

## Book Reviews

*The Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay)*. Vol. I. Ed. by Joyce Hemlow, with Curtis D. Cecil and Althea Douglas; and Vol. II. Ed. by Joyce Hemlow, and Althea Douglas. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1972. Pp. lxxv, 261 and xxxv, 256. \$24.00.

These are the first two volumes of Dr. Joyce Hemlow's long-awaited edition of *The Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney* which, when completed, will cover the period from 1791 to Fanny's death in 1840 and provide the complement and sequel to the *Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay*, given to the public in the past by a variety of lesser editorial mortals such as Henry Colburn, Annie Raine Ellis and Austin Dobson. In the preparation of the remaining eight volumes contemplated, Dr. Hemlow's labours will be shared by Edward and Lillian Bloom, Peter Hughes and Warren Derry. Since some of these volumes are ready for publication, however, the eight may not appear in chronological sequence.

Why not begin at the beginning, instead of giving us only the last fifty years of Fanny Burney's life? Why omit the important period of her career as a novelist and of her association with Dr. Johnson? In a suitably Johnsonian answer to these questions, Dr. Hemlow "can only plead the brevity of life. He who would edit must begin young". She points out, too, that while the earlier years suffered only moderate editorial cutting by Charlotte Barrett, Fanny's niece, to whom the vast collection of manuscripts was bequeathed, and by Henry Colburn the publisher, the later journals and letters were drastically excised, with the result that many parts of them "have never seen the light in any form, however curtailed. Such are the Courtship Journal and extant letters to and from the chevalier d'Arblay, who in 1793 became Fanny Burney's husband . . ., many of the Paris adventures of 1802-12, the visit to David's studio, the closing exercises at Madame Campan's school, Alex's successes at M. Hix's school, and the clinical report of the removal of a breast (without anaesthetics). Likewise omitted, in favour of the Waterloo Journal, were letters written at Brussels (1815), and throughout, many family letters on the work-a-day problems of publication and the struggle for very survival in the revolutionary and war-ridden world of the 1790s and the Paris exile of the Napoleonic era."

For these seasons, Dr. Hemlow and her co-editors decided to begin largely where their predecessors had left off. Volume I, consisting mainly of journal-letters addressed to Susanna Elizabeth Phillips, Fanny's sister, comprehends the years 1791-2 following Fanny's blessed release from Court service, when she toured the western counties of Eng'land with a friend. Volume II, again chiefly epistolary, relates at length the somewhat agonizing story of Fanny's love affair and union with d'Arblay, properly documenting her father's hostility to the marriage, and all the other impediments to it, for the first time.

As might be expected of the most diligent Burney biographer of our time, and of her carefully chosen assistants, the editorial introductions, notes and index are meticulous, but never superfluous or fussy. The plates are few, but well chosen. Nine pages of acknowledgements indicate the extent of the editorial operation and of the devotion of the many scholars involved in the Burney project. The task of compilation of materials from four main repositories, the Berg, Barrett, Osborn and Comyn collections, not to mention the holdings of seventeen libraries and private treasure-hoards on both sides of the Atlantic, represents a quarter of a century's dedication by Dr. Hemlow, and by her evergrowing team of co-workers.

When George Sherburn expressed the belief that the Burney papers were among the most important literary documents of the eighteenth century yet to be edited, he was not over-stating the facts. Here, indeed, we have ample proof that he was right. It is fitting that Joyce Hemlow, one of his most loyal and most able pupils, should have undertaken to superintend their publication.

The journals and letters reproduced in these two volumes testify to Fanny Burney's remarkable interest in contemporary affairs, stimulated no doubt by her father's insistence that she keep abreast of events. In her letters to him, certainly, this quality is most in evidence. Her quiet jocularly and breeziness, on the other hand, can be seen more clearly in her correspondence with her brother Charles, whose own infectious gaiety is reflected therein. Unfortunately, her letters to her sister Esther lack meaning for us at times, as the editors were handicapped by the absence of replies. To Georgiana Waddington she writes crisply precise epistles, with detailed facts. And to her younger sister Charlotte, she offers loving counsel, but with a slight air of condescension.

Most of the journals and letters up to the year 1800, often collected in the form of monthly packets sent by mail-coach, were addressed to her sister Susanna Elizabeth. It is in these that she recounts her travels through the western counties, gives her reflections on the trial of Warren Hastings, details her social engagements in London, and reveals M. d'Arblay's proposals of marriage. To judge from the journal-letters she wrote in reply, Susan was more sensitive to natural sights, sounds and beauty than Fanny, who was always more concerned with people and events than with idyllic scenes. Her descriptions of places are disappointingly ordinary, and her eye for artifacts and architecture is less sure than her perception of character. She is invariably more responsive than original.

Her strengths as a novelist, however, are much in evidence in these documents: her sharp awareness of personality, her memory for the minutiae of manners, her unflagging attention to detail, and her ear for conversation. Also shown are her avowed determination never to be *downed* (a favourite word in her circle) in an argument, her fidelity to her friends and champions, and her entertaining flair for the ridiculous, sometimes expressed in clowning and mimicry. As Dr. Hemlow suggests, the family characteristic of positive energy, exercised in constant industry

and vigorous action, is ever apparent. Similarly, her kind concern for others, and her sometimes excessive willingness to bear all the burdens of her family, reveal her as a woman of feeling as well as a highly intelligent observer and interpreter of the world about her.

One of the central events discussed in these volumes is the impeachment of Warren Hastings, in its fifth year when Fanny, through her connections at Court, managed to obtain a ticket for the trial. She had also attended the opening on February 13, 1788, and experienced conflicting emotions: a close friend of the family, Edmund Burke, was one of Hastings' most vigorous prosecutors, but Fanny's sympathies lay with the accused, whom she believed all along to be innocent of the crimes, misdemeanours and cruelties with which he was charged. She was particularly outraged by the fact that the speeches of Hastings' attackers were far better attended than those of his defenders, finding it "barbarous" that "there should be so much more pleasure given by the recital of guilt, than by the vindication of innocence". She was equally mortified that Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who performed brilliantly in his presentation of one of the charges against Hastings, was using his histrionic talents for the wrong side; and that yet another intimate of the Burney circle, William Windham, also a "manager" against Hastings, should reject so unfeelingly her strong and determined pleas, entered in private, animated conversation which is faithfully reproduced here with a nice reportorial touch. Later she appears partially mollified when Windham shares her pain and embarrassment over Burke's obstreperousness in the trial proceedings. She even carries her forthright views on the subject to George III himself, and we are not surprised to find her noting that the King "looked a little queer".

Many other celebrities move through her pages, among them Queen Charlotte, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Thrale, Elizabeth Montagu, Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Horace Walpole, and James Boswell. Dr. Johnson had long since quitted the scene, but Fanny is loyal enough to his memory to resent what she calls Boswell's "loquacious communications of every weakness and infirmity of the first and greatest good man of these times". Yet the unfailing Boswellian charm at length softens her attitude: "there is so little of ill-design or ill-nature in him, he is so open and forgiving for all that is said in return, that he soon forced me to consider him in a less serious light, and change my resentment against his treachery into something like commiseration of his levity; and before we parted we became good friends. There is no resisting great good humour, be what will in the opposite scale". When, at a breakfast party in the Burney's house, Boswell's stories of Johnson, acted out with "incessant buffoonery", are followed by a similar performance by Bennet Langton, Fanny comments, "they became him less than Mr. Boswell, and only reminded me of what Dr. Johnson himself once said to me—'Every man has, some time in his life, an ambition to be a wag'."

The consuming interest of the second of these volumes is related less to the

remnants of the Johnson circle than to Fanny Burney herself, and to the story of her courtship with Alexandre-Jean-Baptiste Piochard d'Arblay (1754-1818), told here in as much detail as we are ever likely to get. A fugitive from the revolutionary violence in France, d'Arblay met Miss Burney at Norbury Park in January, 1793. Almost forty, but two years younger than Fanny, rather stout, but quite handsome, except for a cast in one eye, he was a member of Madame de Staël's intimate circle. Worried at first by the fact that she was two years his senior, Fanny quickly forgot her anxieties in the captivation of his nobility, charm, kindness and integrity. They exchanged written "exercises" in French and English, and these were soon followed by affectionate letters and, from d'Arblay, what must surely rank as one of the most oblique proposals of marriage in the history of Anglo-French relations. Burney *père* was less charmed by the chevalier. In a little masterpiece of epistolary tact and firmness, he explained his opposition to his daughter's union with a destitute refugee, however brave and distinguished he might be. Besides, d'Arblay was a known *Constitutionnel*, and this in Burney's eyes was tantamount to being a revolutionary. After a time he gave his grudging consent, but resolutely refused to attend the wedding ceremonies.

Fortunately for her, the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia* was no newcomer to the scene of marital obstacles, some of which she had invented. Indeed, her own *Courtship Journal* is vaguely reminiscent of passages from her first novel, Charles Burney becoming for the moment Sir Francis Belmont, and d'Arblay the suitor of Evelina, Lord Orville. Though double Evelina's age, Fanny at this delirious juncture of her life behaves more like the breathless young *débutante* than the self-possessed woman of the world who could speak so frankly to kings and queens and take on some of the leading politicians of the day in debate. In the end, of course, she achieves her desires—just as Evelina did—and we shall look in the letters and journals that are to follow for the part that novels of the period so often omit, the sequel to the marriage.

Dr. Hemlow gives us some anticipation of a happy aftermath, clouded only by Susan's marital troubles and death in 1800, and by d'Arblay's demise in 1818. We look forward to the results of the chevalier's attempts to persuade the British government to raise a regiment of horse artillery to defend the southern ports, his rise to the rank of General, Fanny's presentation to Louis XVIII, and the continuation of her long life into the early years of Victoria's reign.

The editors of these journals and letters may, at times, have demurred at Madame d'Arblay's longevity, but it is a testimonial to their endeavours that the reader should wish to see all the rest of their clear and valuable documentation of such a useful and eventful life.

Dalhousie University JAMES GRAY

*Shakespeare Without Words and Other Essays*. By Alfred Harbage. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1972. Pp. 229. \$9.50.

