The Second Conquest: Reflections II, by Solange Chaput-Rolland. Montreal: Chateau Books Limited, 1970. Pp. 184. $3.25.

The Second Conquest: Reflections II takes its place in a now traditional line of Canadian political tracts on the horns of its author's dilemma. Solange Chaput-Rolland is a convert from Quebec separatism to federalism, who says in her work that she will vote for independence with masses of other Québécois in the provincial election of 1974, if confederation cannot accommodate itself to Quebec's aspiration as a distinct "nation". Her *Reflections*, in the form of a political diary stretching from September 24, 1968, to October 21, 1970, are frankly anti-separatist, but they do not express certain hope that Canada will accept some French nationalist goals to enable it to survive whole. In the face of this dilemma Chaput-Rolland places a strain on the political diary as a form of literature. Instinctively she tries to express something greater and more profound than her political options as a solution to her problem. The political diary form, which she uses here for the second time in English, cracks.

The sense of strain in the literary form of *The Second Conquest: Reflections II* distinguishes the work amid the countless books inspired by Canada's internal political difficulties, which have poured out of Quebec and Ontario presses in the last ten years. The strain does not merely bring out the weak qualities of the book's form but the originality of its author's point of view as well. Chaput-Rolland is not really developing a political thesis, while she speaks to the same audience in the same literary genre as the writers of tracts noteworthy for their purely political arguments. She is arguing for national understanding. She fears the pall of ignorance that (she thinks) lies equally over the minds of strong federalists and separatists. Her concerns undercut the traditional form of the political tract in Canada as Trudeau, Levesque, Bourassa, Newman, Laurin and Laporte have used it. Her book deals with federalism and separatism with the aim of creating a human *modus vivendi* rather than a third political platform. It is with this aim in view, rather than political argument, that Mme. Chaput-Rolland decries the federalist attitude of Trudeau which is founded, she says, in a passé distaste of Duplessis-ist isolationism. Her purpose also leads her to dismiss the separatists for their "narcissism". Their mentality, if not their political ideals, frighten her.

Chaput-Rolland works out her point of view, by tone and idea, in her discussion of the political opposites which she rejects. As she places this point of view in an historical context, her method of proceeding produces its surprises. The French Canada she describes is undergoing the second conquest of the title of her *Reflections*. Moreover, English Canada is undergoing the conquest with it, on the same side. The second conquest does not involve a military victory of one Canadian

culture over the other, but a collective conquest by all Canadians of their limited national imagination and their fear of change. The conquest involves a national spiritual struggle against ignorance, emerging from the political situation created by the military conquest of 1759.

Chaput-Rolland's image of the conquest is daring. For obvious reasons she refers to the historical fact behind it only a little. That she should use the image at all, on the other hand, is characteristic of her attempts at realism. Her book suggests that Canada is having to work out now the effects of eigheenth-century colonialist war, in which the original protagonists have disappeared. Her work adds a unique dimension—realistic and supra-historical at once—to the political tracts of Canadian literary tradition.

While not always well served by the colloquial tone of the translator of parts of her book, and of her corrector of her own English version of other parts, Chaput-Rolland writes with the clearly articulated ideals of a traditional passionate Québécois, trained in a classical education. She is the member of a tradition fast dying out in her province's educational system, who is deeply worried about the new generations being brought up without it. Her book is a foray into the political sphere into which the values of this tradition (classical, religious and nationalistic at once), seek to reassert themselves in a contemporary world. *The Second Conquest: Reflections II* gives the reader neither hope nor despair for the success of this reassertion.

Dalhousie University A. N. Raspa

Feast of Stephen: An anthology of some of the less familiar writings of Stephen Leacock, with a critical introduction by Robertson Davies. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1970. Pp. 154. $5.95. Introduction available separately in paperback as *Stephen Leacock*, by Robertson Davies.

Canadian literature, as a field of study, is suffering from dropsy. Suddenly the subject has become fashionable: undergraduate enrolments are soaring; theses pour out of our graduate schools; corpulent in its middle age, *Canadian Literature* can no longer be read each time it arrives, but only sampled, like *PMLA*. Even Mordecai Richler has recently committed an anthology. There are twenty poets in the town where I live—one per thousand of population—and each of them has twenty critics, like the man going to St. Ives. But they are not going to St. Ives: indeed, rumour has it that Norman Levine is coming *back*.

Well, it's all groovy. But there's growth, and then there's dropsy. Canadian publishers, aware of a sudden new market for monographs, are rushing one series of studies after another into print. Books no longer find themselves presented, modestly, to publishers; publishers commission them. Has George Woodcock written a fine essay on Hugh MacLennan? Splendid: commission a book.

an eye for irony will be amused at the way Davies, in praising Leacock, somehow implies praise for his own lonely Toryism. It is not just that Davies is somewhat like Leacock; it is that Davies' Leacock bears a remarkable resemblance to Davies. Which is hardly ground for complaint: critics, like other writers, are sensitive to the themes that concern them personally. Those with a feeling for further irony will no doubt reflect that Donald Cameron's book on Leacock is heavily influenced by Donald Cameron.

Together, Leacock and Davies are capable of making a non-book, but not a *dull* non-book. And that is why, despite their crochets, we treasure them both.

University of New Brunswick DONALD CAMERON

Harpoon of the Hunter. By Markoosie. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1970. Pp. 81. $4.95.

Markoosie is an Eskimo, a commercial pilot and a fine story teller. First written in Eskimo to appear in the newsletter *Inuttituut* (which means Eskimo Way), *Harpoon of the Hunter* was translated into English by the author, who according to James H. McNeill in the Foreword "has the rare ability to tell a story in his own tongue and in ours".

