

NEW BOOKS

SONGS OF THE MARITIMES: An Anthology of the Poetry of the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Edited by Eliza Ritchie, Ph.D., LL.D. Toronto. McClelland & Stewart, Ltd.

Why should we have an anthology of the poetry of the Maritime Provinces? Would not the anthologies of Canadian verse suffice to put within the reach of any interested reader whatever is worth while in the verse of these provinces? These questions may well be asked. The answer, direct and adequate, is to be found in Miss Ritchie's admirable foreword, from which we quote:

In none of the provinces which make up the Dominion of Canada has the spirit of local patriotism been more strongly developed than in those whose shores are washed by the Atlantic Ocean. Separated by French Quebec from other English-speaking communities, having a history stretching back three centuries with many romantic episodes in its earlier chapters, possessing scenery greatly diversified, but in many places of remarkable beauty, with a population almost wholly British by descent, and lying geographically nearer to the Mother Country than the rest of Canada, it is not surprising that the region comprised in the Maritime Provinces should be conscious of possessing a character and an individuality of its own. Nor has the literary tradition by which a people is enabled to gain self-expression been altogether absent. Both the Scottish immigrants and the men of Anglo-Saxon blood who as "Loyalists" came from the newly-formed United States of America brought with them a genuine love of letters and a respect for education. Canadian literature had here its beginnings, nor has there ever been a time when there were none in these provinces to contribute to its growth.

The book contains one hundred and twenty-five selections; and the editor divides the collection into six classes which she entitles: *Sea Breezes*; *The Breath of the Land*; *Echoes of the War*; *Men and Women*; *The Inner Life*; and *In Lighter Mood*. While those falling within the two divisions first mentioned have the most genuine local colour, the interest of the reader will not flag when he comes to the wider appeal of the poems in the later divisions. Miss Ritchie has spread a wide net; and nearly all the writers of verse, born or long resident in the Maritime Provinces, of any considerable note, are included. A few omissions, however, occur to one. The anthology would not suffer in merit by the inclusion of some of the sonnets of the late Archbishop O'Brien or those of the late T. A. LePage, both of them natives of Prince Edward Island, or of selections from the exquisitely musical poetry of the late Hiram Todd Spencer, of Saint John, N. B. But in poetry, as in many other things, tastes differ, and no two editors of anthologies, no matter how refined in taste or how sensitive to the finer nuances of poetry, would likely agree either upon the authors or upon the poems to be selected.

There are several selections from our older poets, like Roberts and Carman, whose reputations have long since been established, and whose places high up in the hierarchy have been long conceded. But throughout the book, and in the work of the younger writers of verse, will be found a degree of lyrical sweetness, delicate sentiment and beauty of form and expression, which, even without the contributions from the older and more famous poets just mentioned, would amply justify the publication of this anthology. There is a temptation to comment on some of the poems, and to quote some of the shorter ones, but that is out of the question in a notice of this kind. The reader must be sent to the book to discover for himself how competently many of our younger Maritime writers have cultivated the unaging art.

Miss Ritchie has rendered a patriotic service to the Atlantic Provinces in collecting and preparing for publication such a fine body of vivid and vital poetry.

J. C.

ISSA, A POEM. By Robert Norwood. Charles Scribner's Sons. 97 pages.

Writing of Browning as a lyric poet, Saintsbury says, "He understood love pretty thoroughly, and when a lyric poet understands love thoroughly, there is little doubt as to his position." Robert Norwood is essentially a lyric poet, and in the great subjective lyric, *Issa*, he manifests that lyrical intuition which is the soul of great art. As a great master of composition puts it, "He captures the pure throb of life in its ideality." One cannot read this amazingly sustained poem of nearly two thousand lines without admitting that its author is a great lover. Throughout there is an intense love of life in all its varied settings. One hears the merry laughter of boyhood; one is made to feel the beauty and harmony of nature; commonplace things become images to fire the imagination and warm the heart, and even in sorrow or beside the grave a clear undertone of joyous exultation is heard. Like Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Browning's *Christmas Eve*, *Issa* is a spiritual autobiography. It is the story of the imaginative and spiritual life of a great son of Nova Scotia, and as he sings of the beauties of his native province, his love for his homeland inspires many of its finest stanzas. These sources of inspiration are found everywhere. They abound in the simple home at New Ross with its religious atmosphere and its domestic felicity, in "King's of Colonial Fame," his "best beloved college," in Halifax, "all radiant in sunset fire," in "Seaforth and Ingonish, Neil's Harbour too," and as his fancy roams to scenes of classic beauty he confesses,

If all the isles of Greece
 Were mine to give,
 I'd pay them for the peace
 And joy to live
 For ever where bold Shut-In looks to sea
 And Tedholm on the hillside waits for me.

There is a surpassingly beautiful flight of the imagination in Canto III, sweeping us beyond the stars to where

The seething galaxy
Foams on the shore
Of Time's eternal sea.

Returning we are reminded that

A poet must descend
To touch the earth;
For vision must not end
In vision's dearth,
But hold its rapture, keep its radiant love,
For what lies underneath, or stands above.