This collection of twelve essays, most of which have already been published, provides an elegant tribute to the scholarship, wit and commonsense scepticism of this renowned Shakespearean. The first eight essays debate critical issues surrounding Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists. They are (in the words of the author) "pleas for sanity". The final four essays pose provocative questions about certain problems in the history of Elizabethan drama. They are intended as exploratory and aim at suggesting areas that may repay further research.

Several essays in the collection are obvious attacks upon books which Harbage felt had done a disservice to the understanding of Shakespeare. The title-essay, written in 1969, takes issue with Jan Kott's influential and still fashionable *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*. Harbage claims that Kott's book represents a trend in modern criticism whereby a Shakespearean play tends to be converted into mere doctrine by the focusing of the critic's attention upon selected parts and by a general disregard for the words of the text. In Kott's case, such extreme selectivity permits *The Tempest* to be made into a play of despair, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* into a study in bestiality and *King Lear* into a drama of the absurd. When Harbage notes the same trend among directors, one remembers how Peter Brook's 1962 *King Lear* was indebted to Kott and presented a Beckettian view of the play now about to have even wider exposure in Brook's recent film. Harbage's hedged praise for Grigori Kozintsev's *Shakespeare: Time and Conscience*, a rival book to Kott's, is equally ironic in retrospect. At the 1971 World Shakespeare Congress in Vancouver it was Kozintsev's paper on *King Lear* and (more dramatically) his newly-made film of the play which was hailed by many of those present as an intensely rewarding interpretation of Shakespeare such as is rarely afforded by any production, let alone an academic exegesis. The tendencies in Kott's book so deplored by Harbage may be "ominous", as he suggests, but there is still room for optimism.

Harbage's attacks on certain other critics are somewhat less earnest. "Marlowe Disinterred" (1955) was a response to Calvin Hoffman's notorious *The Man Who Was Shakespeare*, which claimed that the "real" Shakespeare was Marlowe. Describing Hoffman's candidate as "a sure loser" and Hoffman himself as having spent decades "in leaving no cliché unturned", Harbage takes the opportunity to review similar pseudo-Shakespeareana, making the perhaps rather obvious observation that such criticism tends to ignore the plays as literature. A similar point is made in "Shakespeare Interred?" (1956) as a prelude to asking whether Shakespeare is dead to modern readers and audiences in a way that he never was in the popular culture of the nineteenth century.

In "Extricating the Sonnets" (1950) Harbage's target is Leslie Hotson's *Shakespeare's Sonnets Dated* (1949). Convincingly he reminds us that the lack of

any form of objective evidence prevents us from dating the Sonnets. He then engages in what, from the evidence of these essays, would appear to be a favourite technique for exercising his professional scepticism. Taking the "mortall Moone" Sonnet (No. 107), so crucial to Hosson in dating the sequence prior to 1589, Harbage alludes to various works of 1603 to suggest that the Sonnet could have been written then. Harbage actually proves nothing, and he knows it, but he does convince us that the evidence provided by such a sonnet in the dating controversy is too equivocal to carry much weight. Needless to say, theories of dating and accompanying identifications of the Young Man, the Dark Lady and the Rival Poet have since continued to appear in print.

Employing the same technique in "Shakespeare and the Professions" (1965), Harbage questions those who would place Shakespeare in the professional ranks of the law or medicine and light heartedly argues that the playwright might equally well have been a teacher. More serious in tone is the criticism of the recent tendency to date *Love's Labour's Lost* in the mid 1590s and to ascribe the play to private auspices. After building an elaborate edifice of circumstantial evidence that would place the composition of the play prior to 1589 (with a revision in the late 1590s), Harbage rather disarmingly then confesses to having proved absolutely nothing. His success, however, is in exposing the manner in which previous conjecture by other scholars has threatened to resolve itself into hardened orthodoxy. Here one may note that in some recent editions of the play Harbage's cautions seems to have been taken to heart.

Occasionally Harbage's scepticism expresses itself in pure parody as in his delightful poke at New Criticism in "The Cosmic Card Game" (1951). That this essay, which playfully elucidates a supposed chain of imagery in *Antony and Cleopatra*, could be on first appearance mistaken by some for "the thing itself" seems inconceivable now. Some readers of Harbage's book, however, will not be so sure about another essay: "Sparrow From Stratford". Here Harbage argues that *The Tragicall History . . . of Guy Earl of Warwick*, though first printed in 1661, really belongs to 1592-93. So far so good, but his suggestion that the character of the clown Sparrow may be a hostile portrait of Shakespeare is teasing. Pointing out the opportunities lost by such commentators as those he castigated in "Extricating the Sonnets", Harbage closes with the jibe that "Perhaps it is not too late—or perhaps it is just as well".

Other essays in the collection include his well-known piece on "Intrigue in Elizabethan Tragedy" (1962); "Innocent Barabas" (1964) in which he questions the popularly-held view of Malowe as an iconoclast (a view which Harbage surely over-simplifies); "The Mystery of *Perkin Warbeck*" (1951); and "Elizabethan-Restoration Palimpsest" (1943) where he conjectures that many post-1660 plays may be adaptations from manuscripts of "lost" pre-1642 plays.

In this collection we are not offered any fresh piece of scholarship, but are

vastly entertained and set off thinking once more about many issues that are still of vital concern to students of Shakespeare and Elizabethan Drama.

Acadia University

ALAN YOUNG

*The Royal Navy and the Northwest Coast of North America, 1810-1914.* By Barry M. Gough. University of British Columbia Press, 1971. Pp. xvi, 294. \$12.00.

Canadian history is too often written from the inside looking out. This has meant distortions, sometimes serious, of perspective. French and British imperial history, both political and military, has the great virtue of putting Canadian problems within the imperial context by which they were shaped. Canadians have expressed a vague but real resentment over the solution of the Oregon boundary in 1846, when the 49th parallel was extended to the Strait of Georgia and then out the Strait of Juan de Fuca to the Pacific. They felt cheated of the Columbia River boundary that included a territory where the Hudson's Bay Company had effective sovereignty. It is clear from this book, and others, that the British government, by diplomatic and naval pressure succeeded in saving the southern part of Vancouver Island for Britain and ultimately for Canada. The Americans had wanted 54°40', or at the very least the 49th parallel run clear through to the Pacific. The last would have given Vancouver Island from Ladysmith southward to the Americans.

The Royal Navy's role in eighteenth-century Canadian history is fairly well known through Gerald Graham's stimulating book, *Empire of the North Atlantic* (Toronto, 1957). This book had a similar, if less dramatic opportunity to do something similar for the North Pacific, from Captain Cook to World War I. Professor Gough does not do this, and, it is fair to add, did not attempt to. Instead he takes up his narrative just before the War of 1812 and pursues the subject up to the final cession of the Esquimalt base to the Canadian government in 1910. Within these limits it is an effective book, well enough written, with sound handling of the naval and diplomatic forces, and best of all, eminently fair both to Americans and to British. Dr. Gough's judgments are usually marked with cogent good sense (though I should have been inclined to side more with Governor Doug'as in the San Juan Island dispute). Altogether the book supplies a much-felt want for a naval history of our Pacific coast.

Nevertheless, this reviewer at least would have preferred the book to have a greater sense of ships and the sea, a sense of space perhaps. There is a tendency in the book to dredge the last bit of information from a card index. This is a general problem that arises when a book follows too closely a doctoral dissertation. Almost no thesis can be translated directly into a book. The mould of the thesis has to be broken, and the book written afresh, preferably on the basis of some additional

research and certainly with newer and larger views. It should also be written with an audience in mind, either academic or adult, or preferably both. A reviewer of this book in the University of British Columbia Alumni magazine objected to the footnotes; but it is not the scholarly apparatus that one need take exception to, for that is useful: rather it is the fact that the book is written within the mould of the thesis. The book does have a fine run of photographs and pictures, and these give it that whiff of the sea and ships that it otherwise seems to lack. At the same time, the juxtaposition of pictures and text only emphasizes what is missing in the writing, something of the brutal reality of shipboard life in the Navy, and of the storm-tossed grey, beaten ships across the immense leagues of rolling Pacific. This sense has to be felt rather than researched, the result perhaps of brooding over the problem as the successful doctoral thesis slowly gathers dust on the shelf. This book will not gather dust; it is too good for that. But one would have liked it to be still better.

*Dalhousie University*

P. B. WAITE

*The Late Man.* By Andreas Schroeder. Port Clements: The Sono Nis Press, 1972. Pp. 118. \$6.95.

*Tales From the Uncertain Country.* By Jacques Ferron. Translated by Betty Bednarski. Toronto: House of Anansi, 1972. Pp. 101. \$2.95.

*The Late Man* is a collection of twelve short stories the style and thought of which mark them unmistakably as the work of one artist and give the collection cohesiveness and impact. Schroeder is above all a craftsman whose painstaking choice of words and images strives to avoid the too easy modes of habitual expression and seems to seek always to achieve the precise impression he desires. The result is a language impressively at one with the core of his thought. Schroeder is concerned with the painful realization of the situation of consciousness. All the stories are more or less surrealist, but those like "The Late Man", "The Tree" and "The Roller Rink" which achieve the effect of surrealism through an apparently logical structure of events give the reader most foothold. The centre of all the stories is the recognition of the solitude of the individual, an expression of claustrophobic isolation in the subjective mind. Objective reality is exposed as a mass of repressive illusion; the only truth is the endless potential for possibility in the human mind—beyond logic, beneath consciousness. One section of "The Meeting" expresses this thought and defines the centre of Schroeder's work:

I am standing on that exact spot where nothing has as yet occurred, where nothing (possibly) ever occurs. From this spot I will step back just far enough to be unable to differentiate between a couple making love and a couple killing one another. I must reach the spot where a man gargling in the morning and a



man drowning emit the same sounds. Perhaps a man racing after another across an open field will not kill his partner but merely pass him by. It is necessary that one maintain the proper ambiguities; anything less would be an insult to possibility.

