Book Reviews

Selected Critical Writings of George Santayana. Edited by NORMAN HENFREY. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press [Toronto: Macmillan of Canada], 1968. Vol. I. Pp. xii, 336. Vol. II. Pp. 243. Each $8.75 (paper $2.95).

In his introduction to these volumes Professor Henfrey emphasizes the fact that Santayana was "a man with a broad, unified range of knowledge at command". The range of interests illustrated by roughly fifty essays and selections amply justifies the claim, though Santayana wrote many additional scores of essays and reviews. The wide range of his interests and knowledge, his brilliant insight into the history and nature of man, his knowledge of literature in several languages, and his mastery of the English language in particular, all serve to put Santayana outside the usual classifications of philosophers and critics. A man who lived beyond the cultural frontiers of any country, he was also without a "field".

Professor Henfrey wisely takes these selections mainly from Santayana's earlier writings, some of which have long been unavailable. The first volume, on literature and aesthetics, includes articles on Italian poets, Shakespeare, Emerson, Shelley, and Dickens, as well as essays on the nature of poetry and drama; and several selections from his *The Sense of Beauty* and *Reason in Art.* It ends with "portraits" from his three-volume autobiography and his *Character and Opinion in the United States.* The second volume, on social custom and moral philosophy, contains articles on culture, liberalism, the academic environment in the United States, Idealism and the Protestant heritage, as well as several selections on nature, society and religion from his five volume work, *The Life of Reason.*

In the comprehensiveness of his vision Santayana has no rival among English speaking philosophers, with the possible exception of Whitehead. His extensive knowledge in many "fields" and in several languages is acknowledged by his critics. But it is more than knowledge, more than wide interests that makes for the vision. His "distinguished" friend Bertrand Russell, for example, is a man with equally wide knowledge, but his insight was, as Santayana remarked, of "microscopic" intensity.

Some critics have attempted to explain this comprehensive vision in terms of Santayana's unusual background. Born in Spain of Spanish parents, he settled in Boston, with his mother, when he was nine years old, and only then began to learn English. Although he was to live in the United States for almost forty years, mainly as a student and teacher at Harvard, and to admire much in the American character and outlook, he never gave up his Spanish nationality and never felt at home in America. Indeed Santayana himself in the essay "Brief History of my Opinions"

(not included in these volumes) suggested that his philosophy "may be regarded as a synthesis of these various traditions", Spanish and American, but in the same work asserted that "the whole Anglo-Saxon tradition in literature and philosophy [has] always been a medium to me rather than a source". But despite his attachment to the religion and culture of his native country "Spanish society and public life were most unattractive to me, a positive barrier"; it was not only that he was "too foreign", but also that "Spain was not Spanish enough" (*Apologia Pro Mente Sua*).

Though it is a very interesting study it is of dubious value, therefore, to look too long at Santayana's origins as an explanation of the breadth of his outlook and interests. After all, many men came from Spain to Boston; but there is only one Santayana. There is probably no simple explanation of the extraordinary breadth and depth of his vision as a philosopher and critic. But the essays in these volumes clearly exhibit the basic features of that vision.

Although he was a naturalist with a profound suspicion of metaphysics and of systems as such, his spirit and approach were Platonic in the sense that "individuals"—whether trees or poems—however important in themselves, always point away from themselves to meanings beyond. This generalizing was demanded by his vision and made possible by the exceptional range of his knowledge. His discussion of Dickens' works is a good example of what I have called the Platonic spirit. Showing intimate knowledge of Dickens as such, very soon, however, he is discussing him as an Englishman in a certain time and place "utterly disinherited" from the great themes of religion and art in particular. The discussion of Dickens becomes, in other words, a discussion of English culture; it is a commentary not so much on Dickens as on the superficial relation between English culture and religion. "Religion lay on [Dickens] like the weight of the atmosphere, sixteen pounds to the square inch, yet never noticed nor mentioned." It was only natural that Dickens should transform Christmas from "the celebration of a metaphysical mystery into a feast of overflowing simple kindness and good cheer".

In "The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare" the same spirit and the same theme unfold. In Shakespeare's drama "there is no fixed conception of any forces, natural or moral, dominating and transcending our mortal energies". It is one of Santayana's most characteristic theses that without this conception imagination cannot fulfil its function or achieve great success. Insofar as religion played a part in Shakespeare's thought it 'blocked' imagination. And this is worse than having no religion at all, for "if the Christian in [Shakespeare] was not the real man, at least the pagan would have spoken frankly". Thus in the discussion of Dickens and Shakespeare, intimate knowledge of each writer as such leads to and is illuminated by the view that religion, as an expression of "animal faith", is an essential feature of Western culture.

Like Dickens, Shakespeare, despite his many-sided expressions of human

nature, is also "disinherited", a man without a cosmos. If we asked him to tell us what is the significance of the passion and beauty he had so vividly displayed, he could hardly answer in any other way than to say that life is a tale, told by an idiot, signifying nothing. This is the point of Santayana's remark (in "Bertrand Russell") that Russell's "radical solutions were rendered vain by the conventionality of his problems"; that while Russell's outlook was universal, his "presuppositions were insular". And it explains the comment on William James, whose "excursions" into philosophy were in nature of "mere raids". Instead of being a consolation, philosophy for James "was rather like a maze in which he happened to find himself wandering, and what he was looking for was the way out" ("William James"). One of Santayana's themes, then, is that without religion (and art) there can be no unity of conception. As he put it in the article on Shakespeare, "Unity of conception is an aesthetic merit no less than a logical demand".

Platonic in spirit and method, Santayana's thought is also grounded in a deep sense of the history of things. This does not mean that in the case of man he "draws lessons" from the past; it is rather an insight that, so far as man is concerned, there is no past, that man is what he was. Santayana's criticism of his contemporaries and of English speaking writers in particular is that they "study the past as a dead object, as a ruin, not as an authority and as an experience". Paradoxically our ancestors were less interested in the study of history, for "they were less conscious of separation from the past" ("The Poetry of Barbarism"). Of thought in America he makes the timely observation that "ideas are abandoned in virtue of a mere change of feeling, without any new evidence or new arguments"; "we do not nowadays refute our predecessors, we pleasantly bid them good-bye" (Selection from *Character and Opinion in the United States*).

Writing on idealism in America in the nineteenth and early twentieth century, Santayana remarks that the American is young because "his views have not yet lengthened; his will is not yet broken or transformed". The American thinks that "life would be set free by the destruction of all its organs". As a result he misses "the refraction and all the fragrance" of civilized life. An idealist in the region of hope, the American is therefore a "crude" realist in conception ("Materialism and Idealism"). The same sense of man's history comes out in the article on Shelley. "The life of reason", Santayana argues, "is a heritage and exists only through tradition". Half of life is an art, "an adjustment to an alien reality", which can only be taught by long experience; and the other half, the inspiration and ideal of reason, must also be a "common inheritance" in the race if people are to understand one another. Thus "the misfortune of revolutionists is that they are disinherited, and their folly is that they wish to be disinherited even more than they are" ("Shelley: Or the Poetic Value of Revolutionary Principles").

