

BOOK REVIEWS

The Rural Tradition: a Study of the Non-Fiction Prose Writers of the English Countryside. By W.J. Keith. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1974. Pp. xiv, 310. \$15.00.

Thirteen years ago, a young university teacher and novelist enquired what I had done my recently completed Ph.D. dissertation on; and when I told him it was on George Sturt and English rural labouring life, he asked if I was joking. I could see why. On the face of it, writers like Sturt or Richard Jefferies — assuming one knew of them at all — were simply not the kind whose non-fiction about rural life demanded academic treatment. They wrote about relatively uncomplicated beings and doings, in lucid and unostentatious prose. There were no metaphysical depths to sound in them, no paradoxes to tease out, no striking historical obscurities to elucidate. Their works did not belong in any obvious genre, and there had been no significant critical controversies about them. Yet these very qualities could make such writers peculiarly interesting to work on if one was moved by them and wanted to find out why.

In 1965, W.J. Keith gave us the first academic book on Richard Jefferies, based in part on an MA. thesis of his own. It was a very decent piece of work, unmarred by special pleading or a self-servingly ingenious discovery of non-existent complexities, and it was well calculated to get Jefferies taken seriously by readers ignorant of, or prejudiced against, the important review-article on him by Q.D. Leavis in *Scrutiny* (1938). It suffered, however, from a certain stiffness, as if Keith, conscious that he was in an unfashionable area, could not permit himself to become too enthusiastic. Since then he has obviously been making himself a good deal more at home there, and in the book under review he deals much more confidently with the work not only of Jefferies and, I am happy to say, Sturt, but also of Isaak Walton, Gilbert White, William Cobbett, Mary Russell Mitford, George Borrow, W.H. Hudson, Edward Thomas, Henry Williamson, and H.J. Massingham, together with five other writers treated more briefly.

In an admirable opening chapter, Keith persuasively argues that "non-fiction rural prose should be recognized as a distinct tradition that deserves serious attention from literary critics." In the subsequent ones, he deals with each of his

figures in turn, demonstrating how "in the final analysis the rural essayist paints neither landscapes nor self-portraits; instead he communicates the subtle relationship between himself and his environment, offering for our inspection his own attitudes and his own vision." His authors are well-chosen, his moral judgments sensitive and civilized, his demonstrations of the art in seemingly artless works like *Rural Rides* very largely convincing, his strictures on the artiness at times of writers like Hudson and Thomas thoroughly merited. There are a few odd omissions, such as Washington Irving's *Sketchbook*, which may well have started the whole egregious Merrie England tradition, and Peter Green's excellent book on Kenneth Grahame. There might also have been some relating of the worlds of Keith's authors to those of novelists like George Eliot and Hardy. But one cannot have everything. Raymond Williams covers more ground in his important *The Country and the City* (1973), but he is by no means always as illuminating about individual writers.

Keith's book, in sum, seems to me a valuable one, especially for North American readers. At the same time, one or two aspects of it bother me a little.

In this century, broadly speaking, there have been two main academic approaches in England to literary ruralism. In the older of them, the country was a place for cultivated people to be self-conscious in, in ways with precedents going back from the Georgians, through Arnold and Wordsworth, to the Milton of "L'Allegro". It was an area rich in literary and historical associations, reassuringly "sound" politically, and providing opportunities for wholesome rambles, reflections about nature, and encounters with picturesque figures. The second of the two approaches began with F.R. Leavis and Denys Thompson's extremely influential *Culture and Environment* (1933), in which the writings of Sturt about rural workers and workmanship, and the related idea of the pre-industrial "organic community", figured prominently. In this approach, what counted most was the quality of rural life for those actually living and labouring in the country, and the important literary connections were those going back to Bunyan, Shakespeare, and the Middle Ages. The approach, in its quiet way, was politically subversive, in that the asserted deterioration in rural civilization, resulting in part from the enclosure movement, raised important questions about the wisdom and culture of the governing classes.

The Rural Tradition is clearly a post-*Culture and Environment* book, and one would like to be able to hail it as a work of synthesis, one in which Keith is both properly conscious of the socio-cultural concerns of writers like Sturt, Jefferies, and Cobbett, and also able to discern neglected strengths in writers like White and Mitford who stood high in the older tradition. But his complete silence about *Culture and Environment*, his near-ignoring of the concept of the organic community, the perfunctoriness of the attention he gives to enclosures, and his de-emphasizing of the profoundly class-ridden nature of rural England, all suggest that Keith is in fact not really at ease with the newer approach. This in itself is not necessarily reprehensible, and as *The Country and the City* demonstrates, one can be a lot more interested in socio-economic history than Keith and still offer emphatic (though to my mind unconvincing) criticisms of that approach. But an important factor in judging the "vision" of a writer of non-fiction is presumably its

adequacy, its truthfulness. Symptomatically, in his interesting chapter on the too-little-known Massingham, Keith seems undecided as to whether at bottom Massingham is admirable because he had nice feelings or because he said true things about English rural history; and in his discussions of the widely divergent visions of Walton, White, Mitford, Cobbett, and Borrow, he appears closer than he should be to merely claiming that each is interesting in its own way. Furthermore, the relatively short chapter on Walton looks a bit tacked-on, being virtually not referred to again later, while the one on Borrow suffers from a slight over-ingeniousness in the handling of the truth-status of Borrow's best-known books and a near-total failure to provide the kind of straightforward biographical information given about the other authors.

The fact that the book does not acquire its full momentum until the chapter on Jefferies — a watershed figure, as Keith says — is important, though. The truth, I think, is that Keith is most at home when dealing with writers like Jefferies, Sturt, Thomas, and Williamson who feel in varying degrees estranged from rural experience, and for whom the question of what is the "real" reality of rural England is very important. It is this, of course, that puts them closest to us, and it makes the book as a whole, with its own discernible uncertainties and ambivalences, a sympathetic one. Moreover, it helps to give Keith's "rural tradition" some of that extra intellectual weight whose seeming absence I noted at the outset. Far more than the town, the country in England is *terra incognita* now, an area whose historical reality has to be pieced together with the aid of wildly conflicting reports in a wide variety of styles and stylizations; and to engage oneself with rural writers as sensitively as Keith has done reminds us anew of the complex relationships between "fact" and "fiction" — but here in a context where misreading the signals may have serious consequences for our interpretation of the increasingly puzzling present.

I hope that Keith will continue exploring the area that he has been making his own. It would be interesting to have a book from him on Williamson, for example, though with more interest in Williamson's regrettable politics than he displays here. I hope, though, that he will reconsider his praise of Ronald Blythe's *Akenfield* (1969). In comparison with what one finds in Sturt's books, or in those of George Ewart Evans that Keith mentions, or in that revealing study of present-day town life in England, Jeremy Seabrook's *City Close-Up* (1971), the passages of rural speech that Blythe offers us simply fail, far too often, to carry conviction.

Dalhousie University

John Fraser

Compton Mackenzie. By D.J. Dooley. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1974. Pp. 171. \$7.50

In recent years, until his death in Edinburgh in 1972, Sir Compton Mackenzie was regarded more as a Grand Old Man of Letters in Scotland than as an accomplished

novelist. He was renowned for his satires on government and Civil Service, and for his comic but sympathetic portrayal of life in the Hebrides — particularly as presented in *Whisky Galore* and *Rockets Galore*. We were aware he had once made a name for himself as a serious novelist in the days of *Sinister Street* (1913), *Guy and Pauline* (1915) and *Sylvia Scarlett* (1918); but we were aware also that he had come to be regarded as an entertainer when he had turned to such comic novels as *Poor Relations* (1919) and *Rich Relations* (1921). This notion of Compton Mackenzie as the entertainer was strengthened in the forties and fifties when he wrote his series of comic Scottish novels: *The Monarch of the Glen* (1941), *Keep the Home Guard Turning* (1943), *Hunting the Fairies* (1943), *The Rival Monster* (1952), *Ben Nevis goes East* (1954), and the two already mentioned out of which highly successful films were made.

D.J. Dooley of the University of Toronto, in this new study of the works of Compton Mackenzie, shows us how important it is to look now at the whole corpus of works produced by this prolific writer and reassess his contribution not only to the novel but also to biography and memoirs.

