

Book Reviews

Machiavelli and the Renaissance. By FEDERICO CHABOD. Translated from the Italian by DAVID MOORE. With an introduction by A. P. D'ENTREVES. London: Bowes & Bowes [Toronto: British Book Service (Canada)], 1958. Pp. xviii, 258. \$5.10.

Professor A. P. d'Entreves would have written a most useful introduction to this collection of essays if, instead of letting himself be driven by an ill-concealed dislike for Benedetto Croce, he had simply and objectively described the situation of Machiavelli studies in Italy in the third decade of this century. For several years the most prominent scholar in this field had been F. Ercole, who tended to represent Machiavelli as a philosophically and juridically-minded *doctrinaire* concerned with a systematic inquiry into the nature of the State, a prophet indeed of the Hegelian "ethical State". In 1924, however, Croce published in his periodical *La Critica* a short article on "Machiavelli and Vico". His object was to restate the problem in terms more closely in accord with historical truth. Thus, while acknowledging the philosophical import of Machiavelli's vindication of the autonomy of politics, Croce was far from considering him as a systematic philosopher or as one who had found the solution of the conflict between politics and morals in the theory of the "ethical State." In the same year, there appeared the first of Professor Chabod's essays included in this volume, "An Introduction to *The Prince*." The second—"The Prince: Myth and Reality"—which is the longest and most important of all, was published a short time afterwards, in 1925.

Chabod found himself in profound disagreement with Ercole's tendency "to force the writer's thought in order to endow it with a logical rigidity and a schematic continuity which it did not possess" (p. 117, n. 1). Concentrating on *The Prince* and on its connection with the political events of the Italian Renaissance, he called attention to "the intensely dramatic character" of Machiavelli's thought, "due to the continual and progressive blending of *the two worlds, the logical and the imaginative*" (p. 24, italics mine). This view can be traced back to some of the leading scholars of the nineteenth century, such as Burd and De Sanctis. But it is to Chabod's credit that he revived and elaborated it in further detail, studying the relationship of *The Prince* to the *Discorsi*, elucidating the exact meaning of the famous exhortation to liberate Italy from the barbarians and, finally, contrasting Machiavelli's political dream—the creation of a powerful Principate in Central Italy—with the actual political situation.

Obviously polemical motives led Chabod to stress, and even to exaggerate, the importance of the "imaginative world". Yet it is difficult to justify the fact that "imagination", though constantly referred to, remains an ambiguous notion. At times it is taken to mean an emotional attitude—the disposition to call forth from the past a "beautiful, audacious, formidable" but anachronistic dream (p. 98 and also pp. 71, 102). In this sense, "imagination" gives rise to diverging statements (p. 117, n. 1) and even "upsets the logical pattern of the work" (p. 16 and also pp. 99, 101). At other times, the same term denotes the "power of synthesis" which enables Machiavelli to mould his experience into a new political form and "to leave a wholly personal imprint in the history of political thought" (p. 18 and also pp. 19, 67, 110). Failure to distinguish these two meanings produces a paradoxical style, all the more perplexing in the English rendering. What are we to make, for instance, of "a political experience that is new, even if it is only a cherished dream" (pp. 19-20)? Or again, how are we to understand "a miraculous power of political invention" which, disregarding the history of the late fifteenth century, resuscitates the policy of Gian Galeazzo and Ladislao of Naples, "at a time when it is no longer feasible" (p. 15)? On this shifting ground, every attempt to account for the new impulse given by Machiavelli to the development of political thought turns out to be self-defeating.

The "logical world", unexplained, remains in the dark. But Chabod has too much historical sense to go so far as to deny its existence. It is worth recalling, in this connection, that Croce, much as he was opposed to Ercole's pedantic treatment, insisted, both in the article mentioned above and in a review of Chabod's first essay, that Machiavelli's contribution to the philosophy of politics should be given its due weight. Croce's influence is apparent in the last chapter of the second essay, where the "vitality" of *The Prince* is made to depend upon Machiavelli's "glory as a thinker, to whom we owe due acknowledgment" (p. 124): "The *leitmotiv* of Machiavelli's posthumous life was his great assertion as a thinker, representing his true and essential contribution to the history of human thought, namely, the clear recognition of the autonomy and the necessity of politics, 'which [here Chabod quotes Croce] lies outside the realm of what is morally good or evil.'" Machiavelli thereby rejected the mediaeval concept of "unity" and "became one of the pioneers of the modern spirit" (p. 116). This view is further developed in the much later essay on "The Concept of the Renaissance", first published in 1942: "Art for art's sake, *politics for politics'* sake, and even, ultimately, science for science's sake—the results of Italian thought might well be summarized in these phrases" (p. 184, italics mine). (This essay, the fourth and last in this volume, is followed by an ample bibliography rearranged and brought up to date by the author, so as to make it a valuable source of information.) More recently, in a lecture delivered in Florence, in 1952, on "Machiavelli's Method and Style"—the third of the essays included in this book—Machiavelli is, far more emphatically than before, declared "supreme among the political thinkers of all time" (p. 143).

At this point, we might expect Professor Chabod to throw light upon the relationship between the imaginative and the philosophical components of Machiavelli's "method and style". But unfortunately the solution suggested in his Florentine lecture—that Machiavelli's imagination, while leading him to a mistaken appraisal of the political reality of the time, opened the way to his philosophical discovery (pp. 137-8)—brings us back to the ambiguous use of "imagination", made to play the part both of an emotional attitude and of the power of synthesis. In fact it is no solution at all, but a disguised statement of an unsolved difficulty.

The coexistence of clear logical reasoning and strong emotional elements is the key problem to be taken into account by any critical and methodical interpretation of Machiavelli. True, Professor Chabod does not provide us with a solution. However, a careful perusal of his essays should discourage any temptation to evade the difficulty by neglecting one or the other of its terms. A neglect of either can only lead to an unhistorical and one-sided approach such as Professor Whitfield's *Machiavelli* (Oxford, 1947), in which the author takes up Chabod's earlier interpretation but, oversimplifying it, places all emphasis on the emotional aspect.

Professor Chabod's conclusions on many points of historical detail have long been accepted or at least much discussed by Machiavelli scholars. As far as the general interpretation of Machiavelli is concerned, the present interest of these essays lies mainly in the unsolved question to which they point.

McGill University

ANTONIO D'ANDREA

King George VI: His Life and Reign. By JOHN W. WHEELER-BENNETT. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada, 1958. Pp. xiv, 891. \$10.00.

This biography is the official one. Unlike his two predecessors, Mr. John Gore and Sir Harold Nicholson, who produced compartmented volumes on the life of King George V, the distinguished author has been compelled to include within a single book both the personal memoirs and the public life of King George VI. It is, therefore, a new history of our times, a subject so thoroughly written upon by a host of distinguished performers on the world's stage in recent years. Yet in keeping "the life" in proportion to "the times" the author, now Sir John Wheeler-Bennett, has succeeded admirably. King George VI emerges as an eager, conscientious man of moderate abilities who overcame not only the many difficulties that faced him in his duties but personal and physical handicaps that had attended him since childhood.

Official biographies have the advantage of authority, but they are frequently deficient in frankness. Yet the author has been at pains to reveal some of the *trivia* that help a reader really to understand the subject of a biography. The kind of thing that

could happen in the royal nursery at Sandringham should appear utterly preposterous to a generation that has been nourished on the precepts of the child psychologists. As a baby Prince Albert was ignored to a degree "which amounted virtually to neglect." He was given his afternoon bottle while driving in a C-sprung Victoria, a practice the author considers to have been perhaps responsible for some of his later physical ailments. As a boy he was shy, nervous and affectionate, easily frightened and somewhat prone to tears, given to displays of temper and easily discouraged in school, always overshadowed by his elder brother who was the darling of everybody.

Until the abdication crisis of 1936, there was nothing to suggest that this inconspicuous prince who had grown to manhood in the company of personalities much more forceful than his own would acquire a central position in the life of the Commonwealth. Though there was always something of the *sang-froid* of the naval officer, his constitution was not strong, and he had never schooled himself for the assumption of a great office. Acquiring strength and confidence from his domestic happiness, he performed with regularity the state duties that befell members of the royal family, but his disposition was suited to a role that was secondary. The dilemma of his elder brother provoked the emergence of a powerful conscience and a strong will, fortified by a wholesome respect for the conventional and conservative ideas on which he had been reared. Though he ascended the throne with reluctance, it was with an almost desperate determination to mend broken fences.

