NEW BOOKS

TALES TOLD UNDER THE OLD TOWN CLOCK. By William C. Borrett, Station Director, C.H.N.S., Halifax. The Imperial Publishing Co., Limited, Halifax.

Radio has been described as the most significant development in publicity since the invention of printing. Its possibilities are still to be explored in many a field, and Major Borrett is to be congratulated upon his pioneer work in these talks which show how "the unseen audience" may be stimulated to a study of local history.

As an "appetizer", a means of awakening interest in the past of a city and of a province far too little known to those who live there, these 15-minute sketches of life in bygone days have an irresistible charm. They had a huge audience, and now that the record of them has been given to us in print, they continue to fulfil their function in bidding us ask for more. Nova Scotians will find here very varied topics, to suit a variety of tastes—from "The Duke of Kent's Rendezvous" to a creepy story of provincial sailors called "A Voice in the Night," and from the historical *résumé* "Founding of Halifax" to one with the piquant title "The Lady Meant Business." Major Borrett has the broadcaster's art of enlisting attention, so that his listener (or his reader) will be informed—even instructed—before he has had time to withdraw it, on a subject important though normally dry.

The book is written in easy, conversational style, always clear, often witty, and throughout likely to stir in the reader a too long dormant desire to understand his native place through its past. It ought to serve an excellent purpose as a provocative to systematic enquiries into how we came to be as we are.

H. L. S.

PHYSICS AND PHILOSOPHY. By Sir James Jeans, Cambridge University Press. $2.75.

Recent developments in physical science have brought to light phenomena which can be understood only if we adopt the point of view of the new Quantum Theory and of the Theory of Relativity. The attitude towards the physical world implicit in these two new modes of thought is vastly different from that which characterized classical physics. Furthermore, the success which these theories have had in describing events in nature is so complete that it seems as if they might contain a new message as to the fundamental nature of the universe, and of the possibilities of human free-will in particular. The aim of this book by Sir James Jeans is to estimate the philosophical significance of these new developments.

The book seems to fall naturally into three parts. The first is a discussion of the basic philosophical problem of knowledge, and how it

is acquired by the human mind. How much of our knowledge of nature is Appearance and how much Reality? A rather complete account of what the greatest of the philosophers, from Aristotle to Eddington, have thought about this problem is included, and one can have nothing but admiration for the clear, intelligible manner with which these ideas (generally considered to be the most difficult) have been presented.

The second part is an account of the findings of physics. Starting with a discussion of Newtonian mechanics, the writer describes the early attempts to explain the world in materialistic terms, and shows how the first doubts as to the validity of this arose and how, as time went on, more and more facts were unearthed which refused to conform to a materialistic interpretation. This second part ends with a discussion of the theories of modern physics arising out of the work of Bohr, Heisenberg, Schrodinger and Dirac.

How do the results of modern physics affect the practical problems of philosophy? This is the subject of the third and shortest part of the book. Do they dispose of the materialist philosophy? Does the apparently fundamental dualism found in the new Quantum theory shed any light on the other dualisms encountered in philosophy such as Appearance and Reality, Mind and Matter? What are the implications of the equally fundamental principle of indeterminacy for the problem of the freedom of the will? Naturally, the final answer to these questions is still to be found, but the ideas and suggestions in *Physics and Philosophy* are so stimulating and concrete that one becomes convinced that modern physics has new and important contributions to make to these old problems. In the words of the author, ". . . many of the former conclusions of nineteenth century science on philosophical questions are once again in the melting pot."

W. J. Archibald

Cent Petits Poemes Anglais. Traduits par F. Baldensperger. Harvard University Press.

In the introduction to his book of translations from English poetry, *Cent petits poèmes anglais traduits en vers français*, M. Fernand Baldensperger makes the remark that since the days of Voltaire, French and English need to know each other, which indeed is to-day more true than ever.

When he composed these translations, M. Baldensperger was on the staff of the University of London as an expert to organize the teaching of French in the various colleges of the University; as such, he came in contact with many men and observed many points of view. To him, an authority in comparative literature, difference of vision was nothing new; but he thought that the sometimes elusive feelings and the confused experience of a busy day were worth being fixed and articulated by "poetic comparisons;" that was the origin of these translations.