It is as well to be reminded that Henry James was impressed by the early works of Compton Mackenzie. In this age of intense interest in American literature it is relevant to recall too that F. Scott Fitzgerald was greatly influenced by Mackenzie (particularly *Sinister Street*) when he wrote *This Side of Paradise*. Compton Mackenzie wrote at great length and in meticulous detail: he had in fact a remarkable memory for recall. Indeed, such early novels as *Sinister Street*, *Guy and Pauline*, and *Sylvia Scarlett* may prove more important as social documents of the early twentieth-century scene than as studies of character. Dr. Dooley stresses that Mackenzie was an uneven writer, sometimes careless in shaping his plots, and generally using the saturation rather than the selection technique. (He refers to a book by James E. Miller Jr., *The Fictional Technique of Scott Fitzgerald*, to show how important it was that Fitzgerald should break from the Mackenzie influence in writing *The Great Gatsby* and move to the tradition of selection modelled on Conrad.)

Yet Compton Mackenzie, as Dooley proves, has a consistently serious aim in view throughout his writings. Some critics believed that his long work *The Four Winds of Love* is his *magnum opus* in which he tries to show an individual reaching out “from (an) ego-centre in order to find fulfilment. . .” and in which he indicates the changing political and social scene during the first half of the twentieth century. Edmund Wilson, arguing in 1962 that Mackenzie had been unjustly neglected, also selected *The Four Winds* to prove a serious purpose behind the works — the “defence of oppressed and recalcitrant groups”.

It may well be that Compton Mackenzie was beginning to find a vein that matched his talents when he wrote such keen satires on bureaucracy as *The Red Tapeworm* (1941) and *Moonmugs* (1959). It seems to me however — and this impression emerges strongly after a re-reading of Chapter 8 “Living off the Map” and Chapter 10 “Conclusion: Unity in Diversity” in this new critical study — that Compton Mackenzie’s great achievement lies not merely in reflecting society and its changes during the first half of the twentieth century but also in defending “the

soul of man against the various threats against it brought by successive decades of the twentieth century". One may be inclined at first, as we were in Scotland when we enjoyed rather than absorbed the message of *Whisky Galore* and *Rockets Galore*, to revel in the sheer face of the attack on the fatuities and insensitivity of central government and bureaucracy. But if we were to take time to consider the deeper implications with Dr. Dooley, we might well come to agree with him that these Scottish novels of fun and satire succeed in reflecting "the life of a whole community, ignoring. . . any artificial barriers of class or money", and that they have "the earthy, healthy tang" of folk novels.

Perhaps Compton Mackenzie's non-fictional prose is highly readable because, in Dooley's words, it is so obviously "biassed, strong, and forthright". His historical studies and his biographies return again and again to the defence of small states and communities and the necessity for preserving their political and cultural integrity. His experience in living on islands — Capri and Barra — seemed to strengthen him in these convictions. Although most of his writing has been in the form of fiction, it is just possible that Mackenzie's reputation will in the end rest on some of his non-fiction works, perhaps on parts of his monumental autobiography *My Life and Times* undertaken at the age of 78 and completed at the age of 89. Here, despite passages of garrulity and self-indulgence, we find a remarkable contribution to the social history of our age; and Dooley aptly reminds us that the separate volumes of this work evoked the same kind of high praise that his early novels had inspired. Walter Allen was right: a serious assessment of Compton Mackenzie's works was due; and it is greatly to Dr. Dooley's credit that he has made in this study such a serious and thorough start to the task.

Dalhousie University

J.T. Low.

Greenpeace and Her Enemies By James Eayrs. Toronto: House of Anansi Press, 1973. \$11.50.

A belated review of James Eayrs' fourth anthology of commentary perhaps merits justification. The author is, of course, a genuine Canadian figure, and one of the country's most widely read — and oft-reviewed — political columnists. On the other hand, this collection is composed entirely of what Eayrs terms his "journalistic writing", previously published during 1968-1972. Moreover, one suspects that, to paraphrase Bacon, such writings are intended more to be tasted, and maybe swallowed, than to be chewed and digested, let alone reviewed.

The case for a formal review however is not a difficult one to make. First of all, few academics are willing or indeed able to fulfill a public role. Those few, like Eayrs, that do, merit some attention. Second, Canadian political and social commentary is in an abysmal state. When the Ottawa-variety of investigative journalism seems to mean merely attending the daily forty-five minute Parliamentary question period, then commentary of substance such as Eayrs' must be

taken seriously. Finally, there is always the difficulty of dealing with a commentator when his material comes along in a seemingly never-ending sequence. Having these writings collected together permits comparison and possibly even reflection.

As suggested by the title, the enemies of Greenpeace are present and accounted for, to be sure. They are nevertheless vastly outnumbered by the enemies of Eayrs. The targets include not only the bomb, nuclear fallout and pollution, but also the War Measures Act, great-power hypocrisy, Dick and Jane, J. Edgar Hoover, Soviet domination of the Baltic states, academic tenure, W.A.C. Bennett, military chaplains, George Wallace, Karl E. Mundt, defoliation in Vietnam, arms sales, authoritarian professors, Kurt Kiesinger, Curtis LeMay, university examinations, Melvin Laird, Harry Hanham, bacteriological warfare, Walt Rostow, the Canadian Senate, Arthur Schlesinger, Lt. Calley, the ABM, Soviet censorship, Canadian defense expenditures, John F. Kennedy, Joseph Stalin, Enoch Powell, plagiarism, NATO, the Greek colonels, Pierre Trudeau, MIRVs, John Humphrey, James B. Conant, Walter Deakon, economic growth, regressive taxation, secret dossiers, the prosecution of Soviet Jews, and Ottawa mandarins whose memoirs don't tell it like it was.

Eayrs does in the process give a few nods of approval: to Czech student protesters, Israel, Yoko and John Lennon, Rachel Carson, Henry Kissinger, truth, sanity, common sense, the Royal Commission on Women, Herbert Marcuse, David Braybrooke, Jerry Farber, civil liberty, and the dream of Canadian neutrality. It is the enemies though that get most of the attention. Frontal attacks vastly outnumber the occasional, and guarded, defences. Unrestrained anger and scorn are clearly favoured over joy and praise. Eayrs spares few if any targets; fools and knaves are as culpable as demagogues and dictators, especially if their actions endanger the personal freedom of the individual. Eayrs obviously enjoys and equally obviously excels in verbal assassination.

Substance aside, even the avid reader of the weekly Eayrs column could not help but once more enjoy his command of the language and ability to devastate with a single phrase. At the U.N. Environment Conference, "Canada's delegates scurry on errands of reconciliation in that most recent of class wars — between the poor who want to do the polluting for a change [and] the rich who can afford to stop". The post-war in Germany has created "a nation of Mercedes-owners racing down the autobahns of affluence". The dissident Soviet scientist and writer Andrei Sakharov is "working on controlled thermonuclear fusion, and is therefore regarded by the regime as better read than dead". The American astronaut basks in completely controlled life-support comfort "while millions monitor his monosyllables". And Eayrs himself has "spent the weekend in Halifax, nattering with naval nabobs".

True, the style is occasionally overdone. True, the concern for linguistic effect sometimes seems to dominate the concern for intellectual precision. But such matters are hardly important enough by themselves to be serious detractors. It is true that Eayrs can be unabashedly and inexplicably inconsistent. It is true as well that he is much more often destructive and negative than constructive and positive. However, there is, one could argue, much on the Canadian and international scenes

to be negative and even "shrill" about. Whether or not one agrees with this argument, it would certainly be unfair to criticize the man for not also constructing his own fully thought-out libertarian socialist vision. It would likewise be unfair to criticize him on the basis of a comparison between his public commentary and his more rigorously analytical academic work. Perhaps the only appropriate comparison is the one that Eayrs sets for himself — that being with the work of I.F. Stone.

Eayrs approvingly quotes one evaluation of Stone: "The only idealist alive who can make every person who wants to be a realist dependent on his wisdom". Stone accomplished this, Eayrs notes, by fastening "his gaze upon the records of the Republic", by digging "the truth out of hearings, official transcripts, and government documents", and by bringing to these labours "the historical imagination, without which the most sensitive of secret documents is no more useful than a Kleenex". Thus, whether Stone was, for example, carefully documenting the effects of the defoliation programme in Vietnam with quotations from a Japanese Science Council report, medical research articles, and the U.S. Army field manual, or was disproving President Nixon's claims about ABM costs by painstakingly piecing together bits of testimony from Nixon's own officials, the article always not only reflected its author's outrage, but also comprised a well-documented, virtually irrefutable case. The Stone technique was to bring key facts to light, where others has missed them, or into perspective, where others had left them isolated, and to weave these facts together into a telling argument. The effect was to inform — and thereby to convince even the dubious reader. The Eayrs technique, in contrast, is to spotlight persons or actions, to assail them with wit, style, and moral anger, and above all, to ascribe blame. The effect is to arouse — but to convince none save the already committed.

