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NEW BOOKS

Jawaharlal Nehru. By FRANK MORAES. New York: The Macmillan Company [In Canada, Brett-Macmillan, Toronto], 1956. Pp. x, 511. \$6.75.

Mr. Frank Moraes' biography of Jawaharlal Nehru is also a history of India's independence movement in the twentieth century. It is a drama with a cast of Shakespearian greatness, and with all the elements of tragedy, opportunities lost again and again, and conflict between person and person and between the opposed sides, each group showing alternately weakness and strength, until after final acute travail was born the free India. If Mr. Moraes does not quite do justice to his theme, he nevertheless has compressed an enormous number of facts into this very readable biography. Indeed, the very compression helps to heighten the sense of drama. Throughout the world the twentieth century has been a century of telescoped history, but it is hard to conceive of any country, except perhaps the Soviet Union, where changes have been more rapid and profound than in India.

It is the more remarkable that the author succeeds in driving home this sense of the overwhelming importance of India's emergence as a free nation, as his style is throughout that of the journalist. He accepts unquestioningly the popularised clichés of political theory, and he who accepts clichés is not the man to plumb the depths of Jawaharlal Nehru's complicated and sceptical personality. Perhaps because the author is a humble man and realises his own limitations, he is able to hint at the unknown depths of Nehru's character and to leave the reader with a valid impression, even if with no fully satisfying explanation, of this extraordinary man.

Nehru has been India's man of the hour as Churchill was for England in her time of greatest crisis. But there had been long years of preparation characterised by a running dialectic between himself and Mahatma Gandhi. Respecting each other always, they nevertheless disagreed deeply, and Nehru, during the first quarter century of his political career, forced himself to give in to Gandhi at point after point in the interest of the precious unity of the *swaraj*, or independence, movement. Gandhi moved on a plane where inspiration and his own unyielding adherence to the principle of non-violence ruled. With Nehru non-violence was never anything more than a policy expedient in an India where the masses were physically defenceless. Similarly, Gandhi's enthusiasm for cottage industries seemed a backward step to Nehru, who saw controlled industrialisation as the only hope for India's rapidly increasing and progressively underfed population. Moreover, his own socialism was deeply impatient of Gandhi's ready acceptance of wealth and poverty as conditions ordained by providence.

The cleavage in their approach to every situation was always solved by Nehru's withdrawing in favour of the man who alone had power to unite the many Indias under his own leadership. The strength of India depended on maintaining that maximum unity for whose foundation the almost universal love and respect for Gandhiji provided the essential mortar. Mr. Moraes, though he realises how often the process of give-and-take between these two men resulted in "give" on Nehru's part, nevertheless underplays the cost to the younger man of these repeated withdrawals. Nehru's own editorials and speeches and his autobiography show more clearly than the present book how strongly he felt his loneliness on these occasions.



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Mr. Moraes quite justly assesses Nehru's distinctive contribution to India's political progress as "his redefinition of the purely political concept of *swaraj*, giving freedom a social and economic content." Nehru was the first Indian politician to emphasise the need for planning what was to happen to his country politically *after* the attainment of independence. Though Nehru has been greatly influenced by Marxist Socialism, he has always been too much of a humanist and a liberal, and too alive to the dangers that beset true liberty, ever to embrace orthodox Communism. It is in its dealings with this most interesting development in Nehru's thought that Mr. Moraes' biography is only partially satisfactory. One must read between the lines or study Nehru's own writings to supplement the quick judgments and fluent superficiality of a newspaperman.

Mr. Moraes writes his book naturally enough from the point of view of the patriotic Indian. He is not uncritical of Jawaharlal Nehru himself, but largely uncritical of the party he represents. An outside observer acquainted with conditions in India during the years prior to Independence Day may be irritated from time to time by the author's bland assumption, for instance, that there were no attempts at agrarian or social reform or the amelioration of the burden of debt other than those of the Congress Party. Neither does his description of wartime India strike an answering chord in this reviewer's experience — though it must be confessed that this experience did not include the areas of Bengal and Madras, which were most subject to wartime stresses and strains. With all the frustrations and imaginative lacks obvious in a foreign government, that government nevertheless performed very creditably the task of keeping a reasonably secure base for operations over a period of seven years in a disaffected subcontinent.

The two great exceptions on the debit side were, first, the Bengal famine of 1943, which was directly attributable to the loss of Burmese and Indonesian rice to India; and secondly, the major rebellion of August, 1942, a repetition of the Indian Mutiny of 1857 and largely unreported outside India because of the imposition of wartime censorship. The first of these events the author attributes to the failure of the Government of India to form a Food Ministry in the early stages of the war with Japan, but it is hard to see how any Food Ministry could have made up the enormous deficit in the rice imports needed to feed Bengal's millions. The rice simply was not there, and no increase in the number of government clerks employed would have filled those empty stomachs.

The author describes the uprising of 1942 in terms of the government violence used to crush it and ignores the fact that mass violence was widespread and so prolonged that members of the Indian intelligentsia were convinced that within three months there would not be a foreigner left in India. The uprising took place as the Japanese were on the borders of India in Manipur State, and it is alleged that the rebels' effective cutting of the main rail communications between Delhi and Calcutta over a considerable period of time was a major hindrance to military operations in the Arakan. It is surely naive to expect any government at war, however just or unjust that government's claim to rule may be, to allow internal revolution on such a scale, or in fact on any scale, without vigorous repression. It is in actual fact one of the more remarkable feats of the British administration that the rebellion

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was put down with as little repression and with as much co-operation as was in fact given by the people of India at the time, so that within a very few months stability was restored and even a protracted fast undertaken by Gandhi in prison led to no further mob demonstrations nor outbreaks of violence.

The rebellion, of course, was not directly inspired by the Congress Party, but it was consequent upon the imprisonment of the entire cadre of Congress leadership following the passage of the famous "Quit India" resolution by the All-India Congress Committee in Bombay on August 7, 1942. This resolution, representing a policy always distrusted by Nehru himself, showed either great naiveté or extreme political opportunism such as Mahatma Gandhi always disclaimed. By 1942 too many opportunities for working out a compromise for the duration of the war had been lost by both the Congress Party and the British Government for there to be much hope of any political solution while hostilities lasted. It was another of Nehru's dilemmas and disappointments. He regarded the war against Fascism from an international rather than a national point of view, and found himself again alone and ineffective. It is probably due to the fundamentally irreconcilable views, complicated by emotional ties, within the Party (represented by Gandhi on the one hand and Nehru on the other) that Congress was outmanoeuvred by the Muslim League during the wartime period. Mr. Moraes is harder on the Congress and easier on the Muslim League in this respect than this reviewer would be.

It is possible that the very detailed character of Mr. Moraes' account of India's progress towards independence may be too much for the average Western reader unless he carries within his head a map of India and an encyclopaedic knowledge of India's varied leading personalities over half a century. The multitude of major and minor actors who surround the central figure (all with troublesome Asiatic names!) and the unavoidable intrusion of India's ubiquitous geography at all points (again with the tongue-twisting proper names) may well bludgeon the enquiring reader into a state of confusion.

Confusion or no confusion, the problem of the continuing stability of the Indian Government is of immense concern to all of us. The question whether India, with her innate respect for freedom of thought and her almost concomitant lack of drive, can assume and retain leadership in Asia as against China, where freedom is hampered but where there appears to be an enormous potential of enthusiasm and energy, will be decided largely by the statesmanship of India's present Prime Minister. Mr. Moraes makes it clear that Nehru's qualities of imagination, single-mindedness, and even impatience have been of immense value to this new nation needing, as she does, authoritative leadership to effect quick and necessary changes while never losing sight of the democratic ideals that he and his party value so highly. Nevertheless, these very same qualities have often caused him to leave his companions far behind him, and it is the apparent political solitude of Nehru that gives his biographer and others beside him much cause for concern. Mr. Moraes maintains that he has always lacked the ability to decentralise work by entrusting it to others and has not been a good judge of men to assist him. His lieutenants have not always been allowed the increased responsibility and power needed to develop a trusted and tried corps of men and women to share responsibility now and be ready to take

over the reins of government when the day comes that the Prime Minister must retire.

In the meantime, the last third of the book, which deals with Jawaharlal as Prime Minister and India's problems as a free nation since the war, should be read with great attention. The chapters on nation-building, the horror story of Kashmir, the foreign policy most logically adopted by a newly-independent nation (and most oddly and violently criticised by the Americans, whose own policy over two centuries it most clearly resembles), will all help effect that necessary revolution in our own thinking which will bring us to reckon realistically with the awakened nations of Asia as political forces. The fuel on which Ram Lal's wife cooks her dinner or the ease with which Ming Chou's daughter goes to high school and university will in the end prove more convincing arguments than Mr. Dulles' dalliance or drive. The eyes of millions of Asians and Africans living in a borderland economy will watch critically the progress of Chou's China and Nehru's India. If India can feed her millions, educate them, and care for their health, and at the same time protect their basic human rights and her own independence, the lesson will not be lost. In fact, it may well be that the success or failure of India's combination of welfare state and democracy may have greater bearing on our ability to hold fast to our own most valued and hard-won freedoms in the western world than the success or otherwise of any guided-missile programme or grandiose scheme for the conquest of space. Mr. Moraes' book will help the reader to a better understanding of the background of such global problems.

