

BOOK REVIEWS

Thanks for a Drowned Island. By A. G. Bailey. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Ltd., 1973.

Next to Margaret Avison, Alfred Bailey is probably the most difficult and sometimes obscure poet writing in Canada today and during the last three decades, and like her he is one of the most original, significant, and genuinely rewarding. In his poetry quite as much as in his scholarly essays collected in *Culture and Nationality* and his contributions to *A Literary History of Canada*, Alfred Bailey is an historian, an anthropologist, and an adventurous explorer of new ways of enriching the language of metaphor. This last, of course, is a characteristic of his activity as a poet, but it is used to bring the subjects of his poetry and his prose closer together. As well as being an original and an experimental poet, Bailey is a scholarly, learned, and traditional poet. His work is squarely centered in the modern metaphysical line to which each in his own way Hopkins, Eliot, Hart Crane, and Empson belong. "Each in his own way" is important, and Alfred Bailey has his own way, too.

Just what that is and how it differs from those of the poets named is difficult to put into words or describe briefly, but perhaps by citing relevant passages I can do it. It will be fun to try, anyhow.

First a few generalizations may be helpful. The general subject of many of the most exciting poems in this book is history — fairly local with respect to place (New Brunswick mainly but the Eastern seaboard also, including occasionally also New England and Virginia) but going back in time as far as the French-English-Indian wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and farther still to the Algonkian culture before the coming of the white man. A few of these poems I have admired for years — "Border River", "Algonkian Burial", "Miramichi Lightning", "Ideogram", and "Colonial Set", to name only a few — but others, especially in the first and fourth sections are new, or new to me.

Among the unfamiliar pieces, especially in the first section of the book, are some that develop Bailey's technical innovations more fully than any of the nevertheless very original poems I have named. These are poems not of history but of nature

(animals and weather, sea and earth) and of men and machines (tramp steamers, docks, steam shovels), and their skill and effectiveness depend on the unexpected metaphors, resulting often in conceits, the surprising pertinence of implication, and what seems like an unexpected bonus of 'music' in the peppering of rhyme, alliteration, and assonance providing an appropriately tough accompaniment to the thought and feeling.

But perhaps only some examples can make these observations valid. Near the beginning of the book we come upon a poem entitled "how in the dark our index page to find" — a title that puts the reader on his mettle its relevance to find, an absorbing but not an impossible task. The unifying central image (or symbol?) is the column of black smoke pouring from the stack of a tramp steamer coming into dock in a heavy sea. I will have to quote the poem in its entirety.

dock take ship trundling
 bundled in funnel's
 smoke; devil take
 sea chop and oil slick.
 Break
 all foul mix,
 sea-lung, gone
 from green bayed edges
 to black grampus fix. The
 sea's eyes would
 green wind, send
 and shiver tramps and
 good-hulled traders.
 See if wind steps up
 snarling dogs of
 water lumps, dumping all
 craft over,
 (hail, hail careless sea) and
 careless empty rover
 and cracks clanging bells. Sea
 smells point noses ammonia sharp;
 bells make hark, hear
 (meaning see)
 the ghost
 of holy and
 rewarded smoke,
 for good and vertical
 virtues find
 their blooming goal
 and hope, the most.

Here the poet's impeccable ear modulates the rhythms through the varying line lengths and the distribution of the breaks required by the sense, and the resulting

harsh and grating 'music' contributes almost as much as the images to the communication of 'meaning'. It testifies also to the genuineness of the emotion.

What emotion? you ask.

Why, the pleasure and indeed the thrill of recognizing in a common and maybe commonplace event — certainly an 'unpoetic' one — an instance of man's hard, necessary, and here successful struggle with nature (in this case sea and wind) so that the dirty black smoke pouring from the tramp steamer's funnel becomes ghostly, holy, and rewarding - sacred as the smoke of a thank offering on the altar of a temple. The clanging bells on bridge and in engine room are a celebration of the elevation of a host.

And now the title. The poem itself we see illustrates how in the dark of humdrum dangerous ordinary work the mind that imaginatively sees connections can find direction and guidance to the place of meanings.

And that is perhaps what all the poems in this book - even the most difficult - achieve. And so too do some of the simpler delightful nature poems, which are not about any of the grand or grandiose or picturesque aspects of scenery but about the humbler flowers and animals — dandelions, muskrats, moles, — such poems for example as "Water, Air, Fire, Earth", "The Muskrat and the Whale", or "The Sun the Wind the Summer Field".

The paradoxical celebration of the muskrat at the expense of the mighty whale is an almost perfect Marianne Moore poem (I mean this as praise) — but there is a difference. Once again I must quote:

The muskrat in his brook is
 not a contemptible fellow....
 His reason
 liberates his nights and days in
 the medium this reason both foreshadows
 and reflects.
 He is satisfied and we are satisfied to
 see him so.
 We would not want his goings-out and
 comings-in,
 deliberate and slow, ...
 Dignity and industry lend size to the muskrat.
 His size is his own, and mete.
 The whale may think his dignity is greater.
 The muskrat would be able, if the
 thought struck him,
 to prove his own title to this quality,
 sooner or later.

This has the charm and delight of Marianne Moore's quixotic observations, but the difference is that not only the frogs (muskrats) are real but the gardens ("the

shallow bed of gurgling water he works and plays in") are not imaginary but real.

Such poems as those I have been considering I find more pleasing — perhaps because they are 'purer' poetry — than the set pieces on Canadian history, such as "The Shadow of Mr. McGee", "Canadian Flag Debate", and "Confederation Debate", though heaven knows these are witty, clever, and perceptive enough to enliven subjects that journalists and text-books have made dull. Here for once we have a Canadian poet writing as well as our historians — perhaps because this poet is an historian too.

In conclusion I should say that this book once again demonstrates the continuing vitality of the intellectual tradition in Canadian poetry and places Alfred Bailey in the forefront of a significant group of poets that includes F.R. Scott, Eli Mandel, Ralph Gustafson, Douglas LePan, and a few others. Of none of these can it be said that in their poetry there is "so little for the mind".

Magog, P.Q.

A.J.M. Smith

Play up and Play the Game. The Heroes of Popular Fiction. By Patrick Howarth. Agincourt, Ontario: Methuen Publications. Pp. 178. \$10.95

This is a book for the general reader, entertaining and within well-defined limits useful, especially since it prompts questions in the mind, questions which the author, who is plainly well aware of them, almost deliberately refuses to answer. He is concerned with a type of English fiction, aimed for the most part at the young, that sprang up rather more than a century ago. It preached what might be called the English public-school ethos. Mr. Howarth sees it focused most sharply in the poems, and in one poem in particular, of Sir Henry Newbolt, to whom he devotes his introductory chapter. The poem is "Vitae Lampada," which all educated Englishmen over fifty carry round their necks like Coleridge's albatross. The first stanza runs:

There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight -
 Ten to make and the match to win -
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.
 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
 But his Captain's hands on his shoulder smote -
 Play up! Play up! and play the game!

In the second stanza we are in the desert, in Egypt or India:

...The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
 The river of death has brimmed his banks,
 And England's far, and Honour a name,
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
 'Play up! Play up! and play the game!'

The poem presents us with a proposition: loyalty and service to the school beget loyalty and service to England, thence to the Empire, thence, perhaps, to the world.

Newbolt was born in 1862, the son of an Anglican clergyman, and educated at Clifton, "that forcing ground", as Mr. Howarth calls it, "of professional soldiers". I associate Clifton, apart from with friends who went there, both writers, with the painter Augustus John and the novelist Joyce Cary. Which suggests that generalisations about the public schools are as risky as generalisations about anything else. But Mr. Howarth is perfectly right in surmising that Newbolt enshrined the public-school ethos in twenty-four lines of verse.

Newbolt himself did not invent it. Where and how did it originate? As Mr. Howarth convincingly shows, in Hughes's *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and in Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*, a fusion, you might say, of the concepts of muscular Christianity and of God's Englishman. He then traces its development in popular novels, in the boys' fiction of Henty and Ballantyne — he might have reminded us that *Lord of the Flies* is based on and in a real sense is a riposte to Ballantyne's *Coral Island* — the historical fiction of Conan Doyle, the spy stories of John Buchan, works like Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda* and *Rupert of Hentzau*, boys' weekly magazines like *The Gem* and *The Magnet* which celebrated the adventures of Harry Wharton and Co. and the misadventures of Billy Bunter at Greyfriars School, and, among others, the novels of "Sapper". Mr. Howarth quotes well from all these, and since the quotations are often unconsciously funny he is spared the necessity of attempting to be funny himself.

Kipling, the laureate of, among so many other things, the White Man's Burden, does not appear in my list. Mr. Howarth devotes a chapter to him, mainly to point out that Kipling's standards were not Newbolt's. In *Stalky & Co.* Beetle and his friends drink and smoke and swear and are terribly embarrassed when a Conservative M. P. visits the school, makes a patriotic speech and waves the Union Jack in their faces.

Mr. Howarth believes that the genre of fiction he is writing about is now dead, and I am sure he is right. What killed it? He answers: the First World War, and

instances as a record of disillusion with the public-school ethic Aldington's *Death of a Hero* and, by implication, R.C. Sherrif's play *Journey's End*. I am only partly convinced. War or no war, it would have died in any event, killed by a changing and increasingly complex social scene. It is worth remembering that E. M. Forster published his public-school – or anti-public-school – novel, *The Longest Journey*, as far back as 1907.

Mr. Howarth scarcely touches upon the sociological implications of the books he discusses. He does suggest that in life the embodiment of what he calls the Newbolt Man was Robert Baden-Powell, of Boy Scout fame. I wonder if this is true. From my memory of *Scouting for Boys*, it seems to me that Baden-Powell's inspiration came not so much from the playing fields of Eton as from the happy hunting grounds of North America.

There is something else, which Mr. Howarth does not deal with. Until quite recently, all English boys, of whatever social class, were subjected to the public-school ethos. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that, until recently, English schools since 1870, have mostly been modelled on the public schools. As a boy of nine or ten I went to an elementary school, entirely working class, in Birmingham: I was put in Shrewsbury House and therefore wore a dark blue favour. The other houses the school was divided into were Eton, Harrow and Westminster. The absurdity of it did not strike me until ten years later. And when I went from that school to a municipal secondary school I found myself in a place which I have recognised time and again in novels of public-school life. I do not think any of the masters were public-school men, but we imbibed public-school values. We sang a school song in which we praised ourselves for learning "the game of life In cricket's manly warfare And football's honest strife". How did it all affect us? I know only that some of us conformed most of the time, some all the time, and some rebelled – and if it comes to that, I remember that Byron and Shelley were public-school men.

Mr. Howarth writes well, wittily and justly; except, I think, about Newbolt. His picture of Newbolt is incomplete. He was a better poet than Mr. Howarth allows. He was, Mr. Howarth tells us, a friend of H. G. Wells, who was anything but a public-school man; and having written that, I realise that his Samurai might have been based on public-school prefects. But I have a personal reason for having a regard for Newbolt. In 1928 he published an anthology called *New Paths on Helicon*, which as a sixth-form boy I read. I discovered there, with exciting appraisals of them, exciting poets no one had ever told me about. I looked at the anthology the other day. It still seems to me good. There are the usual Georgians, though the choice of poems is fresh; but there are also Eliot ("The Hollow Men"), Pound ("Portrait d'une Femme" and "The Seafarer"), Lawrence and Herbert Read. The time was 1928; Newbolt was sixty-six. Not bad, it seems to me, for a man who is currently rendered as an elderly Blimp.