Whether one agrees with Santayana's theses or not, his writings illuminate man's nature as few critics have been able to do. Philosopher, poet, critic, and

novelist, Santayana wrote, as Professor Henfrey put it, "an English where precision, eloquence and repose weave a harmony that seems native to the language". Or as D. M. Corey remarked, "One feels that the whole man, rather than an exclusive area of the cerebral cortex, is behind the written word" (in *The Philosophy of George Santayana*, ed. by P. A. Schilpp). Henfrey could have said without exaggeration that Santayana wrote with a brilliance that was exceptional in the English language. In skilfully combining eloquence with lucidity he can be compared with Berkeley, Burke, and Whitehead and with few other English-speaking philosophers. Indeed among philosophers his very brilliance as a writer is a danger signal. It is after all difficult, for example, to use sharp linguistic tools on the view that culture "was an aroma inhaled by those who walked in the evening in the garden of life". Few English speaking philosophers have understood the view, so beautifully stated in *The Sense of Beauty* and illustrated in all of Santayana's writings, that "language is primarily a sort of music, and the beautiful effects which it produces are due to its own structure, giving, as it crystallizes in a new fashion, an unforeseen form to experience".

Mount Allison University C. F. Poole

The Intellectual Migration: Europe and America, 1930-1960. Edited by Donald Fleming and Bernard Bailyn. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: Saunders of Toronto], 1969. Pp. 748. $12.95.

In the Introduction to this finely printed volume the editors say: "We wanted to know the difference that was made in the major fields of the natural sciences, the social sciences, and the humanities by this exodus from Hitler's Europe, and if possible to assess this influence at a technical level." It seems obvious that this is destined to become a work of reference of permanent value, but because of its great size, the specialized nature of much of its contents and the number and variety of its contributions, it is not one that is easy to review. The main body of the book consists of fourteen essays, some by native Americans surveying the contributions made by the exiles in their respective disciplines, some by the émigrés themselves recounting their American experiences. At the end there are brief biographical notices, arranged alphabetically, of "300 notable Emigrés" which give some indication of the intellectual stature and diversity of interests of the scientists and scholars who found a refuge by crossing the Atlantic in the 1930s.

For a number of rather obvious reasons the natural scientists seem to have settled to their work in the American environment most quickly and easily. Earlier visits and already established contacts, the internationalism of science, its political and ethical neutrality, the greater resources available for such work all combined to smooth their path. The social scientists experienced greater difficulty.

There seem to have been curiously few transported theologians: Tillich is mentioned by name from time to time but there is no account of his work; Kroner and Wach, as well as Tillich, are included among the three hundred short biographies; but that is all. Art History and Literary Criticism are each the subject of an essay, but literature in the creative sense hardly figures at all. The editors remark: "We could not see what difference the actual presence of Thomas Mann in this country had made in the development of American literature—which is in no way to slight his importance as a writer or the broad and deep reception of his writing in this country but only to say that his personal presence here, as distinct from his publications, did not shape the course of literary history."

Freud, who found refuge in England, said after his only visit to America in 1909: "America is a mistake; a gigantic mistake, it is true, but nonetheless a mistake." None of the émigré essayists in this work reached this extreme of disillusioned disparagement. Yet signs of tension are evident among the social scientists. Because of the writer's obvious anxiety to keep a fair balance, T. W. Adorno's paper, at once restrained and explicit, is particularly illuminating. While the editors remark on the "resistance of the American academic establishment to penetration by these sophisticated newcomers" and relate it to the economic constraints created by the great Depression, Adorno finds "a potential for real generosity that is seldom to be found in Europe." He observed moreover that "native Americans were more open-minded, above all more willing to help, than European immigrants."

Adorno went to work in the Princeton Radio Research Project, whose headquarters were then in an unoccupied brewery in Newark, New Jersey. Here he ran smack into a highly American consumer-oriented enterprise whose methodological presuppositions and cultural implications were to him entirely novel. "Obviously", he reflects ruefully, "it is very difficult in America, outside the special sphere of the liberal arts, to comprehend the notion of the objectivity of anything intellectual." He found that the skepticism of the technical "expert" toward the empirically unproved can too easily turn into a veto upon thought. Among the disastrous cultural consequences he notices the restriction of experience, the manipulation of opinions and tastes through the limitation of choice, the apotheosis of the average, the lack of discrimination, the transformation of artistic creations into standardized consumer goods, the removal of the possibility of genuinely spontaneous experience and its replacement by an artificially contrived second-hand pseudo-spontaneity.

Yet Adorno remains urbanely grateful for what he has learned from this surprising adventure: "I was constrained no longer to regard as natural the circumstances that had developed historically in Europe. . . . This particularly affected the European presuppositions of musical cultivation in which I was immersed. Not that I renounced these assumptions or abandoned my conceptions of such culture; but it seems to me a fundamental distinction whether one bears these along unreflectingly or becomes aware of them precisely in contradistinction to the stand-

ards of the most technologically and industrially developed country. . . . It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that any contemporary consciousness that has not appropriated the American experience, even if in opposition, has something reactionary about it."

This is a thought-provoking and instructive essay not entirely typical of the work as a whole. But how ironical that on his return to Germany Adorno should find that the trends he had deprecated in America had already preceded him.

University of King's College F. Hilton Page

A Source Book in Mathematics, 1200-1800. Edited by D. J. Struick. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: Saunders of Toronto], 1969. Pp. 427. $11.95.

This book is one of a series of Source Books in the History of the Sciences published by the Harvard University Press. The aim of the series is to provide material that will be valuable to historians of science and to present it in such a way that any educated person, whether a specialist or not, can read it with some measure of comprehension. In the present book this end has been achieved with a high degree of success.

Since the period covered is one in which most serious books were written in Latin, the essential task has been to provide translation into English. Furthermore, as the mathematical concepts of earlier times suffered from a lack of precision, and as the notation was often clumsy and ill suited to the immediate purpose, many of the contributions would be quite difficult to understand if presented in the original form. The author has therefore taken great care to ensure that no serious reader will miss the point, by inserting explanatory notes and employing as far as possible symbols and terminology with which the modern reader will be familiar. As a consequence each offering is crystal clear and easy to read, and one does not have to see "darkly" through the medium of ancient confusion or technical Latin.

Of course the book buying public will want to know if this book is worth the price. Perhaps the experience of the reviewer will be of interest. It has been extremely difficult to get through this book to the end—not because it was dull but because it was so tempting to try to solve by oneself the various problems which the ancient authors set themselves that at almost every page one reached for a pencil and paper and became pleasantly diverted for hours on end. This will be the experience of any one who likes mathematics, and surely a book that drives one to do something as a consequence of reading it must be classified as unique.

The experience of casual reading is also valuable. One sees, for example, that it took a hundred years to get the "bugs out of the calculus". It is not quite true that it was invented by Newton or Leibnitz. It was developed enormously

by these men but its establishment on a sure foundation was the work of dozens of able and ingenious minds. It came under criticism not only from mathematicians but from others as well. Jonathan Swift, in *Gulliver's Travels*, had hard things to say of Newton's work, and Bishop Berkeley lampooned Newton's infinitesimals as "ghosts of departed quantities" and remarked that "he who is willing to accept the mysteries of the calculus (which nevertheless leads to true results) need not hesitate to accept the mysteries of religion". By reading the original works, the struggle involved in refining the concepts and methods of this branch of mathematics unfolds with dramatic impact. Many other struggles of equal interest and success are unfolded in this book.

Mathematicians are never satisfied until they solve their problems by methods that are both elegant and powerful. They attempt the same problem over and over again and probably will do so to the end of time. Each generation discovers new methods of approach of wider validity, and this process of repeated assault on already conquered territory is interesting to observe. The elation felt by a mathematician in discovering a new method is hard to conceal—sometimes no attempt is made to conceal it as is demonstrated by the following quotation from an article by Bernoulli in which he shows a new method for summing series: "with the help of my method it took me less than half an hour to find that the tenth power of the first 1000 numbers being added together will yield the sum,

91, 409, 924, 241, 424, 243, 429, 241, 924, 242, 500.

