

NEW BOOKS

THE BANK OF ENGLAND: A HISTORY. Vol. I, 1694-1797. Vol. II, 1797-1914. By Sir John Clapham. (Macmillan Company. \$10 the set).

As part of the celebrations for its 250th anniversary, the Bank invited Sir John Clapham to write its history—which he has done in full to 1914, in these two volumes. For Sir John, the Old Lady opened her books, her manuscripts and faded letters, and she just had her memoirs completed before the state put her into one of its new institutions. The author handles the mass of details with the scholarship that is his, and he writes with a graceful simplicity that must have been hard to come by during the bombardment of London. A result is the definite history of the Bank, but it is also a significant contribution to the history of England, and particularly to the growth of London as a financial centre.

The unfolding record of the Bank through this long period resembles that of England itself. Management of the Bank was seldom brilliant, but surely we must now regard it as having had astounding integrity, for like the government itself it avoided all but minor scandals. Like England too, the Bank's constitution has been unique; the management of its affairs, and therefore of national financial affairs to a large extent, rested with a small group of inner directors, most of whom had other jobs in other concerns. Its physical resources were never great, but were usually (although not always) just about sufficient to surmount a crisis. Its views were short, and frequently unimaginative, but with something of the political genius (or luck) of England, a succession of short views seemed to lead to long-run actions that were sound development. These things gave it remarkable longevity for a bank, an ever-growing prestige, and allowed the crystallization of its functions as the banker's bank, as the government bank, and while London was the international money market, some of the responsibilities of an international clearing bank. These latter responsibilities the Bank never openly accepted: before 1914 the international gold standard was hardly "managed", and there is little in the history of the Bank to suggest that it normally did any more than take care of the convertibility of sterling and the maintenance of the free gold market. One bank official said (Vol. II, p. 401) "the Bank was amazingly detached from international affairs; heard no one; saw no one; only watched the gold (reserve)."

In national affairs, the history shows the Bank's concern—quite legitimate of course—over the enlargement of its own profits. Sir John is not above making the Old Lady blush for having cashed in on the inflation of 1816, and for having expanded dividends in the crisis years. The reviewer noted, incidentally, that one Haligonian was among the shareholders in 1791; if his descendants retained their interest, as did the professors of Divinity at Utrecht, they have had a good investment indeed.

As to the Bank's rôle as regulator of the national money market, the history adds little, but it does augment the general knowledge by the wealth of instances, and the portrayal of the development of the

various financial practices. One might have hoped for further information about the growth of relations between the Bank and the government, but the Bank's records of these were apparently scant, and the development of this subject probably requires access to Treasury documents or private papers of Governors and government officials.

The history of the Bank is summed up in the apocryphal words of the long-standing Governor, Sir Montague Norman, now in retirement. When he was cross-examined by Mr. (now Lord) Keynes as to the rationale of Bank policy, he seemed evasive, indicating that he was merely a practical banker, not a man concerned with rationalizing. As Mr. Keynes persisted to the point of discovering how Sir Montague's personal judgments were reached, the Governor replied after due thought, "With feel and flair, Mr. Keynes, with feel and flair"—an answer appreciated no doubt by Lord Keynes who himself is in powerful possession of these instinctive qualities, among many others.

Sir John Clapham is said to be bringing up to date the history of the Bank since 1914. It will be looked forward to by all students of history and of central banking.

S. BATES

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL. Edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp. The Macmillan Co. of Canada.

This book, in the series entitled *Library of Living Philosophers*, will serve an admirable purpose, far beyond that of setting forth the puzzles of incessant change as well as the achievements of incisive exposition by which the work of a single philosophic thinker has been marked. The editor has elicited the talent of twenty-one critics, including several of high personal authority on philosophical controversies, to deal with special aspects of that curious aggregate, the "system" of Bertrand Russell. Often the criticisms they put forward stimulate speculative enquiry of a sort far more important than their nominal concern with whether one man was right or wrong. Bertrand Russell's detailed replies, too, in the concluding chapter of the book, have a provocative value beyond what is merely personal. Inability to share the conviction that he is of anything like the significance in philosophical development which would justify this mobilization of effort by so many keen investigators to determine his exact teaching on such and such subjects should not preclude grateful acknowledgment of a high value with which these papers are incidentally charged. If the cult of Bertrand Russell had not been pressed by his devotees to such extravagant lengths, there would be less risk than there is of his notable services, rendered to different schools of thought in turn, being undervalued by the more cautious reader. Though he lends himself so often and so easily to refutation "out of his own mouth" (that is, by comparison of one of his books with another, as Prof. R. M. Maciver has so convincingly shown, for example, regarding his social theories), he has been an admirable advocate for each

subtle doctrine so long as he believed in it. Moreover, he has been exceptionally serviceable (as Dr. C. D. Broad says of Berkeley) in forcing other thinkers to improve their statement of a view sounder than his for his refutation.