Dalhousie University

Walter Allen

Acts of Attention: The Poems of D.H. Lawrence. By Sandra M. Gilbert. Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1972.

The purpose of this book is to bring Lawrence's poetry the attention that his fiction has merited. This becomes a great and unresolved problem in the book because Lawrence was not a major poet, did not consider poetry to be as important as the novel, and did not readily grant even that fiction and poetry use language in different ways. Gilbert is not committed to accepting the force of Lawrence's ideas or even the manifest inadequacy of most of his poems. She is interested in establishing Lawrence as a major poet, and in showing that his performance is in conformity with his theory. To say the very least, such an objective would involve some wangling to achieve.

That does not properly describe the nature of Gilbert's book, however. Lawrence said: "I am a man, and alive. I am man alive, and as long as I can, I intend to go on being man alive. For this reason I am a novelist. And being a novelist, I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher, and the poet, who are all great masters of different bits of man alive, but never get the whole hog. The novel is the one bright book of life." Here Lawrence clearly recognizes the importance of fiction and its predominance over poetry in his time. He also discriminates between what he is doing and the compartmentalized professionalism of men of letters. But for anyone attempting what Gilbert attempts, the matter is much more complicated. The novel is the bright book of life because it allows for a subtle sense of the complex interrelatedness of experience. The poet, on the other hand, "is more passive than the novelist; his whole being is concentrated in pure awareness of the thing in itself"(p. 8).

One has to look forward in the book to see to what Gilbert has committed herself. Her version of the poet gives us some kind of *ding-an-sich*; put in this way, it should be obvious that I think her proposal is nonsense. Here is one example.

Lawrence was fascinated by animals, and it comes as no surprise that he wrote poems about them. One of these is called "Man and Bat"; in it we have the story (though to put it that way may be giving too much to Lawrence the novelist, something Gilbert is emphatic to distinguish) of Lawrence discovering a bat in his room in Florence, and his attempts to chase it out into the daylight. In the end, and after much meditation prompted by the bat, he succeeds. The last three lines of the poem are the bat's:

There he sits, the long loud one!
But I am greater than he...
I escaped him....

Here is Gilbert's comment on those lines: "Most important, [Lawrence] concedes, at the very end admitting the bat himself into the seminar room, that to the bat bathood is natural, and humanity, the daytime consciousness that seems so natural to us, is absolutely alien. 'There he sits, the long loud one!' pipes Lawrence's bat, describing the poet in just barely translatable bat-speech"(p. 169).

There is nothing to justify Gilbert's assumption that Lawrence has even tried to "just barely" translate the bat's chirping as it flew past his terrace. It is hard to tell which is Gilbert's worse mistake: to consider that Lawrence is crazy or that the reader is.

Our sense that Gilbert doesn't know how to talk adequately about the language of poetry is complicated by the sense that she has a weak grasp of the meanings of words in their usual expository usage.

This is evident in her more general remarks on *Look! We Have Come Through* and *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*: "For [Lawrence] the poem is a perceptual experience that the poet himself – and the reader along with him – must undergo, an act of attention whose purpose is epistemological: discovery through a certain process of attention, and the process of experience of discovery is as much the subject of the poem as the ostensible subject itself" (pp. 92-93). Insofar as this statement has meaning, it is true of many poems other than Lawrence's. But none of these poems can properly be called epistemological, none of them actually discusses or in any way embodies a consideration of the philosophical ground for knowledge or the activity of knowing. Perhaps Gilbert's ideas on this come from recent commentaries on T.S. Eliot or Wallace Stevens, and perhaps from descriptions of Romanticism such as Rene Wellek's, but in her hands poetic difficulties become simply confused with philosophical ones.

If she doesn't understand how to discuss poetry as something different from philosophy, she doesn't do much better with simpler distinctions. Let us consider her defense of *Pansies*. The best that could be said for most of the pieces in that volume is that they are thin. J.J.M. Stewart transcribed them as prose as an indication of their radical failure. There is an insistent haranguing tone about many of them, and Lawrence used the then current new word "robot" to describe, in poem after poem, the masses he so disliked. Gilbert's observations are a capitulation to mindlessness: Lawrence is right to write poorly, reality has gotten so bad! The poems are in her view cartoons and doggerel, but they are good cartoons and good doggerel.

But the full force of her incapacity really comes through when she attempts to be fair both to the reader and to Lawrence. Here is a single paragraph from page 213:

To dehumanize people, however, as Lawrence so frequently does in *The Plumed Serpent*, *Pansies* and *Nettles*, is not to attend to them as they really are in themselves. It is at least in part to attend only to one's own "black tears." But after the trauma of the war years, Lawrence was never able to devote to any human being quite the attention he had expended on, say, the Brangwens in *The Rainbow* or, later, on birds, beasts and flowers. Especially in the poems, man for Lawrence, from 1923 onward, is either larger than life, a vaguely but ecstatically delineated god, or smaller than life, at times a corpse-like robot seen through veils of disappointment and despair, and at other times a cartoon-figure, a sad and funny caricature of humanity. In every case his attention is to the essence of his subjects rather than the accidents of their lives. For if one kind of essence is captured in the religious hyperboles of the hymnal or the distorting metaphors of despair, another is captured in the spare but irreverent lines of the cartoon.

The most venial insult to rational discussion is Gilbert's use of "human being": she simply ignores the difference between a person and a character in a novel. Should we presume that she means Lawrence no longer paid attention to Frieda? Both the letters of Lawrence's later years and even his failed achievements in *The Plumed Serpent* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* show the inadequacy of this blanket statement.

Next, one ought to notice that "hymnal" refers to Gilbert's theory that Lawrence attempted to capture some of the naivete of his childhood by a return to the rhythms of the Methodist Hymnal. *The Human World*, no.11 (inside back cover), has pointed out that Lawrence was not a Methodist and that there was no Methodist Hymnal during his childhood. So much for Gilbert's scholarship.

Next, one has to see that the paragraph begins as a concession of Lawrence's at least partial failure and turns into an enunciation of his triumphant success. "In every case his attention is to the essence of his subjects" hardly squares with the admission that dehumanizing people is exactly not "to attend to them as they really are in themselves."

Finally, "distorting metaphors of despair." If she does maintain that some kind of essence is captured - this is clearly a positive, if vague, evaluation - can she also maintain that the metaphors are distorting? Doesn't she mean distorted, in which case the poem would be an aggressive attempt to renovate our stock responses? This sentence turns into logical mush: Lawrence fails and succeeds in exactly the same thing at the same time for the same reason.

If the book is intellectually offensive and disreputable as a piece of scholarship, it also lacks any discriminating taste for Lawrence's poetry. An example from her treatment of *Last Poems* should suffice.

After taking us through Lawrence's problems and preoccupations in attempting to define the divine, she comes upon "Whales Weep Not!" which, "with its ecstatic specificity, is certainly the climactic poem in this series"(p. 283). I take this to mean that it is, in her opinion a good poem. Here are the lines from it she finds worthy of quotation:

And over the bridge of the whale's strong phallus, linking
the wonder of whales,
the burning archangels under the sea keep passing, back
and forth,
keep passing, archangels of bliss
from him to her, from her to him, great Cherubim
that wait on whales in mid-ocean, suspended in the waves of
the sea,
great heaven of whales in the water.

Gilbert calls this "the divine sexual conflagration of Swedenborgian angels." The reason for such a flagrantly irrelevant reference to Swedenborg is that Gilbert sees Lawrence's vision as hermeticist, and that this vision is opposed to that of most everyone else: "The faith of the first half of the twentieth century, at least in

England, America, and France, was in double vision”(p. 9-10). Should the reader perhaps wonder what this portentous and subtly, rigorously, qualified statement should mean, there is an appropriate footnote: “I do not mean ‘double vision’ in Blake’s hermeticist sense...but in the sense of qualified or ironic vision, a kind of vision whose nature I will explain in Part IV.” I won’t spoil the book by giving away what happens in Part IV.

Back to the poem. Lawrence says in it: “And all this happens in the sea, in the salt/ where God is also love, but without words.” The presence in the poem of archangels, cherubim and seraphim has a point beyond “the standard Christian paraphernalia” (p. 282) that Gilbert makes of them. That is not to say that the poem is a good one, but that Lawrence is intelligent. Yet the failure of the poem is one of intelligibility, for the divinity to which these ranks of angels point seems to be the copulation of the whales. But is the essential activity of the divine simply the passing to and fro of archangels? The archangels seem to become “great Cherubim/ that wait on whales,” yet clearly it is not the whales that are divine, but their activity. But sometimes the whales becomes angels, as when the bull whales “range themselves like great fierce Seraphim.” The slackness of the thinking here is apparent in spite of Gilbert’s discreet efforts to tidy the last line of her quotation: “great heaven of whales in the waters, old hierarchies.” That concluding phrase is vague and unrelated to anything.

Yet Gilbert’s claims for this poem are not finished. She carefully culls four of the last six lines of the poem, and, together with the angels, presents them as an example of Lawrence’s new religious “synthesis”:

and Aphrodite is the wife of whales
most happy, happy she! . . .
and Venus among the fishes skips and is a she-dolphin . . .

Gilbert has chosen one of Lawrence’s worst exhibitions in verse, has asserted its quality, but has not given the slightest indication that she can account for the proliferation of deities. I don’t think she knows the meaning of “synthesis” any better than she does “epistemological,” “distorting,” or “Methodist.” Just as she doesn’t know the meaning of “obvious” or “forebear” in this: “As a religious poet Lawrence is strangely reminiscent not only of such obvious forebears as the Romantic Keats, Whitman, Rilke and Stevens, but of the seventeenth-century Anglican George Herbert” (p. 315). Wallace Stevens published his first volume, *Harmonium* in 1923, the same year as Lawrence’s *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, his seventh volume of verse. Contemporary, yes; ancestor, no. “Obvious” clearly refers to Rilke, whom Gilbert has quoted throughout the book. The fact that there is nothing obvious about their relationship is what gave Gilbert the opportunity to introduce it in her book.

I recommend this book to the reader. It will provide him or her with many hours of mental stimulation. But it will not help him to understand Lawrence’s poetry or poetry at all. To read it that way would be to read it in the wrong spirit.

Dalhousie University

N. S. Poburko

Stanfield. By Geoffrey Stevens. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1973, Pp.226. \$10.

It is unfortunate that the press has persisted in treating Robert Stanfield as at worst a dull, bumbling anachronism and at best an enigma. In the process the Canadian people have been denied a clear and perceptive evaluation of a man who possesses many of the qualities requisite in a Prime Minister. Geoffrey Stevens has made a highly creditable attempt to overcome this deficiency.

The picture Stevens creates is an attractive one. Stanfield emerges as a quiet man, unpretentious to a fault, who possesses enviable reserves of energy and a capacity to accept without fuss the vicissitudes, rewards and responsibilities of political life. Elusive rather than enigmatic, reserved rather than dull, Stanfield - as Stevens portrays him - is nevertheless a curiously bumbling man who has only partially demonstrated that he is not a political anachronism on the Canadian scene.

Repeatedly Stanfield has shown himself maladroit in day to day partisan politics. His apparent aimlessness in his first months as Leader of the Opposition is the most striking illustration of this facet of his personality. Yet those months also saw him demonstrate a capacity for ruthlessly sacrificing the claims of his supporters in order to secure the long-term interests of the Conservative party. Cold-blooded resolution of this sort may prompt the bitter comment that "Stanfield has always been the sort of man who worries more about reconciling his enemies than rewarding his friends," but it is reassuring to find that a man who exercises political leadership is not afraid to put the general welfare ahead of the claims of his immediate allies. It is even more reassuring to find him retaining the loyalty of those who felt themselves aggrieved by his decision.