From this it will become clear how useless was the work of Ishmael Bullialdus—in which he did nothing more than compute with immense labour sums of the first six powers, which is only a part of what we have accomplished in the space of a single page". It is this sort of challenge that makes the book so difficult to finish—one tries to perform this calculation in half an hour by methods of one's own devising and after several hours feels as useless as Ishmael Bullialdus.

Dalhousie University W. J. ARCHIBALD

The Dawn Warriors: Man's Evolution toward Peace. ROBERT BIGELOW. Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown [Toronto: Little, Brown (Canada)], 1969. Pp. 277. $8.50.

Darwin; Freud; Marx: an interdisciplinary venture concerned with an exploration of man's basic nature cannot afford to neglect the contributions of these three still influential forefathers. Dr. Bigelow demonstrates his mastery of Darwin (indeed, expands upon him) to the rather unfortunate exclusion of Freud and Marx. Consequently, the thrust of his thesis is considerably weakened. He asserts that man's survival has been possible only through the act of co-operation. At times co-operation and eventual peace have meant banding together to fight the common enemy,

and the victor has been successful not only because of courage and "fitness", but also and more importantly because of his capacity for social organization.

Bigelow goes astray somewhat by attempting to make his argument universally applicable so as to encompass the causes and consequences of warfare through the ages. Warfare as it involves those in an industrial society is qualitatively different from the warfare engaged in by primitive man, who fights for the immediate survival of his group. Modern man fights under the banner of the latest ideological cliché offered him by the State, and Bigelow has failed to mention the impersonal and economic basis of conflict of which Marx was aware. Contemporary man is a pawn in the military-industrial complex which wages war for its own prestigeous and financial gain.

In spite of its shortcomings, *The Dawn Warriors* carefully explodes two widely held myths—that man is by nature a noble savage; and that man is by nature a killer. Although it is encouraging that Bigelow rejects these current simplistic views of man's basic nature, he regrettably puts in their place a rational model of man. It is naïve to assume that man will end war through an appeal to reason. It is necessary first to institute a social structure that will give man the option of behaving rationally. Freud wisely observed that civilization is possible only to the extent that the irrational component of man's personality is brought under societal control. Without an appropriate social structure, man will be ruled by the pleasure principle.

Bigelow is to be commended further for attacking the commonly assumed independence of biology and culture. He traces the ability to make cultural distinctions such as "we" and "they" to the evolutionary development of man's brain. Since today's children are capable of learning the principles of world order, Bigelow is of the opinion that the problem of world peace is not dependent upon further biological development, but is related to the necessity of increasing the size of the "we" group. A common external enemy has been the traditional stimulus which has caused man to band together in social co-operation. It is not suggested, however, that we pray for an invasion from Mars. Instead, Bigelow points out such common enemies as nuclear weapons and environmental pollution. This is the nature of the external threat around which a world-wide "we" group must form.

Bigelow is a lucid writer. He states straightforwardly the basic assumptions upon which his thesis rests (p. 57-58). *The Dawn Warriors* is rich in historical and anthropological data, and the use of biological and social scientific knowledge establishes the author as an impressive, universal scholar. One should be wary, though, lest the erudite and lengthy illustrations becloud the primary statement: "Human warfare is impossible without co-operation, and if our ancestors survived by learning to co-operate for self-defense in ever larger groups, we may have inherited from them the brains required for learning it on a global scale (p. 250)."

Dalhousie University JEAN LEONARD ELLIOTT

The Myth of the Golden Age in the Renaissance. By HARRY LEVIN. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1969. Pp. xxiv, 231. $6.95.

"The myth of the golden age," writes Professor Levin, "is a nostalgic statement of man's orientation in time, an attempt at transcending the limits of history." In this new book the author traces the development and transformations of a myth which has, it seems, in some form always been a part of man's consciousness. There is, for example, a Sumerian tablet nearly four thousand years old which proclaims,

> Once upon a time, there was no snake, there was no scorpion,
> There was no hyena, there was no lion,
> There was no wild dog, no wolf,
> There was no fear, no terror,
> Man had no rival.

Hesiod, however, was apparently the first to combine the idea of a paradise with the "golden" metaphor. Then Virgil brought the myth to Italy and turned it to prophetic use in the *Fourth Eclogue*; and most significantly for literature, it was Ovid "who crystallized it into a *topos*, who realigned its traditional elements in the grandly rhetoric set-piece that would be imitated, plagiarized, paraphrased, parodied, reinterpreted, controverted, distorted, and metamorphosed into so many shapes by the writers we shall be considering." The myth underwent later important transformations at the hands of Sannazaro, who conflated the golden age myth with the pastoral genre, and Tasso, who—following the lead of Jean de Meun and Rabelais—turned the golden age into an amorous paradise where anything pleasing was permitted (*S'ei piace, ei lice*).

The Age of Exploration produced a new transformation of the myth in the possibility that the golden age might exist not in a different time, but in a different place—Bermuda, perhaps. (Columbus and his crew, we are told, heard nightingales and saw mermaids as they cruised through the West Indies.) But if some writers of the time looked to find the golden age in newly discovered lands others created images of it in their glorious fictions; most notably, there were More, Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare. Milton, more closely bound by doctrine, was obliged to look into the future for a time of "golden days, fruitful of golden deeds."

In the final chapter ("Historiography"), Professor Levin writes of the decline of the myth under the pressures of historical and social considerations. Commitments to concepts of progress, for example, moved the vision of the golden age from the past to the future; the age ceased to be a state from which we fell and became instead a state towards which we ascended, as in the optimistic prophecies of nineteenth-century socialism. But the present age is more skeptical about the possibilities of paradise. "The woods of Arcady are dead", wrote Yeats, and for

John Berryman the myth is something we have outgrown: "It was only a small dream of the Golden World, now you trot off to bed." It seems particularly appropriate that a book which has had enormous popularity among the young, William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, takes two of the traditional symbols of paradisal innocence, children and an uninhabited island, and turns them into nightmare vision. But Golding's influence has waned, and old myths die hard; are not the flower children of today, with their communes in the rural wilds, trying in their desperate way to live out a golden age in the present?

This is a delightfully brief book of 167 pages, not counting appendices and index, and a remarkably full one. It offers a fascinating display of incidental information ("When a Medici scion married a Farnese daughter, their wedding at Parma featured the Golden Age on a *carro trionfale* with two white doves") and countless provocative comments on a wide range of writers (in addition to those mentioned above, Professor Levin discusses Dante, Chaucer, Petrarch, Guarini, Erasmus, Cervantes, Montaigne, Bacon, Hobbes, Voltaire, Dostoyevsky, and many others). The intention of the book is, as the author has said, to present "the breadth of the panorama, the interplay of relationship", and this he has done with lucid grace and with a rare ability to see to the heart of the matter through a wealth of detail.

University of Massachusetts ROBERTS W. FRENCH

Critics of Consciousness: The Existential Structures of Literature. By SARAH LAWALL. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: Saunders of Toronto], 1968. Pp. ix, 281. $7.00.