To enter into the controversial issues of the thought of one who has produced so much speculative excitement is fitting in a strictly philosophical magazine. In a *Review* of more general concern it seems appropriate to note the extremely interesting autobiographic chapter which Bertrand Russell has himself contributed under title "My Mental Development". He is grandson of Lord John Russell, and by inheritance he is himself an earl, but in deference to his wish (curiously like that of a Hollywood actress to be discussed only under her stage name) his peerage is for purposes of speculative controversy forgotten. The name of Russell, like that of Cecil or Cavendish, has been "writ large" in English history; one thinks of the Russell executed for rebellion under Charles II, whose story told with pride to Bertrand in his childhood was his first encouragement to audacious individualism. His own father, Lord Amberley, was advocate in the late 1860's of such breach with the conventional religion and morals of the England of his time as involved him in a storm of public obloquy that this autobiographic memoir recalls with delight.

Having lost both his parents in very early childhood, Bertrand Russell was brought up in the home of his grandparents. He remembers Lord John, in advanced old age, wheeled about in a bath-chair—the Whig Minister whom Disraeli had in mind when he wrote that "Though Jack Cade was hanged, a Lord John Cade can be Secretary of State". Irish coroner's juries, too, thought of him when they brought in their verdict at an inquest in the famine days "Wilful murder by Lord John Russell". The Chartists nicknamed him "Finality John", for his cold dismissal of their appeal at a time of desperate social distress with the warning "The Reform Act is final".

This very interesting personal memoir tells of the well-meant efforts of a Scottish Presbyterian grandmother to instil into her young charge her own characteristic tenets, supported by Scripture texts which, the writer says, have profoundly influenced him, and seemed to retain some meaning even after he had ceased to believe in God. He was likewise indoctrinated by this good lady with British Liberal politics, and at the age of seven was admonished by her about the wicked "imperialism" of the wars against Afghans and Zulus then raging. Bertrand Russell developed such independence of mind as to approve the South African War nearly twenty years later, a war which its chief promoter certainly regarded and intended as imperialist. A like independence (even of his own past) made him a pacifist in 1915—to the extent of going to jail rather than abstain from pacifist propagandism. He had a further change, exemplifying spiritual autonomy once more, which made him justify the Second World War. But I cannot here attempt even the most shadowy outline of his variations. A yearly bulletin on what he calls *My Mental Development* would have been serviceable.

One statement in this autobiographic memoir is indeed amazing: "History has always interested me more than anything else except

philosophy and mathematics." Some historical monstrosities in Bertrand Russell's books had rather suggested that he wrote on this subject with a minimum concern for sources, chiefly out of his head!

But he writes well, on what he knows, and in certain fields he knows a great deal. Would that he had limited his writing to them. This account of himself is "a human document" not to be missed.

H. L. S.

EMILY MURPHY, CRUSADER. By Byrne Hope Sanders. Macmillan, \$1.50.

Born of good Irish stock in Ontario in 1868, Emily Ferguson at the age of nineteen married the Rev. Arthur Murphy, an Anglican priest. After some years of parish and mission work in Ontario, two years as missionary in England, and some time again in Ontario, the Murphys moved to the young West in 1904. Settling first at Swan River, Manitoba, where Mr. Murphy had brought some timber land, the family moved to Edmonton in 1907. Mrs. Murphy—or, to use her pen name, Janey Canuck—was a person of amazing vitality; she loved to meet people, especially those whom she could encourage. She threw herself into various reform movements and produced results. In 1916 she was appointed a magistrate for Edmonton, the first woman magistrate in the Empire. For fifteen years she sat on the bench, and made an enviable record as a sympathetic, intelligent judge. Her work as magistrate led her to study the narcotic problem, and her *Black Candle* (1922) was a revelation to Canadians. She was naturally interested in a dower act for Alberta, woman's suffrage, the right of women to sit in the Senate—she and four other petitioners carried the case to the Privy Council—local hospitals, the treatment of prisoners and the insane, sterilization, birth control and a score of other movements. When she died in 1933, she had lived a crowded, useful life. It is well that Miss Sanders has preserved her memory in a very readable biography. In the book one catches not merely a picture of a versatile and lively woman, but also the spirit of the boyant West, and the spirit of liberal humanitarianism, which swept this country in the first quarter of the present century.