"If one wish might be granted me", Eayrs concludes about Stone's writings, "it would be that mine could be like his". They're not. And that's the shame. Because they could be, and if they were, they would enrich our consciousness — and our politics.

Dalhousie University

Don Munton

Canadian Water Colours and Drawings in the Royal Ontario Museum. By Mary Allodi. 2 Volumes. Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, 1974.

These handsome volumes, modestly described as a catalogue in the foreword, represent the result of some ten years research by Mrs. Mary Allodi, a member of the Museum's curatorial staff. They include an assemblage of fine reproductions in colour and monochrome of four hundred and twenty water colour paintings, sketches and drawings, detailed descriptions of more than twenty-two hundred of these and biographical notes on one hundred and ninety-three of over two hundred and ninety artists represented. By far the greatest number, over seventeen hundred

of these, are from the superb collection of early Canadian paintings acquired by Dr. Sigmund Samuel of Toronto between 1910 and 1948 which he gave to the Royal Ontario Museum in 1940. Subsequently he built a handsome Canadiana Gallery for their presentation, provided funds to sustain it, added prints, paintings and examples of decorative arts and generously endowed the department for continued expansion of the collection.

The catalogue includes three hundred and forty-four water colours and sketches of the Western travels of Paul Kane, from the Ethnology department of the Museum, and a hundred and sixty-four water colours executed on field trips across Canada from Newfoundland to the Pacific coast during the late nineteenth and early twentieth century by Dr. Arthur P. Coleman, first Director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Geology.

Dr. Samuel's selection represented a pictorial record of the Canadian scene between 1750 and 1900. Mrs. Allodi's discriminating choice of pictures for reproduction offers a selection of many of the finest early Canadian water colours in a broad survey from coast to coast. Except for some hundred and twenty-five unsigned, anonymous pictures, to which she has ascribed probable dates and areas, she has provided concise biographies of all the artists represented. These are concise to conform to the required catalogue format but vastly expanded by her continued research as details of the careers of many of the artists were revealed for the first time by the excellent "detective work" she employed during her years of compilation; as she comments in her introduction, "it is unfortunate that the liveliest aspect of cataloguing, the process of tracking down authorship, date and place for each water colour and drawing, cannot be incorporated into the final product." Mrs. Allodi gives well-deserved credit to the "topographers" who were in many cases naval or military officers, trained as students to observe and record salient features of landscape. Young naval cadets were expected to observe the 'prospects' or approaches to a coast or port and as midshipmen were required to record these in their own logs and present them for their captain's inspection. From the mid-seventeen hundreds, eminent British water colour painters, including Paul Sandby, were engaged as Professors of Drawing at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, to instruct Royal Artillery and Royal Engineer cadets in an important aspect of military intelligence, observing and representing the terrain of the country where they were stationed or through which they travelled, before the development of photography.

Many of these views such as George Heriot's delightful water colours went beyond topography toward a selection of 'picturesque scenes', and these in turn became the basis on which much early Canadian landscape painting was founded. The author comments on the wide extent of their North American postings, from the West Indies to the Arctic and the great variety in the range of subject matter presented by these army and navy artists. She discusses the work of some indigenous painters, but they are outnumbered by the "visitors" and relatively few attained the vital qualities of the trained observers from overseas. In some cases these include the wives and families of British officers, and Mrs. Allodi refers to examples of these associations particularly in the mid-1830's when in the

Maritimes, Quebec and Upper Canada, those who formed the "Garrison Set" were a dominant group in artistic as well as social circles. A few of the professional artists who emigrated to Canada are represented, but many painters of landscapes and portraits in oils in the collection are excluded by the catalogue restriction to the water colour and drawing media. Also excluded are the many prints and engravings previously described in C.W. Jefferys' catalogue of 1948 and F. St. George Spendlove's *Face of Early Canada* in 1958, recently up-dated by Mrs. Allodi in *The Book of Canadian Antiques* (McGraw-Hill, 1974)

The author has appended two indices valuable to students of Canadiana, one geographical (e.g. Niagara Falls, over a hundred entries) and another of subjects, from Amusements and Architecture, to Wagons and Wheelbarrows which add to historical reference value of the books.

Donald Blake Webster, Curator of Canadiana, Royal Ontario Museum, has written an informative foreword to this excellent record. Mrs. Allodi's choice selection of pictures has been reproduced with close fidelity to the originals, and in the tradition of the "Museum without Walls" of Andre Malraux, offers the viewer an opportunity to see a collection which in its vastness could not be displayed in any single exhibition. The books should give much pleasure to people of many varied interests. The two volumes are well bound and cased.

It is noted that publication was made possible by a grant from Xerox of Canada Ltd.

Halifax

Donald C. Mackay

The Journal Men. By I. Norman Smith. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1974. Pp. ii, 179. \$7.95.

Among Canadian daily newspapers, *The Ottawa Journal* holds a special place. Although not a familiar item on news stands throughout the country, in its home territory it commands the attention and respect of parliamentarians and civil servants. Sister newspapers quote its opinions with remarkable frequency.

I. Norman Smith is a former editor and president of *The Journal*. In this book, he has undertaken to offer some glimpses of the three men who did most to shape and pursue its policies. He has attempted neither a biography nor a history, but rather a series of informal sketches and reminiscences — many told in the words of the *Journal* men themselves.

P.D. Ross, who bought a half interest in *The Journal* the year after it was founded and who directed its course for many years, tells stories of Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Robert Borden, and Sir John Thompson. He knew them all. In fact, he knew every prime minister of Canada from Sir John's time until his own death in 1949.

E. Norman Smith, the author's father, came to Canada from Fleet Street, where he had worked for the Press Association. He became one of the founders of The Canadian Press.

Of the three, only Senator M. Grattan O'Leary survives. He joined the staff of

The Journal in 1911 and, almost at once, found himself in the Press Gallery, reporting the speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Robert Borden. Since then, his fascination with Parliament has been unwavering.

Each of the trio has stories to tell of his association with various political leaders, so that we gain glimpses not only of the *Journal* men but of many who attained prominence on the national scene.

Much of the book is quotation and these passages are indented. It is an accepted and useful convention, but when the passage occupies more than a page, the indentation is not readily apparent. The reader must be alert. Some of the passages contain quotations within quotations, doubly indented, and these, in turn, may contain a phrase in quotations marks. The effect is something like a babushka doll.

Perhaps the author was striving for informality or perhaps he succumbed to the news writer's occupational hazard of leaving everything until the deadline looms. In any event, some of the prose is distinctive.

We have something like *Time style*: "This six-foot-two, lean-faced, eagle-eyed man. . ."

Or stilted: "A very ramshackle set-up was the *Journal* office in the old building on Elgin Street, Grattan remembered."

Or original: "I remember my repeated fascination in how when one of. . ."

But enough of quibbling. For the most part, the book attains its modest objectives. It does give glimpses of the three *Journal* men and, through them, of political figures of their times. Although unlikely to lead the best-seller lists, the book does have something to interest history buffs and to interest those news people who care about the development of their trade.

Halifax, N.S.

W. Graham Allen

Paley: Evidences for the Man By M.L. Clarke. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1974. Pp. ix, 161. \$10.00.

At first glance, this study of William Paley (1743-1805) seems a disinterment of one who might better have been allowed to rest in peace. Professor Clarke, however, not only resurrects his man but also shows him to have been a down-to-earth Yorkshireman, practical, hearty, and surprisingly humorous. Though the clergyman would eat anything, he particularly liked "pork steaks" and had no hesitation in saying so; and he appears to have been equally direct in his treatises on *Moral and Political Philosophy* and *Natural Theology*, both of which are examined intelligently by the author in the three central chapters in a handy little book of fewer than 150 pages of text. Annoyingly, the footnotes, which are essential to the inspiring of one suffocated by the dust of modern grinding-mills, appear at the end of the text, an increasingly common practice among publishers everywhere today.

Though Paley's *Natural Theology* (1802) was written last, it ought to be read first, because it adumbrates his other writings including the *Evidences of*

Christianity (1794). The object of the book is of course to prove that the world had an intelligent Maker and, assuming Paley to have proved this, we find him telling us in later chapters that we must therefore suppose God to have been, and to be, not only a Maker, but a Person capable of benevolence toward His creatures. Later theologians like F.D. Maurice, for example, see this approach as an inversion of Christian revelation: Person must precede attributes and actions, they felt, and Maurice is at a loss to understand how as a sincere Christian Paley could have repeated the Lord's prayer from infancy without recognizing that God the Artificer was first and before all else the Person of God the Father. Like other naturalists of the time, Paley, he thought, had supposed *generation* to have dispensed with *creation*: and a recognition of this error, he felt, would have corrected Paley's whole scheme of thought. It would have shown him that Christianity had been erected, not on a belief in miracles, but on the principles of self-sacrifice.