In *The Late Man* Schroeder creates a universe of ambiguity out of which possibilities, often nightmarish, explode. The reader has the impression (and this has much to do with the painful quality of these stories) that the self of mind from which these nightmares spring is overstrung, even insane. Or perhaps sanity is merely one of the illusions. One of the possibilities frequently explored is the self's destruction of the self. In "The Late Man", "The Roller Rink", "The Connection" and "The Freeway" individuals unerringly create, and set themselves in, the circle of their own fates. In Schroeder's vision self-destruction is a favorite possibility and is communicated with chilling, though mysterious, inevitability.

*The Late Man* is a book that should be read. Its stories are the product of thought and careful craftsmanship. Though the combination of Schroeder's exacting language and his strained probing of the mystery of existence is somehow a painful experience for the reader, it is also a rewarding one.

*Tales from the Uncertain Country* is a collection of nineteen very short stories by Jacques Ferron, the winner of the Governor General's prize for literature in 1962. Ferron is a medical doctor, a supporter of an independent Quebec, founder of the Rhinoceros Party, and, though relatively unknown to English Canadians, in Quebec he is considered one of the major writers of French-Canadian literature. The stories in this volume have been selected from *Contes du pays incertain* for which the Governor General's prize was awarded and from *Contes Anglais* (1964).

The stories are preceded by a short and very interesting introduction by the translator, Betty Bednarski, who revealingly remarks on the relation of Ferron's work to the folktale:

For the most part his material is anecdotal, often relating personal experiences; but in his treatment of it he remains true to the spirit and atmosphere of the tale. He retains many of the formal features of the oral tale: the often enigmatic opening sentence, the stereotype endings, and above all, the recurring lines, the almost ballad-like refrains, which give rhythm to the text and remind us that it is an art still close to its spoken source. However, it is no naive art; it is a highly sophisticated one, often precious, and even, at times, obscure. Ferron delights in the nuance of the written word and explores its every subtle possibility, taking us far beyond the simplicity of the popular tradition.

Like *The Late Man*, *Tales from the Uncertain Country* is characterized by ambiguity and possibility. To each situation, phrase or word is attached a well of possible meaning and tone that, it is best admitted, sometimes baffles the reader. Yet the difference between these books could hardly be greater. Whereas, in Schroeder's book, ambiguity seems the only reality, a reality which, in its limitlessness, overwhelms any trace of personality, much of Ferron's charm is in his own,

often tongue-in-cheek tone. The definite, though unintrusive, personality of the author, humorous, warm, amused and sly, colours all these tales. In "Black Cargo Ships of War" he is both pitying and amusingly grim. Compassion and scorn mingle in "Melié and the Bull", the tale of an old woman who raises a bull calf to be an unhappy lawyer and then turns him back to a bull. "The Archangel of the Suburb", an anecdote about Zag, the archangel who sat on the fence when Lucifer revolted, is pure tongue-in-cheek fun.

Together, the nineteen tales in this book combine to give the reader one man's humorous, sympathetic and intelligent view of French Canada. Bednarski defines Ferron's significance and attributes to him the ultimate creative achievement:

In his writing the doubt and ambiguity surrounding the lives of his fellow Quebecers find expression, yet are at the same time transcended. For Ferron believes too that art, in its way, can change the world, taking reality as its point of departure, then transforming it. And thus his works, while depicting very real situations, bathe them nonetheless in a fresh light, sharpening their significance and establishing a new order, a new reality.

To the English-Canadian reader *Tales from the Uncertain Country* offers the charm of a skilfully evocative artistry and a rare insight.

Dalhousie University

RAE MCCARTHY

*Canada, 1874-1896: Arduous De tiny.* By Peter B. Waite. Toronto/Montreal: McClelland and Stewart, 1971. Pp. xii, 340.

Both the author of this volume in the Canadian Centenary Series and the editors of the series apologize for what the series and the volume do not do. While this is no doubt becoming, it seems unduly modest. Designed to 'cover' Canadian history in more or less narrative form and based upon fresh research as well as existing literature, each of the volumes published to date exhibits a high level of scholarship. That most of them, including Peter Waite's, also are written with felicitous style seems almost a bonus—although this was undoubtedly part of the editor's design.

The besetting problem of all general history is how to strike an effective balance amongst its various analytical components—economic, geographic, social, literary, etc.—and the political context within which it is traditional to view such components as operative. Professor Waite is frank about his conviction that "it is, after all, men who make history". But he is also sharply aware that those men act principally as formulators of ideas and as modifiers of 'forces' which often exist independently of them. Such a man was Edward Blake who did so much to clarify the principal issue of the period and who believed Canadians should accept the "more arduous destiny" of living independently of the United States. So, too, were Macdonald and Mowat, Laurier and Chapleau, Fielding and Tupper, Riel

and McCarthy, and it is a great merit of this book that the author takes time to do more than merely name a surprising number of the players in his drama.

While he sees and develops well the Canadian drama of these critical years, Waite avoids carefully the trap of a single "national dream". The essentially contrapuntal nature of the period comes through clearly. The continuous struggle between federal and provincial centres of authority, between continentalism and its nationalist-imperialist opponents, between religious and racial groups and amongst 'political capitalists' competing for the public largesse dispensed by various levels of government—all the *sturm und drang* are here. Yet, while Waite understands that the goings on at Ottawa and in the provincial legislatures are merely the tip of the social-economic iceberg, he tends to let politics dominate his story. Thus about eight pages are devoted to 'labour and labour conditions'. Although urban growth, monopolies and the factory system are all touched upon, such underpinnings of the political system remained overshadowed by detailed accounts of the more traditional topics of the tariff, the C.P.R., Riel, the school question and the judicial battles. Whether a 'better balance' could be struck in a single volume on these years and within the framework of general history remains an open question. The excellent, but too brief "Overview" with which Waite opens his narrative suggests a different balance from that established in the succeeding chapters.

Professor Waite succeeds very well indeed in another respect: that of revising some earlier interpretative assumptions. This is particularly true in his treatment of general economic history and especially the role of the tariff. The "depression" of 1873-96 has often been described in terms of contemporary comments and customs receipts which considerably distort the real economic picture of these years—a period, in fact, when "manufacturers and businessmen quietly went on making money". Again, despite contemporary pessimism about the growth of interprovincial trade, Waite concludes that "central Canadian business owed its prosperity to its successful conquest of the market in the Maritimes between 1857 and 1874". As a Guelph woolen manufacturer was told by his federal M.P., "Confederation has practically given you the market of the Maritime Provinces". Even the pre-N.P. tariff had a role to play in that development. On the other hand, the author occasionally leaves old stereotypes untouched. One such is the distinction between the well-born Tory and the self-made egalitarian Grit. "Mackenzie", writes Waite, "and those of his party like him (i.e. the older members) had a basic intolerance for the have-nots of the world". Much of this traditional Tory-Grit distinction has been obliterated by Donald Swainson in a biographical analysis of the Ontario members of the 1872 parliament<sup>1</sup> which does not appear in the select bibliography of this volume.

Nit-picking is always congenial to the historian. In this case the search for nits is pleasantly unrewarding, while the stimulus of a fresh and well-researched review of the period is very considerable.

University of Toronto

KENNETH McNAUGHT

1. *The Personnel of Politics*, unpublished Ph.D. thesis, University of Toronto, 1958.

*The Politics of Irish Literature: From Davis to W. B. Yeats.* By Malcolm Brown.  
University of Washington Press, 1972. Pp. 431.

The central purpose of Professor Brown's book is to recreate the historical setting in which modern Irish literature emerged. After brief opening discussions of the relationship of Irish literature to Irish politics and of the political and social conditions in Ireland through the first three decades of the nineteenth century, Brown moves to his proper ground. The first full section of his book is devoted to the forties, a decade that began in the undefined hopes of the Repeal movement, which soared to its zenith in 1843 when a crowd three miles deep came out at Tara of the Kings to hear Daniel O'Connell explain how moral force would slit the British connection. Within a few short weeks moral force was driven from the field. O'Connell called off the monster meeting at Clontarf under threat of British law. Five years later Smith O'Brien, in a forlorn act of *noble se oblige*, led an armed force of around thirty-eight men against the British connection in the hapless rising of 1848, proving once again that where moral force had failed physical force could likewise fail. Between the glory of Tara and the agony in Widow McCormack's cabbage garden lay the famine, probably the most disastrous peacetime catastrophe in the history of any nation.

Obviously the changing character of Irish nationalism and the distressful results of the potato famine are major concerns for any historian who attempts to chart Ireland through the forties. Brown approaches both from the point of view of the young Ireland movement. He traces out the careers of Thomas Davis, John Mitchel, Gavin Duffy, and Smith O'Brien, explaining their varying concepts of Irish nationalism, the ebb and flow of their relations with Daniel O'Connell's Repeal Association, and the effects that the failure of the Repeal movement and the horrors of the famine had upon their political and social outlook. Brown is at his best in the three chapters that he gives to Thomas Osborn Davis. He does a fine job of showing how the *Nation* under the intellectual guidance of Davis established a tradition of cultural nationalism that helped pump new life into O'Connell's Repeal movement and more importantly supplied vital fluid for the Irish Revival. Critics like to belittle Davis' aesthetic sensibility and to point out that the poetry of the *Nation* is long on zeal and short on craft. This sort of judgment does not demand a spacious intellect. Brown is aware of the limitations of Davis but has the sympathy and good sense to recognize his cultural importance. As Padraic Colum has suggested, the impetus that Davis supplied might very well have led to a full revival in the mid-nineteenth century had it not been for the famine.

Brown also gives an interesting account of John Mitchel, following him into exile after he had set up shop as a pro-slavery journalist in the United States. Mitchel's flamboyant rhetoric and implacable character obviously fascinate Brown as they did Yeats. For the most part this fascination is easily forgiven, but at one

point it does get Brown into trouble. He tries to make a case for Mitchel's belief that Irishmen were deliberately allowed to starve in black '47 as a planned policy of mass murder carried out by the British Government. While this theory cannot be dismissed as absurd, Brown does not explain how "recent historical scholarship . . . tends to confirm Mitchel's most lurid accusations" and he is misleading in his contention that Cecil Woodham-Smith's book on the famine "vindicates" Mitchel's views. His study does show that Lord Russell's Government was brutally and unforgivably negligent where Ireland was concerned; however, this is a different thing from planned genocide. One hates to split such grisly hairs, but mass-murder is a serious charge.