For many months Stanfield must have privately agreed with Dalton Camp and his 'Eglinton Mafia' that the sacrifice had been a futile one. Slighted by Diefenbaker, who did nothing to discourage the divisive activities of his followers, Stanfield almost singlehandedly carried forward the strategy that had proved so successful in rescussitating the Nova Scotia party twenty years earlier, and concentrated his efforts on rebuilding the constituency organization. As before, his perseverance succeeded in a fashion that make the initial gaffs and failures seem insignificant. Their effect was immediate and short term; his strategy took the long view.

A similar perspective guided Stanfield's much criticized efforts to rebuild the Nova Scotia economy. There is no doubt that serious errors were made in evaluating the risks involved in projects such as the Deuterium undertaking, and that the Stanfield government accepted unnecessary and eventually disastrous obligations. But Stevens' view that Deuterium and Clairtone disasters constituted Stanfield's Vietnam, aside from being trite, is misleading. He is on firmer ground when he says:

There is one vast piece of political terrain where a premier can operate without limits. That is in the psychology of a province, in the mental attitude

of its people. It was here that Stanfield had his greatest impact. He gradually persuaded the people of Nova Scotia to stop bewailing their handicaps and to start bestirring themselves. He convinced them they did not have to remain a backwater, retarded and depressed. He convinced them that they had a future worth working for.

The full impact of Stanfield's efforts to raise the morale of the people of Nova Scotia has yet to be realized, but there is no doubt that it is profound. It is in the context of this effort that Deuterium and Clairtone have to be evaluated. Both proved to be disasters, but at the time they brought glamour and optimism to the provincial scene. One wonders how many other more successful ventures - particularly Halifax's vigorous exploitation of the new technology of ocean freight - might have never materialized without the psychological boost that came from IEL's grandiose efforts.

Stanfield, Stevens argues, "succeeded because he was the sort of leader Nova Scotians wanted." His success in his native province contrasted sharply with his failure to make an immediate impact on the national scene, and prompted many observers to question whether Stanfield's very appropriateness in Nova Scotia did not render him irrelevant at the national level. Within weeks of his election as leader Christine Newman commented in *Saturday Night* that "superficially it appeared as though the party was rejecting the rural image of the Diefenbaker decade but actually it was substituting one non-urban aura for another." *Saturday Night* questioned whether such a man was suited to lead Canada towards the twenty-first century.

The 1968 election appeared to confirm this view; that of 1972 to reassess it. It was a reassessment that was based, in part at least, on the fact that Stanfield's experience in Nova Scotia provided a necessary background for the leadership of the divided national party. Between 1967 and 1972, as earlier in Nova Scotia, Stanfield undertook to repair a party that was in disarray. Perseverance and an eye to the ultimate goal proved in 1972 to be no more out of place than they had been in 1956. Nevertheless, 1972 was only a partial affirmation of Stanfield's capacity as a national leader. Under him the Conservatives effectively challenged the government in power; they did not quite persuade the Canadian people to put them in the Liberals' place.

Possibly because they tend to be preoccupied with their own role in the political process, the media overlooked Stanfield's unobtrusive efforts to repair the Conservative party organization. This same preoccupation led the press to dismiss too easily a man who, in contrast to Pierre Elliott Trudeau, showed little or no skill in manipulating the media. To the less generous he was an anachronism, to the sympathetic - puzzled by the contrast between the private man and the public, his past success and apparent later failure - he was an enigma. Geoffrey Stevens appears to be one of the few members of the national press corps to have attempted to search beyond these superficial conclusions. The result of his efforts, though it contains minor flaws, not only rings true, but it makes excellent reading.

Dalhousie University

A. Paul Pross

Railroads of Canada. By Robert F. Legget. Vancouver: Douglas, David & Charles, 1973. Pp. 255. \$9.95.

Querulous and lynx-eyed reviewers can often run a book needlessly into the ground. It is especially easy if they don't read the prefaces. A preface usually gives some idea of where a book is going and why. This book does not have a preface, but one can divine its purpose from the series it is in--*Railroad Histories of the World*--and hints the author throws off in the course of the story. One suspects the book is designed for an audience not Canadian; that its basic aim is to provide a short history of Canadian railroading for people who have never been to Canada. That, of course, is fair enough.

The book's great asset--perhaps even its principal one--is a rich spread of wonderful railway pictures, splendidly reproduced. There is also a particularly readable and crisp typeface that is a joy to the eye. Moreover this reviewer, at least, is old enough to love trains, and good railway history is tremendous stuff. So one settles down to the book with a glow of pleasure. It doesn't last, unfortunately. It is not that Mr. Legget does not know his subject; he not only knows it but loves it. That is the pity of it. He cannot seem to translate what he knows and loves into good robust prose. One does not look here for romantic, rather febrile railway history à la *Pierre*; but one should be able to invest a railway history of Canada with vitality and even excitement. It hardly seems possible that Canadian railway history could be dull. This book is not dull, but it is too close to it; and sometimes it reads like a cross between Baedeker and C.P.R. travel literature.

Even more annoying is the technical knowledge Mr. Legget has that he does not share with the reader, or that he assumes the reader has. Near the beginning of the work he writes of the 0-4-0 wheel arrangement of an early Canadian locomotive. Presumably the veterans of the *Railroad History of the World* do not need to be told what that means, or what signifies a 2-2-2 rebuilt as 4-2-2, or the difference between 2-6-0's, 4-6-0's and 4-6-2's. For those readers who want to know, the question can be unravelled in a good neat article pp. 849-50 of Vol. 22 of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 11th edition. But why did not Mr. Legget do it and save us the trouble? That is not the worst of it. The worst of it is the following (p. 166):

Equipped throughout with roller-bearings, later models had also a booster auxiliary with a tractive effort of 12,000 lb, to assist the 45,000 lb tractive potential of the main engine as necessary, the adhesion factor being 4.33.

That means something, but this reviewer does not know what it means, and wants to. Most intelligent readers would probably react the same way.

The book has some errors in it. All books do, but some of these seem unnecessary. Chaudière--indeed all words with the *e grave*--comes out as Chaudière; Shanly comes out as Shanley; the Webster-Ashburton Treaty is 1842, not 1847; most of Mr. Legget's knights get their knighthoods a decade or so too soon. The history of the Intercolonial Railway is anything but fully documented in Sandford Fleming's book. There is more real substance in G.R. Stevens.

When all is said, however, it is not a book to be dismissed; probably too many reviewers are concerned with comparing what might have been with the book that is in front of them; that is certainly so in the present case. But the pictures alone are almost worth the price.

Dalhousie University

P.B. Waite

I Chose Canada: The Memoirs of the Honourable Joseph R. "Joey" Smallwood. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1973, Pp. xvi, 600. \$13.95.

One thinks of this book as it ought to have been; as, perhaps, it might have been: a racy, vital account of the life and experience of the Newfoundlander who dominated the political life in his native province for 25 years and more, a man who was a natural writer and a born speaker. Alas! this terrible book is nothing of the kind.

Joseph Roberts Smallwood was gifted with talent, ambition, and energy, all of it in abundance. His career comprehended newspapers, radio, labor union organizing, politics. He was never abashed by reputation or authority; he would, whenever he could, harness both for his own use. In recent years in Canada there has probably never been a greater stump speaker. Before a crowd he could be spell-binding. Even hardened intellectuals caved in before him. After 20 years in Newfoundland public life, Joey's energies were caught up into the Confederate cause by early 1946. He used radio to bring the idea of Confederation to the people of Newfoundland; one is tempted to say that it was not only Smallwood, but radio that helped to make the difference between what happened to Confederation in 1869 and in 1949. Radio was Joey's energy multiplied thousands-fold. Confederation might have come to Newfoundland without Joey; almost certainly it would not have come when it did. And he knows it of course. He who was so often his own best publicist is here, however, his own worst enemy.

The defects of the book are *sui generis*. Joey's energy and vulgarity are all of a piece. Probably no responsible Canadian publisher has ever had to publish such stuff as this continuous iteration of "I, Joey". His overwhelming vanity is the most obvious, and the most unpleasant of the book's many defects. This reviewer has heard it said that the published book is only 1/3 of an enormous original MS, and that Joey fought deletions. It is possible that Joey was not sufficiently aware of the difference between the spoken and the written word. He was not himself a highly educated person; he never had his voracious thirst for knowledge tamed or even disciplined. His power of prose and speech was natural, like Howe's; but Howe's natural ear for the rhythm and poetry of English writing, was accompanied by an innate sense of its discipline: Joey's prose is distinguished mainly by vigour. It is untrammelled and undisciplined. The political platform, of course, easily forgives rhodomontade; indeed, without exaggeration, metaphor, *argumentum ad hominem* -all of which Joey could use with devastating effect-political speeches would be lifeless and academic. But speech is evanescent: print is permanent.

All of this is a great pity. Joey has a tremendous story to tell, and he wants to tell it. Parts of the book are of absorbing interest, and some of the incidents outrageously funny. But the book carries an enormous load of defects. How can one comment on this nonsense:

In my last year in office [1972] we spent nearly three times as much on education as had been spent in the 452 years before Confederation. (p. 392.)

Or the sheer bathos of the following:

In West Berlin, I was received by the famous Lord Mayor, Willy Brandt. It was exciting being escorted by screeching motorcycles through Berlin's streets to City Hall. I met Brandt afterward in Tokyo, when he was West Germany's Foreign Minister, and we had a fine chat at the Okura Hotel. (p. 542.)

An academic finds too much of the book of this same mindboggling quality of exaggeration, ignorance, and egotism. Altogether, the book has an unfortunate air of wantonness about it.

Dalhousie University

P.B. Waite

Telegrams of the North-West Campaign, 1885. By Desmond Morton and Reginald H. Roy. Toronto: The Champlain Society, 1972.

To the fighting man, a battle is nothing so much as interminable noise and confusion. When the noise eventually fades away, the confusion remains until the historian puts the facts in order. However essential this ordering might be, it distorts the actual events to a degree such that Wellington, for example, could not conceive of any historian ever being able to give an accurate, fair and truthful account of the Battle of Waterloo. In *Telegrams of the North-West Campaign, 1885*, Desmond Morton and Reginald Roy succeed in restoring to the well-known accounts of the campaign that essential element of confusion and uncertainty which is so much a part of war.

The introduction is a concise, well-written narrative of the campaign from Duck Lake to the surrender of Riel, the "winding down" of the war and the "repatriation" of the troops. Still, it is not simply a restatement of the classic accounts -- the railway baseline and the northward thrusts from Calgary, Swift Current and Qu'Appelle. It deals as well with the administration of the Department of Militia and Defence under the Hon. Adolphe Caron, the youngest of Macdonald's ministers, and it includes also something of the messy business of the investigation of corruption and the jealousies and recriminations of military commanders after the war.

It is naturally the documents, the telegrams of the campaign, which hold the greatest interest. These show in harassing detail the range of responsibility assumed by Caron who had no previous military experience and virtually no assistance from his older, more influential colleagues. He had a telegrapher and a direct line

installed in his offices in the West Block, and the In and Out messages, assembled in 1886 with a certain degree of editing, now form part of the Caron Papers from which the contents of this volume were drawn. The reader is immediately immersed in the noise and confusion of war. He is required to construct his appreciation piece by piece as Caron was. He must guess at the meaning of a garbled transmission or the contents of a misdirected reference. Throughout, he is impressed, more effectively than he could be through narrative alone, with the ever-accumulating burden of administrative detail upon which the minister was expected to make decisions.