In a garden, among the flowers and listening to the "oracles borne upon the breeze", we are made to realize with the poet

how soon
God comes to gardens with the month of June.

Great as is Robert Norwood's love of the beauty of Nature, greater still is his love for his fellow men. We read this beautiful tribute:—

You men of Acadie—
Loyal and true—
Brave scions of the sea,
All hail to you!
Let one who is your kin of bone and blood
Give rouse and chantey to your hardihood.

All through the poem there runs, like a golden thread, his tribute of devotion and praise to those who have inspired him. Here is sweetest praise for parents, teachers, poets, master minds, a confessed craving for "Carman's cloak of lyric ecstasy," and above all, merited acknowledgment

to him who crowned
My ardent boyhood's brow
For minstrelsy,—
Roberts:

Among these the reader may be disappointed not to find at least some masters of music, for Norwood is essentially musical, and one might have also expected a more glowing tribute to Browning's influence, for in many ways Norwood seems a lineal descendant of that great lyricist. Truly, there is nothing impersonal about Norwood's love. And this brings us to the very heart and centre of this great poem, even his devotion to *Issa* (Jesus) as the supreme Lover and Friend. With Him the poet walks and talks in sweet communion. In this fellowship his religion finds its fullest expression. Indeed, it is his religion. Here his soul basks in

The light that pales the splendour of the sun!
 One thing is sure—
 The rest is dross:
 Man only can endure
 The crown and cross
 Of sorrow, and be patient with the clod
 When thought confirms the immanence of God.

All learning apart from this is not "worth the heavy pains of study", and in his earlier years the poet had found that

Life is one movement of the soul, and bound
 By one law only—love!

Advancing along the line of this supreme law, the poet may seem at times more ready than the reader to accept certain fancies of Oriental mystics, but it is not easy to be in disagreement with so sweet a singer.

Perhaps Dr. Roberts is right when he affirms, in his introduction to *Issa*, that in his earlier years Norwood the preacher overshadowed Norwood the poet. That day has long since passed, and he now stands forth, in the exquisite artistry of *Issa*, as a mystic poet following a Master who leads ever towards infinity. The evening bell rings out that Master's message:

Ring loudly, evening bell,
 Ring from your tower
 A toscin, toll the knell
 Of crafty power
 That masquerades among the sons of light,
 Wolves in sheep's clothing, minions of the night.

Ring out, ring low, ring high,
 Peace among men,
 Ring to the darkening sky,
 Again, again,
 "Courage, He cometh as of old He came
 Compassionate. God sent Him not to blame;

"But raise the dead and heal
 The blind, the dumb."
 Ring out in changing peal,
 "Our Lord is come
 To meet the insolence of death and hell."
 Ring out, ring low, ring high, you evening bell.

One cannot read those lines aloud without catching something of the eternal music of the ages. In this, the greatest and the truest poem which has appeared on this side of the Atlantic for many years, Robert Norwood satisfies the requirements of true art as stated by Rosario Scelario:—"He is able to give a form to thought, a voice to soul, a sentiment to the inanimate. He knows how to recreate beauty, and carry upon the same plane of celestial stability frail human events, fixing the fugitive instant in the splendor of eternal harmony."

A. H. M.

ATTUNE WITH SPRING IN ACADIE. By Claire Harris MacIntosh. Introduction by F. Schuyler Matthews. New York. London. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book is as attractive as its title, and will appeal to all lovers of the birds and of Acadie. Anyone who has awakened on a March morning to the sweet strains of the song sparrow, or worshipped with the hermit thrush in his evening hymn, will find the charm of birdland recaptured in Mrs. MacIntosh's dainty volume. Those enamoured of the magical beauty of the woodlands and meadows of Acadie will recognize the sympathetic insight with which she has treated her theme, while the reader unacquainted with the delights of bird study will get new glimpses of the loveliness that invests the provinces by the sea.

The plan of the book is as simple as it is original. The permanent residents of the Acadian woods give a banquet to the migrants of spring. All the feathered folk accept, and throng the tables. Contests are held and prizes awarded. The heron and the rubythroat win on beauty. In song "the victory of the hermit thrush was plain." And so on. The recital, as it proceeds, brings before the reader the whole avian chorus, from the humming-bird to the eagle. Each event of the day has its appropriate measure, lending to the narrative a fascinating variety, skilfully worked out.

The book is illustrated with eight pictures in colour, along with many cuts in black and white—the work of Miss Marjorie Tozer. It is safe to say that no more artistic studies of bird life have been made in this province. Form and colour scheme and habitat are accurately delineated against backgrounds bright with the verdure and apple blossoms of the Acadian springtime. Miss Tozer's art is flawless in its detail, and reflects the highest credit upon herself and her school.

One of the delightful passages in the book is the foreword by F. Schuyler Matthews, the American authority on bird music. A selection from it may fittingly conclude this brief review:

Mrs. MacIntosh's Chorus of Birds is a cheery hymn whose melody reflects in varied form that of the versatile Song Sparrow. Her song of the Wood Pewee carries us bodily into the northern woods and holds us there under the spell of a lonesome midsummer reverie. Nor is the clever handling of the Peabody Bird's theme a less realistic reminder of the wooded hills. But for the rest the good reader should take the book straight to the piano, where it will speak for itself.