Just as George V sustained and remodelled the monarchy through the social disaffection that followed one great war, George VI performed the same task following another. His moral and intellectual qualities resembled his father's to a remarkable degree. This is the more notable because the same training and upbringing, the same family environment, had made of Edward VIII a king who was temperamentally prepared to evade no opportunity of ignoring those who fostered points of view peculiar to the generation before him. George VI was a "safe" man who shied away from the novel, who leaned upon older men for whom he had been educated to have regard. He was fond of Neville Chamberlain and approved of the Munich agreement. He distrusted Sir Winston Churchill at the outset of his ministry but soon learned to hold him in respect.

The history does not become stale because the biographer presents his subject as a man who was a decent human being deserving of the utmost sympathy. George VI was perhaps an unlikely king during one of the most turbulent periods in the history of the world but, having accepted his high office, he was carried through by his courage. The case that the King was a martyr to his duties, that his life was shortened by the burdens of state, is a fair one.

These Are My People. 5th edition. By ALAN MARSHALL. Foreword by VANCE PALMER. Melbourne: F. W. Cheshire, 1957. Pp. vii, 184. 18s. 9d.

In "The Kangaroo and the Union Ticket", printed elsewhere in this journal, Dr. George Nadel notes the present Australian interest in a national myth based on the common man. Alan Marshall's *These Are My People* allows us to watch the myth being professionally watered at the grass-roots. First published in 1944, it gives an account of how its author, a well-known Australian writer and journalist, toured Australian country areas during the war, collecting messages for the "boys" overseas; it expresses his own wartime "message", reminding the boys of the dear folk and life at home. The recent fifth edition, reset and re-designed, demonstrates the vitality of the book and the peacetime demand for re-assurance.

If swagmen have largely disappeared off the roads and the greater part of the present Australian population crowds into coastal cities, the ideals that have been hung on bucolic shoulders are shaken out here for display. Travelling the countryside by antique car or horsedrawn caravan, Marshall himself was a sort of swagman on wheels, visiting more stationary confreres. His message is that the wells of goodness rise in the Australian countryside itself and in country people who are unpolluted by urban values. As he returned to civilization, no sooner was he "within sight of houses" than "people were not so friendly." He formulates a widely-accepted Australian axiom: "In lonely bush places where the influences of greed and competitive living do not shadow childhood, where maturity is a flowering and old age a fruition, the men we had met had proved that mankind is good." "Say digger", he concluded, "Do you remember"—the orchids, the gumtrees, the kookaburras, the kangaroos? "These are the things that made you." A conviction that the "land" is the source of what is truly Australian has often been voiced in Australian prose and poetry, especially in the school of poets known from 1938 onwards as the Jindyworobaks. Marshall is a prose Jindyworobak. All "fair dinkum Aussies" sprang up in the country: that is the faith. Some may reflect in moments of irresponsibility that they were born and educated in the cities where they have worked all their lives; yet it was from a country childhood—someone's, somewhere, possibly in a book—that they feel, if they are good Australians, the "influences" that give them "their love of freedom, their hatred of hypocrisy, their courage." Perhaps the popularity of this book supports the assumed thesis.

To find his people, Marshall went outback. He has a writer's eye for people. He collects them. Put him in a hospital, and he observes the patients and nurses as specimens. Give him a caravan, and he tries the hospitality of a series of rough, good-natured, up-country, Real Australians. Unobtrusively, he passes them on to his readers. There is Jacky, who used to sing ballads like "Save My Mother's Pitcher from the Sale." People wept at performances. Andy lives in a hut with friendly dogs and so is inferred

to be a kind man. Sam carries on through that bi-annual crisis when life gets him down till he has had his "beer-up." Paddy bakes "scones" on a campfire, improving on the usual female product by using Eno's Fruit Salts instead of baking powder. He knows "all the leaks." These simple, "matey", humorous "blokes", roughing it in the outback with self-reliance and self-respect, bachelors when perfect, function in many Australian minds as epiphanies of the true nature of man, presenting an ideal that seems essential, numinous, and life-bringing in Australian cities as in shearing-sheds.

Ideal human nature is defined by stripping man of the habits of civilized culture. "Educated blokes", says Paddy, "are generally good to work for", but he thinks they envy him. "A bloke said to me once, 'Your education, Paddy, would be better to me than my four years at College'." ("College" here probably means a private secondary school on the model of the English public school.) "He was right", the successful journalist agrees. "That man had sense". Jack Lovett, a sage sleeper-cutter, is perhaps not quite the pure archetype. He has a wife and one book, which he is reading through for the eighth time; it is a bound file of magazines of the year 1927. He accepts Marshall's gift of more recent newspapers and announces, "I ain't met a word yet I can't read." He insists, however, that he does not read much. "I got me edication from lookin' into me auld ashes." "In the city", refines Marshall, "one has no time to think . . . Every man should spend one hour a day looking into a fire." "It is the truth", responds the sleeper-cutter. The Australian journalist "smiled into his eyes."

The traveller's campfire attracted outback youths. With useless schooling safely behind them, these happy primitives looked on a printed book with awe. "It's a beaut", Flicker reports on one, at fifteen years. "I saw right through it." Seeing is not reading. At seventeen, Plug writes his first letter, and the journalist decrees that "Two mistakes is damn good." The country simpletons seem as ignorant of a dog as a typewriter, but they are friendly, loveable, and amusing, can be read to by a journalist, and need only teaching. They gleam with the innocence of the Australian race, the sacred, mystical, early life of the true Australian man. "It did me good, meeting those boys", writes the journalist. "I was brought in touch with my youth again." The noble savage is not a new model for aspiring man, nor is this the first age in which civilized travellers have transported him from the South Seas into their dining rooms, literary conversations, and books. Under pioneering conditions Australian life has produced an indigenous model who until lately was likely to walk in without being invited.

Theoretically, *These Are My People* may be classed as a travel book. It purports to record a journey actually taken, seemingly from Melbourne, through Bendigo to Mildura, and back to Melbourne. Yet hints of locale are slight. The important thing is the personalities and their significance. In drawing "characters" and occasionally in depicting the countryside, Marshall employs more good unpretentious literary skill than might meet the eye of a Real Australian. The book is literature rather than reportage; its

techniques are those of art rather than of exposition. It might even be compared to a fictional work such as D'Arcy Niland's recent novel *The Shiralee*, which includes a gallery of portraits of outback "characters" who are met by a swagman. This novel suggests that the swagman is not defunct, at least not in literature; indeed, he is to be distinguished into his several species, which to confuse is the shame of city slickers and presumably of myth manufacturers. Marshall's book is more significant culturally than artistically; but with a sterner artistic conscience it might also have been made into a telling work of art without its losing whatever gives it popular appeal. As it stands, its appeal comes in part from the sketches of amusing individuals and the message of courage implicitly (but none the less cleverly) conveyed by the persistent goodwill and cheerfulness of the author who, because of an affliction, made the journey on crutches.

By North American standards the book is not a well-made article, the paper and binding being poor. Perhaps they'd have done it better in the bush.

Dalhousie University

S. E. SPROTT

Trotsky's Diary in Exile—1935. Translated from the Russian by Elena Zarudnaya. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], 1958. Pp. x, 145. \$3.50.

It is an instructive comment on contemporary Soviet life that, while Lenin is idolized, Trotsky is still officially execrated. One cannot help feeling that the Revolution would have been wiser to cherish both its heroes, for, in truth, it has no others. Kamenev, Yagoda, Zinoviev, Stalin, Bukharin, Sokolnikov and the rest were no more than the minor supporting cast in the drama of 1917. Lenin and Trotsky between them were the October Revolution. And although Trotsky, looking back on it many years later, concluded that Lenin by himself could have seen the work through to its completion, there is some reason to question this too modest judgment.

Significantly too, of all the Bolshevik leaders, only Trotsky has much appeal as a person. Lenin, now a mummy, was in life a sphinx, as inscrutable and inhuman as an ancient Egyptian god; while Stalin, who succeeded him, was like some mad emperor, a Caligula or a Commodus, nauseous with the smell of blood. Trotsky alone still strikes us as having been a man, and neither a monster nor a mystery. This, perhaps, was the left-handed gift of exile, the compensation for the loss of power—and, perhaps, the reason for that loss.

