of which he is writing. *A Man's Life* is one of those books which can be digested slowly, and which will richly repay more than one reading.

One criticism which might justly be levelled at this volume, however, is that the proof has either been very carelessly read, or else that no revision has been made, for it is full of errors. Obviously set in monotype, the letters have not been securely fastened before the book was printed, with the result that some of them have slipped into lines in which they do not belong, and where they tend to confuse the reader and detract from his enjoyment of an otherwise really fine piece of workmanship on the part of the author.

C. F. B.

A GENERATION ON TRIAL, by Alistair Cooke. (McClelland & Stewart. \$4.00).

In the rush of world events that has followed it, the once-famous Alger Hiss trial has been almost forgotten, but for those interested in it as a part of the tremendous upheavals that are taking place today, the story of this fascinating and macabre case is still of absorbing interest. Here the mystery of the Hiss trial is put into long perspective by the brilliant correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. It is a record worth keeping, and it is here dispassionately set down for the reader who can not spare the time to read through the official records, but who is, none the less, interested in the case.

C. F. B.

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF CANADIAN HISTORY, VOL. III, by C. W. Jefferys, RCA, LL.D. The Ryerson Press. \$2.75.

The modern theory that information can be imparted pictorially much more effectively than through the printed word is given further emphasis with the completion of "The Picture Gallery of Canadian History", the third and final volume of which has now arrived from the publisher. This fine historical panorama was inaugurated some eight years ago and is, in the words of the Director of the Royal Ontario Museum, "one of the most valuable books that has ever appeared on Canadian history."

The first volume of this trilogy covers the period from the discovery of this country to 1763; the second from 1763 to 1830; the third from 1830 to 1900, at which point the compiler wisely decided to conclude the record, "because of the nearness to our own times". History, perhaps more than anything else, needs the mellowing influence of time to provide those using it with the proper perspective.

The pictorial record furnished by this monumental work is so complete that little need be said of it except that it is far too valuable to be passed over by the student, the bibliophile, the institution, historical society or other group with the slightest interest in the past of this lusty infant we know today as Canada.

C. F. B.

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CURLING PAST AND PRESENT, by W. A. Creelman. (McClelland & Stewart. \$4.00).

A timely book on the "roarin' game", written particularly from the point of view of the Canadian and American curler, and designed for veteran or tyro, with an analysis of the art of curling by H. E. Weyman. The author pays tribute to two well-known Nova Scotians, Judge Patterson, of New Glasgow, and H. P. Webb, of Halifax, for their assistance in gathering data for the present work. "Curling Past and Present" should make a good memento for that curling-enthusiast friend or for yourself, if you are a devotee.

C. F. B.

SEVEN PLAYS, by Elmer Rice. (Macmillan. \$6.50).

Here is a collection of Rice's best-loved plays, gathered to show the versatility of the veteran playwright, and proving—if proof were needed—that a good play can be almost as entertaining when read as when seen on the stage. In this book are "The Adding Machine," "Counsellor-at-Law", "Two On An Island", "Judgment Day", "Street Scene", "Dream Girl" and "On Trial", with complete data as to the date of production, theatre, and the original cast. Three of the plays—"Counsellor-at-Law", "Street Scene", and "Dream Girl"—have also been produced as motion pictures. The seven dramatic works are valuable, too, as instruction in play construction by a recognized master craftsman.

C. F. B.

THE EARLY CHURCH AND THE NEW TESTAMENT, by Irene Allen, B.A.
Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. Ltd. \$1.75.

The Early Church and the New Testament is "a general introduction to the New Testament intended primarily for use in Grammar Schools and Training Colleges, and comprises two parts, of which the first sets the scene for the second. In the first the author discusses briefly the political situation in the Roman Empire and its influence on Judea, and offers some general observations on the Jews themselves; there are also brief discussions of the religion and philosophy of the people in the Roman Empire and in Palestine, and also of social conditions in the same two areas.