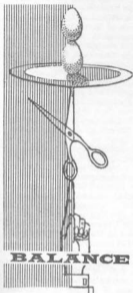
University of King's College

MARY and H. L. PUXLEY

The Frontier and Canadian Letters. By WILFRID EGGLESTON. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1957. Pp. ix, 164. \$3.75.

This is a hard book to get into but a very rewarding one once you do. Mr. Eggleston spends his first fifty pages in what can only be described as beating about the bush, but from then on he hits his stride and guides us through some most interesting territory.

Part of the trouble with the first four chapters is that the author seems to have difficulty in defining his own theme. He is at some pains to suggest the novelty of what he is doing — "After I had read half a dozen surveys of Canadian literature, I began to wonder whether a fresh approach might not throw new light on the story" — without ever really stating simply and clearly in what the alleged novelty of his approach consists. He raises a number of portentous questions such as "What spiritual soil and what climate had produced great eras of literature elsewhere and in olden times?", "What social milieu, what cultural atmosphere, would have to be evolved by the emigrants of the old societies to North America, before a sophisticated and refined product like *belles lettres* could be expected?", and "What is the minimum of cultural, educational and critical apparatus, what degree of integration of society, what spiritual values, what degree of growth of an interested audience, what market, must precede a literary era?" He raises these questions and never answers them, because they are in fact unanswerable. But his attempt to answer them misleads him into a long excursus



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into what may be called literary sociology. We are treated to extensive quotations from American historians such as Frederick Jackson Turner and James Truslow Adams relating to the impact of the frontier on American society, we get a long discussion of heredity and artistic talent based on the findings of anthropologists such as Amram Scheinfeld and Alexis Carrel, and a whole chapter on the flowering of New England. Now all this is not totally irrelevant, but it is certainly grossly out of scale. In a five-hundred-page study of the relations of literature and society in Canada, fifty pages of theory and extra-Canadian background might have been justified — but not when the total length of the book is only one hundred and sixty pages.

The remaining two-thirds of the book do, however, justify its publication. What Mr. Eggleston does in them is to document the late E. K. Brown's statement, made in *On Canadian Poetry*, that "A more powerful obstacle at present to the growth of a great literature is the spirit of the frontier." He sets out to prove, and does so quite convincingly, that there is nothing surprising about the relative paucity of good literature in Canada, that this paucity can be almost wholly explained by the conditions and values of a frontier society. When, in spite of these conditions, a group of writers does appear, as in the Nova Scotia of the eighteen-thirties or the New Brunswick of the eighteen-eighties, it is the result of a combination of exceptional circumstances: a family tradition, an outstanding teacher, a sympathetic editor. In describing these exceptional circumstances, Mr. Eggleston leans heavily upon the essays of Dean A. G. Bailey of the University of New Brunswick, though in treating the West he is able to draw upon his own experiences as a writer emerging from a frontier society.

There is nothing very novel in these theories, and that is really my main criticism of the book: its introductory chapters promise a theoretical novelty which the body of the book does not fulfill. The novelty of the book is not in its theories but in its particular facts. Never have so many facts about the actual conditions of writing in Canadian society been assembled. It is one thing to talk casually about the inhibiting influence of the frontier; it is another and much more valuable thing to quote early records to show in detail how unfavourable conditions were. We do tend to forget how recently our society has emerged from the frontier stage, and passages such as this bring us up with a jerk:

If the informants of Anna Brownell Jameson (in 1837) can be relied upon, in the more distant townships "not one person in twenty or thirty could read or write, or had the means of attaining such knowledge."

As late as 1914, according to Elizabeth Hay Trott, Canadian publishing did not exceed fifteen per cent of the total sales [of books] in Canada, and this was mainly of an educational or religious character.

The district between the Little Bow River and Mosquito Creek where I [Eggleston] first lived on a prairie farm was only six years removed from the open range when I first saw it, and down in the Manyberries County a few miles from Lake Pakowki my father as homesteader ploughed virgin sod, the first man ever to farm that particular little segment of the third prairie Steppe.

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In thus reminding us of the heavy odds against which Canadian writers have had to contend, Mr. Eggleston has performed a valuable service. But as he himself modestly admits, his book "is really a reconnaissance rather than a scholarly assault on the theme." We have gone as far as we can go in Canadian literary history and criticism on the information presently available. Thanks to the work of A. J. M. Smith, E. K. Brown, W. E. Collin and others, we now know who our main writers were, and have a pretty sound estimate of their strengths and weaknesses. What is needed now is concerted research to discover the facts — facts of biography, of the development of printing, of the history of magazines and newspapers, of the establishment of libraries and literary societies, and so on. Let us fervently hope that those who are now engaged in planning a full-scale *Literary History of Canada* will be able to unearth these facts. For too long we have been generalizing on the basis of insufficient particulars. Mr. Eggleston has provided us with some of the particulars, but his modest reconnaissance must be followed up by a heavy assault in force.

University of New Brunswick

DESMOND PACEY

Dickens at Work. By JOHN BUTT and KATHLEEN TILLOTSON. London: Methuen, 1957. Pp. 238. 25s.

Writers and critics of the early twentieth century, striving diligently to emerge from the shadow of the great Victorians, undermined and toppled over the idols with gusto. Dickens was dismissed as unrealistic, shallow, and inartistic. Re-examination of his work in a period that delights in symbolism and psychology has led to a rejection of the first charge as insignificant and of the second as mistaken — what joy to know that Dickens' novels are the work of a manic-depressive! But the charge of deficiency in formal artistry, clarity of plot, care in design, has not been so heartily challenged. Chesterton's view prevails that the novels "are simply lengths cut from the flowing and mixed substance called Dickens — a substance of which any given length will be certain to contain a given proportion of brilliant and of bad stuff." In other words Dickens resembles a "patent-never-leavin'-off sassage steam engine, as ud swaller up a pavin' stone if you put it too near, and grind it into sassage as easy as if it was a tender young babby."

Much of the naivete in discussions about Dickens' artistry results from ignorance of the conditions under which he published and of materials available for the assessment of his intentions and working methods. To Mrs. Tillotson and Mr. Butt must go credit for the first serious and scholarly study of Dickens as a craftsman. Dickens students are already acquainted with their work on the writing of *Dombey and Son* and with Professor Butt's on the writing of *David Copperfield* and on Dickens' problems as a writer of 'periodical' novels. In the present work they concentrate again "upon Dickens' craft rather than his

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art," but with the qualification that "the inspiration and justification of our work is none the less a conviction of Dickens' greatness as a creative artist." After an introduction explaining the nature and demands of periodical publication and the techniques necessary to meet these demands, the authors, with a wealth of scholarly detail, show us Dickens struggling with his material. Availing themselves of manuscript notes he wrote for the double purpose of planning his instalments and of recalling them when written, they show us, not an inspired sausage-grinder, but an artist, or as they prefer, a craftsman carefully organizing the materials of his art in accordance with the conditions of his medium. It is characteristic of the backwardness of Dickensian scholarship that, before Professors Tillotson and Butt went to work on them, Dickens' notes for his part issues, most of them freely available along with proof sheets and other valuable documents at the Victoria and Albert Museum, were not only unpublished but hardly even explored (Professor Sylvère Monod in his *Dickens Romancier* has since made use of them, and K. J. Fielding's elucidation of satire in *Hard Times* [MLR, XLVIII] by pursuing a hint picked up in the notes reveals their usefulness in another direction). The main part of *Dickens at Work* is a study of the relationship of notes to finished work, of design to execution, and in the study of *David Copperfield* we are assisted by a complete set of its notes. The book covers two other aspects of Dickens' work: first, his very extensive revisions of *Sketches by Boz* (in the 1850 Preface he remarked with sly nonchalance, "I have not felt it right either to remodel or expunge, beyond a few words and phrases here and there."); and second, the topicality of *Bleak House*, especially its reflection month by month of views concurrently expressed in *The Times*. It remains but to add that *Dickens at Work* is as pleasant to read as it is sound in scholarship.

Acadia University

R. D. McMASTER

Aesthetics: Lectures and Essays. By EDWARD BULLOUGH. Edited with an Introduction by Elizabeth M. Wilkinson. London: Bowes & Bowes, 1957. [In Canada, British Book Service]. Pp. xliii, 158. \$5.10.

