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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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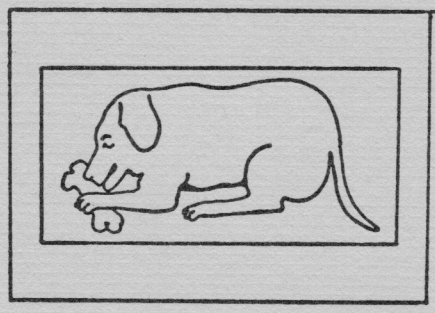
A QUARTERLY OF CRITICISM AND REVIEW



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UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA MEDAL FOR CANADIAN BIOGRAPHY

1978

The winner this year is *A Canadian Millionaire, the Life and Business Times of Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart, 1858-1939* by Michael Bliss who has not only mastered his subject, but also has mastered the era. Professor Bliss, in a remarkable way, takes the reader carefully and skilfully through the times of Flavelle, without ever losing sight of the man. The writing is marvellously readable and the book is both informative and entertaining on almost every page. Bliss even makes the figures and facts about pork-packing interesting! He has also made a most significant contribution to the history of Canadian business with the good use of public area documents, cartoons and doggerel, as well as private letters and memoirs. This is one of the best biographies to arrive on the scene in a long, long time.

An honourable mention should be given to Terry Reksten's *Rattenbury*, a sound piece of research which gives not only a strong sense of one of British Columbia's early architects and the time in which he lived in the province, but also a fascinating story of the uncharacteristic qualities in his later life that led to his bizarre murder in England in 1935.

D.S.

editorial

VOICES FROM THE PAST

"As to ghosts or spirits," wrote Mrs. Traill in *The Backwoods of Canada*, "they appear totally banished from Canada. This is too matter-of-fact country for such supernaturals to visit. Here there are no historical associations, no legendary tales of those that came before us. Fancy would starve for lack of marvellous food to keep her alive in the backwoods." From our own vantage point in time, such a dearth no longer confronts us. The work of anthropological investigators like Marius Barbeau has familiarized us with the stories and traditions of our native peoples; and folklorists like Helen Creighton, Edith Fowke and Germain Lemieux have recorded an impressive variety of songs, tales and superstitions handed down by generations of French and English Canadians. We have our heroes and villains, our myths and monsters; and every region of Canada can boast its legendary, literary or historical associations. Sadly, to most of us the cultural and political history of our country still remains a blur, and we are more familiar with the legendary exploits of other nations' heroes than with those of our own. This is less true, perhaps, in Quebec, where the homogeneity of a society long closed in on itself has facilitated the survival and encouragement of cultural traditions. English Canada, by contrast, too often seems impervious to its past, eager to establish an unmistakably modern identity.

So books like Pierre Berton's *The Wild Frontier* (McClelland & Stewart), unsatisfactory as they must seem to a professional historian, have a value beyond their obvious popular appeal: they put us in touch with our past, and bring before us the men and women who, through their ambition, or greed, or love of adventure, opened up this country and laid the foundation of our society. Berton focusses on individuals whose lives were filled with action: men like Wilfred Grenfell, "the perfect schoolboy hero"; Sam Steele, the Mountie who commanded the force's

cavalry during the 1885 uprising; Almighty Voice, the Cree Indian whose defiance of white man's law led to the last outbreak of open warfare on the Canadian frontier. There is of course a danger in dwelling too fondly on such exciting moments in our past, the danger that we may romanticize and thus falsify our ancestors' achievements. To Berton's credit, he avoids this pitfall; he takes note of the Hollywood glamour that has invested our notions of the frontier, and rejects it. "We tend to overlook the pain of exploration," he observes in his preface; "The country was opened up at dreadful cost. Most frontier chronicles are also chronicles of human misery."

A very different picture of Canada's past emerges from Beverly Fink Cline's compilation *Louisa Clark's Annual 1843* (Porcépic), the third in a series of slim volumes in which excerpts from journals like the *Literary Garland* are blended with writings by a fictional "Lady Writer Residing in the Town of Goderich Canada West." Short pieces on slavery or the poor sit side by side with songs, recipes, and engravings of romantic landscapes. This kind of pot-pourri was not unusual in Victorian publications, and its resuscitation here does have a certain charm. At the same time, however, the effect is to make our ancestors seem quaint, sentimental, or merely silly. We cannot make the past come alive simply by imitating it: ultimately, that can only produce a sense of its remoteness.

A more direct means of contact with the past is provided by the camera. The development of photography antedated Confederation by some thirty years, and consequently we possess excellent photographic records of various aspects of nineteenth-century life in Canada, notably in the field of portraiture. George Woodcock's *Faces From History: Canadian Profiles & Portraits* (Hurtig) is a splendid collection of a hundred and twenty portraits, each accompanied by a concise and lucid commentary summarizing the life and achievement of the subject. Woodcock has gathered the politicians and the businessmen, the rebels and the writers, who shaped our country and gave us a cultural heritage worthy of respect, not condescension. John A. Macdonald and Louis Riel; William van Horne and Alexander Graham Bell; Emile Nelligan and Emily Gowan Murphy: here they sit, mutely reminding us that we have a rich and complex past — that Canada is no longer a "young" country. The poses are often stiff and awkward, a reflection of the difficulties facing early photographers; nevertheless, the portraits still tell us much about the personalities of the sitters, and give a valuable human dimension to dry historical fact.

In the last dozen years we have been well served by publications documenting our past in pictures, most memorably by the McGill University Press edition of *Portrait of a Period*, a fine selection by J. Russell Harper and Stanley Triggs from the Notman archives. More recently, local historians have dug into municipal or provincial archives, to produce collections like *Vancouver's First Century: A City Album 1860-1960* (J. J. Douglas), or *Old New Brunswick: A Victorian Portrait*,

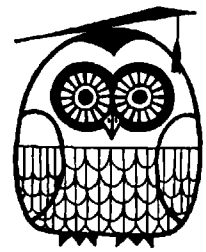
edited for Oxford University Press by Richard Vroom and Arthur Doyle. The importance of such records is unquestionable; but there is still an element of unreality about many of these "views" of early Canada. The neat New Brunswick townscapes, the spotless shop fronts and tidy streets photographed by George Thomas Taylor and Isaac Erb are as carefully posed and arranged as any studio portrait. The camera may not lie, but it doesn't necessarily tell the whole truth either. In this respect the work of the photographer is comparable to that of the landscape artist; both see with an interpretative eye, and the image they convey reflects something of their personal vision. A good example of nineteenth-century landscape art is provided by the work of Joseph Légaré, the first native Canadian landscape-painter, whose pictures are collected in a handsome *catalogue raisonné* prepared for the National Gallery of Canada by John R. Porter. One of the most striking pictures, in subject if not in execution, is Légaré's depiction of the meeting in 1826 between a group of Hurons and the English actor Edmund Kean, on the banks of the Saint Lawrence: an encounter which, in composition and choice of detail, is charged with extra significance by the artist to emphasize the contrast between two utterly different civilizations. Such curious incidents abound in our annals, and deserve to be better known.

Literary scholarship has not lagged behind in the recovery of our past, though it is still difficult to obtain good texts of works published before the twentieth century. An important contribution is the series of reprints issued by the University of Toronto Press, under the general editorship of Douglas Lochhead. Latest to be published in this series is Barrie Davies' edition of *At the Mermaid Inn: Wilfred Campbell, Archibald Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott in The Globe, 1892-3*, an invaluable collection of articles that impresses one by the breadth of the writers' concerns and the maturity of their intellectual outlook. Campbell, Lampman and Scott wrote on topics very much alive today: the rights of women, the spirit of nationalism, the existence of a Canadian literature; and as the editor notes in his introduction, " 'At the Mermaid Inn' makes it clear that there is a continuum of sensibility and a history of ideas which ought to enable us, in future, to be more specific and confident about the implications of the word Canadian when we speak of Canadian literature."

The work of modern anthologists has been especially useful in establishing a sense of a Canadian literary tradition in both prose and poetry: collections by Ralph Gustafson, A. J. M. Smith, Carl Klinck and Reginald Watters have been instrumental in giving impetus and direction to the study of our literature. Their work has been ably carried on by Mary Jane Edwards' four-volume anthology *The Evolution of Canadian Literature in English* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), and most recently by the two volumes of *Literature in Canada*, edited for Gage by Douglas Daymond and Leslie Monkman. These anthologies, designed for college and university use, reach a much wider audience than critical histories such as the

Literary History of Canada, and are at least as influential in forming public taste. Inevitably, anthologists can only hint at the wealth of material from which they have made their selections, and the general reader may be forgiven for thinking that fewer than a dozen Canadian poets were at work in the nineteenth century. In fact, as Gordon Roper pointed out some years ago in *Read Canadian*, more than five hundred writers braved the adverse conditions of publishing in Canada to produce between them over eight hundred volumes of verse. Most of these have gone down the dusty road to oblivion, deservedly perhaps; but they are evidence of a more vigorous intellectual life than one might have suspected. In a new anthology from Quebec, *Anthologie de la poésie québécoise du XIX^e siècle (1790-1890)* (Hurtubise HMH) John Hare presents selections from the poetry of more than forty writers, few of whom are likely to be known outside their native province, yet whose works constitute a tradition vital to the successful development of better-known poets. In his preface, Hare asks, "aurait-on connu l'oeuvre géniale d'un Nelligan, sans la centaine de poètes qui l'ont précédé?" The writer, like other artists, is nourished by the achievements of his predecessors, which form a living and continuous tradition drawn on and modified by successive generations. Nothing is to be gained by uncritical admiration of our ancestors, by exaggerated praise for minor or insignificant writers; but we should be ready to respect their contribution, and acknowledge their place in the literary landscape that once seemed so desolate to Mrs. Traill.

H.J.R.



OCEAN TO OCEAN

G. M. Grant's 'round unvarnish'd tale'

David Jackel

GEORGE MONRO GRANT'S *Ocean to Ocean* has often been described as a classic Canadian travel book, and rightly so. Few other works of its kind retain their appeal three generations after publication, when the novelty of the experiences described has long dissipated and the writer himself has long ceased to be a figure in the popular mind. Grant still speaks to us, more than a hundred years after his journey, and his book would, I think, stand comparison with such non-Canadian classics of the genre as Defoe's *Tour through the Whole Island of Great Britain* and Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*. Such a comparison is not, however, my purpose here. Although Grant's *Ocean to Ocean* is, indeed, a masterful travel narrative, it is also much more than that, and just how much more does not seem to have been recognized. In the revised *Literary History of Canada* R. G. Moyles does make brief reference to Grant's "narrative stances" and proposes that we view the book as a "combination of adventure-story and mythic chronicle."[1] These comments are suggestive, but they do not go nearly far enough to explain either the significance of Grant's ideas or his artistry in expressing them. The word *artistry* I choose deliberately, because a literary analysis of *Ocean to Ocean* reveals that Grant has, notwithstanding his disclaimers, done more than simply forward to the printer the notes hastily taken during his transcontinental journey. A close reading of the book, with particular attention to its narrative method, its structure, and its recurring themes, shows that its author was no mere diarist but rather a prose writer of some considerable talent who has produced an important document in Canadian cultural history. *Ocean to Ocean* gives us a vision of social and political relationships akin to that afforded by the major Victorian novelists, an expression of the aspirations and ideals of an influential segment of nineteenth-century Canada. What we see in Grant's work is not so much a vision of the west as it was in 1872 but of the west as Canada of the post-Confederation period wanted it to be. It is the intensity of this vision, and the moral basis on which it rested, which give *Ocean to Ocean* a significance not

usually found in travel narratives. Close reading will reveal this, and something more. Beyond the significance that Grant intended, there is in his book a further value for the modern reader, who can learn from it how even the laudable aspirations of moral men can be corrupted by the means they choose for realizing them. The lesson is not, of course, a new one, but at a moment in history when we are once again attempting to articulate national ideals we might do worse than consider the intellectual strengths and weaknesses of one of our most patriotic ancestors.

Grant himself insisted that *Ocean to Ocean* was not a work of art: "The book, except the first chapter and the last, is simply a Diary, written as we journeyed."[2] This point is made several more times in the opening and closing chapters. In his introduction Grant says that the book "consists of notes" presented to the public "just as they were written" so that his readers "might see, as far as possible, a photograph of what we saw and thought from day to day":

> A more readable book could have been made by omitting some things, coloring others, and grouping the whole; but, as already explained, the object was not to make a book.

Grant begins his concluding chapter by stressing once again the factual, non-literary quality of his narrative:

> The preceding chapters are transcribed — almost verbally — from a Diary that was written from day to day on our journey from Ocean, Ocean-ward. The Diary was kept under many difficulties. Notes had to be taken, sometimes in the bottom of a canoe and sometimes leaning against a stump or a tree; on horseback in fine weather, under a cart when it was raining or when the sun's rays were fierce; at night, in the tent, by the light of the camp-fire in front; in a crowded wayside inn, or on the deck of a steamer in motion.

From writing done in such unfavourable circumstances what else can we expect but a "diary," or "notes," or a "photograph"? Grant assures us that his object "was not to make a book" but to deliver "a round unvarnish'd tale." In echoing Othello's words here Grant obviously intends to give us one more example of his commitment to truth and plain speech. Some readers, however, will wonder why Grant is so insistent on this point; unlike Othello, Grant is addressing an audience which has not yet accused him of anything, and, furthermore, if his audience knows Shakespeare's play Grant's allusion to it will only increase their suspicions: "I think this tale would win my daughter too," says the Duke, after hearing Othello's vivid summary of his "round unvarnish'd" account.

Grant's disclaimers, then, draw attention to themselves, and encourage us to look for other evidence that he did in fact set out "to make a book." Such evidence is not difficult to find. One of the most striking instances of Grant's "coloring" of his materials may be found in the way he creates a personality for himself as narrator of his own book, a personality based on, but differing in significant ways

from, that of the "real" George Monro Grant. The narrator of *Ocean to Ocean* presents himself as "the Secretary," an energetic, enthusiastic tourist eager for adventure, seldom perturbed by the inconveniences of travel, and noticeably fond of campfire meals. When the steamer *Frances Smith* makes its slow progress from Collingwood to Thunder Bay the Secretary notes that its "needlessly long delays" nevertheless provide his party with an opportunity for a daily swim.[3] When rapids must be shot on the Maligne River the Secretary finds in the experience not danger or inconvenience but rather pleasure, "a fascination . . . , as of music or poetry." When dinner is delayed one evening in the mountains the Secretary finds that the cook's "under-done bread" will serve very well for making toast to take the edge off his hunger. He then does full justice to the supper which follows, a meal composed of "excellent" trout and grilled beaver:

> In due time everything was ready, and the five who had never tasted beaver, prepared themselves to sit in judgment. The verdict was favourable throughout; the meat tender, though dry; the liver a delicious morsel, and the tail superior to the famous moose-muffle.

Many other meals are described with similar enthusiasm. The party's first supper of fresh buffalo meat is termed "an event in our journey"; the merits of pemmican are extolled on more than one occasion; and Doctor Moren's "plum-pudding," concocted of berry pemmican, flour and water, baking soda, sugar and salt, is presented as one of the culinary triumphs of the expedition. An attentive reader of *Ocean to Ocean* will notice that there is almost as much direct and detailed description of meals as there is of the landscape through which Grant's party passes.

What emerges from passages like these is the picture of an open, uncomplicated, cheerful man, fond of the simple pleasures of life. The Secretary is, in other words, not a man to be taken too seriously, and this impression is reinforced by his presentation of himself as something of a comic figure.[4] He is absent-minded at times, leaving the expedition's thermometer hanging on a tree on one occasion. On horseback he can be ludicrously impetuous, risking his neck as the expedition makes its way through the mountains:

> . . . though a great improvement on the breakneck hills we had been going up and down all day, the clumps of willow and alder stubs and roots kept the horses from venturing on much beyond a walk, — except the Secretary's, a mad brute called "the fool" which dashed on after the "bell" at such a rate that the rest of the party in following more slowly looked round to pick up the remains.

Even the Secretary's sermons turn out to be the material for comedy; throughout the book a running joke is made out of their length and their reception by other members of the party. Despite their length, however, the sermons are straightforward and non-sectarian, in keeping with the easy-going personality of the Secretary. His political views find similar expression; the British connection is

defended, the menaces of the United States are emphasized, and a spirit of national pride is everywhere evident, but we are not conscious of any partisan leanings on the narrator's part. On the one occasion when the names of Canadian politicians are mentioned, the Secretary avoids their party connections and stresses instead his theme of national pride:

> we saw the photograph of an old friend, John Holmes, of Pictou, Nova Scotia, who has been well called "the oldest and youngest Senator of the Dominion;" and at Prairie Portage, those of the Governor General, the Premier, Sir Francis Hincks, Alexander McKenzie, and others of our public men, adorning the walls, so that we were reminded that, although in a new land, we were still in our own Country. Everywhere, in conversation with the people, we found the rising of that national sentiment, that pride in their Country and interest in their Statesmen, which is both a result and a safe-guard of national dignity and independence, as distinguished from a petty provincialism.

In politics, as in religion, the Secretary seems to profess a commitment to the virtues of tolerance and co-operation.

The virtues were also professed by George Monro Grant, and put into practice, too, as the record of his life clearly indicates.[5] Like the Secretary he was, as well, a man of great eagerness and energy. "Eagerness," say his biographers, "is the word which perhaps comes most readily to mind when one recalls his aspect. . . . Energy, boundless and absorbing, ran with the eagerness."[6] Something of Grant does, then, shape the personality of his narrator, but there are other traits which the two do not share.[7] The Secretary's fondness for meals must be set against the testimony of Grant's son that his father felt "little regard . . . for what he ate and drank."[8] The Secretary's unfailing good humour was not always evident in Grant himself, whose generally "cheery and resolute spirit" was occasionally offset by "nasty irritability" and "warmth of temper,"[9] and whose sense of humour was combined with "a capacity for sarcasm."[10] The Secretary's ecumenical tendencies can be discovered in Grant himself,[11] but Grant's own vigorous Presbyterianism, and his impressive influence as pastor and preacher, are not qualities assigned to the Secretary. Ordained in 1860, Grant threw himself into his work with his usual energy, and, in 1863, when not yet twenty-eight, he was called to the charge of St. Matthew's, Halifax, "the largest and most influential Presbyterian Church in the province."[12] His sermons, unlike those of the Secretary, were no joking matter:

> Quick comments, made vivid by their pungency, came from him when he was suddenly aroused. A few may still remember the vibrant notes of a voice that must have shaken quite a few out of their self-complacency and self-righteousness, at some of the morning and evening services in old St. Matthew's.[13]

In politics, as in religious matters, Grant was rather different from the self-effacing Secretary:

> he counted no work, political, educational or philanthropic, unfit for the hand of the servant of the Lord. In accordance with this conviction, he from the first took the deepest interest in those great political principles and movements with which the welfare of the country and of the world is so largely bound up.[14]

In 1865-1870 Grant had shown himself willing to engage in partisan politics in order to ensure Nova Scotia's entry into Confederation, demonstrating a flair for the platform and a skill in debate equal to that of his former political mentor, Joseph Howe. This activity did not sit well with several members of his congregation ("Why the devil don't you stick to your damned preaching and leave the politics to us," said one prominent merchant),[15] but it established Grant as a political figure of importance in Nova Scotia, and reveals that he had developed firmly-held views on national issues several years before taking his transcontinental journey:

> Nova Scotia is too weak to be able to exist by herself, and too valuable to be allowed an independent existence. If a nationality distinct from that of the northern states cannot be formed, Canada must fall into the hands of the United States, and we sink or swim with Canada.[16]

These remarks are from a speech Grant delivered in 1865, and they make clear his commitment to unification as the means of preserving a Canadian identity. Something more than national pride inspired this commitment, however. Grant had done missionary work in the slums of Glasgow while attending university, and he had returned to Nova Scotia convinced that British North America could afford a refuge to the victims of industrial squalor.[17] This conviction added strength to his political views, and encouraged him to participate in the creation of a united Canada.

GEORGE MONRO GRANT WAS, UNQUESTIONABLY, a man of acknowledged ability and importance, far more impressive than the note-taking Secretary who narrates *Ocean to Ocean*. This latter figure is Grant's own creation, designed for the purpose of disarming the reader. As his son noted, another of Grant's distinguishing characteristics was his "consummate cleverness," his ability to sway others through a "sensitive adaptation of address to the man before him."[18] The narrative method of *Ocean to Ocean* is just such a "sensitive adaptation of address," enabling Grant to present, unobtrusively, a carefully-considered political position.

The structure of *Ocean to Ocean*, evident in the way Grant chooses to emphasize certain recurring themes, provides the clearest indication that Grant intended not merely to "make a book" but to make a book which would serve specific political purposes. In almost every chapter, except for those dealing with the

expedition's passage through the Rocky Mountains, he stresses the opportunities for settlement afforded by northwestern Ontario and the prairies. Neither the Indians nor the climatic conditions present obstacles to settlement; all that is required — and Grant reiterates this point — is a railroad. But the railroad is central to Grant's argument in yet another way. Not only will it solve the problem of how to settle the west, it will also ensure Canada's survival. If the west is settled then Canada will become a unified transcontinental nation, able to resist the threat posed by its democratic and expansionist neighbour and to preserve the morally superior political institutions which derive from the British tradition. This two-part thesis is clearly present in *Ocean to Ocean*, and Grant has carefully arranged his materials to make them support his argument. Once again, we have evidence that the book consists of something more than mere "notes" taken by the Secretary.

From the time the expedition leaves Thunder Bay until it reaches Fort Edmonton Grant repeatedly directs our attention to the agricultural potential of the territory through which they pass. The land near Shebandowan is "good country for emigrants of the farmer class," "acknowledged to be splendid farming country." "The time will come," he says, "when every acre of these banks of Rainy river will be waving with grain, or producing rich heavy grass, for countless herds of cattle." Manitoba lacks nothing but "good industrious settlers";[19] "Those great breadths of unoccupied land are calling 'come, plough, sow, and reap us'." The land near the Touchwood Hills is even "better adapted for farming purposes" than the open prairie, "being well wooded, well watered, and with excellent and natural drainage." The country near Fort Carlton "could easily be converted into an earthly paradise"; "Its only fault is that it is rather too rich." Near Fort Edmonton the Hudson's Bay Company is reported to have run a large and productive farm on the same land "for thirty years without any manure worth speaking of being put on it."

Not only can the intending settler expect a land of unbounded fertility, he can also look forward to a life lived in a healthful and invigorating climate and to the complete absence of any difficulties with the native population. The winter is said to be "pleasanter than in Ontario, Quebec, or the Maritime Provinces. There is no severe weather till the beginning of December." The weather conditions experienced by Grant's party are so "delightful" and "exhilarating" that, as the narrator says, "We ceased to wonder that we had not heard of a case of sickness in one of the settlers' families." "The air is pure, dry and bracing all the year round; giving promise of health and strength of body and length of days." The Indians are said to be no more threatening than the weather:

> This is a matter of the utmost importance to the intending settler. When we returned from our expedition, the Chief was interviewed at Ottawa by a deputation of the Russian sect of Mennonites, who are looking for the best place in America for their constituents to settle in, and one of their first questions referred

> to this. He answered it by pulling a boy's knife out of his pocket, small blade at one end, corkscrew at the other, and told them that this was the only weapon he had carried while travelling from Ocean to Ocean; adding that he had used only one end of even so insignificant a weapon, and that end not so often as he would have liked. [This is part of a long passage not in the diary.]

Grant does, of course, recognize the presence of the Indians in the Northwest, and devotes some space to a discussion of how they should be treated. He is impressed by their qualities of "patience, endurance, dignity and self-control" and notes with approval their loyalty to the Queen. If, he suggests, the Canadian government adopts a "paternal" policy, makes treaties with the Indians and provides them with reserves "that no one can invade," and encourages them to become Christians and turn to farming, then the Indian population will not suffer unduly when immigrants take up the prairie land for agricultural purposes. "At all events," Grant concludes, "there are no Indian difficulties in our North-west."[20] Of the Métis little is said. The events at Red River only a few years before are termed "Riel's . . . little rebellion," and the Métis way of life is seen as incompatible with the new uses to which the prairie will be put: "A man cannot be both a hunter and a farmer; and, therefore, as the buffalo go west, so will the half-breeds."

Soil, climate, and a tractable native population all combine to make the Northwest "a great field for colonization." But to bring the settlers a railroad must be built, and it is this crucial point to which Grant subordinates the other aspects of his argument. Even before the party leaves southern Ontario Grant has begun to suggest the advantages of railway construction. "Collingwood," he notes, "is an instance of what a railway terminus does for a place. . . . Around the town the country is being opened up, and the forest is giving way to pasture and corn-fields." Manitoba, which has even better land, will be similarly opened up once a railroad has been built:

> The ancient maxim had been, 'settle up the country and the people will build railways if they want them.' The new and better maxim is, 'build railways and the country will soon be settled.'

If only Canada would adopt a vigorous railway policy, "the ever-increasing current of emigration from the old world must flow into Manitoba, and up the Assiniboine, and Saskatchewan rivers." The future, indeed, of the Northwest depends on the construction of a railroad, and this point is clearly stated in one of the key passages of *Ocean to Ocean*:

> in the elevated part of the country in which we were, extending north-west from Fort Ellice, light frosts are not unusual in July or August. They are not so heavy as seriously to injure grain crops; but still they must be regarded as an unpleasant feature in this section of the country. The general destruction of the trees by fires makes a recurrence of these frosts only too likely, till some action is taken to stop the real fountain of all the evils. If there were forests, there would be a greater

> rainfall, less heavy dews, and probably no frosts. But it will be little use for the government to issue proclamations in reference to the extinguishing of camp-fires, until there are settlers here and there, who will see to their observance for their own interest. Settlers will plant trees, or give a chance of growing to those that sow themselves, cut the grass, and prevent the spread of fires. But settlers will not come, till there is a railroad to bring them in.

The railroad is obviously central to the first part of Grant's argument, the solution to the immediate and practical problem of how the west is to be opened up for agricultural settlement.

The second part of Grant's argument is similarly focused, although the problem addressed has moral as well as practical implications. The railroad here becomes the key to national unity and national survival:

> Let [the west] be opened up to the world by rail and steamboat, and in an incredibly short time the present gap between Manitoba and British Columbia will be filled up, and a continuous line of loyal Provinces extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Canada thus unified will retain its British connection, "bound up with the Empire by ever-multiplying and tightening links"; "Her traditions, her forms, her moral elevation, her historic grandeur shall be ours forever." This, claims Grant, is the true destiny of the British provinces of North America, to remain British and "Not to ripen and drop, one by one, into the arms of the Republic." The Canadian Pacific Railway, viewed in this way as the means by which Canada is to be saved, is transformed from a mere railroad into a moral agent, "one of the most gigantic public works ever undertaken in any country by any people," a contribution to "the cause of human liberty and true progress."

In this moral drama of which the CPR becomes the hero, the villain's part is played by the United States. Grant draws attention, throughout *Ocean to Ocean*, to the clear and present danger which American aspirations represent, and he loses no opportunity of contrasting American values (or the lack of them) with the merits of British traditions and institutions. Grant does admire the "characteristic energy" which led the Americans to build railroads and open their western territories, but this is more than outweighed by his emphasis on less admirable qualities.

At Sault Ste. Marie, for example, Grant notes that there is no canal "on the British side of the river," and he then stresses the advantage this has given the Americans:

> The most ordinary self-respect forbids that the entrance to our Northwest should be wholly in the hands of another Power, a Power that, during the Riel disturbances at Red River, shut the entrance against even our merchant ships. In travelling from Ocean to Ocean through the Dominion, more than four thousand miles were

> all our own. Across this one mile, half-way on the great journey, every Canadian must pass on sufferance.

To make the point inescapable Grant returns to it at the end of his chapter: "The eastern key to two-thirds of the Dominion . . . is in the hands of another Power. . . ."[21] The following chapter is similarly constructed. At the "North-west Angle" of the Lake of the Woods attention is drawn to the irregularity of the boundary line, another instance of "the superior knowledge and unscrupulousness of our neighbours." Later we are told that difficulties in arranging a treaty with the Indians near Fort Francis can be attributed "in great measure to the fact that Indians from the United States had been instigated by parties interested in the Northern Pacific Railway to come across and inflame their countrymen on our side to make preposterous demands." This issue of Canadian-American relations is returned to once again, for emphasis, at the end of the chapter.

In Manitoba Grant reports that unfavourable comments about the area's prospects are all American-inspired, and that "a knot of touters and indefatigable sympathizers with American institutions . . . had been at the bottom of the half-breed insurrection." Later in the chapter he contrasts American policy towards the Indians unfavourably with that exercised north of the border, and states that American corruption in this matter is of a kind "that seems to be inseparable from the management of public affairs in the Republic." American policy in this matter is criticized again as the party journeys westward from Winnipeg, and the activities of "Yankee free-traders from Belly River" who enter the country to sell rum to the Indians are twice noted as grounds for the immediate introduction of Canadian law and order into the area. In British Columbia Grant finds further evidence to support his claims for the superiority of British institutions, contrasting the violence to be found in mining camps below the border with the order and justice prevalent to the north.

In Grant's conclusion to *Ocean to Ocean* this superiority is forcefully asserted, as Canadians are urged to protect themselves against American influences by remaining British:

> A nation grows, and its Constitution must grow with it. The nation cannot be pulled up by the roots, — cannot be dissociated from its past, without danger to its highest interests. Loyalty is essential to its fulfilment of a distinctive mission, — essential to its true glory. Only one course therefore is possible for us, consistent with the self-respect that alone gains the respect of others; to seek, in the consolidation of the Empire, a common Imperial citizenship, with common responsibilities, and a common inheritance.

As Carl Berger has argued, "Canadian imperialism was one variety of Canadian nationalism — a type of awareness of nationality which rested upon a certain understanding of history, the national character, and the national mission."[22]

Ocean to Ocean is one of the earliest and most significant statements of that imperialist philosophy which would become more prominent after 1880.

Grant's book has, as well, political significance when viewed in the context of the 1870's. In its emphasis on the railroad and on the settlement of the west, and in the way in which these are argued for, *Ocean to Ocean* can be seen as an early attempt to define what would be termed the "National Policy." John A. Macdonald had "appropriated" this phrase in February of 1872,[23] and, although the idea of a national policy "had not fully crystallized and did not rise to dominate the campaign" of 1872, it was, as W. L. Morton has said, "present in all its parts":

> the work of political union had to be completed by a railway to prevent local dissatisfaction and American competition, renewed in the form of the Northern Pacific. It was necessary also to complete the work of political union by making the Dominion a national economy, complete with prairie wheat lands, Pacific ports, and industries in both east and west. In the last session Hincks had already made the first move in this direction by raising the tariff once more to a general level of 15 per cent. It was the first formulation of that "national policy" of which Canada First was speaking in confused terms, and which Macdonald was to make an economic policy.[24]

Grant was, despite his narrative stance, no neutral in politics. He had worked, and was working, for the cause of Confederation, and, according to his son, "speaking broadly, he was a Conservative from Confederation till 1893";[25] his friend George Parkin described Grant as Macdonald's "ardent supporter in the great lines of policy by which Canada was consolidated."[26] *Ocean to Ocean* shows that Grant not only supported the policies, but helped to articulate them and make them popular; the "notes" taken on his western journey are given shape and purpose by the political vision which he, and others like him, possessed.

A FULLER AWARENESS OF ITS INTENDED POLITICAL significance helps to explain some odd details in the publishing history of *Ocean to Ocean*. Grant had claimed that his intention was "not to make a book," and that his "diary was not written for publication, or, if printed at all, was to have been for private circulation only." His readers are, therefore, asked to excuse the "little personal details" which have been included and the "many literary mistakes" evident in the book. Grant was urged, however, by "those who had a right to speak in the matter," to publish his notes because they "contained information that would be of interest to the general public, and of value to intending immigrants." The names of "those who had a right to speak in the matter" are not given, but we may safely include among them that of Sandford Fleming, "the Chief" of the expedition. Fleming was not merely Engineer-in-Chief of the Cana-

dian Pacific Railway; he had been, since 1858 when he published *A Railway to the Pacific through British Territory*, closely identified with those who argued for the economic and political necessity of a transcontinental railroad. The effect which Grant's "notes" could have, in strengthening popular support for the railroad, would not have been lost on Fleming. Indeed, the expectation that Grant could make a publishable book may have inspired Fleming's original decision to make him one of the party. Grant himself gives a rather off-handed explanation of his presence on the expedition at the beginning of his second chapter: "1st July, 1872. — Today, three friends [Fleming, Grant, Moren] met in Halifax, and agreed to travel together through the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific."[27] Fleming and Grant were friends, and Fleming was one of Grant's parishioners at St. Matthews. He certainly knew Grant well enough to know what kind of notes he would take, and we are entitled to suspect at least a touch of disingenuousness in Grant's introductory explanation of why the book was published.[28]

This matter of publication is raised again in the concluding chapter, but here a different point is made. The notes, Grant says, "were written out in the first few weeks after our return, as it was desirable, — if published at all — that they should be in the printer's hands at once." Grant returned to Halifax in November 1872, and *Ocean to Ocean* was published "early in the next year,"[29] leaving us with the strange case of a book — one which was not to have been published at all — being rushed through the press with great speed, so quickly in fact that the author was given "no sufficient opportunities to correct the proofs." The explanation for this haste may be found in the circumstances of late 1872, and it affords one more example of the book's intended political significance. In the fall of 1872 and early in 1873 Macdonald was still wrestling with the problem of how to form an acceptable company to build the CPR; Grant's book, if quickly published, could appear in time to do the government some good:

> the whole history of the railway had been one long, unbroken misfortune. The new board [of which Fleming was a member], with its elaborately graduated scale of provincial representation, and its almost complete lack of capital, was a pompous fraud. Everything depended on Allan's success in London; and Allan, as Macdonald knew only too well, was a selfish, unskilful, unreliable man. The railway and the government were far from being out of the woods. Macdonald might yet have to admit the failure of his railway policy; and in Montreal a rumour persistently circulated that the overthrow of the government at the next session was a certainty.[30]

Grant's concluding chapter, in particular, with its insistence on the importance of the railway to Canada's survival, takes on a deeper meaning when read in the context of the political events which surrounded its publication.

That the book was, in part, written for a specific set of circumstances becomes clearer when the first edition of *Ocean to Ocean* is compared with the second, a

"revised and enlarged" version published, perhaps coincidentally, in 1879, soon after the Conservatives had returned to power. A revised edition ought to have given Grant the opportunity to correct those "many literary mistakes" for which he apologized in his preface to the first edition. Not all of them are corrected, however,[31] suggesting that this mattered less to Grant than he had earlier claimed. Furthermore, although the second edition is "enlarged" by the addition of new information, it has also been shortened at two crucial points, both having to do with the reasons for publishing the book. The claims that the diary "was not written for publication, or if printed at all, was to have been for private circulation only," and that "those who had a right to speak in the matter" urged him to publish because his notes "contained information that would be of interest to the general public, and of value to intending immigrants," are both dropped from introductory chapter of the second edition. Also omitted, from the concluding chapter, is the remark concerning hasty publication ("... it was desirable, — if published at all — that they should be in the printer's hands at once"). These comments are not instances of "literary mistakes"; rather, they are examples of a rhetorical strategy no longer justified by immediate political circumstances.

Grant was to say, many years after the publication of *Ocean to Ocean*, that his western journey had confirmed his belief in Canada's destiny:

> This journey resolved the uneasy doubt in my mind as to whether or not Canada had a future; for from the day we left Collingwood till we reached Victoria, the great possibilities of our great North-West impressed us.[32]

This remark is often quoted,[33] and made the basis for a claim that Grant's trip across Canada was "the turning point in his life," creating his vision of Canada's future.[34] There is some truth in this view, but, as his life and his book make clear, Grant's vision of our national destiny was as much confirmed as created by his experiences in the summer of 1872. As was the case with another ardent imperialist, in slightly different circumstances, the country Grant saw "fell into the lines of his imagination,"[35] and nearly everything he discovered on the prairies appeared to conform to the shape of that national policy formulated in eastern Canada. The creative energy which marked Grant's personality is apparent in this imaginative transformation, but equally apparent to a modern reader are the ways in which Grant's imagination encourages him to assume, too easily, that the west will be simply an extension of eastern Canada and that the means used to achieve this will harmonize with the lofty moral purpose of preserving British values in North America.

It is not in his view of the native inhabitants of the west that Grant's intellectual difficulties are most obvious. No more than any intelligent man of his time could he have foreseen the enormous problems which even a humanely paternal policy would not solve. Nor is his failure to understand the problems of the Métis sur-

prising; here, too, he was not alone.[36] The issue is much larger than this, and arises from what can only be termed a failure of imagination, a failure to imagine that the aspirations of western Canadians might differ from those of the east. Grant wanted to believe that the prairie west would become "the very backbone of the Dominion," the area "most strongly imbued with patriotic sentiments"; but he also believed that this sentiment would not be *different* from what was found in the east, merely stronger. That the rigours of the western climate, the sacrifices required of those who would endure it, and the essentially colonial relationship in which they would stand to the rest of Canada, might all combine to produce a different sentiment, Grant could not imagine. A summer traveller, not a settler, and conditioned by his Maritime and Scottish experience, he could not see the regional nature of his own national policy, nor could he see how it denied the possibility of other regional interests.

The west he sees becomes too often the west he wishes to see, and his commitment to British values leads him to imagine a British landscape:

> Lakelets and pools, fringed with willows, glistened out at almost every turn of the road — though many of them were saline. Only the manor-houses and some gently-flowing streams were wanting, to make out a resemblance to the most beautiful parts of England.
>
> . . . .
>
> a country of unequalled beauty and fertility; of swelling uplands enclosing in their hollows lakelets, the homes of snipe, plover and duck, fringed with tall reeds, and surrounded with a belt of soft woods; long reaches of rich lowlands, with hillsides spreading gently away from them, on which we were always imagining the houses of the owners; avenues of whispering trees through which we rode on, without ever coming to lodge or gate.

The English country estate will be recreated in western Canada, rich in tradition and charged with all the associations that make it an emblem of British culture. But the prairie is not quite an English landscape, nor is it the landscape of southern Ontario, as Grant does recognize in other comments which he makes:

> There is no limit to the amount [of land farmers may break up] except the limit imposed by the lack of capital or their own moderation. This prairie land is the place for steam ploughs, reaping, mowing, and threshing machines. With such machinery one family can do the work of a dozen men.

The vastness of the land, and the urgency of the American threat, justify the use of technology in the opening of the west.

Later writers were to show us, however, that technology was not a means to an end but a value system of its own. In *Fruits of the Earth* we meet another man from eastern Canada, one who came west with a similar vision, "of a mansion such as he had seen in Ontario, in the remnants of a colonial estate — a mansion dominating an extensive holding of land. . . ."[37] Grove's Abe Spalding would also

use machinery to conquer the land, and would lose his family, and his values, in the process. Grant, of course, distinguished "true progress" — the advancement of British civilization — from mere material progress. But in Canada one was to corrupt the other. Railroads, and steam ploughs, were to impose values far different from those Grant so passionately defended in *Ocean to Ocean*.

Grant's description of Collingwood provides one clear example of his inability to assess the effects of material progress:

> Collingwood is an instance of what a railway terminus does for a place. Nineteen years ago, before the Northern Railway was built, an unbroken forest occupied its site, and the red deer came down through the woods to drink at the shore. Now, there is a thriving town of two or three thousand people, with steam saw-mills, and huge rafts from the North that almost fill up its little harbor, with a grain elevator which lifts out of steam barges the corn from Chicago, weighs it, and pours it into railway freight-waggons to be hurried down to Toronto, and there turned into bread or whiskey, without a hand touching it in all its transportations or transformation.

Mechanization displaces not only the wildlife, it removes the human element from the scene as well. The ominous qualities of the passage linger in our minds, and return in full force when Grant reaches the Rocky Mountains and proceeds to transform them into a symbol of Canadian spiritual values:[38] "mountains elevate the mind, and give an inspiration of courage and dignity to the hardy races who own them, and who breathe their atmosphere." The claim is still moving, but we can no longer believe it, and we are likely to answer with the words of G. M. Grant's grandson:

> That conquering relation to place has left its mark within us. When we go into the Rockies we may have the sense that gods are there. But if so, they cannot manifest themselves to us as ours. They are the gods of another race, and we cannot know them because of what we are, and what we did.[39]

Technology was the means by which eastern Canada was to preserve its great tradition, but the costs involved are ones we have not, until recently, chosen to assess. In future, one suspects, our national aspirations will need to be shaped by a moral imagination as fervent, but rather more humanly reasonable, than that which we find in *Ocean to Ocean*.

NOTES

[1] *Literary History of Canada*, Carl F. Klinck, gen. ed., 2nd ed. (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1976), p. 361.

[2] *Ocean to Ocean* (1873; facsimile rprt. Toronto: Coles, 1970). A line by line comparison of the first edition with the surviving notebooks in which Grant kept his diary shows that the notes were not always published "just as they were written." (The diary was kept in three notebooks; the first and third of these are in the Public Archives of Canada: G. M. Grant Papers, vol. 8.) There are, not surprisingly, several stylistic changes from the original; there are also, of more impor-

tance, several passages in the published text that do not appear in the diary. In these passages Grant stresses various aspects of his argument by summing up his evidence and drawing conclusions on such matters as the railroad, the Indians, the future of the Canadian west, and the dangers of American influence. In this essay I have indicated significant additions or revisions when I quote from the published text.

[3] Although there is some criticism of the steamer's dilatory captain in the published text (see pp. 15-16), this is a softened version of what appears in the diary, where Grant makes reference to the captain's "repeated humbugging." In a letter of July 18 to his wife Grant criticizes the captain even more strongly: "He wasted so much time the last two days that several of us formed ourselves into a deputation, & waited on him to remonstrate. As he made but a weak-kneed defence we pitched into him unmercifully; & he has been better since. He is a good looking, counter-jumping sort of a young fellow" (Grant Papers, vol. 34). In the published text Grant does not mention the deputation or his part in it; to do so would be at odds with the rôle he is creating for himself.

[4] In the diary Grant begins by writing in the first person, but he quickly shifts to third-person neutrality or to the first-person plural. This enables him to present himself more effectively as "the Secretary." For publication he eliminated these early instances of the first person to make the narrator's viewpoint consistent.

[5] See William Lawson Grant and Frederick Hamilton, *Principal Grant* (Toronto: Morang, 1904). See also George MacLean Rose, ed., *A Cyclopedia of Canadian Biography* (Toronto: Rose, 1888), pp. 388-91.

[6] *Principal Grant*, p. 500.

[7] Missing completely from the published text, but evident in his letters to his wife (Grant Papers, vol. 34), is the real loneliness Grant felt, particularly in the early part of the journey. Deeply in love with his wife, and made more aware of his love by separation from her, Grant was "half inclined" by the time he reached Fort Garry to turn back, "but as you exhort me to go on, I pick up courage" (letter of August 1). Without Jessie Lawson Grant, it seems, we would not have had *Ocean to Ocean.*

[8] *Principal Grant*, p. 474.

[9] *Principal Grant*, pp. 472, 473.

[10] Obituary notice in *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, 2nd series, vol. 8 (May 1902), p. vii.

[11] See *Principal Grant*, ch. 25, "Religious Life and Teaching."

[12] *Principal Grant*, p. 58.

[13] C. Prescott McLennan, "Church Memories of Halifax," *Dalhousie Review*, 22 (1942-43), 172.

[14] *Principal Grant*, p. 89.

[15] *Principal Grant*, pp. 97-98.

[16] *Principal Grant*, p. 94.

[17] James Angrave, "William Dawson, George Grant and the Legacy of Scottish Higher Education," *Queen's Quarterly*, 82 (1972), 88.

[18] *Principal Grant*, p. 502.

[19] In the diary Manitoba is said to lack nothing but "a few lowland Scotchmen to show the people how to farm." The revised version stresses the need for settlement

of the west, and it also removes (as some other revisions do) what Grant seems to have recognized as his own bias in favour of Scottish settlers. Sufficient evidence of this bias does, however, remain in the published text.

[20] These observations come from a section Grant added to his diary when preparing it for publication.

[21] This passage is not in the diary, and it represents another occasion on which Grant departs from his stated purpose of presenting his notes "just as they were written."

[22] *The Sense of Power: Studies in the Ideas of Canadian Imperialism, 1867-1914* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1970), p. 9. Berger analyses Grant's views, but concentrates on his activities after 1880. Although *Ocean to Ocean* is briefly mentioned, it is treated as a travel book, "which exulted in the discovery of the west and the huge resources of the new Dominion" (p. 25), and not as an expression of Grant's political thought.

[23] Donald Creighton, *John A. Macdonald: The Old Chieftain* (Toronto: Macmillan, 1955), p. 120.

[24] W. L. Morton, *The Critical Years* (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1964), pp. 269-70.

[25] *Principal Grant*, p. 348.

[26] George R. Parkin, *Sir John A. Macdonald* (Toronto: Morang, 1909), p. 329.

[27] The explanation given by Grant does not fit the facts. Moren did not accept Fleming's invitation to join the expedition until July 4, and this acceptance took Fleming by surprise, as is shown by his telegram to Moren of July 5: "See Rev. Mr. Grant who intends going as far as Manitobah [*sic*] scarcely thinking you would decide favorably I have since leaving partly committed myself to another gentleman whom I must consult again will telegraph tomorrow night" (PAC: Sandford Fleming Papers, vol. 77). These difficulties seem to have been sorted out, but they suggest that the expedition was not organized in the way Grant says it was (and Fleming's telegram reinforces the suggestion — see note 7, above — that Grant had not firmly committed himself at the outset to a transcontinental trip). In addition, we may question whether Grant and Moren were "friends" at the beginning of the journey. In a letter to his wife dated July 15 Grant says: "I dined at the hotel today with the party. I like them all but Dr. Moren: he is very obliging but I don't like him" (Grant Papers, vol. 34). This attitude seems to have changed in the course of the expedition; see, for example, *Ocean to Ocean*, p. 216. Grant's view of Colonel Robertson Ross, on the other hand, seems to have changed for the worse. In his letter of July 15 Grant told his wife that the Adjutant General was "going to be a pleasant companion." Writing to his wife from Fort Carlton on August 16 he reported: "The Adjutant General & his son we dropped at Red River, as they couldn't keep up with us, & we are not at all sorry for sundry reasons — that I'll tell you of again" (Grant Papers, vol. 34). The important point is that "the Secretary" who narrates *Ocean to Ocean* does not necessarily display Grant's personal opinions of his companions.

[28] In a letter to Fleming of May 12, 1873, Grant acknowledges the extent of Fleming's involvement with the book: "What an amount of trouble you have had. Any balance that may accrue from the sale of the book belongs by right to you — not to me; for yours was the expedition, the idea of a book on the subject, the risk and expense of printing, the trouble of superintending & bargaining & making maps or stealing them" (Fleming Papers, vol. 18). Fleming's letterbook and his diary for 1873 show that in December of 1872 and January of 1873 he was taking an active part in the book's production (Fleming Papers, vols. 63 and 81).

[29] William L. Grant, "Introduction" to *Ocean to Ocean* (Toronto: Radisson Society, 1925), p. xiv.

[30] Creighton, p. 152. It is worth noting that Macdonald was in Ottawa, considering the railway problem, when Fleming and Grant arrived there in late October on their homeward journey.

[31] The second edition has been reprinted (Edmonton: Hurtig, 1967), with an introduction by Lewis H. Thomas. As an example of an obviously-needed correction which Grant did not make see the original edition (p. 358) where Britain is masculine in one sentence ("The Fatherland") and feminine in the next ("Her traditions, her forms . . . ").

[32] "Thanksgiving and Retrospect" (1902). Quoted in *Principal Grant*, p. 131.

[33] See, for example, Mary Quayle Innis, *Travellers West* (Toronto: Clarke, Irwin, 1956), pp. 222-23, and Pierre Berton, *The Great Railway* (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1970), p. 43.

[34] Wilfrid Eggleston, "The Dream of 'Geordie' Grant," *Queen's Quarterly*, 60 (1953), 568.

[35] The allusion is to Lorne Murchison, the central figure of Sara Jeannette Duncan's *The Imperialist* (1904; rprt. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1971), p. 112.

[36] It must be added that Grant was more sympathetic to Riel than many English-speaking eastern Canadians. He wrote to Fleming, on July 29, 1886: "Yes — the N-west Insurrection was a blessing in disguise [in showing the value of the railroad], & I don't see the necessity for hanging that poor crank Riel. Banishment or imprisonment would be punishment sufficient, in my opinion. He was the spokesman of the Métis; & if they were to blame so was our Govt; & on this occasion, Riel murdered no one" (Fleming Papers, vol. 18).

[37] Frederick Philip Grove, *Fruits of the Earth* (1933; rprt. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1965), p. 23.

[38] Grant's treatment of the mountains is another example of his arrangement of his materials. The party spends an entire day approaching the Rockies, but Grant says almost nothing about the mountains in this section at the end of chapter VII. He delays his commentary until the beginning of chapter VIII, so as to lead up, most effectively, to the passage quoted.