H. F. M.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. By W. Ross Livingston, Ph.D. University of Iowa. Studies in the Social Sciences, Vol. IX, No. 4, Iowa City, 1931. Pp. 136.

This volume is a companion study to *Responsible Government in Nova Scotia*, published last year. To both studies Professor Livingston brings a freshness of narrative and of outlook that is quite stimu-

lating to natives of the Maritime Provinces, who too long have felt that their constitutional achievements have not been recognized by other English-speaking peoples, and have long been waiting for the comparative idea that revives interest and fosters criticism.

Through his studies of the British Commonwealth Mr. Livingston, who is a close and sympathetic student of the parallel development of his own people, has discovered an admiration for his constitutional collaterals in British North America; and he has filed his results, before turning his attention to Australia in quest of further comparisons and contrasts. In this, his second Canadian study, he shows the same skill in weaving a story out of detached documents, and the same desire to seek the meaning behind the document. Because he is steeped in a different tradition, he notes and records some facts that the native writer too often takes for granted, to the reader's loss. On the other hand, because he is not steeped in local tradition, he misses some facts necessary for an accurate interpretation of men and movements. But in fairness to Mr. Livingston it must be said that in the story of the ten years (1841-51), which he built up almost entirely from original sources, there are fewer errors both of fact and of interpretation than in the first tenth of his book, where he has attempted to sketch a background from secondary material.

Thus when he says that the Island was allotted to "sixty-seven Scotch proprietors;" that, in 1873, "the British Parliament enacted a law allowing the tenant farmer to buy the land on reasonable terms;" that the Island was made a separate colony "in 1770"; that the *Prince Edward Island Register* was the "first" newspaper; and that the representative assembly "from the start was the forum for the popular cause," he has been led astray because he has not gone to the sources.

Again, in his own ten years, though eager to realize the importance of the land question, his study does not succeed in exemplifying the all pervasiveness of that question; nor does it reveal the disproportionate influence of local speculators in land over absentee proprietors; nor does it recognize the fact that at times both governors and councillors stimulated radical local programmes from self-regarding motives.

But, despite all errors both of fact and of atmosphere, this study was well worth publishing. It has called attention to the wealth of material and the richness of unrecorded social and economic experience that have been bequeathed by their forefathers to the future historians of these Maritime Provinces; and it has demonstrated the fact that these future historians must combine detailed local knowledge with the range and equipment of the general historian.

D. C. HARVEY.

A DRYAD IN NANAIMO. By Audrey Alexandra Brown. The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1931.

In his preface to this volume of verse, Professor Pelham Edgar says of "Laodamia," the longest and in every respect the most important of the poems it contains, that "it is one of the most beautiful

decorative narrative poems that have come out of America." Such words written of the work of a new author, and coming from the finest and most exacting of Canadian critics, raise high expectations, nor are they disappointed. Miss Brown's verse does in fact show qualities which we do not find to the same degree in the poetry of any other Canadian author. The dignity of the themes she chooses, the spiritual elevation she imparts to them, the sustained power of her narrative and the rare beauty of her descriptive passages surely give her a place of her own among contemporary writers of verse. That she is still to some extent imitative may readily be granted, the influence of Shelley and Wordsworth can be detected, that of Keats is clearly apparent, but it is small reproach to a young author that she follows closely the great tradition of England's noble literature, and Keats himself might not have been ashamed to father such poems as "The House of Life", "Diana", and "Laodamia". If Miss Brown can maintain the high standard she has set for herself in this volume, she has a great future before her.

E. R.

RED SNOW ON GRAND PRÉ. By Archibald MacMechan. McClelland & Stewart. Toronto, 1931.

In this, Dr. MacMechan's latest contribution to Nova Scotian history, four separate episodes are narrated. The first of these, that which gives its title to the book, is already familiar to readers of the DALHOUSIE REVIEW, in the pages of which it first appeared. And a most striking and romantic tale it makes. The secret march of the little band of French troops in the depth of winter over almost impassable trails from Beaubassin to Grand Pré, a distance of two hundred miles, in order to attack Colonel Noble and the five hundred New Englanders with him;—the night battle resulting in the death of Noble and the defeat and subsequent surrender of his followers; the chivalrous conduct of the victors to the vanquished; and finally the feast at which the French were entertained by the conquered but unsubdued New Englanders in order that they might become better acquainted *en buvant le ponche*; all this reads less like the relation of a sober historian than the output of a romance-writer's fancy. Hardly less romantic is the narrative derived from the diary of William Pote, the captain of a small schooner which was captured by Indians in Annapolis Basin in May, 1745. As a prisoner of the savages he was often in great peril, and suffered severe hardships before his captors handed him over to the French authorities at Quebec, in which city he remained a prisoner for two years. His diary shows him to have been a man of extraordinary courage and considerable intelligence. In "The Ransoming of Anthony Casteel" we are introduced to a hero of somewhat more equivocal character, but his adventures are no less exciting; and the account of "The Indian Terror" gives a vivid picture of the dangers to which the earlier British settlers were exposed. We are greatly indebted to Dr. MacMechan for showing us how rich in human interest is the history of our little province.