B. M.

LETTERS OF WILLIAM DAVIES. Toronto, 1854-1861. Edited with introduction and notes by William Sherwood Fox, with a preface by H. A. Innis. The University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1945. Pp. XIII, 144; 8 illustrations.

All students of commerce or business administration and the history of Canadian industry, as well as of Canadian history in general, will find this little volume of much greater interest and value than either its size or title might suggest. For Mr. Davies, a pioneer of the export meat-packing industry, was interested not only in business

trends and experiences, but also in a great variety of local and international events, and in his letters to his brother in England he gave details of his business and opinions which partake of the nature of a diary.

Dr. Innis, in his foreword to the volume, has pointed out the economic significance of these letters, in showing how the Reciprocity Treaty actually worked over the "long imaginary line", the advantage enjoyed by Mr. Davies in being able to get capital at low rates of interest and aid in marketing his products from family connexions in England, and the part played by Baptists in business in Canada. President Fox, in his introduction to the *Letters*, has provided a workman-like summary of their contents, and excellent footnotes to explain all references that might be obscure to the general reader.

With these two commentaries to aid him, the student or general reader should have no difficulty in tracing the origin and evolution of one of Canada's greatest industries, in getting considerable insight into the social and cultural life of Toronto in the period under review, and in picturing Toronto itself in relation to its hinterland.

Space forbids adequate illustration of these statements, but a glance at the contents of one single letter may suffice. In that of May 18, 1855, Mr. Davies refers to the prospective celebration of May 24th, the elaborate parades of the engine companies which characterized all public celebrations, the price of butter, his anxiety about the siege of Sebastopol, his low view of Lord Raglan, the proposed visit of Napoleon III to England and his anxiety lest the alliance should not be for the good of England, an ordination service in his own church and his anxiety to learn if it was the same as in England, a visit which he and his wife made to a "Panorama of the Thames"—that early Victorian forerunner of the cinema, the state of trade in Canada, the character of the farmers, the scarcity of beef and mutton (because the farmers were giving all their attention to wheat), the defeat of the "Main Liquor Law" in the Canadian Legislature, cholera on the Mississippi and the rapid expansion of the suburbs of Toronto. Thus in one letter of barely two pages he gives a brief account of his life and times, and in like manner the sixty odd letters cover the period from 1854 to 1861.

D. C. H.

THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISED STANDARD VERSION. Thomas Nelson & Sons. \$2.50.

The celebrated author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* begins his story with a vivid picture:

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and, behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and, as he read, he wept and trembled; and, not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

This is Bunyan, a master surgeon of the human soul. He puts a Book into the hand of Christian; by its light he is awakened to a sense of his danger, by its guidance he sets out on pilgrimage to find the Celestial City.

For all who are concerned about the run-down spiritual condition of our time, the publication of the *Revised Standard Version* of the New Testament will be very good news. Its quickening spirit may breathe upon the dry bones of our generation and cause flesh to come upon them. The miracle it can accomplish if the book is opened, and the Voice is heard, and the old, old story is allowed to sing its way into the lonely heart.

In the year 1930 the International Council of Religious Education, representing forty denominations, gave commission to a group of eminent Bible scholars. The assignment was in the following terms: to produce a new version of the Scriptures "for use in public and private worship, to be in the direction of the simple, classical English style of King James Version."

Here is to be found the key to the excellence of the new translation. However much we prized and admired the new versions of Weymouth and Moffatt and Goodspeed, we missed the beauty of the melodious and stately prose of the Elizabethan Era. This band of scholars has succeeded in doing something that has not been done before: they have retained the beauty and flavour of the old, and enlivened the text by a skilful use of the new.

Words are the coinage of language; when daily passed over the counter of speech, some lose their distinguishing marks and the image becomes faint and blurred, while others pass altogether out of circulation. If the full force of a message is to be felt by any generation, it must be expressed in the living and pungent thought forms of the day. That is the significant service that the new version is capable of rendering to the Christian people of this generation.