However that may be, Trotsky's diary for the year 1935, recently published by the Harvard University Press, is a record of high tragedy, as moving in its way as the story of Lear or of Orestes. At the age of fifty-five the old revolutionary eked out a precarious existence in France and Norway, ill, harried, saddened, his old friends gone, his family

scattered and pursued by Stalin's vengeance, the great cause betrayed. The tragedy was lightened only by the heroic nature of the man himself, who, in the face of all adversity, retained his courage and his integrity. Yet the reader of the diary cannot help but realize that Trotsky, in spite of his brilliance, was never able to wrench himself far enough outside his little system of dialectic even to ask a meaningful question about all this desolation.

This, indeed, is the major impression to be had from the whole diary, the impression of a naturally powerful mind cramped and narrowed by an inadequate philosophy. Often the reader's feeling is merely one of irritation—irritation that so good a brain is being so much abused. We feel as though an otherwise shrewd and intelligent lady of our acquaintance had given her entire confidence to some fashionable *swami*, or as though a friend had got himself entangled in a disastrous love affair. The steel-willed organizer of the Red Army, the victor of the Civil War, when he comes to write of Marx and Engels, gushes platitudes like a moon-struck schoolgirl in love with her history teacher. However, the simile is not, perhaps, a good one, for the Marxist, although he is forever talking about history, generally knows very little of it. But then he does not need to know history, since he knows all about history, just as he does not need to be acquainted with philosophy since he knows better than all the philosophers.

Thus the tragedy of Trotsky is the tragedy of waste. It is almost as though Saul of Tarsus had not been halted on the road to Damascus. In that case, St. Paul's subsequent career might have been much the same as that of this embittered exile, for Trotsky was sustained more by a sterile hatred than by any productive faith. But if St. Paul had followed such a course, it is doubtful if even his name would have survived during the not inconsiderable period of time between his era and our own. Some such oblivion will probably be Trotsky's fate in the centuries ahead.

Ottawa

D. J. GOODSPEED

Night Thoughts. By DAVID GASCOYNE. New York: Grove Press Inc., 1958. (Evergreen Original) Pp. 48. \$1.25 paper, \$2.75 cloth.

Like its namesake by Young, this work is serious, meditative, and religious in its dominant mood and purpose. Unlike its namesake, it is short, unapologetical, genuinely dreamlike, and most unlikely to become part of the standard cultural equipment of our society girls.

Night Thoughts consists of three associated poems called "The Nightwatchers", "Megalometropolitan Carnival", and "Encounter with Silence". The work is a play for voices originally commissioned by the B.B.C. These days the demand for something "written specially" for radio or TV has become a major disease among producers who

have forgotten that the two essentials for radio literature still are (a) well—not specially—written scripts and (b) literate actors. In this case, however, the variety of voices in a live, radio production would differentiate Gascoyne's numerous speakers for the listener very much better than his written text can for the mind's ear of his reader. This is to say that Gascoyne has written a piece of good literature very carefully designed for radio; hence I must apologize for thus writing without having heard.

These poems are governed by the image of the dream, or the semi-dream at the edges of sleep. The numerous voices and the three settings with their three moods move and merge with the strange fluency of a dream. The context of the dream is night; the spectre of the dream is loneliness. In the first poem night and its dream of voices menace the restless nightwatcher on his lonely bed as he grapples with the fear of complete Nothingness. In the Carnival scene (which is a kind of modern Vanity Fair conducted in the London Underground) night is conjured away in an *ersatz* blaze of gaiety and the terror of loneliness in a frenetic crush of Everybody-ness. Here the dream is dangerous—really nightmarish and illusory. Only in the "Encounter with Silence", in the ordered solitude of the garden, do the menace, fear, and loneliness give some way to assurance, meaning, and a paradoxical, religious sense of a deep, far-reaching community of all lonely beings.

University of Alberta

IAN SOWTON

Canadian Books

The Collected Poems of E. J. Pratt, Second Edition. Edited with an Introduction by NORTHROP FRYE. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada, 1958. Pp. xxviii, 395. \$5.00.

It is nearly fifteen years since the first volume of Ned Pratt's collected poems appeared, and in spite of all the neglect Canadian poets have incurred it is pleasant to be able to say that this new and enlarged volume truly fills a long felt need. Everything of Pratt's that he wishes us to have, everything that any but the research student will require, is between these covers, and Northrop Frye in a brief introduction takes the reader's elbow with a firm grasp, steering him straight toward the heart of the matter, which is the uniqueness of Pratt's performance.

Not that the enigmas which surround the man and his work are prosaically reduced to logic. Here is a larger ocean of the work itself than has hitherto been visible and with Frye's chart on which disparate currents become clear vectors, we may enjoy a voyage of fresh discovery.

As old as it is new, as new as old,
 Enduring as a cape, as fresh as dulse,
 This is the Terra Nova record told
 Of uncontractual blood behind the pulse
 On sea or land.

It is twenty-five years since this reviewer found himself a colleague of Professor Pratt in Victoria College, Toronto, and achieved a dim sense that in the dark narrow office with the high window at the end of the hall quite extraordinary things were going on. Many poems have been written since then and much criticism of them, but the sense of wonder still holds.

For the man is still startlingly unique. Let us consider what we should have missed if he had not appeared on the Canadian scene. We should not have had, all through the late twenties, the thirties, and the forties the massive image of a poet and the sense of the normality of the poetic function which his presence provided. We should have had no bridge of umbrageous growth between the old Confederation and pre-Confederation poets (whose concern with nature and with story-telling Pratt boldly carried on) and the new post-Eliot and post-Auden poets (many of whom seem now in perspective like appropriate brushwood growing beneath and beyond his bole).

The new volume gives a completer vision of and focus for his image. How substantial indeed the image becomes,—as some 400 pages pass beneath the eye and the half-dozen long poems with which the book concludes bring into file their impressive variety.

Many pleasures attend a re-reading. "Come not the seasons here", perhaps the most perfectly phrased and memorable of the shorter poems, turns out to have been included in the earliest volume (1923):

Comes not the springtime here,
 Though the snowdrop came,
 And the time of the cowslip is near,
 For a yellow flame
 Was found in a tuft of green;
 And the joyous shout
 Of a child rang out
 That a cuckoo's eggs were seen

Nor shall the winter come
 Though the elm be bare,
 And every voice be dumb
 On the frozen air;
 But the flap of a waterfowl
 In the marsh alone,
 Or the hoot of a horned owl
 On a glacial stone.

What instinct led the poet to forgo early in his career this easy mastery of effective language and to set out on the long journey through intractable metis until he reached the

true growth of his own language which now like a forest enfolds the action of Brebeuf,—what instinct led to this pilgrimage we shall never know. Such pre-Raphaelite lines as “With calls of seamen in great weariness” indicate how easily he could have moved in another and less rewarding direction.

We discover also how early and how profound was the use of irony. We are accustomed to its overt employment in, say, *The Titanic*. In *Brebeuf* there is, one suspects, a terrible and buried ironic relation between savages and saints. But here we find that in “The Ice-Floes”, published in 1923, the clear ironic note already sounds:

Of a voyage home with a flag half-mast;
Of twenty thousand seals that were killed
 To help to lower the price of bread;
Of the muffled beat . . . of a drum . . . that filled
 A nave . . . at our count of sixty dead.

The new book also encourages chronological reading and reveals how continuously personal and unpolitical has been Pratt’s social sense. In “The Depression Ends” he provides a gargantuan feast for “All the good lads I’ve ever known.” A Dickensian gaiety suffuses the event and behind it a pity for poverty and suffering at least as old as the Bible.

In every area of his sensibility, Pratt draws habitually on the immemorial and the cosmic for the ingredients of his dominant image patterns. As poem after poem presents itself in an approximate chronological order, it is possible to see the elements of his formal education and personal experience combining within a total poetic view. Newfoundland rocks and seas join with the Canadian wilderness—the country of the Group of Seven—and this special pattern gives rise to thoughts of geological and cosmic time spans which come naturally also from the theological controversy to which a divinity student of Pratt’s time was subjected. The studies in divinity, we may suppose, made easy an association between such extensions of space and time and a vision of the fate of mankind.