E. R.

A LIFE OF JOSEPH PRIESTLEY. By Anne Holt. Oxford University Press. London, 1931.

Much bepraised and more abused in his own day, Priestley is a figure that has almost slipped into oblivion. Yet if only as an example of an important type of eighteenth century life and thought, he still has a claim upon our interest. We are given to picture that century as peopled with men of fashion, litterateurs, wits and politicians, but contemporaneously there was another world than this, where men interested themselves in problems of religion, morals, philosophy and science, and not seldom made substantial progress toward their solution. This was the world of Wesley and Whitefield, of Hartley and Franklin, of Godwin and Erasmus Darwin, and in it Priestley found his place.

As he was a Nonconformist, the educational opportunities at his disposal were limited, but his active and restless mind absorbed knowledge from every available source. Greek and Latin he learnt at a free school; Italian, French and German he taught himself; Hebrew he studied with one friendly minister and mathematics with another. All this before at the age of eighteen he entered a dissenting academy to prepare for the ministry. By this time, too, he had begun to think independently, for he discarded his early Calvinism. One is tempted to think that for Priestley the highest duty of a dissenter was always to dissent. A constant enmity to the Established Church was not enough for him; from Calvinism he passed to Arminianism, then to Arianism, and finally to the Socinian form of Unitarianism, and throughout these changes he was absolutely sincere. Against Deists and Atheists he was ever ready to take up his pen. But his own views in philosophy are hard to reconcile with his theology. An admirer of Hartley, he carried his materialistic doctrine much further; the mind he argued, is itself material, and ceases to exist when the body dies. The doctrine of the resurrection is saved by the assertion that the actual matter of the body will at the last day be gathered together to reform the body; this belief is based on the Divine promise alone; of the nature of God we have no knowledge save of His infinite power, wisdom and goodness.

As an educationist, Priestley was ahead of his time; as a politician, he was always in favour of liberty and the rights of the people; as a chemist, he has some title to fame as the discoverer of oxygen; but his mind was more discursive than logical, and in no sphere did he succeed in co-ordinating his ideas. Miss Holt guides us skilfully through all the phases of his varied and eventful life, from the early experiences of minister and schoolmaster to his last years in America, where though he failed to found a Unitarian Church, he was acclaimed as a preacher and enjoyed the friendship of Adams and Jefferson. Joseph Priestley was not one of the great men of history, but one cannot read his Life without admiration for his versatility, his unselfishness and his courage.

E. R.

SELMA LAGERLOF, HER LIFE AND WORK. By Walter A. Berendsohn. Adapted from the German by George F. Timson, with a preface by V. Sackville-West. Ivor Nicholson and Watson, Ltd., 1931, pp. xx, 136.

The text of this volume is divided into three parts: I, Selma Lagerlof, five chapters; II, Her Works, six chapters; III, Her Art and Message, six chapters. It gives a succinct and interesting account of the life and works of the eminent Swedish novelist, who is probably still to most truthful English readers little more than a name. The book is clearly arranged. A list of English translations (Part II, Chap. VI) will be especially useful.

The strangest incident in Dr. Lagerlof's career her biographer relates as follows: "One summer morning in 1862 the little girl awoke from her mid-day sleep and found herself unable to move; she was paralyzed. It appears that her recovery was slow. When she was nine, she was sent to Stockholm for treatment to her leg. In her uncle's house she found all Sir Walter Scott's novels, and read them all. Her own romance is greater than fiction. In 1907 she bought the house and garden at Marbacka, and in 1910, after receiving the Nobel Prize, she secured the estate, so that she is now a landed proprietor like her forefathers, carries on agriculture and stock-farming, and also operates a mill."

"The Legend of the Bird's Nest" is given as an example of her perfected style, and it is, even in translation, a little masterpiece. The chapter on "Her Creative Endowment" is oddly arranged with its sections "Motherliness," "Poetic Imagination," "Psychological Insight," "Poise", but it will not detract from the interest of the work. One short sentence is significant: "All who know her declare that her work costs intense effort." In how many different ways has not that statement been made about most good writers, except those of supreme genius!

The book contains ten clear and useful illustrations.

E. W. NICHOLS.

THE ROCK AND THE RIVER. A Romance of Quebec. By Ralph Connor. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 377 pages.

This is a noteworthy Canadian historical novel. The story begins at Malbaie, on the Lower St. Lawrence, that beautiful spot now known as Murray Bay, the history of which is so fascinatingly told by Prof. Wrong in his book, *A Canadian Manor and its Seigneurs*. Indeed one can easily trace Ralph Connor's indebtedness to Prof. Wrong as one reads this book. The story covers the troubled days preceding the war of 1812, deals with the events leading up to that struggle, estimates the strength or weakness of those in responsible positions, and carries us right to the end of hostilities. The romance predominates over the history; and when historical personages like Governors Craig and Prevost are introduced, one feels that the author is rather free with adverse criticism and not fully appreciative of the difficulties

of their position. It is rather evident that the book is designed to please all parties, especially the French Canadians and the Americans.