These one hundred little poems take the French reader "along the paths of the English Renaissance," through the 17th and the 18th century "in search of their lost intellectual balance," down the

Romantic ages which the translator puts under the protection of the great name of l'Abbé Brémond, up to "the American echo of the English lyre" with Emily Dickinson, Edgar Lee Master and others.

Skipping, behind his guide, from star to star in the brilliant field of English poetry, the French reader cannot but feel at home: death and glory, love and melancholy, hope and despair sing a familiar tune, in turn vehement or serene. Perhaps a note of humour sometimes or some abrupt expression will warn him that these were born in a foreign land. It is always a very pleasant experience to the French mind to touch the rock of human brotherhood; but here the pleasure is mixed with some uneasiness. Actually, English lyrics are different from the French; and how can poets of the Renaissance sound so much like their descendants of to-day—which is what happens in the translations? Finally, when the translator speaks of "poetic comparisons" as a key to the difference of character between the two nations, what he meant was not the finished product, but the actual making of it. Then, if the reader follows that example and goes back to the original text, quite another discovery is waiting for him. The one hundred English poems refuse to merge into the smooth unison of their French counterparts; each strikes a unique and original note; Donne sounds as different from Master as an oboe from a horn. Originality, specific quality, these had vanished in translation. Why? Because what matters in a poem is not what the translation keeps, what the poem has to *say*; but what the translation misses, that is, what the poem *is*. That very soul no translation can possibly convey unless it is a re-creation, the condition of which (freedom from the original form, poetic mood and power of the translator) is tantamount to requiring that it be no translation but another creation, in a different language, by another poet.

Perhaps it would be interesting to see by a few examples the reluctance of the poem to be translated. The French language likes precision logical articulations; it is rich in abstract words, easily tempted by elegances of speech which all kill the fresh and direct vigor of the original and smother its cristalline vibrations.

For instance Michael Drayton:

> And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart
> That thus so cleanly I myself can free

becomes, with deadly long words:

> *Et que je suis heureux, de tout mon coeur heureux*
> *D'avoir si promptement de vous pu me deprendre.*

or John Donne:

> Though she were true when you met her
> And last till you write your letter,
> Yet she
> Will be
> False, ere I come to two or three

gives in translation:

Franche quand tu l'as decouverte
Avant que ton billet m'alerte
Elle aura de quoi
Manquer de foi
En attendant a deux ou trois.

And here is what French logic and precision does in Walter Raleigh:

A honey tongue a heart of gall
Is fancy's spring but sorrow's fall.

Et le coeur fielleux succède en automne
Aux flatteurs propos de miel au printemps

As for the fear of directness:

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with *thee* and be thy love.

L'Amour et le monde ont-ils peu de jours?
Bergers n'ont-ils point la langue traitresse?
Si non, ce projet de plaisirs me presse
De vivre avec toi d'être tes amours.

And "taste" so transforms an image of Wordsworth:

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way . . .

Ta voix avait le son de la Mer; et les Cieux
Etaient comme toi purs, libres, majestueux.
Tu cheminas pourtant sur nos routes de terre . . .

There is one poem which did not suffer from the translation. It is Robert Herrick's *To Anthea*, where the poet affirms his obedience to every fancy of his lady love; in fact, there we have more psychology than anything else; thence the success of the translation.

But, in truth, such comparisons may be dangerous and misleading; they may give the impression that some translations are better than the others, when in fact they all are either excellent—as far as "sense" goes—or impotent—as far as real poetry goes—; which failure is not to be ascribed to the use of this or that French expression, but to the whole French language where every letter, every syllable, every word has to pay for not having been the tool of Shakespeare, Sidney or Keats. There is a French poetry, as great as the English, but in French.

The conclusion is clear. Everybody will agree that most of the aesthetic qualities of a novel can survive in translation; but if we come to lyrical poetry, we realize that its essence is a specific emotion it has the power to create in the reader. How? By giving him a sense of harmony, a feeling of completeness born from a combination of syllables which, as the different tonalities of a painting or the notes of a musical phrase, are in relation both with one another and with the sensibility of the reader.