The peculiar vision engendered by this combination of interests again and again marks the salient angles of his narrative. Brebeuf and his companions were burned

And went into the soil to come back at the turn
Of the spade with the carbon and calcium char of the bodies.

The railway is completed across the immemorial rocks of the Shield:

And somewhere in the middle of the line
Of steel, even the lizard heard the stroke.
 . . . she must blend the sound
With those inaugural, narcotic notes
Of storm and thunder which would send her back
Deeper than ever in Taurentian sleep.

But if his conscious mind wrestles with man’s civilized life on this earth and provides, in the midst of immense vistas, some images of order and progress and, deeper than

these, certain symbols of sacrifice and redemption, there remains in the poet's deepest sensibility stocked by his earliest sensations and recollections from his childhood, the great physical fact, and complementary psychic image, of the sea. This volume makes immediately clear how pervasive that image has been in his thinking, from the first lines of the book, "Here the tides flow/And here they ebb", to what are virtually the last,

. . . making Macdonald's "sea to sea"
 Pour through two oceanic megaphones—
 Three thousand miles of *Hail* from port to port

The central poem, and central in more senses than the count of pages, is *The Roosevelt and the Antinoe*. Here we find safety wrestled out of the clutch of danger only by the act

Of getting down again into the sea,
 And testing rowlocks in an open boat,
 Of grappling with the storm-King bodily
 And placing Northern fingers on his throat.

Such simple discoveries have given new delight to at least one reader. Each reader will find his own pleasure according to the bent of his mind, for here are both "the wild orchids of the sea" for the casual eye and world enough for the most extensive search.

It remains to compliment Frank Davies for excellent design and engaging decoration and to express amazement at one of the least appropriate photographs of Ned Pratt we have ever seen. Reader, look, not on his Picture but his Book.

University of British Columbia

ROY DANIELLS

The Watch that Ends the Night. By HUGH MACLENNAN. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, 1959. Pp. 373. \$3.95.

A Canadian novelist whose subject is humanity is not to be judged solely by the extent to which he has been Canadian. Although he has not changed his scene, Mr. MacLennan has made a definite advance by making his story and his characters achieve a stature that makes them independent of their background. This is not to say that there is less of Canada or of autobiography in either the outer or the inner sense. Outwardly, if only because this is an older MacLennan, there is in fact even more than there was in *Barometer Rising*. But the personal history and experience that provide a framework for his latest and best novel is of the kind by which energy, which might have been expended on mere invention, is saved for a more creative purpose. To discuss such parallels in detail would be irrelevant and impertinent. It is the inner life that matters.

Telling and interpreting his story in the first person, the author journeys farther with his characters along a road that he has followed before. There is still the search,



“It’s my favourite bargain”

“A bargain,” says the dictionary, “is an advantageous purchase.”

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not for compromise but for a solid intermediate position between the isolation of the individual and his search for union and identification with our common humanity. MacLennan's people feel, with Matthew Arnold, that ". . . in the sea of life enisled . . . /We mortal millions live *alone*", but they yearn to join the mainland in a world in which they feel also that ultimately for them, as for Donne, "no man is an Island".

Following the melodrama and reportage of *Barometer Rising* and the vivid descriptive writing that it bequeathed in increasingly better-managed proportions to the later novels, this problem of finding at once identity and union has been one of the author's major preoccupations. Canada and the United States, or individuals from them, are close to the brink of "The Precipice" of mutual attraction and mutual misunderstanding; the two Canadas, French-speaking and English-speaking, attempt to join each other from "Two Solitudes"; "Each Man's Son" is lost between two fathers.

Now, the search for "belonging" has become at once more manifest without being too obvious, and better directed without being too dogmatic. In this moving story of "conflict between the spirit and the human condition", the woman about whom it revolves has two loves, and tragically because quite innocently, two husbands. One of these, the narrator, though he represents the solid and static virtues, feels that he is "Everyman and every frightened boy and everyone but myself", and the other, though he is dominant and ruthless as Life itself, has come back from the dead, and was once "a boy, not even knowing his own name, coming down [a] river to the sea in [a] canoe at night". The divided wife, the daughter-stepdaughter, and others, are equally without solid footing.

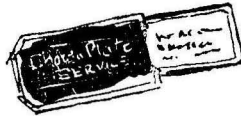
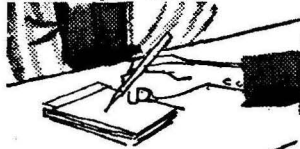
The story of the fatherless boy's physical and spiritual journey—a distinct episode that is still essential to the understanding of his relation to the other characters—is as raw and brutal as the New Brunswick wilderness in which it is set; but neither the violence, nor here and elsewhere the emphasis on sex, is gratuitous. The author has dignity and integrity. In any sense of the word, he is serious; and his style and treatment, which rise to a closing crescendo, are suited to a spiritual search that is made part of a self-contained story. To the "nature of the final human struggle [which is] within, not without" Hugh MacLennan has given illumination, and something towards an answer that narrative seems able seldom if ever to reach. It is a measure of his book that he can come closer to his answer, without suffering by the comparison, by reference to great music and to the Voice from the Whirlwind in the greatest of spiritual conflicts: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" Acceptance of the will of God builds the only isthmus that can bridge the gap between questioning humanity and infinite wisdom: "The little man is still a little man, but within he has changed". And with the change he ceases to be a little man and becomes, at last, himself: "All of us is Everyman and this is intolerable unless each of us can also be I".

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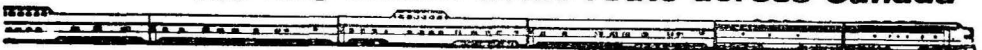
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Dalhousie University

C. L. BENNET

A Laughter in the Mind. By IRVING LAYTON. Highlands, North Carolina: Jonathan Williams [Montreal: Contact Press], 1958. Pp. 54. \$1.75.

"If on such an occasion as this—even with our natural impulse to shake ourselves free of reserves—some sharp choice between the dozen different aspects of one of our most copious poets become a prime necessity . . . the admirer is promptly held up, as we have come to call it; finds himself almost baffled by alternatives." Many readers will be sensible of the irony in applying these hesitations and reservations of Henry James, speaking before the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature in Commemoration of the Centenary of Robert Browning, May 7, 1912, to one of *our* most copious poets, Irving Layton. For one thing, the academic setting of the original would seem perfectly calculated to infuriate Mr. Layton and the academic modesty of the sentence to confirm his prejudice against shuffling schoolmasters. For another, James's remarks recall an important Victorian occasion, the publication of "the most voluminous of [Browning's] works", a poem of "proportioned monstrous magnificence", *The Ring and the Book*; whereas Mr. Layton, on a less singular Canadian occasion, has published *A Laughter in the Mind*. Still, each new book by Mr. Layton (this is his thirteenth) adds weight to his growing stature, and it may be that he will yet assume the portly proportions of Browning. Whether he does or not, there is clearly the need with each new publication, if not to enshrine Mr. Layton academically, at least to reassess his very considerable achievement, to "shake ourselves free of reserves", and to readjust our vision of him.

What makes this task easier is that several powerful glasses have already brought him into some kind of focus. Mr. Layton's own "improved binoculars", for example, disclose a symbolic portrait, new versions of which are to be found in *A Laughter in the Mind*, where the poet appears as the sacrificial victim of a society which has made him a murderer of himself. Again, through the multi-dimensional lens of allegorical criticism, he leers at us with complicated and perplexing gestures as a reborn hero saving Canadian poetry from a genteel and academic dragon whom he, in fact, needs as a means of communication (his interpreter, it appears). After such vision, what forgiveness? One can hardly hope to improve the picture, but, as James reminds us, there are baffling

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alternatives, and one which occurs to a reader of James on Browning is the relatively uncomplicated portrait of Irving Layton as a Victorian poet.