Apart from the hero of the book, a Lovat Fraser of Malbaie, who well represents the blending of the Scotch and French races along the Lower St. Lawrence, Sir Isaac Brock stands out in bold relief as the genius *par excellence* of the British race in Canada at the time. Ralph Connor has done full justice to the French Canadian, and in this respect his book has its greatest value as a piece of Canadian literature. In this connection he certainly knows and is in full sympathy with his subject. The story is a bit crowded with climaxes and intensely dramatic scenes which at times suggest a greater inflammability of temperament in the French Canadian than we are quite ready to allow, but the many beautiful scenes of domesticity and devoutness pictured therein are true to the life of this interesting section of Canada. No one else has so fully described the difficulties before the French Canadian in obtaining information during great crises in our history, or the conditions which made it so easy for him to be misled.

The Rock and the River will take its deserved place alongside such great Canadian historical novels as *The Canadians of Old* by Gaspé, Kirby's *Chien d'Or* and Parker's *Seats of the Mighty*. It is by far the best and strongest book that has come from the pen of its gifted author.

A. H. M.

CATALOGUE OF PAMPHLETS IN THE PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA,
1493-1877, WITH INDEX. By Magdalen Casey. F. A.
Ackland, Ottawa.

This volume is No. 13 in the Publications of the Public Archives of Canada, and the fourth catalogue of pamphlets printed in an attempt to keep pace with the rapidly increasing collection that has been made by Dr. A. G. Doughty, Dominion Archivist. In 30 years this collection has grown from almost none to ten thousand.

The first slender list was published in 1903. In 1911, 1454 pamphlets were on the list. The catalogue of 1916 comprised double that number; and the present publication, which is Volume 1 of the new catalogue, enumerates 4,260 pamphlets. Volume 2 is promised for next year.

The plan of the catalogue is excellent; pamphlets are arranged in chronological order, according to the first year of publication, and numbered for purposes of reference. An index of both subject and author is provided. Though the titles may vary when the subject is essentially the same, several pamphlets are grouped together in the subject index.

All students of Canadian history will welcome this useful and painstaking publication; and those of us who have had the opportunity of using the Public Archives of Canada, with its beautifully bound pamphlets arranged in neat pigeon holes, cannot be too grateful to Dr. Doughty for accumulating such an exhaustive collection, and to Miss Casey for preparing this catalogue to facilitate its use.

D. C. HARVEY.

THE MODERN SCOT—AUTUMN NUMBER, 1931. J. H. Whyte.

It is recorded that an elderly lady, on first beholding her son in martial array, was moved by maternal pride to exclaim, "There they go, a' oot o' step but oor Jock!" When a regiment must move to a new destination, the sergeant-major is more effective than the proud mother in his critical judgment. Better still for marching—the pipers! *The Modern Scot*, of which the autumn number (October 1931—Two Shillings) has arrived, professes to be the advance-guard of a new national movement in Scottish life. It attempts to combine the hounding tactics of the sergeant-major with the wilder inspiration of the piper, but really ends by becoming the self-wrapped old woman on the edge of the crowd. Nevertheless, *The Modern Scot*, in spite of its strident defiance of all things accepted, yields to the laws of our natural life and mellows with the passing year. The sober sense of the autumn issue is an improvement on the mid-summer madness of the previous number. An editorial laments the continuous exodus of talented young Scots, who fulfil Dr. Johnson's jibe, "But, Sir, let me tell you that the noblest prospect which a Scotchman sees is the high road that leads him to England!" Some of them, indeed, mistake the track, and land in Canada! This is getting down to realities, for as the editor confesses, "the vested interests are all against them", i.e., the young Scots who want to remain in their native country. More serious still, so far as the future of Scotland is concerned, is the steady drift of industry southward. It is rather futile to discuss at length the improvement of national ideals of culture, if there is no nation left to cultivate.

Mr. Edwin Muir writes an excellent estimate of Robert Louis Stevenson—critical, yet appreciative. We are glad to note that there is at least one Scottish writer who is not entirely beneath his notice. We accept this new interest in what Scotland has actually done in the literary world as a further token of a return to reality. Mr. Muir makes out a good case for the view that Stevenson was on the eve of his literary maturity when the unfinished *Weir of Hermiston* was given to the world. Mr. J. H. Whyte develops a familiar theme in a suggestive article on *Nationalism in the East*. The aggressive materialism of the West cannot apprehend the pale spirituality of the East, and the result is the Indian impasse. He pleads that "the leaders of opinion in the new India may have the perspicacity to find the *via media* between Eastern and Western civilization which is essential both to the happiness of India and of the entire world." And he adds: "There are some of us at least in the West who are willing to help them"; to which we rejoin "May their tribe increase!" Mr. Eimar O'Duffy, unless he is walking about the earth on false pretences, is, by his name, not of Scottish nationality. He addresses himself to the new economic forces that have contributed to the present chaos in our industrial life, by discoursing on the theme, "Machinery: Captor or Liberator?" He contends that machinery ought to be literally a labour-saver, and the wise use of the new economic power that it places at the disposal of mankind in this modern world ought to swing open the gates of a new *El Dorado*, instead of leading us into the morass

