

## Book Reviews

*The Journals and Letters of Sir Alexander Mackenzie.* Edited by W. Kaye Lamb.  
Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1970.

Kaye Lamb reminds one of the European scholar about whom it was asked, "Does he contribute to learned journals?", to which it was replied, "He founds them." Lamb's role as Provincial Librarian and Archivist in British Columbia, as Librarian at U.B.C. and, supremely, as Dominion Archivist and first incumbent of the National Library, together with his ceaseless research into historical documents, give him the status of a founding father of Canadian studies.

This edition of Mackenzie's journals and letters is a definitive one. Lamb's introduction not only traces Mackenzie's whole career, but adds a good deal of information about the fur trade. The journals and correspondence are profusely and illuminatingly annotated. The maps from the original 1801 edition of the voyages are reproduced and modern maps are provided for comparison. A portion is shown of one of Peter Pond's maps.

One might suppose that the primary value of this definitive edition is that it has at last filled in all the gaps, recovered unknown correspondence and laid to rest the whole problem of Alexander Mackenzie. On the contrary, a re-reading of the famous journals in the additional light of Lamb's editorial additions serves to stimulate fresh thinking about the life and times of their hero.

Mackenzie was, without doubt, heroic. No application of our now fashionable apparatus of denigration can remove this distinction from him. The initiative for the two great Voyages, it becomes clear, was his own. His capacity for leadership was exceptional, partly because he literally led by going foremost into dangerous and difficult situations and partly because he had the faculty of gaining the complete confidence of his crew. His objectives were precise and crucially important. His tactics were almost flawless. His success in no way surprises the reader; obstacles, natural and man-made, must yield, we sense, before such determined energy. What is surprising is the unexpected truth of Mackenzie's remark at the conclusion of his account of the two voyages of exploration: "I have now resumed the character of a trader." His efforts to persuade the British Government to establish trading posts and a naval presence on the Pacific coast; his sustained quarrel with Lord Selkirk over the Red River settlement; his failure to understand that the fur-trade was based on a resource rapidly wasting away; his imaginative grasp of world-wide transport, international trade and British commercial opportunities; these, positive or negative as they may be, all go to show what Mackenzie was first, last and always a trader.

Between the lines of Lamb's Introduction and of Mackenzie's letters one can sense the instability of the whole North American fur trade. However they might

combine and recombine, the traders never ceased to be in bitter and aggressive competition for a resource that would only furnish a sustained yield under careful and restrained management. This it never received. As David Thompson noted, "When the arrival of the White People had changed all their weapons from stone to iron and steel and added the fatal gun, every animal fell before the Indian." What no one ever seems to have noticed is that, fundamentally, the fur-trade was a completely futile and senseless enterprise. It did not result in warm clothing for those classes in Europe and Asia most exposed to the cold but in the beaver hat, an article of fashion, in sea-otter robes for Chinese officialdom and in fur tippets for ladies who least needed them.

The harsh side of the fur-trade was in keeping with the general harshness of life at that time. Lamb quotes a statement about William Combe, who so deftly edited the voyages for Mackenzie, that from "1799 to the end of his life, Combe was in the King's Bench Prison for debt." As he lived until 1823, one can only hope that the word "intermittently" should be inserted.

A harsh society may evoke complementary virtues of courage, resource and considerateness. Mackenzie's birthplace was Stornoway, where a rigorous climate, an infertile terrain and a tradition of clan warfare had produced a race of tough, resourceful, wary and diplomatic men. It is seldom realized that Scots formed in this tradition must have found the American North-West a pleasant country. Game and fish in abundance; inexhaustible supplies of wood to build with or to burn; friendly Indians, willing to trade; remoteness from bureaucratic elements in the East; crews that had all the resourcefulness and endurance for which French Canada was famous; and the opportunity to retire to Scotland, having made one's fortune. These advantages the servants of the North-West Company exploited with courage and dash, joined with wisdom and moderation. Their conduct is in striking contrast with the behaviour of the nondescript crews of maritime vessels raiding the west coast for furs.

Many other questions are aroused by these well-documented pages. How do we see the Indian, if we look through Mackenzie's eyes? or if we look over Mackenzie's shoulder? or if we take a bird's-eye view of the whole history of the North-West? What the Indian gave—the structure of the canoe, his skills in hunting and trapping, his compliance with this invasion by whites—worked to the fur traders' advantage. What the Indian received—arms, tools, utensils, blankets, clothing, some liquor and tobacco—proved of only temporary benefit; his society was not strengthened or improved.

Similarly, how do we ultimately see the voyageurs? Were the seeds of Riel's "rebellions" already present, though dormant, in Mackenzie's canoes? No one has quite connected all the links between these apparently contented, loyal crewmen and the embittered Métis of the next generation.

A final question concerns Mackenzie's role in the validation of British claims

to what are now the provinces of Alberta and to the whole basin of the river that bears his name. When the weaknesses of historical reconstruction based on retrospect and possibilities have all been allowed for, Mackenzie still stands out firmly as one of the main reasons that Kaye Lamb, who first saw the light of day in B.C., was not born an American or Russian citizen.

Most good books dealing with Canada end by overwhelming the reader with a vision of the land itself, this great country so much bigger and more impressive than we ourselves seem. This book is no exception. Its editor has travelled back and forth, in historical time and geographical space, to create the fine enveloping web of cross-references that alone can give us a complete understanding of the events.

It would be uncharitable to ask for more. But when a second edition of this indispensable work appears could we suggest the reprinting, not merely of a detail from one of Peter Pond's maps, but, in their entirety, the three bits of cartographic salesmanship by which that extraordinary man tried to persuade the Empress Catherine, the Congress in Washington and the Colonial office in London that the Athabasca region was open to Russian, to American and to British penetration? They would add that touch of the light-hearted and light-headed that Canadian history needs, to relieve its sober and earnest story of achievement.

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ROY DANIELLS

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*A Scrupulous Meanness: A Study of Joyce's Early Work.* By Edward Brandabur. Urbana, Illinois: University of Illinois Press, 1971. Pp. ix, 184.

Professor Brandabur begins his study of Joyce's fictional Dublin by diagnosing its paralysis, which he defines as a collective neurosis that has a "clearly sado-masochistic character". Joyce's people are incapable of facing reality and consequently are filled with a sense of their own inadequacy. In futile attempts to restore their self-respect they slip in and out of false identities and poses and try to substitute vicarious experience for the reality in which they fear to risk life. Dressed up in their assorted roles, they take part in communal rituals of mutual "betrayal and frustration" in order to "feel themselves" into the vicarious experience of triumph and defeat. They keep a slender emotional existence going by sadistically manipulating each other and conversely by masochistically submitting to manipulation. Brandabur further explains in his introduction how the Irish myths of family, nation, and religion supply masks that Joyce's people use in their fantasy lives. Through the remaining chapters of his book, Brandabur carefully analyzes the characters in *Dubliners* and *Exiles* and shows how they can be defined within the terms of their sado-masochistic compulsions. He concludes with a short discussion of "the extent to which *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses* resolve the psychological malaise depicted in the earlier work". This emphasis on the earlier

work is appropriate. At this stage *Dubliners* and *Exiles* are more in need of critical attention than Joyce's later fiction.