"'Psychical Distance' as a Factor in Art and an Aesthetic Principle" is the title of Edward Bullough's best and most famous essay in aesthetics, and despite its brevity and elegant simplicity it is one of this century's dozen or so most significant works in English on the subject. It appeared in *The British Journal of Psychology* of June, 1912, and it is still being discussed and quoted with lively interest. It has recently been reprinted in two different textbooks, once in whole and once in part, and is given in its entirety here.

To show what he means by Distance (the capital is Bullough's), the author describes an ocean passage in fog. If we turn our minds from clammy discomfort, the dismay, and the inconvenience of fog at sea, we find that the purely objective side of the experience is pleasurable. Thus to turn our minds from the subjective and practical is to insert Distance between our minds and the phenomenon itself. This insertion of Distance puts the phenomenon of fog out of gear with the

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practical self, and at the same time puts the phenomenon on a new basis where we attribute even our subjective affections to the phenomenon itself:

As a rule, experiences constantly turn the same side towards us, namely, that which has the strongest practical force of appeal. We are not ordinarily aware of those aspects of things which do not touch us immediately and practically, nor are we generally conscious of impressions apart from our own self which is impressed. The sudden view of things from their reverse, usually unnoticed, side, comes upon us as a revelation, and such revelations are precisely those of Art. In this most general sense, Distance is a factor in all art.

The essay works out systematically the implications of Distance, and shows how it cuts across many of the traditional opposites of aesthetical controversy such as objective-subjective and idealistic-realistic.

In company with the "Psychical Distance" essay, this book presents two other works of Bullough which are very much less available to the student of aesthetics and art: *The Modern Conception of Aesthetics* (a course of lectures delivered at Cambridge and privately printed in 1907), and "Mind and Medium in Art" (Bullough's contribution to a symposium held at Oxford in 1920 and printed in *The British Journal of Psychology*.)

The lecture course is of more value than the symposium paper. *The Modern Conception of Aesthetics* sets forth what is after all Bullough's main aesthetical presupposition, that things of beauty are fundamentally incomparable with each other in point of beauty. It is impossible to say that one thing of beauty is more beautiful than another thing of beauty, and "in matters of appreciation there is no superlative, but only an elative." The "Psychical Distance" essay rests upon this rather drastic assumption, but does not state it. Also, readers of "Psychical Distance" will find in the lectures an illuminating and eloquent account of "aesthetic consciousness," of which Bullough makes much but explains not at all in the essay.

Elizabeth M. Wilkinson is Reader in German in the University of London. I found her Introduction obtrusive and unhelpful. We know that the discipline of aesthetics is still in its infancy, and that the failure of one new approach after another to the problems of aesthetics is one of the major intellectual scandals of our time. There is more than a suspicion of bluestocking-solidarity in her praise of Suzanne Langer as "the author of the most coherent and satisfying theory of art to appear in this century," and her elaborate references from Bullough to Langer and back are almost meaningless, not to say discourteous.

The Preface, Biographical Note, and List of Publications are excellent, but the jacket blurb makes some bibliographical statements that are ludicrously inconsistent with the text.

University College, University of Toronto

GEOFFREY PATZANT

Scotch Reviewers; The 'Edinburgh Review', 1802-1815. By JOHN CLIVE. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1957. Pp. 224. \$5.00.

No periodical in the English language has had a more interesting history than that which made its appearance in Edinburgh in October,



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1802, under the title *The Edinburgh Review and Critical Journal*. Founded by a group of gifted young men — including Francis Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Henry Brougham — the *Edinburgh* was to prove one of the liveliest and most influential of early nineteenth-century reviews. Today it is probably best known for its generally harsh treatment of the Lake poets, particularly its bludgeoning review of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, but under its first editor, Francis Jeffrey (author of the review of the *Excursion*), the *Review* was a periodical of considerable value. Despite its treatment of Wordsworth, it was not a mere mouthpiece for unthinking conservatism: in religion it supported the cause of Catholic Emancipation; politically it advocated parliamentary reform; and socially it found much to defend and admire in the French Revolution. And whatever its weaknesses, it remained, in Jeffrey's hands, a most lively journal, vigorously outspoken even when most in error.

In *Scotch Reviewers: The Edinburgh Review, 1802-1815*, John Clive attempts through a study of the first fifty numbers of the *Review* to establish the origins of the journal, to analyze Jeffrey's work as its first editor, and to draw certain conclusions with regard to its chief contributors and their views on political, social, economic, literary, and historical questions. As a contribution to a more balanced judgment of the *Review* and its place in the life of early nineteenth-century Scotland and England, Mr. Clive's work is not to be underrated. In his hands the founders of the *Review* emerge as something more than unthinking bigots, and their work assumes an understandable place in the pattern of contemporary thought. As he makes abundantly evident, Jeffrey's success as editor was in great part the direct result of his ability to maintain a balance between reflecting and guiding the interests of his readers.

Mr. Clive begins his work by tracing the origins of the *Review*, briefly suggesting what sort of men the founders were, why they undertook the publication, and what they sought to achieve in it. He then turns to Jeffrey's labours as editor and his difficulties with his three chief contributors, his co-founders, Smith, Brougham, and Francis Horner. In the course of his first chapters Mr. Clive builds on a considerable amount of material hitherto not easily obtainable — for example, the Horner papers in the possession of the London School of Economics — and develops a well-documented background for the work of the *Review*. The succeeding chapters of the book, however, although equally well documented, do not at all live up to the promise of the opening pages. Here Mr. Clive tries to establish the place of the *Review* in the political and economic milieu of the period, and in doing so he offers an impressive body of factual historical material. One cannot help feeling, however, that for long stretches he often loses sight of the *Review* itself and surrenders to what appears to be for him a more appealing subject, the political history of early nineteenth-century England. This is traced in tedious detail at the expense of a reader's primary interest in the *Review*.

Probably the most valuable section of the book is that following the factually burdened political and economic chapters. Under the title "The Little Gilded Closet" — taken from a letter in which Horner describes a room in the house at Hatton where Jeffrey did his reviewing — Mr. Clive in a quite masterly way analyzes Jeffrey's achievement as a literary critic. After summarizing the various attitudes towards

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Jeffrey which have been held since 1802, attitudes ranging from Walter Bagehot's contempt to James A. Greig's admiration, Mr. Clive develops the view that to understand his criticism one must keep in mind that Jeffrey had the highest respect for Archibald Alison's treatise on *The Nature and Principles of Taste* (1811), and that his sympathy with Alison explains much in his critical writing. One great problem in estimating Jeffrey's value as a literary critic is the notorious difference between his public declarations and what he is known to have commented privately. Despite the nature of his criticisms of Wordsworth in the *Review*, for example, Jeffrey had considerable personal feeling for Wordsworth's poetry. One can account for the seeming dishonesty here in two ways. The first, suggested in recent years by both Russell Noyes and Robert Daniel, is that no matter how he personally felt about Wordsworth's poetry, Jeffrey persecuted Wordsworth in the pages of the *Review* because persecution stimulated the sale of the journal. The second, much kinder to Jeffrey and favoured by Mr. Clive, builds on the recognition of Jeffrey's affinity with Alison. Like Alison, Jeffrey was an associationist in aesthetics: an object is not beautiful in itself but only in so far as it is capable of rousing certain associations in the mind. Since every individual must experience different associations in the presence of an object, the experience of beauty must itself be relative. But in all works of art there must be an appeal to universal as well as personal associations. Poetry must, therefore, be judged on the basis of its success in appealing to the universal taste. So it is that, in 1814, in the review of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, Jeffrey writes:

An habitual and general knowledge of the few settled and permanent maxims, which form the eson of general taste in all large and polished societies, a certain tact, which informs us at once that many things, which we still love and are moved by in secret, must necessarily be despised as childish, or derided as absurd in all such societies — though it will not stand in the place of genius, seems necessary to the success of its exertions.

No matter how deeply, therefore, Jeffrey in his little gilded closet felt the effect of Wordsworth's poetry, the standards of universal taste demanded that he reject that poetry as in great part infantile and absurd.

Following this perceptive and tolerant treatment of Jeffrey as a literary critic, Mr. Clive turns in his last chapter to the attitude of the *Review* to the related questions of progress and perfectibility. He finds this to be an attitude generally marked by a faith in the value of progress and a belief that the course of human history is inevitably marked by progress. In Sydney Smith's words in 1803, "The true savage is a cold, cruel, sullen, suspicious, and designing animal. Man grows generous exactly in proportion as he becomes civilized."

There is much of value in Mr. Clive's work. He has gathered together a considerable body of material to support his conclusions, and he has done much to bring us to an understanding of a most controversial journal and the men who wrote for it. The book is marred by a frequently turgid, lifeless style, and as a result it all too often becomes tedious and even dull, something one would not have believed possible in a work dealing with men like Jeffrey, Smith, and Brougham. Nevertheless, *Scotch Reviewers* represents a significant contribution to the



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University College, University of Toronto

JOHN W. BILSLAND

The Government of Nova Scotia. By J. MURRAY BECK. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1957. Pp. xii, 372. \$5.50.