of unemployment. "Once the necessary financial change is established, instead of preying on one another, we shall be able to co-operate in producing a good general standard of living, and at the same time have leisure in which to develop our minds and bodies, to read, to hear music, look at pictures, dig in our gardens, and so forth.... The poet and the artist will no longer have to prostitute his talents for gain, nor descend to the routine of toil for a livelihood. The scientist will be able, without begging himself, to devote his time to pure research. Scholarship and philosophy will no longer be passports to poverty and obscurity. Cunning and rapacity will no longer be qualifications for position and esteem. Above all, no man will be able to impose his will on another by having power to deprive him of a livelihood—a power which makes a mockery of citizenship and democracy." In this modern cynical world, it is refreshing to find a man with such faith still remaining in his fellow-mortals. But is it all to be effected by a change in the currency system? Supposing "the emancipated ones" want to drink unlimited beer instead of digging in their gardens; or prefer the "talkies" to the austere proprieties of the art-gallery? Or has Mr. O'Duffy addressed his mind to the problem of the surplus poets, or even of scientists who might emerge, having waited through so many generations shut up in the womb of Time, for this divine hour when "the poet and the artist will no longer descend to routine toil for a livelihood"?

It appears from Mr. A. T. Cunningham, who writes about *On Hearing James Joyce*, that the cult of *vers libre* has now extended its eccentric influence to inspire *prose libre*, and it rejoices Mr. Cunningham's heart. *Prose libre* is intended to be heard, not read; thus, fortunately, those of us who are too confirmed in habits of reading to change will escape a new form of frightfulness. If this thing gains ground, the deaf have much to be thankful for.

JAMES S. THOMSON.

FRANCOIS VILLON, BLACKGUARD AND IMMORTAL. By Lewis Wharton, Author of *Songs of Carthage and Other Poems*. pp. 29.

This little booklet, presumably privately printed, has been a labour of love for Mr. Wharton. One learns from it some of the salient facts of Villon's life, and more of the author's impressions of his subject—if it were anyone but Villon, one might say hero—and of his style. Mr. Wharton's translations are used; the reviewer is not at this distance of time sufficiently well acquainted with Villon to say whether or not they are literally faithful. This is the first stanza of the "Ballade of the Hanged:"

My brothers who still live though we have gone,
Pray harden not your hearts to us, poor wights;
For if with pity you behold our woes,
The sooner will dear God your prayers receive.
Five or six comrades dangling in the sky,

How flaps the flesh we fed so tenderly,
 Bestripped and rotting in the wanton wind!
 At our distress (bones powdered thin by time!)
 Let no man mock, our fate cries far and loud.
 Entreat, with humble knee, God's far-flung grace.

One is left with a desire to make or renew acquaintance with Villon; and not without a willingness to know more of Mr. Wharton.

E. W. NICHOLS.

GERMAN LYRIC POETRY. By Norman MacLeod. Published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press, 52 Tavistock Sq., London. 1931. 158 pages.

This essay is the thirteen number in the series of Hogarth Lectures on Literature. It presents first of all a convenient summary of the historical background of German lyric poetry from the days of the Minnesingers and Folksingers down to and including modern times; and an interesting comparison between the development of English and of German lyric poetry. There follows a survey of the German field in three main divisions, the time before the "Great Age" of Goethe, Schiller and Hölderlin; the "Great Age" itself; and the years following it. We gain an insight into the works of individual poets through biographical sketches, a discussion of the various schools of poetry, and frequent comparisons with English poetical development. We miss, however, that relating of literary production to social forces, particularly emphasized by writers like Kuno Francke.

Selections from the best or most typical works of each poet are accompanied by a translation into English or occasionally a Broad Scots rendering. Even one who can read the original will enjoy Mr. MacLeod's translation, which should rouse an interest in German poetry in the minds of those unfamiliar with the language.

The clear conception of the book, and the treatment of each part, should make it very acceptable in a course on German literature; of value to anyone interested in the German-speaking countries; a source of much enjoyment to lovers of poetry, and of profit to those just learning to know and appreciate its charms.

I. HARRIET ROBERTS.

THE IMPERIAL THEME. By G. Wilson Knight. Oxford University Press, 1931. pp. ix. 367. \$4.00.

These essays continue the interpretation of Shakespearean tragedy begun in *The Wheel of Fire*, which was recently produced by the same author and publisher, and reviewed by Dr. MacMechan in the issue of April, 1931. In this volume, as in the earlier work, Mr. Knight has sometimes gone to a great deal of trouble to tell us what we already know. He has also told us many things that we have still to learn.

However, as Carlyle reminds us, we need not so much to be informed as to be reminded; and there is always profit, and in the present work there is often pleasure as well, in going over old ground under the guidance of an experienced and scholarly reader. Even if we do not agree with his collocations and conclusions, there is something to discover from the treasures of his filing cabinet. Provided that we return to them in their contexts as lines to be spoken from the boards, there is pleasure in meeting deracinated excerpts and pondering their arrangement and possible re-arrangements as items in collectanea. Even when, as often, we are moved to disagree with him, the author compels us to whet our critical sense before re-asserting some conclusions that we learned from our school books and have not yet been persuaded to abandon.