Two pages (76 and 77) selected at random, for example, show a request for arms from a home guard company at Griswold. Reply: "Must apply to General for arms." Following this is a report of the 9th Battalion leaving Quebec City, and then a request from a father to have his under-age son discharged. This elicited an order from Caron to the lad's C.O. Then serious business! Van Horne reports difficulties of timing; 1,550 men arriving over a 24-hour period cannot be handled across the breaks in the tracks. Reply: "Will stop the Kingston men from leaving until you are prepared to handle them, will that suit?" Finally, the pages contain a plea from three Winnipeg men to Robert Watson to urge the immediate relief of Battleford. Elsewhere one finds a proposal to provide the troops with buckshot for their Snyders (page 88); an offer of cigars for the troops -- they were to be free (page 80); a request to permit an ex-book keeper, now enlisted, to be arrested on charges of theft and embezzlement (page 115); and an offer of a tent pole patent for \$5,000; Reply: "This might do for the next war" (pages 115-6). Buried amongst all this are the "operational" messages concerned with the actual campaign. Caron to Middleton, 7 April 1885: "Please cypher me a plan of campaign so as to enable us to follow your operations" (page 127). Middleton to Caron, received 9 April 1885: "Difficult to give exactly plan.... At present intend pushing on this force as fast as possible to Clark's Crossing, then to move according to circumstances" (page 144).

Telegrams is an interesting and useful book. It provides abundant detail of the administration of the North-West campaign. It gives a sense of the urgency and immediacy of the events. It shows something of the workings of a government department -- under stress and in a crisis, true -- but the decision-making process, the detail assumed by the minister and the constant consideration given to patronage were probably typical of Canadian government of that period. Moreover, the documents show something of the extent of the logistic support contributed to the campaign not only by the CPR, but by the Hudson's Bay Company as well. Clear maps, an adequate index and a wealth of biographical material assembled in the footnotes complete a very useful addition to The Publications of the Champlain Society.

University of Saskatchewan, Regina

C. B. Koester.

Shakespeare the Man. By A.L. Rowse. Macmillan of Canada, 1973. Pp. xi, 284. \$12.50.

A.L. Rowse's *Shakespeare the Man* is largely a skilful rewriting of the material of

the earlier *William Shakespeare: A Biography* (1963). It includes, for example, the entertaining evocation of life in Stratford in the 1560's and 70's and the controversial treatment of the Sonnets as an autobiographical revelation of the most intimate kind, "the story they tell, perfectly clear, like the poet himself 'open and free' -though the key was lost for so long." The new work is more concise and disciplined and the author repeatedly catches himself about to engage in digression which he then cuts off with some such phrase as "We must resist the temptation to go into this appealing play . . ." One welcomes too the self-conscious attempt to follow the current fashion of insisting that Shakespeare as man and artist be seen in the context of the Elizabethan theatre. The purpose of the new work, however, is not so much to reassess the old in the light of new scholarship and fresh insights, but to proclaim the author's recent discovery of the identity of the "Dark Lady" in the Sonnets--a discovery (in the author's view) which "has triumphantly vindicated the answers" to the problem of the Sonnets which he has "put forward all along" and which "also puts out of court all the existing editions of the Sonnets" and "all the biographies of Shakespeare."

Those left unshocked by the arrogant and self-congratulatory tone of such statements which, it must be said, permeate this book, may nevertheless feel compelled to question whether the self-styled "foremost historian of the society of Shakespeare's Age" (*The Times*, Feb. 20, 1973) really has provided "the definitive answers" to this area of Shakespeare biographical studies. Rowse's revelation takes up no more than eight pages, but since these eight pages appear to provide the *raison d'être* for *Shakespeare the Man* I hope it will not seem an unjustifiable distortion to concentrate so much attention on them here.

The "Dark Lady", so we are told, was waiting for the author in the Bodleian Library in the manuscript casebooks of the astrologer-physician Simon Forman, that fascinating individual already known to scholars on account of his eye-witness accounts of visits to the theatre where he saw *Macbeth*, *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*. The maiden name of the dark lady who so bewitched Shakespeare was Emilia Bassano, the daughter of a well-known Italian musician at Elizabeth's court, and the wife of William Lanier, a minstrel. She was twenty-seven when she consulted Forman, she had been the mistress of Henry Carey, the First Lord Hunsdon, a former patron of the Burbages and of the Lord Chamberlain's Men (Shakespeare's theatrical company), and she had, according to Forman, been "very brown in youth". After an initial interview with Forman on 17 May, 1597, she later became sexually involved with him--all quite in character it would seem with both consultant and client. What Forman has to say about Emilia Lanier, claims Rowse, "corroborates what Shakespeare tells us in the Sonnets" about the exceptionally dark, promiscuous, musical woman (remember the allusion in Sonnet 128 to the lady playing the spinet or the virginals), who was married to a man by the name of Will (witness the puns in Sonnet 135, for example). Furthermore the new evidence corroborates Rowse's previous "clear certainty" that the Sonnets were written between 1592 and the winter of 1594-95, that the Earl of Southampton was the "Young Man" to whom many of the Sonnets were addressed, that Marlowe was the

"Rival Poet," and that Mr. W.H., whose name appears on the titlepage, was the publisher's dedicatee.

To accept that Rowse's new finds are "impossible to impugn because borne out by historical fact and based on chronological order and method", one must first accept these previous findings, each of which remains highly conjectural, in spite of what Rowse has repeatedly claimed over the past ten years. In the new book we are further asked ("told" would be an apter word) to accept that Emilia Lanier was both Shakespeare's and Southampton's mistress, though absolutely no evidence is offered that the woman ever met either of them. This in itself would be sufficient to make us suspicious, but how do we feel about accepting the musical expertise of a woman's father and husband as proof that she herself played the virginals? And how do we feel about the fact that Rowse has already conceded since the book first appeared in England that he misread the crucial word "brown"? And how are we to feel about the fact that the name given at one point in the manuscript where that of Emilia's husband would normally appear is Alphonso (*not* William) Lanier? These last two points are matters that other readers quickly noticed. New readers, of course, must decide for themselves when they look at the references to "Alfo [n] so" and "barane" (which Rowse misleadingly modernizes as "brown") which occur at the head of the photographic reproduction entitled "Emilia Bassano Consults Forman For Her Life Past" and in the penultimate line of that entitled "Emilia Consults Forman For Her Husband". However, the careful reader of these pages will hardly miss seeing, I suspect, that the rigorous historical method which the author claims to have used is noticeable chiefly by its absence.

If the heart of the book is faulty and its manner arrogant, what chance is there for a patient hearing for some of the author's other claims, delivered with the voice of certainty that disguises what is either conjectural or erroneous. What evidence is there, for example, to support the idea that *Much Ado About Nothing* preceded *As You Like It*, that Shakespeare spoke his own choruses, that Jonson's *Everyman Out of His Humor* started the so-called "War of the Theatres," that *Richard II* was performed "on the day of the Essex Rebellion" (rather than the day before), or that there were quarto texts of *King Lear* published in 1607 and 1608, both being "bad" quartos?

Acadia University

Alan R. Young

Licit and Illicit Drugs. By Edward M. Brecher and the Editors of Consumer Reports. Boston and Toronto: Little, Brown and Company, 1972. Pp.XV, 623.

To read and review a book which logically and rationally approaches non-medical drug use is indeed refreshing when one considers the present vast literature available on this subject.

It would be extremely simple for any crusader to set up a tirade on the abuse of a drug X - the fact that it causes in excess of 3000 deaths per year from overdose, that it produces stomach ulceration upon chronic use and although available for

several decades, its exact mechanism is unknown. Based on such evidence, it would not be surprising that legislation might be called for its control. The drug is aspirin.

Edward M. Brecher, in his book entitled *Licit and Illicit Drugs*, emphasizes that society has approached non-medical drug use in a totally irrational manner. Society has become so imbedded in its own drug use for the maintenance of internal comforts that it has relegated several seriously dangerous drugs to the level of "non-drug". Nicotine, caffeine, and alcohol have become so widespread in their acceptable usage that members of society no longer consider them as drugs. All the government warnings concerning the potential physiological harm of cigarette smoking, of drinking in excess of five cups of caffeine-containing coffee per day and of the consumption of excessive quantities of alcohol have done absolutely nothing to stem their being used. In fact, the use of all three is on the increase. As this is so, how can society honestly expect members of any age group to adhere to anti-narcotic, anti-amphetamine, anti-LSD or anti-marihuana warnings or legislation when and if certain individuals or groups choose to use them?

Brecher's logical approach takes into consideration the fact that there is no such entity as a safe or harmless drug. His many descriptions of drug effects take into account such important factors as, "who is taking the drug, in what dosage it is taken, by what route it is administered, and the overall circumstances underlying the reasons for its consumption". In this way Brecher accentuates the wide variability that ensues when one and the same individual uses the same drug in different concentrations, by dissimilar routes on different occasions and for a variety of reasons. There is no way to compare and/or assess one situation with another. Brecher handles all the drugs in the broadest manner so as to give his audience insight into the concepts that drug use *per se* - whether it is medical use, non-medical use, misuse, or abuse - has a wide range of effects which depends not only on the chemistry of the drugs, but on the way in which they are used, the laws that govern their use, the user's attitudes and expectations, society's attitudes and expectations of the user's use and, as well, countless other variables which are indeed measurable and must be taken into account when attempting to evaluate the overall situation.

One of Brecher's main tenets is that one of the most damaging effects of illicit drug use is the potential jail sentence that can ensue when caught "in possession". Brecher and his group wholeheartedly believe that repressive legislation potentiates drug use rather than the opposite. Legislation sets up a vicious circle of laws, use, more laws, more use and/or abuse, more potential criminals, sociological trauma, more laws, etc.

Do not prejudice or misconceive ideas from this review that Brecher's book is a liberal approach to nonmedical drug use. It is not. It is a rational book that requires a thorough reading from cover to cover by any and everyone interested and involved with any aspect of the non-medical drug use issue.

Brecher's approach to the myths surrounding heroin use, "heroin overdose", narcotic-induced deaths, his evaluation of the anti-amphetamine and anti-LSD campaigns, his assessment of medically prescribed misuse and finally his treatment of marihuana must be digested and evaluated in relationship to the acceptance of

the place played by drugs in society.

Brecher's outlook far bypasses the conceptual inanity of debate concerning the pros and cons of legalizing marihuana or of providing aid to narcotic users and sets teeth into providing realistic approaches to substances that are here to stay. He, therefore, provides the means of adapting to present realities within society.

Brecher's book contains information aimed at parents, community leaders, educators, and all those who by self-, or other choice, use one or more drugs for one of a multiplicity of reasons.

Amongst the vast amount of pure unadulterated scrap literature, Brecher's *Licit and Illicit Drugs* is a worthwhile effort.

Dalhousie University

Mark Segal

K.C. Irving, The Art of the Industrialist. By Russell Hunt and Robert Campbell. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Ltd., 1973. Pp. 197. \$8.95

K.C. Irving, The Art of the Industrialist, is an impressionistic portrayal of the manner in which the Irving corporate complex developed, and of its interactions with segments of New Brunswick society. In a region allegedly short of entrepreneurs, the subject is of more than passing interest.