It is plain, therefore, that no translation can ever be final. The racing speed of the new sciences, and the ever expanding frontiers of new knowledge, will leave to-day's *Webster* far in the rear. Nevertheless, if I might be permitted one guess, it would be this: the *Revised Standard Version* will win a permanent place in public worship and private devotions, and will supersede all other editions, even as the *King James* won over all the versions that had gone before.

Here I would interject one plea on behalf of the younger generation. Reading matter was never so abundant, and at no previous time was the printed page so voraciously consumed. Our young people read widely, but they do not take up the Bible for instruction or pleasure. Let leaders of youth put this new Version into their hands as speedily as possible. No longer need they stumble over the dark sayings and the impossible words.

I surmise that for a long time the average layman has read the Bible as a stern duty, or not read it at all. It spoke a language that was different, and of a world that was becoming more and more remote. "Do you really understand what you are reading?" said Philip to the Abyssinian Chancellor as they rode together in the chariot. "How can I understand it," he replied, "unless some one puts me on the

right track?" Thus has mankind's supreme spiritual textbook dropped out of use. The Church did not interpret the Word as it ought, and the layman did not understand it as he should.

The following comparison will illustrate what we have been saying of the forcefulness and simplicity of the newer translation. In the *King James*, Hebrews 11:1, is written thus: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report." Moffatt writes it thus: "Now faith means that we are confident of what we hope for, convinced of what we do not see. It was for this that the men of old won their record." The *Revised Standard Version* gives this translation: "Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. For by it the men of old received divine approval."

Here, then, is a Book for all thoughtful people to buy and read, and re-read. Not the Book of the Month, but the Book of the Ages. Not a best-seller, but the best of all best-sellers. And it may be that, when the centuries have rolled by, 1946 will take its place with 1611 as the date of the second Great Translation.

In a day when the decline of scholarship is deplored on every hand, and when scholars on both sides of the Atlantic have been subjected to a rapid gunfire because of a faded glory and a lost sense of responsibility, surely here is something that will correct that judgment. Within the two covers of this book we have the sweet vintage of reverent spirits and profound minds. To the service of the highest have been given years of study and research, that the most precious words ever spoken upon the earth might become more challenging and meaningful for this next day. When we read this new translation, we thank God for these men, and take courage.

FRANK LAWSON

A WORD IN YOUR EAR, AND JUST ANOTHER WORD. By Ivor Brown. With a Foreword by J. Donald Adams. E. P. Dutton and Company. 1945. \$2.75.

For those to whom words are not symbols but personalities, this book is most desirable. Evidently the making of it has been a delight to Mr. Brown. "Words, like flowers," he writes, "have colour and bloom and aroma"; so in the vast gardens he has traversed during war-time he has lovingly culled the blossoms that pleased him best, be they beautiful or freakish. Like Tennyson, he is one who can find "all the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word".

Among authors, Shakespeare's magnificent vocabulary has been Mr. Brown's treasure-house and standard of excellence, but he does not neglect the moderns. Housman's distinctive use of common words and Sean O'Casey's rich and racy speech are cited often: the Scots dialect, that copious and strangely vital form of English, furnishes many a hardy bloom. Mr. Brown is himself a Scot, sometime dramatic critic of *The Manchester Guardian* and of *The Saturday Review*, and now editor of the *London Observer*.

The book is a work of scholarship as well as of taste and imagination. In gathering the life story of his "flowers of speech", this is the author's procedure: "Once attracted by a word," he says, "and looking into antecedents and parentage, I have grubbed in the Dictionary. But is *grub* a fair description? Scarcely. Dictionaries are green and blossoming pastures, wherein any fancier of curious and delightful things can meander contentedly for days."

Mr. Brown is always stimulating and sometimes challenging. He can make a romance of "madrigal" and a satire of "glamour", and so of dozens more; but few readers will accept his startling emendation in Macbeth's great hyperbole:

This my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

He gives his own reasons for substituting "ooze" for "one". "Ooze", however, is but one word out of two hundred and sixty-two.

The book is a light of leading for all lovers of words; by following its inspiration, they can become anthologists in their own right. It is a special boon also for those sanguine professors who set forth dictionaries and other wordbooks in the hope of luring their students along the flowery paths which Mr. Brown travels with discerning zest. Though a masterpiece, *A Word in Your Ear* is not inimitable; it can be imitated readily enough, but not equalled. Mr. Brown's Christian name, for instance, will yield a word story.