This is the story of Kamik, the sixteen-year-old hunter who is the sole survivor of a disastrous hunt for a polar bear suspected of having rabies and so a menace to all life in the area. The young hunter's ordeal of hunger and cold and loneliness is told in strict chronological order, with interspersed sections to keep us informed about the measures being taken to rescue the missing hunters, gone for many sunrises. The courage and determination of Kamik is seen as typical of his people, the rescuers undergoing dangers almost equal to those of the young man alone and without dogs. There are even one or two touches of humour, but the tone is almost unceasingly tense and foreboding.

With the rescue of Kamik and the entrance of the lively and attractive Putooktee, the story seems to be heading to a happy ending with love and marriage and a new life in a new settlement "where there is much animal to feed many people". The sudden turn of events that leads to Kamik's decision that "only dead people find everlasting peace" is consistent with the descriptions of the people and their hard lives. "How could this world have so many pretty things and yet be so cruel?"

The book is handsomely turned out, with strong, simple, and effective illustrations by Germaine Arnaktauyok, an artist who lives at Frobisher Bay. The publishers tell us that this book, "an experiment in new methods of book production" was produced "by computerized composition, using an optical recognition

system". Although I am not sure what all this means, I am pleased with the results. This book seems to be a happy combination of author, artist and publisher.

Dalhousie University A. R. BEVAN

Soundings: New Canadian Poets. Edited by Jack Ludwig and Andy Wainwright. Toronto: Anansi Press, 1970. Pp. xii, 132.

Soundings is an anthology (proposed as an annual series) of Canadian poets who are not only new, but relatively unknown. Some have published in a variety of Canadian and U. S. little magazines and reviews, but most names will be unfamiliar except to *afficiandos* and friends.

Considering this fact, the collection is, overall, a very good one, and if *Soundings* is to become an annual event, it may be hard to duplicate the success of this volume in 1971. The technical scope is broad, from free and fragmented verse to epigrams, sonnets and found poetry. The editors, refreshingly, appear to have a catholic taste, and the range of mood is equally broad as a result, from conventional despair and bitterness to evocative meditation and solid wit and humour.

Of the fourteen poets represented, three are outstanding—Tom Wayman, Iqbal Ahmad and Deborah Eibel.

Tom Wayman writes mainly of himself (in the third person) in different roles. His free verse is easy and coherent as, for example, he portrays his sweaty fear as terrified airplane passenger:

> Now writing his last words in the sky
> Wayman begs . . . you to notice tonight when a plane passes
> Consider that Wayman may be aboard.

The mildly cynical turn of humour, coupled with a real sense of drama and character, emerges from "Getting Fired"—probably the best poem in *Soundings*. The poem is a monologue in which a Frosty, folksy senior academic colleague advises the difficult young rebel to depart the university without trouble, then, in the final line, turns tough sheriff to order the stranger out of town. The same sense of drama is seen in "Life on the *Land Grant Review*", where the poet sees himself with all the petty power of an assistant editor, shrieking, slashing, rejecting all comers in vengeance for his own past rejections. Other of Wayman's poems are portrayals of complex and unusual personal comment, such as "On Relating California Atrocity Tales" and "For the American Deserters".

More polished than the free verse of Wayman is that of Iqbal Ahmad, two of whose six poems are among the most genuinely witty to be seen in a long time. "Dangers of the Classics" depicts the same situation as Wayman's "Getting Fired" —the academic dismissal—and as well the difference in generation between the 25-year-old Wayman and the 50-year-old Ahmad. Wayman's academic apparently goes down on principle and politics; Ahmad's on a pregnant female student:

Life among the Platonic forms was high and dry
But he would earth at night
Classics spoilt him
He dreamed of Pythagorean thighs
. . . the wily swan
Of rushing bulls
Leaping rams
Ravishers from the north.

He ends in the college cafeteria:

Gleefully gorging
Out of work
But immortal.

Ahmad's "Woman Keeps her Head" is a bit of wit on the expulsion from Paradise that would be spoiled by comment here. Satirically humorous is "University", a houyhnhnm-land of horse sense, academic tension and discipline that produces "Some of the best mules in the country". In deep contrast to these poems is the moving meditation "The River", where the poet watches the evening fires of the burning ghats along the Ganges.

Surprising and touching are the four peoms of Deborah Eibel, two of which are strictly traditional sonnets. Of these, one, "My Father, Playing Father", is a deeply felt poem, the portrait of the errant father who comes home only "to leave again/To teach in distant households of our land". The pain of the deserted child and mother cries out:

My father, playing father, played the clown—
He prophesied for children not his own.

The other sonnet, "Homecoming", delicately presents the spinster cousin paying a harvest-time visit seeking the love of family, but finding only indifference. "Absalom Ballads" humorously imagines the Old Testament rebel as a "popular soldier-poet", writing ballads in a Tel Aviv café known as "Absalom's Place".

To single out these three poets should not be to overlook the excellencies of such as Bill Howell, whose moodily suggestive "From the Headland" explores anew that inexhaustible metaphor, the sea, where the seafaring voices

groan and overcome the quiet question
of the full night tide, and challenge the fog
with new warnings and old memories.

And, as crisp as any poem in *Soundings* is Howell's epigrammatic "Woman on the Mountain".

An interesting question of the relation of prose and verse arises in the two poems of Dale Zieroth and one of the poems of Richard Sommer. Zieroth's two pieces, "Father" and "The Hunters of the Deer", are both highly poetic compositions, the first a portrayal of the patriarch, the second of a lone woman in a world of male hunters, but as for sonic qualities, both seem to be excellent prose medita-

here,ranging from the sharply critical "Remarks on Bentham's Philosophy" (1833) to the posthumously published "Theism", one may trace his immense efforts to forge a secular ethic for his Age. That this ethic still permeates much of the social and political thinking of our own time adds yet another dimension of importance to this volume.