Disappointingly, however, the reader has to work hard to gain a glimpse of K.C. Irving the man, and each chapter tended to make this reader, at least, increasingly distrustful of the objectivity and of the capacity of the authors really to comprehend and portray the "Irving story". The information in the book is noted as being "assembled almost entirely from public sources", yet unfortunately few references are given, and then only casually – in a manner that suggests a volume of conflicting material could quite as easily have been gathered, had the authors been more in sympathy with Irving's achievements, and also more familiar with the business world in which Irving has carved his name. At the same time, it was unfortunate that the authors have never appeared to test their own hypotheses with Irving himself – the book simply gives the impression of describing a number of footprints in the New Brunswick sand, rather than developing an authentic and balanced picture of the Irving 'phenomenon'.

The shape and trail of these footprints are not, however, without interest. The book is full of suspected intrigue and signs pointing to Irving's exploits – Irving's tenacity in his struggle to acquire the Saint John bus franchise (he took some twelve years to gain it from a vacillating city council), Irving's business practices and good fortune in the development of an initially foundering veneer plant, his involvement in the mining and smelting ventures in the Bathurst region.

Moreover, the authors spin a web in which Irving negotiated tax concessions that now appear outrageous with the benefits of hindsight (and from a vantage point of relative prosperity), and in which his alleged virtual monopoly of the New Brunswick media is argued to have enabled strict control of the locally generated news reporting. Clashes with the advocates of the Programme for Equal

Opportunity over municipal tax reform proposals, with the Special Senate Mass Media Committee (chairman Senator Davey), with a Premier Robichaud who was becoming increasingly concerned that a smelter really would be established on the North Shore of the province – are spelled out in a manner that is tantalisingly interesting, but aggravatingly superficial and unbalanced.

The Irving phenomenon is questionably viewed in terms of a dinosaur – a paternalistic corporate giant that gradually enmeshed New Brunswick, a corporation that now has lost its major driving force (at least for estate tax purposes) as K.C. Irving left the province to reside in Bermuda. Rather than leave the impression that K.C. Irving could be recognised from the portrait depicted, the authors have made this reader, at least, anxious to hear more of the other side of the story. What was it really like trying to develop a business in New Brunswick? Why did a successful entrepreneur see fit to develop a number of the ventures that were embarked upon, and why so intensively in New Brunswick?

Hunt and Campbell effectively make the case for a substantial analysis of the evolution of the Irving corporations within New Brunswick society, but in this book they unfortunately do not show signs of the breadth of perspective or business background, nor the objectivity, that a more constructive appraisal would demand. Readable - yes; balanced and reliable - far from it.

Dalhousie University

R.I. McAllister

The Durham Report and British Policy: A Critical Essay. By Ged Martin. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1972. (Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto). Pp. viii, 120. \$7.95.

The Whig interpretation of both Canadian and imperial history has been under attack for the past several years, but it remained for Ged Martin to undermine the corner-stone upon which it rests - the Durham Report. In the traditional Whig version Durham's recommendation of responsible government is regarded as the source of insight and inspiration from which all subsequent colonial reform flowed, and Durham is alternatively considered to be the founder, father, or godfather of the Commonwealth.

In this provocative little book Martin has challenged the Whig interpretation root and branch, asserting that at virtually every crucial point it rests upon assumed causal connections which the evidence will not support. He presents a convincing argument that the Report made little impact when it was published and was soon forgotten, and that its recommendations did not have any significant influence on the formulation of British policy. Lord Durham's reputation, Martin suggests, can be attributed to politicians and Whig imperial historians who "rediscovered" the Report in the latter part of the nineteenth century. In their efforts to establish the Report's relevance to imperial problems of their own day, they infused it with a significance it had never actually had. Canadians also contributed to the growth of the Durham myth by finding in the Report an apparent rationalization of the

conflict between their national aspirations and the continuation of the connection with Great Britain.

As the argument develops it is shown that the Melbourne Government decided upon a union of the Canadas not because Durham recommended it, but because no other solution to the Canadian problem could be found; and Durham's recommendation was an embarrassment rather than an asset. Moreover, in working out the details of their union Melbourne and his cabinet were influenced not by Durham, but by Ellice, Sir Charles Grey, Howick, Russell, Colborne and Thomson. Stressing the narrow limits to which Durham proposed to confine the operation of responsible government, Martin questions the significance of his major recommendation and concludes that the Report was one of the last episodes in the era of the old colonial system rather than the beginning of a new chapter in imperial history. This is the weakest link in the argument, for no consideration is given to the difficulty Durham faced in convincing the weak Melbourne Government that responsible government could be conceded safely. Is this not a possible explanation for the very conservative division of powers he proposed? On the other hand, few would disagree with Martin's claim that the inauguration of responsible government owed more to the abandonment of protection and the old colonial system in 1846 than it did to Durham's recommendation.

The Durham Report and British Policy clarifies much that Whig historiography had obscured, but it is too brief to handle adequately all the aspects of such a complex subject. For example, it points to contradictions in the Report, but makes little attempt to establish the line of reasoning that produced them. Until the values and assumptions that underlie the Report are identified and analysed our understanding of Durham and his recommendations will be incomplete. Only superficial consideration is given to the impact and influence of the Report in British North America. Although Martin recognizes that some historians have previously challenged specific aspects of the Durham myth, rarely does he identify them or their work. One might question how fully he has utilized previous work on his subject, for his bibliography contains no reference to Donald Creighton's numerous criticisms of the Whig version of Canadian history, or to Carl Berger's examination of the relationship between Canadian nationalism and imperialism in his *Sense of Power*. Chester Martin's classic presentation of the Whig version, *Empire and Commonwealth*, is also ignored.

The Durham Report and British Policy is not a comprehensive revisionist work, but it is an admirable critical essay which opens a new perspective and raises new questions. It should stimulate a complete reassessment of all our assumptions concerning Lord Durham and his Report.

Brock University

William Ormsby

Just Gin. By Wallis Kendal. Illustrated by Ib Ohlsson. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1973. Pp.159. Hardcover, \$5.95.

For some time now readers have been discovering in literature for young people

new insight into themselves and their situations that belie the old image of nice, happy stories written for equally nice and happy children. We now discover in the old bedtime classics expressions of the repressed subconscious, of a pastoral yearning for lost innocence, or portraits in miniature of the adult world. With this new awareness, a trend towards a more frank and true-to-life literature for young people has appeared. *Just Gin*, a first book by Wallis Kendal, who is doing research in art and education at the University of Alberta, is part of this trend. Aimed at a young adolescent audience, it is marked by a fresh and subtle humour and a provoking sense of realities faced.

Essentially, *Just Gin* is the story of part of a school year in the life of Gin Smith, a teenage girl who lives with her Aunt Bessie (Gin does not know where her parents are). In *Gin*, Kendal has created one of the most charming characters to appear in fiction, for adolescents or adults, in some time; she has humour, integrity, and an ability to see herself in perspective, and she manages, with touching resilience and matter-of-factness, to get along from episode to episode as she writes this book for the reader:

Scrunch.

How do you start a book? Especially when you've never started one before. I mean you just can't say,

"Hello!"

That's crazy.

This friend of mine, Catherine, thought that I should try a dramatic opening. Like, "It all began on a stormy July night."

Wow! How phony can you get?

I began writing this masterpiece(??) on a dull April Wednesday. April 8, at 5:27 P.M., to be precise. I was in a state of profound inspiration. You know. Suddenly your entire life changes. There isn't even time to scratch and say, "What?"

So Gin begins her story in the snappy, self-conscious language that, through its very awkwardness and affectation, conveys an impression of zaniness, honesty, and a fragility that lies just beneath the surface.

She describes her friends -- Fat Mary ("Oh, I don't always call her Fat Mary. If I'm mad at her I usually say Mary."), Catherine Chance ("She comes on strong. Like a wave that knocks you over."), and Turk Reiffenstein ("How's that for a name?") who prefers to pass out signs with messages on them than to speak -- and the adults in her life -- Mr. Jensen, the school principal ("I believe he drinks beer, but I wouldn't swear to it."), Mr. Hamsford, the school counselor ("Trying to explain anything to someone like Mr. Hamsford is an ordeal."), and Aunt Bessie ("You'd like her."). Gin's world is an adolescent-peopled place in which adults loom, often alien and grotesque, on the fringes.

Though the chief note in *Just Gin* is an engagingly funny and precocious matter-of-factness, the book is also distinguished by its recognition of the very real vulnerability and sadness of youth. Fat Mary eats herself into depression. Turk Reiffenstein steals a pair of binoculars and lives in a dilapidated shack with a father who drinks and a mother who never moves away from the front of the television. Gin is crushed when the boy she loves falls for her worst enemy. Catherine's parents

quarrel violently, and her father stays away from home. Once, Gin finds herself crying for no apparent reason:

Speaking of looking, the strangest thing happened while my bath was running. I looked at myself in the steamy mirror, and all the little drops made it seem as if I were crying. That shook me. I lost control, and before I could bring it back I was bawling. Weird. I didn't even feel like bawling. But there I was bawling.

Unlike many books for young people that have appeared in the past, *Just Gin* contains no wonderful, make-everything-better solutions for the problems of Gin and her friends. Life simply keeps on going and so do they. The result is a sophisticated, yet delicate vision of adolescence.

Ib Ohlsson's pleasant illustrations, though they depict appropriately slouching and casual teenagers, seem inadequate to portray any of the more elusive fragility of Kendal's book. They may even create the impression that *Just Gin* is for a younger audience than it is, thereby deflecting older readers. That would be a shame, for *Just Gin* has a contemporaneity and sensitivity that could help bridge a few generation gaps.

The University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon

Rae McCarthy

Riverrun. By Peter Such. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Company Limited, 1973. Pp. 145. \$5.95.

By 1818, when this novel opens, the Newfoundland tribe known most simply as the People, the Beothuk, was on the verge of extinction: white settlers, along with their fur-trading ally, the Micmac, who had swarmed over from the mainland equipped with British fire-arms, engaged in indiscriminate slaughter of this simple race, gradually forcing its reduced numbers into the interior of the island. The last seasons of the Beothuk, their final trails to the moment of Shawnadithit's death in St. John's on June 6, 1829, Peter Such reconstructs, drawing on the most recent findings of anthropologists and historians. Now, at first take, it perhaps might be concluded that *Riverrun's* delivery is a few months out of joint: Should this novel not have buttressed Miss Atwood's thesis in *Survival* that ours is a culture whose basic preoccupation is "hanging on, staying alive"? Ah, but listen . . . *Riverrun*, and this Canada beneath us, prove something much more.

To be a young man in this country is to image a land lyric with trail: from the soliloquizing Leif the Lucky striding through berry-bogs near Trinity Bay, to Gilbert LaBine, prospecting alone in 1930 by the headlands of Great Bear Lake, finding himself in sudden interface with a cliff-wall outcrop of solid pitchblende -- Eldorado. This is the way Canada happens, and the trails themselves are the perfect cardiograph of our lyric state.

Following the trail of a vanished people, as Peter Such has done with the Beothuk, is to limn, not exalt, our past. It is enough. While death, at the level of

race, serves at first only to concretize Mark Twain's final assay of human existence as "a trail of tears", the passing of the Beothuk houses a noble beauty -- the beauty of the bow song of Nonosabasut, a thing ended cleanly and forever:

Don't fail string
 Shaft fly true
 As bird flew
 As shaft grew
 As clear morning
 As spring certain
 No time more to sing
 The singing was well done before.