The name "Ivor" first pleased the ears of North American audiences in Mr. Churchill's Harvard address, when he commended Professor Ivor Richards's zeal for the teaching of Basic English. But whence comes it and what means it? Is it Welsh or Gaelic for the well known name of a Hebrew saint? These saints' names sometimes undergo strange metamorphoses. "Iago", which Shakespeare attaches to his most evil villain, is the Spanish for James, James the Son of Thunder. The trail proved quite obscure until a sudden clue led, very surprisingly, to County Wexford. Here, Saint Ivor (Ibar or Iberius) had preached the Gospel both before and after the coming of Patrick, had gathered disciples around him to the number of three thousand as invoked in the Litany of Aengus, and died at a peaceful old age (500 A.D.) on Begerin, then an island in the north of Wexford Bay. This is a far cry indeed from 1946, the *London Observer*, and Harvard University.

An essay in literary criticism prefaced each of the original two volumes. These essays are probably the most valuable portions of a valuable book, since Mr. Brown is a worthy heritor of "the Master of those who know." It is encouraging to read that after "the nineteen-thirtyish composers of tangled-wire poetry and of the jerky, unrhythmical prose then in fashion," he hails writers of the present as masters of a finer art. The following sentences reveal the heart of his matter:

"That words can be far more than mere bits of raw material for sentences has more usually been the view of the artist; poetry, to

many, has seemed to consist of 'words raised to a higher power'. That is to say, the emotional vibration proceeding from words was perfectly harmonized with the emotion or the idea to be expressed. So the selection and alignment of words, with reference to their musical value and their significance in power and poignance, was a natural part of poetry, just as it was the essence of rhetoric . . . All I wish to do is to remind readers and writers that . . . the choice of one word rather than another may alter the whole weight and influence of a poem or of a passage in prose."

SISTER MAURA

THE SONG OF THE COLD. By Edith Sitwell. Macmillan Co. of Canada.
Pp. 116. \$2.50.

This volume contains Miss Sitwell's work during the last five years. Many of the poems have already been published in *Street Songs* and *Green Song and other Poems*. The advantage of the present volume is that it presents the poems in their proper sequence of inspiration and mood. Miss Sitwell sings of timeless themes; she is not interested in the most recent political or economic system. There is a haunting, brooding quality about her work. The language is often deliberately reminiscent of earlier works; for example, much of the power of "Serenade: Any Man to Any Woman" comes from the constant echoing of, and contrast with, Marlowe's "Come Live with me and be my Love":

Then die with me and be my love:
The grave shall be your shady grove
And in your pleasaunce rivers flow . . .

Perhaps the real appeal of Miss Sitwell's poetry lies in the rich, carefully wrought texture of the verse, and in the poet's sense of colour. The very richness of the verse tends to slow the movement, but for most of the poems in this volume that is desirable. Gold, emerald, and red seem to be Miss Sitwell's favourite colours, and she uses them very effectively. One more quotation must suffice to show her skill:

Still falls the Rain
Dark as the world of man, black as our loss—
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain
With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the
hammer-beat
In the Potter's Field, and the sound of the impious feet
On the Tomb:

Still falls the Rain
In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and the
human brain
Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain..

It is a beautiful poem working through a daring use of the great closing lines of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* to the quiet closing:

Then sounds the voice of One who like the heart of man
Was once a child who among beasts has lain—
Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood, for thee—

B. M.

DOWN EAST—Another Cargo of Tales Told Under the Old Town Clock. By William C. Borrett. Imperial Publishing Co., Halifax, N. S.

In three previous books, Major Borrett had done much to stimulate and to gratify curiosity about the past of Nova Scotia, and in *Down East* he continues this excellent educational service.

It is made up, like its predecessors, of broadcasts delivered each Sunday. Some legend or recorded event about a particular village or bay or island along the coast is explained in a talk about the circumstances of place and time to which it refers, and thus the listeners are lured into contemplating, bit by bit, through a sequence of romance or adventure, a history which in their childhood days at school they had too often thought a tedious task. To an adult audience, with experience of life's battles in the present, there is an interest in such stories well told that they are unlikely to have for Grades X and XI.