Because of his error, in his *Moral Philosophy* Paley made expediency the foundation of morality, declaring that obedience to moral obligations could be produced and maintained only by the promise of future rewards for goodness and the threat of future punishment for wrong-doing. He argued that both the promise and the threat were based on the will of God. In the interests of self-preservation — a thoroughly utilitarian motive — a man would behave in this world, Paley thought, in a manner sufficiently docile, if not to gain much in the way of reward, then at least to ward off the "eternal punishment" threatened in the next world.

Paley carried his principle forward by equating his moral with his political philosophy. In his view it was the duty of politicians and statesmen to rule by the same concept of expediency that he had applied to the individual, so that the terrors of future punishment might keep the whole nation sufficiently cowed to maintain law and order. In a world aggressively self-seeking the concept seemed to work, and this may account for Paley's great popularity, which lasted until the outbreak of the first world war when the "punishment" of that holocaust was seen not to have been reserved for "eternity", but clearly to have been meted out seemingly indiscriminately in a horrific present. With the fires of hell seething round men on earth it was no longer possible to fear punishment in hell itself. The mind simply boggled; and since this serves to remind us that expediency will no longer do, Professor Clarke's fresh study is timely. More and more the rulers of the world are being forced to realize, not only that each man has a conscience enabling him to distinguish right from wrong and good from evil, but also, as responsible leaders, to examine their own and to govern accordingly. Students of nineteenth-century thought should read Professor Clarke's book in conjunction with Bentham and his theory of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, in order to see the extent to which Paley has adapted political utilitarianism to religion.

His "evidences" in *The Evidences of Christianity* came neither from revelation nor intuitive feeling, but were affirmed to repose in the miracles associated with the earthly life of Jesus. On the basis of human testimony both unexplainable and indisputable, Paley declared, the miracles of our Lord had to be recognized, not merely as violations of natural law but, simply because they were violations of that law, as "evidences" for the authenticity of Christian revelation. Paley also found proofs of the existence of God in the design apparent in nature, and in the adaptation of the human organism to it. But evolution went a long way to weaken this position, just as the necessity for self-sacrifice weakened Paley's utilitarian approach to morality: "There comes a point where virtue requires a self-sacrifice

that prudential motives do not justify.”

Although the *Evidences* remained a set book at Cambridge until 1920, Paley's teaching was increasingly disliked by the more liberal wing of the church, as we have seen in the comments of F.D. Maurice. And for their view, the opposite alike of Bentham and of Paley and the period over which he wielded so great an influence, students should compare Paley with Coleridge, who — as Professor Clarke reminds us — rejected Paley's “whole approach to religion”. “Evidences of Christianity!” cried that great thinker, whose seminal philosophy guided us into a world both organic and imaginative, “Evidences of Christianity! I am weary of the word. Make a man feel the *want* of it; rouse him, if you can, to the self-knowledge of his *need* of it; and you may safely trust it to its own conscience”. But although Coleridge has the more human, the more Christ-like approach, he too has long been forsaken for gods more alien even than Paley's.

Dalhousie University

A.J. Hartley

The Transformation of Sin: Studies in Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, and Traherne. By Patrick Grant. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press; Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1974. Pp. xiv, 240. \$15.00.

In this book, Patrick Grant of the University of Victoria discusses the devotional poetry of Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, and Traherne. He treats their work in relation to intertwining theological traditions which he describes as reflecting an “encounter between guilt culture and enlightenment” (38), on which rather puzzling terms more later. He offers an explanation of Metaphysical poetry in intellectual rather than stylistic terms, hoping to provide “a fresh perspective” (198) on the age's cultural history. There is a chapter on Donne's Augustinian spirituality and its latitudinarian modifications, an analysis of Herbert's affinities with Franciscan devotion and the influence of Valdes upon the spirituality of both Herbert and his friends the Ferrars. Grant traces the pervasiveness of hermeticism in Vaughan, and there is a final chapter on Traherne's affinities with Irenaeus — although one would have thought that given Professor Grants' particular interests Marvell, with his sophisticated balance of Reformed theology and Magical philosophies, would have been a more appropriate choice.

Although occasionally marred by repetitiveness and some irritating invocations of previous critics (six on one particular page) the book's style is admirably clear and the philosophical background usually relevant. Grant states that his study is “a kind of history of the progressive hybridization of the Augustinian tradition in poetry of early and mid-seventeenth century devotion and religious meditation” (x), and even if no single study could successfully encompass such a scope, the subject itself is well conceived and important. He introduces as the main challenge to the Augustinian tradition the now-familiar mixture of Neoplatonic, Magical and Hermetic philosophies usually associated with the names of Ficino, Pico, and Bruno (the last, surprisingly, is not mentioned in this study). In highlighting the clash

between this tradition and Augustinian-Reformed theology and devotion, Grant is rightly picking out the fundamental intellectual confrontation of the age, although its influence is both more particular and pervasive than he realises. This is possibly because his study seems to rely heavily on secondary authorities, the most suggestive of which had not been published by the time his book was finished and which, indeed, will take some time to be digested by scholars and critics. Thus he does not mention the seminal visit of Bruno in the 1580's, which brought into English circles in especially potent form the very clash of traditions on which Grant's book is built, and which had enormous and still only barely explored impact on late Elizabethan poetry, the Sidney Circle, Donne, Shakespeare and poets as late as Marvell. Nor, often, does he seem to consider the "whirling jumble" of ideas (a term he quotes from Malcolm Ross) to be more than a "theoretical confrontation" (38), rather than a set of tensions passionately, if often confusedly, experienced by the most acute sensibilities of the age. Indeed, passion is a quality notably lacking in the book. Grant's explanations are clear but rarely gripping; with the fine exception of a clear and illuminating comparison of Herbert and Vaughan, many of his analyses of individual poems bludgeon their subjects into submission or overwhelm them by abstract intellectual history.

Although I have stated these qualifications strongly, they should not detract from the importance of the book's basic intellectual categories, the "matching of contraries" (to use a suggestive phrase of Calvin's translator Golding) akin to the intellectual traditions Grant picks out as fundamental to Metaphysical devotional poetry. As well, the book explores some neglected or inadequately understood aspects of the theological background of the seventeenth century. Students will benefit greatly from Grant's admirably clear explanations and patient expositions of difficult philosophical concepts. Where the book is seriously marred, however, is on a more sophisticated level. He attempts to merge his discussion of the "contraries" of the philosophical background with two disastrously slippery quasi-anthropological terms, "guilt culture" and "enlightenment". The book's basic subject is explained as "a conflict . . . between a traditional guilt-culture anthropology based on Augustine and the ethics of an enlightenment theory of man" (168), terms which seem to overlap with the clash of the traditions already discussed but which confuse rather than illuminate our understanding of them. The discussion of "guilt" blurs the crucial Augustinian distinction between *vitium* and *reatus*, and Grant slips, seemingly unaware, back and forth among the different senses of the word — the anthropological term "guilt-culture" (which he adapts from E.R. Dodds), the very different Augustinian senses, and a further evaluative use of the word, as in the anachronistic and implicitly derisory remark that "the main Reformers insisted on a guilt-culture superiority of the Christian message. . ." (34). Not only are we presented with jargon like "the guilt-culture basis of Augustine's influential anthropology" (16), but to put it bluntly, the terms "guilt culture" and "enlightenment" could usually be simply deleted from Grant's analysis with no appreciable loss of meaning.

In summary, this book certainly comes nowhere near its stated aim of a major reevaluation of the basis of Metaphysical devotional poetry. Its virtues are clarity,

careful organisation and frequent insights into the relevance of the complex intellectual traditions of a world we have largely lost. But not only is its choice of poets and poems for discussion often thin or arbitrary, but more importantly, in its overall frame of reference it is regrettably confused and superficial.

Dalhousie University

G.F. Waller

The Indians of Yoknapatawpha. By Lewis M. Dabney. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1974. Pp. IX, 163. \$6.95.