After years of detailed explication both in English-speaking and in French-speaking countries, the need—rather than the mere possibility—of other approaches to literature becomes more pressing; in a new decade the fashioning of new relationships between literature and psychology, literature and anthropology, literature and sociology to define individual response to a work of art may become the task of a fresh generation of academic literary thinkers. Already one of the new relationships between individual response and literature has been indicated by the Geneva School of phenomenological critics.

Abandoning the effort toward description and evaluation of a particular work, these writers see criticism as a collaboration between author and critic in which the work serves as the basis for a personal meditation analyzing the metaphysical patterns from which a writer creates. In Dr. Lawall's words: "As the 'author' begins to take form and reconcile his separate visions of reality, the critic tries to duplicate this awakening by accepting all the forms of its experience, by espousing the themes and stylistic rhythm of the work. Any other manner of read-

ing would be useless for a critic of consciousness, and he is especially opposed to an objective analysis that paralyzes the living act of literary creation." The union of critical and creative consciousness thus effected reveals, as it were, a geography of metaphysics as it attempts to show those preoccupations and contradictions which, like mountains and chasms, form the interior "world" of a creative mind.

Of those critics writing in French perhaps the best known in the English-speaking countries have been Marcel Raymond and Georges Poulet. Dr. Lawall's book presents an exposition of their work together with that of Béguin, Richard, Starobinski, Rousset, Blanchot, and the American critic, J. Hillis Miller, who has been influenced to a considerable extent by their methods. Paraphrases of these writers' major ideas are offered, and the succinct clarity of Dr. Lawall's expositions makes *Critics of Consciousness* an indispensable introduction to phenomenological criticism.

Less adequately developed are reasoned objections to this mode of criticism: the tendency to fragment a given word or total *oeuvre* in order to "chart" the metaphysical patterns, the frequent avoidance of linguistic analysis, and the hidden value judgments operating at the basis of the phenomenological meditations may appear alarming to those trained in more "objective", explicatory modes. Some further discussion of these aspects may have served as a balance and a bridge—a balance to the descriptive expositions suggesting certain disadvantages and defects in phenomenological methodology, and a bridge suggesting convergence between the new perceptiveness and the older, explicatory criticism. This opportunity has not been taken. Rather than act as a bridge between explicators and critics of consciousness, Dr. Lawall's work serves as a guiding light in one's own reading of the Geneva School. The most effective bridge remains the writings of J. Hillis Miller, in whose most penetrating essays—such as those on Dickens, Conrad, Stevens and William Carlos Williams—both sets of assumptions exist in that "incarnated" reality towards which phenomenological critics strive. Within meditations such as those of Dr. Miller, fulfilment of the need for a new approach to literature transcends the possible and becomes actual. Dr. Lawall convincingly concludes her expositions by asserting: "The criticism of consciousness is distinctly able to broaden the horizons of readers educated in the objective tradition of criticism. These critics offer the glimpse of a new dimension in literary perception, and their example uncovers substructures of the objective work which point to hitherto unseen or unappreciated formal echoes." This scholarly and detailed volume stands as a beacon guiding its readers toward the "new dimension": it is the task of further scholarly critics, possessing a degree of sensitive perceptiveness and cultivated sensibility comparable to that of the Geneva School, to erect more bridges between the alternate shores of criticism.

University of Victoria C. J. Partridge

The Private Labyrinth of Malcolm Lowry. By PERLE S. EPSTEIN. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1969. Pp. 241. $6.95.

In his *Letters*, Malcolm Lowry says that Hugh and the Consul are the same person, both of them presumably himself at different periods in his life. That Lowry saw his fiction to be about himself, his various selves, himself in others and others in himself, were judgments he readily accepted. Of the manifest and possible Lowrys there are four acknowledged as responsible for the works he wrote:

> First, the young man: Hugh/Hambo/Bill Plantagenet; taropatch enthusiast, weightlifter, drunk *extraordinaire*, masturbator; reader of Melville, Aiken, and Nordahl Grieg; would-be Ishmael; made a trip from one Cambridge to another in search of a father; author of *Ultramarine* and *Lunar Caustic*.
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> Second, the underground hero: the Consul; mystic, believer in black magic and the kabbala; Faustian, Romantic; incapable of living in bourgeois society and obsessed by the failure of love; who wrote no books but fathered one. This is the man that most readers assume to be Lowry: *perfectamente borracho*, damned; his last tooloose lowrytrek: hell.
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> Third, the author of a book whose protagonist, purported to be himself, has become legend: Sigbjorn Wilderness/Kennish Cosnahan/ Roderick Fairhaven; misunderstood, he writes friends, publishers, critics, explaining, always explaining: he had not read the *Zohar* and knows nothing of it, he never heard of existentialism, he does not like Joyce; still, guiltridden by the plagiarism he feels his work to be; voluminous notetaker, exhaustive talker, hopeless drunk. Society made of his work something it was not, because it would not understand what he was doing. Thus he wished to have at least remained obscure; instead, he took notes, discussed books, explicated intentions, tested plots: these have been published as *Hear Us O Lord From Heaven Thy Dwelling Place* and *Dark As the Grave Wherein My Friend Is Laid*.
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> Fourth, the artist: little is known of this man. He lived in Dollarton, B. C., drank little or not at all, regularly swam in the ocean. He wrote *Under the Volcano*, a book he called prophecy, hot music, political warning, cryptogram, preposterous movie, writing on the wall, poem, infernal machine.

Mrs. Epstein treats *Under the Volcano* rather as if it were a car: something with which to get from one place to another with not much attention to what happens in between. *A* goes to *B*, *B* to *C*, and *C* returns to *A*: the Consul snoring "represents both English political inaction and Geoffrey's own deliberative passivity

toward his wife" (p. 98), the Consul in the garden looks for salvation in memories of his past (not, as I thought, for a bottle); a ruined blue Ford is the Consul because blue symbolizes the magician (the Ford presumably also more magical than Chevys or Chryslers); and the Consul's comment that it is a nice day to take a trip "refer[s], of course, to his coming death" (p. 128). Everything can be anything Lowry thought, and it is indeed in Mrs. Epstein's book.

The implicit point of view of her writing is best revealed in this statement: "In fact, the dead peon *is* the nobler side of the Consul" (p. 128). In fact, the dead poen is not any side of the Consul; he is a regrettably dead but nevertheless discrete individual: Mexican not English. Mrs. Epstein makes parallel lines like these intersect, oblivious to her own Euclidean premises ("in fact") which preclude any possibility of their doing so. But she must have answers and answers there are without much concern for how they are arrived at (Thomas Mann's *Dr. Faustus*, published in 1948, is cited as an influence on *Under the Volcano*, published in 1946). In this manner she transcribes *Under the Volcano* into a factual world where everything has its fixed, assigned meaning. One cannot conceive a more ill-suited approach to Lowry's efforts to write about a continuous, and for him, more true, reality.

Whatever the reason, the will to write was gone after *Under the Volcano*. The later work talks only of what has been. It contains this judgment of his writing: ". . . my own compositions have always fallen far short of the great, indeed they will never perhaps be anything more than second-rate, but at least as it seemed to me there was room for them in the world and I—and we—had happiness in their execution" (*Selected Letters of Malcolm Lowry*, ed. Harvey Breit and Margerie Bonner Lowry, Philadelphia and New York, 1965, p. 280). Despite what men made of his writing, they could not take from him the pleasure, the happiness, that came from the act of writing. But as work after work of his writing indicates, Lowry also well knew what such readers as Mrs. Epstein could take from him, the price exacted for that happiness, revealed in that double-edge word, execution, daily administered by that which called itself culture.