Brown moves from Young Ireland to the Fenian movement. He follows the growth of Fenianism from its origins in Paris among the Young Ireland exiles James Stephens, John O'Mahony, and John O'Leary, through its flourishing period of growth in the early sixties, and on to its temporary decline after two futile invasions of Canada in 1866 and the unsuccessful rising in Ireland in 1867. As Brown's account shows, Fenianism was at once an extension of the Young Ireland movement and a repudiation of it. The Fenians in an effort to avoid a repetition of '48 concentrated initially on building a tightly organized society of revolutionary soldiers who were prepared to shoot when the day came 'round again. Brown hints that they might have launched a successful rebellion if they had struck in early '66 when the British Army garrisoned in Ireland was heavily salted with sworn rebels. But in the end the Fenians had too much going against them. The Irish clergy cut away at the base of Fenian popular support. British military intelligence located traitors within the society up to the highest level of command. Factionalism split the American and Irish branches of the movement, preventing any coordinated and disciplined armed rebellion.

Brown is again at his best when he is dealing with nationalists who had a literary or journalistic urge. His account of John O'Leary's brief career as editor of the *Irish People* is especially interesting because it focuses on O'Leary's struggle to square patriotism with good poetry and thus provides an early example of the conflict of interests which was to trouble almost every modern Irish writer. Also in giving us an image of what O'Leary was like twenty years before his famous encounter with Yeats, Brown corrects the probably widely held notion that O'Leary was merely an old gentleman who tendered ancient wisdom and support to the young poet. He emphasizes O'Leary's life-long dedication to a coolly reasoned policy of militant nationalism and indicates something of the substance that lay behind the noble Roman countenance of O'Leary, which lingered so romantically in the memory of so many Irishmen.

In the final section of his book Brown takes up the Home Rule movement. He gives a chapter to Isaac Butt, who launched Home Rule in the early seventies when he led a loosely organized group of Irish M.P.s in the promotion of self

government for Ireland. Brown then locates Charles Stewart Parnell, the protagonist of the Home Rule story. Shortly after his election to the House in 1875, Parnell teamed up with Joseph Biggar, whose specialty was parliamentary obstruction. Gradually Parnell won the confidence and support of the more radical element of the Home Rule movement and then shifted his line of attack from parliamentary sabotage to agrarian agitation. Along with Michael Davitt he supplied the leadership for the Irish Land League which fought for tenant rights in the so-called land war of the early eighties. Following a familiar Irish plot line, Parnell ended up in prison. After a new Land Bill had reduced tenants' rents and somewhat cooled the land war, Parnell struck his famous "Kilmainham treaty" with Gladstone and agreed to withdraw from agrarian agitation. He was released from prison, and took his fight for Home Rule back to Westminster.

The "Kilmainham treaty" by no means signalled a new era of peace and prosperity, as Brown's account shows. He devotes a chapter to the Phoenix Park murders and the effect they had on Parnell's career and the progress of Home Rule. A powerful segment of British opinion hoped to link Parnell with the Invincibles, a lunatic band that butchered Chief Secretary Frederick Cavendish and Under Secretary Thomas Burke. The first attempts to demonstrate Parnell's complicity or foreknowledge of the crimes failed as did the later efforts of the *London Times*, which offered Richard Pigott's forgeries in evidence. At home Parnell continued to win followers to his plan of playing off one British party against the other and forcing Home Rule on an exhausted English legislature. Brown shows how Parnell, through personal awesomeness and political dexterity, shaped his party into a solid bank of eighty six votes. But as everyone knows, he did not get a final chance to test the logic of his design. In 1889 Captain William O'Shea named Parnell corespondent in a divorce suit against his wife. It was the beginning of the end. In the moral and political storm that broke, Parnell and his Home Rule movement were swept away. Under pressure from Gladstone the Irish Party split, and Parnell was left with only fifteen followers. Through the last two years of his life he fought to regain his position but he was beaten down by his political opponents. Brown carries his history of the movement up to the collapse of the Home Rule Bill of 1893 in the House of Lords. However, once Parnell passes, it is pretty much anti-climax.

The book is rounded out with two chapters describing the Irish literary scene in the years after Parnell's death. These final chapters pick up the literary thread that runs through the whole history, especially the last section on Home Rule, which contains some commentary on the reaction of George Moore and Standish O'Grady to the land crisis and on Yeats' early friendship with John O'Leary. The first of the concluding chapters centre on Yeats and Hyde and their work in the Irish Revival. Brown spends most of the discussion on Yeats and gives a running account of his quarrels and disputes: with Gavin Duffy, with Roman

Catholicism, with patriot poets and readers in the tradition of Young Ireland, with advanced nationalists, and finally with his old friend John O'Leary. The final chapter traces out the Parnell theme in the work of Lady Gregory, Standish O'Grady, Yeats, and Joyce. Here again Brown gives the most attention to Yeats. He ranges across the poet's career recording his changing attitude towards Parnell, from early indifference to a final self-identification with Parnell as the type of solitary hero torn to bits by the mob. Brown sees this latter pose of "Parnell's Funeral" as evidence of Yeats' malignancy towards Ireland and ignorance of its history.

These last two chapters expose the one major defect of the book. Brown can never quite get the historical and the literary layers of his argument to adhere. Occasionally, as in his discussion of Yeats' "September, 1913" and "The Second Coming", he straps the literary work on to a specific historical event in a rather brutal way. A more recurrent problem is that the passages of literary commentary which pop up throughout the book are often fragmentary and seem somewhat off the cuff. For instance, Brown periodically breaks off his history to describe Joyce's treatment of the famine, the Fenians, the Invincibles, or some other historical event or character. He never gets much beyond a few generalizations, spiked down with a quotation or two from *Ulysses* or *A Portrait*. It is easy enough to see why. Brown has too much material to squeeze into one book, and thus is unable to give us a complete historical account and at the same time fully relate this history to any of the major writers of the modern period. The final two chapters are meant to solve the problem by giving us a panoramic view of the writers who sprung up from the rootstock of late nineteenth-century Irish political life. But only Yeats gets a detailed investigation and even here the record is a bit thin. See Conor O'Brien's "Passion and Cunning: An Essay on the Politics of W. B. Yeats".<sup>1</sup>

The virtues of Professor Brown's book are clear and deserve the final emphasis. First off, it will supply a great deal of useful information to any reader who is interested in modern Irish literature but handicapped by a lack of familiarity with Irish history. Here it fills a real need since it fits nicely between historical studies of the period such as F. S. L. Lyons' excellent *Ireland Since the Famine* and literary surveys such as Herbert Howarth's *The Irish Writers*. As I have already indicated, Brown is especially generous in the attention that he gives to the nationalist press, which was so important in shaping popular opinion but which has been ignored by most historians. Finally Brown writes very well. He is obviously caught up in a lifetime's interest in his material. His style and his feel for character and event reflect that level of attachment.

Dalhousie University

M. A. KLUG

1. Conor Cruise O'Brien "Passion and Cunning: An Essay on the Politics of W. B. Yeats", in *In Excited Reverie* ed. A. Norman Jeffares and K. G. W. Cross (New York: Macmillan Co., 1965).

*Cylinder of Vision*. By Milne Holton. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1972. Pp. ix, 353. \$10.95.

The index, notes, and bibliography in Professor Holton's book make comment unnecessary. The text is similar, but for a different reason. Organizing voluminous materials requires meticulousness and accuracy; should an author's vision be subjected to the same kind of thinking? Perhaps Holton's concluding comments on what he sees Crane's view to be might better be applied to the professor's unconsciously articulated difficulties with the author's work: "For in Crane's stories and novels one can never be entirely sure just what it is that has been seen or whether anything has really been seen and understood at all". Has the mythological war between Cranes and pygmies been resolved at last?

Professor Holton's central metaphor, according to him, is that vision is understanding. This leads him to stride through Crane's prose [the poetry "because of its idiosyncratic nature, lies beyond the scope of this study"!] scanning the development of the author's imagination. After all is said and done, Crane is struggling with "a difference between human apprehension of reality and reality itself". With all Holton's reading and writing, his interpretation seems trite and shopworn. A reader cannot avoid the suspicion that behind this *Cylinder of Vision* lurks an even more Euclidian thesis.

Anxiously laying suspicions aside, Holton strikes upon a fruitful line of interpretative thinking in this book. Crane's vision is treated at length. It is found, from early works such as the Sullivan County Sketches through the novels to "The Blue Hotel" and "An Upturned Face", emerging from the conflict between a character's apprehension of a situation as opposed to what the situation is in reality. Holton continually refers to "doubled perception"; he cites Crane's use of a narrative view seen in conflict with the views of various characters. This conflict of view is the source of Crane's irony which "is really the result of the disparity between two different ways of seeing". Fair enough. But Holton fails to penetrate beyond the external scenes apprehended by Crane's characters, or on account of a character's mentality in evaluating an external scene, into the irony implicit in evaluation itself, whether that of narrator, character, or critic. This penetration requires making the narrative view clear. A tale of action, external scene, and internal apprehension reflected in the actions of the characters can be the embodied reflection of a narrator's view. This narrative view, detached and so isolated, confines itself to a world in which, ironically, artistic apprehension is a reality. Perhaps this is why Holton uneasily reports, in speaking of *The Red Badge of Courage*, that "one senses there is someone else watching". It may also be the reason why he finds a sign of "development" in Crane's turning "increasingly to indirect discourse in which the author in his own voice [who might this be but the narrator?] describes the contents of his character's speech and thought".



The "someone else watching" might also be Holton's readers, watching an unnecessarily cautious sensitivity while waiting for a more stimulating account of Crane's uncompromising insistence on the effect of apprehension, the landscape of the eye's appetite. In any attempt to account for the origin of an ironic view, the frameworks of vision which embody the irony should be clearly grasped. Otherwise "doubled perception" runs the danger of leaving the work studied untouched. The commentator can only reflect his own defeat in his writing and find in himself but hardly his subject "the risible yet maddening incoherence of the universe and man's need to apprehend and understand it". Perhaps Professor Holton has shown himself to be an exemplar of Crane's central irony which is consistently directed against "refusals to see".