Brandabur realizes that the use of psychoanalysis in the study of literature has had some pretty dreary results. As he points out, it can all too easily be used to translate the writer and his writing into jargon of the most questionable value. But if psychoanalysis has its abuses it also has its legitimate uses. It can, for example, supply the critic with a precise vocabulary for analyzing the conflicts of fictional characters. Obviously, it best suits this purpose when the writer in question was himself interested in the methods of psychoanalysis. Although Joyce had his reservations about the new psychology, he was also capable of borrowing its categories. As every reader of *Ulysses* knows, Joyce wove sadistic and masochistic strands into the character of Leopold Bloom. Brandabur convincingly argues that the sado-masochism that shows up so overtly in Bloom is also an essential part of the characters in Joyce's earlier work.

For the most part the four chapters on *Dubliners* make the best kind of use of psychoanalysis. The discussion of "Two Gallants" is over-zealous. The treatment of "The Dead" is also a bit disappointing. Too much effort is spent speculating on the "homely possibility that Gabriel sabotages his relationship with Gretta because he listens to the voice of his mother". But the fine readings of "Araby", "Clay", "A Painful Case", "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" and especially of "Sisters" and "Eveline" more than make up for these lapses. Although Brandabur's main purpose is to show how the characters in these stories share a common neurotic disposition, he respects their individual complexity and avoids transforming them into simple psychological grotesques. He enters their individual conflicts through a detailed and sensitive analysis of the symbolic significance of their private and public thoughts and gestures, so his readings provide useful information on the symbolic texture of the stories even for those who reject his thesis. Clearly Brandabur's work adds to our knowledge of individual stories in *Dubliners* and of the nature of Joyce's little people. He also supplies a full and precise psychological definition of "paralysis", that cliché of Joyce criticism.

Granting the high level of Brandabur's criticism of *Dubliners*, I think the strongest part of his book is the chapter on that confusing and neglected play *Exiles*. Joyce himself described the work as "a rough and tumble between the Marquis de Sade and Freiherr v. Sacher Masoch". Brandabur does an excellent job of showing how and why this is an appropriate description. He discovers the source of Richard Rowan's conflict in his allegiance to the stern image of his dead mother, who from the grave urges him to betray himself and those closest to him. Richard "stages his own betrayal" in order to suffer a perverse martyrdom and at the same time abuse his common-law wife and his closest friend for their "real or imagined" adultery. Brandabur moves outward from his skillful analysis of Richard's underlying motives to show how his sickness is reflected in the other

characters and then examines Joyce's thematic argument, rejecting the notion that the play is an Ibsenesque attack on conventional sexual morality. He ends his ambitious discussion by locating *Exiles* within the comic tradition, a sort of forerunner of contemporary black comedy. For any student of Joyce, Brandabur's account of *Exiles* is pretty close to indispensable. Not only is it one of the best readings available; it is one of the few that has any clear merit.

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M. A. KLUG

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*The British General Election of 1970.* By David Butler and Michael Pinto-Duschinsky. London: Macmillan, 1971. Pp. xvi, 493.

Perhaps the Labour Party should have recalled Alexander Pope's advice that expecting nothing prevents disappointment. Did anyone—even Edward Heath—seriously doubt beforehand that the 1970 General Election in Britain would be a victory for Labour? A good question. *Had* events gone as expected, and as the opinion polls had almost unanimously predicted, this book would have lost a good deal of its bite. *The British General Election of 1970* would have joined the other admirable volumes in the series from Nuffield College, Oxford, which have covered every General Election since Attlee's triumph in 1945: a worthy tome, but hardly an exciting one.

As it turned out, the judgment went in favour of the Tories. David Butler and Michael Pinto-Duschinsky were not slow to appreciate this gratuitous piece of good fortune. The jacket blurb, at least, hails the 1970 election as 'the most unexpected since the war', and 'one of the most singular happenings in modern British politics'. The result, conclude the authors, was 'plucked from the jaws of defeat and the man who, almost alone, had maintained his confidence while the world had written him off could feel, like President Truman in 1948, an overwhelming sense of self-vindication' (p. 345). Musician, yachtsman, and bachelor—though a more suitably British and less glamorous figure than his Canadian opposite number—Edward Heath moved into No. 10 Downing Street. Labour leaders withdrew to lick their wounds, begin memoirs, and, eventually, to indulge the proclivities of most Oppositions to internecine strife.

Butler's method in this series might best be described as eclectic. The latest addition is no exception. On p. 182 the authors contest the validity of the conventional statistical formula for sampling error ( $\sigma = \sqrt{pq/n}$ ); and on p. 183 they republish a *Daily Mirror* pre-election cartoon showing two anguished pollsters being strangled by the convolutions of their own graphs.

Data for the specialist researcher are for the most part, though not exclusively, confined to a batch of Appendices written by six extra authors. The core fourteen chapters take us through the years from 1966 to 1970, the campaign itself, the public and private polls—a key chapter, this, for the 1970 election—,

broadcasting, the press and Fleet Street, work in the constituencies and the emergence of candidates, and the outcome. The style, too, is appropriate to the event. Analysis is richly blended with anecdote: Roy Jenkins' furniture being carried out of No. 11 Downing Street the day after the election (p. 337), or Barbara Castle's comment that the Labour Government were good democrats in working to halt a newspaper strike so that the press could start attacking them again (p. 237). A particularly valuable finale is provided by a 12-page bibliography of material relevant to the 1970 election.

Two contrasting—and occasionally inconsistent—themes emerge with some force throughout most chapters of the book. The first concerns the significance of the campaign itself. At one point it is suggested that 1970 was the first post-war British election in which the campaign was the deciding factor. A year earlier, in June 1969, anyone arguing that Labour could come within 29 seats of retaining a House of Commons majority would have been regarded, in the authors' words, as 'out of touch with reality'. Yet somehow Wilson and his colleagues recovered during that twelve months. That they just could not recover enough is attributed to the campaign waged by Conservative Central Office.

Without the advantage of hindsight, one might have been reluctant to accept this hypothesis. Pub gossip at the time hinted darkly of Tory rumblings of discontent at their dependence on image-makers. Heath himself (see pp. 142-43) struck doggedly to the public format designed for him: a large background halo, encircling the slogan *A Better Tomorrow* but suggestive rather of a soap advertisement than doing the rounds on television. And by all accounts Labour men seemed to be making greater headway in the country in public speeches. But the Conservatives clung determinedly to the one question on which the Labour Government could not help being vulnerable: the devastatingly simple assertion that Socialism Equals Inflation. As Martin Harrison's excellent account of campaign broadcasting amply demonstrates, Conservative planners knew that the party that got through to the British housewife would win.