Still, there is *Under the Volcano*: "after a while it began to make a noise like music; when it made the wrong noise I altered it—when it seemed to make the right one finally, I kept it" (*Letters*, p. 200). A noise like music: such was his execution. The word cut both ways.

Rensselaer, Indiana ROBERT BUCKEYE

In This House of Brede. By RUMER GODDEN. London: Macmillan [Toronto: Macmillan of Canada], 1969. Pp. 423. $6.95.

This is a delightful book: not a great novel, but well constructed, entertaining, suspenseful, and even enlightening in a unique sense. It is perhaps the novelty

of the theme and the release it offers from present-day tensions that can account for its finding a high place among the ten best-sellers in the current fiction list. An English abbey demonstrating a strictly medieval interpretation of religious life is surely an anachronism in this age of machines and labour disputes and nuclear threats; yet the author has carried it off with skill and charm, and with a certain magic that belongs exclusively to Rumer Godden.

Here is a set of etchings done with delicate precision, high-lighting the austere life of a group of Benedictine nuns who seem slightly mid-Victorian, with more than a tinge of middle-class snobbishness. The problem of re-creating the genuine spirit of the order, with its watchword, "Ora et Labora", and its centuries-old tradition, is symbolized by the nearly fatal episode of the renewal of the chapel decoration in its original Gothic beauty at the cost of scrapping the ornate details of the Victorian "restoration". The feat is accomplished, but only at the risk of complete insolvency and with what might be mildly termed "metaphysical aid".

The author's weakness lies in the direction of rather naïve coincidences and over-emphasis in the matter of character-drawing. She knows her nuns, however, and the daily routine of the horarium, which she exhibits with rare finesse. She shows, moreover, a thorough appreciation of the religious life and an understanding of the "magnum opus", the chanting of the Divine Office, which is the essence of the Benedictine vocation. Against this sombre and rather solemn background the human drama is enlivened by flashes of humour and insight that suggest sunlight filtered through stained glass.

The pervading spirit is one of joy, which is high-lighted in varying degrees in the lives of a group of women dedicated yet thoroughly human and utterly feminine: Philippa, the experienced woman of the world, who seeks the haven of contemplation out of sheer world-weariness; Cecily, of too rare metal to be content with the everyday world; Dame Catherine, who is called out of a life of obscurity to be Abbess and finds herself possessed of all the "charisms" which belong to that elevated station. But here the reader, true romantic as she (not he) is, willingly suspends disbelief and follows on to a most satisfactory conclusion. All problems are solved, all shadows banished, and the novel ends in a peace that is almost "past understanding".

The story covers fourteen years, ending about nineteen sixty-six, after the Second Vatican Council. The reader is beguiled by the idea that somehow before the last page is reached there will be an upheaval in Brede Abbey, as in the rest of Christendom, when the "aggiornamento" eventually reaches its hallowed gates; but the author passes quickly over the elements of change, which glance rather lightly off an establishment grounded on thirteen centuries of "tradition". What will happen when the grilles fall and the tide of suffering humanity flows over its threshold the thoughtful reader is left to ponder. The subtle charm of this en-

chanting story will linger, however, and the symbol of the Benedictine order emerge: a tree-stump, and the motto, "Cut down, it grows green again."

Mount Saint Vincent University SISTER MARIE AGNES

Canadian Books

The Palliser Papers, 1857-60. Edited by IRENE M. SPRY. Toronto: The Champlain Society, 1968. Pp. cxxxviii, 694, with map.

John Palliser, the eldest son of an Irish land-owning family, like many of his class and period, combined a love of field sports and restlessness with an hereditary sense of social responsibility and a considerable range of culture and knowledge. Characteristically, he was a lover of music and astronomy and was fluent in French, German, and Italian, yet had never mastered the mystery of English spelling. In 1847-49 he made an expedition into North America and pursued grizzly bear and buffalo in the upper Missouri country, and his observations at this time crystallized later into the Palliser Expedition.

What is now Canada was at that time in a very confused state. The Atlantic provinces were still linked to the sea and little concerned with the continent. Upper and Lower Canada, in spite of their spasms of mutual antagonism, were beginning to feel their existence as an almost independent country, with ambition but without the wealth to implement it. To the north and west was the great fur-empire of the Hudson's Bay Company, now approaching the end of its charter. On the Pacific coast, British Columbia, a few hundred strong, was feeling the encroachment of gold-hunters. And over all reigned Great Britain, already coming under the influence of Gladstone, the perfect chancellor of the exchequer, who saw colonies as liabilities to a free-trade country.

Palliser, who had considerable sympathy with the Indians, realized that the Hudson's Bay Company was no longer a suitable ruler in the new conditions of dwindling buffalo; but it was impracticable to suggest a new order, since the area between the Red River and British Columbia was almost blank on the map. Even the maps of Thompson, by then half a century old, were secrets of the company. Settlement could not be recommended until it was known what suitable land was available, how the climate would co operate, and what communications were possible. Between Palliser and the Royal Geographical Society a plan for a thorough exploration of the area north of the American frontier took shape and was delivered to the government. Surprisingly enough, the government provided expenses, not adequately but at least sufficiently to make the project possible.

A party of five, to be reinforced on the spot by guides and workmen, was

chosen intelligently, in proof of which four of the five made an even deeper mark upon history after the expedition than in it. The one weak spot was Lieut. Blakiston, thoroughly competent in his meteorological work and in ornithology but unfortunately self-satisfied and aware of the deficiencies of others. Since Palliser refused to give him official status as second-in-command of the party, he withdrew during the second year. The body of this book is Palliser's report, compiled by the three who were left at the end of the three-year expedition, and a detailed narrative pieced together from their journals. In this there is never a mention of the difficulties caused by Blakiston, while Blakiston's journal was somewhat less generous. The editor has made the whole picture much clearer by giving in the introduction a detailed summary including these suppressed features.

The editing of this massive volume is masterful. The introduction gives a much clearer picture of the members of the expedition than might be derived from their journals, and the summary of the expeditions is easier to follow than the day-by-day progress. With wisdom after the event we may consider Palliser's report to have been pessimistic. To him land not then available to agriculture was accounted desert. This seriously limited his estimate of effective settlement, and in turn made it unlikely that a transcontinental railway, or even one from Canada or from British Columbia, could be financially justified. A linking with the American steamboat systems, on the other hand, offered no such difficulty. Palliser's report on the Hudson's Bay Company praised their co-operation and their tradition of honest dealing, but he saw that its presence prevented effective settlement and kept the Indians dependent upon the dwindling supply of animals for fur or food when they needed to be encouraged to adopt subsistence agriculture. For the time being the governments concerned took no action, but soon afterward the Palliser Report had its influence upon the development of Canada. Meanwhile the careful collections of the party added tremendously to the knowledge of Canadian geography, meteorology, biology, and geology.

The editing goes far beyond the introduction and the clarifying of Palliser's spelling. All the recorders seem to have been keen naturalists, and their daily naming of plants, insects, birds, and animals is sometimes in English (as distinct from North American), sometimes in scientific Latin, sometimes in simple description, so that footnotes give the probable identifications in the current names in English and Latin. Similarly, the names used by the explorers for geographical features are matched with the present names, and their calculations of latitude, longitude, and elevation are given in present terms. The proof-reading must have been equally excellent, since only four slips were noticed in 800 pages, and one of these was a Latin name.