The French person will enjoy her own language in M. Baldensperger's translations; if she looks for the "English soul", as the naive and perhaps revealing expression goes, she will turn to the poems in English. Perhaps, in the past, if those who had the destinies of their countries in their hands had thought in terms of lyrical poetry as well as in terms of economics and politics, they would have realized what constant attention must be given to the necessary but always precarious building of common grounds, because the differences remain; it is hoped that they remaind for they give life its value, but merged, as the poetry lover operates in himself the communion of the Muse's many tunes into something greater than themselves whether we call it God or a better humanity.

G. LaFeuille

SAINT GEORGE OR THE DRAGON: TOWARDS A CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY. By Lord Elton. Collins, 1942.

The publishers make the bold claim that this is "the book for which so many have been waiting." At least it is one to stimulate courses of thought which were long ago overdue, and for whose neglect a fearful price continues to be paid.

Lord Elton summons his readers to escape from the chaos of competing and contradictory "expert" voices that bid us explain this war as due to economic hardship or to political misunderstanding, and face the simple truth that the issues are fundamentally *moral*. The temptation to explain a world disorder in terms of the critic's own specialty, so that his own peculiar critical aptitudes (too long underestimated by the world) will alone serve to find the way out, is one to which the economist, the international lawyer or the political scientist very easily succumbs. Like the physician in Bernard Shaw's play, who had specialized on one sort of disease, and who insisted that his patient must somehow be suffering from it, otherwise he would not be the right physician to treat the case—an alternative which was, of course, unthinkable!

In this book, written with exquisite clarity of style, Lord Elton sets forth how it was no removable misunderstanding on detail but a fundamental conflict of values which caused the world disorder, how underlying all apparent dispute about mere means was a contrast of ends, and how—to use again the medical metaphor—our notoriously unproductive conferences have thus failed because they have been so much treatment of mere symptoms rather than of the sources of disease.

A book to be read, and re-read.

H. L. S.

THE BOOK OF SMALL. By Emily Carr. Oxford University Press. Pp. 245.

CANADA AT DIEPPE. By Arthur S. Bourinot. Ryerson Press, Toronto. Pp. 16. 50c.

THE SKY WAS MY FRIEND. By Mary E. McCullough. Ottawa (Le Droit Print) Pp. 48.

THE NET OF DREAMS. By Kathryn E. Colquhoun. New York (Henry Harrison). Pp. 31. 50c.

WILFRED CAMPBELL: A STUDY IN LATE PROVINCIAL VICTORIANISM. By Carl F. Klinck. Ryerson Press, Toronto. Pp. 289.

Those who have read *Klee Wyck* will need no urging to read *The Book of Small*; those who have not heard of Miss Carr have two treats in store. Like its predecessor, *The Book of Small* is genuine Canadian writing. "Small" is Miss Carr herself when she was the small member of the Carr family. The first half of the book is autobiography; we see the world of Victoria, B.C., through the eyes of a sensitive, observant child. The Carr household was brought up to respect the Sabbath, but there were many pleasures in the family life, and "Small" missed none of them. The style is admirably suited to the point of view: simple, direct, naive. The second half is a biography of Victoria through its early days: the style of writing changes to suit the subject. We see new sections of the old trading post growing up and changing; we meet all types of people, some amusing and some pathetic. There are the English immigrants who long for England and, when they go there again, find it greatly changed. There are the old gentlemen who took exercise by "driving" their horses; actually the horses sauntered along until they came to a certin tree, and then returned to town, obligingly drawing up at the appropriate roadhouses. Miss Carr's older sister, who had bought one of these horses, was embarrassed when she was driving a friend around Victoria to have the horse stop at a roadhouse! If only some one had done for early Halifax or even for Victorian Halifax what Miss Carr has done admirably for Victoria!

Canada at Dieppe is a tribute to Canada's fighting men. Mr. Bourinot has sought to give the effect of immediacy characteristic of Drayton's best ballads and of the finest broadside ballads. In great part he has been successful; in the first section one can hear the tread of marching men and Fate. Some of the shorter lyrics are admirably turned. At times, however, Mr. Bourinot, in his desire to approach the directness of ordinary speech in diction and freedom, falls flat. For example, to the present reviewer the last three lines of the following quotation are nothing but bad prose:

> Dieppe and its beaches
> In front of the town
> Barricaded by a high sea wall,
> Topped by barbed wire,
> Enfiladed by machine guns,
> The Esplanade behind and the harbour.