This is Number 8 in the Canadian Government Series edited by Professor R. MacG. Dawson, and it thoroughly sustains the high reputation established by its predecessors. One is tempted to go further and say it is the most scholarly and reliable book yet produced on the later history and politics of Nova Scotia. It represents years of research and preparation. Nobody who is seriously concerned with public problems in Nova Scotia, or indeed in the Maritime Provinces, can afford to ignore it.

Writing after the fashion of political scientists, Mr. Beck has given us a volume that is really a history of institutions. For this reason it does not contain the elements that make for popularity. But it is reasonable to hope that the works of popular apologists such as Mr. Raddall, who has recently informed his readers that during the colonial period the legislative assembly of Nova Scotia possessed no real power at all, will be influenced by the accurate writing of Mr. Beck and of other authors who work with the same care. This is a compendious book, one that bristles with precise fact and appropriate quotation, that nevertheless possesses a narrative quality which gives general meaning to the wealth of detail.

The Government of Nova Scotia should affect interpretation of Nova Scotian history in two ways. First, it shows very clearly that there is infinitely more to the early political life of the province than the contribution provided by the traditional, liberal school of historians who have written of the work of Howe and the Reformers. Mr. Beck is too meticulous to moralize, but one is strongly inclined to suspect that the "Letters to Lord John Russell" exercised little influence at the hustings. What appears to be "the Nova Scotianess of Nova Scotia" is the toughness of local prejudices and local interests. Its politicians have never found it very safe to wander far from the parish pump. An example of the durability of local points of view is the overpowering fact that the scale of division of road moneys among the counties, arrived at after years of controversy in 1852, lasted until 1917. To eschew still further Mr. Beck's dislike of leaping from the particular to the general, it might well be argued that, owing to the powerful pulls of sectional interests, the provincial governments of Nova Scotia have been characterized by weakness rather than strength, have failed to give the requisite leadership to a community that through almost all its history since Confederation has faced adverse economic factors.

Secondly, *The Government of Nova Scotia* will sharpen our consciences upon the neglect of Maritime history since Confederation. In no other volume this reviewer knows of can one find more intimate glimpses of the most uninspiring yet interesting roll of provincial premiers and politicians since 1867. Mr. Beck is no latter-day Haliburton who chides his countrymen upon their resistance to change, but his book provides

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many suggestions as to why Nova Scotian politicians were what they were and why they failed to produce a more positive response to the challenges of their times. We have had over two hundred books, pamphlets, and major articles on the history of the Acadians. Having afforded these, we should have at least half that number on the powerful tensions, the complicated intrigues, the strenuous localism of the era of Thompson, Fielding, and Murray. They were not as colourless and uninteresting as we are often led to suppose.

University of New Brunswick

W. S. McNUTT

Collected Poems, 1921-1951. By EDWIN MUIR. New York: Grove Press, 1957. Pp. 192. \$1.45. (Hardbound \$3.50).

T. S. Eliot's outstanding contribution to literature — apart from his own poetry — is that he again made it possible for lesser poets to write soul-cake poetry, that deplorable sort of poetry which reflects religious striving. We thought we had seen the last of these in the Catholic converts of the Eighties and Nineties — Lionel Johnson, Francis Thompson, and others — the broken wave of the Oxford Movement; but Eliot, without frankly acknowledging either Newman or Arnold in his double drive for culture and faith, brought the whole matter up to date in our time. It has been a sensational drama: the "conversion" of our tough intellectuals to a belief in *The Fall*, the *Myth*, the *Waste Land*, the idea that people perish without faith. This ancient music has appeared so new, T. S. Eliot's original discovery, that now critics are making rare finds, in Tennyson's *Idylls*, in Spenser, confirming Eliot's position! This is certainly putting the cart before the horse; there has been a constant "return to religion" for the past two thousand years, and Eliot's personal problem is only the most recent case. We have now ceased to make it the symptom of an entire culture: Western Civilization *in toto* is not drifting back to Anglo or any other Catholicism. However, the flotsam of Eliot's religious revival is still coming in on the tide; and Edwin Muir, for all his separate integrity and common "traditionalism," is a piece of it.

Since the publication of his *Collected Poems* by Faber and Faber in 1952 and the Grove edition of that book in America, Edwin Muir, heretofore known mainly as a novelist (and to some as a reviewer, in *The Listener* and other journals), has come in for a certain amount of belated and exaggerated praise as a poet. The appearance of the present paperback edition therefore brings him within reach of a still larger public and suggests that this poet may grow, on the good nitrates of criticism, to that major stature which Kimon Friar, Horace Gregory, J. C. Hall (who writes his Introduction) and others have promised for him. I do not think, however, that this is likely. It is well to pay some attention to a poet of such solidity of statement and craftsmanship as Muir's, when he has been grossly neglected during some thirty years of more exciting poetic fireworks; but there is little danger that any attention now will raise him into the already-overcrowded pantheon of modern poets. Perhaps it may; but reasons can be given why this will probably not be so.



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Edwin Muir, however honest a craftsman, however commendable and sound in his views, is the perfect example of an epigone in his method and his poetic drive. The apologist may say that "of the purely technical aspects of Muir's poetry it is not necessary, I think, to say a great deal," and yet withal he may claim a brilliant excitement and originality for the 'vision' of the poet; but method is too closely related to meaning for this combination to be truly possible. One can write in "rhyme and metre" with the excitement and mastery of an Auden, or with the flatness of a minor poet; when the content dances to a new idea something happens to the rhythm, so that the poetic experience and the technique are always of a piece — either both interesting or both dull. If, as in the case of Mr. Muir, the rhyme and metre are pedestrian, travelling a well-beaten path, creating only the known effects of poetic experience in rhythm; if the language is level, commonplace, and extremely abstract; if the diction has a habit of Victorian inversion and poetic association, then there is little likelihood that the content of the poetry will be less dull or less commonplace. Despite a respect for the man behind the poetry, one must confess to a feeling of heaviness after reading Mr. Muir for more than a page or two at a time.

Here is the familiar baton-beat of his verse, with its familiar variations:

There is a road that turning always
Cuts off the country of Agnin.
Archers stand there on every side
And as it runs time's deer is slain,
And lies where it has lain.

But even in this mechanism, for which he has been faintly praised Mr. Muir is at times a faulty craftsman, for which, considering the rigidity of tradition and convention, we cannot forgive him. In an even tetrameter passage he can go off completely:

This is only what the eye
From its tower on the turning field
Sees and sees and cannot tell why . . .

Or he can fall into an awkward syntax like the following:

The way I walk may truly trace again
The in eternity written and hidden way.

More important, it is difficult, after the Imagist movement has reiterated for our time "the universal criteria of good poetry" — the need for concrete presentation, that is, *image*-ination — to read poetry such as this without some sense of despair:

O you my Law
Which I serve not,
O you my Good
Which I prize not,
O you my Truth
which I seek not . . .

Or again, almost at random:

Forgiveness, truth, atonement, all
Our love at once — till we could dare . . .



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Perhaps the unfortunate influence of Auden can be blamed partly for this practice, but Auden at least made his abstractions extremely relevant to our Age of Anxiety. He used *concrete abstractions* — if such a term is possible — ideas that were sure-fire on the issue of the time. Those of Mr. Muir are much less so; they tend to be the old clothing of poetic ideas, even when the application is for our time.

Where Muir does present imagery, it appears in extended metaphorical treatment, entire poems derived from classical mythology or the Bible. Critics have attempted to classify this as allegory, but it is hardly that. Such imagery as that of *The Labyrinth*, of Orpheus, of Moses, as handled by Muir, can be classified as illustrative metaphor disguised as symbolism; and it is more akin to rhetoric than to poetry. It contains no new synthesis. There is little surprise in it, for it consists of a familiar story or situation worked out as an extended metaphorical figure; no imaginative leap such as Aristotle calls "the hallmark of genius" went into its discovery. In Muir's poetry there is very little beyond such standard mythological machinery, very little new poetic reality presented. One often feels, as in the following lines, that he is building new pieces of furniture with stuffing out of an old Salvation Army sofa:

And bear the herdsmen of the plain,
The horseman in the mountain pass,
The archaic goat with silver horn,
Man, dog and flock and fruitful hearth
And dynasties stretched beneath the grass.

When we approach the content of his ideas, a somewhat similar balance of old virtues and archaic vices presents itself. The influence of Eliot (see p. 60) and of Auden (see pp. 119-120), generally and in particular, does not diminish the sense of a somewhat ancient cast of mind, of the ways of an earlier generation than our own, in this poet from the Orkneys. The titles of several poems and the treatment of frustration and failure which is their predominant theme, suggest a kinship with Edwin Arlington Robinson — a parallel that would be easy to pursue at length. He has poems on "Merlin," "Tristram's Journey," and those reflections on life's dark confusions and its dim lights of promise that recall the American recluse from the rugged New England coast. The sense of search in a dark world, which provides the central integrity and appeal to the poems, is also not unlike Tennyson's lifting lame hands and groping on the great world's altar stairs, for this is essentially the condition of painful unrest between our failing religious belief and our unreconstructed intellectual or moral order:

Dark on the highway, groping in the light,
Threading my dazzling way within my night.