Mr. Knight—who, by the way, has recently been appointed Chancellor's Professor of English at Trinity College, Toronto University—prefaces his essays on the plays with a discussion of "imaginative interpretation" in which from an examination of words, images and subjects he adduces various "concepts" "values", "forces" and "motives" underlying Shakespeare's dramatic creation. He considers that "To devote excessive attention to 'characters' is fatal. The character cannot be abstracted from those imaginative effects of poetry and poetic drama of which he is composed. That is to abstract him from himself, and thus create a pure abstraction. Hence criticism of character often leaves pages of commentary with few references to the Shakespearean text; whereas an imaginative interpretation will always be interwoven with numerous quotations." While agreeing that Mr. Knight puts many quotations in evidence for his own "imaginative" theories, one does not observe any inherent necessity for the truth of either statement in his last quoted sentence. Nor does the reader feel that he has quite escaped from pure abstractions when the plays are made to offer studies not of individual persons in conflict with each other or with their surroundings, but of positive and negative forces, of order and disorder, of dark and light. Our actors are made to represent, not men and women of flesh and blood, but nebulous tendencies and psychological abstractions. Both the method and the general principles of this kind of criticism recall a type of "romantic" and "symbolic" interpretation that was epidemic among German critics of the last century. Parallel passages and allegorical interpretations are brought forward to derive a hidden meaning from passages that without effort will yield a plain tale plainly told, and *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* are made to carry more symbols and allegories than ever were foisted upon Grendel and his dam.

Any critic, of course, is at liberty to draw morals and symbols from creative art, or from any other experiences that may be afforded him, but no critic should rashly assume that any such "message" was placed there by agencies other than those of his own mind. Shakespeare was not without his subtleties, but he can hardly have put everything in his plays that commentators have taken out of them. Especially in drama—admitting that many delicate nuances of language and character must inevitably have been lost in the rough and tumble of an Elizabethan theatre—we should remember that the artist must produce his effect in action, character, and atmosphere, by some two

hours of physical exposition to an audience of ordinary people. We should do well to fortify ourselves with Quiller-Couch's conception of a practical dramatist working for the theatre, a magnificently indolent man content to use the same plots, the same obvious stage tricks, even the same language again and again, provided only that the repetition were subordinated to his main dramatic purpose, that purpose being frequently this same portrayal of character that Mr. Wilson Knight appears to consider subordinate to something else.

In the essays on *Julius Caesar* Mr. Knight collects many words and phrases to show the undercurrents of Shakespeare's mind. Some of these, like the references to blood, are essential to the idea of the play, and their repetition is intended, like the references to blood and darkness in *Macbeth*, to contribute to the atmosphere and to prepare the mind for important scenes. Others may be explained by Shakespeare's habit, common to every writer, of using related words and allusions throughout a given period of work. The main ideas will come from experience at large, but it has been noted of Shakespeare in particular that words and images casually suggested by his reading will breed and multiply until others take their place. Mr. Knight's collections are of undoubted interest, but it appears dangerous to assume that they indicate a deliberate massing of symbols. This attention to units rather than to their sum prepares us for the somewhat strange contention that "*Julius Caesar* is charged highly with a general eroticism." Mr. Knight qualifies this statement almost to negation by saying that the love is "not physically passionate". "Even Brutus and Portia love with a gentle companionship rather than any passion." But he still gives his essay a title that suggests *Romeo and Juliet* or *Antony and Cleopatra* rather than a play hardly more "erotic" than *Coriolanus*.

In *Julius Caesar* Mr. Knight appears to be most "original" and least helpful; in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* the common interpretation is obscured but not fundamentally altered by the peculiar abstractions of the analysis; the best essays are those on *Antony and Cleopatra*, which preserve the methods of the others, but are less ingenious and more convincing. Minute verbal criticism is skilfully used to indicate Shakespeare's control of spoken verse, and quotations are both frequent and welcome. Everything is subordinated to an acceptable representation of a play that we know and are grateful to know better. It may be noted that, in this portion of the book, the author writes not only with greater assurance and enthusiasm, but with a style that is not inadequate to his subject.

The book is well made and printed; but it is to be regretted that it is not provided with an index.

C. L. BENNET.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKMANSHIP. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Cambridge, at the University Press, 1931. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. \$1.75). pp. 309.

This is the eighth volume in the pocket edition of Sir Arthur's literary essays. Except to welcome its appearance in this uniform

and companionable format, there is no call for a notice of a book that must already be well known to any interested reader of these lines. Originally delivered as lectures to undergraduates at Cambridge, published by Fisher Unwin in 1918 and six times reprinted, these appreciative causeries present the reader with an understanding of Shakespeare that might, we conjecture, achieve the somewhat rare distinction of missing the disapproval of Shakespeare himself. Every reader of 'Q' knows how much and how little to expect; there is the same impatience of pedantry, and the sometimes too vehement assertion that insight is superior to erudition; the same easy urbanity passing at times dangerously close to the borders of the garrulous; the same sure tact in seeing what a writer has endeavoured to compass and in conveying a just approbation of the measure of his achievement. Sir Arthur is of the creative and intuitive school of critics, and a great part of the value of his appreciations depends upon the sensitively appropriate charm of his style, which combines the delicate precision of a practised artist in writing with the persuasive accents of the spoken voice. The author's task in the present work has been to discover, from an examination of some of his best known plays, "just what Shakespeare was trying to do as a playwright." This is undoubtedly "a sensible way of approaching him"; and if it is neither so novel nor so independent of scholarship as Sir Arthur would appear to suggest, we owe him unqualified gratitude for having done his own work in his own way with such rare distinction. Having read the book once more, after an interval that has given perspective to the memory of an inspiring teacher and allowed comparisons with more learned and informative instructors, the present writer closes it with an echo to the author of his own dedication to the memory of Barrett Wendell: "In gratitude for many pleasures of insight directed by his illuminating common sense."