[39] George Grant, *Technology and Empire* (Toronto: Anansi, 1969), p. 17.

MYTH AND PREJUDICE IN KIRBY, RICHARDSON, AND PARKER

L. R. Early

THE VIOLENT CLASH OF THREE CULTURES in Canada during the eighteenth century seems to offer an ideal setting for the classical historical novel as Lukacs described it. Crises like those in New France and among the Indian nations, the disintegration of feudal societies before the onslaught of imperialism, the drama of ambush, siege, and conquest, are the stuff of which Scott and Cooper made their books. Yet the best known of our nineteenth-century novelists who dealt with New France and the Indian Wars had preoccupations other than the dynamics of history. Notwithstanding the research that undergirds each work, John Richardson's *Wacousta* (1832), William Kirby's *The Golden Dog* (1877), and Gilbert Parker's *The Seats of the Mighty* (1896), are shaped as treatments of myth rather than representations of history. Richardson's Introduction to the 1851 edition of *Wacousta*, Kirby's subtitle, "A Romance," and the melodrama of both works, qualify their claims as chronicles of the past. The anomaly is that their archetypal perspectives ultimately seem more credible than Parker's novel, which contrives a specious verisimilitude. While none of the three is significantly original, they are worth more attention than A. J. M. Smith thought when, in *Masks of Fiction*, he dismissed our nineteenth-century novelists in general, and Richardson, Kirby, and Parker, in particular. A reading of their work reveals a variety of currents in the literary imagination of early Canadians, and illuminates the characteristic hesitation between tradition and naturalization in colonial literature.

Many of our nineteenth-century poets vitiate their response to the Canadian landscape because they imitate the styles rather than the motives of the great Romantics. Similarly, *The Golden Dog* and *Wacousta* suffer (though they also gain) from their authors' fascination with sensational aspects of Jacobean tragedy. Though Kirby and Richardson use features we commonly associate with historical romances and Gothic novels, the kindred and prior influence of the Jacobean drama, especially of Shakespeare, is everywhere manifest in their work. The

strength of conception and the stylistic excesses in *Wacousta* and *The Golden Dog* are equally a consequence of their debt to Jacobean vitality; the Jacobean myths implicit in Kirby and Richardson merge with ironic treatments of the idea of the New World as Paradise Regained. In *The Seats of the Mighty*, Jacobean elements are minor, but certain cultural prejudices are embraced with an enthusiasm quite distinct from the visionary integrity of the other two books. "Myth" and "prejudice" are, it seems to me, useful terms for two kinds of mythology which Northrop Frye identifies in his Conclusion to the *Literary History of Canada*:

> Literature ... is conscious mythology: it creates an autonomous world that gives us an imaginative perspective on the actual one. But there is another kind of mythology, one produced by society itself, the object of which is to persuade us to accept existing social values. "Popular" literature, the kind that is read for relaxation and the quieting of the mind, expresses this social mythology.

Richardson and Kirby on the one hand and Parker on the other, illustrate just this distinction.

At moments of great tension or import Kirby, especially, is apt to make direct allusions to his models, as when La Corriveau "makes assurance doubly sure" by stabbing the poisoned Caroline de St. Castin, or when Le Gardeur de Repentigny is summed up as "more sinned against than sinning." Kirby's taste for extravagant metaphors and set-piece monologues, prose emulations of the blank verse fireworks popular with Jacobeans, is nowhere indulged more freely than in the soliloquy of the ambitious Angélique des Meloises, who decides to have her rival, Caroline, murdered:

> She sat still for a while, gazing into the fire; and the secret chamber of Beaumanoir again formed itself before her vision. She sprang up, touched by the hand of her good angel perhaps, and for the last time. "Satan whispered it again in my ear!" cried she. "Ste. Marie! I am not so wicked as that! Last night the thought came to me in the dark — I shook it off at dawn of day. To-night it comes again, — and I let it touch me like a lover, and I neither withdraw my hand nor tremble! To-morrow it will return for the last time and stay with me, — and I shall let it sleep on my pillow! The babe of sin will have been born and waxed to a full demon, and I shall yield myself up to his embraces!"[1]

The reminiscence of Milton here is mixed with echoes of such scenes of self-consecration to evil as Lady Macbeth's and Edmund's. (Kirby excels in mimicry — his picturesque narrative poem, "The U.E.: A Tale of Upper Canada," reveals an altogether different set of literary voices.) Angélique experiences inwardly the kind of Faustian psychomachia that is dramatized in her role as the bad angel for both Bigot and Le Gardeur, in opposition to the good angels Caroline, Amélie de Repentigny, and Heloise de Lotbinière.

As for Richardson, the opening scene of *Wacousta* — a midnight alarum on the ramparts upon the apparition in the fort of a shadowy visitant who (we later

learn) seeks vengeance — is heavily in debt to the affair at Elsinore. *Hamlet* seems to have been a particular favourite of Richardson's: considering the mysterious visitor, one of the garrison's officers declares that "there is more in all this than is dreamt of in our philosophy"; and later the condemned sentry Frank Halloway recalls Clara de Haldimar, who once tended his wounds, as "a ministering angel." Ellen Halloway's mad scene toward the novel's end evokes Ophelia's shade, as do Amélie in *The Golden Dog* and Poor Mathilde in *The Seats of the Mighty.*

In whatever form, pure or bowdlerized, in print or on stage, Jacobean conventions evidently had a powerful appeal to the imaginations of Kirby and Richardson. The portentous Riddle of the Golden Dog and the "Prophecy" of *Wacousta*'s subtitle both stress the persistence of old grudges in inflaming passions, the motive so characteristic of Renaissance tragedy.[2] Indeed, Richardson's choice of an epigraph is explicit:

> Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert
> With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
> She stalks in view and fires me with her charms.
>
> (Edward Young, *The Revenge: A Tragedy*)

Young's play was first produced in 1721, long after the heyday of the Jacobeans, but the role of Richardson's Wacousta as an implacable seeker of retribution who becomes monstrous as the criminal he pursues, is in the tradition of revengers who stalk the English stage from Kyd to Shirley. *Wacousta* also recounts the conspiracies and counter-plots of Pontiac and his foes, and stresses the ruses of disguise and entrapment popular upon the seventeenth-century stage. *The Golden Dog* weaves its course through a tangle of murder plots and palace conspiracies — Angélique's design against Caroline, fulfilled through the subtle device of a poisoned bouquet, and the scheme of Bigot to assassinate the Bourgeois Philibert.

Jacobean tragedy turns upon the irony that an aristocratic milieu, presumably the apex of "civilized" humanity, becomes the very core of corruption and violence. In *The Golden Dog* riot (that of the citizens against the corruption of Bigot and the Friponne) is, as in Shakespeare, the symptom of a diseased order. In fact the very middle of the book presents a long digression connecting La Corriveau and her murderous arts with the vicious courts of Renaissance France and Italy, favourite settings for all the major Jacobean tragedies. While the novel is an historical romance in the grand manner, set against a panorama of European and North American history, a recognizably Canadian environment is all but absent; as Northrop Frye noticed in *The Bush Garden*, "the forlorn little fortress of seventeenth-century [*sic*] Quebec, sitting in the middle of what Madame de Pompadour called 'a few arpents of snow,' acquires a theatrical glamour that would do credit to Renaissance Florence." Kirby may have found his "situation" in the history of New France, but his imagination had other bearings.

The society of Richardson's Fort Detroit is not as stylized, though the foppishness of Sir Everard de Valletort and the aristocratic demeanour of the officers are somewhat in the manner of Jacobean portraits; however, *Wacousta*'s setting is much larger than the fort, which is only a dubious refuge from the terrors of the surrounding forest. The novel develops a vision of the world as a chamber of horrors; its plot is a pattern of shattered hopes and renewed catastrophes. The relentless piling on of atrocities, the bludgeoning of morale in the beleaguered garrison of the tale and in its readers alike, resemble the most savage creations of the Jacobean mind, plays like Tourneur's *The Revenger's Tragedy* and Webster's *The White Devil*, works which have been well described by Frye in *Anatomy of Criticism* as "the sixth phase of tragedy, a world of shock and horror in which the central images are images of *sparagmos*, that is cannibalism, mutilation, and torture." Such a vision becomes attenuated among the Graveyard poets, then revives with a shock in the rise of the Gothic novel among such writers as Monk Lewis in England and Brockden Brown in America, who preceded Richardson by a generation. Like Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*, to which Richardson acknowledges a debt in his Introduction, *Wacousta* borrows from the Gothic tradition the fleeing maidens, the pattern of escape and recapture, and the dominant theme of terror. Richardson explicitly contrasts the terrors of the forest and its lurking savages with a nostalgic regard for Europe:

> When the eye turned woodward it fell heavily and without interest upon a dim and dusky point known to enter upon savage scenes and unexplored countries, whereas whenever it reposed upon the lake it was with an eagerness and energy that embraced the most vivid recollections of the past, and led the imagination buoyantly over every well-remembered scene that had previously been traversed, and which must be traversed again before the land of the European could be pressed once more. The forest, in a word, formed, as it were, the gloomy and impenetrable walls of the prison-house, and the bright lake that lay before it the only portal through which happiness and liberty could be again secured.

This is the Gothic image par excellence, echoed by other Canadian settlers, most notably by Susanna Moodie twenty years later.

BUT THE ESSENTIAL MYTH WHICH APPEALED to Richardson and Kirby reaches back beyond the inventors of Gothic fiction. It was likely quite consciously that both novelists adopted the elemental plot of many Jacobean tragedies. Plays by Shakespeare, Tourneur, Webster, and Ford portray the dissolution of an all-but harmonious order into chaos masked by a false regime; genuine order is usually restored, but at tragic cost, and on a level inferior to the original order. This plot appears in Jacobean works with a frequency which suggests the

energies and significance of myth. And of course it has obvious affinities with the Biblical story of Eden, the Fall, and the survival of Adam, Eve, and their progeny in an imperfect world. Hamlet himself indicates the parallel in his sense of the world as "an unweeded garden," growing to seed. Both the Biblical and Jacobean versions emphasize two themes especially: the struggle of Good and Evil, and the role of sex in the disintegration of order.

Kirby's novel offers a paradigm of this myth. It begins with a chapter, "Men of the Old Régime," in which Peter Kalm, a Swedish visitor, compliments Governor De la Galissonière on his city:

> " 'See Naples, and then die!' That was a proud saying, Count, which we used to hear as we cruised under lateen sails about the glorious bay that reflects from its waters the fires of Vesuvius. We believed the boast then, Count. But I say now, 'See Quebec, and live forever!' Eternity would be too short to weary me of this lovely scene — this bright Canadian morning is worthy of Eden, and the glorious landscape worthy of such a sunrising."

The course of events will reflect a heavy irony on Kalm's courteous remarks. Even as he speaks, a cartel of exploiters, the Friponne, is undermining the Old Régime. The stable and harmonious order of an earlier time is chiefly represented in one of its hardy survivors, the honest old Chevalier La Corne St. Luc. It is also symbolized by the feudal Seigniory of Tilly, whose scions, Le Gardeur and Amélie de Repentigny, become the focus of a personal tragedy that also proves a tragedy for New France. Le Gardeur's rashness enables the agents of the Friponne to dupe him into killing the Bourgeois Philibert, centre of resistance to the cartel, and the father of Amélie's betrothed, Pierre Philibert. Greed in the Intendant Bigot, unscrupulous head of the Friponne, and ambition in the beautiful villainess Angélique des Meloises, bring about the destruction of the best young women and the loss of the best young men in New France. The predators thrive until Quebec falls to the English, when order is restored under Sir Guy Carleton, whose role here parallels those of Shakespeare's Fortinbras and Malcolm. In the final scene La Corne St. Luc has accepted service under Carleton, illustrating at once a link and a break with the past.

The conflict in *The Golden Dog* is unambiguous: it pits the Friponne against the *Honnêtes Gens*; the dark vaults of Bigot's house of debauch, Beaumanior, against the airy rooms of the Manor House of Tilly; La Corriveau's silver poniard and infernal cabinet of Italian poisons against the lamp of the Repentigny nuns and the "golden casket of Venetian workmanship" which the Bourgeois Philibert makes a betrothal gift to the ill-starred lovers, Amélie and Pierre. The characters of the tale are also simply drawn, generally resembling the stock figures of the overripe Jacobean stage: Villainous Favourite, Lecherous Duchess, Hired Cutthroat, Ruined Prince.

Destruction of sexual innocence is deeply implicated in the myth of the Fall,

and Shakespeare, Webster, Middleton, and other Jacobeans represented sexual infatuation as the seed of corruption and violence. *The Golden Dog* echoes the antifeminism of the Renaissance stage in certain remarks of Bigot and his henchman, the misogynist Cadet, and in the polarized stereotypes of Angélique as Temptress and Amélie as Amazing Virgin. The twenty-seventh chapter, "Cheerful Yesterdays and Confident Tomorrows," portrays the "green woods and still greener meadows of Tilly" as a fragrant pastoral paradise, the fondly remembered scene of childhood friendship and the chaste stirrings of love between Amélie and Pierre. Amélie, a blusher in the best sentimental tradition, is described at one point or another in the novel as saint, Madonna, and a "good angel," the inspirer of virtue in Pierre. After her brother slays Pierre's father, she enters a convent and fulfils her role, the virgin as martyr. The sexual passions of the virtuous are never consummated in *The Golden Dog*, whereas "the fair, false woman," Angélique, ultimately becomes the mistress of Bigot, "this inscrutable voluptuary," in the final diseased era of New France. And over the whole tale broods the absent but all-powerful figure of the King's mistress at Versailles, La Pompadour, whose whims and intrigues have no little part in the fatal weakening of the French empire in Canada. Early in the novel La Corne St. Luc fumes about the absence of "any law left us but the will of a King's mistress." It is a distant but kindred echo of the dying Hippolito in Middleton's *Women Beware Women*:

> Lust and forgetfulness has been amongst us,
> And we are brought to nothing.

John Richardson's evocation of the myth is as shadowy as his novel is generally more intense than Kirby's. His tale of wilderness, fire, and bloodshed has a cruder and more authentically frontier character than Kirby's elegantly conventional narrative. The patterns explicit in *The Golden Dog* are more fitfully developed in *Wacousta*, but they are there. In the final part of the book, the renegade Wacousta, whose vengefulness has made him an ally in Pontiac's attack on Fort Detroit, explains his motives to his captive, young Clara de Haldimar. As Reginald Morton, a young soldier stationed in Scotland some twenty-four years earlier, he discovered and fell in love with Clara Beverley, a maiden whose misanthropic father raised her in a hidden oasis in the Highlands: " 'a garden abounding in every fruit and flower that could possibly live in so elevated a region; and this in time, under his own culture and that of his daughter, became the Eden it first appeared to me'." The point is reinforced by the presence of tame animals in the oasis and by the resemblance of its mountain fastness to the "steep savage Hill" which protects Eden in Milton's epic. Morton-Wacousta recalls how he persuaded Clara Beverley to abscond from the secluded eyrie, only to lose her to the envious rivalry of his treacherous friend, De Haldimar. The parallels with Genesis are inexact, but the stern father, the sweet dalliance, and the flight of the couple from a paradisal

place, form an approximate version. Morton embodies the roles both of Adam (overwhelmed with sexual adoration) and Satan (first as Tempter, later as a usurper of the divine prerogative of retribution). De Haldimar's role is also that of the Seducer. The main plot of *Wacousta* follows Morton's attempts to avenge his wrongs against De Haldimar (now in command of Fort Detroit) and the latter's three children by Clara Beverley. So an idyllic order of sorts is shattered by treachery which leads to anguish and carnage on a grand scale. Among the principal characters only Frederick de Haldimar, the elder son, and his cousin Madeline, survive. Peace is eventually restored, but in a terse final chapter which does little to dissipate the atmosphere of despair.

The struggle in *Wacousta* is less plainly a case of Good against Evil than the one in *The Golden Dog*. Wacousta owes as much to Byron's heroes as he does to the villains of Renaissance tragedy: associated with barbarous infidels, he is a sexual prodigy, and he nurses an incurable psychic wound. His adversary, Colonel de Haldimar, is also complex. Notwithstanding Richardson's declared repulsion from him in the Introduction to the 1851 edition, a case can be made for De Haldimar as an exemplar of competence and responsibility. His harshness is chiefly and implausibly exhibited against the Halloways. The terms appropriate to Richardson's vision are not Good and Evil, but the more ambiguous contraries, Order and Energy. While the warring savages are referred to at times as demonic, they are not envisioned as racially wicked — in fact it is the renegade Morton who manipulates them as agents of destruction. The selfless love of the Indian woman Oucanasta is clearly contrasted with Morton's selfish passions, and the final prospect of peaceful friendship between the Indians and the children of Frederick and Madeline suggests something like a reconciliation of barbaric energies with civilization.

In *Patterns of Isolation in English Canadian Fiction*, John Moss makes a convincing case for the relationship among two of the De Haldimar children, Clara and Charles, and their friend Sir Everard de Valletort, as an implicitly perverse pattern of "incipient incest, homosexuality, and impotence." Wacousta's intent to violate the daughter of the woman he once loved, redoubles the incestuous overtones. Like so many tragedies, Richardson's novel links forbidden sexuality with horrendous violence. The subliminal pornography which Leslie Fielder argues as central in the American novel, is clearly one of the main sources of the curious power which sustains *Wacousta* despite its creaky structure and implausible dialogue.[3] Kirby's women are polarized as Seductress and Virgin. Richardson, however, unites the features of Venus *and* Madonna in his description of his heroine, Madeline de Haldimar. During the massacre at Michilimackinac, in a scene of pornographic virtuosity, Richardson combines suggestions of voyeurism, defloration, rape, and murder, as Clara, barricaded in the blockhouse, watches the abduction of Madeline:

> A tall savage was bearing off the apparently lifeless form of her cousin through the combatants in the square, her white dress stained all over with blood and her beautiful hair loosened and trailing on the ground. She followed with her burning eyes until they passed the drawbridge and finally disappeared behind the intervening rampart, and then, bowing her head between her hands and sinking upon her knees, she reposed her forehead against the sill of the window and awaited ununshrinkingly, yet in a state of inconceivable agony, the consummation of her own unhappy destiny.

There only remains one ultimate fillip when we later learn that the "tall savage" was in fact a disguised woman, the squaw Oucanasta, whose purpose actually has been to rescue Madeline, unharmed though bloodstained, from the slaughter. The consummation of the implicit sadism in Richardson's novel comes when Wacousta plunges a dagger into the virginal Clara, just before he is himself slain by Oucanasta's brother.

The myth of the Garden assumed a special meaning for certain North American writers who were tempted to regard colonization and settlement as opportunities to avoid the corruption of European culture and establish Eden in the New World. In the literature inspired by this idea, which culminated in the work of Thoreau and Whitman, the wilderness offers an "area of total possibility" for the American innocent, an area that remains as long as some frontier exists.[4] It is, of course, an essentially anti-social myth, for as soon as the innocent solitary is confronted with the wills of other individuals, the dream is broken. Such a vision is never entertained in *Wacousta* where the Old World resumes its conflicts in the New, the latter envisioned (as we have seen) as a dismal "prison" opposed to a fondly-remembered Europe. In *The Golden Dog*, the Bourgeois Philibert provides the nucleus of a new commercial society in Quebec distinguished by its justness from the decayed feudalism back in France. But this embryonic community is destroyed when the corrupt Old Order infects the New, a human inevitability symbolized by the immigration of a Machiavellian poisoner, the mother of La Corriveau:

> Marie Exili landed in New France, cursing the Old World which she had left behind, and bringing as bitter a hatred of the New, which received her without a shadow of suspicion that under her modest peasant's garb was concealed the daughter and inheritrix of the black arts of Antonio Exili and of the sorceress La Voisin.

The dream of Paradise Regained is shattered by the course of events in *The Golden Dog*. First Acadia falls, then New France.

THE CRUCIAL EPISODE IN THE CONQUEST OF NEW FRANCE is the setting for Gilbert Parker's *The Seats of the Mighty*, a much slighter and

slicker work than either *Wacousta* or *The Golden Dog*. In contrast to Kirby's rhetoric and Richardson's somewhat laboured prose, *The Seats of the Mighty* proceeds quickly and vigorously as told in the first person by Moray, the protagonist Parker based on Robert Stobo, a Scottish major who actually escaped from Quebec City in time to participate in its siege and capture by Wolfe in 1759. And in contrast to the earlier books, there are few specifically Jacobean or Gothic elements in Parker's novel. Much of it describes Moray's detention in the Quebec Citadel, but his is a strictly literal dungeon, with none of the symbolic or pyschological value of Richardson's "prison." And though there is much stabbing and killing throughout, it is presented in the manner of adolescent fiction or of much television violence, as painless and bloodless excitement. Only one peculiar and rather gratuitous chapter, "In the Chamber of Torture," strains the limits of a "respectable" account of violence. Parker included in the first edition prints, maps, and an excerpt from J. M. Lemoine's *The Scot in New France* which deals with Stobo. But though the plot follows historical events in some detail, the significance with which Parker invests them depends on three popular myths of a rather different sort than the literary archetypes which shape *Wacousta* and *The Golden Dog*.

The first of these is the chauvinist myth of Anglo-Saxon racial superiority. Like Ranald Macdonald in Connor's *The Man from Glengarry* (another novel of racial self-congratulation), Moray is conceived as an epic hero for a democratic age. An individual of humble origin who represents his people's strengths, he becomes the hinge of national destiny: it is Moray's honourable refusal to cooperate in La Pompadour's intrigues which — in the novel — precipitates war between France and England; and it is his intelligence of the secret path up the cliffs to the Plains of Abraham which leads to General Wolfe's victory. Moray is the emblem of bourgeois Protestant virtue against the vices of royalist Catholic France. His arch-enemy and tormentor is Doltaire, bastard son of King Louis, La Pompadour's spy, and Moray's rival for the love of Alixe Duvarney, the novel's heroine. Rationalist and cynic, Doltaire regards life as sport, and his abiding principle is expediency; he is only more refined than the other French nobles whose vanity and corruption undermine the effort to defend Quebec. The moral disapproval which prescribes Parker's treatment of the French aristocracy is coupled with a contempt for the superstitious peasantry which reaches its absurd climax in the scene of Moray's escape from a château: fantastically disguised as a witch, he paralyzes his guards with terror. Even those French characters whom Parker presents sympathetically undergo a kind of exorcism. Moray humiliates one of his "friends," the Chevalier de la Darante, and slays another, the soldier Gabord. Alixe, for his sake, defies her Church, State, and countrymen in a spectacular scene at the cathedral in Quebec. But the essential *locus* for the novel's racism is Parker's comparison of Wolfe and Montcalm, the two historical figures most familiarly associated with the Conquest:

> In Montcalm was all manner of things to charm — all save that which presently filled me with awe, and showed me wherein this sallow-featured, pain-racked Briton was greater than his rival beyond measure: in that searching, burning eye, which carried all the distinction and greatness denied him elsewhere. There resolution, courage, endurance, deep design, clear vision, dogged will, and heroism lived.[5]

This list of merits in fact summarizes Moray himself: he is a set of principles incarnate, a static character untroubled by doubt or inner conflict, and unlikeable compared to Doltaire, the much more alive, attractive personality. This is not, I think, deliberate ambiguity, but reflects a confusion of values which troubles the whole narrative, and which appears also in Parker's treatment of the woman in his story.

Indeed, a second popular prejudice which shapes *The Seats of the Mighty* is a bourgeois view of sexuality. If *Wacousta* and *The Golden Dog* are types of Gothic and Historical Romance, two of the major traditions distinguished by Leslie Fiedler in *Love and Death in the American Novel*, Parker's book shows aspects of the third, the sentimental tale of seduction. Certainly Doltaire's subtle arguments and Alixe's successful resistance dramatize the moral primacy of "heart" over "head" in the best sentimental manner. By Fiedler's account, this tradition descends from Samuel Richardson's *Clarissa* to a debased popular form in the nineteenth century; in this later version *Clarissa*'s originally complex Seducer is split into two simple figures, villain-ravisher and hero-rescuer, with *both* of whom readers vicariously identify, more or less consciously. Something very like this psychic pattern underlies the scene which brings to a climax the romantic conflict in *The Seats of the Mighty*. Moray, hidden behind a tapestry in the Convent of the Ursulines, eavesdrops upon Doltaire's efforts to seduce Alixe. The latter is at this point still a virgin despite Doltaire's pursuit and despite her marriage, secretly and in prison, to Moray. Parker's characterization of Alixe is extremely ambivalent. As Elizabeth Waterston notes in her very perceptive Introduction to the New Canadian Library reprint of the novel:

> For the nice young ladies who constituted so powerful a part of the reading public in the 1890's, Alixe is a real gem: a pure young girl who manages to dance like a courtesan, lie like a Machiavelli, dress first like an officer then like a nun, slip undetected by sentries and even by her grim-faced father — and all in the name of virtue and constancy! She is indeed a "most perfect of ladies" for satisfying the needs of lady readers.

The other major female character, Mathilde, just reverses this measure of sexuality and innocence: a "ruined maid," victim of the libertine Bigot, she is portrayed as asexual and pious, a penitent in a scarlet robe. The erotic tensions between Alixe and Moray are heightened by her chaste visits in disguise to his cell, and by her flagrantly voluptuous description of dancing:

"As I danced I saw and felt a thousand things, I can not tell you how. Now my feet appeared light as air, like thistledown, my body to float. I was as a lost soul flying home, flocks of birds singing me to come with them into a pleasant land.

"Then all that changed, and I was passing through a bitter land, with harsh shadows and tall, cold mountains. From clefts and hollows figures flew out and caught at me with filmy hands. These melancholy things pursued me as I flew, till my wings drooped, and I felt that I must drop into the dull marsh far beneath, round which travelled a lonely mist.

"But this, too, passed, and I came through a land all fire, so that, as I flew swiftly, my wings were scorched, and I was blinded often, and often missed my way, and must change my course of flight. It was all scarlet, all that land — scarlet sky and scarlet sun and scarlet flowers, and the rivers running red, and men and women in long red robes, with eyes of flame, and voices that keep crying, 'The world is mad, and all life is a fever!' "

I quote this passage at length because it is part of the symbolism by which Parker reaches toward a third cultural myth, the one which brings the novel to a close. The long-prevented and long-sought consummation of Moray's and Alixe's love is associated with a motif of scarlet images, for which the refrain is a *voyageurs'* song which both cherish:

"Brothers, we go to the Scarlet Hills:
(Little gold sun, come out of the dawn!)
There we will meet in the cedar groves;
(Shining white dew, come down!)
There is a bed where you sleep so sound,
The little good folk of the hills will guard,
Till the morning wakes and your love comes home.
(Fly away, heart, to the Scarlet Hills!)"

The motif also includes Mathilde's red robe and a painting by Doltaire of Alixe which has a "red glow." Furthermore, British redcoats achieve the fulfilment of Moray's patriotic desire, the taking of Quebec, simultaneously with the achievement of his romantic purpose. At the end of the novel he journeys in quest of Alixe to the Valdoche Hills, covered with "crimsoning maples." This final chapter is intensely lyrical in its description of Moray's response to an idyllic Canadian forest, his sense of harmony with its creatures, and his sacramental gestures: "I came down to the brook, bathed my face and hands, ate my frugal breakfast of bread, with berries picked from the hillside, and, as the yellow light of the rising sun broke over the promontory, I saw the Tall Calvary upon a knoll. . . . " Of course he finds Alixe. Ultimately, *The Seats of the Mighty* affirms the notion of a New Eden in the New World: "Master-Devil" Doltaire is thwarted and a Canadian Adam and Eve take possession of their paradise. Parker does offer glimpses of a more tragic vision through two minor characters, the barber Voban and the cuckold Argand Cournal, but such intimations are effectively submerged in the rush of lyricism, sentimentality, and wish-fulfilment.

The popular prejudices which shape *The Seats of the Mighty* are myths of a kind inferior to the more enduring images of man's fate which Kirby and Richardson assimilated from their literary sources. And it is fascinating that these two early Canadian novelists found aspects of their form and meaning in seventeenth-century works which preceded the rise of the novel proper. Kirby's vision is ultimately and deeply ethical, a thinking conservative's affirmation of the value of traditions and the danger of their perversion. Richardson is less a moralist than an explorer of the psychological underworld. Of other nineteenth-century novelists who wrote about the Conquest, Philippe Aubert de Gaspé remains the best example of one who took a more strictly historical view of his subject, as opposed to the mythologizing done by Richardson, Kirby, and Parker. Amplified by abundant local colour and by numerous cautionary tales, the central concern of *Les Anciennes Canadiens* (1863) is with Canada's central historical problem. De Gaspé urges French-Canadian reconciliation to the fact of the Conquest, as well as an ideal of communal service associated with the Seigneury. The relations among his characters form an allegory of the relation between English and French Canadians, as is also true of Mrs. Leprohon's minor novel of Montreal society after the Conquest, *Antoinette de Mirecourt* (1864).

Closer to our own time, writers such as Hugh MacLennan and Margaret Laurence have dealt with "the present as history" (Lukacs' phrase) and have achieved compelling insights into the gains and losses we inherit from the embroilment of Indian, French, and English here two centuries ago. In *The Diviners* Laurence deliberately explores the relation between history and myth, and this is also the crux of Rudy Wiebe's *The Temptations of Big Bear* and Peter Such's *Riverrun*, recent treatments of "the past as history." It is harder to distinguish myth from prejudice in our contemporaries than in our ancestors. But we do have the advantage of ancestors like Richardson and Kirby, and of the foundation they provide for our hindsight.

NOTES

[1] *The Golden Dog: A Romance of the Days of Louis Quinze in Quebec*, Authorized Edition (Montreal: Montreal News Company, 1903), pp. 252-53.

[2] "The Prophecy: A Tale of the Canadas," is the subtitle of the first edition, published in London in 1832. My references are to *Wacousta: A Tale of the Pontiac Conspiracy* (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1923). The paperback versions of both *Wacousta* and *The Golden Dog* in the New Canadian Library are seriously abridged.

[3] See *Love and Death in the American Novel* (New York: Stein and Day, 1975). Richardson's fascination with sexual abuse and ferocious violence continued to his last novel, *Westbrook, the Outlaw; or, The Avenging Wolf*, written in 1851 and recently rediscovered and reprinted (Montreal: Grant Woolmer Books, 1973).

[4] The phrase is from R. W. B. Lewis, *The American Adam* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1955), p. 99. See also David W. Noble, *The Eternal Adam and the New World Garden* (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1968). Similar tensions between ideas of East and West and of South and North, as they inform Canadian literature, have been pointed out by W. H. New, *Articulating West* (Toronto: New Press, 1972), and Allison Mitcham, "Northern Utopia," *Canadian Literature*, 63 (Winter 1975), 35-39.

[5] *The Seats of the Mighty*, Introduction by Elizabeth Waterston (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1971), p. 145.

THE RAVENS

Glen Sorestad

Not minutes after the dust and sound faded
after Middleton's victorious militia
had quitted their zareba near Batoche
taking with them what they had brought,
all they had plundered, and Riel besides,

two black-garbed sisters from Batoche
flapped about the empty encampment,
alert eyes probing the trenches,
darting through the trampled grasses
as they scavenged for left-overs,

seizing a cast-iron pot or kettle here,
a fork discarded or perhaps forgotten,
a cup whose owner no longer needed
the early morning chill dispelled with tea,
removed forever from such concerns
by a shot from Dumont's rifle.

NARRATIVE STRATEGIES IN LAURE CONAN'S *Angéline de Montbrun*

Rosmarin Heidenreich

THE CRITICAL STUDIES PUBLISHED on *Angéline de Montbrun*, from the appearance of the novel in 1881, seem to reflect with some fidelity the development of literary criticism in Quebec. The earlier articles tend to be didactic, positivistic, and biographical, whereas in the more recent studies the focus is clearly ideological in interpretation (including those studies with a Freudian bias) and formalistic in analysis. Correspondingly, since 1881 *Angéline de Montbrun* has been variously viewed as the story of a "beautiful soul" and of its exemplary renunciation of life, as an account of the personal life of Félicité Angers, as the unconscious revelation of an Electra complex in the religious obsession of a young girl, as "un cas patent de masochisme moral,"[1] and even as an allegory of the situation in Quebec before and after the conquest.[2] In fairness to both the earlier and later critics, one ought to mention that many of the more recent publications refer freely to the biographical and historical background of the novel, and that some of the earlier studies anticipate the psychological and philosophical implications the novel bears for the modern reader.

Angéline de Montbrun was enthusiastically received when it first appeared, and it has continued to interest critics, mainly because of the possibilities of interpretation it offers in the light of modern psychology. The richness of its symbolism reveals itself to a great extent in the thematic structure of the novel, and these symbolic and thematic features, in turn, are themselves represented in the overall narrative structure. An analysis of the narrative modes (epistolary, third-person narration, and journal) and the sequence in which they occur may thus serve as a key to an interpretation.

One of the main criticisms of the novel has been based upon the fact that it uses three different narrative modes and thus lacks unity. In fact, these three types of narrative, and the sequence in which they are used, constitute the basic narrative strategy of the novel in that, first of all, they demonstrate by means of the features particular to them, the novel's internal development (one can hardly speak of a plot). Secondly, the absence of a narrator in the two main parts of the

novel, the epistolary and the journal, forces the reader to take over this function, and the author thus succeeds in obtaining a maximum of reader participation.

The narrative voice in a traditional novel usually determines relationships, recognizes motives, and, depending on whether the narrator is outside the novel or a character within it, serves to resolve inconsistencies, reliably evaluate characters, and so forth. In short, it is the narrator who lends the novel its cohesiveness. In novels where there is no narrator, it is the reader who must "organize" the text in such a way that it becomes meaningful, and the "unity" of a text consisting of a selection of letters, a brief narrative account and journal excerpts lies in the meaning it takes on as he does so. As we shall see, in *Angéline de Montbrun* the reader is forced to "re-organize" his text again and again, and the meaning it takes on for him changes accordingly.

It is, however, not only the combination of various narrative forms which, in *Angéline de Montbrun*, constitutes a deviation from the traditional novel. We find a number of features which represent significant deviations from the conventions attending all three narrative forms. The epistolary form, for example, usually used to effect a gradual revelation of events, characters and their relationships and to offer different points of view to the uninitiated reader, functions somewhat differently as Laure Conan uses it in *Angéline de Montbrun*. Most of the letters are exchanged between Maurice Darville, who is with Angéline and her father at Valriant, and his sister Mina, who, in turn, corresponds with Emma S., an intimate friend. Angéline, like her father, speaks in only two letters.

The basic external situation is stated in the very first letter from Maurice to Mina. Maurice is deeply in love with Angéline, and is about to ask her father for her hand in marriage. Except for the fact that the demand is made and granted, and that we learn, in a letter from Mina to Emma, that Mina is secretly in love with Charles de Montbrun, a fact the reader has deduced long before the explicit confession, nothing "happens" in this first part of the novel. Nor are the characters developed in the sense that they "grow" in any way in the first section. Maurice is a sensitive, artistic, romantic young man whose communicative talents are musical rather than verbal, and he has fallen in love with Angéline at first sight. His idolization of her seems in keeping with his romantic temperament, and indeed Angéline is described not only by Maurice but also by Mina and Charles de Montbrun in terms which apply to the ideal romantic heroine. She emerges as the image of purity and beauty, an innocent young girl with an almost excessive attachment to her father. Charles de Montbrun also represents an ideal in his way: he is the mature, experienced, wise, fatherly figure, restrained, pragmatic, yet with an enigmatic charm (shared by Angéline) which Mina calls "montbrunage."

As to varying points of view manifesting themselves in the letters, there is never any issue on which the characters essentially differ. Only in Mina's letters do we

detect a note which is somehow more intimate, which contains a part of herself not evident in her other letters. Thus the situation lacks drama: the reader never has any reason to doubt that Maurice will succeed in winning Angéline's hand. The characters, as we have seen, do not develop, and there is no element of surprise in any of the letters, unless we regard Mina's declared love for Charles de Montbrun as such.

IN VIEW OF THE READILY RECOGNIZABLE CLICHES presented in the letters, what is it that holds the attention of the reader, and what meaning does he give to these letters? Obviously, the writers of the various letters (i.e., the author behind them) must make some sort of selection as to what they choose to report to the addressees. It is this selection of scenes, incidents and character descriptions that the reader must somehow juxtapose and relate to one another. Since his information is not complete, his imagination is put to work to fill in the gaps, and it is this his own filling-in of the gaps, or, put more technically, the high degree of indeterminacy of the text, to which the reader responds.

In the reader's reception of the text, two factors external to the text operate. First of all, his experience of life will tell him that the world of the author's text he is reading is unreal, not of this world. Secondly, his familiarity with other texts which bear some relation to this text will come into play. In view of these two factors, he interprets and allegorizes and thus arrives at a "text," or a meaning of the text, which is different from, or goes beyond, the author's text.

In *Angéline de Montbrun* the romantic idyll presented by the text is sketched rather than precisely drawn. Like the characters who inhabit it, it is unmistakably paradigmatic in function, engaging the consciousness of the reader in calling forth all the associations available to him which fit this paradigm. Angéline, beautiful, charming, innocent, affectionate, and of good family, is loved by Maurice, who is handsome, talented, honourable, and of equally good family. Charles de Montbrun is an ideal father, a wise, noble and charitable man. Mina, who later joins this trio, has only charming faults: social sophistication and a certain amount of feminine frivolity.

The setting in which we find these four fortunate human beings is a secluded *manoir* overlooking the St. Lawrence. The garden surrounding the house is not geometrically laid out, but is a veritable "garden of Eden" in which the plants are allowed to grow as they will, and are cut back and tended only to the extent that they can be enjoyed all the more by the inhabitants of Valriant. A pond at the end of the garden, with Angéline's swan gliding over it, completes the idyll.

Valriant is repeatedly referred to as a "paradis terrestre." The reader's interpretation of the text depends not only on his recognition and acceptance that this is

so, but also on his response to it, i.e., to remain within the metaphor, it depends on whether he chooses to enter this paradise or not. As André Brochu has pointed out, what is recounted is not so much a story but a state; this state of beauty and innocence, this world of high moral ideals, full of a goodness to which evil has not yet become a necessary corollary may represent a "paradis terrestre," but it alludes, inevitably, to celestial paradise. Thus Valriant as it emerges in the first section of the novel, lies outside reality and becomes almost a mythical place. In its beauty and very irreality, it represents a place or rather a state of longing for the reader. This longing has to do with a sense of loss usually associated with childhood and youth, but it is also associated with the biblical significance of paradise.

The biblical parallel is abundantly clear, yet what we have before us is by no means a clear-cut allegorical pattern, though Angéline comes close to being an allegorical figure. She is the person most talked about in the letters, yet remains strangely vague and remote. Maurice emerges as a sort of *Werther*, whose heroic attributes are artistic rather than virile. Charles de Montbrun, perhaps because he is older, *does* communicate some sense of the presence of shadow in the "paradis terrestre" which is Valriant. There is reference to the death of his wife, to his former military career, and so forth. In short, he is the only character, really, who has a "past." His role as father of Angéline and "maître de céans" gives him an authority which invites allegorical interpretation.

The most "real" person is Mina Darville. As a sophisticated society belle, and by her implied resemblance to Mme de Repentigny, we have some idea of her physical appearance. She constitutes a sort of narrative centre for this part of the novel since she is the sender and recipient of most of the letters. Also, because of her physical distance from Valriant, she seems sufficiently detached from the situation there to represent a more or less reliable point of view. In Mina the author presents us with a character with whom we can identify. Her "seduction" by Valriant, when she arrives there, may be seen as coinciding with the reader's.

The first section of the novel ends with a letter from Mina to Maurice, a reversal of the opening letter, which was from Maurice to Mina. In a sense this last letter marks a final response to what is expressed in the first. The postscript, normally used to add something trivial or forgotten to an already finished letter, contains a reference, teasingly meant, to the state of marriage.

> P.S.-Sais-tu que le mariage est le *doux reste* du *paradis terrestre*. C'est l'Eglise qui le dit dans la préface de la messe nuptiale. Médite cette parole liturgique et ne m'écris plus de lamentations.

There is thus an opposition between the postscript, added at the end, and its message, which expresses anticipation. This contradiction becomes ironic in view of the later events since the anticipation is not fulfilled. The "paradis terrestre" which

is prophesied for the future (in the marriage of Angéline and Maurice) actually lies behind them. They lose their paradise (represented by their life at Valriant) and both enter a very personal kind of hell. This postscript, then, in view of the subsequent development of the novel, represents the height of irony since, in retrospect, the reader will recognize, along with the characters, that at the time of the writing of that letter paradise was, in fact, about to be lost, not gained. The postscript marks the climax of the novel in that it designates the point of tragic reversal and functions as an ironic comment on it.

THE BRIEF PIECE OF THIRD-PERSON NARRATION in which the events leading to the tragedy are recounted — Charles de Montbrun's death, Angéline's fall, disfigurement and renunciation of marriage, and Mina's entering a convent — is dialectical in structure. On close reading, there seem to be not one but two narrative voices, one stating the objective facts, the other commenting or reflecting on them. The opening of this second part may be taken as an example. Voice One states: "L'été suivant, M. Darville revint au Canada." Voice Two reflects: "Le bonheur humain se compose de tant de pièces, a-t-on dit, qu'il en manque toujours quelques-uns . . . ," etc. There is also a clear distinction between the voices made by the way they refer to the characters. Voice One, the formal or "objective" narrator, refers, for example, to "Mlle de Montbrun," "Mlle Darville," titles which strike the reader, to whom the heroine is "Angéline" and her friend is "Mina," as formal and remote, and as being spoken with a sense of distance to the person and events referred to.

Voice One reports a fact: "Dans l'hiver qui suivait la mort de M. de Montbrun, Mlle Darville entra au noviciat des Ursulines." Voice Two comments: "Angéline ne s'y opposa point, mais la séparation lui fut cruelle. Elle aimait la présence de cette chère amie, qui n'osait montrer toute sa douleur."

The significance of this dual narrative position lies in the fact that the one (Voice One) is solidly situated within historical reality, within the real world which seems so distant from and irrelevant to life at Valriant.[3] Time, at Valriant, is cyclical, measured by the alternation of night and day, the seasons and the tides. This cyclical representation of time, or its non-existence, is an important aspect of Valriant as "paradise." The non-existence of time, which is conceived of as eternity, in the first part of the novel contrasts dramatically with the episodic time of the second. Charles de Montbrun cannot die at Valriant. His death, like Angéline's fall and disfigurement, must take place in a world outside it, and the second part of *Angéline de Montbrun*, with its completely different narrative mode, represents a completely different world from the first.

The bridge between the two parts is formed by the second narrative voice. The sympathetic commentator is, as it were, on intimate terms with the characters. He has known the "paradis terrestre," so to speak, and so becomes the voice of regret expressing its loss. In a way, this second voice anticipates Angéline's mourning as it echoes through the journal. It is a voice with which the reader, who, through Part I, has also known the "paradis terrestre," can readily identify.

As André Brochu has pointed out, this piece of narrative represents the "coup de pouce de l'auteur" which changes the novel from the representation of one state (happiness) to another (unhappiness). Its very brevity imitates the momentariness, the short duration of the incident which brings about the tragedy. This section of the novel has often been criticized for the lack of credibility of the chain of events set in motion by Charles de Montbrun's death. It seems to me, however, that the question of credibility does not apply here, since with Charles de Montbrun's death the novel becomes more and more self-consciously allegorical. Angéline's fall and disfigurement can certainly be taken as a fall from grace. Her renunciation of marriage and subsequent self-isolation may be seen as a gesture of atonement. What is missing, in this allegorical interpretation, is the nature of Angéline's "sin." It is around this problem that the journal itself revolves.

The reader, when he has finished reading these few pages of narration, is not so much incredulous as mystified. From here on, his participation in the text involves him, emotionally, in that he sympathizes with Angéline. But the reader's activity is bent on the search for the reason behind Angéline's self-imposed unhappiness, and the presumed unhappiness of Maurice and Mina. The question, too, is whether indeed it *is* self-imposed.

It is the journal which demands the most radical re-organization of the "reader's text" we have already referred to. For not only has life changed for Angéline. The entire world of the novel, created by the reader as well as by the author, and, figuratively speaking, dwelt in by them both, has also been transformed. Angéline, whom the reader knows only as an ideal or prototype of beauty and innocence, whom he has tended to view allegorically, suddenly stands in the foreground as a psychologically highly problematical figure. Through her journal, in which she reflects on her memories of people and events in her former life, we realize, suddenly, that she has been problematical all along. Confronted by the Angéline of the journal, the reader is forced to re-interpret much of the text of Part I. His ability to do so depends upon the effectiveness of what I will call "bracketing."

In reading the journal, with its constant references to the Valriant of the past, the reader calls to mind the corresponding scene as it has been revealed to him in a letter. Two contrasting versions of an event are now available to the reader, and he must re-interpret the entire text in terms of that contrast.

This ability to bracket is also significant for the interpretation of the text in that certain references, casually made in the first part and seemingly without con-

text, in retrospect reveal themselves as prophetic of the future, and the text therefore becomes charged with irony. The reader, then, brackets a fact if he remembers it at a designated, i.e., appropriate spot later on in the text. The richness of the text thus depends to a large extent on the reader's ability to bracket. The novel is full of such self-allusiveness, but a few examples may serve to illustrate the principle.

For example, Angéline's lightly made suggestion to "démondaniser" Mina is ironically prophetic. Mina's experience at Valriant indirectly causes her to "leave the world" by entering a convent. Maurice's singing, referred to in the first letter, takes on a new significance when it is associated with the scene at the pond, with the swan;[4] with the reference, by Mina, in a comical context, to a song he sings, *sotto voce*:

> Ah! gardez-vous de me guérir!
> J'aime mon mal, j'en veux mourir;

and with Angéline's memories which she enters in her journal (for example, "Tantôt, j'entendais un passant fredonner:

> Que le jour me dure,
> Passé loin de toi!

C'est Maurice qui a popularisé par ici ce chant mélancholique auquel sa voix donnait un charme si pénétrant").

Another form of self-allusiveness is the presentation of former events, in the journal, which have not appeared in the letters. The absence of these events in the letters are perceived as significant gaps by the reader, who has shifted his point of view from that of the letters (i.e., primarily that of Mina) to Angéline's. A key episode is recorded by Angéline in her journal entry of August 4. She remembers a riding excursion she made with Maurice and her father. They had encountered a storm, and her horse had bolted. She had fallen, but was saved from serious mishap by Maurice's intervention. At a nearby cottage, where they seek shelter from the storm, she is offered dry clothes (of white and blue, the virginal colours she always wears), and is given a mirror to admire herself in.

> Ma toilette finie, elle [la jeune fille] me présenta un petit miroir, et me demanda naivement si je n'étais pas heureuse d'être si belle? — si j'aurais pu supporter le malheur d'être défigurée [par mon accident]?

This incident, like so many other flashbacks in the journal, ironically anticipates or foreshadows what will happen. Even more ironic is the conclusion of Angéline's description of the landscape, after the storm.

> L'orage avait cessé. La campagne refraîchie par la pluie resplendissait au soleil. La rosée scintillait sur chaque brin d'herbe, et pendait aux arbres en gouttes brillantes.

> L'air, délicieux à respirer, nous apportait en bouffées la saine odeur des foins fauchés, et la senteur aromatique des arbres. Jamais la nature ne m'avait paru si belle. Debout à la fenêtre, je regardais émue, éblouie. Ce lointain immense et magnifique, où la mer éblouissante se confondait avec le ciel, m'apparaissait comme l'image de l'avenir.

This is a side of Angéline which Mina, in her letters, never reveals to the reader, nor, in fact, do any of the others, including Angéline herself. It seems that we get to know Angéline only in the journal. She reveals herself, or this side of her, only after it has ceased to exist. Thus these reflective flashbacks catch the reader, who has oriented himself mainly by Mina Darville in the first part, completely unawares. The narrative shift of focus seems highly significant, for the juxtaposition implies a superimposition, by the author, of the characters of the two women. Potentially "sisters" due to the anticipated sequence of events in Part I — Angéline marries Maurice, Mina marries Charles de Montbrun — the two become "sisters" in their mourning, in their renunciation of the world, in their self-imposed seclusion. Mina enters a convent (neither Angéline nor Maurice seems to have any inkling as to the real motive), and Angéline retreats to Valriant, which is now no longer the "paradis terrestre," but the "paradis perdu."

The two "states" we have referred to (happiness and unhappiness) as constituting, broadly speaking, the themes of the novel, are conceived of by the reader in temporal terms, in terms of a "before" and "after." This kind of conception coincides with Angéline's own in the journal. It is, however, only in terms of the events described in the direct narration that the terms "before" and "after" take on any meaning at Valriant. For the Valriant we experience after the events is as detached from reality as was the "paradis terrestre," and the same concept of timelessness applies to it. The "journal," therefore, if one takes the word literally, becomes an ironic comment on itself: the dates prefacing each entry are meaningless.