A critic's claim to have uncovered a crucial, but hitherto neglected aspect of the work of a major author, can be treated with some scepticism. Usually, what he means is that, for the sake of getting into print, he is going to make far too much of what, while perhaps of some interest, has been previously passed over simply because it is peripheral to the writer's main achievement. Such scepticism is at least partially justified as a response to Lewis M. Dabney's opening comment: "The Indians are the neglected people in Faulkner. They are the first phase of his Yoknapatawpha legend, the point of departure in his novels, and they have been called his most successful creations, yet their world has never been explored" (p.3). Certainly we must understand the place of the Indians in Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha myth for, as Dabney says, they are, chronologically and thematically, his "point of departure". However, since Faulkner's departure is a rather rapid one, the myth being mainly comprised of the Southern whites and the Negroes, it is doubtful whether the Indians require book-length treatment.

Dabney manages to get a book out of the topic only by including considerable background information on the history of the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians. Even with the introduction of this material there is evidence that Dabney had to resort to some padding to arrive at a manuscript of sufficient length to justify inclusion within hard covers. Besides a general tendency towards redundancy, Dabney's book suffers from two specific faults as a result of his refusal to accept the limitations of his subject. First of all, Dabney has not sufficiently considered to what extent his material on the history of the Indians truly illuminates Faulkner's works. Even though much of this material was new to me I did not find that it added fresh dimensions to my understanding of the stories under consideration because most of it could be assumed from the stories themselves. "Red Leaves", for example, tells us all we need to know about the Indian's slave-holding practices and about their corruption by the whites, and we do not really require Dabney's information on these topics. It is not hard to understand why Faulkner's Indian stories, unlike much of the rest of his work, do not greatly benefit from a study of their historical milieu. In composing this part of his myth Faulkner was not working to any large extent from personal experience since, as Dabney himself asserts, "There were no Indians in Faulkner's part of the state during his lifetime" (7). Consequently, he is not likely either to assume that his readers will have a knowledge of the culture with which he is dealing or to extract from this culture

the nuances and fine distinctions which might need explication for the reader unfamiliar with the society under consideration.

The second main fault which derives from Dabney's tendency to pad out his material is that the main line of his argument is obscured. Dabney is primarily concerned with demonstrating that, if we approach Faulkner's Indian stories chronologically, rather than according to their date of composition, they form a unified whole, moving from the lighter and idyllic stories "Lo" and "A Courtship", which show the Indians either coping with the white man, as in the former, or flourishing in his absence, as in the latter, to the darker picture of corruption and disintegration presented in "A Justice", "Red Leaves" and the *Go Down Moses* stories. Yet, he continually deviates from this main intention to supply us with what is usually unnecessary information on the background of the stories. His study of "A Justice", for example, is interspersed with comments on the possible historical sources of Sam Fathers and David Callicoat; Chickasaw and Choctaw laws concerning regal descent; and the relationship between Indians and their black slaves. The overall tendency of this is not to take us more deeply into the literary work, but to conceal it from us.

Generally, then, the faults of this book derive from Dabney's tendency to make much of a limited subject. However, in his chapter on "The Old People" and "The Bear", two stories from *Go Down Moses*, we find the opposite tendency at work. These stories are thematically rich but, because of his avowed intention of dealing only with the Indians, Dabney is forced to present a very truncated and hence unsatisfactory analysis of them.

Despite my reservations about this book, I believe that the Faulkner specialist will find some valuable material in it, especially in Dabney's chapters of the four stories "Lo", "A Courtship", "A Justice" and "Red Leaves". As Dabney asserts, these are unjustly neglected stories, and his analysis of them does much to establish their importance. He is sensitive both to the finer details of characterisation and to the larger symbolic patterns which enable us to take the stories as a single, unified myth. The general reader, however, will probably find that the book as a whole makes too much of too little. Both sets of readers would probably have been better served if the core of Dabney's material had been condensed into one or two articles.

Mount Saint Vincent University

David M. Monaghan

Meditations on the Hero. By Walter L. Reed. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1974. Pp. x, 201. \$11.95

The title of this book may be somewhat misleading, since what it is in fact is a meditation on, or discussion of, "meditations on the hero". A "meditation on the hero" is a prose fiction narrative (examples discussed include: *Fear and Trembling*, *Wuthering Heights*, *A Hero of Our Time*, *Moby-Dick*) in which a detached, ironic and consciously prosaic narrator reflects upon and tells the story of a heroic figure.

One of Mr. Reed's themes is the way in which reflective, expository or narrative consciousness is incommensurate with heroic, active existence. His first chapter (after a weighty "Prolegomenon") is a detailed analysis of Kierkegaard's *Fear and Trembling* and *Repetition*, which yields him his central concept of the distance between "thought" and "existence". The author claims to have illuminated for us a "particular darkened wing" of the "house of fiction", a wing that turns out, as our guide archly informs us, to be "a larger part of the architecture than previous ciceroni have recognized". There is possibly an allowable romantic excess in his claim to have at last uncovered a new form of fiction, but that should not detract from the fact that he deals with a particularly interesting and important subject in a serious and at times very impressive manner.

By trying to overreach himself, however, Reed is led into occasional barbarities of language. For instance, he says that the second story of Lermontov's *A Hero of Our Time* takes us "beyond the exaggerated Byronic gestalt that the first story has imposed on him." Since "gestalt" here simply means "pattern", the more usual word would be preferable. There ought, perhaps, to be a ten-year moratorium declared on gestalts of all kinds. Because he is dealing with the way in which Absolutes or Ideals fare in the world of Time, the author is led into metaphysical statements which one objects to not because they are metaphysical, but because they are ambiguous in reference: "Ahab's revenge imitates what it takes to be the incarnation of the absolute in the act of the White Whale by incarnating Ahab in an act of his own. The hero would engage the metaphysical ground in direct confrontation." Occasionally a neat, if commonplace, turn of phrase is marred by the addition of a confusing clause: "If the gods did not exist, Ahab would have had to invent them, and Melville provides no real assurance that such is not the case." Such stylistic defects are indicative of one of the larger faults of the book; it tries to impress by means of high abstractions (the "need for myth to enter into history") and a collocation of many complex ideas, when what is needed, as far as is possible, is a simple statement of subject and a straightforward presentation.

The subject that Reed seems to be dealing with is what happens to the Romantic, poetic hero when he is made to live in the novel; when, that is to say, the hero's presence is mediated by a limited, mundane consciousness not capable of heroic activity. This topic naturally gives rise to other related topics: what happens to the ego when it is forced to live in society; or what happens to extensive subjectivity when it has to present itself to a public world; what happens to thought mediated by language; what happens to Idea when it becomes Act. For the hero of our own time:

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the Shadow

Reed argues that things were not quite so bleak for the mid-nineteenth century

hero of the "meditation". In a sense, what Reed is doing is continuing work on ground broken by Frank Kermode in *Romantic Image*; in particular Kermode's analysis of the split in Yeats between poetic vision and action in the world is relevant. What is not always clear in Reed, though, is exactly what constitutes the heroic. He makes the worthwhile suggestion that the hero is "a more passionate and imaginative projection of the poet's self". The hero, then, has something to do with the way in which personal identity is created by the individual imagination and projected into the world. But it is still not clear what the hero, when he is a hero, can do that modern unheroic, or ironically mediated heroes cannot do. Surely a hero is one who successfully puts, or transfers, Idea into Action. The Timeless or Platonic Idea becomes Act without suffering any diminution as a result of incarnation in time. The heroic act is paradoxical therefore: it is timeless, yet it occurs in history; it is the performance of the impossible, the expression of the inexpressible. (Clean out those stables, says Augeias, they haven't been done for thirty years. Alright then, I'll just divert these rivers through them, that ought to take care of it.) On this analysis though, even the heroes of Romantic poetry are not fully heroic, since they are outcasts; they find it impossible to live out their visions of romantic potential in contemporary society. It even seems questionable how far Byron's heroes were simply more passionate projections of himself. In the dedicatory letter to *The Corsair* he says: "I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise. . ." Byron's attempt at detachment from his own "hero", however, qualifies him for inclusion in the general category of meditation on the hero. It might, then, have been advisable for Mr. Reed to admit that the transference of the ideal hero into the realms of prose fiction is both evidence and cause of that phenomenon that has been called the eclipse or vanishing of the hero.

And yet Reed is right to insist that there is at least a doubt about the hero; there is a residual belief that some kind of heroism, if not that of the pattern of the Byronic hero, is not only desirable, but possible. Even in Thackeray, for instance, it is hard not to conclude that Dobbin is in essence a heroic man who has none of the appearance of the romantic hero. Reed's closing comments on *Doctor Faustus* give perhaps the most convincing statement of his theme: "It may be that we have not seen the last of the revivals of the Romantic hero, in literature or in politics. But *Doctor Faustus* may stand as the meditation on the hero to end all such meditations, an attempt to comprehend, to sympathize with, and to atone for the best and the worst in human nature."