Part II, covers the Church in Jerusalem, St. Paul and his Epistles, the Synoptic Gospels, the Acts, the Johannine Literature, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Pastoral and General Epistles, the Book of Revelation, and concludes with a Chronology of the Books of the New Testament. End papers provide a map of Palestine in the First Century and one of the Eastern Mediterranean showing the routes of Paul's journeyings, including his Voyage to Rome, and also the location of the seven churches of Asia.

The author, Irene Allen, is Scripture Mistress at Howell's School, Llandaff, Wales.

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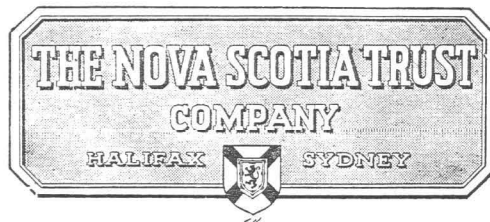
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REFLECTIONS OF A PHYSICIST. By P. W. Bridgman: Philosophical Library, N. Y., \$5.00.

This book is a somewhat tangled mixture of shrewd observation, weak platitude, and naive theory. Its main redeeming feature is that it presents the layman with a simplified account of some of the more recent developments in the science of physics. Still, this is not Dr. Bridgman's main purpose. Rather, it is to apply what is called the "operational" attitude to the social and physical sciences.

In describing this attitude Dr. Bridgman would avoid "words which imply something more philosophic and esoteric than the simple thing . . ." which he sees. He sees of course that the science of physics has recently revealed a number of disconcerting phenomena. For instance, the physicist now uses the corpuscular theory on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the wave theory on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. But on Sundays his perception becomes more acute: he is aware of the need for aseptic consistency. Now this awareness on Dr. Bridgman's part brings into view a special operation or activity. That is, he would attempt to bring order out of chaos (though it only be on Sundays) by finding the "minimum" number of activities upon which physicists can agree. These activities are discovered by the analysis of what the physicist *does* when he applies his concepts to concrete situations. What he does is to find that "from sheer weariness, if nothing else," some operations are "unambiguously and straightforwardly performed." All this, says Dr. Bridgman, is "practical", as well as "intuitive", matter of fact. Indeed, it is more than that: if the physicist perseveres, he will build up a repertory of primitive and repeatable operations which involves the "continual apprehension" of what is both meaningful and utilizable in experience. True, there is no method of guaranteeing that in the future this apprehension of what constitutes an operation may not change. But that is exactly why such apprehension is called continual.

Now there is nothing essentially shrewd, platitudinous, or naive about all this. It only illustrates the simplicity of what he sees. Nonetheless, simplicity by itself is not enough; or, if it is, it should be confined to a relatively simple subject. At any rate, confinement is not the virtue of this book. For Dr. Bridgman, despite his admitted distaste for abstract speculation, does philosophize. His philosophizing appears to take the positivistic form of analysing and describing the activity of thought when applied to the objects of "experience". What the objects of experience are or mean I am not sure: it would seem that we can "only take (objective) experience as it comes". Be that as it may, Dr. Bridgman does not restrict his descriptive analysis to what the individual thinker does when confronted by the given events of the outside world. Rather, he is more concerned to *extend* his analysis to the point where he can do two things: (a) tell us what criterion of knowledge the operational thinker employs; (b) tell us what such a criterion implies for a study of the social sciences.

(a) Whatever the criterion of knowledge may be, it is not "philosophical". Dr. Bridgman believes that the philosophical attitude is well typified by the Greek philosophers. He informs us that "the Greek philosophers esteemed highly certain operations which

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to-day are beneath contempt". But I suspect that this is not one of his shrewd observations, for he holds that the operations of the Greek philosophers simply stayed "inside their heads" and hence had little or no reference to the external world. A corollary of this is, of course, that philosophy, so conceived, can not provide us with a criterion of what truly goes on in the external world.

What then does? Here, Dr. Bridgman falls back upon the intelligence of the individual. In other words, "science is 'ultimately' or 'essentially' private." Moreover, the "important thing is not the precise form of the criterion . . .". On the contrary, what is important is that, whatever the criterion is, it is "applied by *me*", not *you*. This extreme individualism is justified on the ground that it is "a simple matter of observation". If so, it is too simple: even the most acute observation cannot tell us how *my* criterion of knowledge can or does become *your* criterion. In fine, if the Greeks were only talking to themselves, Dr. Bridgman has unwittingly followed in their footsteps—though how he has accomplished this exploit should remain, in terms of his own analysis, forever a mystery.