As in the case of most nineteenth-century liberals, *laissez-faire* doctrine with its emphasis on individual liberty constituted the matrix of Mill's thought, and it is not surprising that his moral philosophy bears the palpable imprint of Adam Smith and the Benthamites. There is, however, another strand woven into Mill's ethic: that of humanism which resulted in Mill figuring largely in the Victorian humanistic protest against the harsh results of attempts to pattern society after the model of the free market. Whereas *laissez-faire* seeks freedom for the individual to satisfy his material wants, humanism emphasizes freedom as a means by which man can best develop his humanity. The fabric of Mill's ethic is an attempt to combine these two strands. The warp derives from *laissez-faire*, the weft from humanism. To accomplish this he transforms the Benthamite ethic with its insistence on self-interest into what he calls a utilitarian ethic focussing on man's capacity for altruism. In other words, he transforms what Carlyle called the "pig philosophy" into a humane philosophy. Instead of elevating the strong over the weak, the propertied over the propertyless, Mill's ethic would elevate the virtuous over the wicked, the altruistic over the selfish. By the introduction of humanist qualitative criteria to enlarge the Benthamite notion of pleasure, Mill argues that his ethic encompasses all of the highest ideals upheld by rival philosophies and religion. He asserts in fact that "in the golden rule of Jesus of Nazareth, we read the complete spirit of the ethics of utility. To do as one would be done by, and to love one's neighbor as oneself, constitute the ideal perfection of utilitarian morality." The logic by which Mill arrived at his final position has been and will continue to be disputed. But this is not our concern here. What is of concern is that critic and apologist alike may now rejoice that Professor Robson's careful editing has produced authoritative texts from which new investigations can start.

The reader interested in following the development of Mill's moral philosophy will find much help from F. E. L. Priestley's Introduction, which attempts "to follow the patterns of thought, and the patterns of exposition, in the successive works included here, and to treat them in terms of the history of ideas—in this case the development of Mill's ideas—and in terms of rhetoric, or what might be called strategy or tactics of presentation and argument." This Introduction consists of separate commentaries on each work, thus ensuring that none of the lesser-known pieces are ignored, for example, the review of Blakey's *History of Moral Science*, of Sedgwick's *Discourse*, and of Whewell's writings on moral philosophy. Moreover, the discussions of the famous essays on Bentham and Coleridge, *Utilitarianism*, the *Three Essays on Religion*, and on *Auguste Comte and Positivism* are stimulat-

ingly fresh in approach. The commentary on Comte is especially interesting and confirms the feeling that in the past too little attention has been accorded this work.

For those concerned most with Mill's mature moral philosophy from a modern approach to ethics, D. P. Dryer undertakes a detailed analysis of *Utilitarianism.* This essay and Professor Priestley's Introduction along with Professor Robson's Textual Introduction provide in themselves a substantial contribution to Mill studies. The Toronto edition of Mill's works is clearly proving itself a project of great utility.

Dalhousie University C. J. MYERS

Beyond Formalism: Literary Essays 1958-1970. By Geoffrey H. Hartman. New Haven and London: Yale University Press [Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press], 1970. Pp. xiii, 396. $13.75.

The reasons for publishing Geoffrey Hartman's *Literary Essays 1958-1970* are questionable. He is a well known critic, the author of three books, *The Unmediated Vi ion* (1954), *Andre Ma:raux* (1960), *Wordsworth's Poetry, 1787-1814* (1964), and editor of *Hopkins: A Collection of Critical Essays* (1966). This collection of essays does not therefore make accessible the work of a writer who may otherwise be overlooked. Most of the articles collected are from eminently reputable journals, stocked by almost all libraries. Six have already been collected and published in books. The volumes containing these six essays were published in 1962, 1965, 1966 (two), 1968 and 1969. They can hardly be said to be shrouded in the mists of the past.

Accessible as these essays are, there could still be an argument in favor of a new collection, if a volume of pure Hartman (1958-1970) had an intrinsic value. And it is here that *Beyond Formalism* is most disappointing. Despite the claim on its dust jacket the book is not a "cohesive harvesting of essays by one of America's foremost younger critics." Cohesion is one of its least apparent virtues. From broad theoretic discussions of topics such as "Structuralism" and "Formalism", the reader moves on to close readings of a passage from Milton or a poem by Marvell. The essays do not reveal a consistent attitude, nor do they provide a cumulative insight into the critic's values. They are as varied as their topics, and can only be useful to a reader seeking specific insight into their specific concerns. Their depressingly academicised tone and heavily footnoted manner further restrict their appeal to a narrow audience of professionals. The book costs $13.75.

Mr. Hartman's erudition is considerable—and always in evidence. In the footnotes he directs his reader to the history of scholarly arguments peripheral to his main discussion; occasionally passes judgment on past debates; suggests further reading; traces appropriate patterns in other cultures and literatures. The result is inevitable. *Beyond Formalism* is not only turgid. Its turgidity is compounded by

Mr. Hartman's natural bent for abstraction in language and thought. If there is any general tendency indicated in this collection it is that Mr. Hartman has been increasingly attracted to theoretic discussion. The essays published earlier tend to be more limited in range, or on specific works. Those published later tend increasingly to deal with wider issues, as their titles indicate: "Structuralism: The Anglo American Adventure" (1966); "Beyond Formalism" (1966); "Ghostlier Demarcations: The Sweet Science of Northrop Frye" (1966); "The Voice of the Shuttle: Language from the Point of View of Literature" (1969).