The book has many virtues and many of its particular insights are very good. The chapter on Kierkegaard is at times exciting in the ideas it raises, but it is perhaps Kierkegaard who deserves much of the credit for this. Reed's comment that Kierkegaard is the opposite of Sartre in his conception of the mask is an important one. He argues that the *persona* for Kierkegaard does not diminish subjectivity, but instead the mask "dramatizes the possibility of a more authentic, more inward existence". This insight from Kierkegaard is especially valuable for a time that is fraught with uncertainty about the value and validity of public appearance. Also apt is Reed's comment that the type of novel that he is discussing is prose fiction

conscious of being prosaic. He might have made more of the comparison with contemporary prose fiction that is conscious of being fiction. The point that he does make about the modern period, that there has been a reversal of roles and as the hero becomes an increasingly impossible figure, the previously prosaic and non-heroic narrator has himself become the heroic figure (the modern artist-hero), is the sort of offhand statement that one wishes the author had spent more time with since a close consideration of this idea might have led to a more rigorous testing of his whole thesis. Perhaps more contentious is one of his concluding, admittedly "unscientific", hints or guesses: the idea that the Modern period is one which is suspicious of myth, and that myth was turned to only because literary values were threatened. Such notions are neat and they are nearly witty, but they do not represent the best of the author's ability. Much more rewarding is his general focus on the relationship of narrator to character, which allows for some convincing comment on Lermontov and provides a useful point of view on the debate about the narrators in *Wuthering Heights*. The case is still not proved, but the insight into the pairing of the two narrators and the two central characters is a good one. In short then, *Meditations on the Hero*, while it may not be a fully successful realization of its author's imaginings, is certainly a book that was worth producing, and despite its occasional tendency to be as ambiguous as its central figure, the hero, it is almost always interesting and provocative.

Dalhousie University

Allan Kennedy

Morality and Social Class in Eighteenth-Century French Literature and Painting. By Warren Roberts. Toronto and Buffalo: University of Toronto Press, 1974. Pp. xvi, 188. \$15.00.

In an ambitious and complex study, Warren Roberts traces apparently incongruous literary and artistic tendencies — eroticism and sentimentalism, romanticism and anti-romanticism, moralism and nihilism — to a single source, a break with seventeenth-century formalism. The value of this work is that while the author remains cognizant of traditional interpretations of eighteenth-century dualism, he supports his own view with numerous examples from contemporary art and literature. Inspired by the "revisionist" thesis that class struggle is not the simple and unique key to the problems leading to the Revolution, Roberts questions the assumption that bourgeois art or literature ever existed as more than a simple name or an idealization (ch. 4-5). His assignment of typologies to the aristocracy in order to explain the presence of a pattern of cruelty and perversity in a moral society is striking and original (ch. 4).

More complete definitions of terms such as *rococo*, *rubenisme* and *poussinisme* would be useful as would also be a clarification of terms such as *roman* and *nouvelle*,

both of which the author applies to *La Princesse de Clèves* (ch. 2).

In a work of this scope, it is evident that certain omissions, generalizations and oversimplifications should occur. We might note, for example, the obvious omission of *La Paysanne pervertie* from the discussion of sexual cruelty (pp. 46-47), the neglect of the fact that Jacob actually buys a title of nobility in *Le Paysan parvenu* (perhaps a more revealing illustration of his aspirations than the purchase of a sword), the facile interpretation of *La Vie de Marianne* in which the heroine's marriage to Valville may not be a foregone conclusion, and the oversimplification of *La Fontaine's fables* (p. 87). Other weak generalizations include the statement (p. 126) that erotic art was most popular among buyers who enjoyed relatively high incomes, a statement based on the sole fact that Chardin prints were less expensive than those by Boucher. The reader's interest is further piqued by declarations such as that which qualifies Watteau as characteristically French (p. 116), but which leaves the qualities of "Frenchness" undefined.

The chapters concerning art (ch. 9-11) are accompanied by an admirable series of plates which are most useful to the reader who will find this study thought-provoking in its projection of a historical thesis onto a literary and artistic background.

Finally, it is to be hoped that in future editions the regrettably frequent typographical errors in quotations, French terms and names (e.g. Barchilon), as well as the presentation of French quotations which do not grammatically suit the English sentence structure (e.g. p. 41) might be corrected.

Dalhousie University

Roseann Runte

Bernard Mandeville. By Richard I. Cook. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1974. Pp. 174. \$7.95.

Although Bernard Mandeville was a versatile and prolific author, he is known today mainly, if not exclusively, as the coiner of an apparently cynical aphorism, that private vices produce public benefits.

Born in Rotterdam in 1670, Mandeville received his education at the Erasmian School in that city, and later at the University of Leyden, where he graduated as a Doctor of Medicine in 1691. Shortly thereafter he emigrated to England, where he practised as a specialist in nervous disorders, wrote a *Treatise of the Hypochondriack and Hysterick Passions*, and published a variety of verses, fables, dialogues and philosophical dissertations up to the time of his death in 1733.

Richard Cook's compact study adds little to our knowledge of Mandeville's life, the meagre details of which were gathered together half a century ago by F. B. Kaye in his definitive two-volume edition of *The Fable of the Bees*, published by

the Clarendon Press. To judge from the number of enmities he incurred, it must have been an interesting life. The satanic Mandeville portrayed by his detractors, Dr. Cook comments, "bears little resemblance to the genial explicator of awkward truths who emerges from the works themselves."

There is certainly nothing satanic about Mandeville the doctor. His work on hypochondria and hysteria, published in 1711, became a standard reference. While much of it has been outdated by modern psychiatry, the prescribed treatments for nervous ailments are still applicable: moderate diet, healthy exercise, and the avoidance of mental exhaustion. Nearly two centuries before Freud, moreover, Mandeville encouraged his patients to express their anxieties at length, and he acknowledged that the manner in which the afflicted related their problems to him gave as much of an insight into their maladies as the substance of their stories. He believed in allowing them to ventilate their ideas freely, and even to demonstrate their hostility to the doctor himself. Unlike many of his fellow practitioners, he opposed marriage as a cure for female hysteria, explaining that "in the first place it may fail, and then there are two People made unhappy instead of one; secondly it may but half cure the Woman, who lingering under the remainder of her Disease, may have half a dozen Children, that shall all inherit it."

The medical profession was, on the whole, a little suspicious of Mandeville, not so much for his proto-psychiatric opinions as for his extra-medical activities. Here was a physician who also posed as a moralist, a religious thinker, a poet, and a criminologist — an unusual combination even for his time. His writings, too, often cut uncomfortably close to the truth, his diagnosis of hypocrisy being just as acute as his identification of hysteria and hypochondria. In the words of the late Bonamy Dobree, Mandeville belonged to "the honourable line of sceptics, tracing his descent from Montaigne through Bayle, and he often seems to be translating La Rochefoucault." He never ceased to enjoy examining the real, as opposed to the apparent, motives of dignified people, concluding that "the nearer we search into human Nature, the more we shall be convinced that the Moral Virtues are the Political Offspring which Flattery begot upon Pride." Such talk was rare among doctors.

This physician obeyed the injunction, "Heal thyself." Unlike most sophisticated witch-watchers, he hunted down the devil within just as eagerly as he sought it without, and he recommended frequent self-examination to his readers as well as to his patients. At times, as in *The Virgin Unmask'd* (1709), a series of dialogues between an elderly maiden lady and her niece, he shows some understanding of the psychological problems arising from the restraints and frustrations suffered by a young woman in Queen Anne's time. The elderly aunt, Lucinda, a professed hater of men and of marriage, which she thinks little better than a state of slavery for women, criticizes her nineteen-year-old niece, Antonia, for her seductive *de-colletage*: "I can't abide your Naked Breasts heaving up and down; it makes me sick to see it." Antonia sharply objects: why should she be obliged to go around veiled? "There is abundance of difference," replies the aunt, "between veiling, and going bare-ass'd." The first dialogue ends with Antonia retreating to her room in tears.

Lucinda contends that, if one were to question older and wiser women, one

would find that "not one in five hundred would be without deep regrets over having wed," whereas an equivalent survey of maiden ladies would reveal that the great majority, once the "troublesome Itch" of sexual appetite had passed, would prove to be delighted with their independence. To dramatize her argument, she emphasizes the harmful effects of pregnancy, remarking that "the Sting of Man comes up to that of the Tarantula." Indeed, the libidinous desires that induce women to accept such terrible suffering are "analogous to the morbid impulse that leads children to eat dirt." Antonia remains unconvinced.