The book cannot be accounted light reading, but one comes from the narrative with a sense of friendliness and admiration, especially for Palliser and Hector, the doctor-geologist. In spite of frequent hunger and danger, they were always inter-

ested and cheerful. There is no comment on the event when Hector was kicked in the chest by his horse and was saved from burial two hours later when his eyelids began to move. On the other hand, we learn much about his taste in meat, the mousy flavour of muskrat and beaver, the savour of lynx stuffed with bighorn mutton, and the excellence of skunk. It is a pity that we do not have the journal of Bougeau, the peasant botanist whom everyone praised but whose stately report in French is colourless and correct.

Wolfville, Nova Scotia J. S. ERSKINE

Canada: The War of the Conquest. By GUY FREGAULT. Don Mills: Oxford University Press, 1969. Pp. xii, 427. $9.50.

This account of the British conquest of Canada, with its causes and effects, was first published in French in 1955. The present volume is a fluent translation by Margaret M. Cameron. Professor Frégault prepared himself by research in Canada and the United States, and he gives careful lists of his sources and references, chapter by chapter, as well as a good bibliography and index.

The subject is an old one, and much has been written about it from the English viewpoint or the French. Professor Frégault points out that Parkman came close to an impartial study, and he endeavours to be impartial himself where the British and French governments and forces are concerned face to face, as distinct from their colonial counterparts.

According to Lytton Strachey the proper qualities of a historian are "a capacity for absorbing facts, a capacity for stating them, and a point of view". Frégault has all these qualities, and his point of view is that of a "Franco-American" whose hero is Pierre de Rigaud de Vaudreuil, Governor General of New France, because Vaudreuil held the Canadian thought and attitude, as opposed to those of Old France personified by Montcalm.

He writes: "The perspectives in French America are similar to those in British America. . . . Here were societies that had lived through, and were living through, the same collective experiences. They were colonial societies and they had the same attitudes towards their respective mother countries. They belonged to the same age and they cherished the same basic aspirations. . . . Basically that means that they were all Americans, Canadians as well as British. And nothing is more like an American than another American."

On this basis Frégault proceeds with his account, and because it is impossible to exalt Vaudreuil without putting down Montcalm, the unfortunate French general is written off as a shuffler and a braggart who failed because he would not carry out the directions of Vaudreuil and would not trust Canadians on or off the battle-field. On the latter score the author shows his bias with an unduly long account of the French capture of Oswego in 1756. Known to the French as "Chouaguen",

the place was important only because it was the sole English post on the water route through the Great Lakes to the St. Lawrence. Its defences were weak, with a garrison of untrained and shaky American militia who made a poor fight and soon surrendered. Montcalm claimed the victory for his regular soldiers and their siege cannon. Vaudreuil claimed it for the Canadians and Indians who cut off any chance of retreat or relief. According to the French regulars, the Canadians and Indians did a lot of hooting and shooting from the shelter of the woods until they saw that the issue was past doubt, and then rushed forward to seize the loot and claim the credit. For such people the scornful word "Chouayens" (still in use, oddly enough, by the French Canadians themselves) is said to have originated with the regular French soldiers at Chouaguen. Frégault does not mention this, but his long and repetitive effort to prove that the Canadians really won this backwoods scuffle seems to show his rancour over a word and all that it implied.

But it is in Frégault's conclusion of this book that he makes his main departure from good evidence. He writes: "Attentive examination of the systematic and decisive fashion in which the Canadian people was 'broken' must make it possible for us to see in its true light the crisis—so clearly visible—in Canadian society, and to realize that it was not merely the result of a certain conjuncture of circumstances but involved the very structure of that society. The framework of the Canadian community, destroyed in the crisis, was never properly rebuilt." "I am aware", he admits, "that this is a disturbing conclusion."

Yet the facts of life in Canada since the Conquest, and especially at the present time, show clearly that the French Canadian people and their language and culture were indestructible, and (as Toynbee has pointed out) likely to remain intact for ages to come.

Professor Frégault wrote his book twelve years before General de Gaulle made his carefully staged conquest-in-reverse, landing at Wolfe's Cove, passing in triumph over the Plains of Abraham, and finally uttering that famous phrase in the streets of Montreal.

As Frégault is now Quebec's Commissioner General for Co-Operation With Outside Governments, one wonders if Le Grand Charles ever read "La Guerre de la Conquête", and if so what he thought of Frégault's harsh condemnation of that other French general and all he stood for.

Liverpool, Nova Scotia THOMAS H. RADDALL

Newfoundland. By HAROLD HORWOOD. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1969. Pp. x, 244. $6.95.

Christmas Mumming in Newfoundland. Essays in Anthropology, Folklore, and History. Edited by HERBERT HALPERT and G. M. STORY. Toronto: Uni-

versity of Toronto Press for Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1969. Pp. xii, 246. $7.50.

The Boat Who Wouldn't Float. By FARLEY MOWAT. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1969. Pp. 243. $6.95.

These three books have more for their common subject than their setting in Britain's oldest colony and Canada's youngest province. The first is basically a guide book in a new travel series about the Canadian provinces; the second is part of a comprehensive series of researches being carried out under the auspices of Memorial University; and the third is a highly individual extravaganza. But each contributes to the picture of Newfoundland some details, in varying degrees, of the land and the people, of their history and character, of topography and folk-ways, of travel and adventure, of speech and traditions.

Harold Horwood's ancestors came to Newfoundland three centuries ago, and his knowledge of the island is based on family tradition, on wide travels at home and abroad—"I wouldn't live anywhere else in the world"—and wide experience as a professional author, broadcaster, and journalist. Besides a useful tourist guide and illustrative catalogue, he gives much compressed but valuable history, and a well-informed account of recent economic and political developments. He goes back to the Dorset and Red Paint Cultures, and taking in history and people as he moves through places, moves on to Eskimo and Beothuck, to fishermen, lumbermen, and finally to the engineers, miners, and construction men of western Labrador, where he describes developments of power at Churchill Falls and of iron ore near the Quebec border as potentially the biggest enterprises of their kind in the world. Chapters range from rum-running and seal-hunting to the development of inland roadways, and from the fishing "admirals" of the past and millionaire merchants of the present to the Nascaupi Indian tent-dwellers of the Labrador coast. Chapters on routes and accommodation, and appendices on canoeing, fresh-water fishing, and big-game hunting bring the book partly within the classification of tourist and chamber-of-commerce "literature", but it is much more than that, and is an excellent single-volume introduction to most aspects of the past and present in Newfoundland.

Chrismas Mumming embodies research projects, one group of many that have been instituted by Memorial University to record the speech, customs, and folk-lore that have been preserved in homogeneous and isolated settlements and are now threatened with extinction by rapidly increasing communication by land and over the airways instead of difficult and infrequent access by sea. The team of contributing scholars, including the editors, is composed of linguists, anthropologists, folklorists, and sociologists, and their survey has balanced technical procedures with human sympathy. "Mummering" and "janneying"—a later and generally pejorative term—are described with detailed references to words and pronunciations, costumes and accessories, manners and customs, from house to house and communiy to com-

munity. Place-names are disguised, but are often fairly easy to identify with the aid of the map and the lengthy list of communities in which mummers' plays and Christmas disguisings were studied. Representative texts are included, and show remarkable similarity in language, costume, and characters, in acting, fighting, and dancing, to such medieval English plays as the Durham Christmas play and the West Country Christmas play of St. George, as given in the small book *Earlier English Drama* edited by F. J. Tickner (Nelson, 1931, o.p.). Identical characters are Father Christmas, King (Saint) George, the Turkish Knight, and the Doctor. Such additions as Dan Donnelly and Valentine and Orson are not local, but from Irish and English ballads. Interesting members of the *dramatis personae* are Alexander, Czar of Russia, Oliver Cromwell, Jack Tar, Pickedy Wick, Dim Dorthy [*sic*], and a Wren, but the plays, in the folk tradition, are conservative, with even fewer adaptations to local interests than, for example, the mummings of Hardy's Wessex.