In the Introduction the writer explains his broader aims in this way:

> If literature joins in the quest for a truth or objectivity transcending it, the critic becomes something of a philosopher. He considers literary works as engaged reflection on personal myths and communal dreams, consciousness of consciousness in its mixed state of freedom and dependency. I hope bringing literary criticism closer to philosophy (in its most liberal aspect) meets no objection.

One's objections to bringing literary criticism closer to philosophy depend on whether or not it is philosophy "in its most liberal aspect" which is being approximated. Mr. Hartman's philosophical manner is often absurd. Here is a self-contained paragraph which is too representative not to be quoted in full:

> We approach here a critique of Frye. His archetypes are defined primarily as communicable symbols. They are neo-Kantian forms that serve to objectify our experience of art. Unlike the archetypes of Jung, which have too much content and may therefore overwhelm consciousness, those of Frye have as little content as wavelengths. But media are not mediations: their structure is quite different. Whereas mediation is always precarious, media have the fixity of Kant's synthetic a priori. "The medium is the message", as one slogan puts it. The term *archetype*, however, like *principle*, is in etymological tension with the meaning Frye imposes. Both words suggest a *valeur d'origine*, and our distance from it. Whether we think of Plato or Jung, *archetype* infers a radical discontinuity between firsts and seconds, between original and copies. Mediation is, as it were, a "third" which allows us to return to an origin, to recover, if only at moments, some link between second and first. Technology's Midas touch, however, has turned all things into duplicates; and media, as distinguished from mediations, prevent the possibility of transcendence. (p. 14)

Mr. Hartman instinctively writes in abstract terms like these. The passage quoted comes from his essay, "Ghostlier Demarcation: The Sweet Science of Northroy Frye". A similar approach can be seen in the following passage from "Toward Literary History":

> The plea for literary history merges here with that for phenomenology, or consciousness studied in its effort to "appear". Consciousness can try to objectify itself, to disappear into its appearances, or to make itself a vocation *as* consciousness. Social anthropology is involved because rites of acculturation and the structure of public life provide many of the collective forms that could allow self-objectification. Indeed, the very multiplicity of terms used to characterize the dynamics of phenomenology (appearance, manifestation, individualism, emergence, being-in-the world) imply a concern which incorporates the human sciences, or all sciences to the extent that they are humane. (pp. 368-9)

It is not only when discussing general topics that Mr. Hartman instinctively turns to abstractions. In the midst of a detailed exegesis of Marvell's "The Nymph Com-

plaining for the Death of her Faun" he sums up a list of "little descriptive diminutive poems" with this comment: "The very range of the tradition, however, may be a result of the fact that the recurrent and operative topos of much-in-little constitutes a poetics as well as a theme: it is a defense of poetry's *ignobile otium*, the trivial yet mystical or contemplative nature of art." (pp. 178-9) This last sentence is slightly more accessible than the two passages quoted previously. But it is a depressing reflection on the state of literary studies that "one of America's foremost younger critics" (see dust jacket) should cram journals and book collections with writing of this kind.

In spite of a generally tiresome wordiness, Mr. Hartman's style can be invigorating, however. The range of his learning is remarkable. From time to time one is forced to admire the presence of an impressive mind, organising and illuminating widely diverse material. At such moments even the writing changes. The best of Mr. Hartman's technique can be illustrated in a passage that comes from a rambling essay entitled "The Maze of Modernism: MacNeice, Graves, Hope, Lowell and Others". It consists of a stringing together of earlier reviews of separate volumes of poetry. In the midst of this seemingly directionless *collage* Hartman suddenly focuses clearly on a significant problem. He is describing Ginsberg reading to a crowded, indoor stadium in which the public address system has suddenly broken down:

> Ginsberg that evening could not have turned off his audience had he wanted to: they kept listening patiently to the suddenly mute swirl of words issuing from his beard.
>
> The public address system as fate—Ginsberg adjusts to it with detachment and humor. It helps him prophesy, in the old sense of speaking out. Did not the prophets themselves use symbols which were magnifications? But one cannot forget how liable they felt—how, like Jonah, they fled from before God, voice and feet stumbling. Will the school of Ginsberg have listeners as well as audiences, those for whom the outer voice becomes an inner voice, beating like another heart? Those who can live with the poem rather than the occasion? (p. 273)

The insight and good sense of moments like this contrast sharply with the woolliness of the other passages I have quoted. Mr. Hartman can write effectively as a critic who illustrates that "literature joins in the quest for a truth or objectivity transcending it". But by and large he emerges in this collection as wordily pedantic.

Dalhousie University ROWLAND SMITH

Pierre Berton. *The National Dream: the Great Railway, 1871-1881.* Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1970. Pp. xiv, 439. $8.95.

It is always difficult to resist a book by a man who relishes his subject. Pierre Berton has a remarkably good tale to tell, and he has enjoyed telling it. He writes with verve, with an excellent eye for the telling point, and combines both, occasionally in a neat turn of characterization. Lord Dufferin "had just turned fifty and was still devilishly handsome." (p. 201). That does suit Dufferin! Liveliness

ought not to be allowed to slip into picturesque exaggeration too often; I wonder how many Victorian gentlemen were greeted on New Year's Day in Canada by "well-bustled matrons with puckered lips and full decanters"? (p. 2) But that sort of thing is perhaps the defect of virtues.

Mr. Berton has a western orientation that is immensely refreshing. There is fresh air in this book; Ottawa politics are often fascinating, but they are never served up here to the exclusion of that sense of the west that properly is the theme of the book. The book's great quality is, in fact, its sense of space; the reader is never allowed to escape from the clutches of the country. Its geography, its sense of being, are with him all the time. That is marvellous.