The stories are told well. Naturally, for such a Province as Nova Scotia, a number in the set are of happenings at sea—such as that of the brig *Baltimore* found in Chebogue Harbor one day in 1735 with only one living person on board—a woman whose story of what the ship had been through started many an enquiry to separate its facts from their adroit elaboration; or the story of the *Saladin*, which with its mutinous crew sailed from Valparaiso on February 8, 1844, on a voyage destined to end in a wreck on the island that still bears the ship's name and the public execution of the mutineers on Halifax Common for murder after murder done upon the high seas. Smuggling tales are here too, tales of Micmac Indian days, tales of the Province in generations before the abolition of slavery in British Dominions, when an auction of negroes would be announced in the *Halifax Gazette* like an advertisement of a coming furniture sale in our papers now. Most interesting, and historically most instructive, to many will be the chapters in this book on familiar landscapes, villages, houses,—places one knows well by sight, but with a history which has been too long neglected, and which as it is made to live, in what Major Borrett would call "a yarn" of personal daring or greed, heroism or love or crime, recreates a whole setting of the past.

Historians once again are indebted to this broadcaster. He is an admirable promotion agent for their sales of knowledge which, by routine method, often drag.

H. L. S.

PINDAR. (THE SATHER CLASSICAL LECTURES. Vol. XIX, University California) by Gilbert Norwood, Professor of Classics in Toronto University. University of California Press. Pp. 302. \$2.50.

The world has waited long and not too reverently for the "Open Sesame" to every last mysterious door in the house of this baffling poet. Some of us, indeed, had secretly suspected that no such magic formula existed. This reviewer confesses that he, too, was among the Philistines, and is not a little relieved to learn that he has been in the august company of Wilamowitz and some lesser giants. In mitigation our author warningly cites Eustathius, who writes of those few "acute persons" that "make their way unerringly through the labyrinth of (Pindar's) utterance . . . and passing along the convolutions right to the centre, trace their winding course back again and are restored to their homes with intelligence unimpaired."

Prof. Gilbert Norwood, author of *Greek Tragedy*, *Greek Comedy* and of other provocative works of classical vision, has now appeared as the magician holding the key to Pindar. The eight lectures delivered by him as Sather Professor of Classical Literature at the University of California, 1943-44, are here edited to present to a wider public this timely, inspired and inspiring analysis of the poet he so obviously loves. The epithet "readable" should in sheer justice be included; for, though the notes are for the scholar, no devotee of letters will escape the charm of the lectures. Almost he persuadeth one to be a Pindarist. Admittedly it is possible by over-concentration to make anything of any artist, however enigmatic. Pseudo-Cubists have been known to cheat the gravest of critics into praising an abstraction that turned out to be only a dauber's prank. But Prof. Norwood's long adventure after Pindar is too searching, too complete and too successful for us to do much but admire—and follow.

Who, then, and what was Pindar?

Born in 518 (or 522) B.C. near Thebes in Boeotia, that state of ancient Greece sneered at for the boorish stupidity of its other inhabitants, he finished the apprenticeship of his art at Athens (where he almost certainly rubbed shoulders with Aeschylus) and returned to the dull air of his native land to become the world-famous as, indeed, the only, writer of that particular *genre* of Greek poetry which Prof. Norwood, for Pindar, entitles the Dramatic Lyric. He is credited with having composed poetry of eight main types, ranging from the Dithyramb to the Dirge; but his fame in ancient, as in modern, times rests on what alone has survived for us as a group intact—the "Epinician" odes. These lyrical poems celebrate, in language that is as gorgeous as it is individual, principally the victories of athletes at the great Olympian, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian contest-festivals of Greece. His death at the reputed age of eighty gives him a *floruit* that overlaps those of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. Yet while in the hands of these Attic Tragedy grew from its primitive phase to past its zenith, Pindar remained, like Homer with the Epic, a giant among the primitives.

It is as such that Prof. Norwood approaches him. Discarding all attempts to rationalize Pindar's ethics (which are faint and orthodox),

or his "theory for athletic success" (even more nebulous) he listens—and lets this last genius of the childhood of Greek literature speak to him, in the single capacity in which Pindar can speak, as pure poet.

Pindar's ways with athletic prowess are, however, not our ways, and thereby hangs his great obscurity. Soaring above the mundane details of the contest in question, he tends to view it (with its frequently diminishing subject) as but an episode in the long tale of universal athletic excellence, and (from a modern point of view) to over-emphasize the mythological champions that exhibit its divine origin. In Pindar's hands the exemplifying myth supplants all analysis of local human form. Even this would be assimilable were it not for the many incomprehensible coils, twists and (be it said) knots tangled in the skein of the magnificent diction.