Contrasting with the other two books, Farley Mowat's *The Boat Who Wouldn't Float* does not call for serious reading or profess to give reliable information. At the same time, it manages to convey a sense of the strength and spirit of Newfoundland, and an impression of its cliffs and coves, its wharves and tickles. If its humour is Rabelaisian in both energy and earthiness, Newfoundlanders are a patient people who can take it, and give as good as they get. It would be interesting to have their own accounts of Mowat and his real or alleged adventures, as well as those of his long-suffering publisher and companion on parts of the voyages. The story, in its own way, is a sort of picaresque romance that includes the courtship and marriage of the narrator. The true heroine, however, is the boat, *Happy Adventure*. Like Mowat himself, she is endowed with the same energy as her own engines and those of the all-purpose stationwagon, *Passion Flower*, that journeyed from Ontario to Cape Breton, over Cabot Strait, and across Newfoundland. It is all good fun, and if the reader's or possibly Mowat's gusto inclines to diminish towards the end, the anecdotes are still good at intervals for many a laugh from deep below the belt. The high-or-low-point of robust humour is probably reached with the overnight change of *Happy Adventure* to the flagship of the Basque merchant marine. To escape the attention of internal revenue officers she became *Itchatchozale Alai* or more familiarly, in keeping with the general tone, *Itchy-ass-sally*. The adventures are compressed under a full head of steam from more than one voyage, and, as usual with Mowat—never a writer to take a chance on understatement—they lose nothing in the telling. With proper allowances, the story of the *Happy Adventure* still presents impressions that supplement the considered appraisals of the other two books as well as reinforce Mowat's own affection for pre-Smallwood Newfoundland.

Dalhousie University C. L. Bennet

Uncommon Obdurate: The Several Careers of J. F. W. DesBarres. By G. D. N. Evans. Salem, Mass.: Peabody Museum, and Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1969. Pp. ix, 130. $10.00

The name of J. F. W. DesBarres (1721-1824) is familiar from his famous charts, the *Atlantic Neptune*, and it is this part of his career that will be read with the greatest interest by most readers. "To the Sea in Ships" is a fascinating description of how the British challenged French supremacy in map and chart making and how the actual surveying was carried out in the 1760s, but there are no reproductions of the charts included in this volume.

DesBarres did not, as some writers have asserted, do all the surveying for the *Atlantic Neptune*, but he and his assistants did survey large stretches of the coastal waters and were two years working on Sable Island. He had no recognized staff and various British government departments were slow to pay his expenses, so that he went ahead on his own responsibility hiring extra vessels and Acadians to man them. In winter they worked in DesBarres' home "Castle Frederick" at Falmouth, Nova Scotia, recording the information collected on maps.

It was the urgent need of the British Navy for accurate charts of North America during the American Revolution which brought about the publication of the *Neptune*. There were four editions of the charts and special editions for individuals. Although the British Admiralty had paid for the production of the charts and also for sets supplied to naval ships, DesBarres claimed the copyright and finally his son Augustus sold the copperplates as scrap for £850. 7s. 6d. As an artist as well as a cartographer DesBarres has never been fully appreciated.

Dr. Evans is a Welshman who has taught in colleges in England, Canada, and the United States and is presently Associate Professor of History and American Studies at City University of New York, Richmond College. He was led from his researches on the Loyalists in Cape Breton to a biography of DesBarres, an important and controversial figure in eighteenth-century North American history, whose careers spanned three countries and six decades. The DesBarres Collection at the Public Archives of Canada has 7376 items, and it must have been a staggering task to decipher and collate these. Dr. Evans has provided an excellent bibliographical essay on the manuscript papers of DesBarres and his family and the official records of Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

It is disappointing that Dr. Evans has not gone into more detail about DesBarres' career as Governor of Cape Breton (1784-1787) and of Prince Edward Island (1804-1812), which had been separated from the old colony of Nova Scotia. DesBarres was 62 when he became Governor of Cape Breton, his main recommendation for the task being his surveyor's knowledge and his persistence in bombarding Whitehall for full payment for his work on the *Neptune*. The title of the present book is, indeed, well chosen to show DesBarres' dominating characteristic.

It was DesBarres who selected Sydney as the capital of the new colony of

Cape Breton and he is honoured as its founder. The author has outlined the Governor's problems in providing supplies for the Loyalist settlers because neither Parr, the civil governor of Nova Scotia, nor Campbell, the military commander, had "any orders or instructions to send any provisions or stores from this place to your government". Government officials and merchants on the mainland refused to worry whether Cape Bretoners starved. The dispute over who held the supreme power—the civil or military—became more important in the minds of the contestants than feeding the people and settling the Loyalists on farms.

DesBarres was one of the first to press for the development of the island's coal deposits, but this plan to exploit Cape Breton's chief resource brought disfavour in Great Britain because it was official British policy to keep the mines strictly for Crown use and profit. Dr. Evans defends DesBarres' actions as Governor and censures Whitehall's ignorance of the colony, for Cape Breton and its Governor suffered from restrictive British imperial policies which even the American Revolution had failed to change.

When DesBarres was in his eighties he was given a second chance as Governor of Prince Edward Island (1804-1812), finally retiring when he was 92! Nonetheless, he had amazing energy and his skill as an engineer was used in schemes for the improvement of roads and better employment of statute labour because the Napoleonic Wars showed the need for good roads and an efficient militia. Although there is some discussion of quitrents and the problems of absentee landlords, a more detailed exposition of events on both islands during DesBarres' regime would have been valuable.

Like others from Europe, DesBarres dreamed of establishing large estates and becoming a landed proprietor, and he was able to utilize his official position and his knowledge as a surveyor to obtain grants of thousands of acres for the cost of fees and a small yearly quitrent. Indeed, he became the largest landlord in the Maritimes, and his children quarrelled forty years over his estate! DesBarres was unique in persevering in the attempt to obtain tenants and to hold his property in a country where men preferred to own their farms, and instituted endless law suits to collect his rents. As the author points out, the DesBarres papers reveal little about the system of estate management, about the administration of the estate by Mary Cannon while DesBarres was in England, about the actual rents paid and scientific agriculture.

Since they could not be documented, Dr. Evans has given us few glimpses of the colourful personality and eccentric genius of Governor DesBarres. He has, however, presented him as an army officer and surveyor, a landlord, an Imperial official, and an artist, and he has emphasized the important contribution that DesBarres made to hydrography by developing existing techniques and by creating charts which became for a century the standard guide for navigation.

Public Archives of Nova Scotia PHYLLIS R. BLAKELEY

The Streets of Summer. By DAVID HELWIG. Ottawa: Oberon Press, 1969. Pp. 188. $4.95.

Cape Breton Is The Thought Control Centre of Canada. By RAY SMITH. Toronto: House of Anansi, 1969. Pp. 136. $2.50 pb.

These two books of short stories have only two things in common: they are both first collections, and they are both interesting. But the areas of interest differ considerably, and the books appeal to the reader for nearly opposite reasons.