Symbolically, the most striking feature of Angéline's journal is the ambiguity of pronoun reference. In her musings over the past, often in the form of prayer, the pronoun "il" or "vous" is at times three ways ambiguous in that it could refer to her father, to Maurice or to God. Her mourning is thus not clearly associated with the death of her father, or her loss of Maurice, or her inability to love God, but is a state which derives in equal measure from all three. Her longing represents an undifferentiated longing for her father, for Maurice, for communion with the divine. Unconsciously, the three seem to have become fused into one for her, a unified trinity in which, however, her father still figures dominantly. She is unaware that she is not making a distinction, and her memories of the past show that she is still innocent in that she does not recognize guilt (the sin of idolization of her father, for example) as her motivating force. For the reader, Angéline's "sin" seems at first to lie in her repressed love, her repressed passion for her father, and

since these feelings are reciprocated, or rather originate with the father, it is really he who is "guilty" if one sees a psychologically incestuous relationship between the two.

If one searches more closely for a causality, the initial event leading to the "loss of paradise" is not Angéline's fall and disfigurement, nor her refusal to marry Maurice, but Charles de Montbrun's death. The implications, if we identify Charles de Montbrun's fatherly and authoritative role in the first part as an allegorical counterpart of the divine, are atheistic in the Nietzschean sense. The loss of "paradise," for Angéline, thus becomes strangely literal, and the death of her father, for which she can find no consolation by addressing God, has, in a sense, condemned her to the suffering she is experiencing.

Just as the epistolary form was appropriate to the sense of communion at Valriant, where the letters represent the very sense of community expressed in them, the journal is the appropriate expression of an isolated, lonely individual: it is a form of self-dialogue. Reflective, with only one point of view, the journal reveals Angéline's progressive detachment from reality to the point where reality itself seems to coincide with her own preoccupations. This illusion is effected in a number of ways, and is one mode by which the allegorical level of the novel is sustained.

One example is the choice of names of the characters who are mentioned in the journal. As Angéline takes on more and more of a saintly resignation, as she becomes more and more associated with sacrifice and sisterly love, there occur occasional references to her mother, and in her prayers she turns more and more frequently to the Virgin. Correspondingly, there are at least three Maries who occur in the journal, for all of whom Angéline feels a sisterly devotion and affection. The Indian girl, who has waited for her baptism to die, is christened "Angéline" by the missionary who performs the rite. Veronica Désileux, whose story represents, in miniature, the fate of Angéline in the novel, leaves Angéline a legacy, both literally and metaphorically. The feminine principle figures more and more prominently as a source of redemption and salvation.

This progressive fusing of the reality around Angéline with Angéline's state of mind is ambivalent in its effect. On the one hand, she is more and more at one with the world around her, more and more in harmony with it, a development signalled by the way she sees the sea (symbolically the source of all life, a mother image as well as an image of passion) and the sky (associated with the divine, the spiritual, the ideal) come together at the horizon. Both the sea and the sky are symbols of infinity, and so this apparent union seems final. On the other hand, this sense of oneness with the universe and with God for which she is striving has as its consequence her ceasing to be as an individual. What she is striving for, and progressively attaining, is a transcendent state behind which, however, is also concealed a death wish.

The tri-structural form, then, expresses a triadic conception of the universe as it is represented in the novel. This triadic principle applies to Angéline's perception of the universe (sea, sky and earth) as well as to the seasons (winter, as the season and symbol of death is "silent" and therefore cannot be expressed in the novel). The novel represents a progression from a state in which the *coeur* dominates to a predominance of *âme*. The body, the realm of the physical holding the two together, so to speak, is insignificant, and yet the cause, the origin of all that happens. Most obvious of all is the "trinity" constituted by Angéline's father, Maurice, and God.

As we have already suggested, there is also an epic progression, expressed in the three sections, which moves from the ideal ("paradise") to the real (the events which lead to the tragedy) to a third state which represents an attempt to regain the ideal. Even without the specific references to Dante, one can see in *Angéline de Montbrun* not only an inversion of the self-conscious allegorization of the *Divina Commedia*, but also an allusion to the *Vita Nuova*, which is also determined by this triadic principle.

It is in a Dante quotation, too, in terms of which the tragedy of Angéline might be summed up, a quotation in which one can also see this triadic principle at work. As Angéline and Maurice look out at the landscape, after the storm, Maurice smilingly quotes "dans cette belle langue italienne qu'il affectionait: 'Béatrice regardait le ciel, et moi je regardais Béatrice'."

NOTES

[1] Jacques Cotnam, "*Angéline de Montbrun*: un cas patent de masochisme moral," *Journal of Canadian Fiction*, 2, no. 3 (1972), 152-60.

[2] This interpretation, which is based on what seems to me to be merely an excursus in Angéline's journal entry of 25 September, is presented by André Brochu in a study entitled "La Technique romanesque dans *Angéline de Montbrun*," *L'Instance critique* (Montreal: Editions Leméac, 1974), pp. 112-20.

[3] It is interesting that although temporal references are made in the first part of the novel, e.g., the engagement period of Angéline and Maurice is specified — such references are always associated with a reality *outside* Valriant. For example, during the engagement period Maurice goes to France.

[4] The symbolic ambivalence of Maurice's singing at the pond with the swan seems obvious: the swan's song is an expression of a premonition of death. However, Maurice's song is an expression of longing for Angéline, who is, in this scene, closely associated with "her" swan. Gaston Bachelard, in *L'eau et Les Rêves* (Paris, 1942), observes about the swan as symbol: "Le cygne, en littérature, est un ersatz de la femme nue. C'est la nudité permise, c'est la blancheur immaculée et cependant ostensible.... Qui adore le cygne désire la baigneuse" (p. 50).

I. V. CRAWFORD'S PROSE FICTION

Catherine Sheldrick Ross

CRAWFORD'S LITERARY REPUTATION will be based, as she expected it would, upon her poetry and especially upon her verse narratives. She undoubtedly saw herself as a poet who must interrupt her real work long enough to write popular romances for money. There is, nevertheless, a continuity in her work that gives the prose its special interest. In the poetry and prose alike, her characteristic mode of perception is romance. Consistently she sees experience in patterns provided by myths and fairy tales. Sleeping Beauty, the spring maiden who is pricked by the thorn of winter and sleeps in a trance until the bright Solar hero comes to drive away the chill mists — Sleeping Beauty lies behind both Brynhild in "Gisli the Chieftain" and many of the heroines of the prose stories. Both the poetry and the prose use as their basic structural principle the solar myth of the sun god's struggle with darkness. The conflict of light and dark, summer and winter, becomes a metaphor for the thematic dialectic of love and death, hope and despair. In "Malcolm's Katie," for example, Crawford uses the seasonal myth of the struggle between the North and South Winds to align the parallel plots of pioneer history and the love story of Max and Katie. Similarly, her incomplete novel, *Pillows of Stone* (1878), uses the eclipse of the sun to co-ordinate parallel themes and events. The prose work merits study because in it we can see a gifted writer battling more or less successfully with commercial necessity. She is adapting popular fictional conventions to the development of her structure of solar myth and to the expression of her central vision of the conflict of opposites reconciled by sacrificial love.

In her edition of Crawford's poems, Katherine Hale ends her "Appreciation" with this postscript:

> A small trunk full of her manuscripts stands before me as I write. Not, alas, of poems newly discovered, but of old stories and novelettes written in her clear delicate handwriting on paper now yellow with age. The trunk is crammed with them; there are hundreds of closely written pages.

Commentary upon this trunkload of inaccessible work has until recently amounted to little more than Lawrence Burpee's judgment that "although her prose was of some merit, it was not the medium best suited to the peculiarly lyrical cast of her genius"[1] and the comment on *A Little Bacchante* in the *Varsity* (Jan. 23, 1886) to the effect that "the novel of Isabella Valancy Crawford, in the *Globe*, is vastly superior to the ordinary run of newspaper fiction."[2] After the death in 1936 of Crawford's literary executor, John Garvin, the manuscripts found their way into the Lorne Pierce collection and are now in four boxes in the Douglas Library at Queen's University. Garvin evidently intended to edit a book of Crawford's prose, but died before anything came of the project.

Most of the Douglas Library manuscripts are fiction — seven fairy tales, half a dozen completed short stories and seven or eight short story fragments, and ten novels.[3] Of the novels, only two, *Helen's Rock* (eighteen chapters, dated April 11, 1883) and *Monsieur Phoebus* (thirty-seven chapters and several pages each from chapters fifty-two to fifty-five) are near to being complete. Along with various other fragments are the opening eleven chapters of *The Heir of Dremore*; two incomplete versions of *From Yule to Yule; or Claudia's Will*; two incomplete drafts of *The Halton Boys*, described on the title page as "a story for boys"; and 157 foolscap leaves of *Pillows of Stone; or Young Cloven-Hoof* (Chapter V of which is dated June 13, 1878). Crawford's obituary in the *Evening Telegram* (Feb. 14, 1887) says, "a continued story entitled 'Married With an Opal; or a Kingly Restitution' is at present running thru a serial published by the Toronto News Company." The Toronto News Company has not yet been tracked down, but more than 350 foolscap leaves of the manuscript of *Married With an Opal* can be found in the Douglas Library collection, catalogued severally as "Old General de Berir — Untitled story about" and "Unidentified Manuscript." The manuscripts that have been preserved represent probably much less than half of Crawford's total prose output. Lawrence Burpee says, "At the age of fourteen, she wrote stories for *Frank Leslie's Magazine* and soon became a constant contributor to this and other periodicals."

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly is our best clue to the market that Crawford was trying to please. Acceptable stories relied on familiar romance formulas: the conflict between the steady-eyed hero and the villain of the deepest dye; the heartless step-mother; the beautiful heroine who must marry the man she most despises; the disinherited son or nephew; revenge plots; the child stolen away in infancy; disguises and mistaken identity; identical twins; sudden paralysis or blindness; deathbed confessions; and miraculous resurrections. The popular features of the current fiction that Crawford had to imitate turn out to be those highly conventionalized formulas that have always been popular from New Greek comedy to the present.

Not surprisingly then, Crawford's plots, like Dickens', are derived from fairy

tales. Her earliest prose pieces are, in fact, actual fairy tales. Later stories adjust the fairy tale plots and symbolism to the slightly more realistic form required by the magazine market. The fairy tale, "Wava, the Fairy of the Shell," for example, is an early version of Crawford's solar myth. Goldie, a human child, is snatched from the tempest by Wava and her fairy band:

> The waves were thundering in. . . . Just as the fays reached the beach, the moon struggled for an instant through the dense clouds, and on the crest of an advancing wave the fays beheld . . . a child . . . whose long hair streamed out like threads of gleaming gold on the dark and troubled waters.
>
> As the huge waves reached them, the mermaids laid the child at Wava's feet, and as they were borne swiftly back by the receding monster, they sang loud above the noise of the tempest —

"Take the waif and love her well
Wreathe her round with fairy spell
In thy rosy bowers
T'is a gift we snatched for thee
From the all-devouring sea,
Strew her path with flowers."

Crawford's characteristic opposition of light and dark is developed here in the conflict between moon and "dense clouds," "gleaming gold" hair and "dark and troubled waters," golden child and "the all-devouring sea."

Another early fairy tale, "The Waterlily" (signed "I.V.C., 18, North Douro"), is about Roseblush, who has been abducted from her suitor, Goldenball, by a wicked black beetle, Prince Crystal Coat, and imprisoned inside a waterlily. Radiant spirits, presiding over the lily, sing:

"On the lake the lily lies
Glimmering in the silver ray
In its bosom pearly-white
Sad and tearful dwells the fay.
Sprite, nor fay, nor elfin hand
E'er can break the potent spell.
Yet an earthborn child has power.
This is all that we may tell."

The "earthborn child," Maggie, picks the lily, and her kiss of love defeats the "potent spell":

> As the boat touched the shore Maggie and Tommie jumped out, and Maggie gently kissed the white petals of the lily. In a second a great and wonderful light shone round them, and a burst of harmony made the very air tremble. The petals of the lily slowly opened, and a creature no larger than a moth, but of the most exquisite beauty, unfolded her large, rose-coloured wings, and rose from a golden couch in the centre of the flower.

Here again we have Crawford's organizing myth of the conflict between light and dark that only human love can resolve. Moreover she is experimenting with motifs that recur in most later versions of the myth in both her poetry and prose. We can distinguish the rival suitors, one good and one evil; the imprisoned and disguised heroine; the "potent spell" that is broken by the love of a girl-child; the canoe on the water; and, most important, the mystic flower of love.

A late story, "The Lost Diamond of St. Dalmas," translates this fairy tale structure into a somewhat more realistic form. A precious diamond, lost for fifty years, is reborn on Christmas day from the heart of a great aquatic lily that flowers only once in ten or twenty years:

> the greenish sheath burst, and let out the glorious mystery of petals and a piercing flood of leaping fire.... From the unsealed lips of the blossom had rolled a star, a flame, a fire, that blazed in unspeakable glory.

Crawford is drawing upon Eastern mythology for her image of the diamond on the lotus, but its symbolic function is clearly similar to the "great and wonderful light" that rises from the "golden couch in the centre of the flower" in "The Waterlily."

CRAWFORD INVOKES THE MYSTIC FLOWER whenever the epiphany of love is reached that gives meaning to the rhythms of life. Her world is a constant struggle of pairs of opposites reconciled by sacrificial love: light and dark, summer and winter, fertility and drought, hope and despair, wealth and poverty, creation and destruction, hunter and quarry, eagle and dove. In "The Waterlily" and "The Lost Diamond," she uses the lily or lotus as her symbol for painful experience transformed by love. Elsewhere she uses a mystic rose that resembles the multifoliate sunlit rose in Dante's *Paradiso*. In "Malcolm's Katie," love has "its own sun, its own peculiar sky, / All one great daffodil." In the redemptive final chapter of *Helen's Rock* called "Love is Lord of All," Helen declares that love is "a star and shines alone — a flower and grows alone. Only God can build the star and mold the flower."

Crawford's *paradiso* of love is a bright flower. Her *inferno* is a dark stoney vortex of despair. In between is a purgatorial world of conflict, called in "Malcolm's Katie" the "dark matrix" of Sorrow "from which the human soul / Has its last birth." In Crawford's stories we can distinguish three character types who correspond roughly with Dante's three levels of inferno, purgatory, and paradise. Some few are unregenerate inferno-dwellers, totally cut off from love and presented in images of granite and the swirling vortex of dry dust. More, like Alfred in "Malcolm's Katie" or Claudia in *From Yule to Yule*, have essentially loving

natures, but have responded to the pain of experience with cynicism, despair, and a deliberate hardening against emotion. And finally there are the Beatrice figures who beckon the purgatorial soul toward Crawford's paradise of love.

Claudia is typical of those characters who must endure purgatorial pain and sorrow before they can regain their capacity to love. We are told that "at twenty-one she had become scornful of the world, at twenty-two tired of it, and at twenty-three was settled into calm cynicism." She is like Alfred who wrestles against the giant of pity and love that is "bursting all the granite in [his] heart": "Life is too short for anguish and for hearts! / So I wrestle with thee, giant, and my will / Turns down the thumb" ("M.K.", IV). The explanation of Claudia's despair is a less intense, prose version of Alfred's remarkable speech to Max that ends, "Nought is immortal save immortal — Death!":

> The discovery of one age became the doubt of another, the laugh of a second, a bygone scientific superstition in the third . . . [Claudia] wanted from Life a rock of some kind to stand on, and console herself for past deceit by saying "Here is Truth — I can demonstrate by numbers — by calculations, by experiments . . ." [Her rejection of all she could not prove made] her existence parched and siccous as a dried leaf — she steadily repelled the shining finger of Science when it pointed, as it always does, towards the awful Poems of the unknown — . . . she felt, with suspicion, that Science had some of the unreliable blood of Art in her veins — was a near kin of Poetry and a relation of Painting and Music.

Scientific facts provide no secure footing. The only "rock . . . to stand on" in Crawford's world is love. Therefore, what is important is the ability to feel: sorrow, if it keeps this capacity alive, is redemptive. Here is Crawford's analysis in chapter eleven of *Helen's Rock*:

> She [observes] with dull horror that the petrifying process of anguish is commencing in her nature. Oh, far more terrible to face the Medusa and feel the quivering flesh losing its humanity — the blood pausing in chill stillness in the arteries, the marble death turning the rosy heart to a dumb, chill stone — the grand power of saying "I live — I feel" fading before those awful eyes — than to cringe, to lament, to suffer and retain the God-like capacity of sensation. Despair, like a dark planet, may roll in a golden atmosphere of hope — to outgrow its anguish; not to be able to suffer, to weep or to complain means an inner and terrible death.

As Crawford puts it in "Malcolm's Katie," "Who curseth Sorrow knows her not at all." Sorrow is the "dark mother of the soul," and an "instrument / Close clasped within the great Creative Hand."

In the prose romances, Crawford takes the melodramatic convention of the suffering heroine who goes from one frightful agony to another, and uses it to present her vision of the creative and purgatorial role of pain and sorrow. Claudia's aunt is moved by her niece's relentless hardness to exclaim:

"Heaven pardon you, Claudia. You will have to suffer tortures manifold and terrible before your wicked will melts — pangs I dread to think of. Twice within twenty-four hours you have stood on the threshold of death and you are still iron — iron — what pangs will melt you, girl?"

"I know of none. Did I, I would court them, for all this is like a cross of fire upon my breast."

The pattern here in *From Yule to Yule*, and repeated frequently elsewhere, is the descent of the purgatorial soul into a dark valley of soul-making, which the stories translate into the romance conventions of madness, amnesia, poverty, attempted suicide, and almost fatal illnesses. By the end, however, the character is redeemed, and images of darkness, granite, and "dumb, chill stone" give place to images of light, the flower of love, and the "rosy heart."

Crawford's third character type is an innocent figure whose suffering is sacrificial rather than purgatorial and whose role is redemptive. She is essentially a Beatrice, although she may be called Katie in "Malcolm's Katie," Betsie-Lee in "Old Spookses' Pass," Thea in *Pillows of Stone*, Rosamunda in *Married With An Opal*, and Moyna in *The Heir of Dremore*. The mystic rose or lily is invariably invoked in her honour. Miranda Farn is renamed Rosamunda. Thea has "the perfection of the rose at the mystic moment known only to the Gods." In the following scene from *The Heir of Dremore*, the Beatrice for the crippled Felix Dremore is his daughter Moyna, whom he supposes dead:

no tidings came to lost Moyna . . . Felix sat erect . . . in the attitude of one about to spring up and hurl himself against Fate — his head slightly forward as he plunged his sense of hearing far into the silence which was yet so full of sound — the sound of the sea — the waves, the wind — dead voices as far as he was concerned for none of them brought tidings of his child to him.

. . . On the threshold . . . stood a woman with the face of a smiling and powerful Angel . . . an absolute light seemed to strike from the fair, flawless ivory of her noble and delicate face. Her glances rushed into the room winged with joyous glory. . . . a slight starry radiance seemed to shimmer over her grand brow . . . Neither spoke . . . Felix had lost all power of speech — and for a moment she forgot all else in gazing at him . . . He tried to cry out to her, but speech would not come any more than hearing — he leaned more forward looking at her — she was motionless except for those outstretched arms — He leaned forward still more — breathless — intent on those wonderful eyes — She had come to him with news of Moyna . . . Would she never speak . . . ? But perhaps she was speaking — and that the physical tortures racking him prevented her voice reaching him — He *must* hear her. . . . He shuddered from head to foot and, with a groan he did not hear — *rose to his feet* — swaying, in his grand stature, like a lofty oak.

In this passage, romance conventions arrest and intensify the moment of awareness and beatitude. Felix is suspended in time, leaning forward, straining ahead "in the attitude of one about to spring up and hurl himself against fate." But this

tightly sprung energy is held static. Crawford is giving us, not a narrative of things happening in succession, but a motionless tableau. Everything is concentrated upon the straining of these two separated figures to reach each other. Felix is "intent on those wonderful eyes." Moyna, who is described in Chapter One as Felix's "one link with love," guides him with her eyes to salvation, as Beatrice does Dante. The imagery makes Moyna's angelic role unmistakable: "smiling and powerful Angel," "absolute light," "winged with joyous glory," "starry radiance." The visible sign of Felix's redemption is the recovery of his ability to walk, a conventional plot device in romance.

Another Beatrice figure, Rosamunda in *Married With An Opal*, performs a redemptive role that is sacrificial. This story takes the form of the descent of the girl-child into a dark underworld of suffering and loss of identity, followed by a re-emergence into light. Miranda Farn is a forlorn fourteen-year-old waif who is abandoned and left for dead by her bridegroom. She is subsequently adopted by the wealthy Mr. Vintamper and substituted for his supposedly dead daughter, Rose. Miranda becomes Rosamunda or rose of the world, an innocent party in a revenge plot to deprive Vintamper's nephew, Harold, of his inheritance. She, of course, loves and pities Harold, and her enforced participation in the revenge plot drives her to madness and a suicidal leap into a deep abyss. Just before this crisis, Rosamunda kneels between her biological father and her adoptive father, saying:

> "You who bought me and you who sold me, have mercy on me. Give me back my oath. Don't be so cruel to me. I love you both. Why have you combined to torture me, to degrade me, to drive me mad?"

She undergoes madness, symbolic death, disfigurement ("few would have recognized the superb Rosamunda Vintamper in the disfigured wraith in the deep chair") — and rebirth. By the end, all disguises are put aside, true identities are revealed, and Rosamunda's marriage to Harold is celebrated as a "kingly restitution."

This is the happily-ever-after of the fairy tale and the conventional shape of comedy. The stories are linked by this structure to poems like "Gisli the Chieftain," "Old Spookses' Pass," and "Malcolm's Katie" which move toward reconciliation. While revenge usually provides the initial energy to set Crawford's plots in motion, their direction and final destiny are controlled by a power of love strong enough to bring about miraculous conversions, recoveries from amnesia or madness or death, and recognitions of identity of both the self and the beloved. In most stories there are characters who have two sets of names. The comic action of the plot uncovers some hidden fact that allows each to adopt his proper name, as, for example, "I am the little Rose you thought dead!" in *Married With An Opal.* Typically, by the end, time has made a "kingly restitution" to the disinherited child or to the lost prince.

CRAWFORD'S STORIES HEIGHTEN THE OPPOSITION between good and evil in the dialectic characteristic of romance. But Crawford is also concerned with relationship, integration, and reconciliation. To show hidden relationships among characters, she repeatedly uses devices of substitute or stolen children, forged wills, missing heirs, and unexpected legacies, and, most important, step-brothers and identical twins. These last two devices function to distinguish opposites and then to draw apparent contraries into significant relationship. In *The Heir of Dremore*, Felix is the crippled heir who has been cast out by his demonic father, "Brute" Dremore, to live in a mud hut. He looks "like a grand effigy of some martyred king." He has a "noble head, . . . kind, gay, sad, restless brilliant blue eyes." His step-brother "Black" Desmond, " 'Brute' Dremore's blackguard son," is a Heathcliff type with a "sullen young face, great restless fiery black eyes, a coarse red-lipped mouth, stonily set jaws, and a low broad brow drawn into a settled scowl — a form of continually repressed passion rather than of malice." The step-brothers exaggerate differences inherited from their different mothers in a way that suggests the opposition of calm and storm in *Wuthering Heights.* Chapter Two closes as Black Desmond looks at Felix's "mud hovel . . . and beyond it to the bleak grandeur of Dremore House": " 'Yes!' he said heavily, 'It'll come! and it *will* grow between you and I, Felix, like a stone wall — and you'll never know what it is — and while I'm going headlong to the Devil, you'll be wondering why even you can't hold me back.' " Desmond sees a stone wall of difference separating dark and fair, Hell and Heaven. But the story, though incomplete, provides clues that these step-brothers were to have been reconciled after the fashion of the Dark and Bright twins in the epilogue to "Gisli the Chieftain." There, the contraries developed throughout "Gisli" are brought into relationship in the image of the clasped handshake:

> Said the voice of Evil to the ear of Good,
> "Clasp thou my strong right hand,
> Nor shall our clasp be known or understood
> By any in the land.
>
> "I, the dark giant, rule strong on the earth;
> Yet thou, bright one, and I
> Sprang from the one great mystery — at one birth
> We looked upon the sky.
> . . . . . .
> . . . toil with me,
> Brother; but in the sight
> Of men who know not, I stern son shall be
> Of Darkness — thou of Light!"

In *Pillows of Stone* and *The Halton Boys*, Crawford uses the motif of twinship,

much as *Dombey and Son* uses the remarkable resemblance between Alice Brown the convict and the proud and wealth Edith Dombey, to link the extremes of the social order. One twin is raised at home in a loving and wealthy family. The other, stolen away as a child or otherwise debauched, is exposed to a life of poverty, drunkenness, or crime. A character in *Pillows of Stone* is so moved by the startling contrast between Florian Dutrom and his drunken, tuberculosis-ridden twin, Clyffe, that she exclaims: "Oh Father! . . . Clyffe might have been like this nature, who, made in Thy image, is not yet defaced by sin."

In *The Halton Boys*, Lyon has been stolen as an infant and raised among convicts. He is discovered, and his twin brother goes from his exclusive public school to meet his lost double:

> Lyon saw a slight, tall, muscular lad . . . his eyes steady as stars, and sharp as spears in the intensity of his gaze. . . . a frightful feeling of superstitious dread suddenly assailed his darkened and tempestuous mind. . . . Where had he seen [Larry's face] before? With him, but dark as a demon's then, in frightful city prisons: with him in loathsome city lairs where thieves lurked, and murderers hid in their darkness from the darker shadow of the gallows. With him, sullen and lowering, in vagabond marches through the leafy country — with him, ferocious, scowling, savage, in all the turnings and twistings of his miserable existence; aye with him *now*, with the sunken, glaring eyes of a wolf. . . . he stared into those other eyes, so familiar, so strange.

The scene closes with the statement: "Behind [Larry] slunk a terrible shadow of himself, his double in dingy rags, a fearful travesty of the fearless and faithful lad." These twins interconnect the world of the gentleman with the "frightful city prisons" and "loathsome city lairs." The metaphor of twinship, moreover, suggests that the Bright and Dark brothers, or the upper and lower worlds, were once identical and may be so again.

In Crawford's mythic structure, reconciliation of opposites and redemption requires sacrifice, and each story has its sacrificial figure. Sometimes, as in *From Yule to Yule: or Claudia's Will* and *Pillows of Stone*, this sacrifice occurs explicitly within the frame of the solar myth. In *From Yule to Yule*, the suffering victim is a man-child, found by Claudia on her estate one Christmas inside the oak tree, "Seven armed Dick, beloved of the Druids." Claudia adopts him and calls him Dick in the first draft of the story, a name that suggests his identity with the sacred oak tree that, in the Balder myth, must annually be cut down as a ransom to bring back the sun at the winter solstice. In the curious myth that Crawford is developing, Dick is a "stalwart young man well over six feet," whose misadventure with "Seven armed Dick" on that first Christmas has made him a baby again, deprived of memory and of speech. Claudia is like Sleeping Beauty, a counterpart to the frozen winter landscape that must be brought back to warmth and life. As one

character puts it, "She closed her heart wi' bars and padlocks when her step-sister Miss Rosalind, as was only sixteen, run away wi' a Frenchman four years ago."

The more Dick's innocence reminds Claudia of the runaway Rosalind, the more Claudia finds herself torturing him. On the second Christmas, Dick twice risks his life in twenty-four hours to rescue his beloved persecutor, first from drowning in a deep pool, then from fire, "strangl[ing]the fiery serpents eating her with his own naked hands." Threatened by a bullying servant with the terrors of being confined in the clockroom, he flees once again to his hiding place in "Seven armed Dick":

> The clockroom! that arsenal of terrors, with its gallows-like beams, its ghastly shadows, its mammoth spiders and black flags of cobwebs and, crowning horror, that throbbing, pulsing, whining mass of iron life, mysterious and frightful — the works of the clock!

Claudia finds him on this second Christmas in the oak tree, with Christ's stigmata on his "burned hands, raw and blistered." In the third section of the story, Dick is the male counterpart to Shakespearean heroines like Hermione and Perdita who withdraw, undergo ritual death, and then return. Dick's return is a magical event, only slightly disguised. As would happen in fairy tales, Claudia's deathbed forgiveness of Rosalind in her will on the third Christmas restores Dick to her. She goes out to "Seven armed Dick" and finds there, all together, Rosalind and her husband and Dick, "not the immature soul she had known, but the one she had dreamed of." The hanged male god has completed the cycle from infant to triumphant bridegroom and has awakened Claudia from her winter trance to spring renewal.

Pillows of Stone has two sacrificial victims — Clyffe in the main plot and Thea in the subplot. The sacrifice of Thea is explicitly introduced in a context of solar eclipse, drought, and the decay of nature. We first meet Thea and her father waiting for the eclipse in their manor retreat. The countryside is parched with drought, "drowned in a cruel affluence of light and heat": the poor [are becoming] "more hollow-eyed, looking prophetically to the added pinch of the thumbscrews of Poverty turned by the cruel long-continued drought"; "Nature seemed fixed and a change impossible." This oppressive waiting for something to happen matches the characters' interior condition. Thea has given her oath when she "first could lisp" and has renewed her consent "year by year" to be the sacrificial victim in some "hybrid" plot of "honor, revenge, even-handed justice, [and] intrigue." "I had rather dash breathless into an unexpected chasm than be pushed leisurely to the edge of the Tarpeian rock," she says. Her father, like Andromeda's father or like Jephthah, is responsible for her plight and sadly calls her "the sacrifice, every beauty and grace but an added garland to deck [her] for the knife."

The long waiting period ends with the simultaneous coming of the eclipse, the raincloud, and the stranger from New York City who is to take Thea away to

fulfil her oath. Before the eclipse, "the world was rolling in an atmosphere of molten gold and azure. . . . The Earth was a Delilah shearing her mighty Samson the sun of his strengthgiving tresses":

> Suddenly the gilding of the Earth seemed to begin to die of itself; the sky was bold, bright June blue, the Sun except for a slowly widening jet crescent encroaching on him was as fierce in his golden wrath as ever, and it was as if the Earth alone was swooning before his arrows. Presently the azure arch sickened to grey, the jet crescent waxed across his disk. . . . the greyness steadily deepened and solemn shadows crept into and swallowed the remaining light. . . . It was not a long affair, the black body moved in front of the golden shield, with a mystic slowness, leaving behind her a waxing orb of gold. She passed as a spirit into the brightening azure like a queen through the gates of sapphire high lifted before her the last folds of her royal robes sweeping into space, choired by the sudden shrill glad carol of birds, and all the gay sounds of the second matin her progress had given today, and the sun rolled on shaking his terrible mane of fire, unconquered, exultant.

Just then a raincloud appears, and the pattern of darkness as preliminary to rebirth is repeated. "That cloud fascinates me," says Thea, "how glaringly spotless the sky was just now, and see — that cloud has risen from the sea into a black Alp with violet peaks and chasms of jet, into which the sun is about to be hurled." "Were we Heathens . . . we should hurry to the temples and sacrifice," says her father. In the original myth, Thea would be the vestal virgin sacrificed to bring back the sun from his dark eclipse and to give rain to the parched earth. Here in a displaced version of the myth, Thea's sacrificial role is translated into the part her father has bound her to play in some mysterious revenge plot. Thea submits with a "rapt look like Jephthah's daughter and [leans] against the gilded pile of the organ as against an altar of sacrifice." On various levels, from the mythic treatment of the eclipse to the sentimental romance of Thea's story, the three parallel events establish the sacrificial role as a necessary one in the rhythm of dark and light, drought and fertility. The eclipse of the sun by the moon and his reappearance "unconquered, exultant" comes closest to the pure form of the solar myth that lies behind so much of Crawford's work. The interweaving of the three events repeats the technique of "Malcolm's Katie" in which Crawford aligns the changing seasons, pioneer history, and the love story of Max and Katie as different versions of the same cycle.

Consistently, then, despite the evident need to compete for magazine markets with May Agnes Fleming and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Crawford continues to develop her central vision. Interesting in themselves, the stories illuminate the handling of narrative in poems like "Old Spookses' Pass," "Gisli the Chieftain," and "Malcolm's Katie." Taken as a whole, the prose fiction is further evidence that Crawford is a mythopoeic writer intent on developing from scattered sources a single unifying structural myth.

NOTES

[1] "Isabella Valancy Crawford: A Canadian Poet," *Poet-Lore*, 13 (Oct. 1901), p. 577.

[2] *A Little Bacchante* was published in the evening and not the morning edition of the *Globe*. The Ontario Archives holds the *Evening Globe* issue of January 21, 1886, which contains Chapter IX, "In the Presence of the Tempter."

[3] There is a bibliography for Crawford's manuscripts in *A Catalogue of Canadian Manuscripts Collected by Lorne Pierce and Presented to Queen's University*, compiled by Dorothy Harlowe (Toronto: Ryerson, 1946), pp. 100-104.

SHIP OF GOLD

Emile Nelligan

Hewn out of solid gold, a tall ship sailed:
Its masts reached up to heaven, on unknown seas;
Venus, naked, her hair cast to the breeze,
In too-hot sun, stood at the prow unveiled.

But then one night, on Ocean's cheating wave
While Sirens sang, it struck a reef head on,
And dreadful shipwreck beat its hull right down
To plumb the depths of that fixed Gulf, the grave.

A gold ship, whose translucence in each part
Disclosed the treasures that those impious tars,
Disgust and Hate and Madness, fought to keep.

How much remains after the storm's brief wars?
And what of that deserted craft, my heart?
In Dream-Abyss, alas, it foundered deep!

(translated by Fred Cogswell)

PAN AND THE CONFEDERATION POETS

D. M. R. Bentley

An unknown race and people occupy
That land: are they, perhaps, from our same stock
Or do they boast an ancient ancestry
Derived from Pan, inheriting from times
Gone by a land of woods and fertile fields
And cities needing not the rule of law?

— *Stephen Parmenius,* De Navigatione *(1582) trans.*
David B. Quinn and Neil M. Cheshire

ONE OF THE POEMS IN ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN'S *Alcyone* volume of 1899 is "The Song of Pan" which was first published in the July 1896 issue of *Harper's Magazine*. In this brief lyric, Lampman recounts the legend of how Pan, the Arcadian goat-god who is the patron of shepherds and of forests, came to have a pipe made of seven reeds. "Mad with love," Pan had "pursued" the maiden Syrinx until, when he "had nearly / Touched her," she was changed by the nymphs of Arcadia into a "reed."[1] This "reed" was cut by the sorrowing god and "Deftly fashioned" into "Seven / Pipes" (the syrinx) through which he "poured his pain" over the loss of the maiden "Unto earth and heaven / In a piercing strain." Lampman concludes "The Song of Pan" by drawing a parallel between the "god" and the "poet." Both are lured on by "Beauty," he observes, which "Flies, and ere they know it / Like a wraith is gone";

Then they seek to borrow
Pleasure still from wrong,
And with smiling sorrow
Turn it to a song.

In "The Song of Pan" Lampman uses the goat-god's bitter-sweet song on the syrinx as a parallel for the joy and pain (his somewhat lame oxymoron is "smiling sorrow") of the creative act. Although this poem was published in Lampman's

last volume, it is not the only parallel drawn in his work between Pan and the poet; nor is "The Song of Pan" the only poem by a Confederation poet in which Pan plays a central role. In the following pages an attempt will be made to show that Pan's various attributes and associations — his dualistic nature, his pastoral setting, his musical abilities, and his supposed death — made him a potent image, not only of the poet, but also of human nature and of Nature itself, for the 'Confederation' group, for — besides Lampman — W. W. Campbell, D. C. Scott, Charles G. D. Roberts and, of course, Bliss Carman.

There are two other poems in Lampman's canon which deal explicitly and at length with the figure of Pan. The first is a Petrarchan sonnet in *Among the Millet* (1888) entitled "The Poets." In this poem, which Raymond Knister has described as a "deeply shaded caricature,"[2] Lampman suggests that poets are the "Children of Pan" because they, like Pan, are "Half god, half brute, within the self-same shell, / . . . / Who dream with angels in the gate of heaven, / And skirt with curious eyes the brink of hell." Although the Pan-like poets themselves represent a yoking together of the divine and the brutish, these opposites serve to polarize their fellow humans: there are "some, the few," who love the "Poor shining angels" but the majority of people are frightened by the "goatish smell" of the "Children of Pan." On one level, then, Pan — who, in his sinister aspect, has by tradition the ability to cause *panic* — is an apt and appropriate image of the poet as outcast, as a being who, perhaps in part because he changes "with every hour from dawn till even," is beloved only by a *coterie* and rejected by the mass of society. Needless to say, the conception of the artist as an alienated outsider is Romantic in its origins; but it also echoes forward to modern and, indeed, contemporary notions of the poet's position in — or outside — Canadian society. Perhaps because it is a "caricature," Lampman's sonnet is a telling, if somewhat exaggerated, depiction of the relationship between the poet and society as it has developed from the Romantic to the Modern tradition.

In the sestet of "The Poets," Lampman draws further parallels between the poet and Pan. Addressing the "Children of Pan" directly, he says:

> Half brutish, half divine, but all of earth,
> Half-way 'twixt hell and heaven, near to man,
> The whole world's tangle gathered in one span,
> Full of this human torture and this mirth:
> Life with its hope and error, toil and bliss,
> Earth-born, earth-reared, ye know it as it is.

Since we have already looked at "The Song of Pan," perhaps the first thing we notice here is the catalogue of opposites — "torture" and "mirth," "hope" and "error," "toil" and "bliss" — which, besides echoing forward to the later poem, make Pan's dualistic nature an appropriate representation of the dualism of mankind in general and of the poets in particular. The thrust of this passage is that the

"Children of Pan" are the scene of a constant strife between, on the one side, their "brutish," lower parts and, on the other, their "divine," higher parts and that, because of this, they are all too earthly and human. Although the "divine" part of the "Children of Pan" is not stressed in "The Poets," it is clear from Lampman's essay on "The Modern School of Poetry in England" (c. 1885) that the part of man which partakes of the divine is equally and, indeed, more important than that which is "Earth-born, Earth-reared." After expounding the theory (which he took from Alfred Austin's essay on "Old and New Canons of Poetical Criticism") that poetry is "the 'Transfiguration of Life,' meaning Life with the halo of the imagination thrown over it," Lampman observes that "human nature may be represented by the ancient Pan — half human and half beast — but the human is the mightier part, and the whole is ever striving to be divine."[3] And he continues:

> The main current of the human spirit . . . is setting eternally toward a condition of order, and divine beauty and peace. A poet may never have uttered this thought, may never perhaps have been even conscious of it, but unless the general body of his work is in some way accordant with it, unless his transfiguration of life has in some way tended to strengthen and glorify the universal yearning for order and beauty and peace, the heart of man will keep no hold of it.

Implicit in this statement of the function of the poet and, beyond that, of what is worthwhile and enduring in poetry, is the idealistic meliorism which Lampman shared with his fellow Confederation poets Scott and Carman. It is precisely because the poet, though confined by the body and the senses, has an impetus towards the divine that he is able to assist mankind in its progress towards an ideal, spiritual state. Not without reason is "The Poets" bracketed in *Among the Millet* by "Aspiration" and "Truth," two sonnets which are indicative of the role that the "Children of Pan" must play in assisting the "best upward movement of the human race."[4] It seems clear enough, then, that the primary characteristic of Pan — the fact of his being part animal and part god (or man) — made him for Lampman the perfect symbol of the dualistic nature of man, and, concomitantly, of the poet, whose task it is to encourage a yearning for the divine and, by so doing, to assist mankind in its movement up the evolutionary ladder.

The other Lampman poem in which Pan plays a central role is the "Favorites of Pan." This, one of the longer poems in the *Lyrics of Earth* volume was first published as the "Successors of Pan" in the April 5, 1894 issue of *The Independent*, which was edited from 1890 to 1892 by Carman. The "Favorites of Pan," which is Lampman's most extended and important treatment of the goat-god, breaks naturally into three parts, each consisting of six, four-line stanzas. The first part deals with the "long ago" before the Greek gods had succumbed to the mortal blow of Christianity and "left this earth." Drawing on the mythical association of Pan with the noon-hour, Lampman imagines a time when there came "to the tired listener's ear / . . . at noonday or beneath the stars" what he would have

recognized as "the note of Pan." In the Arcadian setting Pan's music had the power to dispel "every brooded bitterness" from the listener's "soul" and to replace these with "an unnamed delight — / A sudden brightness of the heart / A magic fire drawn down from Paradise." This transformation, which usually derives from Nature itself in Lampman's poetry, enabled the Arcadian listener to see, "far beyond his eyes,"

> The loveliness and calm of earth
> . . . like a limitless dream remote and strange
> The joy, the strife, the triumph and the mirth,
> And the enchanted change.

From the first six stanzas of the "Favorites of Pan" it can be seen that for Lampman, the goat-god's music was a force which enabled the listener, not only to transcend the vexations of the mundane, urban life, but also to achieve a dream-like, pastoral vision of both the human and the natural worlds.

The second part of the "Favorites of Pan" focuses not on the Arcadian past but on the Canadian present when, though "Pan has gone . . . the infinite dream / Still lives for them that heed." "In April, when the turning year / Regains its pensive youth," says Lampman,

> To them that are in love with life
> Wandering like children with untroubled eyes,
> Far from the noise of cities and the strife,
> Strange flute-like voices rise
>
> At noon and in the quiet of the night
> From every watery waste; and in that hour
> The same strange spell, the same unnamed delight,
> Enfolds them in its power.

The characteristic Lampman references in this passage to "April," to the "noise" and "strife" of "cities," to the "noon" hour, to the "flute-like voices" of the frogs, and to the child-like *naiveté* of those who would imaginatively participate in the "unnamed delight," indicate that the "Favorites of Pan" may provide the key to a full understanding, not only of the *Lyrics of Earth* volume (where Pan also appears in "The Return of the Year" and "June"), but also of such central poems as "Heat" and "The Frogs." For is it not possible that the significance of noon in a poem such as "Heat" and of the frogs in the poem that bears their name derives, at least in part, from their association in Lampman's mind with Pan, whose music, whether heard in Arcadia or imagined in Canada, frees the sensitive listener to enter into the "endless dream / The high Lethean calm"? If such a possibility were allowed it would place Pan, himself a type of the poet who was wont, like the Lampman of "Heat," to "lean at rest" during the noon-hour and who im-

parted to the frogs their "wisdom won without a quest," very near to the centre of the Canadian poet's thought and writing. It remains to the third and final part of the "Favorites of Pan" to explain how the frogs came to possess the enchanted and enchanting song of Pan.

At the time when Christianity was in its ascendency, when (and perhaps we can detect a hint of Lampman's anti-sacerdotal bias here) "the new strains / Of hostile hymns and conquering faiths grew keen," the "old," Greek gods "fled silent and unseen" from "their deserted fanes." Pan, too, was "sadly obedient to the mightier hand" of Christ and, in "sore distress," cut "new reeds" on which, as he passed from "land to land" by "sinuous stream or grassy marge," he "blew / A note divinely large,"

> And all around him on the wet
> Cool earth the frogs came up, and with a smile
> He took them in his hairy hands, and set
> His mouth to theirs awhile,
>
> And blew into their velvet throats;
> And ever from that hour the frogs repeat
> The murmur of Pan's pipes, the notes,
> The answers strange and sweet;
>
> And they that hear them are renewed
> By knowledge in some god-like touch conveyed,
> Entering again into the eternal mood
> Wherein the world was made.

Of course, Lampman's assertion that Pan is not effectively dead, that his music may still be heard in the voices of Nature, is not especially original: virtually all the poets whose work he knew well — Wordsworth and Shelley with their "Invisible" and "universal" Pans, Keats with his "realm of Flora and old Pan," Emerson with his "eternal Pan," and even Arnold, who contrived to be "breathed on by the rural Pan" in "Kensington Gardens"[5] — perceived the goat-god to be alive and well in Nature. Indeed, this was very nearly commonplace in nineteenth-century literature, particularly that of the *fin-de-siècle*. Nevertheless, Lampman's choice of the frogs (creatures whose amphibious nature supplies something of a parallel for the goat-god's dualism) as a vehicle for the music of Pan constitutes an original turn on a stock theme.

Whatever it may suggest with regard to the derivation or originality of Lampman's conception of Pan, the poem which we have just examined indicates that for the Canadian poet the Greek god was a vital force to be experienced in the Canadian forest. By giving imaginative credence to the perception that Pan's music can be heard in the "murmur" of frogs Lampman, in effect, gives a mythological dimension to Canadian nature. When Lampman published the "Favorites

of Pan" it had been many years since Andrew Shiels had regretted the lack of "classic rivers and sylvan brooks (each bearing its own specific legend . . .)"[6] in Canada and many years since Charles Sangster had observed that no nymphs or neriads or gnomes appear out of the "crystal streams" of the St. Lawrence "To Charm the pale Ideal Worshipper / Of Beauty."[7] Yet the Confederation poets were still searching for figures to mythologize the Canadian environment, to affirm the existence here of a mythic heritage that stretched back to the roots of Western civilization. Lampman's Pan is both ubiquitous and indigenous: he sings out of the heart of Nature, which is at once universal and local, past and present. As we shall see in a few moments, Lampman's conception of Pan as a force infused in and speaking through physical nature, and, indeed, as a metaphor for that nature, was shared by both Roberts and Carman.

GIVEN THE USE LAMPMAN MADE OF PAN, both as a type of the poet and as a power in nature, it is hardly surprising that W. W. Campbell should have mourned his memory in "Bereavement of the Fields" (1899) by likening him to "some rare Pan of those old Grecian days."[8] Nor is it surprising in view of the friendship that existed between Lampman and Campbell — the fact that they were for a time neighbours in Ottawa and for a time, with Duncan Campbell Scott, co-authors of the *Mermaid Inn* column in *The Globe* — that Campbell, too, saw Pan as an apt image of the poet. Campbell was, by all accounts, of a more melancholy, pessimistic complexion than Lampman and, hence, he tended to see both the myth of the goat-god and the fate of the poet through dark-tinted spectacles. Campbell's incidental references to Pan, in "The Lyre Degenerate" (1905) and in "The Tragedy of Man" (1915), tend to bear out Carl Klinck's observation that, characteristically, he "dwells . . . less upon the joys of Pan's songs than upon the tragedy of his life and death."[9] This observation is directed specifically at Campbell's only extended treatment of Pan — the poem entitled "Pan the Fallen" which was included in his third volume, *The Dread Voyage and Other Poems* (1893).

Campbell's Pan, a less attractive figure even than the one in Lampman's "The Poets," is a "grotesque shape," "Part man, but mostly beast, / Who drank and lied, and snatched what bones / Men threw him from their feast." In "Pan the Fallen," the god with "pipes and goatish hoof" is a moribund figure of fun, a clown and an entertainer, whom "man despised / . . . And still would have it so." Beneath Pan's "sardonic" mask, "Elfin music," and "clownish play," however, the speaker of the poem discerns a gaze which is directed towards "some far heaven / Whence a soul had fallen down." Eventually the "careless" people who had rewarded Pan for his entertainment with "earthflung pence" become "tired for a

time of his antics" and leave him to starve and, ultimately, to die in the "dust" of the "empty" marketplace. But in death the god's "tired face" is "turned towards heaven" and suffused by a "softer light" and a "peace ineffable." "Pan the Fallen" concludes with a description of the reaction of the "careless" people when, in the moonlight, they discover the dead god:

> the people, when they found him,
> Stood still with awesome fear.
> No more they saw the beasts' rude hoof,
> The furtive, clownish leer.
> But the lightest spirit in that throng
> Went silent from the place,
> For they knew the look of a god released
> That shone from his dead face.

Although, as Klinck says, Campbell does not "labour the obvious moral"[10] of the poem, it is abundantly clear that in "Pan the Fallen" he is dealing with the fate of the poet in a callous and unthinking society. While Campbell's sombre — and slightly sentimental — use of Pan as a type of the poet is reminiscent of Lampman's "The Poets," "Pan the Fallen" also echoes forward to such poems as Layton's "Cold Green Element" and Klein's "Portrait of the Poet as Landscape." Like the later Canadian poets, Campbell offers a dark, albeit not unrelievedly negative, view of the poet as an outsider to whom recognition comes, if at all, too late.

While Lampman's "The Poets" may well have supplied some of the inspiration for Campbell's "Pan the Fallen," it has been suggested by Sandra Djwa that in the "Favorites of Pan" Lampman himself owes a debt to an earlier Canadian poem: "The Pipes of Pan" by Charles G. D. Roberts.[11] Since it was published in Roberts' second volume, *In Divers Tones* (1886), "The Pipes of Pan" was not one of the pieces in *Orion and Other Poems* (1880) which had had a catalytic effect on Lampman in c. 1881. Nevertheless, the transplanted hellenism of "The Pipes of Pan" recalls the poems in the *Orion* volume which by Roberts' own admission are "harsh and ill-formed . . . / Of alien matters in distant regions / Wrought in the youth of the centuries."[12] (It might also be noted that the epigraph to *Orion and Other Poems* is a prayer in Greek beseeching Pan to make the speaker inwardly beautiful.) Roberts' aim in "The Pipes of Pan," however — an aim which most certainly looks forward to the "Favorites of Pan" — seems to have been to assert that the music of Pan can be found by those who are receptive in Canadian nature. Even the pattern followed by Roberts in "The Pipes of Pan," which is to focus first on the Arcadian past and then on the Canadian present, is similar to the one followed by Lampman in the "Favorites of Pan." There seem to be ample grounds, then, for confirming Lampman's debt to Roberts in this instance and for asserting that "The Pipes of Pan" is a seminal document for the Confederation poets' conception of Pan.