And why not? *A Laughter in the Mind*, like several of Mr. Layton's books since the memorable *In the Midst of My Fever*, is a self-conscious reworking of themes that were discovered in the early poems. And as he reworks the same land, the contours show through more and more clearly. The more startling and extreme his perceptions of himself, his society, and his natural environment, the more clearly traditional they appear to be. Nor is one wholly surprised to discover that the tradition is a recent, not an ancient one, and that Layton's images as well as his forms and his metaphysics make sense in the context of Canada as Victorian England. As his appetite for sensation, always insatiable, becomes barbaric ("crazed I smell the odour of mortality" and "sing of lust, the sun's accompanying shadow, like a Vampire's wing"), and his sensuality remains blood-brother of erudition and esoterica (looking at a posterior, he is moved to declare, "I must bone up/On Parmenides"), it is Robert Browning of whom one thinks. There is the same grotesquery, the same colloquial exaltation, the same dramatic sense that an alloy of consciousness is needed before one can shape the raw gold of experience into the authentic ring of truth. Each sensual fact calls into existence its own voice so that the lunatic rhetorician of "Whatever Else Poetry Is Freedom" differs from the plain killer who speaks "Cain", the tense love-lyrist of "Victory", or the slangy ironist of "Captives". Like Browning's, his imagination is fired by images of criminals, rogues, murderers, spiders, and toads, and by his compassion for the ambiguous human creature or sheep:

I'll tell you something else about sheep
 You haven't noticed, see them as much as you wish
 in your sleep;
 They're neither-this-nor-that, half-and-halves if you prefer.
 I've asked you to take in they scrub their fleece,
 standing wrapt like a philosopher;
 Their itchy, bulky, dung-matted, grey-dirty fleece,
 yet, look down—what feet! the trim feet of a dancer.

But like Browning too, he is a non-conformist for whom the sensual experience is the experience of a religious conversion. It testifies to the anti-social god in man, the divinity of the senses, the hypocrisy of the understanding, and the blindness of convention.

Mr. Layton comes from the Victorians honestly, by way of Ezra Pound; and by contact with an age, like theirs, vulgar and "deeply unpoetical", he has learned honestly the lesson that they learned. *A Laughter in the Mind* shows him becoming increasingly aware that his poems, like his title page, lead double existences, that there is a vigorously reciprocal relationship between his social and moral satire and his metaphysics, and that his concern is the tension between imagination, fact, and convention, visualized as a conflict between poet, nature, and society. One typical image of such tension, we have

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been told, is the image of the hanged poet. In *A Laughter in the Mind* it appears more frequently than ever (in one version—the murdered toad of “Cain”—it hangs on the cover of the new collection). But his social death, Mr. Layton knows, is his imaginative rebirth. That ambiguous event he celebrates in the wonderfully comic “Paging Mr. Superman”:

I heard the glory
Of it that afternoon like the closing
Chords of Handel's Messiah. “Superman”
It rang out clear across the floor polish.
“Mr. Superman”.

One insists, finally, on the strained analogy, because it is important to see in Mr. Layton's work not a reversion to an outdated metaphysics, nor an anarchistic sensuality, but a serious and determined effort to solve in particularly native imagery and diction a problem that has baffled poets from the Romantics on, if not perennially. There is the other reason too: perhaps Mr. Layton will someday write a poem of “proportioned monstrous magnificence”. In the meantime, to revert to James again, we may be grateful that Mr. Layton continues to ladle out poems to us from his “own great reservoir of spiritual health”.

University of Alberta

E. W. MANDEL

The Picnic and Other Stories. By DESMOND PACEY. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1958.
Pp. xi, 143. \$3.95.

To one with but a modest acquaintance with its author, *Picnic and Other Stories* comes as just a bit of a surprise, albeit a pleasant one, displaying as it does a tentative and almost hesitant quality which is not to be found in Professor Pacey's academic appearances. Sensitive, and occasionally a little sentimental, the stories in this volume invite rather than demand the attention of the reader, whose sympathy is given the more freely because it does not seem to be aroused through trickery or art. The tales or episodes, for they display none of the artificial “techniques” of what we have come to regard as short stories, are perhaps exactly what they seem, personal recollections shared casually, with no point to be made or significance to be illustrated beyond the pleasure of sharing memories. If such be the purpose of the book, *Picnic and Other Stories* succeeds admirably.

Beyond the single point of view of the author, and the fact that all the stories depend upon his recollection, there is no discernible plan in the arrangement of the episodes. Four different backgrounds appear—the prairie (probably limited to Manitoba), Ontario, the Maritimes, and England—but the stories are not arranged according



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to locale. Time seems to shift back and forth from story to story, and the variation of theme allows no other form of classification. To some degree the lack of an obvious plan adds the charm of the casual, but to some degree also the reader is confused, left with a handful of pieces of brilliantly coloured glass which will not combine to form a window. Occasionally the colour of one carries over into the next, until the reader is forced to stop and make a mental adjustment. The fault, of course, may lie with the reader who reads steadily from page one to the end, but to do so was a temptation this reader found it impossible to resist.

What Professor Daniells in the foreword calls "straightforward narrative"—the recording of events in the order of their occurrence—contributes to the air of simple truth that surrounds all of the stories in the volume, though it occasionally fails to establish any clear purpose in a given tale. The title story may be taken as a case in point. In it the narrator and his family go for a picnic along the river (which is never identified), and incidentally converse through the bars with a prisoner about to be tried for motor manslaughter. Nothing much comes of the conversation beyond the reader's conviction that the prisoner drunk and the narrator sober are about equally proficient drivers. The picnic seems to have no particular significance, in spite of one child's opinion that it was "the best picnic yet." The "there but for the grace of God go I" theme does appear, but it does not seem to be the purpose of the writer. A similar confusion is to be found in "The Boat", in which the two distinct halves of the story have but an ephemeral relationship to each other.

On the other hand, stories such as "The Test", "Silo", and "No Young Man" achieve their effects with remarkable power, and for the very reason that the significance of each is chronological, fitting the method of narration. These three stories are possibly the best of the collection. Whatever might be one's preference among them, however, most readers will find in *Picnic and Other Stories* both characters and events not likely to be soon forgotten.

Ontario Agricultural College

H. V. WEEKES

A Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean. By SAMUEL HEARNE. Edited by RICHARD GLOVER. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada, 1958. Pp. lxii, 301. \$6.50.

Samuel Hearne's *Journey . . . to the Northern Ocean*, first published in 1795, is one of the most interesting accounts of exploration in Canada. That it should be such an engaging work is somewhat surprising, for Hearne was a poorly educated man who wrote in semi-literate English. What he lacked in formal education, however, he made up for amply in power of observation and description. His spelling was atrocious and his

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grammar uncertain, but he had an eye for detail and a feeling for words that would do credit to a professional writer.

After two failures to reach his goal, the Coppermine River and the Arctic coast at its mouth, Hearne left Fort Prince of Wales on December 7, 1770. With a few Chipe-wyan Indians led by Matonabee, a reliable guide, he crossed the Barren Grounds to the Coppermine. On July 17, he reached the Arctic Ocean, only to find that the great ice-pack lying offshore destroyed all hope of a permanent port on the Arctic for ships of the Hudson's Bay Company. Another disappointment was his discovery that the wealth of the copper deposits about thirty miles south of the river-mouth had been grossly exaggerated by the Indians. Yet, when Hearne had arrived back at Fort Prince of Wales on June 30, 1770, he had accomplished much—the knowledge that would later go into his book, with its wealth of first-hand information about the life of the Indians and the geography, wild life, and vegetation of the Barren Grounds.

Hearne's book has previously appeared in only one modern reprinting, that edited by J. B. Tyrrell and published by the Champlain Society in 1911. J. B. Tyrrell, himself an explorer as well as an historian, was eminently qualified to discuss Hearne's explorations; his limited edition is still valuable, but it is no longer readily available. Moreover, research since 1911 has revealed information about Hearne and his explorations that was not known to Tyrrell. Professor Glover's edition incorporates this new material, corrects Tyrrell where necessary, and attempts to settle some doubtful assumptions about Hearne that have too frequently been repeated.

The most pervasive of these assumptions have concerned Hearne's character. Hearne has been accused of timorousness or even cowardice for his surrender of Fort Prince of Wales to the French in 1782, and he has been considered weak because of his inability to control his Indian guides. Even his authorship of the *Journey* has been seriously questioned with the suggestion that Dr. John Douglas, the Bishop of Salisbury, actually wrote the book.