Dalhousie University

H. S. WHITTIER

*A Kingdom For A Stage: The Achievement of Shakespeare's History Plays.* By Robert Ornstein. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1972. Pp. 231. \$11.00.

In recent years appreciations of Shakespeare's Histories have tended to be increasingly critical of Tillyard, Campbell and others who were apt to interpret these plays as mere conventionalized expressions of orthodox Elizabethan political thought. Such criticism is timely and is clearly part of a much wider questioning of the historical method in general as applied to Shakespeare, a questioning cogently expressed in L. C. Knights' 1955 essay on "Historical Scholarship" which argues that so called "background" studies only assist in the appreciation of Shakespeare when they are ancillary to one's direct response to his plays as a felt experience. Robert Ornstein seems to share Knights' view, maintaining that much historical scholarship has implicitly refused "to grant that the ultimate standard for the interpretation of art is aesthetic". In addition he criticizes those (especially Tillyard) who insist upon the orthodoxy of the Histories and vigorously opposes those who hold that there is an Elizabethan "norm", since such a concept too conveniently ignores the "jagged edges and wrinkles of individual opinion".

In keeping with his insistence on the primacy of the aesthetic, Ornstein promises, among other things, to demonstrate how the Histories are "a journey of artistic exploration" that involved Shakespeare in a constant search for a suitable dramatic form for the History Play. This admirable objective at times leads to some interesting speculation. On *Henry V*, for example, the author is most convincing when he argues that the Chorus's apologies for the artistic failings of the play and the Chorus's vision of Henry as Mars are part of a deliberately contrived semblance of naïveté which operates ironically within the play's total structure. Equally provocative are comments on the ritualistic form of the atrocities in *3 Henry*

VI, on the structural handling of Richard III's proxy wooing of Elizabeth, and on the manner in which the "amplitude of Shakesperean drama does not depend upon the presence of dialectical oppositions", this last being a rejoinder to those many critics who have proposed elaborate formal constructs of balanced scenes, characters and points of view as implying some form of Aristotelian mean representative of Shakespeare's own point of view. In spite of such felicities, however, the chief values of this book lie elsewhere, for repeatedly discussion of the evolution of form as such is overshadowed (and even ignored) in favour of analyses of other kinds. Ornstein, it transpires, is at his best when dealing with the complexities and subtleties of Shakespeare's presentation of human behaviour and the accompanying political and moral issues. This prevalent interest stems from his insistence on the "personalism" (his term) of the Histories in which political conflicts, as he sees them, derive not from doctrinal issues or impersonal struggles for power, but from personal and familial antagonisms.

Particularly impressive in this respect is the treatment given to Hal, whom Ornstein sees as consistent in his portrayal from his first appearance in *1 Henry IV* to his last words in *Henry V*, a view that many would doubtless dispute. Ornstein will have no truck with the familiar view that Hal's crucial soliloquy in *1 Henry IV* is merely a choric device to pass on information to the audience, nor will he accept any of the widely divergent and commonplace views of Hal as the conventional Prodigal of the Moralities, or Hal as the Machiavellian prince, or Hal as the ideal of princely behaviour. For him Hal is neither paragon nor prig, but a fascinating, shrewd, and thoroughly pragmatic man who is sadly incapable of spontaneous emotion or genuine intimacy with others. More questionable, however, is Ornstein's view that Hal's continual self-rationalization in matters of conscience is a genuine character trait, a form of self-deception rather than deliberate deception of others. Even if this is acceptable as a view of the Hal of *1 & 2 Henry IV*, as a view of the protagonist of *Henry V* it is highly debatable, especially if one does not share Ornstein's view that Hal is a consistently drawn figure from play to play.

Ornstein's views of Richard III, Richard II, Bolingbroke, Hotspur and others can be equally provocative. On Richard III, for example, Ornstein argues unconvincingly that here is a man who is bored rather than embittered. For him Richard's opening soliloquy in *Richard III* is delivered in the tones of "humor and sweet reasonableness", an oddly insensitive response to the way in which Shakespeare here superbly depicts the cripple jokingly calling attention to his own deformity as a form of unconscious release from what disturbs him most. What too is one to make of the laudatory allusion to Hotspur's "poetry" and the statement that when this latter "teases his adoring wife, the humor is tender and intimate"?

The only real disappointments of the book, however, are the chapters on *King John* and *Henry VIII*. One almost wishes Ornstein had left these two plays alone. Accusing the first of being a careless, half-hearted effort, the product of

boredom and an uninteresting assignment forced upon Shakespeare by his company, Ornstein has little of interest to say about this admittedly problematic work. On *Henry VIII* he is almost totally negative, maintaining that the play is loosely constructed, contradictory, amorphous in substance and shallow in its characteristics and treatment of religious issues. Arguing that Shakespeare had only a minimal responsibility for it, he assigns the bulk of the play (more even than most critics of this school of thought) to Fletcher. Why waste a chapter on it if one feels this way?

Nevertheless Ornstein's book should be read for its special sensitivity to the moral and political issues of the plays. For the most part it is imaginative and stimulating in its treatment of the "personalism" of the plays and occasionally revealing about the evolution of Shakespeare's grasp of structure. On the *Henry VI* plays the commentary is inclined to be somewhat pedestrian, but this is made up for in the discussions of the plays of the second tetralogy, for which, one suspects, the author's sympathies are greatest. All in all this is an admirable addition to the growing re-assessment of this one neglected area of Shakespeare's artistic achievement.

Acadia University

ALAN R. YOUNG

*The Case of Walter Bagehot.* By C. H. Sissons. London: Faber and Faber, 1972.  
Pp. 143.

C. H. Sissons finds that "one very suspicious circumstance about the reputation of Walter Bagehot is that almost nobody has a word to say against him". In an attempt to discover the reason for this popularity he has produced a challenging re-assessment of the man and his works. Bagehot, he claims, always took care to be on the side of the winners. In his day, as in ours, that side was the commercial middle class. Hence his popularity. What has usually been thought of in Bagehot's writings as a realistic and balanced account of political, social, and economic institutions of Victorian England is simply a smug apologia for the rule of the commercial class, a rule bereft of philosophical principles and based wholly on prudent self-interest. It is the stand mocked in Clough's poem *The Latest Decalogue*, which, Sissons says, exemplifies Bagehot's outlook. He is arraigned besides, as the progenitor of the modern publicist, anxious to ingratiate himself with those in power by adopting a conspiratorial tone in addressing them as fellow-members of a governing elite.

Sissons is evidently exceedingly vexed with the way things have been going for the last hundred years or so, and he fixes the blame on the liberal society that emerged when the middle class took over economic and political leadership. What exasperates him about Bagehot is that when he looked at that society he generally

liked what he saw. "He was exhilarated by the thought that, on the national stage where bankers and the editor of the *Economist* operated, landowners and the monarchy might be thrown on the rubbish-heap while men of business carried on the affairs of the country". And, he scornfully concedes, "no one could say that this vision of things was belied by the century that followed him". Bagehot, then, read the signs of the times accurately; why did he not raise his voice in protest? Sissons offers an answer:

What we get from Bagehot is not so much a theory as a position, and not so much a position as a form of tactics. It is Walter Bagehot whom the successive positions are intended to protect—the Walter Bagehot who slipped down the crack between Unitarianism and Anglicanism; who was the child of the Bank House as some are the sons of the manse; whose money was better than that of the squire's but did not produce better effects upon the locals; who should have been educated at Oxford but who was above that sort of conformism; who conformed instead to the world of business but was cleverer than its other inhabitants; who was all the time worried about the sanity of his stock and did not have any children; who distrusted the hereditary powers and owed all his opportunities to family influence. He was a gifted man who pushed around in the world, and he liked to think that there was only pushing and shoving, though he owed more to the discretion which keeps people on the winning side.

It is not an attractive picture. But is it justified? Is Sissons wise in his choice of whipping-boy?

It must be admitted that, compared with most Victorian critics of society, Bagehot was remarkably complaisant. Though he saw cause for genuine alarm in the advent of democracy, he otherwise admired his society and felt very much at ease in it. If he was not, as G. M. Young averred him to be, the most Victorian of the Victorians, he was nonetheless thoroughly Victorian. This becomes clear when his works are placed beside those of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold, all of whom opposed beliefs and attitudes that characterized the age. In a sense they are anti-Victorian and he pro-Victorian. In *The English Constitution* and in *Lombard Street* he acts more as a commentator and expositor than as a critic. *Physic and Politics*, a more theoretical work, attempts nonetheless to explain the evolutionary development of societies and to show in particular how England had reached the stage it enjoyed in the 1860s. He saw society as the product of evolution with social classes reflecting the stages in the long, slow, hazardous evolutionary process. The belief carried a built-in concept of progress, but one decisively governed by gradualism when faced with demands for reform. Reform meant for him adjustments aimed at preserving and perfecting current arrangements without risk of dislocation that could thwart or even reverse the evolutionary process.

Whatever the validity of Bagehot's theory of social evolution (and there is probably little if any), the fact remains that it impressed upon him the need for stability, for preserving the national community without which there could be no

further progress. As a result he shares with other Victorian social critics the conviction that the community must be safeguarded against forces conducive to anarchy. To this end he insisted on the wisdom of keeping traditional forms and symbols which had emerged through the ages as cohesive elements. This was his paramount motive, and it was thoroughly Victorian. He was not, as Sissons urges us to believe, motivated purely by self-interest or the interest of his class. He is not Satan bent on claiming the earthly kingdom for himself and his colleagues. Far from seeking to throw the monarchy and the aristocracy on the rubbish-heap, he demonstrably argued that they still had vital rôles, though different from their rôles in the past. Bagehot recognized that the middle classes were the ascendant power, and throughout his writings he repeatedly calls upon them to avoid alienating either the upper or lower classes. That they succeeded in keeping the nation together is surely one of the triumphs of Victorian liberalism.