(b) Turning to the effect of the operational attitude or technique upon social matters, we can immediately see that considerable stress must be, and is laid, upon individual freedom. In addition, a rational scrutiny of social behaviour implies (how, I do not know) that we should be "intellectually honest." More important still, such honesty, where social persuasion is required, is founded upon the dictum that "we will try to appeal to our fellow . . ." on the basis of what "seems good to him." To illustrate: if I invent a method of suicide that gives me little or no pain (it may even produce a pleasurable experience) and, if it appeals to *me*, then *you* will try to persuade me to perform the operation. This alarming possibility, as well as race suicide, is openly recognized by Dr. Bridgman. As a result, he feels called upon to mix his appeal to the individual's intelligence with another that wisely takes notice of the non-rational factors of the individual's experience. But what puzzles the reader is, first, the nature of the relation between rational and non-rational factors; second, assuming that we are aware of what is meant by this relation and its two terms, the extent to which non-rational experience renders rational freedom impossible; third, whether the appeal is directed to either set of factors, the ground on which anyone can appeal to anyone else, i.e., if in the end the individual *alone* is aware of what goes on inside himself

Of these puzzles the last is perhaps the one that strikes the reader as most pertinent to Dr. Bridgman's treatment of social matters. And it can be traced back to his avowed conviction that ultimately the individual alone is the master of his fate. One cannot help wondering whether Dr. Bridgman has inadvertently and incautiously mixed his science with his utopianism. More than that, since his analysis of social questions takes its cue from the operational technique, has Dr. Bridgman seriously considered whether the very simplicity of this technique makes it inapplicable to concrete social situations? For example, following his precept of finding the minimum number of conceptual operations upon which physicists can agree, he contends that the "minimum conception of government" is that in which the

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individual is given "the maximum freedom consistent with equal freedom for his fellows, and in which every individual could freely find the level to which his abilities and his contribution to society entitled him". Now this seems to me to be a maximum conception of governmental activity, not a minimum. But assume that I am wrong. Even so, by what practical, intuitive, or perceptual process can it be shown to be a minimum conception? Terms like 'maximum freedom', 'consistent', 'equal freedom' puzzle the hoariest of philosophers—at least puzzle them before they say what they think they mean. But Dr. Bridgman, in his simplicity, either ignores or is unaware of the philosophers. Yet in all fairness it should be emphasized that on more than one occasion he confesses his unfitness for reflections other than those of a physicist.

ROBERT H. VINGOE.

THE ARDENT EXILE, by Josephine Phelan. Macmillans in Canada \$4.00.

Here is a new biography of a well-known figure on the Canadian political scene at the time of Confederation, "an Irishman by birth, an exile by circumstance, and a Canadian by choice"—D'Arcy McGee.

There have been other works about McGee, but few that have been written with the sympathy and insight of this one, which depicts D'Arcy McGee as a "great Canadian statesman who was given the rare faculty of seeing broad horizons and choosing the shortest routes to them."

McGee not only visualized an independent and united Canada, but as one of the Fathers of Confederation saw the first steps taken toward making that vision a reality. Unfortunately McGee's life was cut short by an assassin's bullet before he had accomplished all that he might have in a normal life span. His killer was a member of the Fenian movement, for which McGee might have fought in the heat of his youth, but which he, as an elder statesman, had bitterly opposed.

D'Arcy McGee not only saw great visions of Canada's future: he made a great contribution toward the building of a strong Canada, and this fascinating biography tells the story in an intensely interesting manner.

Josephine Phelan is the holder of several academic degrees, has taught in Ontario high schools, done promotional work for one of the Canadian publishing houses, and is now a librarian in the Toronto Public Library. *The Ardent Exile* is her first book and shows the influences of her chosen field of history in its content.

C.F.B.

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