Butler and Pinto-Duschinsky are possibly on less firm ground when arguing at length on the second theme, that the whole period from 1966 onwards must be taken into account in understanding the election itself. It is true that British General Elections are usually decided well in advance; voting is primarily a matter of such factors as birth and occupation, age and sex. But are the authors justified in devoting such a large portion of the book to this background period? Certainly these early chapters make for good reading, and especially since the authors' researches were supplemented by extensive interviewing between early 1968 and October 1970 of Cabinet and Opposition leaders, civil servants, party officials, and other notables. One feels that discussion of these years could more effectively have been compressed into shorter space.

Finally—almost an embarrassing question—what are we to make of those

opinion polls? Of the five major ones, four predicted Labour victories of between 2% and 9.6%; the fifth, the London *Evening Standard's* ORC, barely scraped over the line to forecast a Tory lead of 1% (p. 179). The authors devote a worthwhile several pages to accounting for the discrepancies between expectation and outcome. The most plausible explanation—that of a late swing in favour of the Heathmen—is dubious, they conclude, but unfortunately not testable. Perhaps voters had not realised the imminence of the election; perhaps an awareness of poll predictions discouraged some Labour supporters from turning out.

On June 11 England was still in the World Cup, the weather was at its most perfect and the trade figures had not been announced; would a vote then have produced the same result as the vote on June 18? Alas, we do not know and never shall (p. 187).

Many things are necessarily missing from any book about a General Election, simply because these are phenomena which rarely if ever encompass a wide-ranging public debate of the important questions of the day. In 1970, the state of British soccer was a more pressing topic than the state of the nation. Issues such as Northern Ireland, Rhodesia, the European Common Market, and even unemployment and industrial relations, remained blurs on the horizon. Bobby Moore's arrest in Latin America while captaining the English soccer team in the World Cup loomed large indeed in the pre-election editorials of most British newspapers (pp. 238-39).

The authors might well, therefore, take up in a future book the question they ask in a footnote right at the outset: 'Do elections really matter?' (p. x). Possibly not all that much. But even if they could establish this, it would still not detract from the fascination, or the importance, of reviewing the course of General Elections. Butler, Pinto-Duschinsky and their co-authors have—as expected—done an excellent job on this one.

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ROBERT BOARDMAN

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*Thomas Hardy: His Career as a Novelist.* By Michael Millgate. New York: Random House, 1971. Pp. 428. \$10.00.

Ian Gregor, in a study referred to by Mr. Millgate, asks "What Kind of Fiction Did Hardy write?" And this would seem to be a crucial question to ask of Millgate's new book on Hardy. The sub-title of this book, "His Career as a Novelist", immediately provokes an ambiguous response from the enquiring reader. Is this primarily a biographical account of Hardy's relationship with his publishers, reviewers, and public; or a discussion of the development of Hardy's technique; or, perhaps, a discussion of the novels themselves as they relate to Hardy's life? The book is all and none of these things. There is a great deal of biographical informa-

tion divulged, but much of it seems trivial and tenuously related to the fiction; there are also some very intelligent and probing observations on certain of the technical problems Hardy faced—the use of point of view, of setting, of structural and thematic contrast—but an examination of novelistic technique must embrace more than these; and, finally, there are critical discussions of individual novels which range from good to excellent, but few of these rise gracefully from the extensive research which Millgate has manifestly done.

Well, then, what kind of book has Millgate written? In his 'Prelude', Millgate says it has been his aim to "take a fresh look at both the texts and the contexts of[Hardy's] fiction, to explore—and to juxtapose—the world he inhabited as a man and the world he created as an artist" (24). Millgate adopts this approach in order to come to terms with what he sees as the basic problem confronting any critic of Hardy—the "extraordinary inequality in achievement in successive books" (24). He hopes, therefore, by amalgamating biographical and bibliographical scholarship with critical evaluation of the novels, to arrive at an assessment of Hardy the man and novelist which will to some extent account for this puzzling unevenness. And, indeed, in demonstrating Hardy's uncertainty with particular basic techniques, his slow and hesitant realization of the centrality of Wessex to his creative processes, and his seeming inability to learn from past mistakes, Millgate has very well plotted the artistic course of a problematical writer. He is notably successful in dealing with Hardy's relationship with Wessex, both as created place and as real agricultural community. Hardy's Wessex, it becomes clear, owes something to the reciprocal part played by magazine reviewers who helped to crystallize and underline Hardy's own idea of it. Also, Millgate cogently argues that the writer's Wessex remained somewhat removed from the contemporary realities of Dorset life—which demonstration rescues Hardy, for the moment, from the clutches of those socially oriented critics who see him centrally as a propagandist for the peasantry.

Millgate's method of combining scholarship and criticism does, however, often present the reader with the difficulty of deciding quite where the author intends his emphasis to lie. In his preface he states that his aims are "to bring the results of scholarly research directly to bear upon the processes of analysis and evaluation" (11), yet throughout the book he seems ill at ease in aligning the results of his scholarship with his criticism. One frequently wonders how the scholarly background which Millgate provides for the discussion of a novel can sensibly relate to that discussion. Most often the discussion is good but the scholarly accompaniment tends to detract from it simply by the very tenuousness of its connections. Thus, an excellent treatment of *Under the Greenwood Tree*, amplifying the novel's parallels and similarities with *As You Like It*, appears to depend upon Hardy's interests in a performance of Mrs. Scott-Siddons in a London production of that play in 1867. Where scholarship and criticism are more evenly



balanced, the reader stands to be confused not so much by Millgate's method as by the vastness of his endeavour. For example, in his chapter on *Jude the Obscure*, he treats among other things the novel's inception, themes, structure and techniques of allusion and patterning, its elements of "grimyness" and counterbalancing humour, its characterization and use of setting, and, finally, its imaging of nineteenth-century intellectual and social chaos. Clearly, there is too much freight here for a single shortish chapter to carry, and one's impression of this chapter is indicative of the failings of the book as a whole: Millgate attempts too much. He cannot focus precisely enough on all that he perceives and, disappointingly, he cannot allow himself to explore the implications of much of his probing.

As well as occasionally presenting the reader with difficulties, Millgate's method of pursuing Hardy the man while tracking down Hardy the problematical novelist yields an unexpected and unsettling side result. The composite picture of Hardy that emerges from the book is dangerously subversive. Hardy, it appears, was a man who suffered from chronic social and educational insecurity, was constantly irresolute, evasive and morally ambiguous, and occasionally even sophistical. By resorting to such various pin-pointing of Hardy's character, Millgate can resolve the anomalies of Hardy's uneven production, but in so doing he presents us with a paradox. Instead of the problematical but approachable question of how can Hardy write at times so poorly and at times so magnificently, the question becomes sinister and cynical: how can such a man write great literature? Which shall we choose— anomaly or paradox?