Unable to forgive Bagehot for acquiescing to the main historical movement of his age, Sissons attacks his personality, and, finding it impossible to show him to be a fool, he does his best to make him appear a knave. If that best is not convincing, it nonetheless offers a serious challenge. The attack, moreover, is so wittily conducted that it makes *The Case of Walter Bagehot*, arraignment, trial, verdict, and all, a very entertaining piece of work.

Dalhousie University

C. J. MYERS

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*Thackeray: The Major Novels.* By Juliet McMaster. University of Toronto Press: Toronto, 1971. \$7.50.

In view of the revival of interest in the Victorians, which continues to gather increasing momentum and is so strikingly illustrated by the recent flood of books on Dickens, it is surely one lamentable and contradictory sign of the times that Gordon N. Ray's great biography of Thackeray has been out of print for the best part of a decade. And, indeed, apart from Ray's distinguished works, Geoffrey Tillotson's interesting book, and the more specialized piece by John Loofbourow, Thackeray has been sadly neglected with regard to full-length studies even during the last twenty years. Juliet McMaster's *Thackeray: The Major Novels* ought, therefore, to be welcomed.

Her decision to devote an entire book, in the main, to four major novels is a wise one and few will quarrel with her choice or her assertion that *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, and *The Newcomes* are the four major novels. Certainly the criticism of fiction has now reached the stage of development when a comprehensive treatment of a given work is both possible and desirable, and the vast scale of many Victorian novels, especially those of Thackeray and Dickens, rules out a full consideration of much more than four or five novels in a normal sized book.

Mrs. McMaster's general purpose is not a new one but some of her stresses are and all the more to be looked to in an age in which Henry James has been transformed into no mere fetish but a monstrous academic mumbo jumbo he might well have been among the first to deplore and satirize.

It is my own contention . . . that Thackeray is a consummate artist very much in control of what he is doing, whose major novels are works of thematic coherence and aesthetic integrity; and that he is also a highly sophisticated ironist, exploiting to the full the potential of the various personae he adopts, and introducing ambiguity deliberately, to sharpen our moral perception and to evoke the complexity of experience itself.

In constructing my study I have chosen to handle the general questions of technique, tone, social analysis, and moral and psychological vision in separate chapters, using one of the novels as the chief exemplar of each discussion.

Mrs. McMaster's pragmatic method is also commendable and founded on a sure intuition: "Too many twentieth-century critics of Thackeray have started with a theory of how novels ought to work and then rejected his because they do not live up to it. I would rather go about it the other way, starting with what I find has a more positive existence—the undeniable life of his novels—and going on from there to a critical analysis of some of the means by which he creates it". And, in championing Thackeray, Mrs. McMaster rightly attacks her opponents on their own chosen ground if she does not, indeed, carry the war into their camp with several spirited charges: "Thackeray's novels are great works of art for various reasons, but not the least of them is the author's presence: they live because of his commentary, not in spite of it"; "His novels are certainly about Amelia, Becky, Arthur Pendennis, Clive Newcome, and the rest; but they are also *about*, and in no superficial way, our response to these characters and to the world they live in. His authorial presence is his strategy to elicit this response. And the moral experience of the novel is largely a matter of the reader's decision as to where he wants to place himself among the various attitudes dramatized for him in the author's commentary"; "The passages of commentary are not directives on what to think. Each is at best only one way of looking at the matter; and the next may be a different way, or emphatically the wrong one. The reaction of those readers of Thackeray who wish that he would stop *talking* and get on with his subject is thus misguided, for the talk, with the attitudes expressed in it, is itself part of the subject". In fact, Thackeray's very inconsistency is part of his artistry and his commentary is a means of focusing his complex vision of man; thus, discussing the prologue to *Vanity Fair*, Mrs. McMaster argues, "Accompanying this set of metaphors for the author's relation to his characters, there is a corresponding set of views of humanity. One is the view of man as a puppet, operating under some outer necessity, divinely proposed and disposed of, and finally insignificant in the total span of disappointed aspiration. . . . Another is the satirical vision of the Fair, with its dominant population of quacks and pickpockets". Similarly, Mrs. McMaster holds that, far from

wishing to preserve the illusion of life within the novel, "It was part of both his [Thackeray's] moral and artistic purpose to force the reader, during the act of reading, to make comparisons from one world to the other, to bring to bear his knowledge of one on the evaluation of the other; in fact, to break down, or at least as far as possible to overlook, that barrier between illusion and reality". Moreover, and contrary to what has often been held, the very limitations of Thackeray's commentary are a strategy for involving the reader and for verisimilitude:

The novelist can speak as the final authority on the actions and the motives of the characters he creates, whereas the raconteur who is telling us an anecdote of people he knows, and that we may know too, will frequently, as a matter of honesty or in deference to our feelings, admit to a limitation in his knowledge. Now Thackeray often makes such an admission. . . . The narrator's professed ignorance, not just on minor matters . . . but also in matters of substance, is one more of Thackeray's devices for endowing his narrative with something like the quality of life. . . his professed uncertainty is an invitation for the reader's participation. Our opinion counts too, and we are allowed to make up our own minds on Beckey's piece of intriguing.

Furthermore, the narrator's "personal affections and convictions" which are "often insane, or smug, or gushing, and . . . also often worldly and cynical" are calculated to provoke us into so reacting that we become involved with what seem "autonomous beings with an existence beyond their creator's mind".

Mrs. McMaster gives us an illuminating thematic analysis of *Pendennis*. About "the typical perspective" of the novel she writes, "It is not just youth and age and past and present which are contrasted, but idealism and cynicism, illusion and disenchantment, inflated aspirations and solid common sense: and all connected by the pervasive sense that here we have not just crabbed old age judging wild youth, but an older man looking back in mingled sympathy and scorn on his own past", and that these "characteristic viewpoints, with their built-in contrasts and maintained tensions . . . constitute a view of reality. The contradictions in each standpoint act like two flat images which spring to three-dimensional life when one is superimposed on the other". The subject Mrs. McMaster describes as "not only the nature of experience . . . but also the progress from experience to expression. It is the story of a man who tries to be a gentleman and also an artist". And she justly protests against the notion that Thackeray "can't think": "what Thackeray's books lack is answers, not ideas". And we are given a subtle illustration of this: "Pen's grasp at reality, which occupies more aspects of his life than his choice between the Major's world and Helen's, involves the acknowledgement of an essential ingredient of falsehood in every truth, and of an element of truth in every falsehood". After an interesting comparison between *Pendennis* and Offenbach's *The Tales of Hoffman* "where the sequence of the poet's loves has a significance to his art", Mrs. McMaster succinctly sums up the theme of Thackeray's novel: "The quest for truth, the preoccupation of the author as well as his protagonist, is pursued

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through its various facets, the problems that face the man and the artist of how to love, how to be a gentleman, and how to write honestly”.

In discussing *Henry Esmond*, Mrs. McMaster is particularly perceptive on Rachel's motivation and equally good on Esmond himself, the limitations of his viewpoint and his shortcomings as a person. This reading is bound to provoke controversy, all the more so because it is presented convincingly and eloquently:

If we take Esmond's memoirs at face value, we have a picture of a man who may be grave and melancholy, but who is possessed of the virtues of courtesy, honesty, courage, wisdom, love, and humility. He renounces a title from pure generosity; and though he contributes to the failure of a marriage, and causes suffering to a woman who loves him by confiding in her while he woos her daughter, he does these things unwittingly. He hopelessly loves an unworthy woman, but finally learns to reject her and marry the elder and more worthy one. Through his life he grows to wisdom and maturity, not only in knowledge of the world, but emotionally and morally as well. There is something god-like about so much virtue and self-abnegation.

If, on the other hand, we read the novel as a sustained piece of dramatic irony, we notice not so much the god-like attributes as the wish to appear god-like. His humility is inverted pride, and his self-abnegation an elaborate glorification of self. He renounces a title because he finds more satisfaction in the debt than the ownership. He keeps two women at his feet by maintaining a pose of being at theirs, and he takes a secret pleasure in his knowledge of their adoration while pretending to be unaware of it. And, far from growing to maturity, he finally fulfils the infantile impulse to marry his mother.

Moreover, Mrs. McMaster tries to bridge these apparently contradictory opinions with a comprehensive assessment of the complexity of Thackeray's vision: “My interpretation has suggested the second reading because critical emphasis has usually been the other way. But I do not mean to exclude the first: there is again that double focus which is part of the complexity of Thackeray's moral vision”.

One of the best, possibly the best thing in Mrs. McMaster's book is her re-assessment of *The Newcomes*. She takes as Thackeray's subject in the novel “that complex union of, or confusion between, financial and moral values, good and goods, which constitutes ‘respectability’. Money, as a determinant of respectability, is a central principle that holds together at once the Newcome family and the novel, permeating language and imagery and dominating character and action”. Of its “intricate” structure, she writes that “the great world which it depicts in such painstaking detail is reflected in miniature in numerous little microcosms through the book”, and on its pace she comments, “*The Newcomes* is slow to get going because Thackeray takes the necessary time to build up the world in which his individual dramas are to be enacted. The effect is the more powerful for being cumulative; and by the time Clive, Ethel, and the rest reach their moments of decision, we have a full awareness of the complex pressures to which they are subject”, while about the length of the novel she argues that “with its accumu-



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lated detail of how society works and how time moves" it "helps to convey the protracted pain of Clive's story, for we see the slow process of his disintegration". She writes most instructively about Thackeray's use of fairy tale references and animal imagery, and her conclusion will drive all conscientious readers of the Victorian novel to a consideration or reconsideration of what has been the most neglected of the four novels discussed in the book:

*The Newcomes* is by no means the 'loose baggy monster' of James's phrase: it is not just a sprawling narrative that contains some amusing characters and some graphic description of manners in mid-Victorian society. It is a carefully organized novel in which style and imagery, as well as character and action, contribute to a unifying theme, and in which the length is adapted to the complexity of the content. The action takes place, and the characters find their moral being, in a minutely realized milieu in which 'respectability' is the dominant operative standard. In relating his story in language that elevates 'fumbling in a greasy till' to heroism and reduces love and faith to mere commodities, Thackeray conveys society's confusion of values by stylistic means. And that counterpoint between style and matter does more than illuminate a contemporary vice: it reflects some of the contradictions of human existence. As the animal imagery suggests both the ordered moral universe of fable and the savage jungle of popular Darwinianism, so the pattern of contrasts between illusion and reality, fantasy and hard fact, aspiration and achievement, conveys how far human practice falls short of human ideals.