Where Muir offers a moral stance in the face of the modern Waste Land, in the face of political and social confusion, he is like Robert Frost, a humane and stoic individual, resolved to live his term wisely though the world run mad. Thus he says of "The Good Man in Hell":

Would he at last, grown faithful in his station,
Kindle a little hope in hopeless Hell,
And sow among the damned doubts of damnation,
Since here someone could live and could live well?"

But somehow, one feels, one must be more infected to be a poet, to give good news, in our time. The detachment of a good man in hell somehow fails in dramatic, or in poetic, appeal.

But Mr. Muir, fortunately, is no kind of complacent snob. He struggles through with his philosophical wrestling — often "ruminating" like Wordsworth, often almost undergraduate in his mental striving with moral and metaphysical abstraction — but it is a human battle and one in which a man may be seen to work out his private salvation. The central idea on which this struggle turns is that of primal innocence lost, the Fall of Man, and the consequent deception and illusion of this troubled world of reality. This is a respectable and ever permanent theme of poetry, one may suppose; though perhaps by this time it could be put more fruitfully, more flexibly, in some other way than in terms of the Christian context, which is only one semantic form of a possibly valid intuition, but which is now enshrined in a theology and a vocabulary, that, by reason of its historic divergence from the method of rational knowledge, stands indissolubly opposed to the scientific conception of truth. Nevertheless, this philosophical poetry is the source of Edwin Muir's strength: it presents his achieved 'vision', and probably contains the Eliotic substance which has stirred the imagination of his admirers.

Let it be said, then, that for those who want traditionalism in poetry — and who mean by this the tradition of English poetry from 1798 to 1880, — Edwin Muir is the man. He has a good, resistant intelligence, a fine Northern stoicism of character, a deep religious sense; and he communicates these through the medium of formal metrics, or at most of moderate-paced free verse. Such poetry contributes to a culture of sanity, stability, and rationality in a much troubled world. Especially now, when the retreat to orderly good taste and smooth conformity is so marked — in "the Victorian stage of modernism" — the appreciation of Edwin Muir's virtues is to be expected. But to others, who oppose the current drift of things, he will probably remain a minor figure lifted on the present wave of literary reaction.

McGill University

LOUIS DUDEK

The Making of the Auden Canon. By JOSEPH WARREN BEACH. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press [In Canada, Thomas Allen Ltd., Toronto], 1957. Pp. viii, 315. \$4.75.

Professor Beach's dedication to his task is a model to all those who, in his position, might find it difficult not to hate the young. He approaches Mr. Auden's work in humility and with a kind of careful, prosy innocence. He is not going to be brilliant or even clever, and his mind is devoid of the high jinks of contemporary criticism. I think that Auden would appreciate this in him, but unfortunately it is not sufficient. To write a book on this poet that rings true, one must have not only that humble, clear-eyed directness which is rare enough, but also an imaginative affinity which no care can supply.

Perhaps if only one part of Professor Beach's purpose had been tried, the book would have been better. He is endearingly assiduous in collating the various versions of Auden's poems, in noting the changes and

omitted passages that litter the path to the accepted canon, and in reminding us of poems that have been left behind. Every student of Auden will welcome the lists, the dates, the obscure and forgotten detail of a poet's career — all offered in a healthy and methodical pursuit of the facts. Few modern poets have been given this kind of attention.

However, even in this department there are inaccuracies. For example, Mr. Beach makes a great to-do about the poem which begins "Under the fronds of life" (first published in *New Writing* in 1937) not being reprinted in *Another Time* of 1940, in the *Collected Poetry* of 1945, or in the *Shorter Poems* of 1950. The poem is analyzed and found, justly, to be important. Mr. Beach concludes: "Still, it is easy to understand why Auden, in 1940 or in 1945, should have hesitated to include a poem so devoid of 'faith' and edification as this one." One is not convinced, of course, but it is a relief to find the poem, with a new first line, in *Another Time* and, with a title ("As He Is"), in the *Collected Poetry*. Naturally, this discovery tended to throw doubt on other rationalizations in the book. Further, the poem "The Cultural Pre-supposition" appears as "The Cultural Proposition" on page 170; Herbert Murrill, the composer, is called Herbert Muller several times, and Mr. Beach cites Eliot's "Preludes" when he means "Morning at the Window." There is no reference to the film *Night Mail* and the verses it contains. Mr. Beach says that the omission of one twelve-word sentence is the only change in the Vicar's sermon in *The Dog Beneath the Skin* when it appears (as *Depravity*) in the *Collected Poetry*. There are actually deletions amounting to forty-six words.

These slips are not serious in themselves, and on the whole the checking has been good. It is only when Mr. Beach considers possible reasons for the changes and omissions (his second purpose in the book) that things go wrong. He seems committed to the theory that Auden became a very different sort of man around 1941 and that the main reason for revision was ideological. Considering Auden's aesthetic, in which the main concept is that of the poet as performer, one cannot accept this view. I think that in nearly every case of revision which Mr. Beach looks at, the change can be comfortably explained in terms of artistic propriety. Mr. Beach pays lip service to the idea of the poet being many-sided, ambivalent, and masked (like Yeats), but I suspect that he really does not like to believe this. He is too attracted by the role of the poet as teacher to see Auden as artist. Thus, in dealing with the poet's attitude to his poems, he virtually ignores the poet's attitude to poetry, as it appears in, say, "Squares and Oblongs" or *New Year Letter*. More strangely, although the *Collected Poetry* of 1945 is the main text of the book, Mr. Beach has avoided the implications of the poet's brief but pregnant *Preface*, which itself explains a lot of things about what happened. Auden wrote, for instance: "*The Orators* seems to me such a case of the fair notion fatally injured" (by "incompetence or impatience").

On the other hand, Mr. Beach does seem to me to underrate the religious element in the early poetry of Auden. As Stephen Spender pointed out in 1939, the psychological, the political, and the religious elements are deeply intertwined in the subject-matter of this poet, though the religious element is probably the most important. Thus, in quoting Christopher Isherwood on his need to control Auden's delight in religious ritual in their plays of the 30's, Mr. Beach comes

out with this statement: "Auden wished to emphasize the moral and affirmative elements in their social faith." Further, in dealing, over many pages, with what he regards as an unforgivable editorial trick — Auden's reprint in the *Collected Poetry* of the Vicar's sermon at Pressan Ambo — Mr. Beach has shown his misunderstanding of Auden's prefatory note. Here the poet makes it perfectly clear that in both printings, not only in one, the sermon is satiric. As he says, ". . . those who are [professing Christians] know that it is precisely in their religious life that the worst effects of the Fall are manifested. . . ." This dragon (like the one in *The Dog*) is also "very genteel," and "holds one variant or another of the Dualist heresy."

As Mr. Beach says, his study "has not pretensions to being a general critique of Auden's poetry." Nevertheless, there is considerable criticism and analysis of individual poems in this volume. Much of it is sensible and helpful. Here, however, are some enquiring notes: (1) In the first printing of the final Ode from *The Orators*, is not the line "Our maddened set we foot" an amusing parody of the muscle-bound metric of a hymn, and not a "mere typesetter's blunder?" (2) In "Petition," surely with the "sir" which begins the poem, the speaker is addressing God as a schoolboy would address his master. (3) "Which Side Am I Supposed To Be On?" and "Danse Macabre" both reveal (like "Crisis") that the Devil and the Seven Deadly Sins are influences which Christians should associate not with the Enemy, but with themselves. (4) Both "Miss Gee" and "Viator" are only seemingly — or Swiftian — cruel, not really without sensitiveness or charity. (5) *For the Time Being* may be, as Mr. Beach says, "perhaps the least successful of Auden's larger creative efforts," though I doubt it very much, but nothing is served by thinking of it in terms of opera. If anything, it is of course an oratorio. This is, by the way, one of the few pieces discussed in the book which Mr. Beach does not seem to have got anywhere with at all. (6) Instead of making so much of the minute changes in the good poem "Journey to Iceland" and as a result setting the work above its station, would it have not been better to do what Auden himself suggests could be done with the *Listener* magazine's unconscious substitution of *ports* for *poets* in "and the ports have names for the sea?" And Mr. Beach entirely misses the point of the ending, "and again the writer/Runs howling to his art." (7) The customary early Auden progress from bareness to final lyricism in a single poem should not be called a progress from the "fumbling" to the "perfect." (8) To say, as Mr. Beach does, that in "Law Like Love" the "lovers insist on identifying [law] with love" ignores the lines "To stating timidity /A timid similarity," which establish the beauty of this remarkable poem.