"The Pipes of Pan" consists of forty-six lines divided into four stanzas, three (the first two and the last) of eight lines each and the remaining one (the third) of twenty-two lines. In the paired stanzas which open the poem Roberts gives a dreamily atmospheric description of the "vale" of the Greek gods. Roberts' "Tempe" is a cosy pastoral valley "within shepherding watch of Olympus"; and it is "Walled from the world forever under a vapour of dreams." Within the vale of Tempe flows "sweetly the river Peneus" whose banks are frequented by centaurs, dryads, and nymphs. With the third and longest stanza of the poem the focus is narrowed to a "nook" where "Two rivulets fall to mix with Peneus." This is where the elements of air, earth, and water commingle ("grass waves in the . . . water," "roots" "Twist thro' dripping soil," "the air / Glooms with the dripping tangle . . . of branches") and where Pan, whose form represents the fusion of the earthly and the divine, comes to rest when "his piping / Flags." On this "pregnant earthly spot" Roberts imagines Pan "breaking and casting away" his "pipes outworn" and fitting "new reeds to his mouth with the weird earth-melody in them, / . . . alive with a life able to mix with the god's." When Pan blows a "searching sequence" of notes on his new pipes "a bird stirs and flutes in the gloom /Answering." But Roberts' main interest in "The Pipes of Pan" is not the goat-god's Orphic ability to charm the creatures of the natural world (this forms the subject of the related poem entitled "Marsyas");[13] rather, his concern here is with the "outworn pipes" which are carried away by the river Peneus. Pan's "God-breath lurks in each fragment" of these pipes "forever," and they are "Dispersed by Peneus / . . . / Over the whole green earth and globe of sea . . . / . . . to secret spots, where in visible form / Comes not the god, though he comes declared in his workings." Like Lampman after him, Roberts asserts that the spirit of Pan lives on, that his music can be heard by "mortals" who, whether at "morn," or "eve," or "noondays" find these pipes, play them, and "fling them away.' The mechanism through which Roberts' mortals can apprehend the music of the goat-god is clumsier and less imaginative than Lampman's use of the frogs as vehicles for the "note of Pan." Yet the concluding stanza of "The Pipes of Pan," which turns on the effect of Pan's music on the "mortals" who have played the reed and been infected by the "God-breath" within them, is, if at all, only marginally less effective than the equivalent passages in the "Favorites of Pan":

> Thereafter
> Creeps strange fire in their veins, murmur strange
> tongues in their brain,
> Sweetly evasive a secret madness takes them, — a charm-struck
> Passion for woods and wild life, the solitude of the hills.
> Therefore they fly the heedless throngs and traffic of cities,
> Haunt mossy caverns, and wells bubbling ice-cool;
> and their souls

Gather a magical gleam of the secret of life, and the
god's voice
Calls to them, not from afar, teaching them wonderful things.

Thus Roberts, anticipating Lampman by several years, affirmed that the spirit of Pan, surviving in his discarded pipes, calls upon man to escape the hustle and bustle of the city and to venture forth into Nature, into "the solitude of the hills." Once led out of the city and into the country, the receptive individual will learn, under the instruction both of nature herself and of the imminent Pan, the "secret of life" and other "wonderful things." Clearly, for Roberts, Pan was a dynamic force compelling man to read and teaching him to understand the books of Life and Nature.

It cannot have escaped notice how closely Roberts' Pan, inhabiting his Arcadian river valley, breaking his outworn Pipes, making new pipes, and coaxing a response from a bird with his music, resembles another Confederation piper: Duncan Campbell Scott's "The Piper of Arll" (1898). It would probably be imprudent, in the absence of documentary evidence, to argue for a direct influence from "The Pipes of Pan" to "The Piper of Arll." Nevertheless, there are enough similarities between the two poems, and enough congruencies between "The Piper of Arll" and the myth of Pan, to indicate that at the very least, Scott's piper — who is very clearly a type of the artist[14] — may be considered as a cognate of Pan. It might not even be too far-fetched to suggest that "The Piper of Arll" is Scott's self-contained, symbolist version of the poet-Pan figure which, as we have seen, was given poetic utterance by both Lampman and Campbell, his friends and associates. Certainly there are numerous details in "The Piper of Arll," including, perhaps, the title itself,[15] which are suggestive of the Pan myth. Like Pan, Scott's piper is depicted as a protector of sheep (he "lived within the grove / Tending the pasture of his sheep") and, again like Pan, he plays a pipe which is made of a "reed."[16] Indeed, the piper of Arll's pastoral "reed" is "human-throated," recalling, on one level, the myth that Pan's syrinx was made from a maiden and, on another, the association made by Lampman between Pan's music and the poet's song. Gary Geddes, in his suggestive article on Scott's "Piper of Many Tunes," has argued that the ballad contains two major themes: a primary theme turning on "the nature of the poetic experience," and a secondary, but related, theme which is of a "religious" nature. As Geddes has convincingly argued, Scott probably intended to suggest a parallel between "poetic" and "religious" experience in the poem. With this in mind, it is permissible to wonder whether Scott did not have at the back of his mind the various (and contradictory) traditions that Pan was himself a type of Christ (both were shepherds) who, paradoxically, perished at the time of Christ's victory over the Pagan world on the cross. Such an association adds resonance to the "three pines" above the piper's "comb," to the "angel . . . at the prore" of the mysterious ship which proves fatal to him, and, of course, to the

death and, finally, the "translation" of the artist-piper. Scott may even have been familiar with the legend, traceable to Plutarch, that Pan's death was first reported to the passengers on a ship bound for Italy. With the addition of some poetic alchemy on Scott's part, this legend could have been transformed into the tale of the piper who drowns aboard the "outland" ship that sails into his "cove." Be this as it may, however, — and it would clearly be unwise, without embarking on a Lowesian journey on the road to Arll, to insist too strongly in the matter — there are ample parallels between Scott's piper and the Confederation Pan. For Scott, as for Lampman and Roberts, the figure of the piper who, in life, sings "into nature's heart, / . . . / With deep, unconscious, childlike art" and, in death, attains a kind of immortality in art and nature was a potent image of the poet himself and, beyond that, of a pastoral ideal which to him was the very source and substance of poetry.

IT IS FITTING THAT THIS DISCUSSION of Pan and the Confederation poets should end with Bliss Carman, the writer who made a veritable cult of the goat-god and gave his name to the five-volume series entitled *The Pipes of Pan* (1902-1905). Of all the Confederation poets, Carman drew most extensively on the myth of Pan, making the goat-god a symbol of "the mystical confluence of Earth and Spirit in nature and man."[17] John Robert Sorfleet has persuasively argued that a major theme of Carman's work from the nineties onwards was the "kinship among all that exists."[18] It is hardly surprising, therefore, that in the early years of the present century, Pan, traditionally symbolizing the fusion of the earthly and the divine, the physical and the spiritual, became, not only Carman's "favourite deity," but also an "up-to-date figure in [his] cosmology."

In the title poem of *The Pipes of Pan* series, Carman, like Lampman in "The Song of Pan," rehearses the myth of Pan's pursuit of Syrinx and his construction of his pipe from "a swaying river reed."[19] He then proceeds to assert, in stanza after stanza, that Pan's spirit, an omnipresent and omniscient power in history, in man, and in nature, can still be apprehended in "Mountain brook," "orchard bird," and, indeed, in all the voice of creation. Carman's exhaustive, and exhausting, catalogue of these various voices includes, amongst others, frogs (of course), crickets, cicadas, owls, cattle, horses, sheep, wolves, eagles, and even mink and moose — all of whose "bubbling notes once ran / Thrilling through the pipes of Pan." In short, "The Pipes of Pan" makes it abundantly clear that, for Carman, Pan is a "world deity,"[20] an ever-present force both in the world of nature and in the affairs of man. Following a poem on "Marsyas," whom Carman, like Roberts, perceived as a cognate of Pan, the first volume of *The Pipes of Pan* continues with related poems such as "Syrinx," "The Magic Flute," "A Shepherd in Lesbos,"

"The Lost Dryad," "The Dead Faun," and "A Young Pan's Prayer," this last of which is less a treatment of the Arcadian god than an expression of Carman's own poetic and spiritual aspirations. A detailed examination of these poems, let alone of the others in the five *Pipes of Pan* volumes which partake of the Pan myth either explicitly or implicitly, is beyond the bounds of the present undertaking. Suffice it to say that, for a time, Pan stood at the very centre of Carman's conception of the essential unity of creation and was for him a figure whose eternal pipes, when heard by the young Pan-poet, could restore to him the elemental power of nature.

James Cappon is right in observing that the Pan of Carman's later poetry is no longer the "world deity" of *The Pipes of Pan* but, rather, is a more muted and less omnipresent god who symbolizes merely "a wild music of nature." Nevertheless, whether his pipes are heard in the song of Catskill thrushes, as in "Pan in the Catskills," or in the music of a hurdy-gurdy man, as in "The Urban Pan," the goat-god is still very much alive in the less vigorous but often technically more accomplished poetry of Carman's last period (1905 and following). The nostalgia evoked by the pipes of Pan in these later poems is a nostalgia for a lost, pastoral ideal located in an Arcadian world whose memory enables the poet to transcend for a moment "the noise of truck and van" and to participate in "the springtime of the world."[21] It is tempting to see the vanished, halcyon past for which Carman laments in "The Urban Pan" as the pastoral past, not merely of Acadia, but of America too; for by 1906 when this poem was first published in the May 5 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* urban life was, increasingly, more of a reality for more people than were the pastoral haunts of the typical Confederation Pan.

The Confederation poets, like their predecessors and contemporaries in the United States and the United Kingdom, each succeeded in different ways and for different reasons in giving a local habitation and a name to Pan. Yet behind the differences which characterize the treatment of Pan by Roberts, Lampman, Campbell, Scott, and Carman there are several notable similarities. For nearly all the Confederation group, the dualistic Pan is a type of the pastoral poet who, because he is in tune with and even a part of nature, is an outsider in the cacophonous world of the city. For most of them, perhaps following Wordsworth and Emerson, he is also a force which is infused into and speaks through all creation, a metaphor for the natural world itself, calling the receptive listener, the Pan-poet, away from the "noise of truck and van," the "throng and traffic of the cities," into communion with the undying soul, the immortal heart, or the primal unity of Nature. What Pan offered to the Confederation poets was an imaginative means of partaking, not only in the eternal power of nature, but also in a vanished, and vanishing pastoral ideal. A. J. M. Smith, in his "Rejected Preface" to *New Provinces* (1936), looked back on earlier Canadian poetry and saw all-too-many uninspired "exercises . . . concerned with pine trees, the open road, God, snowshoes or Pan."[22] And, almost exactly forty years earlier, in a brief discussion of Lampman's *Lyrics*

of Earth in *The Atlantic Monthly* for September 1896, an anonymous reviewer, after noticing the "sound" of the "syrinx" and the presence of Pan in the volume, had commented that "perhaps we demand something more than this from our poets. . . ."[23] There is an element of truth in both these observations, but it need not blind us to the fact that Pan was for a time a vital force in the environs of Ottawa and Fredericton, and in the imaginations of the Confederation poets.

NOTES

[1] *The Poems of Archibald Lampman (including At the Long Sault)*, ed. and intro. Margaret Coulby Whitridge (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1964).

[2] "The Poetry of Archibald Lampman," in *Critical Views of Canadian Writers: Archibald Lampman*, ed. and intro. Michael Gnarowski (Toronto: Ryerson, 1970), p. 116.

[3] *Archibald Lampman: Selected Prose*, ed. and intro. Barrie Davies (Ottawa: Tecumseh, 1975), pp. 93-94.

[4] "Two Canadian Poets: A Lecture," *University of Toronto Quarterly*, 13 (July 1944), 407.

[5] Particularly useful in regard to the background of the Pan myth in English and American literature have been: Helen H. Law, *Bibliography of Greek Myth in English Poetry* (Oxford, Ohio: American Classical League Bulletin 27, 1955), Douglas Bush, *Mythology and the Romantic Tradition in English Poetry* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Univ. Press, 1969), and Patricia Merivale, *Pan the Goat-God: His Myth in Modern Times* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Univ. Press, 1969).

[6] "Preface," *The Witch of Westcot; A Tale of Nova Scotia* . . . (Halifax: Joseph Howe, 1831), p. [2].

[7] *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay and Other Poems; Hesperus and Other Poems*, ed. and intro. Gordon Johnston (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1972), p. 11. See also Charles Sangster, *Norland Echoes and Other Strains and Lyrics*, ed. and intro. Frank M. Tierney (Ottawa: Tecumseh, 1976), pp. 9-11.

[8] *The Poetical Works of Wilfred Campbell*, ed. with a Memoir by W. J. Sykes (London: Hodder and Stoughton, n.d.).

[9] *Wilfred Campbell* (Toronto: Ryerson, 1942), pp. 119-20; see also p. 52 for the possible influence of John Fiske, *Myths and Myth-Makers* (1872) on "Pan the Fallen."

[10] *Ibid.*, p. 120.

[11] See "Lampman's Fleeting Vision," in *Colony and Confederation: Early Canadian Poets and Their Background*, ed. George Woodcock (Vancouver: Univ. of British Columbia Press, 1974), p. 132.

[12] *Poems* (Boston: L. D. Page, 1907).

[13] Both Pan and the satyr Marsyas engaged in musical contests with Apollo, the former in the so-called "Judgement of Midas" and the latter preceding the so-called "Flaying of Marsyas."

[14] See Milton Wilson, "Scott's Drowned Poet," and Gary Geddes, "Piper of Many Tunes: Duncan Campbell Scott," in *Duncan Campbell Scott: A Book of Criticism*,

ed. and intro. S. L. Dragland (Ottawa: Tecumseh, 1974), pp. 136-38 and pp. 165-77; both first published in *Canadian Literature*.

[15] Although Scott's suggestively Scottish "Arll" could be a contraction of "Ar[gy]ll," it is also suggestive of the word All, recalling the eroneous tradition that "Pan" was derived from the word for all (*Pan*). The goat-god is also supposed to have entertained "all" the gods. There is a sense in which Scott's piper is "The Piper of All."

[16] *The Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott* (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1926).

[17] James Cappon, *Bliss Carman and the Literary Currents and Influences of His Time* (Toronto: Ryerson, 1930), p. 117.

[18] "Transcendentalist, Mystic, Evolutionary Idealist: Bliss Carman, 1886-1894," in *Colony and Confederation: Early Canadian Poets and Their Background*, ed. George Woodcock, p. 203.

[19] *Pipes of Pan* (Boston: Page, 1906).

[20] Cappon, p. 202.

[21] *The Poems of Bliss Carman*, ed. and intro. John Robert Sorfleet (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1976).

[22] Quoted from the text of the "Rejected Preface" contained in A. J. M. Smith, *Towards a View of Canadian Letters* (Vancouver: Univ. of British Columbia Press, 1973), pp. 170-73, and reprinted in Michael Gnarowski, ed., *New Provinces* (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1976), pp. xxvii-xxxii.

[23] "Comment on New Books," *The Atlantic Monthly*, 77 (September 1896), 425-26.

LIVES OF THE POET

Ron Miles

To biographers, in rebuttal,
these facts. We whored little
and only for reputation's sake.
Alcohol and drugs were like
chocolates to the matron, merely
ensuring the inevitable, rarely
adding an ounce to the burden.

Politics? Aesthetics? Metals to harden
the mind, apologies for drought.
Sweethearts abandoned, friends we fought,
only the hazards of living enough.

What remains, to explain, to rebuff,
massive egos and sexual perversion?
More meek, more natural than a third-hand version.

CANADIAN EXPLORATION AS LITERATURE

T. D. MacLulich

THE FIRST THREE CHAPTERS OF THE *Literary History of Canada* can be seen as raising an interesting problem in literary theory: In what sense should the writings of the Canadian explorers be viewed as "literature"? Certainly exploration writing cannot be viewed as part of the literary mainstream. In fact, it is quite probable that the explorers are allotted their place in the *Literary History* more as auxiliaries to cultural history than as full members of the belle-lettristic community.[1] On the other hand, exploration writing exercises a considerable fascination over many readers. The writings of the explorers tell many exciting stories of adventure, relate many entertaining and even amusing anecdotes, and introduce the reader to a gallery of interesting and unusual characters. In some way, then, a number of conventionally "literary" qualities have found their way into the writings produced by the explorers. Nonetheless, to argue that exploration writing *is* literature simply on the grounds that it *can* be approached in a literary manner is surely to avoid the real issues. The pertinent questions are: Have the explorers' literary qualities arisen by accident or design? And are these literary qualities pervasive and consistent enough to constitute a set of literary conventions?

In his well-known "Conclusion" to the *Literary History* Northrop Frye roundly asserts that the explorers wrote with "no more literary intention than a mating loon." Frye's contention may be sound when we are dealing with explorers whose accounts were intended only as a rough diary of their journey, or as a private report to their European backers. But the situation changes when an explorer prepares his journal for publication. Then he faces the essentially literary problem of revising his original account of daily occurrences into a form which will maintain the attention of his prospective readers. As Victor Hopwood astutely points out, accounts of exploration usually must be subjected to a considerable amount of revision before they are ready for publication:

> Exploration tends to be repetitive, and the fourth or fifth adventure with a bear, boring, at least in the telling. If journals are to become interesting to the ordinary

> reader, they need suppression of repetitive detail, expansion with incident and description and development of direction and purpose.[2]

The explorer must choose which events to record and which to omit; he must select some events to stress and others to pass over lightly; he must decide on the amount and kind of interpretive commentary he will offer; and above all he must shape his account in accordance with his own sense of the pattern inherent in his personal experiences.

The transformation which an exploration account undergoes before it is published can be clarified by comparing the literary activity of explorers with the literary efforts of historians. The comparison will be based on an analysis of historical writing borrowed from Hayden White's massive study of nineteenth-century historiography, *Metahistory*. White argues that the bare chronicle of events which is the historian's starting point possesses no intrinsic shape or meaning. It is the historian who transforms a mere chronological sequence of events into a "story" by associating particular events with "inaugural motifs," "transitional motifs," and "terminal motifs." Before the historian goes to work, each event

> is simply "there" as an element of a series; it does not "function" as a story element. The historian arranges the events in the chronicle into a hierarchy of significance by assigning events different functions as story elements in such a way as to disclose the formal coherence of a whole set of events considered as a comprehensible process with a discernible beginning, middle, and end.[3]

But the historian does more than simply bracket a portion of the historical record within a kind of verbal punctuation marks; he shapes each story in a particular manner. According to White, the historian patterns the broad outline of each historical story after one of the four *mythoi* identified by Northrop Frye in *Anatomy of Criticism*. That is, the historian shapes his stories as either Comedy, Tragedy, Romance, or Satire. This shaping of the historical record into one of Frye's categories White labels "emplotment."

White's analysis of historical writing is relevant to a consideration of exploration writing because the explorer is in fact a kind of historian. Like the historian the explorer is engaged in imposing order on a set of events which are given rather than imagined. White writes that the historian

> confronts a veritable chaos of events *already constituted*, out of which he must choose the elements of the story he would tell. He makes his story by including some events and excluding others, by stressing some and subordinating others. This process of exclusion, stress, and subordination is carried out in the interest of constituting *a story of a particular kind*.[4]

This description of the historical process is very similar to Hopwood's account of the changes an explorer's journal must undergo before publication. Both Hopwood and White describe a process of "exclusion, stress, and subordination"; moreover,

Hopwood's "development of direction and purpose" is parallel with White's "emplotment" into a story of a "particular kind."

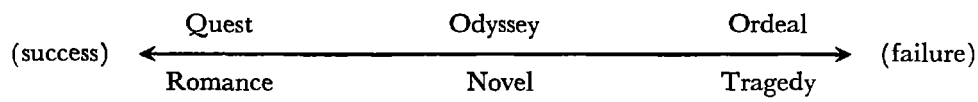
In applying White's concept of "emplotment" to exploration writing only one change in White's analysis must be made: a different set of narrative categories must be used. Exploration accounts seldom, or never, fall into the areas of Comedy or Satire. Moreover, although many exploration accounts are emplotted in ways that resemble Romance and Tragedy, explorers do not possess the wide scope for action available to characters in many works of the Romantic and Tragic modes. (In particular, explorers are much less powerful than those Romantic heroes for whom the laws of nature are suspended.) As a result, it is most convenient in the present discussion to use a typology of narrative which directly pertains to accounts of exploration. It is the contention of this paper that most accounts of exploration are emplotted in one of three ways, either as *quests*, as *odysseys*, or as *ordeals*.

When an explorer sets out on a journey, he usually has a specific goal in mind. If his journey is successful, it is quite natural to make the attaining of the goal the central theme of the ensuing narrative. The result will be an account in which every episode will have a clear relationship to the explorer's progress towards his goal, an account structured as a successful *quest*. Events and people will be mentioned only insofar as they either help or hinder the attainment of the goal. The dangers and hardships encountered will be emphasized. The journey will be portrayed as a succession of crises, in each of which some obstacle is overcome, rising to a climax with the final attainment of the goal. This authorial strategy results in a swiftly-moving, straight-line narrative, focused on limited issues. The explorer himself appears as a determined and forceful hero, a conqueror. Such heroic explorers tend to resemble each other, all displaying bravery, physical strength, resourcefulness, and unflagging determination.

There is, of course the possibility that an explorer may fail to complete his journey, due to circumstances beyond his control. The obstacles may be too great or he may lack the requisite resourcefulness and strength of character. Such a failure is usually accompanied by great suffering and hardship; in extreme cases the explorers may die. (Accounts of an exploring party's extinction have been preserved because in some cases the explorer's diary — notably Scott's — has been recovered after his death.) When an explorer tells a story of disaster or near-disaster, his account may aptly be termed an *ordeal*. The action of an ordeal will focus on the attempts of the exploring party to ensure their survival, and the thematic focus will fall on the human capacity to endure privation. A further thematic emphasis will grow out of the means by which rescue or escape is achieved, whether Providential, fortuitous, or brought about by human means. The climax of the account will be the eventual rescue or escape itself — or the final scene of disaster.

A third possibility arises when the explorer's goal is only of secondary importance in comparison with his desire to obtain an overall view of the unknown regions he is traversing. Then, the incidental details of the journey become the main focal point of the account. The explorer describes the things seen and the experiences undergone for their own sake rather than simply as adjuncts to a quest for some specific place or object. Such an explorer often gives extensive descriptions of the lands and the peoples he encounters, and may describe his own gradually growing understanding of a non-European way of life. Focusing on incidental details in this way results in a loose and digressive structure, which may be described as an *odyssey*. Like Homer's wanderer the explorer will often seem more interested in his immediate surroundings than in reaching his distant objective. Such odyssean explorers display a greater range of personality traits than do heroic travellers or sufferers. The personal interests of an odyssean traveller determine the centres of attention of his narrative; individual characteristics are allowed a greater expression than in a quest or ordeal.

THE THREE FORMS OF EXPLORATION ACCOUNT do not correspond directly to Frye's typology of narrative forms, but they can be related to an overlapping, but less inclusive, set of fictional categories. A heroic quest-explorer, who succeeds either by mental or physical force in overcoming all difficulties, will emerge as an inflexible and indomitable proponent of a fixed scheme of values, rather like some of the righteous heroes of certain quest-romances. On the other hand, an explorer who undergoes an ordeal emerges as an enduring sufferer, rather like the heroes of certain simple tragedies. Most explorers who depict their journeys as either quests or ordeals cling to the values of their society of origin, and seek to impose themselves and their purposes on both their own subordinates and on the native peoples they encounter. In contrast, an odyssean explorer adapts himself to the non-European conditions with which he is surrounded; his account depicts a learning process analogous to the education or initiation undergone by the central characters of many novels. Thus, the correspondences between the three forms of exploration account and ordinary forms of fictional narrative may be summarized in a simple diagram:[5]



As the diagram suggests, the three kinds of exploration account are not absolutely distinct categories, but rather are convenient labels to identify portions of a literary continuum. Quest and ordeal are the extreme points, polar opposites. An

account emplotted as a quest emphasizes the explorer's success in attaining his goal; an account emplotted as an ordeal stresses difficulties and suffering which are not redeemed by success. The odyssey falls between the two extremes; an odyssean explorer places less emphasis on his desire to reach a particular goal, and pays more attention to the incidental details of the journey. Moreover, the three forms are not necessarily mutually exclusive, but may exist in combination. For example, an account may combine the traits of quest and odyssey, or of odyssey and ordeal. Or an odyssey may contain incidents emplotted as a quest or as an ordeal — and so on.

Nonetheless, in any individual account one of the three forms will dominate. To explain why, we can again appeal to White's analysis of historical writing. White remarks that historians' stories fall into simple pre-existing patterns

> precisely because the historian is inclined to resist construction of the complex peripeteias which are the novelist's and the dramatist's stock in trade. Precisely because he is not (or claims not to be) telling the story "for its own sake," he is inclined to emplot his stories in the most conventional form. . . .[6]

Like the historians described by White, explorers are also relatively unsophisticated storytellers, who tend to emplot their stories in a simple manner. Once an explorer has decided how he interprets his journey (a decision which may be either consciously or unconsciously made), he normally presents the details of his journey in a way that supports his overall vision of what he has accomplished.

The emplotment of an explorer's story in one of the three forms is signalled principally through large-scale structural features; that is, the explorer expands or otherwise emphasizes those scenes and incidents which reinforce his interpretation of his experiences, and compresses or omits scenes which do not contribute to his chosen interpretation. However, he may also explicitly signal his intentions by attaching verbal motifs to certain events and at times by making overt authorial statements of purpose. For example, in *Voyages from Montreal* Alexander Mackenzie clearly warns his readers to expect the undeviating, relentless movement of a quest account:

> I could not stop to dig into the earth, over whose surface I was compelled to pass with rapid steps; nor could I turn aside to collect the plants which nature might have scattered on the way, when my thoughts were anxiously employed in making provision for the day that was passing over me. I had to encounter perils by land and perils by water; to watch the savage who was our guide, or guard against those of his tribe who might meditate our destruction. I had, also, the passions and fears of others to control and subdue. To-day, I had to assuage the rising discontents, and on the morrow, to cheer the fainting spirits of the people who accompanied me. The toil of our navigation was incessant, and oftentimes extreme; and in our progress over land, we had no protection from the severity of the elements, and possessed no accommodations or conveniences but such as could be contained in

> the burden on our shoulders, which aggravated the toils of our march, and added to the wearisomeness of our way.[7]

In contrast to Mackenzie, David Thompson allows his attention to wander freely away from the actual progress of his travels, and expands incidental happenings until they become the main features of his account. Thompson's awareness of this trait in his *Narrative* is indicated when he remarks, after delivering one of his most famous digressions (that on the two races, man and beaver), "From this long digression, I return to my travels in the Nut Hill."[8] Even when he inserts into his account a portion of his journal describing a mid-winter journey over the prairies, Thompson's purpose is not simply to describe his geographical progress, but to make clear the nature of the experience he has undergone:

> As my journey to the Mississourie is over part of the Great Plains, I shall give it in the form of a journal, this form, however dull, is the only method in my opinion, that can give the reader a clear idea of them.[9]

In these passages, and in others throughout the *Narrative*, Thompson's awareness of the odyssean nature of his account is clear to the attentive reader.

It should be apparent that the present argument does not support a theory of environmental determinism. It might seem that whether an explorer undergoes an "ordeal" or completes a "quest" is not a matter of authorial choice, but is the result of the actual physical conditions he encounters. Of course, the influence of external conditions cannot be disregarded. But subjective factors are also extremely important — one man's ordeal may be another man's odyssey. For example, suppose we compare Luke Foxe's *Northwest Fox; or, Fox from the North-West Passage* (1635) with Thomas James' *The Strange and Dangerous Voyage* (1633). These books both describe expeditions made to Hudson Bay in the same year, yet they present very different pictures of the dangers and difficulties of such a navigation. The easy voyage experienced by Foxe and the difficulties encountered by James probably have as much to do with the personalities of the two captains as with the actual conditions encountered.

Examples drawn from the early records left by French travellers also help to illustrate how a writer's attitude can colour his presentation of his experiences. At one extreme is the trader and adventurer Pierre Esprit Radisson:

> I took my gun and goes where I never was before, so I choosed not one way before another. I went [in] to the wood some three or four miles. I find a small brook, where I walked by the side awhile, which brought me into meadows. There was a pool where were a good store of bustards. I began to creep [as] though I might come near. The poor creatures, seeing me flat upon the ground, thought I was a beast as well as they, so they came near me, whistling like goslings, thinking to frighten me. The whistling that I made them hear was another music than theirs. There I killed three, and the rest scared, which nevertheless came to that place

> again to see what sudden sickness befelled their comrades. I shot again; two paid for their curiosity.[10]

Surely Radisson has embroidered this scene more than is necessary merely to get his story told; the additional details reflect his zestful delight in the free hunting life. At the other extreme are many of the writers in the *Jesuit Relations*, who present life with the "savages" as a kind of penance, a purgatory on earth. "A soul very thirsty for the Son of God," writes Father LeJeune, " I mean for suffering, would find enough here to satisfy it."[11] LeJeune's preconceptions, even more than actual physical conditions, seem to underlie this remark.

The wide applicability of the proposed classification of exploration writing can be suggested by undertaking a brief survey of some of the major Canadian accounts of exploration. Among the records left by the early northern voyagers, the ordeal is the predominant form. The nature of these accounts is well indicated by Tryggvi J. Oleson, in his history of the early exploration of territories now included in northern Canada:

> The annals of these expeditions are records of courage, perseverance, and almost incredible endurance amidst some of the harshest and most difficult natural conditions ever encountered by man. They are true tales of heroism, for the Canadian Arctic ... can be the deadliest of all regions to those who bring little more than ignorance to the conquest of it. And this was the case with the great majority of those who, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, ventured to penetrate its ice, fog, and mists — in what can only be described as frail little barks, fitted for little more than coastal navigation or for sailing the high seas under the most favourable conditions.[12]

As Oleson's comments indicate, the keynotes of these accounts are danger and hardship. Some of the accounts are one continuous succession of perilous experiences, brought on by the ice and storms of northern water. Dionyse Settle's account of Frobisher's second voyage conveys the helplessness all of these navigators must have felt at times:

> the ship and barkes ... were forced to abide in a cruell tempest, chancing in the night amongst and in the thickest of the yce, which was so monstrous, that even the least of a thousand had been of force sufficient, to have shivered our ship and barks into small portions, if God (who in all necessities, hath care unto the infirmitie of man) had not provided for this our extremitie a sufficient remedie through the light of the night, whereby we might well discerne to flee from such imminent danger, which we avoyded with 14. Bourdes in one watch the space of 4 houres.[13]

Although these accounts may often be, as Oleson says, tales of heroism, the chief characters are not heroic in the usual sense. The early voyagers do not strike the modern reader as determined and powerful, but as beleaguered and confused. Whatever discoveries they make seem fortuitous, as their tiny ships drift at the

mercy of wind and current. The voyagers may be personally brave and at times reckless, but their stories illustrate the small scope of man's knowledge and his helplessness in the face of natural forces.

The presentation of a voyage as an ordeal is most pronounced in those accounts which tell of enforced winterings in Hudson or James Bay. To the dangers of northern navigation these accounts add the hardships of a long, dark Arctic winter. Such misadventures befell Hudson in 1610-11, Bylot in 1612-13, Jens Munk in 1619-20, and Thomas James in 1631-32. James, the last of the early seekers after a Northwest Passage, depicts his voyage as beset by difficulties right from the time he left England. Once he reaches Hudson Strait his difficulties are multiplied by the ice and storms he encounters there, so that on numerous occasions he writes as though destruction is imminent:

> All night, the Storm continu'd with Violence, and with some Rain in the Morning; it then being very thick Weather. The Water shoal'd apace, with such an overgrown Sea withal, that a Sail was not to be endur'd; and what was worse, there was no trusting to an Anchor. Now therefore we began to prepare ourselves, how to make a good End, of a miserable tormented Life.[14]

As well as describing such overt dangers, James has an astute eye for the small personal details which make his men's plight more moving and immediate to the reader. His eye for the pathetic is well illustrated in his description of the last days of one of his men, injured when ice caused a capstan to get out of control:

> The 19th, our Gunner, (who, as you may remember, had his Leg cut off) languish'd irrecoverably, and now grew very weak; desiring, that, for the little Time he had to live, he might drink Sack altogether; which I order'd he should.[15]

Throughout the account James goes out of his way to enlist the reader's sympathies by describing the difficult conditions under which the men laboured, their poor equipment, and the weakness of their conditions as a result of scurvy.

In later years, when most explorers were either men connected with the fur trade or had acquired experience in wilderness travel in some other way, the chances of an expedition turning into an ordeal were lessened. However, when an inexperienced traveller ventured forth, especially into the extreme conditions of more northerly regions, disaster could still strike. A vivid example is the first overland journey of John Franklin, which records the gradual disintegration of his party into starving near-skeletons, beset by the twin spectres of death and cannibalism:

> We now looked round for the means of subsistence, and were gratified to find several deer skins, which had been thrown away during our former residence. The

> bones were gathered from the heap of ashes, these with the skins, and addition of *tripe de roche*, we considered would support us tolerably well for a time. . . .
>
> When I arose the following morning, my body and limbs were so swollen that I was unable to walk more than a few yards. Adam was in a still worse condition, being absolutely incapable of rising without assistance. My other companions fortunately experienced this inconvenience in a less degree, and went to collect bones, and some *tripe de roche* which supplied us with two meals. The bones were quite acrid, and the soup extracted from them excoriated the mouth if taken alone, but it was somewhat milder when boiled with *tripe de roche*, and we even thought the mixture palatable, with the addition of salt, of which a cask had been fortunately left here in the spring. Augustus today set two fishing lines below the rapid. On his way thither he saw two deer, but had not strength to follow them.[16]

The stiffness of Franklin's language, his inability to convey an emotional response to the situation he depicts, adds an ironic dimension to the account. The reader perceives that the self-control which is reflected in Franklin's unflappable tone mirrors the rigidity of personality which is partly responsible for the plight of the expedition.

Franklin's difficulties arise largely because he is a British naval officer sent out by the Admiralty rather than an experienced northern traveller. More typical of Canadian explorers are the two fur traders Alexander Mackenzie and Samuel Hearne. Both of these explorers utilize Indian methods of travel and rely to a great extent on Indian helpers. However, their journeys represent two very different approaches to the explorer's task. Hearne's method is to cut his party to the minimum — one man — and place himself under the protection of a prominent Indian and allow the Indians' normal wanderings to carry him into regions unknown to Europeans. In contrast, Mackenzie forces his party ever onwards, in spite of the frequent hostility of the natives and the occasional reluctance of his own men. Hearne adjusts himself and his purposes to the Indian way of life; Mackenzie, although necessarily using Indian methods of travel and relying on the natives for much of his food, bends the natives to his own purposes. In other words, Hearne presents his travels as an odyssey whereas Mackenzie presents his two journeys as successful quests.

In their books the two men create very different authorial personalities. Mackenzie emerges as a heroic figure. He does not change in the course of his travels; instead, he imposes his values on his companions and on the Indians. There are no real digressions in Mackenzie's account; every event is either a step towards the goal or a setback to the progress of his journey. The recurrent theme of Mackenzie's account is the overcoming of an obstacle, whether human or physical. He emphasizes the danger and hardship of his journeys, and makes it plain that his own personal efforts are the primary factor in overcoming the obstacles his party faces. Most often it is the natives he must manipulate into serving his purposes; but upon occasion it is the fears of his own men he must control:

> I brought to their recollection, that I did not deceive them, and that they were made acquainted with the difficulties and dangers they must expect to encounter, before they engaged to accompany me. I also urged the honour of conquering disasters, and the disgrace that would attend them on their return home, without having attained the object of the expedition. Nor did I fail to mention the courage and resolution that was the peculiar boast of the North men; and that I depended on them, at that moment, for the maintenance of their character.[17]

If Mackenzie is a hero, Hearne is more like an anti-hero or a picaresque figure. Hearne's virtues are endurance, adaptability, and tolerance rather than forcefulness and overbearing strength. In fact, Hearne's efforts to influence his Indian companions are often quite ineffectual. His strength of character emerges only indirectly from his story, for he seldom stresses the difficulty of the journey, and does not emphasize his own role in ensuring its completion. Rather, Hearne presents himself as a relaxed, inquisitive, and at times amused spectator of life among the Indians. He often gives the impression of enjoying their erratic, unplanned mode of existence:

> The little river lately mentioned, as well as the adjacent lakes and ponds, being well-stocked with beaver, and the land abounding with moose and buffalo, we were induced to make but slow progress in our journey. Many days were spent in hunting, feasting, and drying a large quantity of flesh to take with us, particularly that of the buffalo.[18]

The choice of pronoun here seems to indicate a tacit identification with the Indians. Hearne has adjusted completely to the Indians and to the natural environment. He implies that the world contains more than one way of looking at things; whereas Mackenzie admits only one correct viewpoint.

Mackenzie and Hearne have long been well known. But David Thompson, who is probably the most outstanding of all Canadian explorers, was for a long time a relatively neglected figure. In particular, only in the past fifteen or twenty years have the remarkable literary merits of Thompson's account of his travels come to be adequately recognized. Nonetheless, as Victor Hopwood insists, Thompson's book "belongs among such master works as Cook's *Voyages*, Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*, Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, Bates' *Naturalist on the Rivers Amazon*, and Stefansson's *The Friendly Arctic*."[19] Thompson's *Narrative* is a good illustration of the literary problem posed by an odyssean account. When an explorer understands his journey as either a quest or an ordeal, many of his literary decisions are virtually made in advance, or at least are confined within narrow limits. But an odyssean explorer must choose his own thematic focus, and must organize a mass of details in a way that is both consistent and interesting. In general terms, there are two main themes which an odyssean explorer may emphasize: his own initiation into the ways of the wilderness and its peoples, or the

nature of the native way of life as understood by the natives themselves. We might call these two themes the personal and the anthropological approaches.

In contrast to Hearne's personal emphasis, Thompson's *Narrative* stresses the anthropological approach. His *Narrative* tells the story of a lifetime spent in the Northwest as a fur trader and explorer, but also presents an extensive description of the geographical regions over which he has ranged and gives a sympathetic portrait of the native peoples of these regions. This wide range of subject-matter encourages a digressive structure, with many passages of summary and description inserted into the narrative, as well as many anecdotes illustrating features of native life. Frequently, too, Thompson gives insights into native life by assigning Indian characters the role of spokesman for the native way of life. Thompson succeeds brilliantly in combining his life-story with a "scientific" account of the Northwest and its peoples. He emphasizes the westward progression of his travels through various geographical regions, so that from one perspective his book is, as John Warkentin points out, a skillful regional geography of the Northwest.[20] As well, he adds an ethical dimension to his portrayal of the Indian. The details with which Thompson fills out his personal story — Indian legends, anecdotes of Indian life and history, details of Indian belief and customs, descriptions of the animals he sees and the land he traverses — are all designed to expound the nature of Indian life, and to make clear the tragic decline of the Indian as a result of contact with Europeans. Thus, Thompson's account, by portraying the extinction of a vital and harmonious non-European culture, has the ultimate effect of presenting an implicit critique of European society.

The element of social commentary is common in odyssean accounts. For example, Vilhjalmur Stefansson's *The Friendly Arctic* also presents an alternative to the usual European way of seeing the world. In this case, it is Stefansson himself who embodies the alternate vision. To the Eskimo's methods of northern survival Stefansson adds a few scientifically based contributions of his own and presents himself as a kind of improved Eskimo, combining the native's adaptation to northern conditions with the European's rationality and freedom from superstition. Stefansson's ostensible purpose in the book is to prove a thesis about methods of Arctic travel. Stefansson believes in the existence of game in the unexplored regions of the polar lands and ocean, and he believes in his ability to secure food by hunting this hypothetical game. He does not want to arrive at some particular place so much as to prove that it is possible to travel more or less indefinitely, with a minimum of supplies and equipment, by obtaining food from the land. Therefore, he need not organize his account as a quest, but can adopt the looser, more digressive, odyssean approach. In fact, a description of the daily life of his party is his principal means of proving his thesis. However, from this near-idyllic description of northern camp life emerges the implicit message of Stefansson's account, a critique of the over-complicated and artificial nature of civilized life.

Stefansson emerges as the hero of his account; but he is a hero with an odyssean slant. His prime attibute is not the ability to perform heroic deeds, but his superior knowledge of the Arctic regions and his skill in living there. Every detail in *The Friendly Arctic* is arranged to highlight what Stefansson refers to as his "polar-craft." Unlike the American explorer Robert Peary, with whom he contrasts himself, Stefansson does not marshall his intellectual and physical resources to direct a journey of conquest; his intelligence is used to come to terms with the environment, not to subdue it. "I have always been temperamentally inclined to deal with natural difficulties by adaptation and avoidance rather than by trying to overwhelm them," writes Stefansson.[21] His whole book supports this self-analysis.

One major conclusion suggested by the preceding survey of Canadian exploration writing is that over the years odyssean accounts have almost entirely supplanted accounts emplotted as either quests or ordeals. Such a change is only natural. Inadequate equipment and inexperience with northern conditions left the early explorers open to the difficulties which led them to present their experiences as ordeals. Increasing acquaintance with wilderness conditions, and especially the adoption of techniques borrowed from the Indians and Eskimos, enabled travellers to venture forth with greater safety and a greater chance of success. However, improved exploring techniques and a more complete understanding of the northern environment were not the only factors encouraging the production of odyssean accounts. Perhaps even more important were the gradual diminution of purely economic incentives for exploration and the spread of a scientific outlook throughout Western society. The scientific attitude encouraged a more disinterested and objective scrutiny of the remote regions of the world, which in turn was conducive to the writing of odyssean accounts of exploration.

This paper began with a question, to which we can now return. Certainly exploration writing cannot be viewed as "pure" literature in the conventional sense. But it is a form of writing into which literary considerations enter in important and systematic ways. An explorer chooses the form of his story from within a restricted set of literary strategies, and he shapes his narrative throughout in conformity with the underlying thematic concerns entailed by his chosen way of understanding his travels. Moreover, the three forms of the exploration account embody three of the most hallowed of literary themes. The quests of the heroic explorers reveal powers of mind and body beyond the reach of ordinary mortals; the wanderings of the odyssean explorers expose the reader to modes of behaviour and of thought that are beyond the range of everyday experience; and the ordeals undergone by those explorers who suffer a series of misadventures show the incredible strength of man's will to survive. Thus, the three forms of exploration account highlight respectively the explorer's achievements, his education and initiation, and the testing of his faith and endurance. These are themes whose enduring interest for readers has been proved time and again over the years. In its own

way, each kind of exploration account tells a story which, like the stories told in so many conventional works of literature, reveals an unexpected dimension of human possibility.

NOTES

[1] In the "Introduction" to the *Literary History* the editors remark: "This book treats, not only works generically classified as 'literature,' but also, chiefly in separate chapters, other works which have influenced literature or have been significantly related to literature expressing the cultural life of the country." *Literary History of Canada: Canadian Literature in English*, ed. Carl F. Klinck et al. (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1965), p. xi.

[2] "Explorers by Land: To 1860," *Literary History of Canada*, p. 25.

[3] *Metahistory: The Historical Imagination in Nineteenth-Century Europe* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1973), p. 7.

[4] *Metahistory*, p. 6, n. 5.

[5] The necessity to invoke the category "Novel" points up an omission in Frye's typology of narrative. As White points out, Frye's "method of analysis works well enough on second-order literary genres, such as the fairy tale or the detective story," but "it is too rigid and abstract to do justice to . . . richly textured and multi-levelled works" (p. 8, n. 6). Historically, more complex or "mixed" modes of narrative evolved out of the simpler traditional forms when authors fused the characteristics of two or more traditional forms, or when (as in *Don Quixote*) they subjected the conventions of a traditional form to a sceptical or "realistic" examination. The end point of this historical progression was the mode of narrative we loosely term "Realism," of which the Novel is the prime representative. Therefore, in order to cover the entire range of narrative possibilities, Frye's four modes must be understood to cover a wide range of variations on the basic types he describes, and the admittedly somewhat catch-all category "Realism" must be added to Frye's scheme.

White finds Frye's four categories adequate for his discussion. However, White is dealing with nineteenth-century historians, and historical writing did not become thoroughly "realistic" until the twentieth century. If White were to extend his analysis to twentieth-century historians, he might well feel the need to invoke a category of historical writing analogous to the Novel.

[6] *Metahistory*, p. 8, n. 6.

[7] *The Journals and Letters of Sir Alexander Mackenzie*, ed. W. Kaye Lamb (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1970), pp. 58-59.

[8] *David Thompson's Narrative, 1784-1812*, ed. Richard Glover (Toronto: Champlain Society, 1962), p. 154.

[9] *Narrative*, p. 161.

[10] *The Explorations of Pierre Esprit Radisson*, ed. Arthur T. Adams (Minneapolis: Ross & Haines, 1961), p. 126.

[11] *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, ed. R. S. Mealing (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1963), p. 33.

[12] *Early Voyages and Northern Approaches* (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1963), p. 161.

[13] *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation*, 12 vols. (Glasgow: MacLehose, 1903-05), VII, 216.

[14] *The Dangerous Voyage of Captain Thomas James* (Toronto: Coles, 1973), pp. 37-38.

[15] *Dangerous Voyage*, p. 51.

[16] *Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea in the Years 1819, 20, 21, and 22* (Edmonton: Hurtig, 1969), pp. 439-40.

[17] *Journals and Letters*, p. 299.

[18] *A Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean in the Years 1769, 1770, 1771 and 1772*, ed. Richard Glover (Toronto: Macmillan, 1958), p. 175.

[19] "Introduction," *Travels in Western North America, 1784-1812*, ed. Victor Hopwood (Toronto: Macmillan, 1971), p. 34.

[20] "Early Geographical Writing in English on British North America," in *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of Canada*, 12 (Toronto, 1974), pp. 38-71.

[21] *The Friendly Arctic: The Story of Five Years in Polar Regions* (New York: Macmillan, 1921), p. 103.

RICHARDSON'S INDIANS

Leslie Monkman

NO WRITER OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY CANADA more fully explored the literary potential of the Indian than Major John Richardson. In novels such as *Wacousta* (1832) and *The Canadian Brothers* (1840), Richardson's interest is in the conflict between red man and white man on the Canadian-American frontier. In later formula novels such as *Hardscrabble* (1851) and *Wau-Nan-Gee* (1852), he more directly appeals to the American reading public by shifting his focus to the events preceding the founding of Chicago. Yet Richardson's interest in the Indian was not limited to an exploration of his potential in frontier fiction; *Tecumseh* (1828), a narrative poem paying tribute to the Indian warrior whom he met as a young man, was Richardson's first published volume, and references to the Indian and Indian cultures appear repeatedly in his volumes of history and autobiography. Throughout his work, Richardson affirms his admiration for the red man, and in later works such as "The North American Indian," he writes movingly of his concern for the extinction of the Indian race. Yet he consistently separates red and white cultures into distinct orders and, despite his stated esteem for the Indian, ultimately presents the red man only within the context of savagism.

Richardson's interest in the Indian may have stemmed in part from his own family history; the question of whether or not his maternal grandmother was an Ottawa Indian has not yet been conclusively answered.[1] No such genealogical connection need be assumed, however, in order to explain his interest in the red man; in *Eight Years in Canada* (1847) and "A Trip to Walpole Island and Port Sarnia" (1849), he documents his own first-hand contacts with the Indian, and one of his most treasured memories was of fighting by the side of Tecumseh in the War of 1812. Combined with these personal experiences was his reading of works such as Alexander Henry's *Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories* (1809) and his fascination with the novels of James Fenimore Cooper.