Although the subject of *Riverrun* does lend itself to the above supra-human resonances, I would say that the execution of the novel -- that is to say, the artist's actual brushwork -- is not infrequently unequal to its high calling. There remains a bothersome "shifting of gears" which such the storyteller allows such the anthropologist to engage in: "The party was waiting outside with clubs made from treeroots." Here it would have been quite sufficient to have written "The party was waiting outside" -- though scarcely indistinguishable from comic book diction -- and save the information about how clubs (or shillelaghs, for that matter) are made for an article in *JAF*. Likewise, the soldering of two terms together (greensmell, sundream, deathshock, riverfish, rivermouth, covemouth, fencemouth, *et alli*) to produce a Beothuk equivalent invariably buckles under the torque of Beothuk modifying circumstances. The novel's occasional forays into Jimmyjoyceland (the title of *Riverrun* stems from *Finnegan's Wake*) likewise can result in the narrative squirming heels-up in its own snare:

And no more can the old woman whose bones he stumbled on CRACK in the dripping rockshelter two days ago on the shore one day's journey from the island where they'd beached the whiteman's boat close to the rivermouth.

Fortunately, it is the poetic continuum which the novel establishes -- not the incremental choreography of Osnahanut's flight with the settlers' boat, or the dance of death of Nonosabasut, or the captures of Demasduit and Shawnadithit -- that fuels its success. Such is able to transmit the prevailing condition of the Newfoundland northwoods: cold, as viscous yet as vivid as a shaman's dream. Yet, in spite of this isinglass medium, the recognition flashes that the Beothuk -- unlike this modern civilization -- see what they consume: ". . . deliberately the weasel closed its eyes as he raised the club"; similarly we perceive the lesson implicit in Nonosabasut's allowing the pregnant caribou to pass, with but a reverential tap of his spear: "Go, mother. Go by". Ours the society that refuses to let our "caribou" pass: ours sinks the shaft deep. The air and water we contaminate; the fossil fuels we hoard, deplete, even war over; but, most tragically, it is the global charity which this age foregoes that can precipitate the irremediable -- the passing of a very species

of life. The Beothuk were the "People" -- a term to encounter in accounts of other primitive tribes, themselves likewise extinct. The coincidence does more than amaze, it chills.

Riverrun does more than isolate racial disparity, it confirms much common ground as well. Does not any man today, gazing at his firstborn, undergo the timeless transfiguration of Nonosabasut before his daughter? -- It is those fingernails, impossibly miniature, as perfect as a crystal's edge, that bespeak the hope, the human hope. Such's novel is no study in anguish, let alone survival. Not to any reader who can accommodate its message within the rightful scale of this Canada. The message is that we are a country of *room*: room for exploration, that uncovering of the procreative and sustaining arterial system which is nature; room, as well, for error, our errors. But *Riverrun* does more than define our legacy, it is one man's reckoning of our true cultural debt and responsibility. For if the last breath of Shawnadithit is to carry anything to us as men, it is that this country -- and this earth -- must begin to provide room for something else: each other.

Dalhousie University

Michael Wayne Wright

Voltaire and Sensibility. By R. S. Ridgway. Montreal and London: McGill-Queen's Press, 1973. Pp. x, 298. \$12.50.

To launch a new book about Voltaire in the wake of two recent and, one might have thought, definitive studies of the man and his ideas by Theodore Besterman and Ira O. Wade (the second of which, unaccountably, Professor Ridgway does not include in his bibliography) would appear at first glance either an act of courage or an exercise in scholarly nimity. Besterman's *Voltaire*, an extensive biography intended for the general reader, was the fruit of a lifetime of devotion, a great part of it spent in the great man's house, where the author lived, worked and slept. Wade's *The Intellectual Development of Voltaire*, even more massive, but in some ways more detached, said almost all there was to say about the philosophical underpinnings of Voltaire's mind, the evolution of his world view, the nature of his deism, and the reasons for his successes and failures as poet, story-teller and playwright.

What, then, does Professor Ridgway tell us that is new? In attempting a "radical reassessment" of Voltaire's impact on his age, he insists that the familiar image of his subject as a shallow, unfeeling cynic and "a man of clear, sharp, analytical intelligence directed to destructive ends" must be replaced with that of "the other Voltaire, the man of feeling and *Philosophe sensible*", whose great contribution to western civilization lay in his adumbration of romanticism through his "insistence on the overriding importance of sentiment" and his "elevation of genius over taste".

It is hard to square this view with *Candide*, which has never been associated with the *roman sensible* and which is so different from other attempts of Voltaire to give a deistic explanation of the existence of evil in a world supposedly created and controlled by an omnipotent and beneficent God. Even Professor Ridgway admits that "if the basic tendency of romanticism is to maintain a self-consistent, idealized world free from intrusions of realism or destructive irony", the *contes* of Voltaire are indeed anti-romantic. "Is not the purpose of *Candide* to destroy illusion and reconcile the reader to the mediocre world in which he is obliged to live?"

One explanation of this apparent contradiction is that Voltaire was a split personality, one half of which is coolly ironical and disinterested, the other hotly emotional and involved. Thus there is, in his prose writing particularly, "a constant tension between humour and compassion, irony and indignation", and, in his approach to history, a strange duality of objectivity and tendentious interpretation. History, indeed, just like the fictitious *conte*, teaches us that men have always been the victims of natural disasters and of their own beastly instincts, but that the existence of the moral law prevents the annihilation of essential values. Thus the cold eye of the realist is never blind to the virtue of *bienfaisance*. For every credulous simpleton like *Candide* there is a commonsense idealist like *Zadig*. Both undergo frightful hardships and misfortunes, though they treat them in quite different ways.

In Professor Ridgway's opinion, the customary reading of the celebrated ending of *Candide*, "Il faut cultiver notre jardin", is mistaken: it is not an exhortation to social action, but an injunction to mind our own business, work hard to avoid boredom, and, above all, not to think too much. The point is well taken, and firmly supported by the reappearance of the expression in several places in Voltaire's correspondence.

Although *Candide* is in many respects "untypical of its author", Professor Ridgway contends that it is, nevertheless, "profoundly and eternally Voltairean", for even here we find that great bastion of idealism, Eldorado, "le meilleur des mondes possibles", as Rita Falke describes it. Here, certainly, we have Voltaire's Utopia, admittedly a primitive one, in which obedience to the laws of nature, worship without superstition, and the practice of mutual tolerance and *bienfaisance* provide the necessary conditions for a believably ideal state which stands in such sharp contrast to the sorry world of the cynical pessimist.

Voltaire was never completely satisfied with *Candide*, perhaps because his Eldorado was too far over the mountains. He preferred *L'Ingénu* for its greater truth to life. The titular figure this time is *l'homme sensible*, much more complex than either *Zadig* or *Candide*, exemplary in his chivalry, compassion and honesty, though not without fault. By listening to the voice of nature he attains true reason, and he says what he thinks and feels. If he is not exactly a living embodiment of natural law, he proves that the simpler life conduces to active goodness and genuine feeling.

Professor Ridgway does not share Voltaire's estimate of the superiority of *L'Ingénu*, finding it marred by that kind of melodramatic exaggeration and

emotional display which vitiated his *dramas larmoyants*. Sentimental rhetoric is, after all, a clumsy vehicle for the creed of the deist.

In presenting Voltaire as something of a romantic idealist, the author does not confine himself to the *contes*. He explains that, as a critic, Voltaire believed the misplaced rationalism of Lamotte and other latter day Cartesians to be a menace to art in general and to poetry in particular; that the Augustans' high estimation of wit represented a distortion of values; and that affectation and insincerity in any form of literature, like the *bergeries* of Fontenelle, were to be deplored: "Je veux que le coeur parle, ou que l'auteur se taise." Yet, even when the heart spoke, it had to do so within the bounds of good taste and commonsense. The "monstrous" irregularities of Shakespeare disturbed him profoundly. In this connection Professor Ridgway reminds us that, tradition to the contrary, Voltaire was far from invulnerable to Shakespeare's virtues -- his imaginative power, his *belles scènes*, his compelling depictions of human life. Likewise, his attitude to Homer, whom he considered guilty of *fautes grossières*, and to Milton, *sombre et fanatique*, was tempered by recognition of their undoubted genius. It is in some measure ironical that Voltaire himself, towards the end of his career, was regarded as "one of the unorthodox writers of genius whose sins against good taste are compensated by flashes of great beauty."

It should be observed that Professor Ridgway is not carried away by his own thesis. It would be fair, he says, to call Voltaire a moderate romantic. In his poetry he remained "a willing prisoner of the classical tradition", sedulously avoiding the irregular, the vulgar and the bizarre. His epic, *La Henriade*, has the qualities of a national monument, highly respectable but marble-cold. Although he admired the *Song of Songs*, he did not and could not reproduce its passionate eloquence. Again, his philosophical poems are "illuminated by intellect rather than feeling".

It is, therefore, to his tragedies that we must turn for the verification of Professor Ridgway's contention that Voltaire was "an outstanding figure of eighteenth-century sensibility". Most of them -- *Mérope*, *Zaire*, *Alzire*, *Mahomet*, and *Tancredi* included -- belong clearly to the *genre larmoyant*. They enjoyed a remarkable vogue throughout Europe and even (in translation) in England at a time when the theatre luxuriated in copious weeping and hilarious mirth. Catching the mood of his time, Voltaire directed his dramatic energies and talents to the end of emotional appeal: "Le théâtre, soit tragique, soit comique, est la peinture vivante des passions humaines." Of the fifteen plays of his which might be called comedies, the three most successful, *L'Enfant prodigue*, *Nanine*, and *L'Ecossaïse*, were tearful ones as well. *Nanine*, supposedly inspired by Richardson's *Pamela*, was more concerned than the novel with the misfortunes attendant upon a virtuous character. Nanine lacks the materialistic shrewdness of Richardson's heroine, but her virtue is similarly rewarded by marriage to one above her station.

It is difficult to accept the view that these sentimental pieces point forward in any important way to the romantic revival. As Professor Ridgway concedes, "they are inseparable from the moral and philosophical climate in which they flourished". In the light of this admission, his endorsement of Emile Faguet's opinion that

Victor Hugo's dramas were "des tragédies de Voltaire enlumines de métaphores" is hard to account for. On the whole, however, this book convincingly shows that Voltaire was one of the central figures in the transition from enlightenment to nineteenth-century romanticism, and that his influence is most felt in the ethical and religious ideas of the revolutionary era, in the aesthetic theories of Mme. de Staël, in the poetry of Byron and Lamartine, and even in the novels of Chateaubriand and Vigny. Custom, unfortunately, dies hard in the literary world, and the stereotype of Voltaire as the clever but shallow satirist, the *prince des persifleurs*, is likely to survive in spite of this careful and well documented reassessment.

Dalhousie University

James Gray

The Darkest Year. Britain Alone, June 1940-June 1941. By Herbert Agar. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Co., 1973. Pp.228. \$7.95.

Unlike many expatriates who write of their former homeland, Herbert Agar chooses to tell his fellow Americans of his respect and affection for his adopted country, Britain. And as is the case of many persons of advanced age, Agar, now in his 76th year, is not one to shilly-shally. He asserts candidly and forcefully that the Second World War "presented a clear choice between good and evil". He does not want the adult world to forget -- nor that the young should not realize -- the disasters that would have resulted from a Nazi triumph. It is Agar's theme that we should not forget to say "thank you" to Britain for holding out alone for twelve months after the French surrender, and before Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union.

Agar served in the United States Navy during both World Wars. He was London correspondent for, and later editor of, the American newspaper *Louisville Courier-Journal*. He won a Pulitzer prize for his seminal work on the American presidency, entitled "*The People's Choice*". But his admiration for Winston Churchill's role in Britain's struggle for survival is more favorable by far than is his opinion of his own commander-in-chief, Franklin Roosevelt.