This is where Prof. Norwood returns in triumph, bringing his sheaves with him. Suspecting a deep and consciously buried symbolism, he has attacked the hardest odes at their hardest points—often a single word—as in the hitherto inexplicable Pythian XI. Here the whole sense hinges on the mysterious verb "buzzes", which has made fools of most editors, but under his patient midwifery is delivered of the "bee" image, with all the attendant symbolism of the play (in Greek) on "Ismenian" and "swarm", of the title of "Bee" given to prophetesses, to the Priestess of Delphi in particular, and, in the ode, to the greatest prophetess of them all, Cassandra. Olympian VII is enriched by the symbol of the rose, inextricably woven in Pindar's idealizing fancy with the Rose-island—known in our cruder tongue as Rhodes. Pythian I, deemed the poet's blazing best, sulphurously elaborates the Aetna symbol, while in Nemean VII Pindar "almost explicitly announces his method of symbolism by the external, heavy-handed way in which he has here forced it upon his work."

Prof. Norwood follows his poet with the tenderest as well as the boldest understanding. He discerns the exquisite crusading chivalry of Jason in Pythian IV—a quality so drastically lacking from Greek poetry before Pindar and after. He finds brilliance everywhere, brilliance of phrase, of metaphor, of contrast, of grandeur and of gloom. The author who can write of "passing the hand over the electrically charged surface of Pindar's verse" and elsewhere of "a diction that seems to be washed in dew" is justified in arguing that compared with the Greeks most moderns are blind. And blind we should be to so mercurial a poet without such a guide, who has moreover done what he can for us in the troubled matter of the Pindaric metres by providing a clue which he lovingly unfolds in an appendix.

All this, of course, is the fruit of thirty years of devoted study. Few can expect to vow such lengthy worship to one misunderstood bard, especially those of us who are crowded by the cares of more elementary work. But Prof. Norwood has offered a magnificent invitation which one at least of his disciples gladly accepts.

R. E. D. CATTLEY.

GREY SHIP MOVING. By Charles Bruce. Ryerson Press. Pp. 34.
\$1.50

I like Mr. Charles Bruce's poetry. It is natural, free from pose and affectation, and spiritually sound. The author was born and brought up at Port Shoreham, on beautiful Chedebuxto Bay in lovely Guysborough County. He knows the beauty of the sea in all its moods, and he knows the honest, hard life of fisher folk. Always his imagery and language go back to these healthy, life-giving sources. His themes, too, are homely and healthy; there is no attempt to appear profound by wrapping his thoughts in abstruse language and private symbols. The title poem tells the story of a man who merely through the rush of modern life has become almost estranged from his wife, and who on the wartime trip to England finds the answer to his problem; from a private on safety watch he hears the words "You can't stay out of the show," and from those few words he rebuilds his life. "Words are Never Enough" is a splendid poem dealing with the love of the sea that haunts the Maritimer wherever he may go inland. The picture of childhood in a fishing settlement is evoked in manly, honest, unsentimental, beautiful fashion. The closing is rich in suggestion:

Words are never enough; these are aware
Somewhat deep in the soundless well of knowing
That sea in the flesh and nerves and the puzzling mind
Of children born to the long grip of its tide
Must always wash the land's remotest heart.
These are the fellows who keep the salt in the blood.

"Personal Note" is a simple confession of a manly creed. Simple values mould Mr. Bruce's life; the poet is not ashamed of being British; he knows that man has slowly but surely climbed to a decent philosophy of life that is worth holding. He is not enamored of new economic philosophies that lose the man and his responsibility in the neat little system; he is tired of cynicism and futility and crying; to quote from "Immediates":

Two cents for haddock, one for cod;
Weather a chance, and wind a guess—
But no allegiance to the god
Of unavailing bitterness.

Here on the roofless beach they know
The fallibility of plan,
That justice and injustice grow
Not from the system but the man.

Grey Ship Moving is beautiful poetry that satisfies with its normality and freshness of vision and expression.

B. M.

MEN ON TRIAL. By Peter Howard. London, Blandford Press, 1945.