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DAVID BARON

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*Death and Immortality.* By D. Z. Phillips. London: Macmillan (Toronto: Macmillan of Canada), 1970. Pp. xii, 83. Paper. \$2.50.

*The Concept of Miracle.* By Richard Swinburne. London: Macmillan (Toronto: Macmillan of Canada), 1970. Pp. ix, 76. Paper. \$2.50.

These are the first two volumes in Macmillan's *New Studies in the Philosophy of Religion*, edited by Dr. W. D. Hudson of the University of Exeter. Such a series of short, original studies is welcome as a potentially useful venture in itself, but doubly welcome if it signals a change in publishing policy from that spate of books of readings in the philosophy of religion which, too often with scant editing and much duplication, poured from the presses with such wasteful prodigality in the 'sixties.

Mr. Phillips does not mention David Hume's posthumously published essay "Of the Immorality of the Soul", yet in certain ways its argument parallels his own. Hume examines three types of consideration (metaphysical, moral, physical) which have been supposed to support belief in the immortality of the soul. Rejecting them all he concludes that the "mere light of reason" is insufficient for the task

and ends ironically: "Nothing could set in a fuller light the infinite obligations which mankind have to Divine revelation; since we find that no other medium could ascertain this great and important truth". Mr. Phillips likewise dismisses the relevance of current philosophical discussions of disembodied existence, the clinical criteria of death, the possibility of a continuity of personal identity after death, and so on. He also agrees with Hume that survival cannot be justified morally. It is destructive of morality to expect compensation either here or hereafter, or to find a vindication of moral and religious beliefs in anything that could happen to one now or then. No course of events, Mr. Phillips asserts, can vindicate the goodness of the good man or the eternal love of God. Finally, Hume is right about physical considerations. There are no sound physical grounds for the belief in immortality. If indeed the soul were construed as an invisible component making up with the body a duality that we know as a person, of course it would be inconceivable to consider it as surviving. But to have a soul is not to have a mysterious organ like an invisible liver or thyroid. To lose one's soul is not like undergoing surgery. For the soul is the moral and religious dimension of man's life. In rejecting these grounds, Mr. Phillips could agree, Hume is right on all three counts. How, then, explain the notable difference in tone?

Hume himself presages the answer: "By what arguments or analogies can we prove any state of existence, which no one ever saw, and which no way resembles any that ever was seen? Who will repose such trust in any pretended philosophy, as to admit upon its testimony the reality of so marvelous a scene? Some new species of logic is requisite for that purpose; and some new faculties of the mind, that they may enable us to comprehend that logic". As his study makes clear, Mr. Phillips might lay claim to having found the requisite new species of logic in the later writings of Wittgenstein and the new faculties in the "subjective" truth of Kierkegaard and the self-abnegation of Simone Weil. Negatively, Hume and his present-day followers rightly show what religious beliefs cannot mean. Positively, the criteria of religious meaning and truth are to be found within religion itself and stand in no need of external justification or evidences. Hume is right again despite his undoubtedly intentional irony. The failure of recent attempts to provide a generally acceptable empirical analysis of religious belief further demonstrates the impracticability of the enterprise. But within the religious context itself the meaning and truth of a concept like immortality are quite clear. The immortality of the soul has no necessary connection with personal survival of death. "Eternity is not an extension of this present life, but a mode of judging it" (p. 49). Mr. Phillips is quite explicit about this: "The immortality of the soul refers to the state an individual is in ('the state of his soul') in relation to the unchanging reality of God. It is in this way that the notions of the immortality of the soul and of eternal life go together. . . . For the believer eternal life is participation in the life of God, and this has to do with dying to self, seeing

that all things are a gift from God, that nothing is ours by right or necessity. . . . In learning by contemplation, attention, renunciation, what forgiving, thanking, loving, etc. mean in these contexts, the believer is participating in the reality of God; *this is what we mean by God's reality*. [Mr. Phillips' italics]. . . . This reality is independent of any given believer but its independence is not the independence of a separate biography. It is independent of the believer in that the believer measures his life against it". (p. 54).

Thus Mr. Phillips avoids, as irrelevant to a truly religious understanding, the perplexities which have beset the philosophical interpretation of God's existence and the soul's immortality. Not everyone is comforted by this manoeuvre. Both critics and defenders of theism complain that in making the criteria of intelligibility and truth eternal to religion Mr. Phillips has arbitrarily precluded the possibility of criticism and justification alike. Theologians accuse Mr. Phillips of radically misconstruing the Christian doctrines of God and the life everlasting. Philosophers see in Mr. Phillips' philosophy of religion a philosophy of religion to end all philosophies of religion and accuse him of giving them their congé by leaving them nothing to discuss—not even that hardest of perennials, the problem of evil, since absolute self-abnegation makes no demand that evil be given any explanation. But it would be quite in keeping with his position to remain highly tolerant of such reactive criticism providing Mr. Phillips could feel some assurance that he had inspired, in at least some of his readers, a more enduring thoughtful pondering over the quality of their own religious response.

Mr. Swinburne sees his task as a straight-forward inquiry into the grounds for and against a belief in the occurrence of a miracle. A miracle is compactly defined as "a violation of a law of nature by a god". This is essentially Hume's conception in Section X of his *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding*, a document from which most modern discussions take their departure. Mr. Swinburne notices as a further necessary, though not sufficient, condition which Hume did not include, that an event to be a miracle must have religious significance. He declines, however, to follow this up as, he thinks, it does "not seem to raise any philosophical problems peculiar to the topic of miracles". It remains one of the limitations of Mr. Swinburne's study that he appears to miss the important point that the miraculous is religiously meaningless if viewed only as a power-display with no revelatory outcome. He accepts Professor Ninian Smart's suggestion that a non-repeatable counter-instance to a law of nature is a conceptually coherent account of a miracle, requiring no revision or explanation of the law in question.

But could one have good evidence that such an event has occurred? After surveying the kinds of evidence available and the criteria for assessing conflicting evidence he concludes, with Hume, that the balance of evidence is unlikely to favour the occurrence of such an event unless we have previous and independent

proof of the existence and power of a divine being. But as Paley put it: "Once believe that there is a God and miracles are not incredible". There remains, nonetheless, the question of the coherence of the concept of divine agency in general, when the divine being is by definition immaterial, timeless, and immutable. Mr. Swinburne contrasts explanations in terms of intention with causal explanations but does not attempt to resolve the puzzle about divine agency implementing divine intentions.