As an eye and ear witness to Goering's aerial bombing of London, and the narrow margin by which the Royal Air Force avoided destruction, the author points out that by frequent shifting of its targets, the Luftwaffe brought about its own failure. Strategy changed from helping the U-boat blockade, then to an effort to destroy the British Air Command, and ultimately to an attempt to demoralize the civilian population by extensive night-time blitz. The deadly attacks were in each case pursued fiercely, blunted decisively, and broken off barely short of success. Only the anguished decision in 1940 not to send more air squadrons to assist the beleaguered French permitted the R.A.F. to mount the defence that out-fought Goering at close quarters.

Agar attributes "The Darkest Year" of non-defeat to the heroics of the British navy and air force; to the victories over the Italians in North Africa; and to the civilian defence forces deployed locally. Human frailties also persisted through the months of peril: soldiers worrying as to who was getting at their girls at home; interrogators interrupting their questions of the defector Rudolph Hess in order to see a Marx brothers cinema.

Frequent twists and turns mar Agar's accounting of the epochal events of 1940 and 1941. *The twists* arise out of comments at the time of the blitz, sharply contrasted to considered judgements made long after the event. *The turns* in the author's exposition derive from the confusing departure from chronology in many back-and-forths between the battles of World War II, and reminiscences of World War I. These defects disturb even the most highly motivated reader. Also distracting from the excitement of the times, Agar goes out of his way to describe Woodrow Wilson's "Fourteen Points", such as "making the world safe for democracy" and "open covenants openly arrived at", as naive and woolly minded. The same evaluation he places on Roosevelt's inaugural message of 1941, keyed to the four freedoms: freedom of speech, and of worship, freedom from want, and from fear, "anywhere in the world". These were large orders indeed, to be accomplished in World Wars I and II. We realize now to what small extent were these purposes achieved, albeit the Allies were victors.

Agar concludes by reiterating his objective, i.e. to bear witness to Britain's agony of destiny. Himself a master of the English tongue, he defers to Churchill's ringing phrase of December, 1941:

"After months of lonely fighting....we have won the war....England will live. Our history will not come to an end....Many disasters, immeasurable cost and tribulations lie ahead, but there is no more doubt about the end."

University of Maryland

Willard Barber

The Dance is One. By F.R. Scott. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1972. \$5.95

At first glance, F.R. Scott's eighth book of poetry seems to be composed of three separate sections: forty-two short poems, a long narrative--"Letters from the Mackenzie River", and eighteen translations of French Canadian poems. But they are, in fact, all part of the same picture. Unlike Yeats's dance in which the dancer is indistinguishable from the movements he executes, in Scott's dance of life it is clear that there are always two distinct elements at work. Life itself, whether on a personal or national level, constantly involves struggle and upheaval; but, Scott insists, it is through conflict that we come to an awareness of each other's individuality and separateness, which in turn can lead toward unity and harmony.

This theme of division and unity existing simultaneously recurs throughout the book. In the poem "Dancing" the narrator says that he used to hold his partner "making her move /as I moved", but that now he realizes that

we are two
 not one
 the dance
 is one

In "Place de la Concorde" we are told that "The city of love is /two cities /divided by a river wide" but the river can be bridged, presumably by love and respect and the understanding that the differences between people are less important than the similarities that they share: "it is one life that is led/on both sides."

In "Open House, McGill", a poem which best illustrates Scott's ability to take a small incident and give it national and even universal significance, he captures the sense of awe and wonder, of surprise and delight he finds in man's potential for achievement. Here his hope for a united Canada is inescapable. As the narrator and thousands of McGill students, both French and English, stand on the campus waiting for the opening of an historical building, a girl and two boys with red and white parachutes suddenly drop down from the sky. The trio descends,

Missing the trees and tall buildings
 controlling wind and gravity
 with swinging skill
 and speaking no language
 save the language of motion.
 As they floated down
 we were all lifted up.

Scott's variety of moods, his ability to be mocking, critical, witty, gentle, or humorous as the subject requires, has prompted Robin Skelton to remark that "Scott. . . speaks as a complete man." It is difficult to disagree. We chuckle at his "tiny ant" and "confident beetle" discoursing on evolution in "Orangerie", mock the mysteriously mumbling McLuhan in "The Miniaturised Bridegroom", laugh as the official films celebrating the Battle of Britain are interrupted by messages from the sponsor--Bell Telephone Company--and Churchill's "immortal words" are twisted into a fitting commentary on television commercials and the power of big business:

Never in the whole history
 Of the mass media
 Has so much had to be borne
 By so many
 For so few.

But there is no laughter evoked by his criticism of Franco's fascist regime as it appears in "Pamplona, July 1969", or of student activism gone sour in "Student Parity", or of the exploitation of northern peoples and land in "Letters from the Mackenzie River".

Scott's optimism for mankind, however, overshadows his pessimism, and if there is any human emotion that he fails (or succeeds?) in portraying it is that of despair. The closest he comes to making a statement of the possibility that man's struggles may be futile is in the final line of "Counter-signs"; "I am nowhere at all." But usually the prognosis is favorable. Franco may reign but men have also reached the moon; the United States may be a threat to us but we still have the Mackenzie, "A river so Canadian /it turns its back / on America." Scott himself, as the narrator of "On Saying Good-bye to My Room in Chancellor Day Hall", may see the old pattern of his life disrupted as his files, books, pictures, and mementoes--objects that contain his personal history as a teacher and lawyer--are hauled away. But endings are also beginnings:

Now they are going, and I stand again on new frontiers.
 Forgive this moment of weakness, this backward perspective.
 Old baggage, I wish you good-bye and good housing.
 I strip for more climbing.

Many of the earlier weaknesses can be found in this book as well. Rhythms are often dull or do not support the meaning. In a poem called "Dancing" one would somehow like to be able to feel the rhythm of the dance itself. "The Great God Profit" is doggerel and didacticism of the worst kind. But it is easy to overlook stylistic weaknesses in Scott's writing when we balance them against his strengths. When he is good, the results are breathtaking. I suspect most poets would be more than content to have written the following lines from "Signal":

I scratch the frosted pane
 with nails of love and faith
 and the crystallized white opens
 a tiny eye
 reveals
 the wide, the shining country.

Scott is one of those rare people who can make us look at ourselves critically and at the same time give us the assurance that we are someone worthy of being looked at. By looking down, we are lifted up. And we thank him.

Dalhousie University

Ann Muir

Canada Invaded, 1775-1776. By George F.G. Stanley. Toronto: Hakkert, 1973. Pp. xiv, 186. \$8.95

The acquisition of Canada was one of the first objects of Americans in the American Revolution; it was Canada, rather than their assertion of Maritime rights, that was the Americans' first object in the War of 1812; Canada was still embedded in the folklore of northern Americans. It appears vividly in Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* of 1855, in "Our old feuillage",

Always the prairies, pastures, forests, vast cities,
 travellers, Kanada, the snows;
 Always these compact lands tied at the hips with the
 belt stringing the huge oval lakes...
 Encircling all, vast-darting up and wide, the
 American Soul, with equal hemispheres, one Love,
 one Dilation or Pride....

To Canadians since, the invasion and occupation of Canada by the Americans in the spring and summer of 1775 has sometimes seemed quixotic, as if Americans might have been better doing something else. The invasion that Professor Stanley describes so vividly, though it came ultimately to a stop before the walls of Quebec, was a forceful, and relevant, expression of American military policy. Not for nothing had Americans fought wars against the French for a century. Phips before the walls of Quebec in 1690, the Walker expedition of 1711, the great invasion and conquest of 1759-60, were not only British, but British-American. Boston rejoiced, as London, over the news of the fall of Quebec in 1759. The substitution of British for French in Canada only sharpened the American perception of real danger from that quarter *once the troubles of the 1770's began. The inclusion of the Quebec Act of 1774 in the American list of "intolerable acts" of that memorable year is no accident. The Americans' bitter dislike of the Quebec Act helped to pull all the northern colonies together. Whatever gifts that Act held for the French Canadians, Americans could not contemplate with equanimity the abandonment of a proposed Assembly for the new province, the guarantee of the Roman Catholic religion, or the extension of the boundaries of Quebec half way down across America's back door, clear to the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi.*

Fighting broke out at Lexington on April 19, 1775. The Quebec Act came into force on May 1, 1775. Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen captured Fort Ticonderoga (Fort Carillon is the French name) from the British on May 10, 1775. The concatenation of these events is not fortuitous, but logical. They were followed almost at once by the fall of Crown Point (Fort St. Frederic) on Lake Champlain, and shortly afterward by Arnold's seizure of a sloop at St. Jean, on the Richelieu within 50 miles of Montreal. All this was done, almost by instinct one might say, before the Continental Congress at Philadelphia had had time to formulate a policy. But within a month the idea of invasion of Canada had been accepted there.

This story of the 1775-1776 invasion is one of Professor Stanley's best books. In a way it rounds out a book he has recently published, *New France: the last phase, 1744-1760*. The book that follows in the Centenary History of Canada, Hilda Neatby's *Quebec 1760-1791*, covers the invasion of 1775-1776 in 8 pages. G. M. Wrong's *Canada and the American Revolution* (New York, 1935) has more, but the invasion is rather lost in the larger study. Professor Stanley has a good theme and is out to enjoy himself. The result is excellent military history, robust, clear-headed, and told with great style; in addition, it is splendidly illustrated and has good maps. It is a fine book for a winter evening, then one is glad to be reading by a fire, and not with Benedict Arnold struggling with his expedition up the Kennebec in mid-October, 1775, trying to reach Lac Megantic and the headwaters of the

Chaudiere; or, still more, to read rather than to experience, the final assault on Quebec in a driving snow storm, at 4 a.m., Sunday, December 31, 1775.

Dalhousie University

P. B. Waite

Letter of the Master of Horse By Gary Geddes. Oberon Press, 1973. Pp.48. \$4.95/\$2.50

Snakeroot. By Gary Geddes. Talonbooks, 1973. Pp. 64. \$4.00

Montreal. By John Glassco. D/CBooks, 1973. Pp.30. np.

Coppermine the quest for north. By Don Gutteridge. Oberon Press, 1973. Pp. 128. \$5.95/ \$2.95

Angel Fire. By Joyce Carol Oates. Louisiana State University Press, 1973. Pp. 62. \$4.95.

The White Magnet. By Marc Plourde. D/C Books, 1973. Pp. 79. np.

These six books represent but a small number of the current crop from Canada. As they come to your reviewer quite by chance, the fact that their general quality is so high speaks well of the contemporary poetry scene in this country. It is also pleasing to note that they are all quite nice products of the bookmaker's art, especially the Oberon and Talonbooks volumes.

Indeed, there is only one really weak book here: Marc Plourde's *The White Magnet*. That is, the poetry is rather flaccid rhythmically, and never manages to quite capture the listening ear or eye. *The White Magnet* contains three stories and a short play, however, along with the selection of poems. These reveal that Plourde is essentially a storyteller (indeed, his lyrics reveal this as well), and that fiction is much more likely to be the field where he will eventually succeed.

Plourde is still a very young writer. The stories in *The White Magnet* reveal a talent with a potential to develop. The play, while quite weak and cliché-ridden as a play, reveals a good sense of dialogue. This book is more interesting for what it promises than for what it delivers, but Marc Plourde could be a writer to watch for in a few years' time.

Joyce Carol Oates is an already well-established fiction writer, as well as a very prolific one. Indeed, *Angel Fire* is her third book of poems. As her fictions have proven, Ms Oates has great insight into the human condition and into personal relationships, especially those between men and women. These poems offer further proof of this. Nevertheless, I do not find them very exciting as verbal and rhythmic artifacts. Ms Oates has crafted effects in her prose that far outstrip what she does here.