Mandeville's interest in the status of women and in the pros and cons of marriage is a reminder to us that divisions of opinion on these matters were as sharp in the early eighteenth century as they are today. Conservative thinkers like Fenelon, Richard Allestree and the Marquis of Halifax still maintained that women were "morally and mentally inferior to men and hence properly subordinate, both collectively in society and individually in marriage." At the other end of the scale were the reformers, who "rejected the idea that men were naturally inferior to men and who advocated an equality of education and legal status between the sexes." Among those who prominently endorsed this opinion were Mary Astell and Daniel Defoe. Mandeville's Lucinda is neither conservative nor reformer. Although in some respects a feminist, she nonetheless accepts a double standard in sexual matters, even conceding that "in Reasoning, Women can never cope with Men....Women are shallow creatures; we may boast of Prattling, and be quick at a Jest, or Repartee, but a sound and penetrating Judgment only belongs to Men, as the Masters of Reason and solid Sense." Yet she detests men for having unjustly oppressed her sex, and she argues strongly for better female education and greater independence.

What was Mandeville's own stand in the "Fair Sex" debate? In his preface to *The Virgin Unmask'd* he warns the reader against interpreting Lucinda's opinions as the author's. In his other writings, certainly, we find arguments quite at odds with those of the elderly aunt. In his best-known work, the *Fable of the Bees*, for instance, he defends the low-cut dresses that Lucinda had deplored. In his *Enquiry into the Origin of Honour*, Cleomenes condemns those virgins who, through an excess of vanity and self-esteem, have chosen to shun the opposite sex. In general, Mandeville treats the subject of sex with a Swiftian half-seriousness, as in the erotic poems of *Wishes to a Godson* and in his *Modest Defence of Publick Stews*. Yet, as Dr. Cook observes, there are several instances in which Lucinda does appear to act as Mandeville's spokesman, as in her contention that the morality of an action can be determined only by its motives, her discussion of contemporary political prejudices, and her recommendation of diet and exercise as a cure for Antonia's moodiness. Whether Cook is right in dismissing Lucinda as the wrong-headed champion "of what is ultimately a crankish absurdity — the renunciation by women not only of their subordinate status, but of marriage and sex itself" is debatable. Even the view that "women can best protect themselves from the dangers inherent in sexuality by rejecting it altogether" may not have been so "realistically untenable" as he suggests.

It was, of course, part of Mandeville's stock-in-trade to present his arguments on moral and social questions in deliberately uncompromising terms, forcing the reader

to choose between "a bleakly unworkable rigorism on the one hand and a human and hence imperfect reality on the other." Just as the unmasked virgin is not the adolescent Antonia but the self-congratulatory Lucinda "who has reasoned herself into a life of literal and figurative sterility," so in *The Grumbling Hive* and *The Fable of the Bees* the dominant theorist is invariably the devil's advocate. While the parallel with Swift is obvious, Mandeville's stance is in some ways more ambiguous when he adopts the preferred persona of the fabulist.

The Fable of the Bees pre-dates Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* by twelve years, and his *Modest Proposal* by fifteen. In the *Fable* Mandeville argues that modern society could not prosper without individual vices. The wealthy brewer who endows charitable institutions and patronizes the arts depends for his wealth on the knave who sells liquor to highwaymen and to prostitutes and their clients. Thus vice is the cornerstone of a healthy economy, and the public is its ultimate beneficiary. This argument, which is more plausible, and therefore more dangerous, than anything in Swift, elicited cries of protest from many quarters. For once, it seems, the traditional English sense of humour was unequal to the sallies of the satirist. The Grand Jury of Middlesex County accused "the profligate author of the *Fable*" of attempting "to tear up the very Foundations of Moral Virtue, and establish Vice in its Room."

Mandeville capitalized on outrage by publishing a gentlemanly "Vindication" of his *Fable* and including it in subsequent editions. He even expanded his successful formula into a second part, which took the form of several dialogues woven about the theme of self-interest. One of the participants, Horatio, adopts some of the more optimistic and benevolent doctrines of the Earl of Shaftesbury, author of the celebrated *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times* (1711). He is contradicted by Cleomenes who, this time speaking in Mandeville's own voice, contends that conscience is not inborn, but acquired through "educated reason", and that "goodness" is the product of enlightened self-interest and convenience. Defending himself (and, of course, Mandeville) against the charge that he is advocating vice and irreligion, Cleomenes suggests that the introduction of moral virtue as an expedient formed part of an evolutionary process designed by God "so that primitive man could anticipate (albeit imperfectly) those divine truths which would later be endorsed by Revelation." This evolutionary process, he argues, has its parallel in the origin and development of language.

By the end of the six dialogues comprising Part Two of the *Fable of the Bees*, Cleomenes has convinced Horatio that he ought to abandon his Shaftesburian principles. In a later dialogue, published in 1732 with the title, *Enquiry into the Origin of Honour, and the Usefulness of Christianity in War*, the same two debaters meet again. This time Cleomenes expounds the theory that "honour" evolved from a fear of shame; that masculine honour was almost exclusively related to physical bravery; and that war became the chief means by which such honour could be expressed and vindicated. "Generals long ago discovered that an intense spirit of religiosity (as opposed to *genuine* piety) is among the most useful attributes an army can possess....The ruthless courage of such troops becomes especially effective when, as in the case of Oliver Cromwell, the commander shares his army's

fanaticism. But even the least religiously motivated general, if he is wise, will see to it that his troops are at least as well provided with chaplains as with weapons." While neither the fashionable code of honour nor the practice of war can ever be reconciled to Christian doctrine, Cleomenes believes that both these institutions are of immense benefit to society – the first as a check to noxious behaviour, the second as a necessary aspect of national greatness and prosperity.

Once again, Cleomenes is hammering out Mandeville's repeated theme: "In man's slow advance from barbarism, the moralists – who ask us to deny our natures – have been far less effective than the worldly politicians who are content to work as best they can with the imperfect materials at hand." He is quick to observe that this effectiveness is a gain only in temporal terms, and that society will have to pay a terrible price in the next world for having sacrificed virtue to expediency in this.

In spite of this artful disclaimer, Mandeville continued to be the target of abuse from those who found his cynicism and impiety deplorable. One of his most formidable antagonists was George Berkeley who, in *Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher* (1732), exposed the central doctrines of the *Fable of the Bees* to ridicule and contempt. The last thing that Mandeville wrote, his *Letter to Dion, Occasion'd by a Book Call'd Alciphron*, takes the form of a reasoned protest against the distortions, falsifications and other misrepresentations of his work by Berkeley and his fellow critics, and a plea for a more responsible assessment of his work of "exalted Morality".

Modern critics have been divided on the respective merits of Berkeley and Mandeville in this final encounter. T.E. Jessop, for instance, sees no substance in Mandeville's complaint, while J.C. Maxwell, a lover of cricket, maintains that "Berkeley never wrote anything that is less to his credit than his attack on Mandeville." Even Bonamy Dobree, who describes *Alciphron* as "a brilliant collection of dialogues", admits that Berkeley "didn't play altogether fair". Dr. Cook seems to call for a tie between the antagonists, and concludes his valuable study by suggesting that, in spite of all the attacks and misunderstandings, Mandeville has received in our time, as a result of the work of F.B. Kaye and others, "appropriate recognition for his significant contributions to social philosophy, economic thought, and psychological theory". He also stakes a high claim for Mandeville's literary qualities, describing his works as just as readable, entertaining and stimulating as when he first wrote them down. While not all readers will share the view that the private vice of cynicism has produced such a lasting public benefit, most will be grateful for this lucid, careful and well-documented presentation of a fascinating subject.

Dalhousie University

James Gray

Revolution and Romanticism. By Howard Mumford Jones. Cambridge, Mass.: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1974. Pp. 487. \$15.00.

Howard Mumford Jones's energetic book deals with, as he says, "the roots and

activities of revolutionary activity in the Western world and... the social results of romanticism in the arts and in general thought". This is a large task and the book itself is a big one; but the general reader for whom it is ostensibly written should expect neither an intellectual history of the last half of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth centuries, nor should he approach this book as if it were a monograph that attempted to deal in some precisely defined and closely restricted way with elements of romanticism in relation to the American and French revolutions.