In an abridged edition of *Wacousta* published in the New Canadian Library series, Carl Klinck reprints what we are told is Richardson's introduction to the 1851 edition of the novel. However, the first two paragraphs of this introduction in which Richardson explicitly acknowledges Cooper's influence are not included:

> This Chapter, written eighteen years subsequent to the original publication of *Wacousta* in London, will be found unavoidably replete with egotism. By none will it be more readily pronounced such than by those who are most open to the charge themselves. Without its exercise, however, the object of this introduction would not be gained.
>
> As the reader may be curious to know on what basis, and in what manner this story (of which I have certainly robbed that first of vigorous American novelists — the "Last of the Mohicans" Cooper — which tale, albeit I have never read a novel by another author twice, I have absolutely devoured three times,) was suggested to me, and on what particular portions of History the story is founded, I am not aware that this introductory Chapter, which I have promised my Publishers, can be better devoted than to the explanation.[2]

At the time of the publication of *Wacousta*, three of James Fenimore Cooper's "Leatherstocking Novels" had been published: *The Pioneers* (1823), *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826) and *The Prairie* (1827). But Richardson's interest in the American novelist also encompassed the later novels in the series, *The Pathfinder* (1840) and *The Deerslayer* (1841), as revealed in the enthusiasm expressed in *Eight Years in Canada* (1847) in a description of his thoughts while travelling through upper New York state:

> Never were the characters in Cooper's "Leather Stocking" and the "Pathfinder" more vividly brought before my recollection. This was the sort of scene in which he loved to introduce them, and, I know not how it was, but with what dreamy state of half consciousness which a solitary traveller awakened early from his slumbers, feels in a situation of this kind, when the fancy is fully at work, I looked, at each moment expecting to see a deer or a wild turkey arrested by the crack of a rifle and a hunter, equipped as the charming Indian novelist has painted him, issuing in the pursuit of game.[3]

Despite Richardson's acknowledged familiarity with Cooper's work and his confession to having "robbed" the story of *Wacousta* from the American master, his work rarely indicates the kind of explicit debt declared by Richardson. Yet if he does not owe details of plot structure and character to Cooper, he does share perspectives on Indian culture which have been identified by twentieth-century critics in the American novelist's work.

Paul Wallace, one of several critics who have debated Cooper's role as "Indian novelist," argues that Cooper's principal source, John Heckewelder's *Account of the History, Manners and Customs of the Indian Nations, Who Once Inhabited Pennsylvannia and the Neighbouring States* (1819), provided the novelist with a basic distinction that pervades his work.[4] Wallace contends that the Indian in Cooper's novels is either part of a band of demonic fiends (as embodied in Cooper's "Mingoes") or a member of a tribe of noble savages (Delawares such as Uncas or Chingachgook). This kind of tribal distinction emerges most prominently in a story published in 1850, "The Sunflower. A True Tale of the North-

West," and in Richardson's later novels *Wau-Nan-Gee* and *Hardscrabble*. Thus, in *Wau-Nan-Gee*, the narrator comments on the red villain of the novel, Pee-to-tum:

> It has already been remarked that Pee-to-tum was not a genuine Pottowatomie, but one of that race whose very name is a synonym with treachery and falsehood — a Chippewa. With low, heavy features; a dark scowling brow; coarse, long, dark hair, shading the restless, ever-moving eye that, like that of the serpent, seemed to fascinate where most the cold and slimy animal sought to sting; the broad, coarse nose; the skin partaking more in the Chippewa, of that offensive, rank odor peculiar to the Indian, than any others of the race.[5]

The same Pee-to-tum becomes the rapist of the novel's heroine, and in the face of such grotesque villainy, his heroic counterpart, the Pottowatomie, Wau-Nan-Gee, is almost overwhelmed. Wau-Nan-Gee, a literary descendent of Uncas of *The Last of the Mohicans*, quietly accepts that his love for the white heroine must remain platonic and functions as a diligent and constant agent of virtue throughout the book. His only reward, however, is to be damned as an Indian by the heroine who refuses to make tribal distinctions after her rape by Pee-to-tum.

Although Richardson clearly intends the reader to acknowledge the injustice in the heroine's condemnation of the entire Indian race, her attitude is closely related to the perspective that recurs most frequently in his work. In his discussion of James Fenimore Cooper's treatment of the Indian, Roy Harvey Pearce argues that in the United States, by 1825, the idea of savagism had overwhelmed other perspectives on the Indian, and he identifies this perspective in Cooper's work. Within this context, the Indian's life

> could not be said to be one totally superior or inferior to that of a civilized man. It did not make sense to view his state as one either to be aspired to or to be dismissed with unfeeling contempt; rather it was to be seen as the state of one almost entirely out of contact, for good and for bad, with the life of civilzed men.[6]

Within this perspective, one can freely praise a "good Indian," but implicit in this praise is the idea that the Indian is being weighed by a different scale of values than would be used to assess a "good white man." Richardson's shared acceptance of the ideology that Pearce identifies in Cooper's work can be demonstrated through an examination of his two best-known novels and of his poetic tribute to Tecumseh.

In *Wacousta*, the opposition between savage and civilized worlds is initially established in terms of setting through a continuing contrast between North America and Europe. Sir Everard Valletort asserts that he would prefer the life of a barber's apprentice in London to his role as lieutenant in the midst of Canadian "savage scenes." For Valletort, the civilized world of Europe and its extensions in the forts of North America are always preferable to a surrounding wilderness

identified with Indians. Richardson's narrator, however, adopts a more neutral stance in contrasting the Indian furnishings of Madeline De Haldimar's apartment at Fort Michilimackinac with European decor and simply notes that "nothing could be more unlike the embellishments of a modern European boudoir."[7] Within the context of savagism and civilization, positive and negative values need not be assigned; instead, the emphasis falls on the existence of two distinct orders.

THE SEPARATION OF THESE ORDERS in Richardson's perspective provides a key for understanding the transition of "civilized" Sir Reginald Morton into "savage" Wacousta. In the Scottish highlands, Morton meets and falls in love with Clara Beverley in a setting described in the language of conventional pastoral. On a bank, "formed of turf, covered with moss, and interspersed with roses and honey-suckles," Clara sits as "the divinity of the oasis." To Morton, she is a true "child of nature" in what he calls "the Eden of my love." Inevitably, when the innocent Clara is removed from this Edenic setting and exposed to the fallen world of the Scottish army camp, she falls prey (according to Wacousta) to the perfidy of De Haldimar and the world which he inhabits. When the conflict between Morton and De Haldimar resumes in North America, De Haldimar is still resident in an extension of the garrison he inhabited in Scotland. Morton, however, has become Wacousta, an "altered being" who resides in the camp of Pontiac, a setting which Richardson juxtaposes with the European retreat of Clara Beverley's father.

The difficulty of access to both settings is heavily emphasized. Wacousta describes at length his difficulty and athletic feats in crossing the crags and fissures that separated him from Clara's home. Similar difficulties are encountered by Frederick De Haldimar as he is led to Pontiac's camp: "At length they stood on the verge of a dark and precipitous ravine, the abrupt sides of which were studded with underwood so completely interwoven that all passage appeared impracticable." Both settings are frequently identified as oases, a word that does not occur in the novel out of this context: Pontiac's camp is "a sort of oasis of the forest, girt around with a rude belt of underwood," and Clara Beverley's home is "this garden — this paradise — this oasis of the rocks."

Clara Beverley's father creates a retreat from civilization which Richardson presents in the trappings of traditional pastoral. Pontiac's camp, also opposed to the civilized world of army and fort, is not idealized into pastoral but rather emerges within the context of savagism. In this camp, we find not pastoral "children of nature" but female inhabitants

> supporting in their laps the heavy heads of their unconscious helpmates, while they occupied themselves by the firelight in parting the long black matted hair and

> maintaining a destructive warfare against the pigmy inhabitants of that dark region.

Richardson clearly does not idealize Pontiac's camp into pastoral as he does Clara Beverley's oasis, but neither does he present the savage oasis as an inherently demonic world in simple contrast to that of the Scottish "goddess."

The figure who transforms the savages into a "legion of devils" and "fiend-like bands" is Wacousta. This man, so consumed by his desire for revenge that he crosses the barriers separating civilized and savage orders, becomes a larger than life Satanic figure, exploiting the worst instincts of the savage Indians. During the abortive battle following Pontiac's ruse of the lacrosse game as a means of entering the fort, Wacousta's face is

> painted black as death and as he stood under the arch of the gateway, with his white turbaned head towering far above those of his companions, this formidable and mysterious enemy might have been likened to the spirit of darkness presiding over his terrible legions.

In his maniacal hatred of the husband and family of the woman he loved, Reginald Morton rejects the world of civilization and becomes not just "a savage both in garb and character" but the chief of demonic savagism.

Pontiac, the historical chief of the Indians, assumes only a secondary role in *Wacousta.* Even the order in which Richardson presents the events of the Detroit attack weakens the dramatic impact of the Ottawa leader's role. The introduction to the novel tells us of the lacrosse ruse; we see its execution and failure; only then does Richardson provide a flashback to the Indian encampment where we hear Pontiac outlining the plan to his warriors. Such a sequence of events does little to focus our attention on Pontiac since his words present "old news." Even in this scene, Wacousta's response is the most significant element; reacting to Pontiac's plan,

> the warrior's swarthy countenance kindled into fierce and rapidly varying expressions. A thousand dark and complicated passions evidently struggled at his heart, and as he dwelt leisurely and emphatically on the sacrifice of human life that must inevitably attend the adoption of the proposed measure his eye grew larger, his chest expanded, nay, his very nostrils appeared to dilate with unfathomably guileful exultation. Captain De Haldimar thought he had never gazed on anything wearing the human shape half so atrociously savage.

Significantly, as soon as Wacousta is killed, Pontiac arranges for peace with the garrison. The malevolent savagism of Wacousta gives way to the benevolent savagism of the young Indian who slays him.

Even Richardson's "good savages" remain decisively separated from the civilized order. The young Amazon, Oucanasta, is saved from drowning by Captain Frederick De Haldimar, and although she falls in love with him, "she knew she

was very foolish and that an Indian girl could never be the wife of a handsome chief of the Saganaw." Any possible marriage between Oucanasta and Frederick is unthinkable in the context which the novel establishes; such a union would join two disparate orders, the savage and the civilized.[8]

Richardson's narrator does not simply ascribe negative values to the savage world and positive qualities to the representatives of civilization. Repeatedly he focuses on the duplicity, injustice and treachery of both European civilization and its new world extensions. What he does insist on is the separation of the two worlds into separate orders and the measure of Wacousta's uniqueness and of his fall lies in his having transcended the barriers separating these orders.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING treatments of this separation between savages and civilized societies in Richardson's work occurs in the sixth chapter of *The Canadian Brothers*.[9] Richardson places in conversation, General Brock, Commodore Barclay and Colonel D'Egville of the British forces in the War of 1812 and an American captive, Major Montgomerie. The chapter begins with dinner host D'Egville apologizing to the American commander for the inclusion of Techumseh and three other chiefs at the table. To his relief the American ascribes his apparent distraction to other factors. Richardson's narrator maintains an objective stance in regard to this slighting of his Indian hero. After the departure of the Indians at the conclusion of dinner, conversation turns to two major questions: the British use of Indian forces against the Americans and the historical record of the British and the Americans in their treatment of the Indians.

The most surprising element in the treatment of these questions is the cold objectivity of Richardson's narrator. He presents both sides of the conversation, but in fashion uncharacteristic of Richardson's work, the narrator in no way directs the reader's response. Thus, Major Montgomerie argues the following positions either to the assent or polite qualification of his listeners:

> if instances have occurred wherein the sacredness of treaty has been violated, it has only been where the Indians have refused to part with their lands for the proffered consideration and when those lands have been absolutely indispensable to our agricultural purposes.

The factual errors in Montgomerie's argument are simply glossed over and he proceeds to further analysis:

> The uneducated negro is, from infancy and long custom, doomed to slavery, wherefore should the copper coloured Indian be more free? But my argument points not at their subjection. I would merely show that, incapable of benefitting by the advantages of the soil they inherit, they should learn to yield it with a good grace to

> those who can. Their wants are few, and interminable woods yet remain to them, in which their hunting pursuits may be indulged without a fear of interruption.

The inevitable submission of the individual perceived as savage to civilized man could not be presented more clearly. General Brock points out the swift disappearance of congenial landscapes for the Indian, but finally all concur in the quiet conclusion that the Indians of North America will disappear, "gone, extirpated, until scarce a vestige of their existence remains."

Discussion of the treatment of the Indian by the United States and Britain leads to the conclusion that both nations have been guilty of treachery and duplicity. None of the participants, however, seems particularly concerned about these reflections on his nation's policy. When Commodore Barclay tries to state Tecumseh's case by cataloguing the injustices suffered by his people, Major Montgomerie grants his points and asserts that they in no way affect his own position which is simply to defend American policy in terms of "civilized" necessity and precedent set by British, French or Spanish governments. Even when General Brock attempts to defend Indian scalpings, the reader's involvement in his arguments is minimized by the awareness that all of this discussion is in some sense pseudo-argument, since each of the participants bears the same assumptions regarding the irreconcilability of civilization and savagism and the inevitable dominance of the former over the latter.

If any Indian could have altered Richardson's sharp distinctions between civilization and savagism, it would have been Tecumseh. Richardson's respect and admiration for the Shawnee chief is reiterated throughout much of his work. In *Eight Years in Canada,* he recalls fighting by the side of Tecumseh in the Battle of Moraviantown and remarks on the imposing physical appearance of the chieftain on that occasion:

> Not an hour before he fell, he had passed along our line in the elegant deer-skin frock, fringed, and ornamented with the stained quills of the porcupine, which he usually wore, and which, on this occasion, surmounted a shirt of snowy whiteness. In addition to this, he wore a plume of white ostrich feathers.[10]

In *The Canadian Brothers,* Richardson returns to his treasured memories of Tecumseh shaking him by the hand before the start of this battle, and in his *War of 1812* he reproduces the speech delivered by Tecumseh in which he opposed General Proctor's decision to retreat from Amherstburg and Detroit.

Tecumseh is consistently described in almost adulatory tones. The only successor to Pontiac as a leader capable of uniting a number of diverse Indian tribes, he is also presented by Richardson as Pontiac's superior. In *The Canadian Brothers,* Tecumseh is "one of those daring spirits that appear like meteors, few and far between, in the horizon of glory and intelligence, . . . possessed of a genius as splendid in conception, as it was bold in execution." The qualities in Tecumseh's

character that are most frequently acknowledged are the pervasiveness of his influence and the authority which he commands among the united tribes. Just as the eye of Pontiac controls the actions of his warriors in *Wacousta*, Tecumseh in *The Canadian Brothers* supervises the movements of his followers.

Yet in spite of Richardson's obvious admiration for the Ottawa warrior, Tecumseh never emerges as anything other than the best of savages. Thus, he is assigned "a power of analyzing motives which has never been surpassed in savage life";[11] his death is seen as "the destruction of all that was noble and generous in savage life,"[12] and if he possesses some "civilized" virtues, immediate associations link him with the "savage qualities" of Tamburlaine or Genghis Khan.[13]

Even in *Tecumseh or The Warrior of the West*, a narrative poem written "to rescue the name of a hero from oblivion,"[14] Tecumseh ultimately emerges as a savage rather than simply as a man. In the opening canto, after a description of the victory of the Americans over the British in a naval battle at Amherstburg during the War of 1812, Richardson introduces Tecumseh with all the epithets of the heroic leader: "towering warrior," "godlike form," "monument of strength." Yet as Richardson sets the scene for the land battle at Amherstburg in the final canto, Tecumseh's Indians paint themselves "half white, half black," looking "like wild fiends, raging to devour," and Tecumseh emerges as the embodiment of satanic savagism:

> Amid that scene, like some dark towering fiend,
> With death-black eyes, and hand all spotted o'er,
> The fierce Tecumseh on his tall lance lean'd,
> Fir'd with much spoil, and drunk with human gore.

Despite Richardson's view that Tecumseh represented the hope of his people to sustain some kind of independent sovereignty and that his death marked the end of any hope of aboriginal survival in North America, his admiration for the Indian leader was consistently qualified by a perspective separating savage and civilized orders.

In the first paragraph of Richardson's *War of 1812*, he asserts that "much has been said and written in respect to the Red-men of the forest; but I do not recollect having ever met with a detail sufficiently accurate to convey a just idea of the character of these people."[15] The crucial obstacle to Richardson's answering of this problem lies not in the absence of sufficient detail but rather in basic assumptions regarding savagism and civilization. In "A Trip to Walpole Island and Port Sarnia," Richardson praises the "native dignity and simplicity"[16] of the Indians of this area in contrast to "the loathsome hypocrisy of civilized life." He even asserts:

> if I could always see them as then presented to my observation, I could willingly pass the remainder of my days among them — a son of nature and subject only to nature's laws.

Emphasis must fall on the first word of this comment, for Richardson could dream of a return to primitive bliss, but his way of seeing the red man was insistently dichotomous in its separation of civilized and savage worlds.

NOTES

[1] The issue was first raised by Derek Crawley in "Did Major John Richardson Have Indian Blood?" *Canadian Notes and Queries*, 9 (June 1972), 4-5. Further circumstantial evidence was presented by Donald Smith and David R. Beasley in *Canadian Notes and Queries*, 12 (November 1973), 6. In *The Canadian Don Quixote* (1977), Beasley assumes Richardson's Indian ancestry but presents no further evidence to support this view.

[2] John Richardson, *Wacousta* (New York, 1851), p. iii. In his bibliographical study of Richardson's works, William F. E. Morley notes the first instance of this omission in the 1906 edition of *Wacousta* published by the Toronto Historical Publishing Company.

[3] John Richardson, *Eight Years In Canada* (Montreal, 1847), p. 161.

[4] Paul Wallace, "Cooper's Indians," *New York History*, 25 (October 1954), 423-46.

[5] John Richardson, *Wau-Nan-Gee or The Massacre At Chicago* (New York, 1852), p. 80.

[6] Roy Harvey Pearce, *Savagism and Civilization* (Baltimore, 1965), p. 199.

[7] John Richardson, *Wacousta* (New York, 1851), p. 125. All subsequent references are to this revised edition.

[8] Twenty years after the publication of *Wacousta*, the same pattern recurs in Richardson's treatment of the relationship between Ampata and Major Mordaunt in "Ampata! A Tale of Lake George."

[9] It is presumably this chapter that Richardson sent to the King of England, requesting permission to dedicate the novel to his Majesty. Normally the king did not accept the dedication of novels but Richardson was proud to report that his book, "from its historical character, was deemed of sufficient importance not to be confounded with mere works of fiction." John Richardson, *The Canadian Brothers* (Montreal, 1840), p. x. All subsequent references are to this edition.

[10] Richardson, *Eight Years In Canada*, p. 130.

[11] Richardson, *The Canadian Brothers*, p. 62.

[12] John Richardson, *War of 1812* (Brockville, Ont., 1842), p. 125.

[13] Richardson, *The Canadian Brothers*, p. 173.

[14] John Richardson, *Tecumseh or The Warrior of the West* (London, 1828), p.v.

[15] Richardson, *War of 1812*, p. 1.

[16] John Richardson, "A Trip to Walpole Island and Port Sarnia," *The Literary Garland*, 7, n.s. (January 1849), p. 21.

NEGLECTED PINE BLASTERS

Ramsay Cook

NEARLY TWENTY YEARS AGO F. R. Scott and A. J. M. Smith published the first edition of *The Blasted Pine*. In doing so they provided, in addition to amusement, convincing evidence of a vigorous Canadian tradition of social satire. They spread their net widely in their search for satire, invective and disrespectful verse, and hauled in a bountiful catch. Nevertheless two writers, now nearly forgotten, who surely deserve to be considered as an important part of that tradition, escaped the net. These two satirists, T. Phillips Thompson and John Wilson Bengough belong to the second of the two classes into which Scott and Smith separated satirists: "the romantic or revolutionary" (the first being "classical or conservative").

Much of the best work of Thompson and Bengough was produced during a period of profound social tension in Canadian society. During the late 1880's and early 1890's the country began to undergo the painful transformation from a pre-industrial to an industrial society. Some of those growing pains were reflected in testimony to the *Royal Commission on the Relations of Labor and Capital* which reported in 1889.[1] The period was one of economic depression, monopolistic growth, working class slums, agrarian discontent and labour strife. It was also a time during which there was a good deal more questioning of the established verities of religion and society in Canada than has yet been analysed by historians. Thompson and Bengough were only two of a fairly numerous group of social critics and reformers who made their dissenting voices heard during a decade when, as one of Sara Jeannette Duncan's characters remarked sardonically in *A Social Departure* (1893): "Life amounts to very little in this age if one cannot institute a reform of some sort, and we were glad of the opportunity to identify ourselves with the spirit of the times. We were thankful, too, that we had thought of a reform before they were all used up by more enterprising persons, which seems to be a contingency not very remote."

J. W. Bengough is the better known of these two writers, for his brilliant cartoons have often been reprinted to illustrate the events of Canadian political life

during the age of Sir John Macdonald. His *Caricature History of Canadian Politics* is a classic of Canadian political satire and cartooning and has recently been reissued in an abridged edition. Yet Bengough the reformer, the prohibitionist, proponent of woman's suffrage and single tax missionary remains in the shade. The pages of *Grip*, a weekly magazine of humour and satire published in Toronto between 1873 and 1894, are filled with puns, poems and short stories as well as with cartoons, all designed to deflate the pretentiousness of Canadians in every walk of life — politicians, businessmen, clerics and not least of all the *literati*. In doing so Bengough hoped not merely to make his readers laugh but also to prod them into accepting some of the panaceas he believed would create a better Canada.

In these efforts Bengough was often assisted by another dissenting Toronto journalist, T. Phillips Thompson.[2] Thompson was British born but spent nearly all of his adult life in Canada, except for a brief period of residence in the United States in the 1870's. Like Bengough he had only a modest education, but his intelligence, wit, and capacity for work knew no limits. His journalism, which ranged from detailed investigations of industrial conditions to broad slapstick, appeared in a wide variety of publications in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. His natural radicalism evolved through several phases from Henry George's "single tax," Bellamyite socialism to an eventual resting place somewhat akin to Marxism, though no form of orthodoxy ever sat well with him. The high point of his career spanned the 1880's and 1890's during which time he was associated with the Knights of Labor. In those same years he published his only full-scale statement of his social philosophy, *The Politics of Labor* (1887). In the early nineties he briefly edited his own newspaper *The Labor Advocate* and later assisted Bengough at *Grip*. His prose was clear and sharp, his ear for rhyme good and, when dealing with social and political topics, he could express passionate anger and powerful rhetoric. Like Bengough he rarely took himself too seriously or lapsed into excessive moralism. Unlike Bengough, whose Christian reformism stopped short of any fundamental attack on Canada's developing capitalist system, Thompson believed that "justice and not charity is what is needed and that it is the process of getting and not that of giving money to which attention should be directed."[3] Yet despite some political differences, Thompson and Bengough shared an ability to translate into satire their dissatisfaction with the established order. Together they were a raucous pair of voices poking fun, often hurling derision, at the political, economic, religious and cultural orthodoxies of late Victorian Canada.

Some of their verses deserve to be better remembered than they are since most are buried in the pages of *Grip* and some in even more obscure places. I have gathered a small selection of these verses, those which are among the best and which express the range of the social concerns of these two satirists. The first four poems, with one exception, are signed by Thompson. The unsigned verses, "The

Monopolist," came, I suspect, from his pen also. In any event it seemed worth including if only because it so nicely anticipates B. K. Sandwell's lines:

> Toronto has no social classes —
> Only the Masseys and the masses.

The other three poems all come from *Grip* and were probably written by Bengough. Though three are signed by other names, that should not be taken too seriously for Bengough constantly invented new pseudonyms for himself. (He even drew cartoons under two names — J. W. Bengough and L. Côté.)

On the whole the poems are self-explanatory for anyone with even a nodding acquaintance with Canadian history. Perhaps only the name of Colonel R. G. Ingersoll needs a comment. He was a leading U.S. exponent of atheism, and occasionally appeared on Canadian platforms. Thompson himself was a Theosophist, and was deeply interested in religious questions as well as in developments in the United States. It would be unnecessarily gilding the lily to remark upon the contemporary significance of the final two poems.

NOTES

[1] Greg Kealey, *Canada Investigates Industrialism* (Toronto, 1973).

[2] See Jay Atherton, "Introduction" to T. Phillips Thompson, *The Politics of Labor* (Toronto, 1975), pp. viii-xxiv; Russell Hahn, "Brainworkers and the Knights of Labor: E. E. Sheppard, Phillips Thompson and the *Toronto News*, 1883-1887," in Gregory S. Kealey and Peter Warrian, *Essays in Canadian Working Class History* (Toronto, 1976), pp. 35-57; Ramsay Cook, "The Professor and the Prophet of Unrest," *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, Series 4, Vol. 13 (1975), pp. 227-50.

[3] *Labor Advocate*, I, 1 (December 5, 1890).

MR. SHYLOCK IN HIS DEFENCE

Sell you out? why, of course,
For the payment is due;
No, I've no remorse
For my treatment of you.
Pack! Travel! Dig out! for the bailiff
Is here, and the purchasers too.

"A hard bargain I made
When I sold you the place,
And the terms of the trade
Would old Shylock disgrace!
Cent per cent at the least on my outlay!"
Well, how does that alter the case?

"Kept you slaving for years
For mere clothing and bread,
See your children in tears
And your wife almost dead,"
The old story — I know it by heart —
Stop — I've got none — I know it by *head.*

Now listen: — You've had
The full swing of your jaw,
Called me everything bad.
You feel better? haw! haw!
First and last, let me tell you I claim
Nothing more than my rights by the law.

When I throw you outdoors
And sell off your last cow,
'Tis the writ that empowers
And the courts that allow;
What? "Law isn't justice." Indeed, and
Why ain't it, and wherefore and how?

Why, you block-head, you fool,
You ineffable ass —
'Tis the people who rule —
Not a privileged class —
'Tis you and your neighbors who vote
For the laws which our law-makers pass.

You've a vote and a voice
When election comes round,
'Tis the men of your choice
Who with power are crowned;
They are just as you want them and make them,
And suit you right down to the ground.

"They don't?" Then the blame
Rests with you every bit;
You've the power all the same
To choose whom you see fit.
Did you stand for good laws — equal rights?
No you just voted "Tory" or "Grit".

You're a fool for your pains,
Like the rest of your class,

While the toiler remains
    Still a party-led ass;
He must carry the burden for idlers
    And feed on more thistles than grass.

So clear out with you — go!
    Naught care I for your grief,
What to do you don't know?
    Why, turn beggar or thief,
Or go to your Grits or your Tories
    And ask them to give you relief.

Phillips Thompson

Grip, 32, no. 815 (January 19, 1889), p. 37.

SWASHBUCKLER DENISON

Piff! Paff! Pouff! Tara para poum!
I am ze general Boum! Boum!
— Grand Duchess

Swashbuckler Denison rose at the board;
He laid his hand on the hilt of his sword,
(Poetical licence), and loud he swore
That his fighting men would shed seas of gore
In many a battle and many a raid,
Ere Canada should with the Yankees trade!"

With many a pompous pot-valiant brag
Of "loyalty" to the "good old flag",
He curled his moustache and pawed the air,
As he execrated the Yankees there.
Had the U.S. army been anywhere near,
The bravest had trembled with abject fear.

Oh, he is a terrible, terrible man!
This martial chief of the Denison clan;
"He was nursed in a buckler and fed with a blade,"
And war since his boyhood has been his trade!
He reckons his victories up by the score,
And quenches his thirst with his enemies' gore!

Rings the world with this hero's fame?
Do the Yankee children dread his name,
And cower and quake if perchance is said
By nurse or mother that word of dread?
Is his prowess written in history's page,
With the mighty deeds of the present age?

Pshaw! Swashbuckler Denison ne'er has stood
Where the field was reddened with hostile blood!
He conquers foes whom he never saw,
With the big "prave 'orts" of his mighty jaw!
No spurs were ever obtained in fight
By this swaggering, blustering carpet-knight.

Swashbuckler Denison — soak your head!
Though ancient Pistol is long since dead,
In your braggart speeches we seem to hear
The voice of that revenue-patriot near.
"Fighting men" — Bah! Put your brains to soak!
Such rant's too stale to be even a joke.

Phillips Thompson

Grip, 30, no. 2 (January 14, 1888), p. 6.

ALWAYS WITH YOU

"The poor ye have always with you."
    What a true and consoling verse!
It is so ordained from the outset
    It is part of the primal curse.
God wills that some should be wealthy,
  And others their lot endure,
And learn to suffer in patience,
    For they were meant to be poor!

The preacher put it so plainly
    In his sermon last Sunday night,
His talent for exegesis
    Never showed him in a better light.
These Socialist agitators
    Who are kicking against the rod,
Are trying to war with Nature
    And combat the will of God.

"The poor ye have always with you."
It is part of God's gracious plan
To show forth his wisdom and justice,
And humble the pride of man.
We must banish all vain delusions,
And meekly accept what's given.
What's earthly dross? If we bear the cross
We shall get our reward in Heaven.

Now that's what I call sound preaching,
Such talk goes right to the point.
When infidel Socialist doctrines
Are putting things out of joint.
But I fear that Dr. Sleeker
Has another church in view:
"A wider sphere of influence,"
And a larger salary, too.

I reckon we'll have to see him,
And go one better to keep
This faithful shepherd from leaving
To the wolves his straying sheep.
He'll stay if we put up a grand new church
And give him more "earthly dross".
Well, the hands at the mill shall foot the bill,
I cannot afford the loss.

They can stand a cut in wages,
Say another ten percent.
And those tenants of mine in the corner block
Must pay me an increased rent.
"The poor ye always have with you."
Makes my duty as plain as day,
What God ordains is not for us
Rebelliously to gainsay.

I should be an unfaithful steward
Of riches which God has given,
Did I fail to garner the golden store
And hold it in trust for Heaven,
I give to the Church and mission schemes
Fully ten percent or more,
And by charity organization strive
To succor the starving poor.

The girls in the mill they tell me
Will frequently go astray.
I can only afford to pay them
About forty cents a day.
There are plenty to work for that figure.
And were I to give them more,
We never could pay the dividend
We always paid before.

But a Magdalen Asylum
Has been founded by my aid
And soon to the topmost storey
'Twill be crowded I'm afraid,
For the poor we have always with us
Ah! sad that such things must be,
But I'm no infidel scoffer to scout
The justice of God's decree.

Phillips Thompson

The Labor Advocate, 1, no. 1 (December 5, 1890), p. 5.

THE MONOPOLIST

I came to a works at a railway side,
A half a mile long and nearly as wide,
With millions of lumber and an army of men,
Toiling at furnace, hammer and pen.
"What a most magnificent plant," I cried;
And a man with a hump on his back replied:
"It's Massey's"

I entered a hall so grand and gay,
To witness a concert, the best of the day
Presented to people, the rich of the land,
In a palace supposed for the laboring hands.
"A monstrous edifice this," I sighed;
And a man with a diamond ring replied,
"It's Massey's"

As I passed by a dairy farm,
With cattle stocked, sleek as a charm,
And equipment the best, it's hard to beat,

Yes, even the King's could scarce compare,
"What an unconceivable place," I cried
And a man with a pail replied,
"It's Massey's"

I stopped at the door of the city church
Where sinner and saint the truth go to search,
And wisdom from above is imparted
To the meek and humble hearted;
I asked for a seat unoccupied
And a man with a plug in his hand replied,
"It's Massey's"

I went to the only place left, I'll take
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake;
Or perhaps I may be allowed to sit
On the griddled floor of the fathomless pit.
But a leering lout with horns on his face
Cried out as he forked me off the place,
"It's Massey's"

The Toiler, 4, no. 8 (January 29, 1904), p. 1.

THE POLITICIAN *(After Hudibras)*

Once wishing to improve the State,
I stood forth as a candidate,
To profit all was my intent,
When first returned to Parliament,
And being filled with thoughts sublime,
I chose the Independent line.

In Ottawa when I arrived,
I watched how hard each party strived,
Into the public to instill,
They were the men to fill the bill,
And would the opposing side decry,
Charging them with hypocrisy.

Blake would arise with pompous song,
And impute evil to Sir John,
Sir John would answer, "Never snake,

Hid in the grass," came up to Blake,
In turn their followers smile and frown,
As a see-saw goes up and down.

Blake anything he has to say,
Can put in such a pungent way,
If you believed one half he said,
You'd think before you went to bed,
"From rosy morn, to dewy eve,"
Sir John's idea was to deceive.

Sir John with sword of keenest wit,
"Sans merci", scarifies the Grit —
Will *almost* make it plain to you,
They're wrong in everything they do,
Such wily talent could I borrow,
I'd start in life as *young* "To-morrow!"

Young politicians on each side,
Men wiser than themselves deride,
And waste the hours for debate,
Their small ideas to propagate,
Then thinking they have saved the Nation,
Pleased, they adjourn for irrigation.

When I commenced my maiden speech,
Tory, and Grit, I tried to teach,
That sneers at what each other meant,
Would ne'er improve the Government,
But if they hand in hand would go,
The country'd get a better show.

But being to each side too bold
I soon was left out in the cold,
For party spirit put on shelf
Nobody would get any pelf,
And when there are no signs of booty,
How can a Statesman do his duty?

He knows that each constituent wishes,
To have his share of loaves and fishes,
If he gives neither fish nor bread,
They'll choose another in his stead,

So tries to secure for each a crumb,
Never forgetting number *One*.

A.K.T.

Grip, 25, no. 4 (July 25, 1885).

PREPARING FOR THE ROYAL SOCIETY

The Royal Society shortly will hold
Its annual meeting, as we have been told;
And as I'm a member, it's time to prepare
Of the honor and glory to claim a due share.

I'm down for a paper — a paper on what?
Two ideas on the subject are more than I've got.
But who much attention on such things bestows?
At the Royal Society everything goes.

I've surely got something around lying loose
That on such an occasion may come into use.
Some juvenile essay, some truck filed away,
For which no live journal or monthly would pay.

I'll rummage my pigeonholes, hunt high and low,
To find some kind of paper — I've plenty, I know —
On some loyal and splurgy and broad sort of theme,
Rhetorical, vapid and vague as a dream.

"The future of Canada" — college oration.
Well, that's rather stale. "The Canadian Nation" —
That's a trifle more modern — perhaps it will do,
With a little retouching from fresh points of view.

It went all the rounds of the magazine press,
And one after another refused the MS.
I put it away, for one never can tell
When such things may come handy — 'twill do very well.

But stay — here's another — that's better for sure;
"The Growth of Canadian Literature."
It's a little bit fresher, and so I won't need
To change it at all — it's already to read.

That too was rejected by each magazine,
I'd really forgotten it ever had been.
But now will be printed at last when I've read it,
Though it brings in no money, 'twill add to my credit.

In she goes — so that's settled, my mind is now free,
My task is accomplished, and shortly you'll see
That I'll loom fairly large at the meeting below,
While in the "Transactions" my paper will go.

Grip, 36, no. 22 (May 30, 1891), p. 348.

MANUFACTURING NATIVE LITERATURE

Jiggins

I am a literary man,
    I'm anxious all should know it.
Can I write verse? I think I can —
    Why, then, I'll be a poet.
I'll get me out a book of rhymes
    Like this — or even neater,
On subjects suited to the times,
    In easy flowing metre.
I rather think I know the trick,
    The patriotic racket,
I'll plaster "loyalty" on thick,
    There's no one dare attack it.
I'll work Canadian spirit in,
    'Twill be appreciated,
And though the thing's a trifle thin,
    My fame will be created.

Biggins

I want to write an article
    Over my well-known name.

Not that I care a particle
For literary fame;
But literature must be sustained
In this our native land;
Even though no reward be gained,
My task is truly grand.
Whatever shall I write about?
I really do not know.
Oh, yes! There's Jiggins' book just out,
It's got to have a show.
It's overpowering rot, that's sure,
As every critic knows,
But then it's native literature,
And what's Canadian goes.

Higgins

A paper I have got to do
For *Scribbler's Magazine.*
Such opportunities are few,
And also far between.
"Canadian Literature" 's my theme
I've done the poets all,
And Goldwin Smith, whose self esteem
Is very far from small.
There's Biggins, who has asked me to
Work in his grand critique
Of Jiggins and his volume new,
'Twas published in the *Week.*
"Exhaustive" — yes, to put it plain,
It makes me very tired.
I'll say that "Biggin's easy vein
Is very much admired."

Stiggins

My lecture on "Canadian Thought"
Is hardly yet complete.
I'll mention Higgins — yes, I ought,
He'll never fail to treat.
We had a beer last afternoon,
And then he lent me two.
Said he, "You're going to lecture soon;
Be sure that when you do,
You say a word or two for me,

For if you scratch my back,
I'll do the same for you, d'ye see?"
He knows the ropes, does Jack.
He lent me Scribbler's Magazine,
It's awfully stupid stuff,
But lest he think I'm acting mean,
I'll give the usual guff.

And thus a literary name
Is very often made,
By working the log-rolling game
Among the aspirants for fame.
"There's tricks in every trade."

Grip, 33, no. 9 (August 31, 1889), p. 134.

books in review

NEW BRUNSWICK CLASSIC

EUGENE [DOUGLAS S. HUYGHUE], *Argimou. A Legend of The Micmac.* Halifax, 1847; reprinted by the Ralph Pickard Bell Library, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B., $5.00 paper.

IN THE WAKE OF CONSIDERABLE scholarly activity in the regional history of Atlantic Canada, the last few years have seen a growing interest in the literature of the Maritimes and Newfoundland beyond the usual concern with such "nationalized" figures as Carman, Roberts, Pratt, and Buckler. Most of those involved in these regional literary studies are from Atlantic Canada, and (not surprisingly) they tend to approach their literature as part of a distinct social and cultural reality east of Quebec that emerged in the late eighteenth century and has continued in spite of rumours to the contrary since 1867.

This strong sense of regional literary and cultural distinctiveness has recently become more apparent in scholarly writing on the authors of Atlantic Canada and their works. This feeling marked the special 1976 issue of *Canadian Literature* on Maritime writers (Nos. 68-69) and, almost at the same time (May 1976), manifested itself clearly in the proceedings of the first Colloquium on Atlantic Canada Literature held at UNB - Saint John, sponsored by the Atlantic Canada Institute. The record of that conference was published in the *Atlantic Provinces Literature Colloquium Papers* by the ACI in early 1977 (write: Secretary, ACI, 11 Armshore Drive, Halifax B3N 1M4). Now, with the reprint of Douglas Huyghue's *Argimou*, the first of a projected "Maritimes Literature Reprint Series," the R. P. Bell Library of Mount Allison University has contributed significantly to the growing momentum in the study of the literature of Atlantic Canada.

Mount Allison's involvement in reprinting Maritime texts is a laudable response to the lack of available materials necessary for developing the study of Atlantic Canada literature in the classroom. It is to be hoped that they will continue (perhaps even accelerate) their production of such volumes, for the greatest weakness of these works is that they cannot stand alone. They need to be viewed in the social and cultural context from which they grew and in the company of other works of the same time and place.

At present, it is very difficult to place a work like *Argimou* (first published serially in 1841) in an appropriate context — literary, social, cultural — one which would draw out its particular strengths and provide an insight into its raison d'être. We simply do not have enough information about the literary and cultural environment of the Maritimes in the 1840's, and there are no other Maritime texts from that period readily available. This creates an irresistible temptation to set the work against what we know of British and American literary culture of the period. Yet, in spite of their apparent compatibility, these contexts introduce sets of literary and cultural expectations which are essentially alien to the work in question and make unfair demands upon it, expectations which more often than not obscure or distort our appreciation of the peculiar dynamics of the work.

To some extent, Gwen Davies yields to this temptation in her generally helpful introduction to the text. She begins by

relating *Argimou* to the development of the "Indian captivity tale" in North American fiction. No doubt the novel (nominally at least) is related to this tradition. Set at the time of the fall of Fort Beausejour (1755), the story deals with the efforts of a young Englishman and a young Micmac chief to track and eventually rescue their respective lady-loves from a band of Malecites. Yet, in spite of its narrative pattern and the publication of some other "Indian tales" at this time, there is really little evidence to suggest that the writing of *Argimou* was generated or fundamentally shaped by the author's consciousness of a specific literary tradition.

To probe the peculiar character of the book, one must look beyond the narrative pattern to the dynamic elements which shape the spirit of the fiction and which underlie its conception. In this regard, there were two intellectual and emotional preoccupations of the period which seem pertinent here. The first (which Gwen Davies discusses to some extent) was a deeply sympathetic, if sometimes idealized, response to the plight of the Indian, a response based on a profound respect for the Indian's fundamental humanity. I suspect this view was rooted in the complex moral and religious vision of the age which insinuated a governing sense of decency and Christian responsibility into all aspects of human activity. The most tangible effect of this moral sensitivity on the prevailing attitudes toward the Indian can be found in the humanitarian work and sympathetic writings of men such as Moses Henry Perley, Indian Commissioner in New Brunswick, and Silas Tertius Rand, Baptist Missionary to the Micmacs in Nova Scotia. Both were Huyghue's contemporaries and were among the educated, enlightened social leaders of that generation. In this context, the sympathetic tone of *Argimou* is not an isolated or novel phenomenon, but reflects a humanism that lay at the heart of the intellectual and moral vitality of that society.

However, the Indian was not only the focus for a certain moral sensibility; he was an integral part of the native history of the "country" and as such was part of another significant preoccupation of the period. I refer to the growing sense of provincial and regional identity which emerged co-incident with American nationalism, but was based on a perceived social and political maturity which culminated in the movement for responsible government. This sense of maturity was in part articulated by counterpoising the settled present with the unstable past, the period of civility with the period of wilderness. We can see elements of this process as early as Goldsmith's *The Rising Village* (1825) and find it explicitly expressed in Fisher's *The Lay of the Wilderness* (1833). For Maritimers (long before Longfellow's *Evangeline*), the history of Acadia in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries was the stuff of their national myth. The dangers to life and limb and the instability of French-Indian-English relations were distanced and placed in perspective in the present through forms of literary romanticism. This romanticized vision of the past gave special, unique meaning to the now-settled terrain; it was a kind of testament to the duration of human presence in the area; but most of all, it presented a heritage which could be appreciated in literary form because it would not and could not ever return. The key implication was that time and the society had grown beyond this. Thus, the romantic past became an affirmation of the mature present, and it turns up in this role again and again in Maritime literature of the nineteenth century.

Argimou, then, is not a literary anomaly or accident. It is very much a part of the intellectual, emotional, moral, and

ontological preoccupations of Maritime Canada in the 1840's. But it is difficult to see it in this context, to see how it gives insight into the dynamic human expectations of its time, because Canadian literary critics and historians have explored so little of the world from which it draws its life. As a result, it is only too easy for us to underestimate its value. Clearly, it is not a British or even an American classic, but it may be a New Brunswick classic, which makes it rather special for those interested in Maritime literature.

TOM VINCENT

FOUND HISTORY

RICK SALUTIN and THEATRE PASSE MURAILLE, *1837: William Lyon Mackenzie and the Canadian Revolution.* Toronto: James Lorimer, $7.95 paper, $14.00 cloth.

1837: William Lyon Mackenzie and the Canadian Revolution, by Rick Salutin and Theatre Passe Muraille, is presented as "a history" and "a play." It's also a process. The bulk of the book, 182 pages, is Salutin's revisionist account of the 1837 uprising, significantly called a "revolution." Here, and in the play, he dismisses the "myth" of a band of pitchfork-carrying yokels, led by the fiery but incompetent Mackenzie, in comic flight from the equally comic Bond Head, the whole incident forming a Monty Python-esque curtain raiser which "made possible responsible government . . . the goal that was not achieved by force was then achieved peacefully." Rather, he says, "Independence is the goal in the play, and the overthrow of political control. The play ends tragically, with a hanging, and the implication that the goal of the revolt — independence — has still to be won, in our own time."

Salutin's view of the uprisings as a movement by the common people, the farmers, to throw off economic inferiority imposed by their colonial position, and his continual connections to contemporary economic and political issues, set him off from "traditional" historians. His version of history is always highly partisan (he's notably weak on the failure of the rebellion), often simplistic, generalized, and poorly documented (was Robert Gourlay really exiled, as Salutin implies, *just* because he documented farmers' grievances?).

But Salutin isn't writing for historians. He's writing for ordinary Canadians, and this means "starting very far back: other countries may have to relive or reinterpret their past, but they know they *have* a past. In Quebec they may hate it, but it's sure as hell there. English Canadians . . . must be convinced there *is* a past that is their own."

Even while disagreeing with Salutin, I found his opening chapter, on the economic/social conditions which produced the uprisings, far more clear and useful than my constitution-and-politics-oriented history texts. His oversimplifications made me go to more "scholarly" sources to find another version of "what really happened." This is one of Salutin's successes: making Canadian history important enough that you will want to seek out more information. Moreover, the focus on social conditions, documented by plenty of effective quotations from contemporary sources, and packaged with lots of illustrations, accomplishes two important things. It makes the essay interesting; and it gives the reader not facts to memorize, but a sense of shared human experience. *1837*'s real revisionist view of Canadian history is not political but emotional: a new view of that history as *ours,* vital to our lives today. Thus the process begins.

Salutin's historical research on the 1837 uprisings became the basis for a unique theatrical project, in collaboration with Theatre Passe Muraille, an experimental group attempting to give documentary form to aspects of Canadian life. Salutin presents an informal diary of his work with cast members to enter the spirit of 1837, to live out their own rebellion, whether they were walking down Yonge Street in a snowstorm and realizing in their toes that "December was a hell of a time to make a revolution here," or lashing out against the colonialism of contemporary Canadian theatre.

As the actors felt their way into 1837, so their improvised expressions of its reality became *1837*. The play itself opened in Toronto in January 1973; it was reworked for an Ontario tour in 1974, and the printed version was "assembled" after that tour. The collective creation is a collection of sketches: Act I depicts the economic and social frustrations of the farmers, Act II the rebellion and its aftermath, concluding with the execution of two leaders:

> MATTHEWS: Sam, we lost —
> LOUNT: No! We haven't won yet.
> *The trap falls. They dangle by the ropes.*
> *BLACK.*

As a production, *1837* depends heavily on the effects created by blocking, pacing, blackouts, mime, the sheer energy of the Passe Muraille players, and, of course, audience response. As a production, I found it extremely effective. As a script, it stands up, is more cohesive and powerful than I expected (especially the Edward and Mary scenes); I can hear real people talking. The process that carries essay into production into printed play is flawed, of course; but ultimately, I think it has its desired effect. Taken as a whole, it provides a good start at making our history our own shared experience.

SUSAN WOOD

ANCIENT AND MODERN

W. G. HARDY, *The Scarlet Mantle*. Macmillan, $12.50.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS FRASER, *Nor'east for Louisburg*. Amethyst Publications, $5.95 paper.

The Scarlet Mantle and *Nor'east for Louisburg* — two historical novels. But they are poles apart — in time, in scope, in size, and in success. One is major; one is minor; one ranges through great events in ancient history; one concentrates on two small conflicts significant in the unfolding of Canadian history, both relatively recent, both on what is now Canadian soil.

Fraser's work is, without question, the minor one. An experienced writer for radio and television, a news editor and at one time a merchant seaman, Fraser is also a Nova Scotian and is obviously interested in the history of the Maritimes. But *Nor'east for Louisburg* is, as far as I know, his first novel, and it centres on the two famous sieges of Louisburg — the massive French fortification on Cape Breton Island — the first in 1745, the second in 1758. The novel itself is cast in the form of a fictional autobiography, supposed written in 1800 by an aging Jonathan Steele, who had served as a youth of eighteen with the poorly trained and badly organized New England forces under William Pepperell during the first attack, and as a sea captain in command of his own vessel during the second. The work as a whole, however, is weakly structured, the plot inconsequential, unconvincing, and at times melodramatic, and the handling of characters superficial. Yet the dialogue is often well flavoured and some of the descriptive passages excellent.

In short, the work will probably not have a wide appeal to the general reader, but to those who have seen the great his-

torical reconstruction that has been under way in Louisburg since the 1960's this tale contains much that may be of special interest to them. The book itself is well produced and has excellent illustrations — reproductions of eighteenth-century engravings and ten photographs of Louisburg as it is today.

In contrast, *The Scarlet Mantle. A Novel of Julius Caesar*, is a monumental work, massive in size, rich in detail, and firm in construction. In a preliminary note the author warns the reader that this "is not a history," but in spite of the denial the story is firmly based on historical facts — facts that cover those complex years of Roman history from 54 to 48 B.C.

W. G. Hardy is, without doubt, a remarkable person. An experienced novelist, a distinguished scholar who has written with authority on the civilizations of Greece and Rome, he was also professor of classics at the University of Alberta for some forty-four years and he walks with an easy and a firm tread through the corridors of ancient times. He must have made his first bowing acquaintance with Caesar some seventy years ago and he clearly knows about all that there is to know about the career of his chosen hero. He draws freely and frequently on Caesar's *Gallic Wars* and *Civil War*; Suetonius's *The Twelve Caesars*; Plutarch's *Parallel Lives*; and Appian's *History of Rome*. He also has read with care such modern works as Ferrero's *Life of Caesar* and Mommsen's *History of Rome*. So the basis of his account of Caesar's meteoric rise to power is historical, vivid, lively, entertaining, and, at times, enthralling.