It seems clear that what the miracle demonstrated in an earlier age, when belief in the miraculous was almost universal, was the power of the miracle-worker which conferred on him an unquestioned authority. Much in the same way the wonder-working power of science in more recent times conferred authority on the scientist not only in scientific matters but more generally. But today few think a thing true because the sayer of it has power. The religious home of the miraculous is not in the power to break natural laws (even non-repeatably!) but, however dubiously, within the concern for the human acceptance of God's revelation of himself. The point has been aptly expressed by Professor Ninian Smart (*Philosophy of Religion*, p. 113): "Appeal to miracles is rather mechanical in any case . . . the substance of their power lies in the presupposition of those whom they influence that the sensible man does not, of his nature, take religion seriously until he is shocked into it . . . it is surely a poor representative of the rather rich variety of reasons that are and could be appealed to in trying to show justification of the authoritativeness of a revelatory tradition".

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HILTON PAGE

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*Voyages to New France, 1599-1603.* By Samuel de Champlain; translated by Michael Macklem; Introduction by Edward Miles. Oberon Press, 1971. Pp. 111.

This small book, assisted by the Astrolabe Society, consists of the Journals of Champlain from the time of his departure from France. Before this time, an English version was only to be found in *Purchas' Pilgrimes*. This follows the journals more completely and with less concentration, and the editorial notes, identifying names of the present day, and the correction of distances, which could not be exact before proper mapping, are helpful.

The young Champlain wished to see the world before taking service under the king of France, so he went to join an uncle and with him took service with a Spanish fleet setting out to intercept an English fleet which planned to ravage Porto Rico. The first half of the journal tells of their fights and visits to the islands of the West Indies and the coasts from Panama to Mexico and then home to Spain.

Champlain was already the acute observer that he remained throughout his

life, and he gathered information of what he had not seen and swallowed what he was told. It is remarkable that so much is correct, probably items that he checked with his own eyes, but much also is not very credible. The Mexican reptile with the head of an eagle and the wings of a bat and as large as a twelve-gallon cask is hard to identify. The bird of Paradise, the size of a sparrow, red and brown, with a tail like that of an egret and two feet long, and without feet, spent all its life in the air and came to the ground only to die. He balked slightly at the fact that the female lays a single egg on the back of the male, where it incubates until ready to fly. The inventor of this bird must have enjoyed the tale. The hermit-crab which, when shell and all was fastened to a line, served as a fishhook, is more acceptable, as it is not unlike the common gorge. When Champlain tells of encounters at sea, he is in a familiar element, and his picture of that period of piracy is clear if not always exact in detail.

The latter half of the journal concerns his first trip to Canada and his methodical collection of information from the Indians. How he understood the languages of the various tribes is not explained. On the St. Lawrence River, he was accompanied by the experienced *Sieur du Pont* (the Pont-Grave of Port-Royal), and there were also two Indians who had been carried to France and were returning. He may have studied an Algonkian tongue during the stormy crossing, but it is not likely.

His measures of the tributaries of the St. Lawrence are too long, but, as he must have learned these from the Indians, numbers such as 140 miles become a problem in themselves. The Algonkian Micmacs, according to Rand, did not carry their numbers beyond ten. Probably the distance was reckoned by days needed, and this was multiplied by the distance covered in an average day of paddling and portage.

Here his observations of trees and soil fertility have none of the Wonderland details of the Spanish Main. His ideas about the Indians were shrewd but not always sound. He was correct in considering the Algonkian tribes as more valuable for the fur trade, but his dream of making friends with both Algonkians and Iroquois overlooked the fact that long rivalry between peoples is past mending. The same mistake was made by the Hudson's Bay Company with Indians and Eskimos.

His rather confused return along the Atlantic coast to the Bay of Fundy took him to the field of his next and least satisfactory task, and at this point the journal ends.

*Wolfville, N. S.*

J. S. ERSKINE

---

*Colonists and Canadiens.* Ed. by J. M. S. Careless. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada, 1971. Pp. ix, 278. Paperback.

This admirable volume of essays on the decades from 1760 to 1867 is a study of the

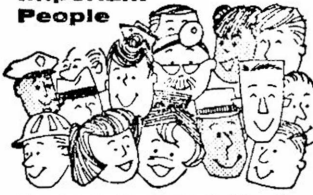
several colonies of British North America, each in isolation and formally encapsulated within the confines of each decade. The book is thus not a decided cross sectioning of the ten-year periods of one organism as its predecessor, *The Canadians*, was, but a faggotting by decades of disparate entities. It is therefore an invitation to exploit the detail, the diversities and often rich absurdities of provincial life, confined only by the necessity of doing the same for all six colonies and the northwest within each decade. As such, it gives free play to historical particularisms, to pick up the editor's useful term, and the net effect is greatly to enrich Canadian history. Yet, it seems to this reviewer, to be, paradoxical though it is, more a study in communications, or the need of them, than any assertion of self-sufficing provinciality. The eleven talented historians who have written these studies, at once solid and sparkling, have been hoist by some mysterious petard not of their own devising.

Why this should be so is at once apparent. The six colonies are repeatedly paraded smartly, crisply inspected, and smoothly dismissed. The historical parade ground has seldom shown to better advantage. It is always, however, the provincial inspection that is to the fore; the formings and evolutions of the squad drill are always there, and by no means neglected, but such exercises are kept in the background. It is the provinces that are on parade, not imperial policy, and not the shadowy presence of a Canada to be.

That the treatment of Canadian history should be so attempted is perhaps the greatest merit of a first-rate book. Instead of all the colonies being seen from the third-hand dispatches of the Colonial Office, without their very individual historic characters being delineated in ways only relevant to imperial or to national history, each is seen in and for itself. By this treatment both the very particularistic quality of each colony's life is brought into clear detail, and animation is given to what often seems dreary because it is neither clearly seen or fully understood. Especially does it make the reader comprehend what a suppression it was for the Maritime Provinces to become mere provinces of a centralized federation dominated by the former Canadas. At the same time the collective history of the colonies, if one may so speak of what was more an aggregating than a cohering process, reveals that provincial particularisms which, if they tolerated federation in the generation after 1867, made federation over into an aggregation of diversities rather than an organized structure of subordinate entities.

If the volume does the greatest of its many services to Canadian history by revealing in juxtaposition the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the several colonies, it does nevertheless create a resistance in the reader. Much of the provincial life of each colony was indeed particularistic, and often became more so down at least to the 1850s. The colonies, none the less, did not live in isolation. Not only were they bound by commerce, immigration and the transmission of ideas to the world; they were parts of the British Empire and neighbours, adjoining by land or of ready

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access by sea, of the United States. Neither membership in the Empire nor neighbourhood to the United States did anything for the unity of the colonies, except to a degree in the War of 1812, but both gave them something of major significance in common. One was a common citizenship in the world's wealthiest and most powerful state. The other was the perennial choice of annexation to, or independence of, the dominant power of the continent, confined if at all only by the prudent diplomacy of the United Kingdom.