It is not unknown for academic historians to make fun of what they are sometimes pleased to call "popular" historians. I do not share such views; I admire many "popular" historians. History would be a poorer and drearier subject were it not for some impressively talented historians, like Mr. Berton, who are not academic historians and do not want to be. I find it difficult not to be impatient with high-minded and, now at least, financially secure colleagues who rip apart the efforts of the devoted amateur historians. Some of the popular historians have to live by what they write; academics get paid every day, whether they write or not. There is a good deal of difference.

That being understood, I have also to say what I think is weak in Mr. Berton's book. That is best described as a number of little things. Perhaps little things do not matter. It may be illustrative of the picayune academic mind that I raise them. How much weight can one put on the book, in trusting it and relying on it? The story, broadly, is true; but one must not press too hard on details. Not all details, just some of them. That is the rub: which ones? Every quotation that I was in a position to check against at least my version of the original document had something wrong with it. Omissions were not all noted, a word or two was changed, nearly always rather unimportant omissions or changes. But occasionally a word or two missed out can make a difference.

Berton, p. 343: "it did not exceed $5,000 a mile."
Original document: "it did not much exceed $5,000 a mile."

Berton, p. 38: "meat, morning, noon and night until I could have cried for joy to have seen some fresh fruit."
Original document: "meat, morning, noon and night until I could have cried for joy to have seen some of the fresh fruit I was used to in Ontario."

Berton, p. 123: "I hate . . . everything to do with politics."
Original document: "I hate . . . everything I know of that is apparently the necessary incident of politics."

The references, too, are occasionally wrong. In those I checked there are

several errors. The reference on p. 357 to Vol. 267 of the Macdonald Papers (a letter from D. MacArthur to Macdonald, Dec. 24, 1880), is incorrect. The reference should be Vol. 127; that is where the letter is. The one reference to the *Dalhousie Review* is out by 20 years: 1947 should be 1967. It is easy to make these kinds of mistakes, and we all do it; everyone knows that the apparatus of quotations and references needs careful staffwork. I'm not convinced that this book has had that care with detail that it deserves. There is an old Russian proverb, "The footsteps of the master cultivate the soil." I would have liked more footsteps of the master in this book.

The research, for all its range and its occasional brilliance, seems oddly thin in places where it need not have been. The steel rail question (p. 248) is treated almost wholly on the basis of a Conservative Royal Commission report of 1882. Mackenzie's own private papers suggest a rather different story, *i.e.* that Mackenzie made a bad guess and little more. He had had expert advice suggesting that it was a good time to buy steel rails. Were the Mackenzie Papers read carefully enough? And was the evidence from them judiciously appraised? One suspects not. The impression one has, not infrequently, is of a book written out on the very edge of research. When that happens—it can happen to any of us when the evidence gets thin—one bit of new evidence is sufficient to break away parts of the structure. Most of us allow for that either by going after other evidence, or by saying that the existing evidence is very thin, and warning the reader that conclusions are necessarily tentative. There is a little too much unjustified certainty in Mr. Berton's writing.

It is thus in these dry, tough, ungrateful, mean little areas that the book goes wrong. These require the discipline of History and self-discipline on the part of historians working on it. Another good non-academic historian, Edward Gibbon, once described his work on the land tenures of the later Roman Empire: "un travail sec et ingrat, mais quand on construit un édifice, il faut en creuser les fondements." A good motto for any historian.

Let us by all means have more good books from Mr. Berton; the talent certainly is there; let us have just a bit more of the grubby, dreary old patience of the detective, as well as the detective's flair and imagination. Patience is surely the easier virtue to acquire.

Dalhousie University P. B. Waite

Wordsworth and the Great System. By Geoffrey Durrant. Cambridge University Press, 1970. Pp. viii, 180.

To see Wordsworth at work in Dove Cottage is to see him at the still centre of his Newtonian universe—his, because the Lake District, like a jewel suspended from the north-west corner of England, is peculiarly his:

> Embrace me then, ye Hills, and close me in,
> Now in the clear and open day I feel
> Your guardianship;
>
> . . . .
>
> No where . . . can be found,
> The one sensation that is here; 'tis here,
>
> . . . .
>
> 'Tis, but I cannot name it, 'tis the sense
> Of majesty, and beauty, and repose,
> A blended holiness of earth and sky,
> Something that makes this individual Spot,
> This small Abiding-place of many Men,
> A termination, and a last retreat,
> A Centre, . . .
> A Whole without dependence or defect,
> Made for itself; and happy in itself,
> Perfect Contentment, Unity entire.
>
> *The Recluse* (Pt. 1, Bk. I)

Written shortly after Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy had settled at Grasmere in December, 1799, these lines celebrate both his joy in being at home and his awareness of the cosmic life around him. Even the rivers, noduled with lakes and radiating outward from the still centre of "this individual Spot" like spokes from the hub of a wheel, reminded the poet of Newton's turning world and confirmed his place within that world. The message is a useful point of departure for a few remarks on *Wordsworth and the Great System.*

Professor Geoffrey Durrant's thesis in this work is that Wordsworth "felt the greatest reverence for Newton", and wrote poems—created "acts of mind"—in order to translate Newton's world-view into "feelings", but that, in spite of these feelings, the combined might of Newton and Wordsworth can offer no more than a "tragic insight" to the meaning of life.