The Sky Was My Friend is a memorial collection of the late Miss Mary McCullough's poems. The author, who was only twenty-seven at the time of her death, had been writing for about ten years. Naturally the collection shows unevenness, but as a whole it was worthy of publication. The poems are always musical. Miss McCullough delighted in our northern seasons, and so describes them with a sure sense of colour and beauty. She had a simple, deep religious faith, which colours many of the poems. Perhaps the finest poem in the book is *For A Dead Soldier*, a really beautiful and moving sonnet. Two lines of another poem might be taken to express our sense of loss at the early death of this gifted singer of the Ottawa Valley:

> There is so much of beauty: God is good;
> The days are far too short to hold it all.

Miss Kathryn Colquhoun, who lives in Toronto, is sometimes pseudo-romantic, sometimes sentimental, and sometimes movingly simple and direct. It is all too easy to imagine oneself escaping into the land of faery, but it is very difficult to write so simply as Miss Colquhoun does in *The Storm King's Challenge*, *Who Dies for Freedom*, *Lives*, and the beautiful *Soldier's Mother*:

> She said, "He will come again
> Though days are weary and long,
> He will come up the winding lane
> Singing his old time song.
>
> He will come when the moon is bright,
> Up the path that he used to tread,
> For I hear his song in the night,
> And I know that he is not dead."

Sketches along the Shore is a well wrought poem, somewhat in the style of the imagists. Miss Colquhoun could well afford to forget the Romanticists and the Irish School, and concentrate on such simple, moving poems as the above.

One wonders whether a full dress study of Wilfred Campbell was necessary. Of all the poets of the "Sixties", Campbell was the weakest as a craftsman. His personality, at least to the world at large, seemed at times unpleasant: one recalls his outburst when he thought critics and others were against him, and his later swing to the Imperialist camp after he had received, as it is now called by the Left Wing, the "aristocratic embrace." His attempts at drama were futile, and Professor Klink might better have omitted the chapter treating of them. As a critic, he was almost hopeless: his opinions of Wordsworth, Arnold, Meredith, and others were amazingly stupid and parochial. His plans for Imperial federation and his attempt to overthrow Darwinism show his limitations in thought. Yet, in his day, Campbell was considered, especially in Britain, our greatest poet.

The sub-title of Professor Klink's work— *A Study in Late Provincial Victorianism*—is the justification of the book. Professor Klink knows the cultural life—or lack of it—in Ontario between 1880 and 1918. He traces the pioneer, middle-class, Puritan attitude towards letters and art; he is very good in his sketch of Ontario's attitude toward drama and road companies. He notes the penetration of American

literature and literary ideals. One sees a typical resident of Ontario coming into contact with the new scientific ideas, and seeking to build a defence against them and all their implications. When we consider Campbell, not as a poet worthy of a full-dress biography, but as the focal point for a study of certain trends in the cultural development of Ontario, we find Professor Klink's book a real contribution to Canadian letters.

B. M.

BLUENOSE: A PORTRAIT OF NOVA SCOTIA. By Dorothy Duncan. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The writer of this entertaining book explains in her prologue that a portrait, not a photograph, is intended: she fulfils this purpose by such carefully planned intensifications and omissions as keep in high relief the features she judges to be most characteristic. It is a clever piece of work—of the same class as the biography which recounts by no means all that the biographer knows of the person "biographed," but is selective, with the purpose of revealing to the public a character as known by one who knew it intimately.

Now, whether Miss Duncan has caught the dominant character as contrasted with the occasional moods of Nova Scotia, there is room for much debate. At least it is good for us to see ourselves as we are seen by one who grew up far away, without our peculiar prejudices (though doubtless with some others of her own native place). She writes in outline Nova Scotia's history, and in the light of it takes up the province with its varied inhabitants section by section, setting forth the qualities that are attractive and those unattractive in each, as she has judged scenery and institutions and people. Miss Duncan has a quick eye: she is outspoken, but she obviously loves Nova Scotia, and love which is a biographer's prerequisite should inspire also a portrait painter. She is an American, whose affection for Nova Scotia, beginning in a personal romance, with which she engages the reader's interest at the outset, is both deep and discerning.