And here is where fiction enters the picture. Though much of the work is given over to descriptions of battles, campaigns, invasions, massacres, destructions of towns and villages, and debates in the senate at Rome, the whole of the book is fleshed out by the use of lively and convincing dialogue, most of which, certainly, finds birth in the muscular imagination of the author himself. Most of the major characters are historical figures — many well known to even the casual reader of Roman history, some perhaps, somewhat dimly remembered — Caesar himself, Crassus, Pompey, Cicero, Clodius, Fulvia, Mark Anthony, Labienus, Cato, Vercingetorix, and Cleopatra. But many fictional characters are also introduced — legionaries, prostitutes (low and high-class), farmers, publicans, and tradesmen. High among them stands Fadius, first met as a legionary, who advances to the rank of centurion, and becomes a bodyguard of Caesar himself. And it is through Fulvia's eyes that we see the dynamic power of Caesar as a leader of men, and through his reactions we also feel the brutality and barbarism of the age.

The tale starts to unfold with Caesar's second invasion of Britain, moves to the long and difficult subjugation of revolting Gallic tribes, and ends with Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon, his final victory over his ex-friend and arch-rival Pompey, at Pharsalus, and the romantic meeting between Caesar and Cleopatra in Egypt. The work is not always easy to read, but firm at the centre stands Caesar, a military genius, a man often motivated by high ideals, but also a man lusting after power, willing to sink to bribery and duplicity, and still finding time for passionate love affairs, especially with Servilia, the half-sister of Cato and a woman of great political influence.

All in all this is a brilliant work, well written by a most accomplished scholar, stimulating and challenging to read. I came to the end with regret, but was pleased to find on the last page an editorial note informing me that the final stages of Caesar's life will be unfolded by Dr. Hardy in a continuing volume to be entitled *The Bloodied Toga*. Obviously it

can be said (with apologies to Shakespeare and perhaps to Cleopatra) that age has not withered him nor has custom staled his rich variety. He is now in his eighty-fourth year — a stalwart scholar and a subtle and convincing portrayer of the great Imperator — Julius Caesar.

S. E. READ

RADICAL ORDER

FRANK R. SCOTT, *Essays on the Constitution — Aspects of Canadian law and politics.* Univ. of Toronto Press, $25.00, paper $7.50.

> Law is enforced by the State because it is law; it is not law merely because the State enforces it.
>
> Order the beauty even of beauty is . . .

THESE ARE FRANK SCOTT'S epigraphs to this volume of selected essays and papers first published over the period from 1928 to 1971 during which he was a member of the Faculty of Law of McGill University. Synthesizing the two great principles of Scott's legal career as shown so lucidly in these essays, these two statements (the first from Sir Frederick Pollock, the second from Thomas Traherne) provide a fitting introduction to both tone and theme of this volume. In one of his early papers on "The Development of Canadian Federalism" (1931) Scott emphasizes that "the effort to discover what has happened [to the Constitution] in the courts, and to state in ordinary language the developments of these years, must be made, because the ordinary citizen is just as vitally concerned in this matter as the lawyer." It is clearly for both that Scott has written all of these essays despite their publication over the years in such places as the *Canadian Bar Review* and the *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science.* The duty to speak clearly and precisely of complex and, at times, arcane issues is never forgotten. Traherne's sense of the beauty of order is preserved alongside the civil libertarian's insistence on human rights in a society which, as Scott demonstrates on numerous occasions here, has frequently operated in violation of them.

It is a combination which reminds one of George Orwell, especially in a series of four magnificently argued and courageous essays ("The Trial of the Toronto Communists" — 1932, "Freedom of Speech in Canada" — 1933, "The Deportation of Japanese Canadians: An Open Letter to the Press" — 1946, and "Duplessis *v.* Jehovah" — 1947) in which Scott stresses repeatedly that Canadian "doublethink" must be cast aside in order that we may perceive that Canada has not been dispensed from abuses of human rights. "The Canadian constitution, unlike the American, guarantees neither personal liberty, private property nor religion," Scott reminds us in the immediate context of the trial and conviction of Tim Buck for his political beliefs. Speaking of the deportation of the Japanese in 1946, Scott writes:

> We are all immigrants in Canada, except the Indians and the Eskimos, and no citizen's right can be greater than that of the least protected group. Every Canadian is attacked in his fundamental civil liberties by this policy [of deportation]. To find it sponsored by a government bearing the name Liberal and not objected to by vigorous public protest, warns us how far our standards have sunk during these past years, despite our military victory over Nazism.
>
> The real problem we have to solve in Canada has nothing directly to do with the Japanese at all: it is the problem of racial intolerance.

Sent to fifty-five Canadian newspapers on 4 January 1946, this letter was published in only eleven. In his comments prefacing this paper, Scott notes that "Even today Canadians have no constitutional protec-

tion against the punishment of exile once the War Measures Act has been proclaimed, for by Section 6 (5) of that Act anything done under it shall not be deemed to be an infringement of any right or freedom recognized by the Canadian Bill of Rights." There is a "need for active civil liberties associations in this country," Scott wrote in 1947; there is a need for the Bill of Rights to be enshrined in the Constitution as Scott wrote in 1947; there is a need for Canadians to be constantly vigilant about the ways in which law is enforced in this country. In "Wade *v.* Egan: A Case Comment" (1936) Scott describes a case for false arrest and imprisonment brought by a labour leader who was arrested on a charge of sedition. After detailing a number of irregularities and injustices in the proceedings, Scott quotes a comment made in an earlier sedition case to the effect that more prosecutions for seditious words had been made in Alberta in two years than in England in over one hundred. His acid conclusion: "Perhaps an ordinary citizen may be permitted to suggest that it would be more useful if, instead of merely calling attention to these marvellous Canadian records in despotic government, something effective were done to put a stop to them." And in his great essay, "Freedom of Speech in Canada," Scott stresses another fact equally obvious today: "Canadian newspapers for the most part are owned by interests and make their profits from advertisers who are for economic reasons opposed to freedom of speech for radicals."

Scott's concern with freedom of speech and his understanding of life in Québec are fused in another group of essays likely to be of interest to the general reader. Beginning with a study of "Nationalism in French Canada" (1936) and including "Canada, Quebec, and Bilingualism" (1947), "Canada et Canada français" (1952), and "Language Rights and Language Policy in Canada" (1971), Scott has endeavoured to present with a wise balance of urgency and good sense the vital importance of bilingualism, of Québec, for the survival of Canada. Concluding his long work as a member of the B. and B. Commission, he wrote that his experience on that Commission "convinced me that an equal partnership between two cultural communities in Canada was a workable concept.... [but] Whether Canadians will accept the idea and bring it steadily into being is their decision. I for one have faith that they will accept the great challenge rather than fall back into obsolete forms of the nation state."

Realism and goodwill are the qualities Scott invokes in our approach to the "language question." They are qualities equally characteristic of his writing in these essays. A sane book, the summing up of a lifetime's dedication to radical order, *Essays on the Constitution* is a survey of, a report on, our constitution as a nation as much as on the document which was our inception. "Changing a constitution," writes Scott in his Preface, "confronts a society with the most important choices, for in the constitution will be found the philosophical principles and rules which largely determine the relations of the individual and of cultural groups to one another and to the state. If human rights and harmonious relations between cultures are forms of the beautiful, then the state is a work of art that is never finished." One would hope that in the constitutional debate which is about to involve all of us, and in English Canada's struggle to understand the reality of contemporary Québec, Scott's words would be listened to with new attention. Winner of the Governor-General's award for non-fiction for 1977, *Essays on the Constitution* is a book of considerable importance for our future, a

record of a voice which has long spoken with courage and eloquence.

LORRAINE WEIR

THE O'HAGAN RANGE

HOWARD O'HAGAN, *The Woman Who Got on at Jasper Station & Other Stories.* Talonbooks, $4.95. *The School-Marm Tree.* Talonbooks, $5.95.

TALONBOOKS DESERVES CREDIT for doing a little belated justice to Howard O'Hagan's talent. *The Woman Who Got on at Jasper Station & Other Stories* is not a reprint of the 1963 Alan Swallow edition; they have rearranged and reset it, adding four stories and dropping the longer piece "The School-Marm Tree" from which the novel was developed. *The School-Marm Tree* is the first edition of a novel completed in the 1950's; it includes a sensitive, lyrical introduction by P. K. Page. The two are companion volumes, well designed and graced by cover pictures by the author's wife, Margaret Peterson.

Readers of *The Woman* will encounter again the style which gave *Tay John* its appeal, but they will also discover the considerable range of O'Hagan's stories. The first and last selections are representative. In "The Teepee," the narrator's clean, hard directness of assertion wins the reader's confidence. His descriptive power derives partly from precision, an impressive particularity of detail about mountain experience, but more from a richness of metaphor which not only creates sensory vividness but makes concrete a living response to the mountain country O'Hagan has known and clearly loved:

> Above, a mountain rose. It rose in ledges and great hanging cliffs. It thrust itself urgently up out of the earth and was still shaking from its shoulders rock and struggling timber and white cascades of water whose rumble reached me where I stood.

Such freedom of metaphor is, I think, part of that exuberance in O'Hagan's style which breaks out in epic catalogues, absolute statements, and piling up of epithet, and in similes which seem to court incongruity. Occasionally the incongruity jars, as when an O'Hagan character is punched and "dropped to one knee as though he had found a sudden and perplexing sorrow among the grasses," but usually its nearness is a positive resource, a way of opening up unexpected reaches of perception while holding them in perspective with a hint of ironic humour. Take the line in *Tay John* where the snow falls "like the visible remorse of an ageing year," or the moment in "Teepee" when the narrator first meets the Métis woman he will bed: "She passed me as though I were a stump and she a woman riding on a fateful mission." Here is the half-ironic suggestion of a depth into which the narrator will venture in relative ignorance.

Thematically "The Teepee" is also central to O'Hagan's interest in the White civilized mind encountering the power of the wilderness. The Métis woman's husband will not bother to punish the narrator for his trespass. Then "having shown me the contempt of his strength and the disdain of his charity," he disappears into the willows along the river "as though he had walked down among the roots, under the faded grasses, into the earth to which he was closer neighbour than I." The ending, reminiscent of *Tay John*, emphasizes that mysterious power in nature with which the mountains and the native people are identified. Two cultures have met, and the one is stronger because of its nearness to that power.

The collection closes with its title story. "The Woman Who Got on at Jasper Station" narrates in a minutely sensual way

an inconclusive encounter on a train between a doctor's wife and a young sailor:

> The sailor's shoulder touched the woman's. Against her thigh he pressed more strongly. She thought she felt its pulse, the blood urgent beneath the cloth. Lulled by the train's motion, they did not speak, they did not move, involved in a slow conspiracy of flesh.

The mountain setting is not incidental; it is a macrocosm of the tiny, universal drama within the railway coach, the struggle between the wilderness within and the civilized surface of the woman's life. But the focus of attention upon that moment of internal moral conflict makes the story entirely different from "Teepee." The two stories, in effect, take the reader a good distance from the world of *Tay John* toward that of *The School-Marm Tree*.

The School-Marm Tree will inevitably be read in the shadow of *Tay John*. The action is again generated by the painful tension between man's dream of civilization and the dark realities of the wilderness. And *The School-Marm Tree* will suffer by the implied comparison because O'Hagan seems to have moved away from the deepest sources of his power. While *Tay John*'s strongest appeal was at a subconscious, mythic, archetypal level, the action of the later novel tends to be conscious, psychological, and "social" in the basic sense of the word. The difference in the title symbols is revealing. *Tay John*, the yellow-haired mixed-blood, carries wordlessly at the centre of the action all the struggles between Indian and White, wilderness and civilization, spirit and flesh, light and dark, life and death, which animate the story. The school-marm tree is a pine whose top has been broken off, its place taken by two giant limbs. It is a suggestive symbol for the divided will of O'Hagan's heroine, Selva Williams, but it is static, appearing in only three key scenes. The narrative focus is within the consciousness of Selva, and though she is a credible and significant character, she lacks the immense suggestive power of Tay John. Selva, a working girl who lives in the mountains and dreams of the cultivated salons of the East, is faced with choices represented by the men in her life. Slim Conway, silent and crudely physical, is identified with the wilderness. "They knew one another only through their flesh and behind that wall of flesh they were strangers." Peter Wrogg, a wealthy Englishman from Montreal, represents the cultivation of the East but also its lack of vitality. "His was a frail vessel, but one strong enough to contain her hopes for a while. . . ." The third to appear, Clay Mullory, is almost too predictably a compromise between the two. A mountain man educated, like O'Hagan himself, at McGill, he understands dreams but grasps reality firmly.

On the other hand, the comparison with *Tay John* may be unfair and even misleading. In part O'Hagan is making articulate some of what is implicit in the symbols of the earlier novel, and to that extent he is diminishing his theme. But he is also moving to another phase of the experience of souls pinned between civilization and wilderness. *The School-Marm Tree* is set much later, in the 1920's, and among a non-native population for whom conscious choices between civilization and the wilderness at least seem to be possible. It is predictable that the action will be more psychological and social, less symbolic and archetypal. The question is whether O'Hagan works well in this new mode, and in general he does. Scenes in the dance-hall, the beer parlour, and the mountain chalet are effective, though some of the love scenes, such as the runaway horse and Selva's seduction by Clay on a mossy slope, bring to mind too many clichés. The continuing power of the mountain descriptions sug-

gests that O'Hagan was attempting to combine the new mode with the old, but the reality of the natural setting tends to overshadow more than complement the psychological action and Selva's pale dreams.

Readers will probably find *The Woman* the more satisfying of the two books. While *The School-Marm Tree* is an unequalled evocation of that feeling, familiar to so many northern Canadians, of being stranded on the thinning edge of the inhabited world, I cannot shake the conviction that it could have been a better novel, considering O'Hagan's genius as a writer. My judgment of the book goes not so much against O'Hagan, as against the Canadian literary scene of his time. Like his contemporaries Sinclair Ross and George Bugnet, O'Hagan has worked without the stimulation of a lively critical response or the assurance of an intelligent readership among his countrymen. We should be grateful that *The School-Marm Tree* is a good novel; we should not hold it against O'Hagan that he once published a great novel like *Tay John.*

DICK HARRISON

AT HOME IN ALL VOICES

LEON ROOKE, *The Love Parlour.* Oberon Press, cloth $9.95; paper $4.95.

LEON ROOKE, *The Broad Back of the Angel.* Fiction Collective, cloth $9.95; paper $3.95.

YOU REMEMBER THE OLD STORYLAND LIMITED? Half an hour, there and back. Little stops along the way, quaint stations, scenery like a picture postcard, friendly passengers, velvet banquettes, polished mahogany trim. Redcaps always helpful, conductors who knew their business, announcing the stops in plenty of time, taking your elbow as you edged out the door — remember that? You felt good after every trip, relaxed, respected.

Then the Twentieth Century Express roared into town. They cut the staff, ripped out the upholstery and left a blind old man in blue rags behind, who cursed as he punched the tickets. No more porters. No more little stops. Washed-out scenery too — just the backs of tenements where, approximately, lonely men in shirt sleeves flicked the butts of loosely-rolled cigarettes into the dust swirls left by retreating winter ice, exposing the brownish clumps of dying grass feebly fed by the anemic turds of sullen pets.

After the bankruptcy came the Great Reorganization. Sleek wagons of vinyl and plastic — amazing what they can do with old cattle cars. But confusion reigns. Computers prove whimsical. So many conductors, so many uniforms. Sometimes they help, mostly they babble snatches of poetry and philosophy mixed with lyrics of old dog food commercials. You've got to be sharp to make any sense at all. I end up taking tickets or wearing a red cap and *shlepping* (how did I even learn that word?) heavy bags. No one knows where we are, or the names of towns. Acrylic posters block the windows. The ticket destination reads only: THERE.

Which brings me, approximately, to Leon Rooke, at home in all conventions, in all uniforms, all voices. Twenty-one stories are reprinted in these two collections; with inevitable overlaps the thirteen stories in the Fiction Collective selection reduce to ten not available in the Oberon. The O selection has a "modern" bias; the FC is more "postmodern," a little zingier and more American in feel. If you like Leonard Michaels, Max Apple, some of Russell Banks, some Barth and Barthelme, give the FC edition a try. Both are bargains.

I'm slightly biased towards the Oberon selection. I'm predisposed, as is Rooke's friend and selector-of-stories, John Metcalf, to the ominous landscape, the single, apt detail ("The sun, obscured though it might be, was hot on the side of her face and a fly was crawling on her neck — or perhaps it was sweat ..."), and I like the voice of untethered consciousness as it shuffles and deals — I like those things more than incessant wit and parody. (The three "Magician" stories and the two "Friendship" stories in the FC selection are sometimes funny but I didn't reread them. Clear them away and there's still more honest *fiction* in that edition than you're likely to encounter in any book of stories currently on the market.) The Oberon selection, by contrast, has only one story I'd remove — "If Lost Return to the Swiss Arms" — which, despite its O. Henry Award some years back, seems to have been conceived in a pre-modern idiom. The rest of the book is gold.

I'm much taken with the Mexican-set "For Love Of —" (" — Madeline, Eleanor, and Gomez") series of stories and Oberon reprints all three. With FC you get only two panels of what is obviously a triptych: two of the three is a mutilation. FC, however, will give you a scarey, deadpan gem called "Wintering in Victoria" (Rooke's home, incidentally) which is available in Canada only in an Oberon annual. It should be permanently gathered in this country, with the best of his work.

Even as it stands, I judge the Oberon collection of Rooke's short fiction to be the most technically accomplished, most perfectly realized and easily the most psychologically sophisticated ever published in this country. I only wish Oberon had a way of distinguishing this book from the dozens of drab, perfunctory efforts they've published in the past. And should an FC editor be reading this, it's only fair to point out that he/she did something far worse: in "Dangerous Women" (known as "Call Me Belladonna" in Canada) a character's perfectly reasonable allusion to Watergate ("Here it was 1973 ...") has been ... what, freshened? ... to "Here it was 1977 ..." thus transforming a sluggard into a catatonic.

What should be emphasized is this: in both collections there is more than one masterpiece. FC's title story would qualify, plus "Wintering"; Oberon's little volume is a feast. "If You Love Me Meet Me There" and "Memoirs of a Cross-Country Man" are so intense, so perfectly implanted as *voice* (post-Modernism's victory over Modernism) as to be unparaphrasable.

One doesn't "enter" such stories in the conventional sense. Instead, they enter you.

CLARK BLAISE

REGIONS OF PLACE AND MIND

WADE BELL, *The North Saskatchewan River Book*. Coach House.

ELIZABETH BREWSTER, *It's Easy to Fall on the Ice*. Oberon, cloth $9.95; paper $4.95.

WHILE OSTENSIBLY A COLLECTION of short stories, Wade Bell's *North Saskatchewan River Book* maps its northern Alberta territory by strategies rather ressembling those of improvisational regional docu-drama. Bygone press snippets and other memorabilia are interfaced with contemporary and historical fictions, sketches and commentaries which combine to create a somewhat ironic overview of the development of civilization in the area.

The main routes of Bell's map lead to and from Edmonton. A focal image is the

High Level Bridge whose full span dominates the cover in an early photograph showing the train on the upper level and the astonishing contrast of the still virgin wilderness of the river banks below. The voices speaking throughout the volume are diversely public and private. Authorial editorializings establish the general tone of ironic retrospection in combination with "found" voices from the past, the latter set as if in newspaper columns. Typographically the columns are continued for a few paragraphs into the succeeding personal stories or sketches. While this strikes one as an odd design procedure — particularly since the stories are given their own space as independant pieces on pages following — the contrivance seems intended in a two-fold way to suggest both linkage and separation of the "found" and fictional material. While the procedure is a little precious as a means of binding the divergent elements of the book into a whole, it is a novel effort in print terms to create an effect approaching media *cool.*

Further, the reading of the book works effectively if one follows the implicit signals for cross-reference as well as the explicit ones for ordinary continuity. For example, the motif of the bridge itself, which emerges both in public and personal dimensions, reaches its most explicit point towards the centre of the book. Under the title "Another Goddamned Horse" appear the following:

> The bridge was there. The railroad made its penetration. The past died. Only the future existed then ... You were strong now and could settle all questions the way you wanted them setlled....

While much of the public and fictional life in the book belies the confidence of this statement, both the repression and repressiveness of the past are suggested by indirection as well. Earlier is the provocative title: "In Edmonton there is no History only news." This is Bell's own heading for an early news editorial deploring failure to pay treaty money to the Mountain Stonies, the point being that whites cannot yet afford to antagonize "the only Indians the Blackfeet are afraid of." The bridge, as initiator of the ruthless growth to the energy capital of today, has now turned even the self-interest of this sort of territorial worry into little account. That the past seems increasingly irrelevant is the cynical suggestion which begins in column typography immediately following the editorial about the Stonies. Entitled "Phantoms," it introduces a slick cowboy image of the contemporary "Man from Alberta" who, among other things "radiates the spirit of free enterprise that develops the area's abundant resources." This *ersatz* creature is surely the justification of the Indian's indictment in "Stupidity has come to the Plains," his a voice from the suppressed past which no amount of "news" in the cult of progress can entirely silence.

However, despite the novelty and interest of presentation, this book would hardly rise above the level of easy sarcasm if a facile conception of historical watershed were all it offered. But such passages also serve as contexts for complementary personal images of the bridge and its various meanings. The story "1912: The Bridge Beginning," for example, is a spare first person narrative by a workman who lives in sight of the "half-built and ugly" structure which is also his livelihood. For him the bridge means death, the death of his fellow workman in a fall into "the green soft garden of leaves very far below" — the threat of his own death if he stays. "The Suicide Bridge" is another first person piece, a sketch from a reminiscent voice heard elsewhere in the book; on this occasion it speaks of the days when streetcars also rode the top level, of the sensation of looking down at the river "the water flashing through the railway ties," of boys pretending to push

each other out the window, of a girl who threw herself off the bridge one night.

There are various other Edmonton and district pieces in *The North Saskatchewan River Book*, several with a folklorish ring, relating to life near the bridge or along the river banks. By themselves these are often slight, but in the total complex have appropriate places. Two, at least, transcend the improvisational method — which is to say that while they belong in the book, they could also stand apart from it. "Conversion" is a powerful tightly developed tale about a nineteenth-century missionary in the Fort Edmonton-Smoky Lake vicinity; his well-meaning intentions undergo a stark transformation in a terse northwestern version of the *Heart of Darkness* confrontation. A story called "(a mellowdrama)" is perhaps the best demonstration of Bell's ability to balance tone, characterization and action, in a witty account of an enigmatic hashish-smoking shopkeeper who provides various exotic satisfactions to initiates among the local matrons of his small northern town. The tidy resolution of the plot also makes a suitable closing to the book: a lightly rendered solution to the present day problem of tedium in an incompatible environment.

Elizabeth Brewster's *It's Easy to Fall on the Ice* is a collection of ten stories, several previously published, which also provides a certain regional focus: either the actual setting is New Brunswick or the characters are often from that locale. Regionalism in itself, however, is not as important a thematic or organizational point as in Bell's book. Brewster is presumably setting her stories in environments she knows best, but the experiences of her characters are less an expression of place than personality and private *angst*.

In contrast to the improvisational freedom inherent in Bell, *It's Easy to Fall on the Ice* is a studied collection, containing a series of stories which work a little too earnestly for obliquity. These are stories of women, the heroines ranging from young adulthood to middle-age, with time settings dating from the late 1940's to the present. Brewster provides carefully observed details of the lives of office girls, librarians, young writers, graduate students in London, and something of the aging process itself.

She is quite good at rendering the diffident, inexperienced heroine who is alternately asking for and shrinking from experience: for example, in "The Conversion" which observes a naively religious girl's confrontation in the raw with the mechanics of sex. The experience of another young woman's inept effort to drown herself for love is realized with some poignancy in "Comfort Me with Apples," although the motive for the action is less convincing. Brewster's strength as a short story writer does not include the power to chart emotional temperatures. Her references to close personal relationships, whether between the sexes or friends or relatives, fall flat more often than not. Chatter, description, and coy innuendo are seldom effective substitutes for emotional reality (in the title story, for instance).

The least successful stories are those which dissipate their effect through a rather cumbersome chronicle structure, as in "Strangers," which tells of student life in a London hostel, or "Flower Girl," which covers some ten or so years of the narrator's life for the ostensible purpose of recounting her association with an admiring teenage student with aspirations to write. The narrator herself has already achieved a modest reputation as a writer. The "flower girl," who haunts her idol with both eagerness and bouquets, eventually comes to an unfortunate end. The narrator, who has been more embarrassed than pleased at the attention, grows older, has moved about a good deal, and in due course discovers the fate of the

girl — all this for the flimsy irony of the "no flowers" request at her one-time admirer's funeral.

The most successful story in this collection, because the most compact and single-minded in intent, is "Silent Movie." It speaks with sensitive objectivity of a newly-widowed woman arriving alone in Paris and undergoing all the nervous tension of the inexperienced traveller who figuratively is deaf to communication because of the language barrier. Here the careful accumulation of detail provides the shape of a real experience, while several of the older stories, such as "Flower Girl," make only tentative, rather mechanically rendered gestures in this direction. Elizabeth Brewster's literary reputation has a much firmer foundation in her poetry than in *It's Easy to Fall on the Ice.*

DIANE BESSAI

WEST COAST, PLACELESS

ROBIN SKELTON and CHARLES LILLARD, eds., *The Malahat Review,* No. 45 (January 1978): *The West Coast Renaissance.* Univ. of Victoria, $3.00.

FRED CANDELARIA, ed., *New: West Coast. 72 Contemporary British Columbia Poets. New Poems — Autobiographies — Commentaries.* West Coast Review Books/Intermedia. (Also published as *West Coast Review,* XII/2, 1977.)

ANYONE TURNING TO THESE two anthologies with the hope of getting a clear and comprehensive picture of West Coast writing will be disappointed; some writers get more space than others, some appear in only one of the two anthologies, and others, of course, do not appear at all. Of the 98 British Columbia poets whose work appears in these two books, only 13 appear in both. These are: Eric Ivan Berg, Marilyn Bowering, Fred Candelaria, Mike Doyle, Charles Lillard, Rona Murray, Susan Musgrave, Rosalind MacPhee, Florence McNeil, George McWhirter, Robin Skelton, Seán Virgo, and Fred Wah. Not in itself a bad list, perhaps — but surprising when you consider some of those who appear in only one of the two books: Patrick Lane, P. K. Page and Phyllis Webb (all of whom are in *Malahat Review*); Earle Birney, Bill Bissett, George Bowering, Michael Bullock, Gary Geddes, Lionel Kearns, Dorothy Livesay, Daphne Marlatt, Stan Persky, Andreas Schroeder, George Woodcock and J. Michael Yates (all in *New: West Coast*). One might wonder, too, whether all the writers included are indeed "West Coast" writers (like, say, Seymour Mayne who is a Montreal poet, or Gwen Hauser of Toronto). There is no work whatsoever from Robin Blaser, Frank Davey, Gerry Gilbert, or Roy Kiyooka — and while in *Malahat Review* there are two short stories (by Rona Murray and Seán Virgo) and three critical essays (on Patrick Lane, Susan Musgrave, and P. K. Page), there is no prose from Gladys Hindmarch, Jane Rule, or Audrey Thomas (to name but three).

Statistically, the unwary reader might be further misled: if page count is any index at all of literary merit, then — taking both anthologies together — the most significant B.C. writer is Seán Virgo (who lives in Newfoundland) with 42 pages (38 of them in *Malahat*); he is closely followed by Susan Musgrave who has some 26 pages of work (including 12 pages of reproductions of worksheets in *Malahat*) and a 9-page essay about her, and by P. K. Page (6 pages of work plus a 27-page critical essay about her). Rona Murray gets 22 pages (all her own work), Patrick Lane gets 15 (4 of them by him) and Marilyn Bowering, who wrote 11 pages on Lane, gets a total of 20.

All this, of course, sounds like mere captiousness, but there is a difficulty: what function, precisely, do such anthologies as these serve, what audience do they appeal to? As a fairly well-established "International Quarterly of Life and Letters," no doubt with a fairly wide circulation outside both British Columbia and Canada, the *Malahat Review* might well, in this special issue published in celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the University of Victoria, be presumed to aim at reflecting, as accurately as possible, what it calls "The West Coast Renaissance." Obviously, as Robin Skelton remarks, "there are of course horrendous omissions of which we are fully aware"; obviously, too, the most efficient way to convey an admittedly "untidy" literary and artistic scene is to print a lot of short work (poetry especially), offer a number of reproductions of paintings and sculpture (the *Malahat Review* gives us a generous 25, including the cover), and a critical essay or two. In his "Comment" Robin Skelton (cautiously identified by co-editor Charles Lillard as "probably the world's authority on poetic technique") remarks that the West Coast scene is untidy because "we have been spared a Breton or a Pound and we have not been blessed with a Yeats," and seeks to demonstrate the thesis that there is a close parallel between the Irish Renaissance and the West Coast one: what we need is a Yeats. Most of the work in this anthology, consequently, appears to be written by White Indians who seek to get at the "psychic" landscape of the West by drawing on Northwest Indian legends and myths in composing what Skelton calls "symbolist" poetry which "attempts rather to express the numinous than to delineate the physical universe." The difficulty with such writing is not so much that it is a kind of fashionable latter-day Pauline Johnsonism (which it is), as that the experiential world which presumably gave rise to the poem is screened and filtered through a body of material, or of presuppositions, or of stories and tales, which are at base literary in origin — the world as talked about rather than the world as lived in — and the poem itself (as exemplified in this issue of *Malahat*) belongs to the realm of Art with a capital A. The poems of Susan Musgrave and Seán Virgo are decidedly bookish in flavour: their response to landscape is not so much a matter of physical or sensory/sensual immediacy as it is of preconceptions, of a sort of scholarliness: the outsider (even if "Native Born") playing intellectual and verbal games in order to express a meaning or intention which exists prior to the poem itself, independent of the people and the landscape they inhabit which is supposed to have given rise to it, and prior to the language in which it seeks "expression." The poem is locked into the mode of simile, and the word seems continually to be gesturing or pointing away from itself towards something else, some place else. The language becomes empty: like much "International" writing, it ends up coming from *no* place.

This in itself is not necessarily disadvantageous or reprehensible in an academic or scholarly world, or in the world of the poem as it has been taught in textbooks like *Understanding Poetry*. Neither is it, perhaps, necessarily uncharacteristic of British Columbia writing. But in a critical "Guide to the West Coast Renaissance" at the end of *Malahat*, in which he consistently mis-spells Charles Olson's name (and to which he appends some quite useful checklists), Charles Lillard is at some pains to point out that B.C. writing has at last outgrown the "basically regional" school of "Black Mountain." And in saying this, he misses something: in insisting on the "immediate," the so-called "Black Mountain" writer

demands that the poem be a direct testimony of the writer's intelligence meeting the world head-on, and that the poem be an engagement of the poet with the language, dense, packed, substantial, actual, in which and by which he sees the world. Exploring the language as it moves, as the word moves, responsive to the possibilities of what the words themselves would do in the utterance, the poem becomes an enactment and discovery of a world which is always (or seeks to be) particular rather than abstract or conceptualized. Ideas, meanings, emerge — and the process of reading the poem is the process of opening up to the perceivable world (of words/things) without seeking conclusions. The landscape of the West Coast, whatever it is, is certainly immediate, and it demands risk.

"We must understand what is happening," Ezra Pound enjoined his fellow poets in 1948 or so; Fred Candelaria offers *New: West Coast* as an attempt to be "representative" so that we might indeed discover what is going on. Wisely, he eschews "-isms" and similar labels, and in calling the West Coast "new" and a "search for, need for wilderness," points to the element of risk the landscape demands, and which the act of writing itself demands. In his very brief "Introduction" he refuses to theorize further, other than to call West Coast writing "cosmopolitan," "rich and vital." Perhaps he shares Robin Skelton's co-editor, Charles Lillard's feeling, expressed in *New: West Coast*, that "West coast poetry bores me; my own contributions to the body of coastal work annoys me [*sic*]." Certainly, he declines to theorize about it, but prefers to let a large body of work speak for itself — and this is the great virtue of the anthology. Yet its usefulness (and it feels, too, like a textbook) is limited, occasionally by the vacuous self-appraisals of some of the poets, and by evidence of haste: "Several poets whom we wished to include were away or their mail was lost or delayed, and others did not have anything on hand at the moment to offer for publication. Some manuscripts came in too late for consideration." The difficulty of encyclopaedism is that one can never be successfully encyclopaedic: the two anthologies would have enabled us to see British Columbia writing more steadily and clearly, understand what is happening, had they been more clearly in opposition, had Candelaria played Pound or Breton to Skelton's academic Irish Renaissance.

PETER QUARTERMAIN

SUB-CAMP

OPAL L. NATIONS, *The Strange Case of Inspector Loophole.* Véhicule Press, $1.00.

ANDRE FARKAS, *Murders In The Welcome Cafe.* Véhicule Press.

JOHN MCAULEY, *Nothing Ever Happens In Pointe-Claire.* Véhicule Press, $2.50.

EDDIE SUCKLE, *and thats all.* Air Press, $10.95, $5.95 paper.

GERRY GILBERT, *Grounds.* Talonbooks. $5.95.

CAMP, IT APPEARS, HAS GENERATED its own sub-species through a sensibility of artifice and exaggeration. The sensibility is unmistakably modern in its attempt to resist the elements of "high culture" and in its dichotomy of the merely naive and the starkly self-conscious. Unlike Camp, which (as Susan Sontag asserts) always sacrifices content to style, sub-Camp doesn't divorce itself from content but approaches it playfully while still professing a serious aesthetic and/or moral attitude toward nature and literature.

In Opal L. Nations' eighteen-page short story *The Strange Case of Inspector Loophole* and in André Farkas' verse *Murders In The Welcome Cafe*, we see the humour of sub-Camp, the parody of *démodé* styles: of the conventional mystery-thriller, the sinister, cynical, urban wit of Raymond Chandler, the emphatically dramatic, tautological verse rhythms of T. S. Eliot. But always the eye winks at the hand writing the spoofs, and so, while there is a parody, the comic tone reveals a deliberate lack of seriousness. Mannerisms are to be chuckled at for their own sakes: "her cool finger tips run / across my neck followed by a shiver of an address / that is Déja Vu familiar" (Farkas). And there is always an undertone of kidding:

> How does one enter anyplace
> where one has never been
> but expects all
> or
> almost all that will be
> with a swagger? / a firm push?
> knowing it MUST be a PUSH
> knowing that the door will bow before the PUSH
> WELCOME! it will admit in defeat
> or
> with a sigh? / a defeated lean?
> knowing that the door will bow before the lean
> WELCOME! (Farkas)

Like its parent Camp, this sub-Camp punctuates things dramatically, but takes typography as a metaphor for life as theatre or mimesis.

And yet, while the sub-Camp writer deludes himself about the scope of his technique, his subject is inadequately developed and remains merely skeletal. *Murders* lacks incandescence and ends in mediocrity, while *Loophole* never really transcends its subliterate, peurile humour or obvious black comedy, and ends with a literary whimper despite the pyrotechnical climax. No more than an embarrassing parody of a mystery with symbolist overtones, it begins with a run-on sentence, proceeds with barbarous punctuation ('"Illustrated London News?", repeated Loophole.'), and the final page contains a simile of earth *boiling* "like *simmering* plum jam" (my italics). The bizarre flavour of a thriller where chameleons are the true characters is wasted on a cast of caricatures which are low in content and form. Inspector Loophole, Dr. Morbid, Sgt. Creep — the names tell all we are supposed to know, but there is no real comedy of humours, and the whole piece reads like a rank amateur parody.

Camp writing has roots in an old tradition of extravagant effects. Susan Sontag identifies the eighteenth century as its source with the mannerist artists, the euphuistic writers, the dandy aristocrats, the plumed musicians. But sub-Camp (which has its roots in Dada, Surrealism, Symbolism, Concrete Poetry, etc.) reveals its vision in fragments and so, instead of failing by daring too much, it fails by

sanctifying the prescription that less matter is more, that a catalogue of sensations can substitute for articulate control.

John McAuley's *Nothing Ever Happens in Pointe-Claire*, for example, hints at emotions in slivers and with a casualness that betrays an inchoate craft. His "Nightmare" poem is fragmentary, and his title-poem is tenuous and banal. He never convinces us that he can "make his words/ float in celebration" for he lacks both the imagination and technique to go beyond jejune humour ("if the universe was square/ i would still be/ around/ somewhere"), colloquialism ("you're a hot tomato"), and images that are as banal as they are stale.

The sub-Camp writer mistakes his peurility for freshness, his audacious self-confidence for inspirational vigour, and his naiveté for artistic wonder. Things get much worse, however, when he turns to parody, for then every simple-minded scribbling is proffered as a refreshing example of dazzling wit. McAuley's monograph on chocolate is done in the manner of a serious scientific survey with Lowney's Law serving as an authoritative principle: "The quantitative relationship between the flavour and mouthful of chocolate was initially described by Lowney. He observed that a mouthful of chocolate was inversely related to its flavour — if the chewing rate was held constant." Now in itself — when circulated unpretentiously among close friends and colleagues in a boring undergraduate university course — these lines have a certain escapist value, but when read some years after Leacock's "Boarding-House Geometry" and Monty Python's satire on existentialist soccer, it is decidedly sophomoric.

Sub-Camp, therefore, is bad to a point of being laughable, but not bad to the point of being enjoyable.

Several of the characteristics of Camp survive in sub-Camp — among these being a taste for the androgynous, the double sense in which some things can be taken, a flamboyance of presentation, an attempt at intensity, and totally subjective standards of judgment. We note all this in Eddie Suckle's novel, which does try to escape the revolting press release gush that threatens to choke it. This is a story of a love triangle with Billy Crossit, a novelist who names his books after lovers; Frank Drury, a wealthy homosexual who needs Belle, his wife, to fill a frightening void; and Steven Dennis, the lead singer of Malcolm and the Mau-Maus. In a single day, the characters criss-cross in sexual promiscuity. Love is satirized corrosively and so is art, and both themes are co-ordinates in a hectic story. Billy, the bisexual artist, screws the Muse, and she, him. The moon is his symbol, but it is so hyperbolically transmogrified into melodrama that Billy's attempted anagnorisis in a suicidal moment is surrealist kitsch: "Land was as unstable as water, was not to be clung to but treaded and swum strongly with pride and originality, vitality and stamina springing from the imagination. There came the sound of a great splash, and the moon's nacreous turbulent arrow hit Billy smack in the chest." This botched suicide is a *rite de passage*, and Billy becomes an "All-American slut" who seeks divine beauty in either sex. Frank Drury, who is cuckolded by Crossit, also seeks this in his homosexuality, but no resolutions are offered in this black comedy where the artist-figure, in a parody of James, Hemingway, and Baldwin, goes yearningly towards Paris.

There is certainly a strong androgynous motif in the book with graphic scenes of sex, violence, and self-mocking irony, and Suckle's dialogue — which is usually unbearably arch at solemn moments — becomes nicely bitchy in its faggot argot. There are some flamboyant absurdist effects, but the prose is often ungainly

("He thrust and churned downward as she, of course, similarly upward did"), the dominant literary technique is that of a reproduced telephone conversation, the misspellings grossly repulsive ("hommage," "benificent," "androgenous," "Sonntag"), and the punctuation is so poor that the work reads like the effort of a sub-literate.

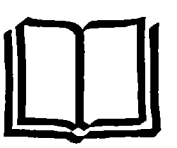
Sub-Camp writers often drum themselves up awesomely as whirlwinds and geniuses who are interested in "personal truth" or "the living truth." But they fail to live up to their boasts. Gerry Gilbert's *Grounds*, for example, comes prefaced with hype by Robert Creeley who writes of "the shy excitement" of Gilbert's voice and of a writer who is "a very fast, sweet, perceiver, the sweet Jesus of local streets." After this, I expected a major revelation — at the very least, a minor miracle. But all I got were lists (topics for poems that Gilbert never wrote), banal flatness ("one time/ I found 50c/ & handed it over to the bigger boy/ who said it's mine/ & he's still wrong"), witless junk (the word "bark" is repeated 374 times on the same page), pop sociology ("all the workers I met were on their own side/ screw the rich/ the upper class has fucked off/ the middle class has fucked up/ the working class is fucking on"), tedious documentary realism that is so clinical it must be a form of self-therapy for Gilbert ("So we went down to the harbour beach and dug holes & discovered fingers in the sand and made castles and walked to the water over the soft sand way out past Smeaton's Pier and it got cold and windy so we had an ice cream cone and rolled home up the Stennack").

Sub-Camp, like Camp, must be outrageous — as when Gilbert edits an interview with himself, offers a photocopy of a deliberately illegible piece with an awful title pun ("Ruled Feint"), writes a practical joke called "Sculpture," muses self-indulgently about the word "and," and tells us with breathless excitement that "one of the few things I am tonite is stoned" — as if we couldn't guess!

Sometimes the audacity is accompanied by sporadic displays of some small talent. There is a single good satiric paragraph in "The Slug Liberation Act," and Gilbert is capable of facile, whimsical lyricism: "caterpillar/ if I pat/ your head/ your mad/ feet will/ stop still/ do you purr/ is your fur/ warm/ my worm/ done / I touch/ your hair/ much/ why/ arent you/ a butterfly?" But in general Gilbert shows only fragments from a stoned mind — pieces moving in fits and starts that don't make a large meaning. More often than not, they are not even vaguely interesting or useful. When Gilbert turns serious, he falls into Camp: "when America speaks it's the belly of the continent rumbling/ when Canada is silent it's thinking."

Perhaps, the ultimate purpose of sub-Camp is a revival of Dada in modern dress, for freakishness is turned into a cult. Self-indulgent ripeness is all. Gilbert himself records: "I am everything I see," but this is not involvement or art — merely immersion and shapelessness. Of course, his poems are not supposed to mean anything in "massman" language. They are empty like a cup and are meant to assert that "the shape of that emptiness is what a cup is." But we mustn't think too hard on this pseudo-philosophy or we'll end up with Gilbert, laminating hollow gimmickry and useless fragments.

KEITH GAREBIAN



TIME'S MOTION

ELIZABETH JONES, *Flux*. Borealis, $4.95.

PIER GIORGIO DI CICCO, *The Circular Dark*. Borealis.

E. D. BLODGETT, *Sounding*. Tree Frog Press, $4.95.

THE PUBLICATION IN 1972 of Elizabeth Jones' first book of poems, *Castings*, showed the beginnings of an unusual lyric talent. *Flux*, her second book, reveals masterly strides in diction and lyricism. For those for whom poetry is sound, language rich and sensuous to the ear, *Flux* should come as sheer delight. Do not, however, be misled by the title. In these days of the imitative fallacy, it is natural to expect that the flux will be created by a disjointed syntax, its existence proven by leaving the reader directionless. But Jones writes about homely, everyday events with a deftness that both sets the outlines and reveals the paradoxes.

The number of strong lines that allow the world to be seen as if for the first time is truly staggering. She has pigeons that "strut away/ on pink fastidious claws" as well as abstractions such as Charity or Agape, "signifying no vain heave of the affections/ but order quiet and due observance...." The consonance, the assonance of the diction creates a quiet harmony in which the rhythms can modulate, often to sharp trochees, keeping the reader continually alert. In her recording of natural details, Jones reminds one of the post-Confederation poets at their best. Yet the analogy is not altogether accurate: Jones has no nostalgia for past time; nor does she portray the natural scene for what it can reveal of another, transcendent, existence. She glories in the surfaces of life for what they reveal of their own textures.

Particularly delightful is the way Jones manages to convey her own experiences without any of the grim banality usually associated with first-person expression nowadays. In the title poem and in several others, she contrasts her childhood in South Africa with her new life in Canada. Highly selective with autobiographical details, she tells us nothing of her education in Scotland and France, nor of her experiences of teaching at Memorial University. Indeed, one has to guess that she is married and living in the Annapolis valley with two daughters. Her purpose is to convey first the "southern" qualities of South Africa — "a tropical night" with "sway of mosquito net/ lights of passing cars," creating the sense of thousands of unnamed, unrealized possibilities. And then she contrasts this with her present adult life in "northern" Canada — a closing round in the long, dark nights, a perfecting of past possibilities that have now been pieced together. Yet the antinomy between south-north and youth-age is not the end point. The poem goes on to develop the contrast, throwing the reader back into the ongoing flux of a Canadian spring day, light reinvoking the "dark circle of love" in new beginnings that are always beginning. Jones has the superb ability to write about things as they are in flux, as they appear at moments of completion and as they tumble into flux again. The patterns are there, but the poetic line creates and is not delimited by them.

Much of the quiet beauty in these poems comes from the liquidity of the verse. Using the short, so-called half-line of free verse, she varies the length to effect a continual expansion and compression. A typesetting nightmare that is well worth the effort, her irregular lines capture the poem's sense of ebb and flow. Developing this same feeling of movement is Jones' use of the long sentence, her piling phrase on phrase, to turn images round, modifying them, playing out the changes. "Family," for instance, is one long sentence in which Jones describes her grandfather who felt more love

when delivering
the babies of narrow pelvised black
women
after riding twenty miles
into the cold night-bitten hard-rocked kloof
than when caressing my grandmother
with her thick fair hair
her proud and bitter Dutch spirit.

And yet at the point when one imagines the sentence must end, it turns on itself to picture the grandmother in her role as healer of children.

Here is no gravel-voiced Upper Canadian or even some steely-mouthed west-coast surrealist, but a woman's voice modulating timbre to suit her many moods. There is also a tenderness, a sense of creation as a response in kind to a world perceived as "other," but to which the poet still belongs. Actions do not occur alone, but are part of the poet's mindscape in which all things connect. At times, one can sense in the background a Christian training. In "Stations of the Cross," for example, we follow Jones on a tour of a Catholic cathedral:

We are aware of the fine balance
of Christian paradox
the flying buttress
the Gothic Arch.

Yet the structure, beautiful as it is, eventually is too complex. Jones becomes lost in the "metaphysical mathematics," the figure of Christ "stiffens to a cipher," and the "mind rests/ almost thankfully in the tomb." Nevertheless, a resurrection still awaits — the opening of the door to where, outside, "the sun dazzles/ the beggar is still there."

In a few of the slighter "social" poems, I detected what appears to be a tendency to preach at people whom Jones does not admire, people who are too precise. Jones obviously prefers flux to the "intelligent poise." Yet she herself has an artful intelligence, her poems being poised examples of flux. For her more social statements, then, Jones might do well to cultivate the muse of satire. Yet this is a small criticism of a poet who has placed the child once again at the centre of the "fierce rose" as a celebration of life itself, of the tension between flux and structure.

Turning from Elizabeth Jones to Pier Giorgio di Cicco in his recent collection of poems *The Circular Dark* is like leaving the country for the city, the light for the dark. At twenty-nine years of age, di Cicco is much better known than Jones, partly because of his three previous volumes, but also by his having edited several small journals and his new position as Associate Editor of *Books in Canada*. Living in Toronto may also have helped.

At first reading, di Cicco's poems do not compare well with those of Elizabeth Jones. His short spare lines, the bleak images of an indifferent society, and the poet's obsessive concern with his own lack of motivation seem at first sight unoriginal. Moreover, the collection is very uneven, with the best poems coming near the end. The first section, La Gente, reveals di Cicco as a rather cocky, aggressive young man; the poetry has a nervous energy, a sharpness of image that is both pleasingly showy and a little thin. A number of the poems are about teachers with whom he studied at Toronto. These are amusing, even a little malicious, the sort of thing that a clever undergraduate says when he feels he is suffering through his education at the hands of poseurs. Yet it is only when di Cicco begins to write about his return to Italy in 1974 that a largeness of conception and a new spaciousness of syntax begin to be felt. And the real dividends of this freer style come in the last section, "The Circular Dark." The last poem, "The Only Heavens," begins "Leave alone the beautiful things./ They will be without us"; it indicates a new kind of detachment, a breaking from the manacling romantic myth which sees the writer as creating the universe.

Also reinterpreting the romantic mythos, is Ted Blodgett's *Sounding*, where the essential feature is a universe of beauty in ecstatic movement. I have left Blodgett to the last because he is the most difficult of the three, and *Sounding* invites many rereadings. Indeed, there were moments when I found myself fantasizing about di Cicco's studying comparative literature under Blodgett at Alberta: the meeting of poets might have led to one of di Cicco's illuminating "faculty" poems. All this is not to deny the seriousness of Blodgett's undertaking. But where to begin? To describe the book as a long poem in which Blodgett relates his own spiritual journeying through the life of Vincent Van Gogh from the time of his great painting period at Arles, to his stay at the asylum in St. Remy, and then to his final suicide at Auvers, gives the reader only a handle for the poem, not the poem itself. Blodgett takes the reader outside history altogether, dispenses with the normal mind-patterned modes of perception, and throws the reader into the dynamism of experience itself. The poem begins by re-experiencing Van Gogh's intensity in his prolific "yellow" period, after he had been introduced to the new colours of Seurat and Degas. In following Van Gogh's tracks, Blodgett learns

> yellow
> was the only way
> you laughed.

This is no discussion of Van Gogh, however, but a living through him. When in Arles, Blodgett, too, hears "yellow/ echoing under foot." Seeing also that "flowers / foamed against Vincent's mouth," Blodgett walks into Vincent's mouth, in the same way that Milton entered Blake's metatarsal.