Though we must always associate Newton with that delightful picture of the boy Wordsworth, who "Stopp'd short" while skating to observe that

> the solitary Cliffs
> Wheeled by [him], even as if the earth had roll'd
> With visible motion her diurnal round,

Professor Durrant does well to remind us of the poet's interest in science. He does better to show us the uses to which the poet puts the scientist. In his analyses of many of Wordsworth's more familiar poems he provides a fresh approach and thus broadens our appreciation of Wordsworth, especially by drawing our attention to recurrent imagery in poetry designed to maintain the sweep of the Newtonian cosmos while, at the same time, focusing our attention on the common objects of our everyday world. His work must stimulate students to compare his book with others in the canon of Wordsworth criticism, for the author's argument is everywhere consistent with his thesis though not, alas, with the spirit of Wordworth's poetry.

The author clarifies the double nature of Wordsworth's poetic universe: the outer world of Newton and nature, and the inner world of the human mind. Imagination, one need hardly say, is the agency by which objective nature is transmuted into human emotions that may be bodied forth in poetry. For him, too, Wordsworth's world is one of relationships and, in accord with the author's scientific thesis, the spatial and durational ones seem to take precedence over the emotional and human. Images of "star" and "stone" extend familiar nature to the dimensions of the Newtonian universe whilst man—the "flower" in the author's patterning of Wordsworth's images—is left to blossom unhappily during his brief hour of conscious existence between "star" and "stone".

Relationships never seem to be more than geometric and durational. His approach to the Lucy poems is a case in point. "Strange Fits of Passion", for example, is

> a subtly worked out account of the relationship between man's inadequate sense of time, at the mercy of his hopes and illusions, and the absolute movement of the earth and the planets which is the 'everlasting stream' upon which life is borne away.

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"Lucy will sooner or later die", he argues, "as surely as the moon must set". But in Wordsworth, by the same law, her lover must as surely grieve in the loss of her presence as he has known her; universal law is not in opposition with, and indifferent to, human love, as Professor Durrant argues. For Wordsworth, universal law *is* the law of love. The poet demonstrates this in "Three Years She Grew", another Lucy poem which Professor Durrant does not examine. In this poem Nature takes Lucy to himself, and himself becomes her "law and impulse". As the motion of the moon in "Strange Fits" reflects the action of the Newtonian universe, so here in "Three Years" the Lucy gathered to Nature's self has ceased to be a mere reflection like the moon, but has indeed become part of the larger reality. She is at one with that interfused "presence"

> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns;
> And in the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

Again, in his analysis of "The Daffodils", he sees the flowers as "forming part of an order from which man is exiled". Professor Durrant thus emphasizes "the poignant sense of the difference" between the being of daffodils and human being. His interpretation cancels Wordsworth's high purpose in *The Prelude* to show that the "individual Mind" and the "external World" are "exquisitely fitted" to each other. Nor does he agree, apparently, that the infant on its mother's breast is "no outcast" in the world because,

> Along his infant veins are interfused
> The gravitation and the filial bond
> Of nature that connect him with the world.

Though Newton's world may be mechanical and necessitarian, Wordsworth's is not. Evidently determined to avoid labelling Wordsworth with pantheism, Professor Durrant is unwilling to recognize H. W. Piper's "active principle in each natural form and in the whole of nature" by which Man and Nature commune as one spirit. But Wordsworth, like Coleridge—as Professor Abrams has suggested—felt that "the life transfused into the mechanical motion of the universe is one with the life in man", that "everything has a life of its own", and that "we are all *One Life.*"

The title of the "Immortality Ode" suggests, not only that Wordsworth himself believed in immortality, but also that he wrote intimations of his belief into his poem. Though these intimations may be no more than honest "questionings", "first affections", or "shadowy recollections", they are sufficient to rouse the poet to share anew with all creatures the joy manifested in the world of nature. He is therefore content with the "prison-house". For there, amidst the "blended holiness of earth and sky", his "human heart" goes out in "primal sympathy" to "the mean-

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est flower that blows"—goes out continuously until his release from the "prison-house" brings the "Perfect Contentment, Unity entire" that both he and Lucy know.

A treatise on the scientific aspects of Wordsworth's thought was badly needed. In taking up *Wordsworth and the Great System* one hoped, however, to find an attitude akin to the feeling of mystery that accompanies contemporary scientific research and one rather more in accord, therefore, with the spirit of Wordsworth's poetry.

Dalhousie University A. J. HARTLEY

Prince of Publishers. By Harry M. Geduld. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1969. Pp. 245. $6.75.

This well-produced scholarly volume is a work of importance and will be assigned a place of significance in the annals of bibliography. It resurrects from oblivion the fascinating history of a forgotten librarian-publisher whose name was once inextricably linked with Dryden's, and whose bibliophile genius had stimulated the fancy of poets and playwrights of his time. This study brings to light the life and achievements of Jacob Tonson, Dryden's publisher, and depicts a panorama of two hundred and fifty years ago, when in a dilapidated, inconspicuous bookshop, long since vanished, Tonson ran a publishing firm which for more than half a century had remained the frequent haunt of nobles and men of letters. The narrative captures the aroma of that bygone era, when the stationer, bookseller, publisher and librarian used to be one single individual.

Presenting the tale in a wider context, the author attempts to trace the history of English publishing since the abolition of Star Chamber in 1641 and the Humble Remonstrance of 1643. He discusses the rights of the authors, and privileges of the Stationers' Company, the ordinances of the licensing of the British Press, and also the then prevalent practice of piracy in the book-trade. This builds up the picture of the shifting literary environment of the period of the Restoration and after, linking it with the rise of the middle classes and the reading tastes of feminine readers.