It was these two relationships, together eventually with some hope of interprovincial trade, that created the need, first for communications, then for political unity. And the first impulse for both came from the need to improve the means of defence. Even when the answer was found in railways, the great railways of Confederation, the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific, were built in part at least, and even if it seems incredible now, not in the least part for defence. For what was in effect happening from the Oregon Treaty on was that the United Kingdom was realistically cutting its commitments in North America. The balance of power which had existed from 1783 and by means of which the northern half of the continent was reserved for the Canada to be was too onerous to sustain, particularly after the Crimean War revealed how much the power Britain had wielded in the world since 1815 was a matter of prestige rather than weight. In effect the Trent affair of 1861 concluded the matter, (if not the foreign recruitment crisis of 1855-1856), if the Imperial troops leaving Quebec in 1871 did so in fact. With the British withdrawn from inland America and Confederation erected, a new nationality was a timely screen to cover that deliberate and well-executed withdrawal. The several provinces were faced with an essentially new situation, one in which they had to stand on their own feet or be drawn into the re-established union of the United States of America. They chose to stand apart, in necessary union.

The above sweeping remarks are not meant to depreciate the book under review but to comment on the text that local and provincial history are tolerated only if kept in context. The authors here have not done so, largely by choice, but this approach does lead to Professor Waite's remark (p. 272) that Confederation was not inevitable. As the history of the colonies is presented in this book, that is true. But the remark, it is respectfully suggested, is not wholly true if the whole history of the colonies, collective as well as particular, is taken into account. Confederation was not a response to provincial history, except to a degree in the Canadas; it was a response to continental and world history. That this factor has been so consistently under-stressed in Canadian history, and in this book, reveals in what a unrealistic world Canadians and Canadian historians have lived. The balance of power is indeed old-fashioned, rather like the law of gravity, but both operate.

*Colonists and Canadiens* is, at the same time, not only a flavoursome pot-



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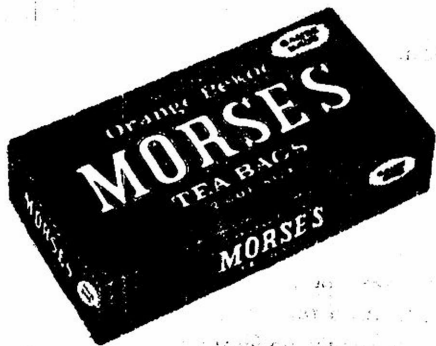
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pourri of colonial history, it is also striking in its quality. It is not only written with eventful unification of the colonies in view, but it is written with striking consistency in its eleven authors, without any but purely historical interest. This quality is perhaps the chief excellence of the volume and makes the book, to this reader, something of a landmark in Canadian historical writing. It marks the end of whiggery in Canadian historiography, except perhaps in the writings of Mr. Stanley Ryerson whose historical outlook, in itself a welcome corrective to much Canadian history, of course must be whiggish, must look to an end in history.

Again, however, this very excellence creates its own drag, its own resistance. Positivist, analytical history has of necessity, like whiggish or any other history, its own peculiar consequences. The essence is that history is the rejection of any value judgements; one fact becomes as good as any other fact, although of course not necessarily as interesting in a given context. For the purposes of analysis and understanding this is fair enough, and most history benefits from being so presented.

The difficulty is that facts, things done, do not compose the whole of history. History is not just a matter of facts, but of ideas, ambitions, passions and compulsions. Is it not significant that one of the factors, things if it must be, that helped the movement for federation to get afloat was the wish in all the provinces except Prince Edward Island and perhaps Newfoundland to escape from the petty parochialism of provincial politics? And what does this say of colonial life and the politics that reflected it? The reader of this volume needs to be reminded of that colouration of events in the welter of provincial particularism.

The method and the authors of this volume have been caught in a web of their own making. The character of their matter and the quality of their scholarship have produced an excellent book which yet lacks the final cachet of the best history, the sense of the inevitable. In this book nothing is inevitable, not even the Confederation with which it ends. But what is inevitable in history? The fact that alternative outcomes exist at any moment in history, and may be noted and speculated on is in fact irrelevant to the question. History is what happened, what happened was the inevitable, otherwise it would not have happened. Chance is of course part of history, but because it is part, it contributes to history, and to the inevitable. If all things in history are relative, as they obviously are both actually and morally, then all bear one upon another in a comprehensive relationship out of which individual outcomes arise. The turmoil, the seismic working, of history organizes itself in the event—in the events which we with our limited vision call history. The particularisms of the colonies required union to preserve themselves. Thus in the diversity of the colonies lay the inevitable Confederation.

To call Confederation inevitable, after such pretentious remarks, is to create the suspicion that the writer thinks Confederation is also eternal. That, of course, does not necessarily follow. The times must be served. If Confederation was

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inevitable in 1867, in the writer's Pickwickian historical sense, something else may be equally inevitable today. But if Confederation was a response to six particularisms, is it not possible that the response to ten such particularisms, still continuing from colonial roots as the book assures us, might be not disintegration but a new and equally timely—an inevitable—integration?

*Trent University*

W. L. MORTON

---

Samuel Johnson, *Life of Savage*. Edited by Clarence Tracy. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971.

Richard Savage was a minor eighteenth-century writer of frantic pamphlets and bad poetry who made a precarious living largely by managing to interest selected patrons and, for a time, the general public in the question of whether or not he was Earl Rivers's and Lady Macclesfield's bastard. That question, though it has exercised even scholarly curiosity, remains in doubt, nor indeed would it alone have been sufficient to keep Savage's name from falling into a richly deserved oblivion. Luckily for Savage, in 1738 he met and gained the friendship of young Samuel Johnson, who six years later published *An Account of the Life of Richard Savage, Son of the Earl Rivers*. In that celebrated biography, here edited by Professor Clarence Tracy of Acadia University, Savage paces forth still as the gifted author and "injured Nobleman"; while Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, who perhaps deserved a better fate, continues to be condemned as a "Wretch" and "Adulteress" for her alleged shameless refusal to recognize Savage as her son. It is hard to read Johnson's *Life* or any of Savage's own repeated public assertions that Anne was his mother—for example, *The Bastard, A Poem inscrib'd with all due reverence to Mrs. Bret, once Countess of Macclesfield* (1728)—without feeling that, innocent or guilty, the lady deserves sympathy.

This edition provides what anybody who knows Professor Tracy's contribution to the study of eighteenth-century literature would have expected: an authoritative, uncluttered text, achieved by rigorous standards in editing, and assured, though unobtrusive, scholarship. What clutter there is in the text is attributable to Johnson himself, for he, no doubt wishing to pad the work out to an acceptable length, inserted long passages from Savage's poems and other illustrative matter into clumsy footnotes which those who know the *Life* in the common sources may think unappealing. However peripheral those footnotes may appear to be, they are nevertheless part of Johnson's text and Professor Tracy had no choice but to include them. Where one particularly appreciates Tracy's firm scholarship is in his own footnotes, where he is sometimes called upon to correct major factual errors in Johnson's *Life*. It is surprising to see Johnson misdate *The Bastard* by seven years; and quite staggering to realize that when he accused Lady Macclesfield of

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having made "a public Confession of Adultery" with the Earl Rivers, he was helping to disseminate and make more enduring a falsehood which it would have taken very little research to correct. These and similar mistakes were no doubt caused by Johnson's haste in writing the *Life*. It was this work of which he later boasted that he wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages at a single sitting.