Professor Glover convincingly disposes of these slights upon Hearne's character and ability. As for the first, he points out that Hearne had served in the British Navy for six years and had taken part in several naval engagements, and that his conduct at Fort Prince of Wales "was that of a veteran capable of making a professional judgment and not of the craven civilian which some have supposed him to be." Moreover, Hearne saw that the odds against him were overwhelming: his fort was badly built, many of his guns were museum pieces, and he had only thirty-eight men, all civilians, to man them against the three ships and three hundred regular troops of the Comte de la Perouse. Professor Glover concludes that "criticisms of Hearne's conduct in surrendering are chiefly valuable as evidence of his critics' unawareness of the facts of the situation."

The second charge, that Hearne revealed himself to be a weak man in his relations with the Indians, is also shown to be ill-founded. Professor Glover reminds us

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that the incompetence of Moses Norton, Hearne's superior and the planner of his first two journeys, was the cause of their failure, and that the inability of Hearne to command implicit obedience from his Indians was by no means unusual, having been duplicated by later explorers, among them the Tyrrell brothers and E. T. Seton. He concludes that "a single white man, or mere handful of white men, out by themselves in the Indians' own wilderness, had no sanction capable of enforcing the natives' unwilling compliance." Other well-established aspects of Hearne's character also disagree with any judgment of him as a weak man: Professor Glover's assertion that Hearne's "splendid indifference to hardship has not been surpassed" is certainly established by the uncomplaining way in which the explorer bore the rigours of northern exploration; his stubborn refusal to accept the forceful Norton's plans for the third journey also indicates that he was not "a weak personality who cared for peace at any price."

Finally, doubts about Hearne's authorship are based entirely on the word of John Richardson, a man whose conclusions have been shown to be untrustworthy. Professor Glover notes that John Douglas was a meticulous editor who discussed in his autobiography his extensive rewriting of Captain Cook's journals but did not mention Hearne. Also, the person who *did* prepare Hearne's manuscript for the press corrected only some of the many errors in grammar, punctuation, and spelling. Douglas most certainly would not have allowed these numerous errors to appear in print.

Dalhousie University

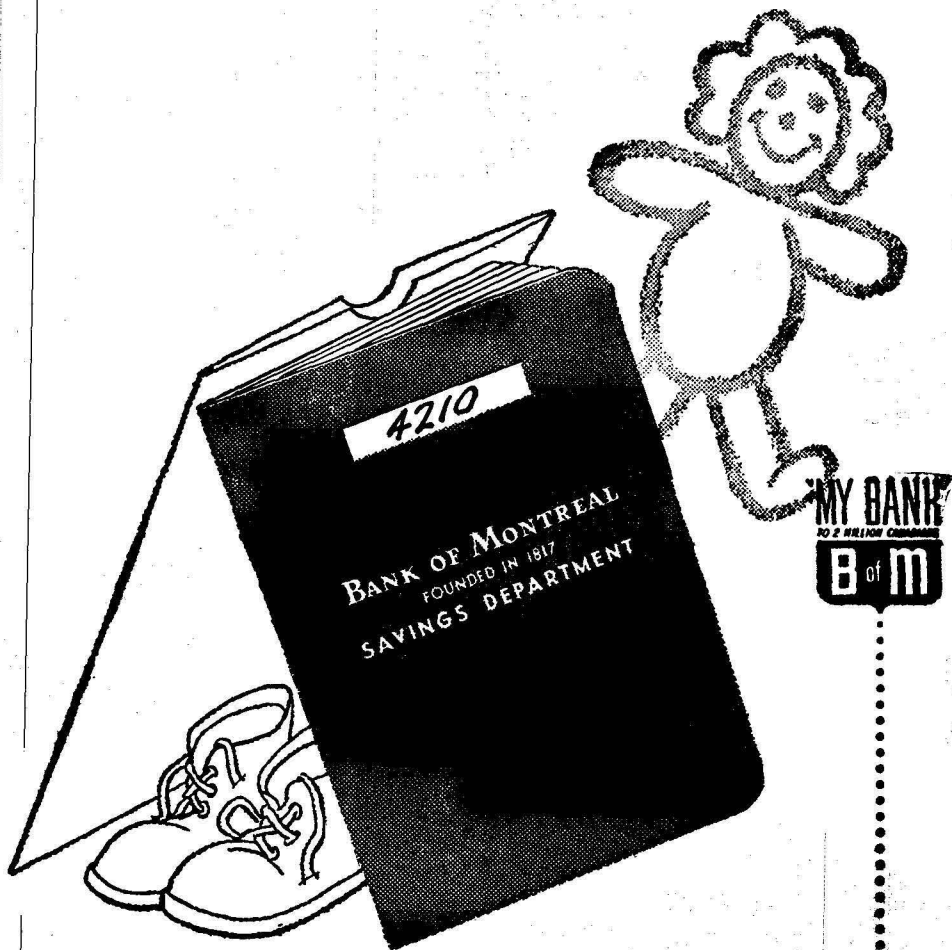
M. G. PARKS

Lord Selkirk's Diary, 1803-1804: A Journal of His Travels in British North America and the Northeastern United States. Edited with an Introduction by PATRICK C. T. WHITE. Toronto: The Champlain Society, 1958. Pp. xxvii, 359, i-xvi.

The Champlain Society and the editor are to be congratulated on the production of this well edited, interesting, and useful volume. Mr. White has quite maintained the standards of editing established in the publications of the Champlain Society. His Introduction is apt, well balanced, and judicious, an effective aid to the text which follows.

The maps are not perhaps as detailed as they should be, but this reviewer agrees that it is better to use contemporary maps, even if they may be in some instances less clear than a map drawn for the text would be.

The interest and usefulness of the book come under two headings. One is the body of information and comment made available by the publication of the Diary. The other is the light the Diary throws on Selkirk's character and on his interest in colonization.



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To deal with the former, the *Diary* is indeed fit to serve as "a handbook on colonization," as Mr. White remarks. With a Cobbett-like zest and Defoe-like detail, Selkirk notes prices, yields, methods of clearing, tillage, harvesting, bridging, road building, manners, persons, ideas. The alert reader can piece together a picture of eastern pioneer America that is remarkably detailed and vivid. The gaunt skeletons of girdled trees, the stumps smouldering away in a dry summer's burning, the ragged fields, the raw log cabins—these and a thousand other details this shy, eager stranger jotted down.

The range of his observation is as remarkable as its intensity. Students of American as well as of Canadian history will find this book a rewarding source. Selkirk's talks with Alexander Hamilton, for example, while they add nothing to our knowledge of that great man's ideas, do give us an intimate, last glimpse of them in the year before his death. No less revealing are Selkirk's comments on the federal constitution: he thought it unlikely to succeed despite "the dash of monarchical principles" which had been mixed with its republican ingredients. Selkirk's comments on public affairs, land holdings, and officialdom in Upper Canada are also most illuminating, as are his observation on business and industry in Montreal.

A reading of the *Diary*, however, is perhaps most valuable for the assurance it creates of the essential integrity, the clarity of vision and the grasp of detail which were Selkirk's. He genuinely sought to relieve distress in the Highlands and Ireland; he was a colonizer, not a land speculator. He genuinely loved the pursuit of agriculture and felt the exhilaration of the pioneer in making the forest yield to the tilled field. His eye for location was good, as was his eye for land. He obviously understood the science of agriculture well, and had the readiness to deal with complex and ever varying detail which that pursuit, in which science and nature are so intimately wed, requires of all its devotees.

This is all true. Yet this reader feels that it was Selkirk's middle vision that was defective. He could seize on the strategic areas of a continent; he could criticize the furnishings of a milk shed. But he continually was blind to factors like relative distance, time required, numbers of people involved. His was a talent for colonization, that most difficult of undertakings in which no one has yet scored a perfect success, but his talent was loose-jointed almost to the point of being uncoordinated.

Perhaps it was the same defect that made him fail to realize how the Nor'Westers would react to his settlement at Red River.

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Klondike: The Life and Death of the Last Great Gold Rush. By PIERRE BERTON. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1958. Pp. 457, xix. \$6.00.

For Pierre Berton, the writing of the fully-rounded story of the Klondike Gold Rush was the result of inner compulsion. "My whole life has been conditioned by the Klondike", he writes; "it hangs behind me like a theatrical backdrop; it haunts my dreams and my memories" (p. 439). His father, a young university graduate, crossed the Chilkoot Pass in '98; his mother was a pioneer school-teacher in the Yukon; and, long after the rush had subsided but while there were still living reminders of the era about, he himself grew up in Dawson, the gold city. Everything he heard, everything he saw as a boy, fortified a conviction which he still holds that "the great stampede, with all its searchings and its yearnings, with all its bitter surprises, its thorny impediments, and its unexpected fulfillments, was, in a way, a rough approximation to life itself" (p. 435).