Jones's concerns are not monographic but moral; like Hannah Arendt's perspective in *On Revolution*, his view takes in the contemporary scene and attempts to give it historical depth: "I have said earlier that change of government by revolutionary violence seems to me more characteristic of modern states than Americans like to think. They prefer the peaceful process of voting in a representative republic. But because the American revolution and the French revolution, each in its way, are paradigms of almost all revolutions since their time, including that outlined in the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels, there is no need to continue this book through the Balkan revolutions, the Russian revolutions and the Chinese revolutions." Here, in the concluding section, a moral weight is set into position, as if to compress the preceding four hundred sixty pages into a firm and concise building block on which we may construct the present. The summary remarks on Goethe's *Faust* now, we understand, apply to our sense of communal and social responsibility: "In the long career of Faust, mainly composed of follies and failures, Goethe embodied the hopes, the dreams, and the progress of the human race. The modern ecologist or environmentalist creates, in fact, the ideal that Goethe sketched in the final scenes of Faust and that is, from the point of view of old-line laissez-faire economics, quite as revolutionary as Tom Paine or Fourier." But the optimism of this, its faith in the possibilities of man in the workaday present, seems to me to be undercut by the tone of that first sentence about revolutionary violence. It may well be that this is an echo from a Harvard Summer School lecture; it may be even perhaps more pointedly Jones's assumption that mature Americans are provincial and that he can shed some light on their situation. It is to his credit that he himself as a scholar has never been content to rest in provinciality, as we shall see on further examining this book.

But my point is that this breadth of outlook is not incompatible with shortsightedness, and the confident assumption that Americans are simply isolated from modern political realities has, I feel, its positive side in the tone of "the peaceful process of voting in a representative republic." Hannah Arendt gives us a clearer view of what representation really means: "It is obvious that the only thing which can be represented and delegated is interest, or the welfare of the constituents, but neither their actions nor their opinions. In this system the opinions of the people are indeed unascertainable for the simple reason that they are non-existent. Opinions are formed in a process of open discussion and public debate, and where no opportunity for the forming of opinion exists, there may be moods — moods of the masses and moods of individuals, the latter no less fickle and unreliable than the former — but no opinion." In some way Jones's whole book

is centered on a problem of great importance, for as he points out, "the unique contribution of romanticism to modernity is the insistence that every human being is a distinct and autonomous entity," and he is clearly right when he judges this to be "a more lasting contribution than those made by the American and French revolutions"; but finally, I believe, he misstates a crucial point in his refusal to consider as part of his theme the importance of modern revolutions: "The grave central problem of our day is not the destruction of the state or of institutions or of ordinary forms of decorum by casual violence; the great central problem of the Western world is how to adjust the civic processes descending from the American and the French revolutions to the romantic theory that every human being is an inviolable end in himself. I do not find this answer on the shores of Walden Pond."

The optimism that sees in environmental concern and ecological good works the continuance of revolution is the affirmation of the romantic individual who both relies on and glories in his personal power, whether vatic or utopian, to help his fellow men. Jones's adherence to this affirmation is consistent in his quotation from William Faulkner's Nobel Prize speech which glorifies man's eternal need to struggle and restates the artist's function of helping man to endure. Beyond the rhetoric and the sentimentality there is a validity to all of this that is more profoundly caught in Keats's *Fall of Hyperion*:

Who alive can say,
 'Thou art no Poet — may'st not tell thy dreams?'
 Since every man whose soul is not a clod
 Hath visions, and would speak, if he had loved,
 And been well nurtured in his mother tongue.
 Whether the dream now purpos'd to rehearse
 Be poet's or fanatic's will be known
 When this warm scribe my hand is in the grave.

Keats has already told us that fanatics weave out of their dreams only "a paradise for a sect", and this tension or ambivalence that imperils the romantic artist is possible in a society remarkably different from the Augustan standard precisely in its recognition (whether tacit or declared) that all men participate in public life by birth. Conveniently, *Revolution and Romanticism* reprints in an Appendix The Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen where we find this clearly enunciated: "Law is the expression of the general will. All citizens have the right to take part in person or by their representatives in its formulation. It must be the same for all, whether it protects or punishes. All citizens being equal in its eyes are equally eligible to all public dignities, places, and employments according to their capacities, and without other distinction than that of their virtues and their talents." Jones has rejected as ephemeral the "one man, one vote" democratic principle this would entail, but it seems to me that romanticism and revolution connect precisely here, as we can see in Wordsworth's need to underline the relationship of poet with other men and his justification of his experiment in poetic diction: "Among the qualities...enumerated as principally to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree....The Poet is chiefly

distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner....Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height [of using "a peculiar language"]; and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves." M. H. Abrams has shown how an Augustan like Johnson can on occasion stress originality more than a romantic like Wordsworth. But this seems to be less a question of only personal sensibility, of harking back to some notion of classicism or of a passing fad in critical or poetic interests; and more a question of a general shift in sensibility and the need to solve the ensuing intellectual problem of the relation of individual creativity to communal life. That is not to claim that Augustan standards were felled in one blow: Byron's preference for Pope's poetry and even Shelley's ability to parody Wordsworth in "Peter Bell the Third" show that the poetic revolution did not destroy cultural continuity but rather exemplified it. Yet it is we who face the paradox of Keats's questioning challenge, "Who alive can say, /Thou art no Poet": the paradox is the presupposition of individual creativity in mass culture. We cannot be sure with Keats's confidence that time will tell what is creative from what is merely novel.

This doesn't really take us away from the issue of reconciling civic process with the inestimable value of the individual. Jones opts for representative government and not the substantial freedom offered by The Declaration of the Rights of Man; the inestimable value of the individual, then (if we follow Arendt's observation), is relegated to a private and not a public pursuit of happiness. It remains to be shown (by Jones) that there is any civic process descending from those revolutions that could be compatible with individual freedom and responsibility as envisaged in The Declaration of the Rights of Man. Perhaps then Jones is blithely placing his faith in the technical resourcefulness of ecologists and environmentalists, one cannot tell; but it may raise the question that the salt of Walden has lost its savor for him.

When we have examined the humanistic burden of *Revolution and Romanticism*, there is not much more to say. There is plenty of history and anecdote, but the book is not a history. It has a moral but avoids treating the questions that would make it philosophy — though that was never Jones's attempt. *Revolution and Romanticism* is best described as an enormous commonplace book: it is filled with quotations and the necessarily accompanying plot summaries, biography, and synopses of theories of philosophy, art, and politics. The book is divided into fourteen chapters, the first five of which discuss with bewildering profusion of names, dates and titles many of the important, and some of the obscure, figures of the Enlightenment, Neoclassicism and the development of Sensibility. Two chapters on the American Revolution follow: the first handles the origins of the dispute, with a brief summary mainly of events leading to the war; the second discusses the constitutional dispute underlying the Revolution (with especial reference to *The Federalist*), the vision of America as a utopia, early examples of American

historiography, the European reactions to the Revolution. (On page 205 there is an excellent quotation from a Fourth of July oration by Elihu Palmer that is most suggestive in the perspective of Hannah Arendt's discussion of *novus ordo saeculorum*). The next two chapters deal with romantic versions of individualism and with theories of genius. The issues of political equality and personal uniqueness are raised here, though Jones is best in exemplifying his division of the suffering individual, the Promethean individual and the free woman with extensive summaries of F. W. von Schlegel's *Lucinde*, Mme. de Stael's *Corinne* and Shelley's *Epipsychidion*. "Romantic genius" recapitulates the history of "genius", exemplifies the romantic version in Young, Gerard, and Hamann. There is a really excellent discussion of Klopstock's *Der Messias*: Jones is good at burlesquing bad poetry. This chapter concludes with Danton's identification of himself as Jesus and an anticlimactic discussion of Napoleon. Two chapters on the French Revolution follow: the first deals with the American influence and summarizes what happened; the second with the iconography and theater of the revolution, concluding with synopses of Burke, Chateaubriand and Mme. de Stael. The last three chapters are "The Romantic Rebel", "Romantic Dreamers and Idealists", and "Faustian Man". With rebellion we come to Byron's *Manfred*, Hugo's *Hernani*, de Vigny's *Moise*, Heinrich von Kleist and Beethoven (it really isn't made clear that von Kleist did kill himself, and the comments on Beethoven are nugatory). Dreamers and idealists include Shelley and Coleridge, Poe, Tieck, Brentano, Heine. Karl Maria von Weber's *Der Freischutz* and Gericault's "The Raft of the Medusa" fit here too, capped off by a discussion of *Wilhelm Meister*. The Faust theme naturally brings up Goethe's masterpiece, but includes Wordsworth's *Prelude* and an equally unaccountable introduction to the chapter by way of Spengler. All of this is a tribute to a lifetime of pertinacious reading; at its best it is quick-paced with a vivid sense that behind the bibliography lies the material of historical drama.

Dalhousie University

N. S. Poburko