The Nova Scotian reader, viewing the book so, ought not to be annoyed at its critical candor. It is a little like Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, whose sharp edges ought to have excited the reader to more refutation and less high temper than some readers displayed. Miss Duncan's rapid history of Nova Scotia exposes itself to the usual fate of a history much too rapid to be accurate. Her charming vividness and gift of contrast involve the usual temptation for one with her talent—what has been well called the temptation to "mad foreshortening and irrelevant emphasis."

Tastes differ on the invasion of our language by neologisms, and I have said enough in compliment to the style of the book to do the author no injustice when I protest, in behalf of "the tongue that Milton spoke," against being told of a ship "bucking the Fundy tide" (p. 20); of a "motivating" force (p. 34); of the town of Digby springing up "overnight" (p. 65); of an essay being "founded upon a point of view" (p. 84), or of a point of view being "valid" (p. 85 and p. 184); of a building being "unpublicized" (p. 148), an engineering feat being

"sizable" (p. 180), and one experience being "different than" another (p. 114). We expect this sort of thing in many writers now, but Miss Duncan has powers too valuable to be thus marred in their product by faults of speed or journalistic custom which her taste should be too sensitive to miss.

I must add that I am at a loss to know what she means on p. 112 by Presbyterians believing in "the imminence of a God they could fear perhaps more easily than they could trust." She is writing of a Christmas service in a Presbyterian church, which impressed her with those tenets. Perhaps it is a typographical error that has substituted "imminence" for "immanence." But even divine "immanence" does not seem likely to have been suggested in a Christmas service. To suppose that Miss Duncan really meant "imminence" makes her impute terrific expectations that Sunday morning to quiet Presbyterian people. So I give that puzzle up. But I commend *Bluenose* to the reader.

H. L. S.

AN INTRODUCTION TO POLITICAL ECONOMY. By V. W. Bladen. University of Toronto Press. $2.25.

Professor Bladen has written an introductory text for Canadian students of Economics, not a comprehensive text, but one to be used along with certain standard references. In his preface he wisely advises the student that understanding in this science comes only from personal acquaintance with the working life of men in factories, fields and offices. As a prelude to this desirable intimacy, Professor Bladen gives the student a printed word that illuminates the background of Canadian life. The first three chapters are devoted to what might be termed the theory, and in these the reader can acquire most of the elementary principles of value. Following this comes the Canadian background, making up three-quarters of the volume, with chapters on population, wheat and newsprint in the Canadian economy, industrial combines, and wage earners in industry, with a final section on the trend towards collectivism.

As a text, it is novel in form. The charm of written style alone would distinguish it from others. The fact that the author cocks his Nelson eye towards a substantial part of the subject—hiding away from money and exchange perhaps until some happier day—is also unusual in an elementary text. The seeming lack of emphasis on the apparatus of economic thinking, and in its place, the careful exposition of the use of that apparatus in discussions of the Canadian background, is perhaps unique in an economics textbook.

The selection of the chapters of exposition is quite happy. The essay on population, with discussion of rates of change in growth, and the relation of population to wealth, is well done, and the student who masters it will be happier in his later life in economics. The chapter on wheat, its prices, its relationship with provincial debt in the West, with farmers' co-operatives and with government controls enlivens a large segment of Canadian territory and history. So also with the

chapter on newsprint. That on industrial combines allows an easy introduction to different types of business competition and public policy of control of monopoly. The chapter on the wage earner yields the student an introduction to occupational status, to mobility, to wage rates, to efficiency, and to trade union aims and methods. In short, the general analytical descriptions of the Canadian scene are less haphazard than a mere reading of the chapter headings suggests. They form an interpretation of almost the whole economic background in Canada.

Professor Bladen's method of exposition has to strike a nice balance between the principles and the topicals. And to-day the topical quickly recedes to the historical. Nevertheless, for those who have sipped too many cocktails of enthusiasm for the new social order, a reading of this book will be a reminder that more things than going to war are necessary to create better conditions in the Canadian economy, or in any other complex system.