Klondike, the latest contribution to the literature of an historical episode which has inspired the writing of some one hundred books, is by far our fullest account of the last great gold rush. The aberrations of the stamperders, the gaudiness of life in Dawson, and above all, the aspirations, the hardships, the loves and the feuds of the members of the mining community have never been more fully described. The treatment is anecdotal.

Mr. Berton takes a wealth of material which he has garnered from books, interviews, private letters, newspapers, and magazines to reconstruct the lives of countless individuals who sought treasure in an isolated, sub-arctic environment. He gives his account an air of realism by including a mass of details which an academic historian, in the interest of presenting an uncluttered thesis to explain an historical phenomenon, often has to discard.

Mr. Berton, a journalist, is a born story-teller: nowhere is his high sense of drama better displayed than in the chapters describing the sufferings of the argonauts on the White and Chilkoot Passes, on the Stikine, and on the other trails. The passages dealing with mining operations and with rivalries over mining claims are equally vivid. But the best passages of all deal with the saints and the sinners—men such as Father William Judge, on the one hand, and "Soapy" Smith on the other. Here, in the analysis of character and of action, the personality of Klondike itself emerges.

It is too bad that Mr. Berton, with his background of exceptional familiarity with the area, his enthusiasm for historical research, and his remarkable gift for vivid writing, should have been quite so aware of his American audience. For although he places the Klondike Gold Rush in its historical setting, the background he chooses is that of the United States of the days of William Jennings Bryan and the Spanish American War. This may have been the background of most of the stamperders, but the problems that an American community created when it established itself in a remote corner of Canadian

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soil were problems that had to be solved by a relatively young Canadian nation, inexperienced and uncertain about the best way to handle a delicate situation involving a powerful and exuberant neighbour. We are grateful to Mr. Berton for bringing out the economic implications, both on Pacific ports and some inland towns, of the expansion of northern trade, and for giving us a rich slice of social history, but as Canadians we should like to know still more about the manner by which our officers handled difficult administrative, legal, and law-enforcing problems.

Perhaps this is asking too much from one who has given us such a rich tapestry; perhaps it is the wailing complaint which arises from the wounded professional pride of the historian who knows that the journalist has written of an historical episode with more verve and with greater art than he himself is often able to command.

The University of British Columbia

MARGARET A. ORMSBY

The Side Door: Twenty-Six Years in My Book Room. By DORA HOOD. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1958. Pp. ix, 238. \$4.95.

To book collectors, scholars, archivists, and librarians in Canada and abroad the name of Dora Hood, Antiquarian Bookseller, has been known and respected for many years. It was in 1928, in Toronto, that Mrs. Hood entered the book trade and began to make her presence known by issuing her now familiar catalogues of Canadiana. In *The Side Door* she tells in an easy anecdotal manner the many interesting events that marked her twenty-six years in the book business. Mrs. Hood's book is important for a number of reasons: it is full of charming reminiscence of books, people, and incidents from the distant and near past of Canadian history; it reveals some fascinating aspects of the antiquarian book trade in this country; and it is one of the very few books we have about this integral part of our cultural process.

The Side Door is strong with information about Ontario and Quebec history but contains few references to the Western and Atlantic Provinces. Throughout her book-selling career, Mrs. Hood's influence was considerable, and she filled her role as the subtle intermediary between book and client with tact, charm, and often endless trouble. Both books and clients (friends) are the principals of this story with Mrs. Hood and her Book Room emerging as the vital focus of their activities. Mrs. Hood has interesting comments to offer on such things as the importance of pamphlets, the famous Neilson family of Quebec, the enterprising but ill-fated Graphic Publishing Company of Ottawa, the "Exile" books, and many others.

In the course of her memoirs a few errors of fact have crept in and should be noted: William Brown was not "Canada's first printer" (p. 30), rather it was Bartholomew Green in Halifax (1751); Brown helped to establish the first printing office in

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Quebec in 1764. On page 35 it is stated quite definitely that the *Quebec Magazine* (1792) "was the first magazine published in Canada." However, *The Nova Scotia Magazine* was printed and published monthly at Halifax by Joseph Howe from July 1789 to March 1792. On page 76, the Provincial Museum in New Brunswick is located at Fredericton. It is actually in Saint John. On page 149, it is stated that "Haliburton's books were great favourites in England and were published there with the exception of four which were published in Halifax". It is a fact, however, that Haliburton was widely published and pirated in the United States and in Europe. One might also suggest that, in a book in which titles of books are as prominent as the names of persons, the index might have listed titles in italics along with names of authors and persons.

By noting a few inaccuracies and in suggesting an improvement, I do not mean to detract from the undeniable charm and fascination of Mrs. Hood's work. For all interested in Canadian history and the Canadian book, *The Side Door* is well worth entering.

Dalhousie University

DOUGLAS LOCHHEAD

Books in Brief

A Dictionary of American Proverbs and Provincial Phrases, 1820-1880. By ARCHER TAYLOR AND BARTLETT JERE WHITING. Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], 1958. Pp. xxii, 418. \$11.50.

The authors, who are experienced and prolific proverb-hunters and folk-lorists, have compiled an alphabetical list from a large number of sources drawn from a fruitful period of American literature. The proverbs are not discussed, but reference is made to sources, to some analogues, and to other collections. There are bibliographies of sources and reference books. Thomas Chandler Haliburton is included among representative sources because "his works were very widely read in the United States and often contain early instances of locutions generally used there". (See *Dalhousie Review*, Vol. 38, No. 3, 348-363.)

Dictionary of French Literature. Edited by SIDNEY D. BRAUN, New York: Philosophical Library, 1958. Pp. xv, 362. \$10.00.

A convenient alphabetical guide, biographical, historical, and critical, to authors, works, types, and trends in French literature. The editor and compiler has had the collaboration of a score of contributors from universities in the United States, and a random



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sampling indicates that the work justifies its claim to offer, in classified form, a comprehensive over-all view of French literature from earliest to most recent times.

Concise Dictionary of Judaism. Edited by DAGOBERT D. RUNES. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. Pp. 237. \$5.00.

A dictionary, with a few short articles, on names and terms that may confront inexperienced readers of Jewish history, religion, or current problems. For the general reader or writer, not the scholar.

A Short History of Canada. By D. C. MASTERS. Princeton and Toronto: D. Van Nostrand Company, 1958. Pp. 191. \$1.25, \$1.35.

In the first eighty pages of this "Anvil Original", Professor Masters of Bishop's University presents a brief and competent history of Canada that will be useful to those who need a basic introduction. The second half of the book consists of "readings" from twenty-five documents that extend from Champlain's First Encounter with the Iroquois and excerpts from Lord Durham's Report, through the Statute of Westminster to the Nobel Prize Lecture of the Hon. Lester B. Pearson.

A Directory of the Members of the Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia, 1758-1958. With an introduction by C. BRUCE FERGUSON. Halifax: The Public Archives of Nova Scotia, 1958. Pp. viii, 519. \$5.00.

This bicentenary index, with an introduction by the Provincial Archivist, gives, with brief biographical data, a complete alphabetical list of Members of the Nova Scotia Legislature from the establishment of representative government to the present.

Russia, the Atom, and the West. By GEORGE F. KENNAN. London: Oxford University Press [Toronto: Oxford University Press], 1957. Pp. vii, 120. \$2.25.

These B. B. C. "Reith Lectures" endeavour to bridge the gap between specialized knowledge and public understanding. Not himself a professional specialist, the author tries to suggest "not what governments should do, but what they should think about."

English Critical Essays, Twentieth Century (Second Series). Selected, with an introduction by DEREK HUDSON. London: Oxford University Press [Toronto: Oxford University Press], 1958. Pp. xv, 363. \$1.50.