And so on. Nevertheless, one must reiterate that there are many things in this book which the Auden student will find useful and stimulating. It is a far better document, though far more vulnerable too, than the kind of brilliant and highfalutin "general" criticism that has no detailed responsibility to the poems or no long, simple, clerical, noble task. Mr. Beach's book gives us the scales and irregular verbs of criticism.

Manitoba: a History. By W. L. MORTON. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1957. Pp. xiv, 519. \$5.95.

Sections 91 and 92 of the BNA Act have more than constitutional significance; the division of powers between the Dominion and the provinces has had a profound effect on the very scope of provincial history. Confederation created a national state, and it drew from the provincial legislatures many able men, even as it drew from the province many issues and problems — and revenues. The province after Confederation is no longer the main political and administrative force affecting provincial life. The western provinces even had their land policies determined by Ottawa. Nor is it untrue to say that after Confederation the pristine vitality of provincial history is dissipated in the sloughs and marshes of the more petty concerns of provincial politics. If this is regrettable, it may also be inevitable.

Provincial histories record this change. It is so with W. L. Morton's able *Manitoba: a History*, certainly the best provincial history published for many years. The only recent work at all comparable in scope is Robert Rumilly's *Histoire de Québec*. Professor Morton's narrative, down to 1870 and indeed after, is full of poetry and wonder, and enveloped with a sense of the sweep and vigour of Manitoba's early history. The gradual development of the province down to the present day retains considerable colour; but the glory gradually departs and the poetry dies (indeed as Manitoban literature seems to have done), and Professor Morton is too good an historian to conceal the truth. Later events of great intrinsic interest are told with a fine sense of justice: for example, the Manitoba School Question, 1890-1897 (which, typically, wreaked more political havoc outside Manitoba than it did inside); and the Winnipeg General Strike of 1919. But in the rather sorry tale of provincial administrations the occasional revelation of scandal is almost comic relief, such as the chairman of the Board of the University of Manitoba quietly embezzling \$901,175, virtually the whole of the University endowment. Professor Morton tells it all, sometimes with touches of sadness, sometimes with trenchant comments that will delight the critic who is tired of provincial panegyrics and wants to be told the ugly home truths. Take, for example, the description (p. 318) of Ralph Connor's novels, "part of the great boom, themselves inflated, brittle, hollow."

Professor Morton and the University of Toronto Press have produced a notable book. It has a large readable type, and the printing is faultless. Better maps would improve the book. Six out of the seven maps were produced from basically the same plate. In a book thick with geographical references good maps are indispensable, and in the lavish production of this book failure to provide first-class maps is unfortunate. In all, however, this is one of the ablest provincial histories written. And there is a need for provincial histories. The post-Confederation history of not a few provinces (notably New Brunswick) is virtually a mystery. It is to be hoped that all provincial histories will be as well served as the history of Manitoba is by Professor Morton.

A Critical Guide to 'Leaves of Grass'. By JAMES E. MILLER, JR. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press [In Canada, University of Toronto Press, Toronto], 1957. Pp. xi, 268. \$6.00.

Professor Miller sets out with the laudable objective of considering the poems in *Leaves of Grass* not as material for biography nor as case-histories for psychoanalysis but as poetry. He fulfils his promise; he keeps his eye steadily on the poems and what the poems are saying. The result in the first half of his book is a series of excellent structural analyses of Whitman's most important poems. From these analyses emerges a clear conception of Whitman's chief themes, so that no one need be under any misapprehension about what Whitman was saying in his main works. In the second part of the book Professor Miller attempts to establish a comprehensive structure for the whole of *Leaves of Grass*, with a view to maintaining that Whitman succeeded in writing a unified epic of America.

The first part of the book seems to me the more interesting and the more valuable part. For example, the author's analysis of *Song of Myself* as a dramatic representation of inverted mystical experience is brilliantly successful. Mystics (he points out) have generally asserted that experience of transcendent reality comes through mortification of the senses or escape from the senses; Whitman reaches mystical consciousness through the transfigured senses, through the fusion of the physical and the spiritual into unified vision. Similarly Professor Miller shows that in *Children of Adam* Whitman turns the Garden of Eden myth upside down, so that paradise may be regained not through the spiritual denial of the flesh but through spiritual transfiguration of the flesh. He studies the *Calamus* poems as expressions of Whitman's feeling for spiritual identity with other beings, achieved through the "institution of the dear love of comrades"; the *Song of the Broad-Axe* as Whitman's conception of unity in variety, an equal celebration of individuality and "en-masse"; and *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking* and *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd* as Whitman's reconciled acceptance of death as an essential part of human experience, so that death becomes birth into spiritual life.

Professor Miller is quite right in insisting that the whole of Whitman's work is informed with a mystic's vision, that Whitman took the nineteenth-century American myth of democracy, science, progress, and faith in man, and used it to body forth what he believed to be the religion of the next ten thousand years. Whether one needs to go further and show that every Whitman poem falls neatly into place in a unified epic called *Leaves of Grass* is more questionable. Professor Miller, in his proper zeal to demonstrate that Whitman was not formless, or chaotic as some have asserted, arranges the whole body of Whitman's poetic work into a five-section structure: Introduction to Themes, Gigantic Embryo or Skeleton of Personality, This Time and Land We Swim In, The Resistless Gravitation of Spiritual Law, and Review of Themes and Farewell. This seems to me to be open to two objections: (1) it makes Whitman out to be a much more solemn figure than he was; after all, he did insist quite rightly that he was a good deal of a humorist; (2) it gives the impression, perhaps unintentionally, that all Whitman poems are equally valuable, whereas in plain fact Whitman wrote as many poor poems as any other major poet.

Professor Miller is anxious that we should look at Whitman's poems as poems, and he is right. But surely that involves discrimination, judgment, and choice. Why not recognize that sometimes Whitman wrote carelessly, ineffectively, unsuccessfully, and that a good deal must be winnowed away if Whitman is to be seen clearly (in Richard Chase's phrase) as "the supreme poet of American optimism and pragmatism, the rhapsodist of our material and spiritual resources"?

University of Saskatchewan

CARLYLE KING

American Literary Naturalism, A Divided Stream. By CHARLES CHILD WALCUTT. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press [In Canada, Thomas Allen Limited, Toronto], 1956. Pp. xii, 332. \$6.00.

The author's thesis is that American literary naturalism is the offspring of transcendentalism. Emerson preached the unity of mind and nature; he was confident that the mind's contemplation of its own processes and man's study of external nature are equally spiritual quests, that both intuition and scientific investigation are valid instruments for discovering reality. The impact of nineteenth-century science, however, seemed to reveal a truth about man that is quite at variance with the hopes and aspirations that intuitive idealism has habitually cherished. The findings of biology and psychology in particular have appeared to rob man of his illusions of freedom and responsibility and have opened the way to a philosophy of pessimistic determinism. This in turn has profoundly influenced the representation in fiction of man and man's fate; it has given rise to what has been generally and perhaps somewhat vaguely known as the naturalistic novel, the novel in which human beings are shown to be mainly in the grip of forces, external or internal, too powerful for human control. "Mainly" is the operative word, for no creative artist can accept, or have any interest in, man as pure automaton. Art is always anthropocentric; about every creative representation of man, some rags of spirit cling. Naturalism is therefore a divided stream, of idealism and determinism. "When science has brought us to a moral relativism that substitutes therapy for personal responsibility, the last trickle of the stream of idealism has disappeared, and the divided stream of naturalism has lost a vital half of itself."

Mr. Walcutt makes it clear then that literary naturalism is not to be equated with philosophical determinism, however rigorously "determined" the lives of a novelist's characters seem to be. The determinism may be a very strong element in a given novel, but it never in itself accounts for the total aesthetic impact of the novel:

The naturalistic novelist while he portrays with loathing and bitterness the folly and degradation of man is also affirming his hope and his faith, for his unspoken strictures imply an equally unspoken ideal which stimulates and justifies his pejorative attitude towards the world about him. The act of criticism, furthermore, is an exercise of creative intelligence which in itself denies what it may be saying about the futility of life and the folly of man.

What Mr. Walcott is actually doing in the greater part of his book is studying the tension between rigid determinism and its antithesis in the novels of those American writers who have been labelled "naturalistic." In some of the pioneers such as Harold Frederic and Hamlin Garland, the deterministic element is not much more than representation of the depressing effects on people of impoverished or culturally narrow environments; in others such as Jack London and Frank Norris, what starts out as determinism is modified, if not destroyed, by wildly romantic elements. Mr. Walcott's best chapters are those on Crane, Dreiser, Anderson, and Farrell. In Crane one has naturalism "pure" in the sense that a deterministic philosophy undiluted by ethical motivation is worked firmly into the structure of a novel:

Maggie asserts that a girl of the streets is spiritually too poor to be capable of moral conduct. "The Blue Hotel" asserts that responsibility is so intricate a matter that it is in fact impossible to hold any single individual responsible for an event. The Red Badge of Courage asserts that bravery is not a characteristic that one has or has not and for which one can be praised or blamed. . . .