S. BATES

THE GERMAN NEW ORDER IN POLAND. Published by the Polish Ministry of Information.

This is a terrible record, setting forth—with abundant citation of German decrees and proclamations—the inhuman behavior of Hitler's representatives in Poland. It tells of this horror in different manifestations—of the reestablishment of "slavery" (which German high officials do not hesitate to acknowledge under that very name), of the mass deportations for forced labor, of the pillaging of property, of measures adopted against Jews such as it makes one ashamed for mankind to see expounded in their blasphemous and obscene detail.

The book is issued by the Polish Ministry of Information, and should be read, at least in part, by everyone who is in danger of being misled by some new scheme of "appeasement". Whether all the incidents it relates took place just as its contributors narrate them, we can no more feel certain than the reader could, twenty-seven years ago, about the accuracy in detail of the *Bryce Report* on German atrocities in Belgium. A certain touch of embellishment will always be added to such tales in the telling, and not even the strictest investigator of evidence can take all the needful precautions. But, in this case, the short-wave radio has produced a situation different from that of 1915. Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and the rest can be heard as they speak to their own people in a mood of which these ghastly cruelties are an unmistakable reflection. Indeed, unlike the atrocities of the previous war, those of the present are not only admitted but made material for boasting by the Germans who direct and perpetrate them. Certain "intellectuals", twenty-five years ago, argued that there had been no specially "atrocious" element in German methods, and—with affectation of freedom from popular prejudice—bade us realize that all belligerent nations are much the same. "In war", one of these critics remarked, "truth is the first casualty", and the epigram was heard in echo many times, from the sort of publicist who shows himself impartial by giving always the benefit of the doubt to charges against his own

countrymen. It is quite certain that a like endeavor in enemy interest will be tried again in similar circles, as soon as it is thought safe. Books such as *The German New Order in Poland* should serve to protect the general public against such characteristic imposture by the intellectuals. For its reader in Britain, or the United States, or Canada, if he is told that all belligerent nations are alike, it is hard to suggest an adequate reply. Probably, however, he will find one—short, sharp and decisive.

H. L. S

THE SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT OF CANADA. By S. D. Clark. The University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1942. Pp. 484.

This volume does not claim to be more than an introductory study of the social development of Canada with particular reference to sociological problems. It is less a history than a selection of documents to illustrate a certain conception of social development in Canada. On the theory that social organization up to the present century was merely a response to the opening up of new areas of economic exploitation, Mr. Clark takes the rather inadequate economic pegs of fur-trade, the fisheries, timber and mining for New France, the Maritime Provinces, Upper Canada, and British Columbia and the Yukon respectively, and on each of these pegs he hangs his documents to illustrate what steps were taken to provide for social welfare, to punish crime, to disseminate culture and to foster religion. In the fifth section of his book, he looks upon the present century as the era of the industrial capitalist society, and selects and groups his documents on the same principle and under the same headings as in the first four sections.

Each section is provided with an introduction, designed to fit the documents into his scheme of classification and to show how they illustrate his thesis. The documents themselves are interesting as far as they go and, together with the introductory comments, should serve as a guide for more detailed investigations and contribute towards more definite conclusions.

D.C.H.

THE RED RIVER VALLEY 1811-1849. By John Perry Pritchett.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE UNITED STATES. By F. W. Howay, W. N. Sage and H. F. Angus. Yale University Press and the Ryerson Press, New Haven and Toronto, 1942. Pp. xvii, 295 and xv, 408.

In *The Red River Valley* Dr. Pritchett first discusses the geographical features which gave a natural unity to the whole territory on both sides of the present boundary. He then devotes the greater part of the volume to a study of the Red River Colony from 1811, when settlement began, to 1849, when the colonists established freedom

of trade as against the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company. In his final chapter he discusses the rival forces which were competing for the trade and control of the region by three different routes, the Nelson, the St. Lawrence, and the Mississippi, and indicates why those who came by the St. Lawrence ultimately succeeded in bringing the greater part of the valley under Canadian dominion. The most original contributions of this study are in the first and last chapters.