This (if we count the *Shakespearean Criticism*) is the fifth in the World's Classics series of English critical essays, and the second from writers of the twentieth century. The first essay is by Harold Child (1869-1945) on J. M. Barrie, the last by John Wain (1925-) on Dylan Thomas. Twenty-six others are by authors that include T. S. Eliot, F. R. Leavis, Basil Willey, and Sir Maurice Bowra, on authors that range from Sir Thomas Browne to Bernard Shaw, and on works from *The Spanish Tragedy* to *Waiting for Godot*.

The Penguin Book of Canadian Verse. Edited with an introduction and notes by RALPH GUSTAFSON. Penguin Books, 1958. Pp. 255. \$.70.

It would be difficult to compile a more generally satisfactory brief and inexpensive anthology of Canadian verse. By aiming at inclusiveness (there are more than sixty authors of more than two hundred selections), the editor has necessarily sacrificed quality, and the adequate representation of longer works, to variety. Most of the standard earlier pieces are here; more significant is judicious selection, covering more than half the book, of living writers. The editor has supplied a brief introduction and very brief biographical notes.

The Canadian Northwest: its Potentialities. Edited by FRANK H. UNDERHILL. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1959. Pp. vi, 104. \$4.00.

This symposium, presented to the Royal Society of Canada, and third in its series of "Studia Varia", includes "assessments" by an engineer, a geographer, geologists, a biologist, a commissioner of fisheries, and an historian. "All of them", as the editor reports in his Preface, "agree on the desirability of much more research and planning . . . if future development is to be carried on wisely and economically."

Milton and This Pendant World. By GEORGE WESLEY WHITING. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1958. Pp. xv, 264. \$5.00.

It is sometimes necessary to be reminded, as by this book, that Milton's poetry is concerned with religion. Professor Whiting deals with such topics as "*Lycidas*, the Corrupt

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Clergy, and the Reformation", "*Samson Agonistes* and the Geneva Bible", and "*Paradise Lost*, Protestantism, and the Retreat from Christianity." A defence of Milton is combined with a defence of Christianity. Perhaps each could have been more effectively presented if it had been conducted on its own grounds. The important question of Milton's status as a poet for a modern secular reader is a different (though related) problem from that of modern Christian belief. The book is packed with evidences of Professor Whiting's wide professional knowledge of Milton scholarship, but confusion results when that learning appears to be "devote" to protecting the faith as much as explicating particular poems.

Best Poems of 1957. Ed. ROBERT T. MOORE. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1958. Pp. 99. \$2.95.

This is the tenth issue of a well-known anthology of magazine verse. The poems were chosen by an editorial board for the Borestone Mountain Poetry Awards. The first three prizes were won by Lysander Kemp, Theodore Roethke, and Eudora Welty. Among the other poets represented, some well-known and others new, are John Ciardi, E. E. Cummings, Richmond Lattimore, Edwin Muir, and James Reeves.

A Yankee Jeffersonian: Selections from the Diary and Letters of William Lee
 Edited by MARY LEE MANN. Foreword by Allan Nevins. Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], 1958. Pp. xvii, 312. \$7.50.

William Lee (1772-1840) began adult life as a commission merchant of Boston. In 1796 he went to Bordeaux on business and spent two years in France, England, and Holland. He returned to the United States in 1798, but in 1801 went back to Europe as American "commercial agent" or consul at Bordeaux. For fifteen years he lived in France, working, observing, and recording his impressions. In 1816 he returned to his own country and settled down in Washington as accountant in the War Department and auditor of the Treasury. When Andrew Jackson became President in 1829, Lee lost his position. He spent the rest of his life in Boston. These selections from his diary and letters are entertaining for the casual reader and important as source material for the historian.

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Lucretia Mott. By OTELIA CROMWELL. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], 1958. Pp. x, 241. \$7.50.

A scholarly biography of a nineteenth-century reformer. Lucretia Mott (1793-1880) was a Quaker minister and a leading spirit in the liberal and reform movements of her time.

East to West: A Journey Round the World. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. London: Oxford University Press [Toronto: Oxford University Press], 1958. Pp. xii, 243. \$5.00.

This is a travel book somewhat out of the ordinary, for its author is the eminent historian Arnold Toynbee. In a series of articles written originally for *The Observer*, it records the high spots of a seventeen-month journey (from February, 1956, to August, 1957) starting in the Caribbean and ending in Beirut. By air, road, sea, and rail the author visited South America, Australia and New Zealand, the East Indies, Japan, Burma, India, and the countries of the Middle East. The text is supplemented by a folding map showing the author's route and by a detailed itinerary.

A Gathering (Poems, 1959). By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT. Ottawa: Arthur S. Bourinot, 158 Carleton Road, Rockcliffe, 1959. Pp. 14. \$1.00.

A small volume of verse by a well-known author whose work, including some in this volume, has been represented in the *Review*. "Nefertiti", a new poem, will appeal to many readers as being the best.

Other Books Received

Djilas, Milovan. *The New Class: An Analysis of the Communist System*. New York: Frederick A. Praeger [Toronto: Burns and MacEachern], 1957. Pp. vii, 214. \$4.75.

Jammer, Max. *Concepts of Force: A Study in the Foundations of Dynamics*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], 1957. Pp. viii, 269. \$7.25.

Meyer, Alfred S. *Leninism*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], 1957. Pp. 324. \$7.25.

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- Shanley, J. Lyndon. *The Making of Walden, with the Text of the First Version*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press [Toronto: University of Toronto Press], 1957. Pp. vii, 208. \$5.00.
- Ebbutt, A. J. *The Life, the Question, and the Answer*. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1957. Pp. xiv, 170. \$2.50 (cloth), \$1.50 (paper).
- Saywell, John T. *The Office of the Lieutenant-Governor*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1957. Pp. xii, 302. \$5.50.
- Mackinnon, D. M. *A Study in Ethical Theory*. London: Adam & Charles Black [Toronto: Macmillan of Canada], 1957. Pp. vii, 280. \$4.00.
- Hammelmann, H. A. *Hugo von Hofmannsthal*. London: Bowes & Bowes [Toronto: British Book Service], 1957. Pp. 64. \$1.30.
- Hoffman, Frederick J. *Freudianism and the Literary Mind*. 2nd Edition. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1957. Pp. xi, 350. \$5.00.
- Grene, Marjorie. *Heidegger*. London: Bowes & Bowes [Toronto: British Book Service], 1957. Pp. 128. \$1.80.
- Lockwood, P. A. (ed.) *Canada and the West Indies Federation*. Sackville: Mount Allison University, 1957. Pp. 90. \$60.
- Menard, Jean. *De Corneille a Saint-Denys-Garneau*. Montreal: Editions Beauchemin, 1957. Pp. 217. \$3.75.
- Smith, A. J. M. (ed.) *The Book of Canadian Poetry*. 3rd Edition. Toronto: W. J. Gage, 1957. Pp. xxv, 532. \$6.50.
- Guttormsson, R. *Ian of Red River*. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1959. Pp. v, 129. \$3.25.
- Saunders, Thomas. *Something of a Young World's Dying*. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1958. Pp. 20. \$1.00 (No. 179, Ryerson Chap-Books).
- Parsons, R. A. *Reflections: Books I and II*. Illus. by Reginald Shepherd. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1958. Pp. vii, 117. \$3.00.
-

LAWRENCE WILLSON

Associate Professor of English, Santa Barbara College, University of California; at present preparing a book on Thoreau.

W. K. THOMAS

Head of the Department of English, Acadia University. His article in this issue is the first of three parts.

J. M. BECK

Professor of Political and Economic Science, Royal Military College of Canada; author of *The Government of Nova Scotia* (1957).

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

Writer and critic of London, England; editor of *This is London* (1953) and *T. S. Eliot: a Symposium for his 70th Birthday* (1958).

JAMES COWAN

Graduate student in English Literature at the University of Oklahoma.

LLOYD M. SCOTT

Lecturer in the Basic College, Michigan State University.

GEORGE H. NADEL

Assistant Professor of History, Harvard University; author of *Australia's Colonial Culture* (1957).

A. M. KINGHORN

Assistant Professor of English, University of King's College; editor of an edition of Barbour's *Bruce* to be published later in 1959.

VERSE

EUGENE De NORBER, of Toronto, Ontario; MARTIN DWORKIN, of New York; DAVID PARSONS, of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

REVIEW ARTICLES

KENNETH McNAUGHT, Professor of History, United College, Winnipeg; D. J. HEASMAN, Assistant Professor of Political Science, Dalhousie University.

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