Superficially, then, especially in its slovenly unconcern for accuracy and the obtrusive padding, the *Life of Savage* resembles a miserable catchpenny biography. It is nevertheless a very great book. Professor Tracy is certainly right in thinking it so different from Johnson's later *Lives of the English Poets* (1779-81) as to merit independent publication. There is in fact nothing whatever to be gained from classifying it with the later *Lives* and discussing the whole group under some such title as "Johnson the Biographer" or "Johnson the Critic". My only criticism of Professor Tracy's edition is that in his "Introduction" he fails to defend convincingly his sound intuition about the work's uniqueness. The word which comes to mind when one reads his general critical appraisal of the *Life of Savage* is conventionality. It is not because Johnson's "anecdotal material was copious", or because his "insight into character and his skill in its portrayal" were superior, or even because Johnson "loved Savage" and "continued to love him to the end"—it is not for these reasons that one can claim the *Life of Savage* as distinguished literature. To make such a claim one must refer to the quality of the writing itself. Here are two short paragraphs, chosen at random, in which Johnson contemplates Savage's dreams of a blissful retirement in the Welsh countryside:

With these Expectations he was so enchanted, that when he was once gently reproach'd by a Friend for submitting to live upon a Subscription, and advised rather by a resolute Exertion of his Abilities to support himself, he could not bear to debar himself from the Happiness which was to be found in the Calm of a Cottage, or lose the Opportunity of listening without Intermission, to the Melody of the Nightingale, which he believ'd was to be heard from every Bramble, and which he did not fail to mention as a very important Part of the Happiness of a Country Life.

While this Scheme was ripening, his Friends directed him to take a Lodging in the Liberties of the Fleet, that he might be secure from his Creditors, and sent him every Monday a Guinea, which he commonly spent before the next Monday, and trusted, after his usual Manner, the remaining Part of the Week to the Bounty of Fortune. (p. 111)

When one recalls the crudity of much of Johnson's writing before 1744, this must be considered prose of surprising delicacy and maturity. The effects achieved, to be sure, are not oversubtle, but they convey perfectly, without piety or ruthlessness, but with shrewdest irony, the spectacle of a planner who cannot plan, a listener who will not listen, a defender of rural freedom who must be lodged in the "Liberties of the Fleet". Here as elsewhere in the *Life*, the complicated character of Savage complicates and makes demands of the medium which is describing him. We

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*The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Volume VIII, 1841-1843.* Edited by W. H. Gilman and J. E. Parsons. Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press (Toronto: Saunders of Toronto), 1970. Pp. xxiii, 618.

The eighth volume of the new edition of Emerson's *Journals* includes journals and notebooks for the years 1841-1843. The first eight volumes which began appearing in 1960 now cover twenty-four years in Emerson's life.

Emerson was during this period very much occupied with his duties as editor of *The Dial*. This task he took up regretfully after Margaret Fuller who had agreed to edit the magazine in the fall of 1841 asked to be relieved of the chore in the spring of 1842. The *Essays [First Series]* (1841) now behind him, Emerson continued to use his "savings bank" to store up material and ideas that were to appear in later essays. As Emerson after the manner of Coleridge characteristically observes, "Extremes meet: there is no straight line". He was still at work on his "broken arcs".

Many entries in the journals of 1842 record Emerson's thoughts on the death of his young son Waldo in early 1842. After much grieving, soul-searching, and the drafting of "Threnody", Emerson was able to write in 1843, "Man sheds grief as his skin sheds rain. A preoccupied mind an immense protection. There is a great concession on all hands to the ideal decorum in grief, as well as joy, but few hearts are broken". (The passage was later adapted in part in the essay, "Experience".) Certainly Emerson was occupied. In addition to editing *The Dial*, his extensive lecture tours kept him intensely active. Once again he served as Carlyle's American agent, seeing *Past and Present* through the press.

Emerson's editorship of *The Dial* widened and deepened his reading. Although he continued to live with his long time intellectual partners, Plato, the Neoplatonists, especially in Thomas Taylor's translations, Plutarch, Montaigne, and Swedenborg, he begins to find new sources in oriental literature and philosophy—Indian, Chinese, and Persian. He even reads the great frame-story collection *The Heetopades of Veeshnoo-Sarma* (translated by Charles Wilkins who had also translated the best-known English version of the *Bhagavad-Gita*). The editors do not tell their general reader that this collection is also known as *The Pancha-*



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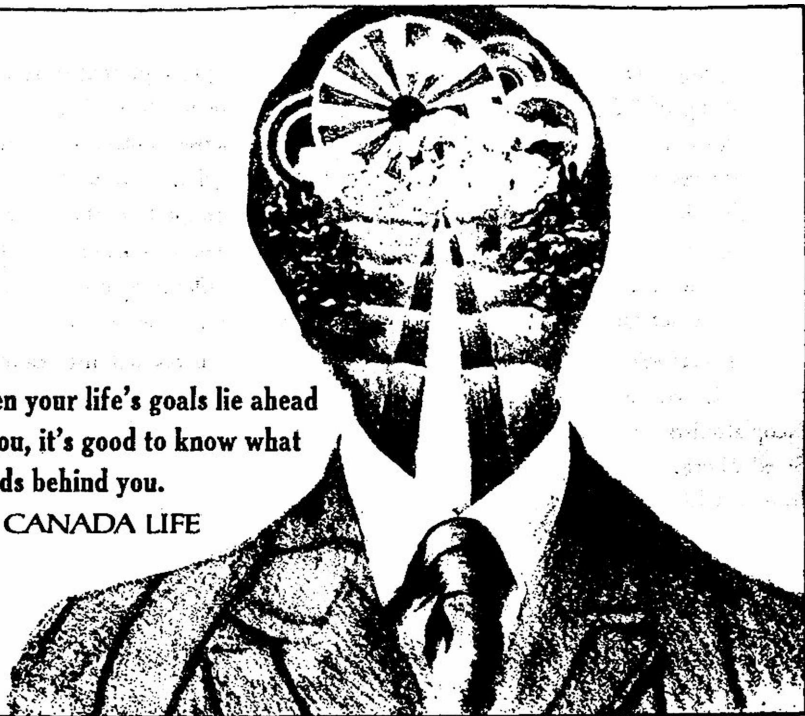
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*tantra*, *The Fables of Bidpai* (or *Pilpay*) and *Kalilah wa Dimnah*, depending on from which language and what version it is translated. Thoreau alludes to it as *Pilpay* in *Walden*.