British Columbia and the United States is a cooperative work which gives the most complete history of British Columbia that has yet appeared, from the beginning of Anglo-American competition in the maritime fur-trade, long before British Columbia came into existence or the United States had thought of expanding to the Pacific, to the present era of good neighborhood between Canada and the United States. In general, the first half of the book, on the era of fur-trade rivalry and invisible political boundaries, was written by Judge Howay, the part on the era of confederation by Dr. Sage, the more recent industrial and international aspects of the history by Professor Angus. Thus expert knowledge has been pooled to produce a comprehensive and authoritative work.

Both these regional studies have added considerably to the stock of ideas which will have to be incorporated in the final synthesis of the Canadian-American Relations series.

D. C. H.

CAPE BRETON OVER. By Clara Dennis. The Ryerson Press. $3.50.

This volume completes a series on Nova Scotia; the first *Down in Nova Scotia*, the second *More About Nova Scotia*, and the third and present volume devoting itself entirely to Cape Breton. It follows the same pattern as its predecessors, the author travelling from place to place gathering the local lore and weaving past and present into the picture. She does not hesitate to don a diving suit at the Strait, to descend the mines at Glace Bay and follow the galleries far out under the sea, or to ride the cable car "propelled by muscle" from bluff to bluff across the two hundred-foot chasm at St. Paul's. Circling the island, the story is told of Louisburg, Morien, Sydney, Denys' St. Pierre, Arichat, Baddeck, Cheticamp, the Cabot Trail, lonely St. Paul's, from the days of French possession to our own time with its Highland traditions and living Gaelic tongue. (One reads with some surprise that such a well-informed writer had not sooner heard of Giant MacAskill.)

A readable interesting volume, giving the stranger an excellent introduction to Cape Breton. For the better acquaintance of our own people with their own province, this with its two companion volumes might well be placed in every school library.

G. FARQUHAR.

MARK TWAIN AT WORK. By Bernard Devoto. Cambridge. Harvard University Press.

Upon the death of Albert Bigelow Paine in 1938, Mr. Devoto was appointed custodian of the Mark Twain papers. He has spent the years since in going through them. The first gleaning was *Mark Twain in Eruption*, which appeared in 1940, and this is the second, showing Twain's methods of writing.

Mr. Devoto does well to point out that Twain took so long to finish *Huckleberry Finn* because at first the book was a mere series of episodes, pointed in no particular direction, and without relationship to one another. Only later did he "make the raft's journey a procession through the society of the Middle South". The weak ending of the book is accounted for because the author attempted to improvise, and "when Mark improvised, he nearly always wrote extravaganza".

It is pointed out that Mrs. Clemens has been unjustly accused of mutilating her husband's manuscripts, but Mr. Devoto shows that between an early and a final version of *Huck Finn*, Twain himself made over forty corrections. The changes are made in the direction of contemporary good taste: "Damn" is reduced to "blame"; in a single passage "drunker," and "drunk" are lessened to "tighter" and "mellow"; "gin-mill" is changed to "doggery".

Mr. Devoto shows that Mark's greatest ability in the novel was the one most important to the novelist,the life-giving power: "*Huckleberry Finn* swarms with it. Voices come out of a fog, or a pair of anonymous nigger-chasers drift by in a skiff, or Sister Hotchkiss gabbles in the kitchen—and something alive and true has been set down."

The critic rightly feels that "Nigger Jim is, of course, the book's heroic character—and Mark created only two other heroes, Pudd'nhead Wilson and Joan of Arc."

We are glad to see it again pointed out that Swift never rose so high in his satire as Mark does when Huck meditates on Jim's intention to have an abolitionist steal his children if their owner will not sell them:

> "'It most froze me to hear such talk. He wouldn't ever dared to talk such talk in his life before. Just see what a difference it made to him the minute he judged he was about free. It was according to the old saying, 'Give a nigger an inch and he'll take an ell'. Think I, this is what comes of my not thinking. Here was this nigger which I had as good helped to run away, coming right out flat-footed and saying he would steal his children—children that belonged to a man I didn't even know, a man that hadn't ever done me no harm."

It is probably justly contended that the loss of Twain's fortune and the death of his favorite daughter in 1896 adversely affected his art, and were responsible for his producing nothing of outstanding merit after *The Connecticut Yankee*, "forever grappling with the most terrible fear that any artist can feel: the fear that his talent has been drained away. . .."