David Helwig is primarily concerned with people, their personalities, motives, mannerisms, and the ways in which they interact with one another. His technique is simple, an unobtrusive vehicle for the presentation of his characters and their stories. Helwig deals with the real problems of ordinary people: an old woman, once the mistress of writers and artists, faces her last winter of life alone; an old army colonel struggles against loss of direction in retirement; a young man gets his first glimpse of adultery and its causes among the people he caddies for during the summer; a man whose wife has left him must learn to live among the continual reminders of their life together. In most cases, Helwig deals with his people humanely and compassionately; only occasionally does one get the feeling that his approach is too cool and analytic.

The central story of the book, really a novelette, is "The Streets of Summer". It is easily the best piece of writing in the collection, and suggests that Helwig would be very much at home in the novel. This long story, of a young graduate student's growing involvement with a strange girl and the young alcoholic actor who is her lover, gives Helwig the scope he needs to really get inside his people and present them in depth. His impressive ability to handle dialogue is especially noteworthy here, where the many conversations are the focuses of the trio's trip through the summer to the violence that is its inevitable climax. *The Streets of Summer* is almost as impressive a début in prose as last year's *Figures in a Landscape* was in poetry.

Ray Smith is a stylist. Never at a loss for a witty and startling way to say something, he is sometimes at a loss for something to say. The House of Anansi, the small Toronto publishing house which is making a name for itself as a promoter of new and exciting talent, feels strongly that Smith's stories are "something new in Canadian fiction". This may be a bit of an overstatement, but Smith is certainly in the main stream of contemporary experimental writing. He has obviously read widely and has carefully studied technique: technique is at present his greatest asset.

Although there is something interesting in every selection, many of the stories are not stories at all but just excuses for the author to play tricks with the language. Such tricks are exciting in themselves, but they pale quickly. The

narrative element in prose literature is still important, I believe, and Smith's writing comes fully alive when he does have a real story, even a weird one, to tell.

The title story is a series of cryptic notes about Canadian nationalism, many of them ironic calls to action perhaps, but it finally lacks unity. "A Cynical Tale" is a very witty parody of "Barbary Allen" and spy-novels: a sick joke, but one that fits perfectly into the two and a half pages it is allotted. "Smoke" tells a fantastic story, but its final effect is to create a mood of gentle sadness. The best story in the book is "Galoshes", a madcap extravaganza involving a graduate student in English, a wild Cape Bretoner, the nurses of the Victoria General Hospital, and a dismal Halifax February. The influence of J. P. Donleavy can be seen in this story, but most of the humour and style are Smith's own. If he can go on from such stories as "Smoke" and "Galoshes" to a novel or other stories that present real characters, even if they are weird, he will become a talent to be reckoned with. Meanwhile there is enough good fun and technical excitement in this collection to place it far above most first books and mark it as a very promising beginning.

University of Alberta DOUGLAS BARBOUR

The Clergy Reserves of Upper Canada. By ALAN WILSON. Ottawa: The Canadian Historical Association, 1969. Pp. 24. np.

While Alan Wilson's brief monograph fulfils the stated purpose of these special Canadian Historical Association Booklets, which are designed to provide more "concise information about special historical problems than is now available in general works and texts", nonetheless coverage of a topic such as The Clergy Reserves within 22 pages can offer little more than a chronological historical outline of this most complex subject. However, Professor Wilson does establish the fact that public opposition to the Reserves arose not primarily from their physical and economical shortcomings, as is generally supposed, but from worsening sectarian strife. And this worsening of relations he ascribes directly to Bishop John Strachan's action in obtaining a charter for a "Clergy Corporation of Upper Canada"—an act which strengthened the "symbols of a Church Establishment which had arisen *de facto*" and later threatened to be consolidated *de jure* by the endowment of the Rectories.

Alan Wilson's longer work on this subject (reviewed in the Winter 1968-69 issue of the *Dalhousie Review*) should be read for more detailed coverage of these various developments, which served to make the much-disputed secularization of the Clergy Reserves perhaps the most important key issue in the struggle for responsible government and public control of local resources.

Ontario Institute for Studies in Education MARGARET K. ZIEMAN

The SHANNON *and the* CHESAPEAKE. By H. F. PULLEN. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1970. Pp. xviii, 174. $20.00.

Admiral Hugh Pullen has made public in various ways his predilection for the past and his devotion to the Crown as constituted in Empire days. Consequently, readers might be excused for expecting his treatment of the celebrated engagement of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* to be "parcelled and served" with stout threads of British bias. They will find the presumption quite wrong.

Admiral Pullen has constructed his study in the same way that seamen of another age might have compiled a pilotage guide: with facts wherever possible, and with suppositions based only on the most carefully balanced of these facts. The opening chapters block in the political and military stances of a war-weary but navally arrogant Britain, and a trade-hungry United States over-sensitive to threats against her sovereignty.

Britain's blockade of Napoleon's Europe and her cavalier impressment of seamen claiming American citizenship and protection were high among the major reasons for the War of 1812. One incident culminated in the court-martial and hanging in Halifax harbour of a seaman removed under gun-fire from USS *Chesapeake* in 1807. It is only the first of many crucial developments shown against the backdrop of Halifax harbour. The last, of course, was the triumphant June afternoon in 1813 on which HMS *Shannon* preceded her prize, the same USS *Chesapeake*, up the harbour while the whole town watched from every wharf and window.

The story that lies between those episodes builds on facts as full of tension as any inventions of Melville or Forester. Admiral Pullen lets the natural events marshal themselves without gratuitous underlining, supporting O. Henry's contention that they will "get in ahead of art every time". The events cry out for a decisive and glorious moment: the humiliation of the Royal Navy in five successive ship-to-ship encounters; the obsession of Captain Philip Broke with gun-drill and discipline on board the *Shannon*; the probable desire of the *Chesapeake*'s Captain Lawrence to redress what he considered a slight by the Secretary of the United States Navy, and his anxiety to get into some heroic action; the slow, deliberate convergence of the two frigates just off Boston. The engagement was brief and bloody, starred with personal acts of courage, clouded with crucial mischance. Every element of gunpowder combat under sail is included in a fight that lasted less than fifteen minutes.

The author makes extensive excerpts from contemporary sources to show the reaction on both sides, complete with puffery, second-guessing, misinformation, and shameless embroidery. He is far more circumspect in his own assessments and gives a between-the-lines impression of having to bite down on the bullet to restrain himself from more glorification of Captain Broke than he includes. He does suc-

ceed in making quite plausible the proposition that Broke was the father of British Naval gunnery from his time onward.

The SHANNON *and the* CHESAPEAKE will leave all but the most knowledgeable sea-buffs wishing for a little more by way of glossary and explanation of esoterica. However, none could hope for more completeness in notes, bibliography, and appendices. The author has been generous with his source material even to the extent of giving readers a free sample of nautical expertise for themselves.

The book is beautifully produced, with a central album of pictures on glossy paper, a tipped-in reproduction in full colour of a contemporary canvas, and dozens of effectively placed line-drawings from the brine-dipped pen of Cdr. L. B. Jenson.

Only time will tell if this is to become the definitive work on the important sea-battle of the two historic frigates. This much is certain: whereas others, notably John Bach McMaster and Archibald MacMechan, have written accounts that are just and generous to both sides in this stirring encounter, they raised more questions than they were prepared to settle. Admiral Pullen, on the other hand, has not gone beyond those questions which after diligent research he is able to answer with an expert's measure of certainty.

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