Jacob Tonson, bookseller-publisher-scholar, was the proprietor of Shakespeare's Head, an unpretentious publishing and bookselling firm of Dryden's day. Little remembered today, but a noted celebrity of his time, famed for his charm of friendship, Tonson with his resilient personality beckons to us from an age of great English characters. His rotund grotesque figure with a face like a freckled bulldog with leering eyes, attired in a threadbare cloak, and wearing his characteristic turban, has been immortalized in Kneller's portrait. Sometimes notoriously cantankerous and overbearingly assertive, this lexicographer and etymologist was of an epicurean and hedonistic turn: a heavy drinker, a veteran gormandizer, an inveterate gambler, the garrulous, eccentric bachelor was noted for his brusque manners

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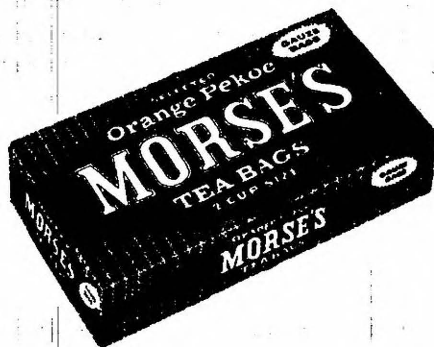

MORSE'S

and unkempt appearance. But above all, he was the Prince of Publishers who attracted the notice of poet and peer alike.

Born in a family of booksellers, from a minor figure in the London book-trade, Tonson rose to be a legendary figure, who for more than half a century shed lustre on the publishing world, having been associated with every major and minor writer of his time, whom he sumptuously entertained at bumper drinking parties. Professor Geduld narrates the incidents of Tonson's life, his partnerships and several business ventures: how he travelled abroad negotiating import and export trade in books from the continent, and how his business was linked with the Kit-Cat Club of which he was the enduringly popular secretary. From these pages emerges the character-study of a man of sound classical education, a man of enterprise gifted with entrepreneurial and personal qualities. The author provides admirable fleeting glimpses of Tonson's moments engaged in correcting proofs and passing judgment on manuscripts. Tonson retired in 1720, but until his death in 1736 he kept himself feverishly busy.

Familiar perhaps to bibliophiles alone, but now resurrected by Professor Geduld, it is now revealed that Tonson left an indelible impact upon the development of English taste and literature of the eighteenth century. Familiar with Restoration taste, he published a wide variety of works by the fashionable playwrights of the period. He was responsible for the improvement of typography, and admirably produced volumes poured from his press during the first forty years of the eighteenth century. He introduced two generations of writers to a new reading public. Tonson's own edition of *Miscellany*, a rare collection of verse, spans the development of non-dramatic poetry over a stretch of thirty years, faithfully reflecting the changing taste of an entire generation.

Tonson's was a career of unbroken prosperity. Affluent in advancing years, he drifted more and more toward classical scholarship. His edited works were considered remarkable for meticulous and textual accuracy. He revived interest in Milton for whom he had a great esteem, stimulated Shakesperean scholarship, created new literary interests among the miscellaneous reading public, and encouraged controversial and authoritative criticism. Those were the times which inaugurated an era of close relationship between the author and publisher.

Alexander Pope, whose *Pastorals* he printed, considered him encyclopaedic, and was impressed by his wit and spirit; Wycherley referred to Tonson as "the gentleman-usher to the Muses". Swift, on the other hand, was affected by Tonson's pig-headed credulity. But with Dryden it was a long and intimate association for over twenty years, productive of fruitful literary work. The poet and the publisher were inseparable, exploring uncharted regions and looking for surprise and excitement. Tonson was Dryden's special publisher and issued volumes of the poet's works to suit the widest range of pockets and purses. Professor Geduld unfolds

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the story of a great literary friendship, and tells us how through Tonson's editions Dryden rose to prominence.

This book is not only the revivification of an individual life but also the study of a movement in the world of letters. Professor Geduld has gleaned his materials from out-of-the-way scattered sources, and produced a very erudite work of scholarship. One is struck by the accuracy of details, and the references open up new vistas of further research. Exhaustive appendices and several ornamental reproductions of old cover bindings enrich this publication. The quality of paper and print is exceedingly good, but one objects to the infuriating way in which the footnotes have been bundled together in the end which makes the reader go in two places simultaneously.

Dalhousie University DEVENDRA P. VARMA

Six Classic American Writers: An Introduction. Edited by Sherman Paul. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1970. Pp. 271. $8.50.

The University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers are, as a rule, helpful summaries of the writers they treat. Originally published separately, and conceived independently, six of these pamphlets are now republished in a volume unified more by the hardcover binding than by the editor's introductory essay.

Minor changes have been made in some pamphlets—a typesetting alteration here, a trivial change of phrase there. The most significant modification is in Edward L. Hirsh's essay on Longfellew, where an expanded conclusion improves his treatment of the *Christus.* The most disingenuous interpolation occurs in Josephine Miles' study of Emerson. Unchanged in any important way since it appeared in 1964, her essay now includes this sentence: "The downrightness of Franklin, the elegance of Irving, the sentiment of Longfellow, the outreaching sublimity of Whitman, all have their part in [Emerson's] world, as compacted in his own terms." Although general enough to be true of Emerson and many other writers, the observation is, considered specifically, irrelevant to anything in the Emerson "chapter", and it did not occur to Miles in 1964. Franklin, Irving, and Longfellow have been dragged in by the heels in a contrived effort to suggest unity in a book which has little beyond the fact that all the writers are Americans.

Similar gestures have been made to update bibliographies, and the reader will notice that the section devoted to Current American Reprints in the pamphlets has been dropped—perhaps because the essays are no longer meant for an age, but for all time.

An index has been added containing such items as "Prussia", which, entered without quotation marks, suggests a reference to the German state but actually leads one to Franklin's "An Edict by the King of Prussia". We also find "Pfaff's beer cellar", and there are two entries for *Hiawatha*—one referring to the poem

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and one to the "fictional character". Why two entries were needed when everything said about poem and savage can be found in the space of five pages is not easy to surmise, but one suspects that the principle governing the index was not selective; rather it was to include every proper noun in the volume. There are also entries controlled by the names of the authors.