Mr. Howard has a gift for racy journalistic description, combined with keen criticism, which has made his earlier publications circulate by hundreds of thousands. His experience over a period of exciting years when he represented the *Daily Express* in the press gallery at Westminster, and his intimate contacts in this capacity with the men by whom British policies were being directed, have equipped him to write this very vivid account of the chief figures, one by one, in Mr. Attlee's Cabinet. It is the fourth of such contributions from his pen to our understanding of the currents at the capital of the Empire in the period since the Second World War began. *Men on Trial* is a worthy sequel to *Innocent Men*, *Fighters Ever*, and *Ideas Have Legs*.

The sketches here are brief, but informing and suggestive. Mr. Howard has formed his own clear conception of each personality he outlines—in its convictions (or lack of convictions), its moods, its ruling motive, its technique of action. One can read the book through in the course of an afternoon, and thus obtain a picture (as it has impressed itself upon one highly intelligent observer watching them at close quarters over a long period) of such men as Clement Attlee, Herbert Morrison, Ernest Bevin, Sir Stafford Cripps, Emmanuel Shinwell, Hugh Dalton, Arthur Greenwood. These are "on trial" in office, but leaders of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition are likewise on trial in their work of critically opposing, and we have here character sketches also of Anthony Eden, Viscount Cranborne, Lord Beaverbrook.

A refreshing feature of the book is that it is clever without being cynical, and that the momentous issues with which the men it describes have to deal are never forgotten as the writer thinks sympathetically, although exactly, of the extent to which their efforts have so far been inadequate. If, as Carlyle once said, the Twelve Labours of Hercules are laid upon "un-Herculean" backs, one must expect very partial execution, and it was not the fault of those who fell short that their backs had such un-Herculean character. Constantly as one reads *Men on Trial*, one remembers *Mirrors of Downing Street*. But, unlike Harold Begbie, who concealed himself under the nom-de-plume *A Gentleman with a Duster*, Mr. Howard accepts responsibility from the first.

To me the most interesting of the novelties in this book is in the chapter "Diamonds in the Desert", about an insurgent group of young Conservatives (compared by the writer to the "Fourth Party" of seventy years ago) which is determined to find for Conservatism a programme of popular appeal, as contrasted with the conventional routine of return to "the good old days" varied by savage attack on Socialism. Mr. Howard says there are forty of this group in the House, and he mentions four names—Quintin Hogg, Hugh Molson, Peter Thorneycroft, Viscount Hinchinbroke. He describes them by eulogistic metaphor—as "sparkling-plugs of Conservatism", and again as shining like "diamonds in the desert". But I suspect there is both a nearer and a closer parallel available than in that Fourth Party of seventy years ago, which Lord Randolph Churchill adjoined

to show the British working class what a "democratic Tory" could do for them. What about a generation later, not much more than forty years ago, when certain back-bench Conservatives were calling for more positive service by the Party? Is it possible that such a vehement young follower as Quintin Hogg is going to embarrass Winston Churchill as Winston Churchill began his parliamentary career by embarrassing Arthur James Balfour?

This is a book to be read. It is piquant, timely, and an excellent appetiser for a fuller meal.

H. L. S.

ESKIMO SUMMER. By Douglas Leechman. Ryerson Press. Pp. 247. \$2.50.

Dr. Douglas Leechman is an anthropologist with the National Museum of Canada. The present volume is a record of a summer spent near Port Burwell, which is near Davis Strait, in studying ancient Eskimo remains. It is a very interesting document, from many points of view. The descriptions of the land are well done; the dangers of crossing a four-mile stretch of water between Killinek Island, the base of the one-man expedition, and the Button Islands, where the first excavations were made, are set forth vividly. Later excavations were on Killinek Island, not far from Port Burwell. Dr. Leechman has very high respect for the Eskimo. They are a friendly, intelligent people who developed a culture suited admirably to their environment. They are adept with their hands, and can grasp quickly the mechanical principles of any machine. They are a very happy people, or were before they came under the influence of our white civilization. Changes of different kinds are taking place; here is one instance: all the older people have perfect teeth, which serve as a third hand, but the teeth of Jimmy, the four-year old boy, already show caries because of new foods. All the natives of the party stand out as individuals. If we think our own young people have gone mad on dancing, we should be in despair about the Eskimo, who find any occasion an excuse for a dance.

Dr. Leechman excavated different old igloo sites. Curiously enough, his most successful work was the last igloo he opened before stopping operations for the winter. There he found many remains—not in the igloo itself, but in a nearby dump—of the Cape Dorest people, forerunners of the present natives. This is a very fine book, and should serve to interest many in the North Land and in its hardy, intelligent natives.

B. M.