So it was shortly after writing his friend Dr. Twichell, "I am working, but it is for the sake of work—the 'surcease of sorrow that is found there,'" that he produced *Following the Equator*, the dullest of his books,

the writing of which was a laborious and sometimes agonizing task. His writings thereafter were mostly futile attempts to complete things he started: "Last summer I started 16 things wrong, 3 books and 13 magazine articles, and could only make 2 little wee things, 1500 words altogether, succeed—only that out of piles and stacks of diligently-wrought MS, the labor of 6 weeks' unremitting effort"—this he wrote his friend William Dean Howells in 1898.

The reader is told a number of interesting details about Twain's working habits. For one thing, it was his custom to number interpolated pages with a series of fractions. Then again, nearly all Twain's manuscripts are written on single sheets of note paper size, sometimes cut from folders, sometimes torn out of tablets or composition books, but after 1880 usually machine cut.

CYRIL CLEMENS

THE LETTERS OF JOHN MCLOUGHLIN, from Fort Vancouver to the Governor and Committee, First Series, 1825-38. Edited by E. E. Rich, M.A., with an Introduction by W. Kaye Lamb, Ph.D. Toronto, The Champlain Society, 1941. Pp. cxxviii, 374. Map and frontispiece: John McLoughlin.

This volume is the fourth in the Hudson's Bay Company series of the Publications of the Champlain Society, and introduces the story of that Company's activities on the Pacific Coast, through the correspondence of Chief Factor John McLoughlin and the Governor and other officials of the Hudson's Bay Company. In these letters all the difficulties which McLoughlin had with hostile Indians, rival Russians and Americans, the conflicting interests of fur-trader and settler, transportation and food-supply, are set forth directly or indirectly, and, with the help of Dr. Lamb's full introduction, the reader may reconstruct the background of the Oregon Question which was so vital in Anglo-American relations on the Pacific Coast almost a hundred years ago. At that time it was the British, through the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Russians and Americans who were competing for the fur-trade and food-supply of the Pacific Coast; but the settlements or compromises which they made became of great interest in Canadian-American relations after Confederation, and this is the justification of such a publication by The Champlain Society: for the history of all the British North American provinces or territories is the legitimate historical background of the Dominion of Canada as at present constituted.

D. C. H.

LONDON IN FLAMES. LONDON IN GLORY. POEMS ON THE FIRE AND REBUILDING OF LONDON, 1666-1709. Edited by Robert Aubin. Rutgers University Press. Pp. 383. $4.50.

This is a book to be dipped into from time to time. Professor Aubin had the happy idea of bringing together, with a minimum of editing, poems written about the destruction of London in 1666 and the proud rebuilding of the city in the next few years. There are thirty-two poems in the collection. What some may lack in accuracy, they make up in vividness; one gains an impression of confusion and dismay during the fire. It was an age when everything from a fire to an earthquake or a comet was considered a warning from God; consequently, most of these poetasters saw the Great Fire as a solemn warning to Londoners to turn from their sins, especially the sin of not appreciating God's loving kindness in restoring Charles II to the throne. Alas, as the years passed, the lesson was forgotten, for in the later poems Londoners' pride in the glory of the new city became rampant. It is a pleasing bypath in the near-literature of an earlier age. The reader will find food for thought in comparing the Great Fire of 1666 and the dreams of a finer city with similar experiences and thoughts in our own day.

B. M.

JUST MARY. By Mary Grannan. Published for the C. B. C. by W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto. Pp. 112. .60c.

Children and adults who have heard "Just Mary" with her original stories will be glad that those stories are now available in permanent form. Miss Grannan enters into the mind of the child with unerring instinct. Animals, the Lady Moon, and children, all converse naturally in the same language—as every child knows they can. In these tales there is often the quality of imagination seen at its best in folk tales. No moral obtrudes itself. Then, too, in vocabulary there is the element of repetition in which a child delights unconsciously, and a primary teacher consciously. A word must be said about the black and white marginal illustrations that catch admirably the spirit of the tales. If you must buy a gift for a small child of either sex, this book will solve your problem.

B. M.