Mrs. McMaster has much to say of great interest about ambivalent relationships in Thackeray's novels and she does justice to Thackeray's psychological acumen. Furthermore, she makes many perceptive comments throughout her book which help to set the record straight about Thackeray's art and vision.

On the other hand, this reviewer does find some faults in the book, though they do not vitiate its merits. Among some interesting observations on Thackeray's use of serialization it is, for instance, misleading, in my view, to imply that Dickens uses serialization primarily "for the accumulation of suspense". More serious, there is an occasional *non sequitur* like this: "Dickens complained, 'I thought that he too much feigned a want of earnestness, and that he made a pretence of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art that he held in trust'. Thackeray was too conscious of his shortcomings as a man to feel that he could become godlike and infallible as an artist". But perhaps the most serious criticism some readers may find themselves bringing against this worthy book is a certain failure in organization. Having obtained a brief to discuss four novels at considerable length, Mrs. McMaster chooses, for example, to spend less than half her third chapter on *Henry Esmond*. It is true that she discusses *Esmond* elsewhere, as she does other novels, but this tendency, in certain parts of her book, towards piece-meal discussion, though valuable in itself and helpful in comparing the novels, tempts her into failing to make the best of the opportunity her boldness has seized. Or perhaps it might be put more fairly by adding that what Mrs. McMaster has to say about *Esmond* and other novels as *whole* works of art leaves us regretting that she has not said more

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in this respect or, at least, brought her piece-meal matter to bear more clearly and centrally on each novel.

Dalhousie University

HARVEY PETER SUCKSMITH

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*A Seat at the Table: The Struggle for Disarmament.* By E. L. M. Burns. Toronto and Vancouver: Clarke, Irwin & Co. Ltd., 1972. Pp. 268. \$6.75.

Lieutenant-General Burns served as adviser to the Canadian Government on disarmament and as leader of the Canadian delegation to disarmament conferences from 1960 through 1968. His book, based on this experience, is a discussion of the issues and procedures that characterized international disarmament negotiations during this period.

Although intended for the non-specialist, the book is not a suitable introduction to the subject of "disarmament" in the 1960s. Despite a good index, useful glossary of terms, and an attempt to organize the discussion chronologically, there is simply too much material, some of it "technical detail". Nevertheless, the book does provide insights into fundamental features of Canada's role in international affairs. Moreover, General Burns presents specific conclusions about the obstacles to disarmament and the prospects for progress in the future. These are set out clearly in the introductory and concluding chapters, and can be understood apart from the discussion of the various disarmament conferences.

In the early sixties, it did not seem unreasonable to believe that the great powers would lay aside the implements of mass destruction, which since Hiroshima had been unusable. But those of us who believed, and still believe, that disarmament is necessary to make the world safer did not realize the tenacity with which national leaders—men of *realpolitik*—would cling to the grisly symbols of power, would fear to move from the precarious national security given by the possession of great armaments. (p. 204)

The bulk of the book is an explanation of why this was so, and why and how, in consequence, the focus of international efforts shifted from disarmament to arms limitation. Burns adduces two basic factors in explanation. One was the reciprocal fear which both Soviet and American policy makers had of the intentions of their counterparts.

The other factor was intimately related to this reciprocal fear. Within both governments there were competing schools of thought as to the relative merits of pursuing national security through arms reduction or through preponderant military capability. It is this division within each government that accounts for the seeming ambiguity and occasionally sharp policy reversals which have characterized U.S. and Soviet behaviour in disarmament negotiations. (p. 146)

Burns argues that throughout this period the nature of the necessary first

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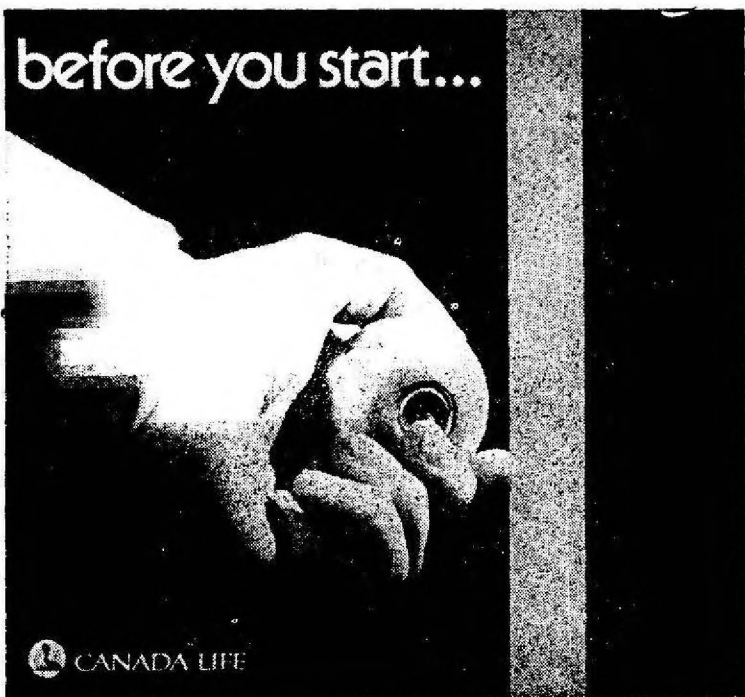
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step toward disarmament was understood. That first step is the limitation not of the number of nuclear bombs but of the number of missiles and aircraft that can deliver them. (p. 34) This was recognized in the 1950s, officially by the French (p. 33) and privately by the Americans involved with arms control policy. (p. 53) It was accorded public acceptance by the Soviet Union in disarmament proposals set forth in 1962. (p. 159, 187) Logically, then, the obstacles to arms limitation have not been technical but political. As long as policy makers assumed that their counterparts would seek to derive a military advantage from an arms limitations agreement, no progress could be expected.

The fundamental point about the "international" character of disarmament negotiations is that there were only two important parties, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. This is true whether the negotiations in question are the five-member Subcommittee of the U.N. Disarmament Commission in the 1950s, the members of the Ten-Nation Committee on Disarmament established in 1960, the members of the Eighteen-Nation Disarmament Committee established in 1962, or the twenty-six members of the Conference of the Committee on Disarmament which succeeded the eighteen-member group in 1969. The bilateral U.S.-Soviet SALT (Strategic Arms Limitation Talks) established in 1969 have accomplished far more in the way of concrete agreements than all the international groups. In sum, as General Burns experienced it, "disarmament" was essentially a matter of great power diplomacy.

The Canadian role reflected the fact that the policies of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. on disarmament were not influenced to any significant extent by the views of allies or neutrals. Canadian proposals which did not accord with U.S. views were consistently rejected, occasionally with contempt. (p. 55) These proposals, of course, were not advanced publicly, but through informal contacts with U.S. officials. General Burns concludes that Canada apparently ". . . can do better in a kind of brokerage job . . . than if we try to take a lead ourselves". (p. 155)

The question of the merits of "quiet diplomacy" recurs frequently. General Burns criticizes Howard Green for attempting, as Secretary of State for External Affairs, to have Canada play an unrealistically active role in disarmament negotiations. (p. 84) Yet, while defending "quiet diplomacy" as the only feasible approach to influencing U.S. policy, General Burns is clearly less than satisfied with it:

It will not be debated here whether or not Canada would be safer, or make a better figure in the world if we were neutral. But in the disarmament negotiations in which I have participated, it has never seemed to me that, had we been neutral, our influence would have been greater than it was as a member of the NATO alliance. How can influence be weighed anyway? Has not somebody said that influence is what you think you have, so long as you do not try to use it? (p. 10)

The choice would appear to be between a morally correct, politically futile stance and the more "realistic" "quiet diplomacy" which, in practice, is equally futile.

It is not possible to write a book on disarmament in the 1950s without

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making some comments on the merits of the Cold War positions of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. General Burns very reasonably avoids unnecessary controversy by establishing that each side had a genuine, comprehensible fear of the other's intentions and acted on the basis of these fears. He seems to be more critical of the U.S. than of the U.S.S.R. for failure to understand why their proposals would be unacceptable to the other side. This appears to be a result of Burns's implicit frustration at the blindness of the Americans who, being Western and "rational", "ought to have known better" in some sense. (pp. 78, 130, 158)

The book concludes with a detailed discussion of the prospects for U.S.-Soviet arms limitation arising out of SALT. Written in earliest 1972, this discussion clearly presents an argument that the only logical sequence in meaningful arms limitation is

- (1) limitation on Anti-Ballistic Missiles (ABM);
- (2) limitation on MIRV (multiple warheads for ICBMs);
- (3) and, only after the first two steps, limitation on the number of ICBMs.

The accords signed in Moscow in May, 1972, provide for limitations on ABMs and ICBMs but say nothing about MIRVs. On the subject of MIRVs and arms limitation, General Burns writes:

Some hawkishly-inclined observers say with gloomy satisfaction that it is too late to halt the general deployment of MIRVs by both superpowers. They may be right, and, if they are, hopes for truly limiting the arms race in its qualitative as well as quantitative aspects will not be great. (p. 244)

If Burns is right, the Nixon-Brezhnev accords are a far less important step toward ending the threat of nuclear holocaust than the two principals—for obvious reasons of home politics and foreign policy—have made them appear.

*Dalhousie University*

JONATHAN WOUK

*Poetic Statement and Critical Dogma.* By Gerald Graff. Evanston, Illinois: Northwestern University Press, 1970. \$6.25.