There is one glorious exception to this carping criticism here, and that is the title poem of *Angel Fire*. In it, everything coheres to bring forth a powerful and terribly moving meditation on love and mortality, while the very modern ambience of the automobile hovers over all.

John Glassco has always been a master craftsman, with a marvelous ability to

handle varied rhythms, tones, and poetic effects. *Montreal* is a long historical and personal meditation, in five cantos, on Glassco's home city. It is by turns witty, satirical, nostalgic, scholarly, learned and loving, and it is always perceptive. *Montreal* is practically a primer on traditional techniques, and proves once again, if proof were needed, that John Glassco is a superb poetic craftsman. It's also a fine poem.

Don Gutteridge's *Coppermine* is also an historical poem. Gutteridge, who has often written of Canadian historical subjects, as witness his well-known *Riel A Poem for Voices*, has surpassed all his earlier efforts with this savage and intense poetic narrative concerning Samuel Hearne and the quest for the fabled mouth of the Coppermine river. This is a poem in which tone counts for much, and Gutteridge's control of tone falters only once, in the section on the slaughter of the Esquimaux, but there it falters quite badly.

For the rest, however, in its handling of the combinations of money, power, and sexual lust, in its realization of the dreams and visions this huge country conjures forth in the minds of even its most intrepid explorers, *Coppermine* is an achievement of great power, and a poem to be recommended to all readers interested in the imaginative exploration of our past.

Finally, I want to recommend as highly as I can two books by a young but already accomplished poet, Gary Geddes. Both books are marked by superior craftsmanship, a love of language and an ear for sound and rhythm that make for superbly controlled poems.

Letter of the Master of Horse is a tight, taut narrative poem concerning the throwing of horses overboard when ships were becalmed (in the Horse Latitudes, which thereby gained a name of haunting implications). The persona is a young officer in the Spanish army, living with his guilt and nightmares in South America and writing to his sister, whose innocence of man's evil still shines as a beacon drawing him home. The poem is brilliantly understated, yet the sharpness of the images bears all the horror of what happens in upon us with great force.

Snakeroot is a sequence of poems (and remarkably evocative photographs of abandoned farms) about the poet's boyhood on a Saskatchewan farm during the Depression, dustbowl years. Geddes's sense of that past is, like that of so many prairie writers, bleak; he is always aware of death grinning around the corner of the barn. Yet these poems exorcize the dread and defeat, they map in their beautifully manipulated rhythms and language the truth of the perceptions that led an unusual boy to one day articulate it all. The perceptions ring true, and they sing: it is a very fine book.

University of Alberta

Douglas Barbour

The Letters of Thomas Hood. Edited by Peter F. Morgan. University of Toronto Press, 1973. Pp. xxviii, 703. \$15.00

Perhaps Thomas Hood's most revealing "letter" is the epitaph, which by his own request was inscribed on his tombstone: "He sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'" With

characteristic insight he instinctively recognized the poem that made him famous as that by which his name should live. But all his letters, like his epitaph, reveal the same guileless simplicity, the same inimitable touch. They breathe a Keatsian tone and a liberality anticipating Elizabeth Gaskell, Charles Kingsley, and the social renaissance that he himself had helped to initiate with his "Song":

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread --
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the 'Song of the Shirt!'

Hood's references to this poem and "The Bridge of Sighs" are disappointing, however. He says nothing about his mode of composition, and there is almost no critical assessment of his own work. In submitting the "Song" to Mark Lemon he observed that it might be "too grave" for *Punch*, and when the poem trebled the circulation of the Christmas issue in which it appeared in 1843 he modestly cited its success "as evidence that [his] *intention* had not been altogether without effect". But this and similar comments serve mainly to remind us of his periodical writings generally -- of other contributions to *Punch*, of his earlier editorial work on the *Gem* and, more importantly, on the *Comic Annual* as well as the *New Monthly Magazine*, in which he included some of his finest work. *Hood's Own* featured reprints from the *Comic Annuals*, and all of these periodicals receive due attention in the letters. Judging from the frequent references to them, one suspects that Hood's editorial work supplies valuable material for thesis-studies on the period as well as on Hood himself.

A genial transitional figure, Hood covers two worlds as a late Romantic who is also a forward-looking Victorian. He had married Jane Reynolds, a sister of John Hamilton Reynolds, the friend of Keats. While Hood did not know the poet personally, he was able to send a friend, William Finlay Watson, a "Scrap" of "genuine Keats" manuscript along with a personal copy of his own "Bridge of Sighs" (p. 653). In a particularly delightful letter (p. 485) he tells Mrs. Elliot about a literary dinner party at which he was present when Mockton Milnes proposed his health which, by the way, seems always to have been poor. Milnes, afterward Lord Houghton, was the editor-author of *Keats's Life and Letters*, and Hood's references to him illustrate his connexion, not only with Milnes, but also with Keats, several of whose poems he either quotes or paraphrases.

The opinion of one literary man on another is always interesting, and strikingly so in Hood's letters to Dickens. Perhaps these are doubly valuable in that Dickens unfortunately destroyed many of those he had received from literary and other celebrities. In those directed to Dickens we find Hood with unwitting irony grossly under-estimating both *Pickwick Papers* and Dickens's further career: "I was amused

by Boz -- but there is no great power in it.... It is all a sort of Tom and Jerryism,... I don't think the popularity of Boz will last or that he [Dickens] has compass or range for anything else" (p. 308). It is characteristic of Hood's honesty, good sense, and geniality that he later confesses his error, and his later opinion is worth quoting at length:

My opinion of your Works is a deliberate one:- and in spite of an early prejudice that Boz was all Buzz. Some illchosen extracts which reached me abroad, with the rumour that one of the Prominences was a stage coachman & the other a Boots (what grammar!) led me to think that the Book was only a new strain of Tom-&-Jerryism -- which is my aversion. So strong was this notion, that I did not properly enjoy the Work itself on a first perusal, or detect that 'soul of goodness in things evil', the goodness of Pickwickedness. I afterwards read it several times with encreased delight & finally packed off the whole set to a friend, a Prussian Officer, but English by birth & feeling, that he might enjoy its Englishness -- ... (p.441).

This is interesting, and there are equally illuminating comments on many of his literary contemporaries.

Hood's geniality and gentle humour in these letters must not be missed. His skill as a punster is evident in letter after letter. There are many amusing turns of phrase: "the goodness of Pickwickedness" (above); "believe me Bozitivly Yours" (p. 442); and his jolly note of thanks for *Cakes and Ale*, which Douglas Jerrold had dedicated to him: "Many thanks for your Cakes and Ale, & for the last especially, as I am forbidden to take it in any potable shape. Even Bass's, which might be a Bass relief, is denied me. The more kind of you to be my Friend and Pitcher" (p. 482). And owing to an engagement at Wantage, he has to delay having the Dickenses to dinner. But he will "fix them for an evening -- & then you [Mrs Elliot] will come -- unless you should be at Don't Want-age" (p. 487). This playfulness lightens the whole volume and offers insight into Hood's personality.

The result of much painstaking research, these letters are meticulously edited and annotated. *The Letters of Thomas Hood* is a heavy volume and its size and prohibitive price may deter all but the specialist in the field from purchasing it, but the volume ought to be in every library. Professor Morgan's edition, much more amply annotated and definitive than the Marchand work of 1945, provides the basis for a fresh biography as a badly needed supplement to Jerrold's *Thomas Hood*, and Professor Morgan may now wish to undertake the project.

Dalhousie University

A.J. Hartley

Bits of Ivory: Narrative Techniques in Jane Austen's Fiction. By Lloyd W. Brown. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1973. Pp.239. \$10.00.

One wonders why it is that, when they tackle Jane Austen, even one's best students achieve only a modest "B" grade for their critical effort. Yet the same

students write intelligently enough about George Eliot or Dickens. The strategy of Lloyd Brown's book suggests at least two important reasons, quite apart from the maturity which Jane Austen demands of her reader, for this apparent, widespread feeling of inhibition. The first is the current tendency of Jane Austen criticism to treat her with the reverence thought due to a highly serious moralist, rather than as a magnificent comic novelist, and the second is the present obsession with technique as the key to artistic value. Like one's students, Mr. Brown for the most part avoids discussing Jane Austen's superb comic gifts and, although his book is a thorough analysis of her craft, there is something faintly ludicrous about bringing to bear on her fine "bits of ivory" the whole battery of critical apparatus that Mr. Brown does. However, considered as a study of her technique, which is after all what the author claims for his work, this is a competent and often very shrewd book, which pursues Jane Austen's style in a wide variety of narrative forms -- in dialogue, conversation, letter-writing, parody, imagery and symbolism. It argues that her style, considered as communication, is not simply a rhetorical relationship between author and reader, but an internal process within the world of her fiction in which all of these modes of moral communication are integrated.

Some aspects of the book are more convincing than others. As part of the background to his study, Mr. Brown outlines the context of Jane Austen's major moral preoccupations which he traces in certain aspects of eighteenth-century philosophy, particularly that of Locke, Hume and Burke. These sections make interesting reading, and the author's emphasis on Jane Austen's art as the product of an eighteenth-century morality and aesthetic is, I think, a correct one. Moreover, Mr. Brown's comments on the novels themselves are often perceptive. He demonstrates, for instance, how, although she herself does not escape the author's judgment, Elizabeth Bennet's style, which pervades *Pride and Prejudice*, sharpens Jane Austen's moral attack. Elizabeth's puckish response to a Hunsford visit by Miss de Bourgh is typical: "I expected at least that the pigs were got into the garden, and here is nothing but Lady Catherine and her daughter!"

Although Mr. Brown's use of the term "imagery", when applied to Jane Austen, needs closer definition than he has attempted, he is surely right in drawing attention to the richness of metaphor which her style embraces and which can suddenly illumine the essence of a situation or personality. In *Sense and Sensibility*, for instance, he points out how Robert Ferrars is crucified by the epigrams that pinpoint the "strong, natural, sterling insignificance" of his face and the "puppyism of his manner", while in *Emma* the heroine's great moment of self-recognition is conveyed by an ironic cliché that synthesises the satiric and the affective: "It darted through her, with the speed of an arrow" that Mr. Knightley must marry no one but herself. However, the argument for Jane Austen's use of symbolism is less convincing, partly because this critical term, as usual, is employed too loosely and partly because what this study of her style demonstrates is that she wrote strictly within an emblematic tradition. Perhaps the author senses this, for the "Symbolism" chapter takes on a strident tone that is absent from the rest of the book and which occurs, for instance, in his assertion that: "In effect, *Northanger*

Abbey is a satiric projection of the highly subjective nature of the symbolic process itself"(p.80). This kind of approach to Jane Austen leads to the notions, and not very fruitful ones, that *Emma* is dominated by the "riddle" symbol (p.97) and that autumnal symbols are what govern the form of *Persuasion* (p.101).

While Mr. Brown's study successfully throws light on some aspects of Jane Austen's moral art and exhaustively defines her technique, it often shirks larger critical judgments; why, for instance one novel is better than another, or, more fundamentally, why Jane Austen is a great novelist. A book such as this leaves one to draw the obvious inference that this last question is largely a matter of her fine technical skill. It is a pity. For the "common reader" the best thing about Jane Austen is her superb comic sense, and a study of her art which largely leaves this out of account only widens the lamentable gap, as far as the novel is concerned, between reading and criticism.

Dalhousie University

G.M. Harvey