The forty pages devoted to Dreiser are the best study of this novelist I have seen. Mr. Walcott does full justice to the mixture of despair and idealism in Dreiser, showing that his philosophical predispositions are never allowed to obscure human values. For all his ponderous fatalism, all his solemn talk about the underlying chemistry of things, Dreiser wins us by his insight, his sympathy, and his tragic view of life. Something the same is true of Sherwood Anderson, in his short stories at least; in spite of his insistence upon the chaotic meaninglessness of American life, one knows that the needs and emotions of his men and women are intensely meaningful. Farrell's naturalism is descriptive rather than explicitly deterministic; the spiritual barrenness of Studs Lonigan's life is not in the nature of things, but the direct product of certain powerful, but remediable, forces in American life.

The author deals briefly with Steinbeck, Hemingway, and Dos Passos, but omits consideration of Faulkner, apparently because he believes that Faulkner assumes "both freedom and responsibility as basic conditions of life." Surely on that ground one could make out as good a case for the omission of Steinbeck and Hemingway. One questions the value of a chapter on the wretched novels of Winston Churchill; but this sounds ungenerous of a book which has done so well by Crane, Dreiser, and Anderson.

University of Saskatchewan

CARLYLE KING

Contexts of Criticism. By HARRY LEVIN. (Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature, XXII.) Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1957. Pp. 294. \$6.50.

This book consists of a series of essays, or rather printed lectures, on the relations between critical theory and critical practice. Critical theory deals in aesthetics, in history, in psychology, in sociology and, since Arnold, in a combination of the last three that may be loosely referred to as the "cultural background." In a formulated condition

it claims to be an instrument for evaluating works of literature. Critical practice refers to the use of such an instrument, and the "contexts" of criticism, in Mr. Levin's words, are the loci "where these two concerns come together, where precept may be tested by example, and where the image stimulates the idea." The unity of his book seems to depend upon the attempt to wed the so-called "new criticism," which in its extreme form refuses to consider anything outside the text itself as relevant to the investigation of a literary work, with the older humanistic criticism which regards art as a mirror of life and therefore inseparable from the tradition, or accumulated traditions, which make its production possible. In fact, *Contexts of Criticism* represents the contemporary reaction to the school of criticism dominated in America by the "well-wrought urnists" and in Britain by the "scrutinizers." Mr. Levin's "relativity" illustrates the recent trend in this direction demonstrated, for example, by J. F. Danby's *Poets on Fortune's Hill* (1952), a study of the Elizabethan and Jacobean cultural scene, or Kathleen Tillotson's *Novels of the Eighteen-Forties* (1954), which relates the writer of fiction to early Victorian tastes and commercial demands, or Helen Gardner's Riddell Memorial Lectures on "The Limits of Literary Criticism" (1955).

Mr. Levin shows his awareness of the limitations of much contemporary criticism, which is so preoccupied with myth, metaphor, allegory, and symbol that attention to an author's literary sense — that is, the effect upon him of other contexts — has been almost crowded out. Humphrey House pointed out in his Clark Lectures on Coleridge (1952) that this sense is a highly individual matter and not simply the reflection of a trend, while Mary Lascelles' study of *Measure For Measure*, published in the same year, extends the historical context to consider not only the time *when* the play was actually written but also the time *since*, with all its accumulated traditions. Such an approach reacts against fashions and changing ideologies, which are inclined to pervert the "pure" historical critic, frequently limited, as he is, by religious or political strictures or beleaguered by social pressures. Levin's "Long Views" reflect the confusion of standards that our own hungry generations has inherited. Indeed, he admits that he does not know where our culture, and by implication our criticism, is going. At present it is declining in vitality and, having lost the power to mould opinion, it seems to be seeking refuge in that same ivory tower where much of it originated.

The one constant is that of the texture of language, which can be made to create an illusion of reality. Levin's practical criticism is concerned mainly, though not entirely, with prose fiction, and he lectures with facility on Cervantes, whom he honours as the father of the novel and thus a powerful influence on that predominant American genre. In particular, he asserts Melville's spiritual debt to the author of *Don Quixote*, who, it would seem, might have made quite an acceptable nineteenth-century American citizen. This lively miscellany goes on to include Balzac, Proust, Joyce and Hemingway, "scrutinised" sometimes from one context, sometimes from another in a rather over-zealous attempt to catch the conscience of each one through the texture of his language, which is, after all, not an individual invention but instead an inherited means of moulding characteristic units of artifice and thus a focal point for all contexts. Mr. Levin tries to enlarge our

understanding of these authors by pointing to relevant facts about literary history, about the influences of other authors upon them, about the nature of literature in general, and about the attitudes and "philosophies" of an age as mirrored in literature. Unfortunately, Mr. Levin never allows us to forget that we are in a lecture-room, and there is often more than a vague suggestion of undergraduate patronage in his tone. This is probably why the "practical" chapters are the least satisfying in the book. One or two of them — for example, that on Balzac and Proust and those on Joyce (which in one case is simply a rereading of familiar ground printed in French) — are rather self-consciously impressive.

There is thus nothing particularly novel about *Contexts of Criticism*, though it is to be welcomed as a study that is not mainly concerned with the imposition of one particular view, at the expense of others, of how literature should be read. Contextual criticism demands a breaking-down of the linguistic, traditional, and cultural barriers that separate one national literature from others, and it is rare in this age of specialism to encounter a critic equipped to handle such an instrument, though perhaps not so rare to find one who thinks he is. Happily, Mr. Levin clearly demonstrates that he is one of the former and that he does not have to depend upon "name-dropping" or "blinding with science" in order to create the impression that he knows what he is talking about.

University of King's College

A. M. KINGHORN

Reflected Lights. By FRANK PANABAKER. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1957. Pp. xvi, 159. \$5.00.

It is remarkable how many Canadian artists are also writers of note. One thinks of Arthur Lismer, A. Y. Jackson, Alex. Colville and others who have written on topics connected with art; of Charles Comfort, who has given us an interesting account of his experiences as a war artist in Italy; of J. E. H. MacDonald, who was a poet as well as a painter; and of Emily Carr, who is as well-known for "Klee Wyck" and "The House of Small" as for her paintings.

Now comes Frank Panabaker with *Reflected Lights*, giving us seventeen prose vignettes, the first five of which are reminiscences of his childhood and the rest of which deal with various later episodes in his life. The best of them, like "The Favour" (which tells how Frank and his brother Jim came to shoot the old dog) and "The Law" (which tells what Mr. Panabaker and his wife did with the dead horse), are worthy of inclusion in any future anthology of Canadian short stories. Mr. Panabaker is, if anything, more dexterous in the handling of words than in the handling of paint. He can tell a story cleanly and swiftly; he creates atmosphere; he can laugh at himself and his own discomfitures and follies; and his sincerity and lack of self-consciousness make it a pleasure to know him and his friends. His book inevitably invites comparison with Emily Carr's work. This reviewer feels that Emily Carr is undoubtedly the greater, because the more original, artist; but he also feels that Mr. Panabaker's writing equals or excels Miss Carr's in quality, if not in quantity. There is less apparent artifice about it.

The book is illustrated with twenty-four reproductions of Mr. Panabaker's paintings, ten of them in colour. (Incidentally, why are sizes given for those reproduced in black and white but not for those in colour; and why is there no reference anywhere to the coloured reproduction on the dust cover, perhaps the most beautiful of all the paintings reproduced?). Most of the paintings are landscape and most of the landscapes are in Mr. Panabaker's native Ontario.

After reading this book, one's first thought is: why are not more books of this kind written? This man's life has nothing unusual about it, except that he is an artist. There is nothing startling or dramatic or historical or harrowing or perverse. He has neither performed deeds of daring, suffered great hardships, or set the world afire with a new creed or new aspirations. Yet he enjoys and delights in life and successfully conveys his delight to us. Surely there must be many other human lives whose "reflected lights" are equally worthy of record? But second thoughts bring the reflection that not everyone has Mr. Panabaker's sincerity and balance, and not everyone his skill with brush and pen.

Dalhousie University

A. S. MOWAT

Winds of Hiroshima. By RALPH TYLER FLEWELLING. New York: Bookman Associates, 1956. Pp. 131. \$3.25.

Dr. Flewelling is the eminent founder and editor of the quarterly journal *The Personalist* and author of many books on the theme of Personalism. This book is on the same theme, being a set of "meditations" on the challenge of the atomic age to the spirit of man. There can be no doubt about the strength and assurance of Dr. Flewelling's beliefs, nor about the energy of his moral convictions and the abundance of his good will. His optimism acknowledges the grim facts of to-day's world, and his faith has been fashioned to satisfy the intellect as well as the heart.