This interesting book sets out to clarify and reconcile some of the knottiest problems in twentieth-century conceptions of poetry. At the start, acknowledgments and thanks are rendered to Yvor Winters, and Mr. Graff follows Winters in an insistence on the central importance of reason and logic in poetry. Winters at his best was a champion of clarity; Mr. Graff is no less unhesitating in his affirmations and criticisms. And by the time he begins to discuss individual poems, he begins sounding a little like Winters too: "[E. A. Robinson] attempts to master the facts of change and unpredictability by reasoning about them in as precise a manner as possible—and is not content simply to present his state of mind in its desperation or to dramatize various possibilities of approach".

But what distinguishes Mr. Graff's book is his attempt at a balanced apprecia-

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tion of the major critical positions and of the poems they have expounded. This doesn't prevent him from levelling a lot of incisive criticism at I. A. Richards and Cleanth Brooks (with shorter treatment of Cassirer, Jung, Northrop Frye and Philip Wheelwright), but despite the criticism there is also acceptance.

These writers all have in common an anti-propositional bias in their views of poetry. Essentially this means that they stress other matters than logic and the referential function of language. For them poetry is autotelic and autonomous: it seeks its own ends by its own means, and cannot be judged by obviously external standards. Mr. Graff shows with painstaking amplitude how such a position is untenable.

In the case of I. A. Richards, a combination of anti-propositional poetics and positivist epistemology leads to the distinction between symbolic (i.e., verifiable) and emotive statements. Poetry is mainly concerned with the latter, and its function is to harmonize human energy and eliminate the wastefulness that shoddy thinking and feeling result in. But what becomes decisive for Mr. Graff is that no statements of the emotive kind can contradict either one another or symbolic ones. This is tantamount to intellectual chaos. And Mr. Graff shows that Richards' later work is entirely compatible with his earlier, a clearly intended refutation of Mr. Tate's view of later Richards.

Mr. Graff's treatment of myth critics is more compressed, but for them as a group the lack of a clear "objective" orientation leads to the isolationism of indiscriminacy. The discussion of Brooks is lengthier and exemplary: Mr. Brooks represents the New Critics generally (with the pointed exception of John Crowe Ransom). Here appreciation and respect are mixed generously with the criticism. Mr. Graff cannot but accept many of Brooks's orientations, and certainly his practical criticism remains intact. The ultimate implications, however, of stressing the dramatic nature of all poetry are that logic is undervalued and comparative judgments made more difficult, perhaps impossible. But in line with the flexibility this book proposes, Brooks's work is also seen as using logic and finding it in poetry. The dramatic and the referential are complementary approaches to poetry.

This shows in the careful parallelisms in the discussions of poetry. George Herbert's dramatic poem "The Collar" balances the more logical form of "Church monuments". But "The Collar" has logical elements as well, just as "Church monuments" can be seen to be dramatic. E. A. Robinson's "Hillcrest" balances Keats's nightingale ode in the same way.

Underlying both these analyses and the earlier chapters on the critics is the issue of critical and poetic monism. Romantic poetry—most everything since Wordsworth and Coleridge—is visionary: it sees identity of subject and object, or at least aspires to such an identity. The criticism of the twentieth century has been predominantly monistic, too: form and content are identified. From this point of view Brooks's strictures on the heresy of paraphrase are understandable, but Mr.

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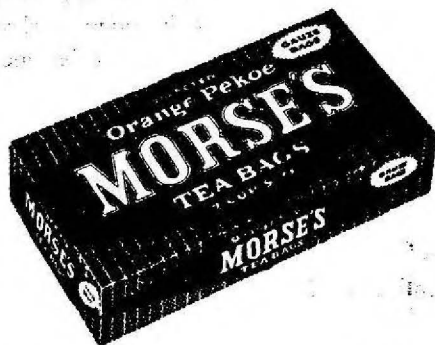
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Graff not only points out the weakness of this now traditional disposition—he also accepts part of the criticism: early propositional theory did regard form as decoration. Names are discreetly omitted. Following Winters, Mr. Graff opposes romantic visionary poetry to antivisionary poetry: skepticism and disillusionment cast in the form of logical thinking is opposed to rhapsodic idealism. Mr. Graff does not favor visionary poetry, but his argument is seasoned with restraint: Keats has his wisdom too.

Mr. Graff is willing to grant the value of the best anti-propositionalist practical criticism, though at every stage his argument is that we must not ignore the "objective", the referential use of language, and poetry's cognitive value. That grouping of value-words shows his direction clearly, for the cognitive value of poetry can be approached from other directions. (A notable example is Rev. John D. Boyd's *The Function of Mimesis and Its Decline*: the cognitive is investigated in terms of the probable. This is an important book because it combines in a profound way the use of reason with the sense of the dramatic, autonomous nature of imitation.)

The propositionalist view of poetry is expounded sensitively by Mr. Graff: "The difference between good and bad poetry lies not only in the superiority of the good poem's conceptual understanding of its subject, but in large part in the good poet's ability to respond adequately, stylistically and emotionally, with respect to his conceptualization".

But the crunch comes when Mr. Graff applies the propositionalist view to the problem of belief and its propriety within the poem. The test case is Emerson's "Brahma" which is found unacceptable in philosophy and flawed in execution. But given the basis of the criticism one wonders what a Hindu or at least someone more obviously knowledgeable about religion would make of the poem. And one might contrast to Mr. Graff's presentation of this problem the astuteness of Marius Bewley's criticisms of Robert Lowell's religious sensibility. There the critic is much more sensitive to the "impropriety" of mixing Puritan feeling with Catholic dogma. But his success as a critic lies partly in not making quick judgments about the validity of such a dogma as Lowell presents. That is where Mr. Graff seems to fail us as a critic, for there he adheres most closely to the example of his mentor.

*Dalhousie University*

N. S. POBURKO

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*The Time Is Never Ripe.* By Hans George Classen. Ottawa: Centaur Press, 1972.  
Pp. 256. Paper, \$3.50; Hardcover, \$6.95.

Any collection of miscellaneous pieces that ranges over topics as diverse as "The Nature of God" and "Zoos of the Future" must seem destined to set the well-intentioned reviewer a formidable task. Youth, age, sex, the family, the origin of the American atomic bomb, science and scientists, politics, art, history, Canadians,



Americans, Germans, Latin Americans—these are some of the other subjects of the twenty-six essays which make up Mr. Classen's book. But it is not diversity alone that creates a difficulty. For reasons that will appear later the writing of his book was for Mr. Classen a highly important personal exercise in catharsis, and the tension between his self-preoccupation and his honest desire not to be led astray by it has resulted at times in blurred images on his part and uncertainty on ours as to what exactly we are intended to understand. Nonetheless, there is a clear general theme which runs through the more substantial essays, at any rate, giving a degree of unity to the book as a whole, and explaining the choice of title.

It is Mr. Classen's contention that God is unknown and unknowable, for "as soon as a thing becomes knowable it loses its divinity". To know something means that we can use it. We cannot use God for this would turn God into a tool of man and this is the pretence of magic. Yet the mystery of God is experienced by us in our inner awareness of our own human purposiveness. "... the awareness of divine responsibility within ourselves is often so crushing that we seek to share it or to hand it over entirely to others, to immerse ourselves in the automatic, mechanic course of events, the flow of time, in the ripeness of which all things necessary will come to pass. In the last resort, however, it is we who must do our own promptings, who must make our own choices, and define our own paths. We cannot depend on the ripeness of time, for the time is never ripe".

So history does not happen; it is created by men's purposive acts. Historical inevitability can be discerned only by hindsight. But science is personally remote, and this is as true of the social as of the natural sciences. Max Weber and the sociologists rule out intent and purpose in the participants in history. Psychologists base their understanding of men upon the study of the behaviour of rats and anthropologists observe the life of primitive tribes as if they were observing the behaviour of ants or apes. Psychotherapists and psychiatrists, like Rollo May and Erich Fromm, come in for some particularly sharp thrusts from Mr. Classen. They fall into absurdities and paradoxes, for as scientists they must hold that everything in man has a cause, but as therapists they must overcome the patient's desperate urge to seek both cause and cure outside himself. They must build up the belief that by assuming responsibility for himself he can be changed into a person capable of love and personal responsibility. But love and will are terms outside the realm of science. What is so reprehensible in Mr. Classen's eyes is that the therapist uses his status as a scientist and professional practitioner to ascribe values, in the name of science, to what lies beyond the reach of the factual truth of science.

This is a sore point with Mr. Classen who points with some bitterness to the highly successful best-sellers of well-known scientists whose often jejune pronouncements on matters quite unconnected with their professional activities are received by the public "with a reverence that suggested to me a return to the age of magic". By contrast his own projected *magnum opus*, on the use of science in the promo-

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tion of non-scientific causes, failed to find a publisher. The story of its rejection, as he tells it in his opening essay, is a disquieting picture of the publishing world and a sad commentary on the intellectual debility of the reading public. For Mr. Classen himself the immediate effect was a year-long bout of agitated depression, "a crisis of the spirit", from which he emerged with the firm decision to defy publishers and public alike, not waiting indeed for the time to be ripe, but writing and himself publishing the present book of essays "to please myself", even if it might be "the kind of book for which there was no discernible market". It is to be hoped that Mr. Classen's misgivings are unfounded and that his book will be read and pondered. He has an alert and enquiring mind, is surprisingly well-informed on a wide range of matters, is familiar from his own experience with world-events, has many curious pieces of information and much interesting comment to impart. It must be added that he is perhaps too much given to the oracular and enigmatic aphorism, that he does not explore but only asserts the philosophical position in which his thesis rests, viz., that "There is no demonstrable connection between Is and Ought", and that his overindulgence in sharp and needling criticism, while impartially dealt out to all and sundry, becomes at times almost captious and tends to create a much more merely negative impression than he seems to have intended.

We are told that Mr. Classen was born in Russia, of German descent, that he is fluent in several languages, has already written two other books and numerous articles and that he is at present a science-writer with the federal government in Ottawa. It seems strange that on p. 245 he calls himself "a non-scientist". There are one or two curious slips. He refers (p. 12) to "Handel's hymn that says 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'" and he speaks (p. 76) of flaunting the law when surely he means to say flouting it.

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