Sherman Paul's introduction briefly surveys shifting critical fashions and attempts to unify the collection by discovering some principle shared by the critics represented in this book. The principle he finds is that these critics, unlike their predecessors, accept the fact that the authors they deal with are solidly established in literary history and tradition. Consequently, the critic is free to concentrate on their art, on their accomplishment as men of letters. Only Leon Edel's essay on Thoreau diverges from this principle.

Since five of the six pamphlets were in print by 1964, it is unnecessary to review them in detail. The studies of Franklin, Irving, and Longfellow are interesting, balanced, and informative, while Josephine Miles' stimulating introduction to Emerson falls only a little short of the high standard set by Richard Chase's perceptive essay on Whitman. The Thoreau pamphlet is recent enough (1970) to deserve some attention.

"I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew as well", says Thoreau in the opening paragraphs of *Walden*. With semi-serious wit, Thoreau expresses the transcendentalist's faith in the infinitude of the individual, a nineteenth-century restatement of the microcosm concept that enabled writers as separate in time as Sir Thomas Browne and Emerson to reveal the universal in the particular—to learn timeless moral lessons from self-scrutiny. Leon Edel neither sees the significance nor detects the tone of Thoreau's remark. Peering through Freud-coloured glasses, Edel sketches a Thoreau who is an eccentric egotist in whom "strange tensions run below the surface". Crippled by living in a houseful of women, doting on his mother and her cookie jar, Thoreau carelessly set the Concord woods afire "out of disdain for his fellowmen" and as a release for his "inner rage and malaise".

After saddling Thoreau with an Oedipus complex, Edel proceeds to challenge the integrity of the Walden experiment with arguments as hoary as Lowell's. The negative connotations of the word *pretend* appeal to Edel: Thoreau "pretended that he lived self-sufficiently in the wilderness"; *Walden* "is a work of art pretending to be a documentary". Where Edel could have spoken of Walden as a work written *in the style of* a documentary, he prefers a word suggesting deceit and hypocrisy. Examples of Thoreau's duplicity are numerous: a plastered cabin, borrowed tools, and visitors. Edel delights in quoting Lowell's list of Thoreau's borrowings, meanwhile failing to consider the obvious question that if Thoreau really was trying to hoodwink his audience into accepting a myth of self-sufficiency, why did he go to such pains to reveal in *Walden* all the details that could easily be used against him?

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Why, for instance, tell us that he borrowed an axe, or why describe in detail the plastering of the cabin? Like Lowell, Edel mistakes the point of the Walden experiment. Thoreau's intention was not to eliminate all dependency, but to simplify needs. Nor was Thoreau trying to find a way to live without society—he was trying to find a way to live *with* it. The man who openly writes of his trips to town, his chats with woodchoppers, farmers, and railroad workers, who speaks with pleasure of his visitors—as many as twenty-five or thirty at one time—is hardly pretending that he is living a rugged primitivistic life at Walden.

Compared with the sage Kamo-No Chomei, Thoreau lacked the commitment needed to turn his Walden experiment into a way of life. Edel's reasoning apparently is: 1. Kamo-No Chomei was a true sage; 2. He lived in his hut for thirty years; 3. Therefore, a true sage must live in his hut for thirty years. That commitment to a way of life requires thirty years in a hut may not seem convincing to everyone, but the point, of course, has nothing to do with time anyway. Thoreau never thought of Walden as the *only* way of life. On the contrary, a fundamental belief of transcendentalism, the idea of variety in unity—that all are part of one great whole, that all paths converge in the Oversoul—taught Thoreau that Walden was one full experience among infinite possibilities. In "Economy" he counsels a young man (conceived in the image of the youth of the parable in Matthew 19: 16-22) not to imitate his way of life, for "before he has fairly learned it I may have found out another for myself".

The misinterpretations, faulty logic, and slanted inferences in Edel's study defy detailed discussion. Three examples follow. Thoreau and Joyce do not discover universality in Concord and Dublin, they read significance *into* these places; Thoreau's use of paradox is seen neither positively as a virtue, nor neutrally as a fact of style, but negatively as an "addiction"; Thoreau's aversion to success results from a "morbid" fear of becoming enslaved to his accomplishments. In the last example, through a well-chosen adjective, Edel transforms Thoreau's philosophical strength in resisting worldly success into psychological abnormality.

Edel's basic fault is his unwillingness to see *Walden* as a work of art, though few works are more openly artistic than Thoreau's poetic account of symbolic rejuvenation through nature. While Edel acknowledges that *Walden* might be treated as a work of the imagination, he aligns himself with "literary history . . . in bondage to truth". But Edel is not in bondage to truth; his bonds are those of that twentieth-century Idol of the Cave, Amateur Psychoanalysis. This spectre leads him to inferences about conscious and unconscious intentions reminiscent of A. J. A. Waldock's reasonings about *Paradise Lost.* Disproportionate emphasis on Thoreau's personal aberrations obscures the writer's rich wit, irony, and humour. Although an experienced reader can glean some grains of useful criticism from this provocative pamphlet, the essay is seriously misleading as an introduction to Thor-

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eau. One of Dr. Johnson's remarks, slightly modified, suggests itself: "Sir, your essay is both good and original: unfortunately, where it is good it is not original, and where it is original it is not good."

Prior to publication of *Six Classic American Writers*, anyone wanting to add these six pamphlets to his library could do so for under six dollars. Now one can own all six in a lavender binding for $8.50. Poor Richard would remonstrate.

Dalhousie University S. A. Cowan

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