The journals of these years are marked by Emerson's love of dialogue (originally inspired, I believe, by Plato). Also everpresent are the poets and writers who mean most to him: the seventeenth-century metaphysicals, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Dante. He even does his own prose translation of *La Vita Nuova*. His reading continues to be wide-ranging, however, and includes much continental and contemporary literature.

Many of the entries in the journals and notebooks of these years reveal how much Emerson was involved in the literary and intellectual life of his time, from publishing, editing, and lecturing to entertaining visitors to Concord and raising funds for Alcott. His own writing during these years was voluminous, and in these journals we see not only much of what was to appear in the *Essays [Second Series]* (1844), but also a great deal of verse. As usual I have my personal favorites among the entries: "Every man has had one or two moments of extraordinary experience, has met his soul, has thought of something which he never afterwards forgot, & revised all his speech, & moulded all his forms of thought". Such an opinion causes Emerson to conclude in another entry, "It is only known to Plato that we can do without Plato". The *Journals* are never without interest. As in earlier volumes, the editing is exemplary and the format excellent.

University of Alberta

E. J. ROSE

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Ford Madox Ford, *Your Mirror to my Times: The Selected Autobiographies and Impressions of Ford Madox Ford*. Edited, with an Introduction, by Michael Killigrew. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. Pp. xxi, 392. \$12.00

Of Ford Madox Ford's eight volumes of autobiography and reminiscence, only three—*Joseph Conrad: A Personal Reminiscence* (1924), *Thus to Revisit* (1921) and *Portraits from Life* (1937)—are at present in print. Michael Killigrew has had the excellent idea of compiling an anthology from all eight books, under the title of *Your Mirror to my Times*. He has compiled and arranged his selections with a good deal of skill, so that the book is a composite autobiography rather than simply a bundle of portraits and reminiscences. His collection takes its place alongside Richard Ludwig's recent edition of Ford's letters as an attempt to provide a self-portrait of the man of whom H. G. Wells said (in his own *Experiment in Autobiography*): "What he is really or if he is really, nobody knows now and he least of all; he has become a great system of assumed personas and dramatised selfs".



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The published version of this "great system", upon which Michael Killigrew draws, runs from *Ancient Lights* (1911), Ford's reminiscences of eminent Victorians, to *Provence*, written in 1938, a year before his death. Mr. Killigrew has arranged his selections chronologically, not in terms of publication dates, but of the times, scenes and personalities described, sometimes grafting portions from one book on to those from another, should they deal with the same subject or period.

What material for reminiscence Ford possessed! He was Dante Gabriel Rossetti's nephew, the grandson of Ford Madox Brown the painter, collaborator with Joseph Conrad, acquaintance of Henry James, editor (in the *English Review* and the *transatlantic review*) of Pound, Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, Cummings, Hemingway and Lawrence. What Ford's imagination makes of these relationships—and this comes out strongly in Mr. Killigrew's selection, which leaves out the accounts of technical discussions with Conrad—are "impressions": the sacredness of memory as opposed to fact. "This book, in short", says Ford at one point, "is full of inaccuracies as to facts, but its accuracy as to impressions is absolute". The stress on impressions does not issue in vagueness; quite the reverse. Ford's luminous accounts lodge themselves in one's mind with great firmness and distinctness. Take, for example, the day Ford, sitting in his study at Winchelsea, "heard a male voice, softened by the intervening wall, going on and on interminably . . . with the effect of a long murmuring of bees". He gets up to investigate:

Silhouetted against the light at the end of the little passage were the figures of one of the housemaids and of Mr. Henry James. And Mr. James was uttering the earth-shaking question:

"Would you then advise me . . . for I know that such an ornament decorates your master's establishment and you will therefore from your particular level be able to illuminate me as to the . . . ah . . . smooth functioning of such, if I may use the expression, a wheel in the domestic time-piece—always supposing that you will permit me the image, meaning that, as I am sure in this household is the case, the daily revolution of a really harmonious *chez soi* is as smooth as the passing of shadows over a dial . . . would you then advise me to have . . . in short to introduce into *my* household and employ . . . ah . . . that is to say . . . a Lady Help?"

That may not be factually true, but it *should* be, one feels; it has a kind of mythical status, like Ford's impression—imagined here, not remembered—of H. G. Wells shouting to the world "Humanity will Advance by the Right! Move to the Right in Fours! Form F-O-U-R-S! . . . RIGHT!"

One detects in Ford's portraits, whether of personalities or generations, something of the *de haut en bas* tone which, Ford tells us, irritated the financial backer of the *transatlantic review*. Some of this impression derives from the very fineness of Ford's style—balance, polite, often ironically understated. But then, Ford the

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author treats even himself *de haut en bas*: deprecates, records insults, sees himself at one point as a dung-beetle rolling a pellet uphill, or as a man who falls into an editor's chair by chance—"I met [my brother] on a road refuge half-way across the Boulevard. He said that he wanted me to edit a review owned by friends of his in Paris."

Such expressions of pride and achievement as Ford permits himself are restricted to the craft of writing and (more frequently) the craft of kitchen-gardening. *Your Mirror to my Times* closes with a section which Mr. Killigrew has selected mainly from *The Great Trade Route* and *Provence*, and which he has headed "The Philosophy of the Kitchen-Garden". Here Ford speaks as a pacifist anarchist, recording his dismay at the disappearance of the craftsman and the fresh vegetable, and weighs up the possibilities of living a good life in the teeth of a civilization gone grindingly into reverse. He presents wistfully an "ideal" smallholder's life in Provence, which he was never fully to enjoy, hounded as he was by financial cares and mismanagement. Pound had portrayed him in "Mauberley" as inhabiting an earlier, English, rural retreat:

Beneath the sagging roof  
The stylist had taken shelter,  
Unpaid, uncelebrated,  
At last from the world's welter

Nature receives him;

One notes that Ford's picture of rural life is a good deal more sunlit than Pound's here; but then *Your Mirror to my Times* is essentially a sunlit and cheerful book. In that, and in its mixture of familiar essay, reminiscence, and "pure" autobiography, it resembles Ruskin's *Praeterita*. And as we see in *Fors Clavigera* the darker side of Ruskin's life, so *The Good Soldier* and *Parade's End* add a different complexion to our knowledge of Ford the man.

*Your Mirror to my Times* may be partial, but it is not chaotic in its total effect. True, Ford moves in the course of the book from flamboyant Victorians to a pea-patch in Provence; Henry James' domestic advisor and Conrad's literary collaborator becomes an almost apologetic prophet of agrarian revolution—"small men labouring two small plots—his own ground and his own soul". But the book opens with a portrait of William Morris, who was a friend of Ford's grandfather; and Ford's final emphasis on loving craftsmanship is in the spirit of Morris. In Ford's quietly engrossed conclusion to *Provence* we might, too, see an echo of the touching account, given in his first book of reminiscences in 1911, of his grandfather's death—how that painstaking Victorian artist painted through the evening, carefully cleaned his brushes, went to bed and died in his sleep.