Sounding is a difficult poem, and it certainly helps to have at least a passing acquaintance with the events of Van Gogh's life. It may also help to read Blodgett's first book of poems, *take away the names* (1975), for which Coach House Press designed a brilliant cover with a red chair surrealistically imposed upon a recently harvested prairie field. The point is that after the names have been taken away, one is left with mystery, everything potentially being everything else. Chairs are no longer simply chairs but also part of the infinite possibilities. In Van Gogh's case, the paintings portray strongly the process by which each object partakes of the creative force animating all life.

Near the end, Blodgett himself has become the painter:

> i vincent
> from winter where the high tiding
> of blue
> bells upon the air
>
> have never veered again.

He escapes the profane to enter the sacred — the world of blue that is also blue bells. Van Gogh died, his painting did not, and in becoming Van Gogh, Blodgett reenacts the process of naming for "the name is all/ told now." The name is all, but all in the naming.

Curiously, all three poets portray the flux of time. Jones celebrates the fact, di Cicco wrestles with the poses necessary to retain balance, and Blodgett recreates the

whorl itself. A revelation seems at hand, for is flux not also the principal concern of Ondaatje, Mandel? indeed, most writers of our time?

R. B. HATCH

WORK CAR NO. 10557

MARJORIE LISMER BRIDGES, *A Border of Beauty, Arthur Lismer's Pen and Pencil.* Red Rock, $16.95.

THIS BOOK ABOUT ARTHUR LISMER, a member of the Group of Seven, sent me back to John McLeish's biography of Lismer (*September Gale*), and also to Peter Mellen's lavish art book about the Group. Fifty years after the original furore these painters aroused in Canada, an uproar of violently dissenting critics, then rebuttal and attack of Lismer, A. Y. Jackson and Lawren Harris, the explosion of words seems quite unreal.

The Group's paintings were "like the inside of a drunkard's stomach" was the gist of one critical onslaught. Hector Charlesworth of *Saturday Night* and S. Morgan-Powell in Montreal were foremost of the Group's assassins in the early 1920's; but everyone took sides, wrote letters to newspapers, fired salvoes almost as firey as exploding shells during the recently ended World War I. Said Wyly Grier of Toronto, " I have seen several [such] groups wax, wane and die. They died from many causes, the chief one being that, having a central doctrine or dogma, they all painted very much alike." A. Y. Jackson, in answering this partly valid objection to the Group, was more than capable of holding his own: "Now say, like good Canadians, we don't care if we aren't articulate, or whether the archaeologist of the future digs down here and finds nothing but Ford parts! Now art is what makes a nation articulate, not alone painting, but literature, drama, music, sculpture, and architecture, and every great nation must create these things for itself. Art is the voice of a nation speaking through time."

Here the rhetoric melds with truth, and I find Jackson very convincing: "Art is the voice of a nation speaking through time." Of course that gives rise to many further questions: Is art objectively truthful, or does it convey its own subjective kind of truth? And what about Kipling's "Old wars, old peace, old arts that cease"?

In 1918 J. E. H. MacDonald, Frank Johnston and Lawren Harris painted in Algoma in northern Ontario, living in work car No. 10557, a moveable studio and springboard to the wilderness. Lismer, Jackson and others also went north during the next few years. They were joined by Varley and Tom Thomson. The country moved, stirred and stimulated them. One reason for this stimulus may have been because the freedom of nature is very different from any possible human freedom: it consists of trees, lakes and rivers becoming themselves in their own way, without interference except from weather and fire which are also natural things (of course I don't mean campfires). The society of trees and rivers meant much to members of the Group.

In any event, the paintings they produced were dramatic and, I think, somewhat akin to the French Impressionists. But just "somewhat": no one could really mistake their landscapes for French Impressionism. However, perhaps Wyly Grier did have a point: there was some similarity in their painting. But that wasn't very important at the time, when the Group was a national movement (although it included no members from the west or Maritimes until Emily Carr became an honorary member somewhat later), and their blazing melodramatic landscapes etched themselves into the Canadian consciousness.

Time passed, and each member of the Group became more and more his own man. Tom Thomson drowned when unfairly young, but left a magic legacy. Lawren Harris moved and changed, roamed through a personal gamut of development, his beginnings having no seeming connection with what he produced near the end of his life. Fred Varley, maverick and individualist, painted people as well as the land, painted "Vera," and left his own snub-nosed face grinning derisively at tradition. J. E. H. MacDonald — well, it may be that he was too old to absorb more than the initial impetus of the Group, but that initial impetus was sufficient explosion. And Jackson, so verbal and personally adventurous, more closely identified with the Group than any other member, nevertheless did not move from his beginnings in any significant way, as Harris certainly did. Arthur Lismer, whose pen and pencil drawings are the subject of his daughter's book, seems frozen back in that time when all the mud-slinging was going on, and is principally identified with that one fine painting, "September Gale."

Lismer was, and became more and more as time passed, an academic, a teacher, a man who told others verbally what their paintings should be, who corrected faults, who pointed at shortcomings. He occupied a succession of such jobs, positions, appointments at various art schools, academies and colleges. Critics labelled him a Sunday Painter, which epithet he wryly acknowledged. When Jackson, MacDonald, Harris, Varley and the others were exploring a full gamut of the seasons in painting, Lismer joined them only in spring and summer for the most part ("September Gale" must be an exception to this). He had to support a wife and daughter; he had little money, in fact was broke or nearly for much of that early time.

The indigent artist or poet or whatever is an eternal theme even now — now that all the historical patrons and subsidizers have boiled down to (in this country) The Canada Council. Writer in rags in a garret, painter the archtype of Cary's Gulley Jimson — these stereotypes are still valid despite artistic helper-outers, not least of which is The University.

And it was always so. There were always two choices or possibilities of escape for artists: take a chance on your own ability to survive in the rough-and-tumble workaday world, or else grab at an establishment teaching job or various other kinds of sinecure. And it was never a really simple choice. Sometimes the mavericks exult far too much in being that, academics ditto, each thereby losing some part of their original far-away aim and object. Then limited success for the few, for either academic or maverick, which again erodes original vision and impetus.

Getting back to Lismer: did he do that in order to survive, grab a teaching job and become a Sunday painter, become that rare thing, a great teacher? Too easy and simple to answer yes; he did that for good and valid reasons. I don't know, but this book and the McLeish biography certainly raise the question of maverick versus establishment man.

Lismer's drawings in *A Border of Beauty* seem to me mundane, ordinary, as if one of his own more accomplished students had executed them. Of course they are capable, with art school virtuosity, tag ends of ability, splintered fragments of vision, something to keep your hand in, casual impressions of nothing that meant much. I feel sad about them. As if all the original passion, the elemental savage thing that changes and never changes and which echoes unknown depths in our echoing selves — as if these things had died or quietly been glossed over by a job at the Montreal Art School.

I'd rather look at "October on the North Shore" or "The Guide's Cabin" which are also Arthur Lismer, which are real as "the inside of a drunkard's stomach," not just an establishment autopsy. An aspect, vision, something without name shines there. Something done well for its own sake, for all our sakes later — was done then. I pay homage to that.

A. Y. Jackson said it best: "Now a last word, because tomorrow we will all be academic. And when the last cow is taken from the drawing room and the walls are alive with red maple, yellow birch, and sparkling snowscapes, I can hear the young modern painter up north say to his pal, 'There's the trail those old academic Johnnies, the Group of Seven, blazed.' " And they did.

AL PURDY

DOWN AND OUT ACROSS CANADA

SYDNEY HUTCHESON, *Depression Stories.* New Star Books, cloth $9.95, paper $3.45.

SILVER DONALD CAMERON, *The Education of Everett Richardson.* McClelland & Stewart, $4.95.

DOROTHY LIVESAY, *Right Hand Left Hand.* Press Porcépic, $15.00, paper $6.95.

LILLIAN HELLMAN's description of "pentimento" — "the old conception, replaced by a later choice, is a way of seeing and then seeing again" — differs from Dorothy Livesay's approach to the past as outlined in *The Documentaries*: "Generally it has seemed better to leave the work untouched, as a record of the times; for, though some of the lines and patterns are not all that might be desired, I believe that the veracity of the material and mood is more important than the occasional sentimentality of expression or the lack of polish in style." Yet, "pentimento" may be applied to the technique of juxtaposing photographs, articles, letters, stories, plays, and poems of the thirties with contemporary commentary in the three different typesettings of *Right Hand Left Hand.*

The title points not only to the political polarities of the decade — fascism and communism — but also to the physical activities involving both hands of the working class. Employer commands employee: "Pick them up with your left hand while your right hand pulls the lever!" Or, in Regina, while staying with her cousin, Livesay has to conceal her leftist identity ("the right hand was uppermost"), so she leaves for Calgary where there is some confusion as to the "right" side of town. She also uses the dichotomy in male-female relationships in the thirties: "In theory, we were free and equal as comrades on the left. In practice, our right hand was tied to the kitchen sink!" The subtitle, "A True Life of the Thirties: Paris, Toronto, Montreal, The West and Vancouver. Love, Politics, The Depression and Feminism," seems to indicate the variety of territory covered, yet in addition Livesay devotes chapters to New Jersey and Spain. Indeed, everything and the kitchen sink find their way into this book.

The opening chapter, covering 1928-32 and the trans-Atlantic experiences of Toronto and Paris, is characteristic of a less-than-strict adherence to the unities of time, place, and genre throughout the book. Nevertheless the variety sustains interest, the old-young woman effectively recounting the emergence of the poet's talents and political views four decades ago. The provincialism of Toronto is mitigated by university friends like "Jim" Watts, her father's position as manager of the Canadian Press, and ultimately, her experiences in Paris. She mentions her love affair in Paris but fails to develop it, turning instead to a memoir in praise of Raymond Knister, followed by a critical

attack on the decadence in Eliot's and Edith Sitwell's poetry.

Returning from Paris, Livesay takes up social work in Montreal. Her commitment to Marxism is evidenced in the style and content of poems such as "An Immigrant," which describes in clear diction the eviction and murder of Nick Zynchuk.

In the middle sections of the book she resides for periods in Toronto and New Jersey, repeating her socialist concerns — variations on the same themes — so that few individual pieces stand out beyond the others as examples of excellence. Several of her poems, such as "Day and Night" and "The Outrider," have appeared earlier in Livesay's *Collected Poems.* In the italicized commentary of "Toronto 1934" she discusses her story "Six Years," but the story does not appear until two chapters later. While her trip out west does eventually provide a geographical break, no artistic change occurs.

A more precise change takes place in the chapter on the Spanish Civil War with Norman Bethune's letter to New Frontier and an interview with Hemingway which launch Livesay into her comments and poems, "Catalonia" and "Lorca," on the War. In the final chapter Livesay returns to Vancouver in 1939 with her husband, Duncan Macnair. After presenting the violent attacks by the RCMP on Steve Brodie, the post office leader, Livesay withdraws, settling down to family life on the North Shore after active participation in the cause of the left through the decade. This silence at the beginning of World War II forms a curious conclusion.

The editors have undoubtedly had both hands full arranging all the materials. In the same breath of the Introduction that David Arnason talks about the literature of the period being filled with pathos and bad grammar, he is guilty of solecism in a related field, for he mis-spells "social fermant" and at the opposite end of the book Comintern becomes "Commitern" — excusable errors if one takes into account the astigmatic pressures of the triple typography.

While out west, Dorothy Livesay wished to reach Fernie, B.C., in search of the story of men locked out in what was almost a ghost town. Sydney Hutcheson moved to Fernie in 1908 (one year before Livesay's birth) and recalls the fires and the strikes at the coal mines. In *Depression Stories* Hutcheson offers twenty short sketches, which are appropriate for the disjointed, episodic life of a transient able to find only temporary jobs. The stories are followed by an appendix containing a glossary of "transient lingo," but one wonders whether monetary items such as "buck," "four bits," "copper," "lucre," and "fin" are so obscure as to require definition.

The titles of the first two stories, "Grazing" and "Roaming," suggest the animal level to which the transient was frequently forced to descend: "The only difference between me and a horse was that I wore clothes." The titles also indicate the transient quality of Hutcheson's activities during the Depression; he spends a lot of time on trains moving from one town to another in search of some form of temporary employment. He travels by boxcar as far east as Quebec where conditions are far worse than out west. The turning point in Hutcheson's life occurs during a snow slide when a rock fractures his skull causing narcolepsy, a condition resulting in excessive sleepiness. He visits a number of doctors and hospitals and describes conditions in several British Columbia hospitals.

Hutcheson explains the background of his socialism and in a brief philosophic chapter, "Free," he speculates on freedom and responsibility. Although a socialist, he is against welfare measures that destroy individual initiative to work. "In 1940-1

the Unemployment Act was brought into being, and after every citizen in Canada had been stamped with a permanent number for the first time, that was the beginning of the end."

While Livesay and Hutcheson portray company-owned towns out west, Silver Donald Cameron presents the struggles between labour and management on the east coast during the Nova Scotia fishermen's strike of 1970-71. Cameron structures *The Education of Everett Richardson* on the hypothetical progress from Grade School to High School to Junior College to University to Graduate School with each stage separated by an Interlude. This pattern of labelling is highly ironic, for the level of education of Richardson and his fellow workers falls far below those chapter titles. Like Dorothy Livesay and Sidney Hutcheson, Everett Richardson undergoes a socialistic apprenticeship. With the help of a tape recorder, chronicler Cameron retains the oral quality of the Nova Scotia regional tales, much as Hutcheson has done directly in British Columbia.

Cameron makes no pretense at objectivity, siding with the striking fishermen, yet he does present fairly the management's point of view. He admires the fishermen's courage and practicality in a hostile environment where drowning is common. No matter how hard the fisherman works, he never surpasses the less-than-$1-an-hour exploitation of a feudal society: in 1972 the Richardsons did not have a flush toilet. The strong personalities of the antagonists result in dramatic confrontations in Canso Straits between Donnie Cadegan, the manager of Acadia Fisheries, and Homer Stevens, president of the United Fishermen and Allied Workers. Between these two lies Everett Richardson, Everyman of the fishing world; beyond them are the multinational corporations of England and the United States, and the competing unions of the independent Seafood Workers and the American controlled Food Workers. The clergy are soon forced to take sides in the strike, and the most sympathetic, Ron Parsons, Anglican rector of Canso, eventually loses his pulpit because of pressure from the Nova Scotian Establishment on the Church.

Ostensibly about Everett Richardson, the book is in fact more about politics, business, religion, and social structure in Nova Scotia than about any individual. We lose sight of Richardson for long stretches both before and after his sentence of nine months for contempt of court.

At the very centre of the book, as the strike drags on through the summer of 1970, Cameron interrupts the narrative briefly: "Cherished reader, if you are bored by now I don't blame you." Cameron then points to a problem common to all three books under review: "If this were a novel I could wave a hand and abolish the tedium. But it's not a novel: these are real people, real events." With the more recent genres like the new journalism and Livesay's documentary poems, traditional categories disappear, so that it is in vain to compare Livesay's poetry with the poems of Auden, Spender, or Day Lewis, whom she praises. It is also unfair to ask Cameron and Hutcheson to treat social problems in the manner of Dickens, Zola, or Steinbeck. Cameron blames the boredom on the company ads by Booth and Acadia, but these capitalist statements are too brief to have a monopoly on tedium. How stimulating are most of the journalistic articles in *Right Hand Left Hand*?

After pleading for the reader's patience, Cameron promises something livelier in the next interlude, a promise which he does fulfill in "Country Cunning and Unofficial Life." The "folk" anecdotes give a lively account of dodging the police and stories swapped in the garage. One

wishes that Cameron had entertained with more "unofficial life," particularly since he himself recognizes how trying official life can be.

MICHAEL GREENSTEIN

SNOW WHITE AND ROSE RED

SYLVIA FRASER, *A Casual Affair*. McClelland & Stewart, $12.95.

THE VERY CASUAL COVER of Sylvia Fraser's latest novel is variations on the theme of black and blue with the obligingly synesthetic author wrapped in a matching ensemble on the back. The whole works is not done up in cello, but then you can't sell cello for $12.95. With the exception of a single drop of blood and one pastel garden insert, this is the last touch of colour until The Man From Glad, her White Knight, finally, on page 267, cracks open the seamless flesh of the White Princess, formerly a scullery maid. This is no mean feat, as we know from fairytales they don't bruise easily.

A Casual Affair is described as a modern fairytale, and, assuming the reader is as thick as the paper McClelland & Stewart lavished on this spectacle, Fraser has explicated her allegory with every stroke of the pen. She is the Bad Fairy, pointing her colourless odourless wand at every metaphor, giving a wonderful freshman tour of phallic symbolism. And just in case the cold snow flurry of sex, sadism and naive political commentary obscures what is actually going on in the chapel perilous, she lays it all on for us dullards in the final pages. What she really wanted to say all along was

> that Western materialism had developed because of the repression of the body in favour of the head — the external body of concrete and steel, as compensation. Much good had come from such a concentration of energy. A flowering of the arts and sciences. But now it was time for the Planet Earth to get its head together.

Now we are delivered from the white radiance of interminable couplings in the glass tower to the globe of many coloured glass, and not a moment too soon.

The White Knight and the White Princess, ostensibly pawns in a game, remain nameless and have no reality. There is no touching, just the White Knight limping from square to square down the road, dragging his wilted sword, and the White Princess humping the gothic peaks of her own autoromance, watching all this with a jelly eye and recording it with her camera. By the end, she has consumed all the raw white meat and is reborn, in water; where else, for Lycidas your sorrow is not dead.

The dialogue in *A Casual Affair* should have been written in bubbles. The words, never more than cartoon captions, defeat their own comic intention and become parodies of themselves rather than of the modern romance genre which Fraser ostensibly intends to satirize. She has forgotten that the leaven of humour is reality. The closest we come to the real prismatic core of the White Princess, which is all scullery maid after all, is in the fantasy chapters which are interspersed with the narrative. But realization of the interior antagonists, Knight and Lady, is denied in the almost compulsive separation between idea and symbol, body and mind, fantasy and reality.

Integration of all this mess, pleasure and reality, which Marian Engel has more or less managed in *Bear*, may be too much for the White Princess living in feverish neatness in a white apartment in the glass tower, but it might have been the substance of a real comedy. What we are left with is a Freudian notebook and not a fairytale at all.

Since we are intended to consider the novel as literature, there is the obligatory Canadian content, an eskimo allegory, an angel in the snow which is de rigeur in Canadian fiction, and cheeky allusions to an ex cabinet minister with pewter hair, a gleaming facade and a mouth as foul as our own White Knight. Apply soap to this and other places, as granny used to do, and we are left with a Harlequin Romance, which would be a bargain at a fraction the price.

LINDA ROGERS

BOXED SET

ROBERT ALLEN, *The Assumption of Private Lives*. New Delta, $2.50.

CYRIL DABYDEEN, *Goatsong*. Mosaic Press/ Valley Editions, n.p.

MICHAEL HARRIS, *Grace*. New Delta, $3.00.

BOB MCGEE, *The Shanty-Horses: James Bay Poems*. New Delta, $2.50.

ANNE MCLEAN, *LIL*. New Delta, $2.50.

RICHARD SOMMER, *The Other Side of Games*. New Delta, $2.50.

THE PROSPECT OF REVIEWING six slim books of often-thin verse brings to mind a well-known Canadian poet's method of dealing with the plethora of books sent his way. Only a few gain shelf space; the majority are boxed for a five-to-ten-year period of maturation. When the box is opened, the verses do not begin to sing any better than before; but the books containing them fetch hard cash from out-of-print dealers. Sometimes that seems the only justification for the publishing of relatively new poets.

The word *relatively* is crucial because five of the six poets under review have published books before. Of the five, three have produced new volumes that could be considered worthwhile only as first books. Richard Sommer's *The Other Side of Games* is dominated by attempts at profound word-play which seem to exist only for their own sake. Otherwise, the style is mostly prosaic; ideas, shallow ones at that, always take precedence over their language. Some of the verses near the end of the book are stronger, but Sommer's general artistic creed can be found in the conclusion of a particular poem: "don't leave poetry to the poets, / don't try to write a poem, / write one. / just pick up a pencil & write one." Somewhat better is Cyril Dabydeen's *Goatsong*, a collection of narrative and anecdotal pieces that make obvious observations about poverty, love, and human cruelty. Dabydeen is usually content to confront the reader with unheightened fact. Sometimes the details are carefully selected, but the points to which they lead are too insistent and repetitive. Technically, Dabydeen is reasonably smooth. His lines, however, are too short to permit much development of emotion; and they are short consistently, regardless of the subject or mood. A more judicious editor might have helped him greatly, and saved the reader from blatantly sentimental passages, the triteness of "Lady Icarus" (about Maria, who fell from a hotel), and the apostrophizing of a tourist magazine. There *are* some good poems in *Goatsong*: Dabydeen has an eye for tensions, even if he often fails to develop them. But there aren't enough for a book. Maybe his other book published in the same year contains Dabydeen's best for 1977. Bob McGee's *The Shanty-Horses: James Bay Poems* ranks as a first book also, because it lacks control. Straining to find metaphor, McGee fabricates too many, some ludicrous: witness the reference to a beaver's "jaw's chainsaw." Because his form is heavily narrative, he offers much that is prosaic, and his line endings are often arbitrary. Also arbitrary — and inexplicable — is his use of a capital letter at the beginning of each stanza. But McGee, like many poets writing in Canada, is admirable for his attempt to

deal with the contemporary landscape — or with the landscape in a contemporary way. His mistake is to impose external metaphor in an attempt to catch the bigness. That bigness must be distilled in its own terms. Restraint seems to be the key, and McGee shows promise of learning restraint, most notably in a satisfying "Epitaph" for another McGee (maybe an uncle).

In an order of increasing quality, *The Assumption of Private Lives* comes fourth. Robert Allen has a talent for getting into the experiences of other people, for condensing the historical past and the dramatic present. Too often, though, Allen is descriptive rather than engaging. Wordiness and the lack of music retard the verses, and many of the endings fail — either because *the point* is pushed too hard, or because an imagistic flatness conceals meaning. But several of the poems are rescued by a fine humour; and the coincidence of condensation, witty metaphor, and a colloquial rapport with the reader makes "The Old Men Picnic in High Park" worthy of anyone's attention.

Attention to Anne McLean's *LIL* at this point does not rank it higher than those books already mentioned. Rather, it is separated from the rest because its status as a first book allows for a leniency not accorded the others. On stylistic grounds as well, *LIL* is set apart. At a glance, this book is like Ondaatje's *Billy*: a collage of materials, set as a Western, challenging the frontiers between prose and poetry. But it's not. Generally, the poems are prose in the line lengths of verse; the prose, after an interesting few pages, is self-conscious. The problem of response, ultimately, is to determine what Anne McLean intends. Has she written a parody of Westerns, an exploration of the art of narrative, a metaphysical treatise, or an allegory on Canadian-American relations? Probably all four; but which is which, at any given time? When dancehall-girl says to gunslinger, "Maybe he found it difficult to breathe / the air of an alien mythology," is the reader prompted to ponder, laugh, or cry? And how serious is a work in which she says, later, "But Slade, I'm afraid / your trouble / is seeing double"? McLean's intent is undoubtedly serious, but her craft conveys intent only half the time.

Michael Harris also encourages the reader to consider halves. *Grace* is split, almost down the middle. The first thirty-eight pages exhibit invention unchecked: metaphoric shifts and wordiness crowd the page; rhythms are allowed to indulge themselves; a tendency toward unstressed syllables at line-ends dissipates energy; and the occasional accuracies disappear in the mass. One suspects Harris of demanding his poem from each day, and of insisting that it be published. The last twenty-six pages, on the other hand, are clean by comparison. This series of poems entitled "Death & Miss Emily" — about the poet Dickinson and her final, successful suitor — contains some extremely compact and satisfying lines. One should complain that Harris over-explains a few points, and that energy runs down (into abstractions) near the end of the series; but the historical fiction provides a frame within which Harris successfully arranges metaphor. Those twenty-six pages are the best, by far, in these six books. Shelf space for Miss Emily, approached by (and approaching) Death; box-like limbo for the rest.

RON MILES

opinions and notes

ROY DANIELLS 1902-1979

IT WAS MY WIFE WHO NOTICED the brief obituary notice in the *Edmonton Journal* and called out to me that Roy Daniells had died. The news came as a shock, even though I had heard only recently that he had not been too well. I thought of the last time we had met, at Bill New's house for dinner in December of 1977. Roy had not been well, and he had come through a rather rough period, but when he and Laurenda came into the living room, his great presence at once manifested itself. Tall, slightly stooped, he seemed to belie his 75 years. The voice was as firm and resonant as ever, and he told stories with the same dramatic verve that always made it a pleasure to be with him.

Towards the end of the evening he tired a bit, but afterwards, when Laurenda kindly offered to drive me back to my hotel, his energy came surging back, and in the car he talked with great animation. He talked of going to Rome again. Then he told an astonishing story of a visit to the Vatican archives, and of being allowed to hold in his hands an original letter that Michelangelo had sent to Julius II, asking the Pope for money. "How awesome it felt to hold that letter in one's hands," Roy said.

Then we spoke of matters closer to home. He was worried about some of the things that were happening in Canada, above all about the future of Confederation, but when we parted he was buoyant, his handshake was firm. Things would work out, somehow. The country would survive.

But now he himself was no longer here. I went upstairs and took *Deeper Into The Forest* from the shelf. It was Roy's first volume of poems, published in 1948. I read for a while. They are haunting poems. I had forgotten how haunting. One in particular seemed to have been written for just this moment.

> Let the soft darkness cloud and cover me,
> The cord be loosed, the ponderous golden bowl
> Broken, the last word spoken; let the howl
> Of the dog his single token of sorrow be.
> Give the grave-digger ale, the man-of-law his fee,
> And go at eve, I pray you, say to the owl
> Good-bye, for me; to the long-legged foal
> Under the beech, Good-bye; to every tree
> Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!
> Who called
> Death the last enemy, not the first of friends?
> Who in a distant field would place our peace?
> When I am dead, when I am dark and cold,
> Take then these thanks, my God, for my release,
> That for this life thy kindness made amends.

Roy Daniells was deeply aware of the tragic and melancholy nature of the human condition. But precisely because of that awareness he had an extraordinary zest for life and experience. He was above all a marvellous teacher of literature, who could transmit his enormous knowledge and scholarship to freshman and graduate student alike. He believed in the humanizing and civilizing mission of great literature. He believed that literature really mattered, that it was essential to the life of an individual as well as to the life of a nation. And his students responded to that vision, and to the clarity and grace with which he could explicate the most complex works of literature.

The literature of the seventeenth century, particularly Milton, and the Canadian literary tradition were his chief

interests. In the purely Canadian context, he belongs to that small group of Canadian scholars who helped to establish the study of Canadian literature as an important academic discipline.

He never confined himself to a narrow textual or severely technical scholarship. His was an extraordinary, wide-ranging mind. In *Milton, Mannerism and Baroque* (1963) he examines the works of Milton in the context of a great international tradition of literature and art. And when he writes about Canadian literature, he does so with a full awareness of all the historical and cultural factors that have gone into the making of this country and that have created its special problems. One need only look at his chapter on the development of our literature from Confederation to the First World War in the *Literary History of Canada* (1965) or at his long essay on Canadian poetry and the Canadian novel in *The Culture of Contemporary Canada* (1957) to become aware of the wide frame of reference within which he worked. At the same time, he was always aware that he wrote from a Western point of view.

> A flight across Canada (he wrote in *The Culture of Contemporary Canada*) reveals that the major landing fields are few in number and that each has its own merits as a point from which the country as a whole could be assessed. The centres are few and become more widely separated until the last is reached on the edge of the Pacific. From this point of vantage (or disadvantage) the "commercial empire of the St. Lawrence" will seem a long way off; so will French Canada, and, even more, the Maritimes. But this country has never had a true focal point since the fall of Quebec, has never felt as a "precious stone set in a silver sea. . . ." The Westerner can therefore permit himself to hope that his own view is as valid as another's; he may even borrow from Californians the confidence that the West most clearly embodies the formative processes of the frontier, an understanding of which is the first necessity to an understanding of the country.

His love of the land, of the great terrain as he often called it, was deep and abiding. It manifested itself in casual conversations as well as in numerous comments in his writings, above all in his book *Alexander Mackenzie and the North West* (1969). "It is perhaps at Great Slave Lake that Mackenzie's world opens around one to produce the fullest shock of recognition," he writes. "The world of affairs, communications and news is very remote and the real centre of things seems here in this nexus of land, water and spreading sky." He feels the presence of Mackenzie here, on the beach of the great lake, and he bids him farewell, "watching him withdraw into earth and air and water, here present in all their immensity."

There is in this passage something akin to religious awe. For Roy Daniells was a deeply religious man. His poetry above all testifies to that. Like so much else in his character, his religious feeling was complex. He allowed me one rare moment of insight into that part of his being.

It was in Ottawa, where we had met at the annual meetings of the Learned Societies. It was a hot and humid evening, and he asked me if I wanted to go for a walk with him. We strolled along the river, talking. He was a marvellous observer of the university world, and the stories he told were always full of wit and irony.

All at once he grew serious, even sombre. Some time ago, he said, he had suddenly realized that according to a strict fundamentalist Christian interpretation, the Jewish friends whom he loved could not enter Paradise because they were unbaptized. That realization came as a terrible shock to him. It was shattering, he said. It forced him to make a radical reassessment of his faith.

I did not know what to say, and for a long time we walked on in silence.

Then he said, "When the time comes, I shall meet you in Paradise."

Was there a touch of irony in the voice? I could not detect it. Was there a glimmer of a smile in the eyes? I could not see it. But suddenly, as we walked on in silence beside the Ottawa river, the moment became inexpressibly moving.

HENRY KREISEL

D. C. SCOTT'S "AT GULL LAKE: AUGUST, 1810"

THE LATER PHASE of Duncan Campbell Scott's career as a poet, that is, the long decline which set in after the publication of *Via Borealis* in 1906, is marked by only a handful of distinguished poems, among which must be counted "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris" (1915), "Powassan's Drum" (1926), "A Scene at Lake Manitou" and "At Gull Lake: August, 1810" (both 1935). The last of these, in particular, has been receiving increasing attention, indeed is close to attaining in the Scott canon a position of centrality comparable to that held by "The Piper of Arll." Yet no one, to my knowledge, has so far commented on the source of the poem; this despite the fact that its title, so specific as to time (August 1810) and place (Gull Lake), suggests that the narrative of the poem relates an actual, historical event.

Indeed the poem *is* based on chronicle, and how far we choose to believe the chronicle itself must depend on how much truth we attribute to the words of the fur-trader, Alexander Henry (the younger; d. 1814), for it is in Henry's Journal[1] — more specifically, in the entry for Aug. 29, 1800[2] — that the source of "At Gull Lake: August, 1810" is to be found.

This fact is of more than trivial interest because a comparison of the two narratives — Henry's and Scott's — with a view to discerning how Scott confronted and transformed his material, will lead to a finer understanding of Scott's artistry as a writer. For this reason I quote in its entirety Alexander Henry's narrative of the incident, noting meanwhile certain points of fact at which Scott's poem diverges from its source:

> At night I[3] was troubled by the visit of a young woman[4] from the other side [of the river] which nearly occasioned an ugly affair. About ten o'clock she came into my tent without solicitation. I was asleep; she awoke me and asked for liquor. I recognized her voice[5] and knew that her husband,[6] the greatest scoundrel of them all, was exceedingly jealous. I therefore advised her to return instantly, and not let him know she had been here. She requested a dram, although she was sober. I offered her a little mixed liquor, which she refused, telling me she wanted 'augumaucbane.' I was obliged to open my case and give her a glass of French brandy, which I made her swallow at one draught; but whether it actually choked her or she was feigning, she fell down as if senseless and lay like a corpse. I was anxious to get her away, but my endeavours were in vain; it was totally dark and I began to believe her dead. I thought to draw her to the tent door, and woke up my servant, whom I desired to assist me. I sent him for a kettle of water, which I poured over her head while he held her up; a second was applied in the same manner, but to no purpose. I became uneasy about her, and sent for a third kettle, the contents of which I dashed in her face with all my strength. She groaned, and began to speak. I lost no time before sending the man to conduct her to her canoe. In a half an hour she returned, having shifted her clothes and dressed very fine; her husband being an excellent hunter and without children, she had always plenty of finery. She told me in plain terms that she had left her husband and come to live with me. This was news I neither expected

nor desired. I represented to her the impropriety of her doing so, her husband being fond of her and extremely jealous. Her answer was, that she did not care for him or any other Indian, and was determined to stay with me at the risk of her life. Just then we heard a great bustle across the river, and the Indians bawling out 'take care!' We were going to be fired on. We saw the flash of a gun, but it appeared to miss fire. I had no doubt the woman was the cause of this, and I insisted on her returning to her husband; but she would not. Observing that the men had made a fire, I called my servant and desired him to take her to the fire and keep her from troubling me again. This he did much against her inclination, being compelled to use main strength, and by good luck got her on board a canoe that was crossing. The noise we had heard on the other side was made by the husband, who, knowing of his wife's intention, had determined to shoot at my tent; but his gun only flashed, and his brothers took it from him. On his wife's return he asked her where she had been. She made no secret of the matter, but said she was determined to go with me. 'Well, then,' said the Indian, 'if you are determined to leave me, I will at least have the satisfaction of spoiling your pretty face.' He caught up a large fire-brand, threw her on her back, and rubbed it in her face with all his might, until the fire was extinguished. Then letting her up, 'Now,' says he, 'go and see your beloved, and ask him if he likes you as well as he did before.' Her face was in a horrid condition. I was sorry for it; she was really the handsomest woman on the river, and not more than 18 years of age. Still, I can say I never had connection with her, as she always told me if I did that she would publish it and live with me in spite of everybody. This I did not wish, as I was well aware of the consequences. Thus ended a very unpleasant affair, with the ruin of a pretty face.

NOTES

[1] *New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest. The Manuscript Journals of Alexander Henry ... and of David Thompson ... 1799-1814. Exploration and Adventure among the Indians on the Red, Saskatchewan, Missouri and Columbia Rivers,* ed. Elliott Coues (N.Y.: Harper, 1897; rpt. 3 vols. in 2, Minneapolis: Ross & Haines, 1965), I, 71-73.

[2] Scott, for what reason we do not know, advanced the date of the incident by ten years. The place was also changed — from Henry's Red River (in southern Manitoba) to Gull Lake (in Alberta, just north of Red Deer); Gull Lake is mentioned in Henry's journal (II, 637) but not in connection with the incident under discussion here.

[3] The "I" is Alexander Henry himself; the name "Nairn" is Scott's invention, appearing also in his short story, "In the Year 1806" (*The Witching of Elspie,* 1923).

[4] The woman is unnamed in Henry's narrative. Scott's "Keejigo" is an invention; he may have taken the name from a glossary in Henry's Journal (II, 536) where "Kejikong" is listed as the Ojibway word for "sky."

[5] Though Henry here indicates that he was at least acquainted with the woman, she is not mentioned in his Journal prior to this incident.

[6] Her husband was Tabashaw, the chief of the band of Saulteaux which accompanied Henry at this stage of his journey. Tabashaw is mentioned several times by name in Henry's Journal (see the Index, vol. III of Coues' edition); a footnote (I, 53) informs the reader that he was "killed by Sioux late in 1807."

LEON SLONIM

I. V. CRAWFORD: THE GROWING LEGEND

RESEARCH INTO THE LIFE OF Isabella Valancy Crawford, Canada's first woman poet and freelance writer to make her living almost entirely from her writing, is beginning to proliferate, and although a number of interesting facts have come to light recently, there are still large gaps in her story. Information about the Toronto years is particularly vague. When exactly did she and her mother, Sidney Crawford, move to Toronto and where did

they first live? We simply don't know. The little we do know for certain about this period is what Crawford herself has left us in the brief autobiographical sketch she wrote for Seranus, the literary editor of *Week*:

> I am of mingled Scotch, French and English descent, born in Dublin, Ireland. My father was Stephen Dennis Crawford, M.D., M.R.C.S. England, and I.M.B.A. Canada. I am his sixth child and only surviving daughter. I was brought to Canada by my parents in my earliest childhood, and have never left the country since that period. I was educated at home, and have never left my home but for a month, that amount of absence being scattered over all my life. My father settled finally in Peterborough, Ontario, where he passed on. My mother and I then came to Toronto where we have since resided. I have written largely for the American Press, but only published one volume of my own account, "Old Spookses' Pass: Malcolm's Katie and Other Poems", which appeared in 1884, in Toronto, and is decorated with press errors as a Zulu chief is laden with beads. *Voila Tout!*[1]

What year did the surviving Crawfords move to Toronto? Was it in 1876, after the sister, Emma Naomi, died? Or the spring of 1879, the year Crawford's poetry began to appear in the *Toronto Telegram*? Or in 1880, as is assumed in Peterborough? Again, we don't know.

We have something more definite to go on after that, however, from these entries in the Toronto City Directories dated as indicated:

1883 Sidney Crawford, wid of Stephen D, rms, 214 Adelaide W.
1884 Mrs. Crawford, bds, 214 Adelaide W.
1885 Crawford, Miss Isabella V, bds, 180 Adelaide W.
Crawford, Sidney, wid Stephen, bds, 180 Adelaide W.
1886 [no entry]
1887 Crawford, Miss Isabella V, bds, 57 John.

These dates should be moved back one year. In the 1880's, the City Directories, published at the beginning of the year indicated, contained the information for the *previous* year. (This was not true of the 1870's.) Thus the notation in the City Directory for 1883, for example, means that the Crawfords were living at 214 Adelaide W. in 1882.

Some interesting observations can be inferred from these entries beyond the fact that they establish specific addresses for some of these years. A point of sorts can be made about the use of Crawford's given names since some difference of opinion exists over whether she was known as Isabella or Valancy to her family. The case for Valancy can be traced to a story in Katherine Hale's biographical sketch in her introduction to *Isabella Valancy Crawford* which she edited in 1923 for the Makers of Canadian Literature series. Hale reports a Miss Wallis recalled hearing Peterborough children, who were following the poet, taunting her with the unfamiliar "Valancy." But in those days girls were frequently called by their double given names, and it is possible that the children, having heard the poet called "Isabella Valancy," picked up the Valancy to taunt her with. It is more than likely that members of the poet's immediate family called her by her double name at times, shortening it later to Isabella. Her brother, at any rate, referred to her as Isabella.[2] The listing in the Directories seems to support the evidence that she was called Isabella by those who knew her.

Far more intriguing is that notation "bds" in the Directory entries. It has been assumed, up to now, that in Toronto Crawford and her mother lived either in a couple of rooms or in what was then known as a flat, the forerunner of today's apartment. No attention has been paid to the fact that in four of these Directory entries, Crawford or her mother are listed as boarding, not rooming. This opens up a whole new field of speculation about

the kind of life the Crawfords were subjected to while they were living in Toronto. The boarding houses of that era had a distinct character of their own that ought to add background richness to the poet's biography when it is finally written.

For it would appear from the Directory entries that the Crawfords moved frequently from boarding house to boarding house along Adelaide. Not only that, but they were often in debt to the landlord or landlady.[3] This is apparent from calculations in the poet's handwriting on the cover of the memorandum book tucked in among her unpublished manuscripts in the Lorne Pierce collection at Queen's University. Here, considerably tidied up and with the numbers of the bank notes deleted, is the rough accounting of rents paid in 1885 in the order in which they appear:

Paid rent in full January 8 1885
Paid rent up to the first of April 1885
Paid $7 on account of rent to the first of May
Paid all rent due Miss Harrison up to July 1st
Pd rent to Sep 1st to Miss Harrison
Pd Miss Harrison rents to Oct 1st
Paid Miss Harrison $3-50 cents on December 15, 1885
Feb 2nd pd Miss H. rent up to Feb 1st [1886].

Let us backtrack now and pick up Miss Harrison's history — at least, as much of it as can be ascertained from the Directories. For a number of years in the '70's, a Mrs. Mary Harrison, a widow, had been operating a boarding house at No. 1 Duncan, corner of Adelaide. She did well over the years and in 1877 bought two houses across the street at 216 and 218 Adelaide. She opened a confectionery at 218 and rented 216 to a Mrs. Mary Keenan who operated it as a boarding house. In 1881 Mrs. Keenan died or moved and Mrs. Harrison took over the operation of both the confectionary and the boarding house, for she is listed as the householder for the double address. Both businesses were, obviously, too much for her as she was by now getting on in years. So in 1882 she again rented the boarding house, this time to a Mrs. Margaret Colville, and she herself returned to concentrating on her confectionery. In 1884 she retired.

The boarding house at 216 Adelaide is now listed as being run by Miss Jennie [Jane] Harrison and the confectionery by Mrs. Agnes Dooling, wife of William. The Directory tells us that Mrs. Mary Harrison was boarding with the Doolings in 1885. This raises some interesting questions. What relation was Jennie Harrison to Mrs. Mary Harrison — daughter? niece? sister-in-law? And why did Mrs. Harrison choose to board with the Doolings instead of next door with Jennie who was in all likelihood a close relative? There must certainly be a fascinating human interest story buried under the dusty archives the year that Isabella Valancy Crawford's path crossed that of Jennie Harrison.

For I submit that this is the Miss Harrison to whom Isabella Valancy Crawford owed the rent in 1885. This is the only Miss Harrison in the Directory who could have been operating a boarding house, and we know that 216 Adelaide W. had a boarding-house history. This establishes another address — 216 Adelaide W. — for the Crawfords for 1885. It is interesting that in one of Crawford's stories, *The Halton Boys*,[4] written under the pseudonym of Denis Scott, the opening scene takes place in a confectionery. The descriptive details for this scene could have come from the confectionery next door to Miss Harrison's boarding house.

The table of addresses for Crawford from 1882 to 1887 can now be filled in to look like this:

Dates	*Addresses*	*Landlady or Landlord*
1882	214 Adelaide W.	Mrs. Harriet Farquharson
1883	214 Adelaide W.	Mrs. Harriet Farquharson
1884	180 Adelaide W.	Thomas Carradice
1885-Feb. 1886	216 Adelaide W.	Miss Jennie Harrison
1886-Feb. 1887	57 John	Mrs. Charles Stuart

Isabella Valancy Crawford died in Mrs. Stuart's arms the evening of February 12, 1887. The cold she had at the time probably aggravated the heart condition with which she was afflicted and which had taken other members of her family. There are several inaccuracies in this obituary write-up which appeared in the *Globe* on February 15, 1887:

> Miss Crawford was a daughter of the late Dr. Stephen Crawford of Peterborough, and was born in Ireland near Dublin. When about five years of age she was brought to this country by her parents, and afterwards lived for some time in France. She was an accomplished French writer and once wrote a story in that language. For the past ten or twelve years Miss Crawford has lived in Toronto with her mother, the last sixteen months of her life being spent at No. 57 John Street. The deceased's literary labours were extensive and she contributed continually to Frank Leslie's magazines and other publications. . . .

The Globe definitely erred in stating that Crawford had "lived for some time in France." In her letter to Seranus she said she had never left home but for a month and that amount of time was scattered over all her life. The write-up was also in error in its statement that she had lived at 57 John Street for "the last sixteen months of her life." According to the last rent notation on the cover of her memorandum book, she was with Miss Harrison until February 1, 1886. Such errors leave the rest of the article open to doubt also. If, however, it is correct in one instance — that she had lived in Toronto "for the past ten or twelve years" — then the Crawfords probably moved to Toronto soon after Naomi died. And if so, they probably lived somewhere on or close to Adelaide Street moving from boarding house to boarding house.

The last point to be emphasized here is the prevalence of boarding houses in the Toronto Crawford knew. In that era, when apartment living as we know it today had not yet been devised, living in rooming and boarding houses was a way of life for single persons. On May 14, 1877, a year after the earliest speculative date for the Crawford's arrival in Toronto, the following letter appeared in the *Evening Telegram* in the column titled "What the People Say" (Letters to the Editor):

> The number and respectability of many first class boarding houses of Toronto strike the stranger as the most peculiarly interesting feature of your charming and attractive city. Much can be said in favour of boarding house keepers generally, who through their own negligence or good nature are frequently imposed upon by their boarders.
>
> That the business is a very lucrative one is fully demonstrated by the fact that there are so many engaged in it. No licence being required, the risk is trivial when compared with ordinary business risk. A lien law permits them to seize and sell the personal effects, tools or baggage of delinquent boarders, affording ample protection against the loss; the law also permits the boarders' goods and chattels, if found on the premises, to be seized for default. Too frequently boarding house keepers are found to be grasping unscrupulous and irresponsible.
>
> Boarding house keepers of this rank do not hesitate after the most profuse promises

of good meals and comfortable bed to furnish their victims with tainted, rank or unwholesome food and sleeping apartments infected with vermin.

An instance of this kind can be found on a certain street in this city. The building was formerly occupied as a hotel and at one time contained 30 boarders the large majority of whom were strangers in the city who were attracted by the inviting appearance of the building and the promises of the unreliable housekeeper. One of their many victims, a carpenter from Lower Canada, came to this house. Recently he became delinquent in his board bill and his tools, valued at over $100 and clothing, were seized without a moment's warning and he was turned into the street, the housekeeper refusing to allow him to take sufficient tools to earn his living and pay his bill. The case is one of extreme hardship.

A VICTIM

In 1881 there were sixteen boarding houses on Adelaide Street W. alone, all within a few blocks of Yonge. Since these sixteen are listed in the Business Directory, we can assume they were the commercial or semi-commercial type complained of by "Victim" above. There must have been a like number of private homes announcing ROOM TO LET by means of a sign in the parlour window in front of the lace curtain. Mrs. Farquharson, the Carradices and Miss Harrison, with whom Isabella Valancy boarded on Adelaide, are not listed in the Business Directory. Even though the Crawfords lived in "respectable, first class" boarding houses, it would still have been a rootless and worrisome kind of life.

The era of the ubiquitous boarding house is over. Having grown up in one run by my widowed mother in the 1930's, I feel a special affinity for Crawford and for a way of life that has vanished. Today better pensions and other social benefits have rendered it unnecessary for widows and lower income families to supplement their incomes in this manner, and anyway the clientele has disappeared into apartments. For the Crawfords, though, in the 1880's, living in boarding houses was the way of life they knew intimately. Some of those houses were undoubtedly clean and comfortable, but others must have been pretty rough places. We will probably never know the full extent of the worry, humiliation, and heartbreak suffered by Crawford during the years she and her mother lived on the Adelaide Street strip, frequently behind in their rent, frequently moving. But the basic outline is beginning to take shape.

NOTES

[1] In "Isabella Valancy Crawford," Frances S. Harrison (Seranus), *Week* (February 24, 1887), 202-03.

[2] In a letter to John W. Garvin written in 1905.

[3] Attention was first drawn to this by Mary F. Martin in "The Short Life of Isabella Valancy Crawford," *The Dalhousie Review*, 52 (Autumn, 1972), p. 395.

[4] Unpublished manuscript in the Lorne Pierce collection in the Douglas Library at Queen's University, Kingston.

DOROTHY FARMILOE

THE CASE OF *Canadian Homes*

Canadian Homes; or The Mystery Solved. A Christmas Tale, written by "Maple Knot, Author of 'Simon Seek'," and published by John Lovell, "Printer and Publisher" of Montreal, in 1858, is in many ways an unusual work of fiction. According to contemporary sources, its author was hired by Lovell to write a novel to support the campaign to get the Canadian government to adopt protective tariffs. Because it was part of this political movement, *Canadian Homes* was itself a "home manufacture."[1] Lovell, moreover, printed many copies of the novel and

sold them very cheaply; he advertised it in many Canadian newspapers and magazines and sent review copies to several; and he arranged for its immediate translation into French. To tell the story of this extraordinary case of *Canadian Homes* in Canada is one purpose of this essay; the other is to relate its rather curious epilogue, which occurred not, as one might expect, in Canada but in France.

Little is known about "Maple Knot," the pseudonymous author of *The Life and Adventures of Simon Seek; or Canada in all Shapes* and *Canadian Homes.* Contemporaries such as Henry J. Morgan and Andrew Learmont Spedon, however, attribute these works to Ebenezer Clemo. In *Sketches of Celebrated Canadians, and Persons Connected with Canada,* Morgan discusses the composition of *Canadian Homes*

> Mr. Ebenezer Clemo
>
> A native of London, England, who came to Canada in 1858. He was, although young, a person of great genius and ability. On his arrival in this country, he was reduced to such necessity that he applied to Mr. Lovell for employment as a message boy; but Mr. Lovell, knowing his acquirements, engaged him to write a couple of books on Canadian life. Hence *"Simon Seek"* and *"The Canadian Homes"* which appeared in the same year, works not of the highest standard of literature certainly, but evincing much talent and giving a good insight into Canadian character and life.[2]

The arrival, thus, of a penurious "genius" in Montreal provided one circumstance for the composition of *Canadian Homes.*

Another was provided by the campaign for the adoption of protective tariffs in Canada. This campaign reached a climax in April 1858, when a convention of manufacturers was held in Toronto, and an Association for the Promotion of Canadian Industry was formed. A "memorandum" drawn up by this Association outlined a variety of tariff proposals. "Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses," and other "articles entering largely into consumption in this country" were to be admitted free of duty, "or at the lowest possible rate consistent with the requirements of the Revenue." Manufactured goods, however, were to be subject to duties ranging from 10 to 30 per cent. "Books, Drawings etc.," for example, would be subject to "a duty of 10 to 15 per cent"; "Clothing and Wearing Apparel, 30 per cent."[3] Since Alexander Tilloch Galt, the Canadian finance minister, did raise tariffs on some imports in 1858-1859, this protectionist campaign was not unsuccessful.