Nevertheless, Dr. Flewelling's faith is hardly convincing either in its foundation or in its results. It is a faith in an immanent God, characterized variously as World Ground, All-synthesizing Spirit, Creative Mind, Supreme Reality, Supreme Person, Divine Essence, and the Source. Such a faith, we are told, is the interpretation of the universe demanded by modern science — "the *sine qua non* of physical interpretation." Now, as it is twenty years since Susan Stebbing's *Philosophy and the Physicists* first appeared, it is hard to understand how any one can still confidently proclaim that "up-to-date science" supports philosophical idealism, or call this belief "a demonstrable surety." If the idealistic hypothesis is true, its truth must be established by philosophical argument. It cannot be founded, as Dr. Flewelling seeks to found it, upon an appeal to scientific "revelation."

But if the faith expounded in *Winds of Hiroshima* is inadequately established from the start, it is also disappointing — even depressing — when we look at what it offers. Under his eloquence (which drops all too frequently into the cliché and the worn phrase), Dr. Flewelling has little to give us but moral advice of a highly general and commonplace kind. "The white light that shines from truth, rather than repression of opinions, must expose the folly of untruth"; "we must

meet life on its own terms, according to the available spiritual nature within us"; "we must turn from the cult of the dead to a new study of, and devotion to the living": as the monotonous procession of *musts* marches by, we may well wonder what grounds there are for hoping that things ever *will* be any different from what they have been up to the present. It is all very well to be assured that, "in a world given over to almost universal strife, self-seeking, avarice, nationalism, racism, oppression, and war, the solvent must arise from within the spirit of man working in unison with All-Creative Spirit itself." But, after all, All-Creative Spirit is no more in man to-day than it was yesterday, so why should the end result be anything other than the mess we know already?

The gospel of Immanence teaches that religion "is the product, not of institutions nor of dogmas, neither of beliefs nor of opinions." Because of this it can proclaim a wide tolerance, but at the cost of being able to provide no real consolation, no firm hope, and no clear direction. "The long-neglected voices of the spirit speak a language which must no longer be misunderstood or neglected," writes Dr. Flewelling at the beginning of his book. Yet, if all the voices can say is "Excelsior!", without telling us how or why or where we ought to be travelling, there seems to be very little point in listening to them.

Elmsdale, N. S.

K. M. HAMILTON

Bluenose Ghosts. By HELEN CREIGHTON. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1957. Pp. xiii, 280. \$4.00.

During the years she has collected folk-songs for the National Museum and also for the Library of Congress, Helen Creighton has discovered countless tales of the supernatural dealings with sea-girt Nova Scotia and its neighbouring provinces. In 1950 her *Folklore of Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia*, was published by the National Museum. This monograph dealt, in part, with ghosts, superstitions, and witchcraft in Lunenburg County. Now *Bluenose Ghosts* is the stimulating result of her collected notes and tapes on this subject, this time covering the entire province. The book abounds in gripping tales of ghosts and forerunners, devils and angels, phantom ships, and haunted houses. In most cases the storytellers are allowed to tell their tales in their own words, and the tales gain much from such directness.

This book is meant for the general reader, and the scholar who goes to it for information as well as enjoyment will regret the lack of footnotes and detailed commentary. A place-name index would also have been useful, especially when well-known towns and villages are mentioned many times. Yet for all this *Bluenose Ghosts* performs an excellent service in setting down in one volume so many stories which have their roots in German, Irish, Scottish, and Negro lore. Perhaps the most interesting portions deal with haunted houses and phantom ships. Like her storytellers, Helen Creighton may have been guided on more than one occasion by an "inner voice"; this heightened sense of perception gives these chapters a compelling sense of power and mystery. In addition, the author's sympathetic nature has done much to loosen the tongues of these often reticent storytellers.

Bluenose Ghosts gives further proof of Helen Creighton's continuing interest in Nova Scotian folk tradition and of her power to charm and delight the reader.

Mount Allison University

L. M. ALLISO

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Unpublished Opinions of Mr. Justice Brandeis. By ALEXANDER M. BICKEL. Introduction by Paul A. Freund. Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press [In Canada S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd., Toronto], 1957. Pp. xxi, 278. \$7.95.

This book presents eleven opinions of the distinguished American lawyer and Supreme Court Justice, Louis Brandeis (1856-1941), with full commentary by Alexander M. Bickel, Associate Professor of Law at Yale University. It is both a guide to American social history in the years from 1916 to 1939 (when Brandeis was a member of the Supreme Court) and a record of a subtle and powerful mind focussed on intricate problems. Like all Belknap Press publications, the volume is handsomely printed and bound.

Hydroelectricity and Industrial Development—Quebec, 1898-1940. By JOHN H. DALES. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [In Canada, S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd., Toronto], 1957. Pp. xii, 269. \$7.25.

Professor Dales, of the Department of Political Economy, University of Toronto, traces the effects of hydroelectrical development in Quebec upon the general industrial development of the province. Though mainly historical, this study also concludes with a general analysis of hydroelectricity in regional economic development.

Land of Choice: the Hungarians in Canada. By JOHN KORA. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1957. Pp. 104. \$3.50.

This book, written by a Hungarian sociologist who has himself passed through the experiences of immigration, is based on a study of 112 Hungarian families who had entered Canada before 1939. It is particularly notable for its avoidance of sociological jargon and for its treatment of human beings as human beings—a refreshing change from the style and method of many sociological studies.

Over Prairie Trails. By FREDERICK PHILLIP GROVE. Ed. Malcolm Ross. Pp. xiv, 146.

Such is My Beloved. By MORLEY CALLAGHAN. Ed. Malcolm Ross. Pp. xiii, 144.

Literary Lapses. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. Ed. Robertson Davies. Pp. xi, 146.

As For Me and My House. By SINCLAIR ROSS. Ed. Roy Daniells. Pp. x, 165.

Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1957. \$1.00 each.

These are the first four issues in a new series of good-quality paperbacks — the "New Canadian Library," under the general editorship of Professor Malcolm Ross, Queen's University. This new publishing venture should fill a long-standing need and make available many worthy Canadian books that have gone out of print. Unfortunately, the hazards involved in publishing serious books for the Canadian market have led the publishers into some regrettable cost-cutting. Although the books are attractive and well-printed, the combination of narrow left-hand margins and adhesive instead of sewn binding makes them stiff and hard to read with ease. Forcing them to lie flat breaks

the spines and loosens pages. Since these books are worthy of preservation as library copies, many readers would be willing to pay at least half as much again if they could be assured of more durable volumes.

René. By CHATEAUBRIAND. Ed. R. D. Finch and C. R. Parsons. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1957. Pp. xii, 110. \$1.50.

An excellent presentation for university students of this famous work, which, though brief (42 pages), is one of the literary monuments of the nineteenth century. This edition includes a well-composed introduction of nine pages, thirty pages of explanatory notes (in English, but with numerous quotations in French), and a complete vocabulary. No bibliography is given, but the notes contain frequent bibliographical references, the latest to a work published in 1946.

By way of mild criticism, it might be asked if the vocabulary need be *absolutely* complete. Is it necessary, for example, to include such entries as the following: *absence* f. absence; *France* f. France; *statue* f. statue; *art* m. art; *impossible* impossible; *terrible* terrible; *village* m. village. There are at least a hundred of this kind. And is it possible that the following entries could be of very much use to any reader?: *à* to, with, at, in, on, by, from; *de* to, of, with, from, on; *en* on, to, in, upon, for it, so, as.

Autobiography of a Yogi. By PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA. Los Angeles: Self-Realization Fellowship, 1956. Pp. xvi, 514. \$4.00.

For those who can digest such sentences as the following: "I cognise the centre of the empirium as a point of intuitive perception in my heart," this book may well be an antidote to sputnik fever or other related diseases. It represents a refusal to accept mere physical limitations as barriers in the realization of the good life, and that in itself makes healthful reading for our rigidly conditioned modern lives. But, however healthy a disregard for physical limitations may be in the temper of the present age, it is doubtful whether a disregard of the historical sense is equally valuable. The disregard for historical validity which enables the author to equate, for example, the Rig-Veda, the Gospels, the Visions of Teresa Neumann, and the wonder-works of his innumerable *swamis* induces a state of syncretic confusion in the reader's mind.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology, Vol LXII. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [In Canada, S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd., Toronto], 1957. Pp. 162.

Beside articles on various matters of interest to classical scholars, this volume contains a paper entitled "The Classics in a Brave New World" (by R. M. Gummere), which explores the interest of the early settlers of this continent in classical literature and their use of it. Students of early American literature may find it a useful illumination of the classical influences in that period. The volume contains also summaries of dissertations for the degree of Ph.D. in classics submitted in 1954 and 1955.