One of its leading spirits was William Weir. A Scottish immigrant, Weir had left Montreal for Toronto in 1856. In 1858, he was secretary of both the convention and the Association. From 1857 to 1859, moreover, he published the *Canadian Merchant's Magazine and Commercial Review,* a monthly journal particularly interested in "everything connected with the advancement of the various branches of our Home Industry,"[4] and for a few months in 1858-1859, the *Protectionist, And Advocate of Home Industry,* a weekly newspaper.

In the late 1850's both Lovell and Clemo were associated in various ways with Weir. Thus, it was probably Weir, this early promoter of what became after Confederation a crucial plank in Macdonald's National Policy, who provided most of the "facts" for Clemo's novel about the "great commercial distress" in Canada in 1858. For in *Canadian Homes,* Clemo tried "to produce a tale of Canadian life that might beguile a winter's evening. . . . but at the same time, through the medium of the scenes and the characters introduced, to effect, as far as consistent and convenient in a work of fiction, the other and more important object" of supporting the need to protect Canadian manufacturers.[5]

Clemo's "beguiling" tale is set in Toronto during a few weeks in mid-winter. Its chief characters are members of the Mordaunt family and their friends who have come to Canada because they have been promised good jobs by " 'the newspapers, and them pamphlets that came from this very town.' " When the story opens, no member of the family old enough to work has a job, and without decent housing, clothing, and food, they are becoming desperate. One son, Mark, has turned to drink and to arson; another, John, has begun to steal. A daughter, Madeline, is being seduced by a "libertine soul," himself a jobless immigrant who has become a thief and who has promised Madeline money to help her family. At this point, the father, Edward, decides to free his family from their despair and temptation by leaving with friends for the United States where he knows they will find work. The family's departure, however, is complicated by Madeline's disappearance. The plot then centres on the adventures of Madeline; Sam White, a negro who rescues her from her seducer; the Borrowdales, who befriend her; Fleesham and Squobb who try to have her imprisoned; and Mark and William, her fiancé, who have stayed in Toronto to find her and who finally succeed. By the end of the story all the characters have returned to Toronto, been redeemed, and — through Borrowdale's efforts — found work. The tale ends with a description of the party to celebrate the marriage of William and Madeline.

In addition to his plot and characters, Clemo used other aspects of his winter's tale to support his thesis that Canada must abandon "Free-Trade" and adopt "Protection," which, according to the novel, is actually Free Trade as practised in all countries except Canada anyway. The epigraph to one of his chapters is Johnson's definition, "Protection: defence from injury." The name of Fleesham, the Free-Trade merchant who pursues Madeline, suggests the quality of both his public and private morality. Borrowdale, who helps Madeline and eventually finds jobs for all the characters, is a Protectionist. He can begin to find jobs for them because by the end of the story, the Canadian government has adopted some new tariffs. Mr. Sherute, the tobacco manufacturer who hires Sam White, explains, " 'The late changes in the Tariff, however, have made a great alteration for the better. Although the protection is not sufficient, and not sufficiently secure from repeal, to warrant any large extension of our business and premises, yet there is a wonderful improvement with what we have, on previous years. And there is a manufactory now building in Montreal, in consequence of the New Tariff, that will employ several hundred hands. So that this is encouraging'." As well as these speeches on the advantages of Protection, Clemo, repeating the motif of his subtitle, frequently challenges his readers to solve the mystery of Canada's economic problems themselves. As the Mordaunts leave for the United States, Clemo asks *"why"* and concludes, "This is the mystery, O Canadians, that ye have to solve!"

It was not only the text of *Canadian Homes* that supported this pre-Confederation brand of Canadian economic nationalism. In a note from "The Publisher," John Lovell explained:

> This Book, from a Canadian pen, is printed at Montreal, from TYPES manufactured by C. T. Palsgrave, Esq., proprietor of the Montreal Type Foundry.
>
> The PAPER on which the Book is printed has been manufactured by Messrs. Alex. Buntin, & Co., proprietors of the Valleyfield Mills, Beauharnois, C.E.
>
> Thus it will be seen that this Work is in every sense of the word a Canadian production.

Lovell also included the "Prospectus" of the *Protectionist* in the advertising ma-

terial which followed the end of the story.

But to believe in "Protection" and to produce a "home manufactured" book to support it are of limited value unless one is also prepared to market the product well and widely. One of the most unusual features of *Canadian Homes* was its marketing. Obviously, even before Clemo had finished the manuscript, John Lovell had made several key decisions about *Canadian Homes*: he had decided to print 30,000 copies of the novel in English; to have the novel translated immediately into French and to have another 20,000 copies printed in that language; to sell *Canadian Homes* for 25 cents a copy, half the price of *Simon Seek*; and finally to advertise the novel as widely as possible.

On December 22, 1858, John Lovell prepared the following advertisement:

> A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE
> Will be Published on Friday next,
> Canadian Homes; or, The Mystery Solved.
> A Christmas Tale.
> By the author of "Simon Seek."
>
> This work is of *vital* interest to every Canadian. The narrative is calculated to excite the attention and arouse the feelings of the reader, while the scenes portrayed are of daily occurrence. The writer holds up to view in its true light the *bane* of Canada, and every man in the Province is interested in the elucidation of it.
>
> The publisher is issuing an edition of 30,000.
>
> The work is now being translated into the French language, of which an edition of 20,000 will be printed, in order that the entire population of Canada may be led to take a *determined* interest in the important matters of which the Work treats.
>
> The Working Man, the Capitalist, the Young and the Old, every class and every individual in the community should read this Tale.
>
> For Sale at the Book Stores throughout Canada. Price 25 cents.
>
> The Trade and Country Merchants supplied on reasonable terms by Wm. C. F. Caverhill, Bookseller and Stationer, Yonge St., Toronto or by JOHN LOVELL
> *Publisher.*[6]

This advertisement ran, usually more than once, in such newspapers as the *British Daily Whig* (Kingston), the *Canadian Statesman* (Bowmanville), the *Cobourg Star and Newcastle District Gazette*, the *Gazette* (Montreal), the *Mercury* (Quebec), the *Protectionist* (Toronto), and the *Transcript* (Montreal). A similar advertisement announcing the publication of the translation of the novel appeared in such French-language newspapers as *L'Ordre* (Montréal) and *Le Pays* (Montréal).

Since Lovell often seems to have sent an advance copy of *Canadian Homes* along with his advertisement, many of the newspapers also reviewed it. On December 30, 1858, the *Canadian Statesman* published a review typical of several that appeared:

> "Canadian Homes" is the title of an excellent Christmas tale, by the talented author of "Simon Seek" — "Maple Knot." The object of the "Canadian Homes" is evidently to place before the mind of the Canadian public the true condition of the laboring classes, and to point out a remedy for providing them with employment; — and also points out the preventive to vice among the lower classes. We are glad that "Maple Knot" has taken up the subject; and we hope that he may be successful in averting the calamity that appears to be fastening upon this country, viz; the existence of a large unemployed pauper population.
>
> It would be a lasting disgrace to Canada, if, with all her internal wealth, and unemployed advantages, she allowed her population to starve, for the want of proper protection. In "Canadian Homes" the subject is ably discussed; and Protection vs. Free Trade forms the basis of the argument. We advise every person to buy a copy. The price is only 25 cents. For sale at the *Statesman* office, by Climie & Brother.
>
> We may mention that J. Lovell, Esq., of Montreal is the publisher; that the author is a Canadian — The paper and type of Canadian manufacture, and that the work

> is purely a Canadian production. — Mr. Lovell will please accept our thanks for the advance copy sent us.

Not all the reviews were favorable, however. The *Protectionist*, which, as might be expected, reviewed the novel enthusiastically and published two excerpts from it, both referred to and quoted from negative reactions to *Canadian Homes*. On December 30, 1858, in "'Canadian Homes' and the Free Trade Journals," William Weir wrote:

> We are glad to notice that some of our Toronto "Squobbs" are already wreathing under the severe castigation administered to them by the author of the above tale. Unable to find fault with the work itself as a literary production, they take refuge in a vile attempt to ridicule the sufferings of our poor honest unemployed artizans, whose cause "Maple Knot" with a true patriotic spirit so ably advocates.
>
> Let every friend of Canada get "Canadian Homes," and judge for himself of its merits.

One week later, in "The Condition of the Working Classes," Weir quoted excerpts from a review of *Canadian Homes* in the *British Whig*:

> "We have read several of the opening chapters, and look upon them as gross libels upon Canada. The scenes of misery, starvation, and outrage therein depicted do not exist, for every man, woman and child that will work, can always find it. The proof is, that no single article furnished by a Canadian mechanic, save and except the Printer, can be procured without great delay and solicitation. Let a man order, even in Kingston, a coat, a pair of boots, a set of chairs, a buggy, a double harness, or anything to be made, and the days, and sometimes week's he'll have to wait, show how unjust is this writer's assertion that mechanics in Canada cannot find employment. Wherever scenes just like 'Maple Knot' describes exist, they proceed from idleness or dissipation."

Weir then, of course, attacked the *Whig*'s point of view. "Our neighbour," he began, "must be living in blessful ignorance of the real state of the country."

When *Le Foyer canadien ou le mystère dévoilé. Nouvelle du jour de Noël*, the French translation of *Canadian Homes*, went on sale in early January 1859, it did not receive as much attention as the original. Its publication did not go entirely unnoticed, however. On January 11, 1859, *L'Ordre* acknowledged receiving its copy of *Le Foyer canadien* and opined that after a quick glance, it appeared "charmante et mérite d'être lue." The writer added, "M. John Lovell, l'éditeur, mérite certainement du public littéraire, par les efforts constants et le zèle qu'il met à répandre le goût de la littérature en Canada. Nous espérons que le *Foyer Canadien* tiré à 50,000 exemplaires s'épuisera en peu de temps. Ce ne serait que reconnaissance et justice." On the same day, *Le Pays* published a long and generally favorable review of *Le Foyer canadien* and an excerpt from it.

By late January 1859, the story of *Canadian Homes* and its French translation virtually came to an end in Canada. Certainly today, for many reasons, including the aesthetic one that *Canadian Homes* has not worn well as a work of fiction, neither the novel, nor the names of the people associated with it, nor the movement it supported are household words. But what an unusual case it had been in the annals of Canadian literature! Its hired author; the close collaboration involved in its production between the writer and the businessman; the marketing campaign which accompanied its publication; the number of copies printed; its immediate translation into French; the discussion it evoked in the press; its espousal of ideas not dissimilar to those of many contemporary Canadian nationalists: all these aspects make it a unique work of Canadian fiction. *Canadian Homes* is unique in another way as well, for in 1866 what might be called a second edition of *Le Foyer canadien* was published in Paris.

The main link between *Le Foyer canadien* published in Montreal in 1859 and *L'Enfer et le paradis de l'autre monde* published in Paris in 1866 is Henri-Emile Chevalier. Chevalier, a native of Châtillon-sur-Seine, Burgundy, lived in Canada, chiefly in Montreal, from 1853 to 1860, when he returned to France. During these years, Chevalier supplemented the income he earned as a journalist writing for, among other periodicals, *Le Pays*, by translating from English into French. One work which he translated was *Canadian Homes*. Although in a note dated "Montréal, 28 décembre, 1858," H.E.C. warned "que la traduction de cet ouvrage est une traduction libre,"[7] in fact Chevalier's translation was faithful to the original English text. Moreover, its authorship was ascribed to "Maple Knot," and both John Lovell's note about the book as a Canadian product and Clemo's preface about his protectionist purpose were carefully reproduced in French.

In addition to the different title, several changes occurred between the first and second edition of the French translation of *Canadian Homes*. Chevalier's note about the translation, Lovell's comments about the book's production, and Clemo's preface were dropped. Chevalier added a dedication; a preface dated "Paris, juillet 1866" written by himself; and the occasional note to explain a term like "rowdisme" as "tapage avec violence," because "Je ne connais pas de correspondant à ce mot en français."[8] He also made emendations to the text. Some of these changes were necessary because of the book's publication outside Canada. Others were necessary for two, more important reasons: Chevalier himself became the author of *L'Enfer et le paradis de l'autre monde*; and although the plot of *L'Enfer* remained substantially the same as *Le Foyer canadien*, its thesis changed from a justification of "protectionism" to an argument in favour of Canada's annexation to the United States.

There are reasons for this change. Chevalier was all his life anti-monarchist and pro-republican. Outside of France, his most admired republic was the United States; his most detested Monarchy, Great Britain. Even though his own sojourn in New York City in the year before he came to Montreal had not been particularly successful, he was even more disoriented among the fundamentally conservative, devoutly Roman Catholic *Canadiens*. The most immediate reason for the change, however, is explained by Chevalier in his "Préface":

> Il y a quelques mois, j'habitais une petite ville bourguignonne, renommée pour ses usines métallurgiques. Un jour, il m'arriva d'assister à une réunion chez des forgerons, qui témoignèrent l'intention d'émigrer au Canada, *parce qu'on y parle la langue française*. Connaissant, par un séjour de plusieurs années, le pays où ces braves gens voulaient aller, je combattis leur projet.
>
> "Rendez-vous aux États-Unis, puisque votre désir est de quitter la France, leur dis-je: mais gardez-vous de porter votre intelligence et vos bras dans les colonies britanniques de l'Amérique du Nord."
>
> Et je donnai mes raisons.
>
> Ces raisons, on les trouvera exposées dans ce livre, publié, pour la première fois, en 1857, à Montréal, et tiré à cinquante mille exemplaires, tant en français qu'en anglais.
>
> Si quelques-uns des motifs qui l'ont dicté n'existent plus, comme le traité de réciprocité entre le Canada et les États-Unis, il n'en est pas moins toujours vrai que la Grande-Bretagne décourage systématiquement l'industrie et les arts utiles dans ses colonies; que, chaque année, les Canadiens eux-mêmes fuient une patrie où ils ne trouvent point de travail, malgré les immenses ressources naturelles dont abonde leur pays.
>
> Il n'en est pas moins toujours vrai que le Canada ne sera jamais prospère et grand que lorsqu'il se sera annexé à la République des États-Unis.

To transform *Canadian Homes* from a pro-Canadian protectionist novel into a pro-American, annexationist one, Chevalier had to make some far-reaching

emendations to the text. Among those he made were to change Borrowdale and his supporters from "protectionnistes" to "annexionnistes" and to change Fleesham and those who supported him from "libres-échangistes" to "loyalistes." Since to wrench Clemo's text so sharply and to keep the same characters and plot were almost impossible, *L'Enfer et le paradis de l'autre monde* became a very confusing novel indeed. Despite its confusion, however, it retains enough of *Le Foyer canadien* and, therefore, of *Canadian Homes,* to be considered as another — albeit revised and stolen — edition of Clemo's novel. It seems fortunate, then, that when Chevalier published this republican edition of *Canadian Homes,* its original author was dead and its first publisher presumably didn't know that Chevalier had dedicated this new version of the novel "A/M. John Lovell / Imprimeur à Montréal (Bas-Canada) / Témoignage de haute estime."

NOTES

[1] Maple Knot, Author of "Simon Seek," etc. etc., *Canadian Homes; or, The Mystery Solved. A Christmas Tale* (Montreal: Lovell, 1858), p. 131.

[2] Henry James Morgan, *Sketches of Celebrated Canadians, and Persons Connected with Canada* (Quebec: Hunter, Rose, 1862), p. 766.

[3] "Prospectus of the *Protectionist,*" in *Canadian Homes,* 1858.

[4] [Prospectus], *Canadian Merchant's Magazine and Commercial Review,* Volume 1, Number 1 (April 1857), 1.

[5] *Canadian Homes,* pp. [v]-vi.

[6] *Gazette,* December 29, 1858.

[7] Maple Knot, Auteur de *Simon Seek, Le Foyer canadien ou le mystère dévoilé. Nouvelle du jour de Noël,* [Traduit par H. Emile Chevalier.] (Montréal: Lovell, 1859), p. vi.

[8] Emile Chevalier, *L'Enfer et le paradis de l'autre monde* (Paris: Librairie centrale, 1866), p. 93.

MARY JANE EDWARDS

THE PARABLE AND THE PRIEST

RECENT CRITICS OF MORLEY CALLAGHAN have focused on the writer's predominantly moral qualities. Hugo McPherson views Callaghan as a "religious writer," one who "has given us a modern vision of the human condition." Brandon Conron points to Callaghan's explorations of the complexities of individual moral choice, and sees, as the basis of his thought, an acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount as a "desirable guide to life." In a similar manner, George Woodcock is able to place Callaghan in a "great tradition" of Bunyan, Swift, Orwell, and Gide, viewing his works as "essentially moralistic novels."[1] Such critical appraisal is not surprising. For Callaghan, above all, is an artist intent on the investigation of what is vital in individual human experience. His fiction transcends the merely topical and dwells within the realm of the universal. Callaghan's *topoi* are "the central issues of life" itself: freedom, responsibility, the extent of deterministic influences — in effect, the world of the self in its relation to other men, society, and God. It is the purpose of this discussion to examine one of the principal means by which Callaghan explores these crucial questions: his use of the parable and the priest.

M. H. Abrams defines the parable in its simplest form as "a short narrative presented so as to stress the implicit but detailed analogy between its component parts and a thesis or lesson that the narrator is trying to bring home to us." Like the moral fable, the parable is dependent on the author's successful manipulation of stylistic simplicity and economy of character and description. Language, structure, and the rudiments of plot must all appear to be simple and uncomplicated. The attraction of the parable, of

course, is its adaptibility in rendering the complex simple, the mysterious more palatable. As Callaghan himself remarks of Christ's "baffling parables" — they contain "the knowledge, the intuitions of imagination."[2]

Callaghan's affinity to the parable is evident in his self-imposed discipline of "aesthetic artlessness": the creation of a literature that does not "feel or look like literature."[3] In *That Summer in Paris* (1963) he relates that his aim to "tell the truth clearly" led to a somewhat radical approach to the business of writing fiction:

> It was this: strip the language, and make the style, the method, all the psychological ramifications, the ambience of the relationships, all the one thing, so the reader couldn't make separations. Cezanne's apples. The appleness apples. Yet just apples.

This dictum, coupled with Callaghan's aversion to explicit metaphor ("I'd be damned if the glory of literature was in the metaphor"), would result in a prose form bereft, for the most part, of ornamentation or irrelevant detail. Callaghan's language is always simple, direct, and straightforward. And, like the parabolist's, his method relies heavily on the use of simplified structure, few main protagonists, and close attention to a central moral issue. Admittedly Callaghan's deliberate terseness borders in places on the journalistic. His dialogue occasionally suffers from an intrusive artificiality, while recurring passages of monosyllabic description sometimes tend towards monotony. Fortunately the stringency of theory in most cases is loosened in actual practice. Symbol, associative imagery, and the infrequent use of evocative metaphor combine to produce an effective variation of parabolic fiction.

"A Predicament," first published in Pound's *exile* in 1927, represents an early exploration of the parable's aesthetic potential. The story deals ironically with a dilemma faced by a young priest, Father Francis. The plot is a simple one: while hearing penance on a Saturday afternoon the priest is confronted in the confessional by an obstreperous drunk who mistakes him for a conductor of a Toronto bus. Father Francis is flustered immediately, uncertain whether to report his predicament to his superior, or to deal with the matter himself in order to avoid an embarrassing disturbance. He grudgingly decides on the latter course, temporarily evades the issue by hearing another penitent (whose sin, ironically, is deception), then disposes of his irritant by acting the role of a conductor:

> [Father Francis] said impatiently: 'Step lively there; this is King and Yonge. Do you want to go past your stop?'
>
> 'All right, brother,' the man said slowly, getting up clumsily.
>
> 'Move along now,' Father Francis said authoritatively.
>
> 'I'm moving'; don't get so huffy,' the man said, swinging aside the curtains of the confessional, stepping out to the aisle.

Despite its whimsical plot, "A Predicament" is a penetrating study of Father Francis' initiation into a world that might loosely be termed the world of experience. "Initiation" is used advisedly, in that Callaghan emphasizes the priest's eager "youthfulness" throughout the first half of the story. The opening sentence introduces the reader to Father Francis, "the youngest priest at the cathedral," and we are later informed that he "was a young priest, very interested in confessions." The brief mention of his physical demeanour connotes a youthful — if not childlike — appearance: "he rubbed his smooth cheek with his hand, thinking hard." The priest's smug indignity with a mass-missing woman, his extreme nervousness during his ordeal, and his momentary compromise, all suggest a state of practical "innocence." His subsequent ruse, followed by personal remorse, reflects a virtual loss of that innocence. And indeed,

the story revolves around the basic polarities of innocence and experience, ideal and real, spiritual and concrete. Such polarities are evident in Father Francis' inward reflections:

> He thought he could hear the man moving. The man was drunk — drunkenness, the over-indulgence of an appetite, the drunken state. Scholastic psychology. Cardinal Mercier's book on psychology had got him through the exam at the seminary.

What is significant is the priest's inability to apply his spiritual and abstract knowledge to a very tangible and concrete problem. On one level the world of the seminary can be seen as the spiritual, ideal realm of contemplative innocence separate from the real, and tawdry, world of experience. Callaghan offers no facile conciliation of opposites, but is concerned to show, rather, that such tensions *per se* are an intrinsic aspect of human existence. His portrayal of the young priest is essentially a parable of modern Everyman moving from a cloistered innocence to a more worldly experience of life — a life bewildering in its complexity, confusion and combinaation of contrarieties.

In his portrayal of Father Francis, Callaghan is careful to stress the priest's intensely human reaction to his situation. Father Francis' heart begins "to beat unevenly"; he breathes deeply and breaks into a sweat; he cannot concentrate; he prays nervously to regain his composure, and fidgets continually, "rubbing his shoulder-blades uneasily against the back of the confessional." Such emphasis helps to develop the suspense of the tale, while drawing the reader toward a sympathetic feeling for the priest's dilemma. More important, however, is Callaghan's use of such emphasis to "humanize," as far as possible, his figure of the priest — the man of God. For it is in the figure of the "human priest" that Callaghan constructs a potent image of contemporary Everyman. Father Francis, like the majority of Callaghan's priests, is caught in the vise between a spiritual and an empirical world. Through his priest's ambivalent relationship to both worlds, Callaghan is able to convey the position of modern man in his search for a viable *logos* or meaning. From Father Francis' naive Catholicism to Father Dowling's flirtations with Marx, Callaghan's priests function as effective instruments by which the "isms" and "ologies" of the day undergo a diligent, and penetrating, scrutiny.

It is a mistake, however, to view Callaghan's priests merely as typological figures. They do, for the most part, function simultaneously on realistic and symbolic levels, existing both as individuals and emblems of a larger reality. So it is that the "old, serious, unsentimental priest" of "Absolution" (1936) can be viewed as both an offensive bully, a foil to the compassionate bartender, Jerry Mallory, and as a symbol of a rigid (but effective) Catholicism lacking in personalistic understanding. The priest's speech to Jennie Hughes, a woman known for her drinking, reeks of the traditional fire and brimstone sermon:

> Shaking his head to show his disgust with her, he said flatly: 'Mrs. Hughes, there's nothing more degrading in this world than a tipsy woman. A drunken man, Lord knows, is bad enough, but a drunken woman is somehow lower than a beast in the field. . . . I want to give you a very solemn warning. If you don't change your life you'll go straight to hell.'

Admittedly individual priests vary throughout Callaghan's works and occasionally are little more than caricatures similar in function to the comic *alazon*. Father Gorman in "A Very Merry Christmas" (pub. 1959) is of this mould, existing primarily as an object of ridicule. A statue of the Infant Jesus, apparently stolen on Christmas morning, sends the priest into emotional paroxysms:

> The priest whispered excitedly, 'It must be the work of communists or atheists.' There

> was a sudden rush of blood to his face. 'This isn't the first time they've struck at us,' he said.

The fact that the statue has been taken for a Christmas-day sleigh-ride by an ingenuous, and genuinely imaginative, child effectively underlines the priest's folly, thus defining his role as comic buffoon.

In the two stories, "The Young Priest" (1930) and "A Sick Call" (1932), Callaghan provides a more discerning portrayal of the priest figure. Both tales are parables of epiphany wherein the priest-protagonists are brought to a sudden realization of both themselves and the world around them. Like "A Predicament," these short stories are based on the fundamental tensions of innocence and experience, spiritual and concrete realities. "The Young Priest" deals with the traumatic introduction of Father Vincent Sullivan to the ugliness and squalor found in the world of experience. The plot revolves around his encounter with Mrs. Gibbons, a woman he regards as "one of the finest women in the parish." Called one night to minister to her needs, Father Sullivan is shocked to find that she is inebriated and "lying on a divan, a purple kimono thrown loosely around her." Dumbfounded, he can do nothing but mutter apologetically. Asked to leave by the woman's sister-in-law, he returns to the Cathedral "ashamed and [with no] joy at all now in being a young priest."

To Brandon Conron, "The Young Priest" is a "vignette in its sympathetically satirical treatment of a young priest's inexperience and the fallibility of the Church's instrument." Such comment neglects the full scope of Callaghan's use of the priest figure. Admittedly Father Sullivan's innocence is the focal point of the story. As in "A Predicament" Callaghan stresses the priest's youthful eagerness and somewhat smug solemnity. Like Father Francis, Father Sullivan is "the youngest priest at the Cathedral" and is "fully aware of his own particular dignity." He accepts an older priest's ordination homily that "a very young priest was greater and holier and more worthy of respect than anyone else on earth." His failure to deal adequately with his parishioner, however, ironically explodes this pompous pride and forces him to accept a more humble opinion of himself. The dissolution of his great expectations — his seeing beyond mere appearance — constitutes an epiphanic moment which leads to a sadder but wiser approach to life. In this sense Callaghan's story can be read as a parable which teaches the values of humility, self-knowledge, and the need for a worldly wisdom. More significant, though, is Callaghan's use of the priest to explore ironically the shortcomings of the earthly Church, the Church as a human institution. This is evident in the rectory's use of Father Sullivan as a religious solicitor: "Since he had so much zeal and could be so charming he was a good man to send calling upon the men and women of the parish, seeking donations for various parish activities."

Similarly, the priest's own initial reaction to Mrs. Gibbons ironically challenges the Church's priority of values: "Father Sullivan had a sincere admiration for Mrs. Gibbons. Her donations were frequent and generous." Such actions are essentially hypocritical, thereby exposing the division between the Church *sub specie aeternitatis* and the Church of this world. It is this ironic tension of the temporal and eternal Church which provides the framework for Callaghan's later story, "A Sick Call."

Unlike the earlier priest-figures, Father Macdowell of "A Sick Call" is "a huge old priest, white-headed except for a shiny baby-pink bald spot on the top of his head." As in the earlier stories, the priest remains the focal point of the tale, his crisis of conscience forming the cul-

mination of the plot's dialectic. Summoned to minister to a dying woman (who is a lapsed Catholic), the old priest meets with fierce opposition from the woman's non-Catholic husband, John Williams. By means of perseverance, and not a little guile, Father Macdowell enters the sickroom and tries to comfort the dying wife. Williams refuses to leave thereby denying the possibility for sacramental penance. The priest, feigning fatigue, requests some water and in the husband's absence hears Elsa William's confession and quickly ministers absolution. Leaving the home the priest is stricken with conflicting emotions, experiencing both guilt at his own trickery and elation in having "so successfully ministered to one who had strayed from the faith."

The significance of "A Sick Call" lies in Father Macdowell's personal sense of ambivalence following his success. In an intense descriptive passage Callaghan carefully modulates his portrayal of the priest's reflective vacillation; the passage is worth quoting at length:

> Walking along with the rolling motion as if his feet hurt him, he muttered, 'Of course they were happy as they were ... in a worldly way. I wonder if I did come between them?'
>
> He shuffled along, feeling very tired, but he couldn't help thinking, 'what beauty there was to his staunch love for her!' Then he added quickly, 'But it was just a pagan beauty, of course.'
>
> As he began to wonder about the nature of this beauty, for some reason he felt inexpressibly sad.

Father Macdowell is caught between a profane and sacred love, between the strictly correct views of the temporal Church and a wider, more comprehensive *agape* divorced from dogmatic restrictions. His reveries can be seen as a comment on institutional Catholicism which, by means of its dogmatic precepts, ironically precludes a catholicity of appreciation. Callaghan's double use of "of course" suggests the priest's uneasy attempts to convince himself of the validity of both his own and his Church's orthodox views. His confused thoughts, moreover, constitute a type of epiphanic moment through which the priest experiences a deeper appreciation or "wonder" concerning himself and his external world. Father Macdowell comes to recognize the tensions involved in his own person: as both man and priest he partakes of the two realms of spiritual and concrete, sacred and profane, eternal and transient. Callaghan is too good a writer to allow any simplistic resolution, but is content to leave his priest pondering these basic, mysterious tensions of life.

It is in *Such Is My Beloved* (1934) that Callaghan achieves his most sensitive and complex handling of the priest-figure. Like the short stories the novel is essentially parabolic: deceptively simple in plot, characterization, structure, and language. As in the parable, however, the use of symbol and associative imagery allows the author to surpass the topical and deal with matters of a more universal concern. So it is that in his tale of Father Stephen Dowling "the most eager young priest at the Cathedral," Callaghan constructs, as McPherson puts it, "his first coherent parable of the nature of man's earthly quest." His portrayal of the priest's attempt to help two young prostitutes is, in effect, a stringent exploration of the place and role of modern man trapped in the unyielding chaos of Time. As man and priest Father Dowling can be seen both as a symbolic Everyman seeking human meaning in his world, and as a symbol — by extension — of Christ's eternal Church of Love, a love which transcends time and space. In this sense Father Dowling is very much the questor, a figure singularly appropriate to Callaghan's young priest. As the author comments: "there have been young

priests in the world for 4000 years. They stand on the threshold of a spiritual voyage, and I guess I feel touched, wondering if they're going to make it."[4]

As Malcolm Ross points out, the action of *Such is My Beloved* is rigidly controlled by a master irony — a tension between the eternal and temporal aspects of human life.[5] Just as Callaghan's earlier priests were faced with this problematic dualism so Father Dowling is trapped between the restrictive, material forces of the earthly world, and the more comprehensive, spiritual ethos of the eternal world. His endeavours to redeem Ronnie and Midge come to reflect Callaghan's exploration of this central dialectic and its significance in human affairs. It is on this point that Callaghan's doctrinal Catholicism is most evident, for, despite Father Dowling's attempts to find social solutions to the girls' situation, he inevitably is led to discover the limitations of merely social panaceas, as opposed to the triumphant powers of a personalistic love "so intense it must surely partake of the nature of divine love."

In his search for an effective solution to the problems of the two prostitutes, Father Dowling encounters a number of potent "isms" which promise both a personal and a social liberation. These are Marxism, the bourgeois world, and his own temporal Church, personified in the character of Bishop Foley. The young priest's affinity to Marxist theory is evident in his diocesan activities; he preaches social sermons on "many controversial problems," he visits the meetings of "a league for social reconstruction," and he espouses the commonsense idea that "moral independence and economic security [are] very closely related." He has as his best friend Charlie Stewart, a young medical student and Communist sympathizer, and can recognize the validity of some Marxist ideology:

> "What a great pity Marx was not a Christian. There's no reason why a Christian should not thirst after social justice. The Church is not tied up to any one economic system, in fact, all systems tend to degrade the Church by using it to pacify discontented people. They would make religion an opium for the people. . . . it is indeed a disordered world. God help us all."

To Callaghan, however, the ultimate failure of Marxism can be seen in its neglect of the personal self, in its reduction of the individual to a faceless extension of an economic phenomenon. This idea forms the basis of Charlie Stewart's approach to the prostitution problem:

> "In the perfectly organized state there would be no streetwalkers. If the state has a proper control of the means of production and the means of livelihood, it's never necessary for a woman to go on the streets. No healthy woman of her own accord would ever do such work. It's too damned degrading. But if in the ideal state there were still women who were streetwalkers out of laziness or a refusal to work steadily then they would be kicked out or interned somewhere for laziness, or as non-producers. Then they'd have to work or starve. Your mistake is seeing this as a religious problem. It's really an economic problem. Do you see, Father?" Charlie said like a lecturer.

In contrast to Father Dowling's intense love for Ronnie and Midge, Charlie, despite his humanistic beliefs, fails to perceive the totality of the individual human personality. His diatribe ignores the spiritual needs of the individual; as a healer of bodies Charlie emblematizes the sincere, but one-sided, materialism of the doctrinaire Marxist. As Father Dowling retorts to his friend: "in a way you're right, but not entirely."

The shortcomings of the bourgeois world receive a satirical attack in Callaghan's presentation of Mr. and Mrs. Robison. Wealthy, upper-class, "aristocratic" and "devout," the Robisons, like Mrs. Gibbons of "The Young Priests," are seen as two of the finest people of the parish. But like the former, the Robisons

contain a corruption beneath the veneer of social reputation. Callaghan's description of their "old, vine-covered stone house" intimates their semblance of vital life which disguises their internal hardness of heart. The Robisons' response to Father Dowling's request for help ironically illustrates the priest's homiletic theme on "the inevitable separation between Christianity and the bourgeois world." For despite his generous contributions to charity Mr. Robison is characterized by a total lack of Christian love. Ironically Robison is named James — the apostle known as the "Lord's brother" (*Galatians*, 1:19). His benevolent activities are inspired by little more than an ostentatious self-interest: "if he gave a large amount to charity he expected his name to be put at the head of the list in the newspapers."

Mr. Robison's initial response to Father Dowling's invitation to visit the girls smacks of upper-class condescension:

> While still hesitating, Mr. Robison amused himself by fancying he could see himself and the priest walking into some poor girl's home like two benevolent patrons of the whole parish. There would be an old woman who would dust off a chair in great confusion. The man of the house would be ashamed of his unshaven face and become inarticulate.

Meeting Ronnie and Midge, face-to-face, the rich lawyer is aghast at the "implications" of a priest frequenting prostitutes' rooms. He can view the girls only as "objects of charity," not human souls in need of compassion. Mrs. Robison, like her husband, is blind to the humanity of the two prostitutes. Callaghan's irony is pungent in his presentation of the female Robison: she was "so devout in observing all the feast days and holy days and giving splendid leadership to all her coreligionists in the nicest social matters: and she was without ostentation, too, for she went to the very early masses by herself." The woman sees Ronnie and Midge purely in sociological terms: "all prostitutes are feeble-minded." Unlike Father Dowling (but like Charlie Stewart), Mrs. Robison responds to the girls as problematic aspects of a diseased society. Her solution: a simple matter of selective breeding. The degradation of such a resolution is ironically evaluated in Ronnie's bitter memory of the "Bourbonistic" Mrs. Robison: "We're whores and we know we're whores, but she's a different kind of whore. See what I mean?"

In his treament of Catholicism, Callaghan is careful to distinguish between the eternal Church of Christ and the temporal church of man. It is in his consideration of the latter that he delivers a most stringent attack on the inadequacies of the Church as a redemptive agent. As Malcolm Ross rightly observes, Callaghan's juxtaposition of the Communist and the worldly Churchmen constitutes a masterful irony. Contrasted to Charlie Stewart's "practical love" for the poor, the Church is portrayed as a sycophantic institution which "grovels before the rich and the powerful." This is apparent in Father Anglin's method of soliciting James Robison:

> the older priest asked for contributions, with a splendid aplomb, a fine, gracious exchange of compliments that set them both rolling with hearty laughter.

The point is powerfully reinforced by Callaghan's presentation of Bishop Foley. As in his portrayal of the Robison home, Callaghan's image of the Bishop's palace provides a graphic illustration of the priest's corrupted moral condition: "the palace was an old, dirty, gray-stone building, not far away from the Cathedral." The Bishop himself can be seen as something of a Dickensian caricature, an exaggerated image of stern authoritarianism:

> The Bishop was nearly seven feet tall with great broad shoulders and thick dark hair.

> ... He had a big, round, heavy, dark, threatening face, and he was inclined to be a bit of a bully, although when it was necessary, as it was now when he put out his hand to Mr. Robison, he had a very charming manner.

As the passage implies, the Bishop is a hypocrite whose priorities include good public relations. It is this concern for popular reputation which motivates his cruel, impersonal treatment of Father Dowling. The latter's practical application of Christ's principal commandment is met with immediate deprecation of his "scandalous" behaviour. The Bishop views such actions only in terms of their financial ramifications:

> The Bishop nodded his big head and sighed deeply, as if the sound of the priest's name had made him very sad, but what he actually was thinking of as he looked out the window so gloomily, was not of the priest but of a charity campaign he was about to launch throughout the city, and he was imagining the result of a scandal that would follow if a priest were implicated with two prostitutes.

Despite his later pangs of conscience the Bishop remains adamant in his decision to discipline the ardent priest and to have the two girls sent out of town; he regards the whole episode as a trifling "piece of folly" — folly which could disrupt his charity campaign. It is this inflexible concern with money which aligns the Bishop (and his institution) with Lou Wilenski — the common pimp.

In his interview with the Bishop, Father Dowling comments:

> "If I start hating prostitutes where am I going to stop? ... These girls have prostituted their bodies. All around us there are all kinds of people prostituting their souls and their principles for money. I know people in this city who prostitute our faith for the sake of expediency. I watch it going on all around and wonder how corrupt our faith can become before it dies. So if I can't have charity for those girls, certainly I can have no love for many others in higher places."

The passage has a twofold significance. On one level it adumbrates the world of the novel wherein "prostitution" exists on all levels of society. More important is the fact that it elucidates Callaghan's moralistic concept of man's earthly role. For in place of the limited resolutions offered by social correctives, Callaghan proposes a personalistic, transcendent Love which enables individuals "to aspire to even greater degrees of independence until they achieve that perfect spiritual society which no human society has within its gift."[6] It is precisely this form of Love or *agape* which Father Dowling attempts to actualize in his relationship with Ronnie and Midge. Such a Love is based not on blind romanticism, but on a sound realization of the world's turgid realities:

> There was a whole economic background behind the wretched lives of these girls. They were not detached from the life around them. They had free will only when they were free.... St. Thomas Aquinas [had] said we have not free will when we are completely dominated by passion.... If he [Father Dowling] properly understood the lives of these girls, he thought, he might realize they were not free but strongly fettered.

Even though Father Dowling fails in his quest by material standards, he does succeed, unlike Callaghan's earlier priests, in applying his theoretical knowledge to concrete problems. His advocation and exercise of a "more comprehensive love" reflects a Christian triumph of selfless sacrifice.

Although specifically Catholic in perspective, the tale of Father Stephen Dowling's quest transcends specificity and can be read as a parable of Everyman. His final conviction that an encompassing love provides personal salvation points to a universal ideal. As Hugo McPherson remarks: "love — a *transcendent* love such as Father Dowling's — is the only response which gives meaning to the inescapable facts of human weakness and

pain." Through the employment of such a Love, Callaghan insists, one is able to attain a personal, spiritual harmony with one's personal, spiritual God. Although the irony of madness tempers the tone of his conclusion, Callaghan's portrayal of Father Dowling illustrates the possibility of the achieved quest:

> There was a peace within him as he watched the calm, eternal waters swelling darkly against the one faint streak of light, the cold night light on the skyline. High in the sky three stars were out. His love seemed suddenly to be as steadfast as those stars, as wide as the water, and still flowing within him like the cold smooth waves still rolling on the shore.

NOTES

[1] Hugo McPherson, "The Two Worlds of Morley Callaghan," *Queen's Quarterly*, 64, no. 3 (1957), rpt. in Brandon Conron, ed., *Morley Callaghan* (Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1975), p. 61; Brandon Conron, "Introduction" to his *Morley Callaghan*, p. 4; George Woodcock, "Lost Eurydice: The Novels of Callaghan", *Canadian Literature*, 21 (Summer 1964), rpt. in *Morley Callaghan*, p. 89.

[2] Morley Callaghan, "Speech of Acceptance on Receiving the Royal Bank Award, June 15, 1970," in John Metcalf, ed., *Sixteen by Twelve* (Toronto: Ryerson, 1970), p. 20.

[3] Morley Callaghan, *That Summer in Paris* (Toronto: Macmillan, 1963; rpt. 1973), p. 22.

[4] Morley Callaghan, in an interview with June Callwood, "The Many Coloured Career of Morley Callaghan," *Star Weekly* Dec. 17, 1960), p. 17; rpt. in Brandon Conron, *Morley Callaghan* (New York: Twayne, 1966), p. 35.

[5] "Introduction" to *Such Is My Beloved* (1934; rpt. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1969), p. ix.

[6] Jacques Maritain, *Rights of Man and Natural Law* (1945), quoted in Victor Hoar, *Morley Callaghan* (Toronto: Copp Clark, 1969), p. 92.

GARY A. BOIRE

ON PATRICK ANDERSON

LIKE BRIAN MOORE AND MALCOLM LOWRY, Patrick Anderson was one of those splendid visitors whose influence on Canadian literature during its vital formative period was both seminal and decisive. He might actually be described as a "Young Visiter," since he came when he was twenty-five, wrote his best story by the time he was thirty, and departed in 1950, when he was thirty-five. His recent death, twenty-nine years after his return to England, reminds one that — however long he may have lived away from Canada — the work Anderson did while he was here, and the energizing power he projected, have made him an enduring presence in our literary heritage.

Anderson's Canadian period involved a mere quarter of his literary life. From 1950 onward he became reabsorbed into the English literary world as an essayist, a travel writer, an occasional poet. Yet the Canadian decade was as important in his personal life as in the history of Canadian poetry. It was the only period when — arriving with the impetus of the late English Thirties (Thomas and Barker superimposed on Auden and Spender) — he played more than a minor role. His function between 1940 and 1945 was cathartic. He himself was at the top of his literary form. He never again wrote so well as he did in Canada during the 1940's, and it is significant that all his books of verse — as distinct from his prose works — appeared in Canada. *A Tent for April* (1945) and *The White Centre* (1946) were published in the middle of his Canadian decade, the time when he was the inspirer and one of the editors of the historic Montreal verse magazine, *Preview*; they contain his best poems. His third volume, *The Colour is Naked*, appeared in Toronto in 1953,

three years after he had left for good, and then there was a long gap of twenty-three years, during which he brought out no book of verse anywhere. Then, in 1976 and 1977, his next volumes of poetry appeared — again in Canada, though Anderson no longer lived here or intended to return; they were the significantly titled *A Visiting Distance* (1976), and *Return to Canada* (1977).

That Anderson should have chosen Canada as the place to publish these books is an indication of his realization, towards the end of his life, that only in Canada had he ever been more than a pleasing minor writer. This realization made him anxious during the middle 1970's to re-establish his position in Canadian letters.

I remember a curious correspondence I had with him, in which Anderson expressed deep chagrin at the slowness of Canadian publishers at this time to recognize his *Canadian* importance. I remarked to him that I had left England about the same time he left Canada — almost thirty years ago — having played there a role as editor and poet not unlike his in Canada, but that, after three decades, I would hardly be annoyed if publishers failed to consider me an *English writer*. Anderson could not see the parallel, and this made me realize that for him the Canadian decade had become in retrospect the only period when his writing made a meaningful impact on the world around him, the only period when he had really felt himself adequate as a writer.

His instinct was correct. He figures — and will always figure — in Canadian and never in British anthologies, because he wrote a handful of poems, like his well-known "Poem on Canada," which are among the most interesting and stimulating verse written here in the 1940's, and also because he brought in the right British influences when they were needed and because his enthusiasm and dedication made *Preview*, during its three years of existence from 1942 to 1945, one of those journals that — like *Transition* and *New Verse* in their own times and places — form the channels through which a poetic movement defines itself and reaches maturity.

I have just talked of Anderson's poems during the 1940's as among the "most interesting and stimulating poems" then written in Canada. I did not say they were among the best, since, as I remarked in *Canadian Literature* 78, in reviewing his two most recent books, I find in reading them that I am "impressed by a quality of intellectual virtuosity, of deliberation, of versatile craftsmanship that can range among formal patterns, accompanied by an inability to fuse feeling and artifice as a consummate poet does." The brilliance was always there, and lingered even in his late poems, but it was increasingly detached from any credible emotion, any valid tradition, and this was doubtless why he wanted to be taken back during his last years into the only tribe, the tribe of Canadian poets, that had accorded him a meaningful rank. Anderson was a superb mannerist, but mannerism is by definition a constricting stance, and it prevented him developing in any new direction as a poet after about 1945, the mid-point of his Canadian decade.

GEORGE WOODCOCK

CANADIAN LIT. ABROAD

NOT MUCH MORE than a decade ago, Canadian writing — in any language — was virtually unknown on the European continent. The only Canadian writer widely read there was Mazo de la Roche, whose *Jalna* novels were published in the popular French paperback series, Livres de Poche; most of her readers

thought she was French or, if they knew she was Canadian, assumed she was Québecois; real Québecois writers, in those comparatively recent days, were virtually unknown in France.

The scene has amazingly changed, and not merely in France, where the University of Toulouse operates a programme of studies of Canadian writing *in English*. Only recently the writer of this item was invited to address fifty German academics in Bonn on Canadian writers and writing. But Italy is more responsive than Germany or even France to English Canadian writing. Books by Northrop Frye and Marshall McLuhan, Margaret Atwood and Morley Callaghan, Mordecai Richler and George Woodcock, Margaret Laurence and Leonard Cohen, have been or are being translated and published in Italy. Professor Giovanna Capone has established a course of studies at the ancient University of Bologna in English Canadian writers from Susanna Moodie to Joe Rosenblatt, and in Rome the first number has just appeared of *Argomenti Canadesi: Letteratura Canadese di Lingua Inglese*, edited by Amleto Lorenzini.

Argomenti Canadesi is, to begin at least, almost entirely Canadian in authorship as well as content. George Woodcock, Northrop Frye and Claude Bissell provide the critical-historical articles that open the issue. There are poems by Birney and Purdy, Cohen and Atwood, Newlove and the Italian-Canadian poet, Pier Giorgio di Cicco, and interviews with Marshall McLuhan and others. The poems appear in English and Italian; the prose, entirely Italian, seems far more sonorous than one ever thought it in English and tempts one to propose a solution for our language problem — let us all speak Italian! The only non-Canadian, apart from the translators, is Lynette Hunter of the University of Edinburgh, who comments on Ondaatje's *Coming Through Slaughter*.

We are not told how often *Argomenti Canadesi* will appear, nor are prices given for subscriptions or single copies, but those who are interested in this unique venture, the first journal of English-Canadian writing in a language other than English, may write to *Argomenti Canadesi*, Colli della Farnesina 68/5, 00194 ROMA, Italy.

L.T.C.

ON THE VERGE

*** PETER STEVENS, comp. *Modern English-Canadian Poetry: A Guide to Information Sources*. Gale Research, $22.00. This book lists the work of major and some minor twentieth-century poets, together with selected criticism and some annotations. Bibliographies are by definition dated, and this one is hampered both by the rigour of its starting date (1900; which omits, e.g., Roberts and D. C. Scott despite their twentieth-century writings) and the inevitability of any arbitrary closing date (here 1973). More serious is the unstated but apparent limitation of secondary listings to Canadian ones only. Useful international perspectives (and in particular the enquiries, both critical and bibliographic, that have been published under the label "Commenwealth Literature") are thereby missed. The annotations are brief and introductory, but thoughtful; and the listings of Canadian little magazines are thorough and helpful, as is the book as a whole, despite its restrictions.

W.H.N.

*** ROBERT BOTHWELL. *Pearson: His Life and World*. McGraw-Hill Ryerson. $14.95. Long ago, in 1928, when Lester Pearson was being considered for appointment to the Department of External Affairs, Vincent Massey remarked that "there is something curiously loose-jointed and sloppy about his mental make-up which, as a matter of fact, is reflected in some measure in his physical bearing." In his biography, *Pearson, His Life and World*, Robert Bothwell is inclined to dismiss this as an odd, slightly malicious view. And, indeed, given the distinction of Pearson's career, such it appears at first sight. Yet one is left, after reading it all, with a strange dissatisfaction; how blurred an impression, for all his amiability, his good will, his skill as an honest broker, Pearson's career in the end leaves on one's mind in comparison with those of less inoffensive men, like Sir John A. Macdonald or even Mackenzie King! And perhaps the clue lies in the "World" as well as the "Life" of the title. For it was a "curiously loose-jointed" time in Canadian history and the Canadian consciousness over which Pearson presided, and it fitted him — if the metaphor works — like a glove. One can hardly blame the biographer for the sense of indefinitness with which one emerges from reading *Pearson: His Life and World*; it was inherent in the subject.

G.W.

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