C. L. BENNET.

THE STORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By E. K. Broadus.
 Toronto. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., 1931.
 pp. 624. \$6.00.

A general impatience with introductions and anthologies should not prevent most disillusioned readers from recognizing that this is a really useful and pleasant book to place in the hands of any young person who wishes to establish a friendly rather than a formal acquaintance with English literature. In writing of such a pleasant task, it is difficult to refrain from sentimentality, as Dr. Broadus (probably with small loss to his youthful readers) has found it difficult to exclude it altogether from his book. It is refreshing at least to find a work that does not attempt to include every author, killed with a formula and buried in a classification. Such books appear at regular and regrettably brief intervals; each claims to offer a fresh insight into literature, and to be different from the usual run of introductory surveys, and each new one differs from the last only in its increased power to drive its unfortunate readers away from a forbidding list of authors

of whom the compiler, at a generous computation, may be acquainted with one-third, and of books of which he may have read one-tenth. Even when one disagrees with Dr. Broadus, as I trust many readers will do for his unnecessary insistence on the obvious faults of Dickens, or wishes that this or that had been omitted in favour of something else, as everyone must do with every work of selection, there is still reason to rejoice that there is a writer—and a professor at that—who is writing of literature as he has found it, and not as pupil teachers are required to cram it for the inquisitions of a board of examiners.

The book is well proportioned, the earlier writers being handled with notably skilful selection and compression, and later periods being represented by the most important single authors or literary types. In poetry especially, the method is unusually effective, exposition and quotation being used with reciprocal advantages, combining the best features of the commentary and of the anthology. In two chapters of 150 pages the beginner is presented with an introduction to early nineteenth century poetry that, for its purpose, could hardly be improved. For the novel, the book is at times in danger of defeating its own object, and forestalling the desire to read original works by providing a long summary of their plots. But here also, as with the essay, quotation is skilfully used, and throughout the book one author is used to reinforce another, an especially good example being the illustration of Miss Austen from Kipling's story "The Janeites."

Modern novelists are treated with proportional fulness, and there are a few brief but suggestive pages, with full quotations, on the poetry of Kipling, Masfield and Hardy.

The book is handsomely produced, and has admirable illustrations. There is an excellent index. One or two minor blemishes are regrettable. Jane Austen's family of that name, like Fielding's, and the Saint, spell "Bennett" (p. 506-7) with only one "t". "Shelfful" (p. 503) may be justified by supporting instances, but is not a beautiful compound. And "Humphrey" Clinker should be Humphry.

C. L. BENNET.

EXTRATERRITORIALITY IN JAPAN. By F. C. Jones. Yale University Press, 1931. Pp. ix, 237.

When the Western World came into commercial contact with the Eastern, it found in general legal systems which were personal in character rather than territorial, and consequently inapplicable to resident aliens. The system of extraterritoriality by which occidental states exercised jurisdiction over their nationals within oriental countries was developed to meet this difficulty. In the Near East it grew up by usage; in the Far East, on the other hand, it was founded on treaty. The first treaty granting extraterritorial rights in Japan was made by Russia in 1855, and other nations quickly followed the Russian lead. Since most of these early treaties contained most-favoured-nation clauses, any additional rights granted to one state automatically extended such rights to several other states.

The system quickly became a grievance with the Japanese people, partly because of the abuses inherent therein, but more particularly because it seemed to be a badge of inferiority on their beloved country. When Japan definitely set her face upon the past and determined to become a modern state, the removal of extraterritoriality became the principal objective of Japanese diplomacy. First efforts were futile because none of the Powers was prepared to entrust its nationals to the medieval systems of law and justice of old Japan. While continuing its diplomatic campaign, the Japanese Government turned therefore to judicial and legal reform at home. The German Code was taken as a model, and modern civil and criminal codes were developed together with modern systems of police and judicial administration. This was accomplished within less than three decades, a feat perhaps unparalleled in history. Meantime popular clamour against extraterritoriality and foreigners made the Government's path extremely difficult, and even rendered hazardous the lives of various Foreign Ministers. Yet the patience and persistence of the Government won its reward. In 1894 Great Britain consented by treaty to complete abolition at the end of five years of its extraterritorial rights, and treaties with the other Powers were quickly secured.

In view of the present controversy between China and other Powers over extraterritoriality, this is a timely study. Incidentally, it disposes of the argument so often made by the Chinese that Japan won its freedom by proving its military strength in the China-Japanese War of 1894. The treaty with Great Britain was signed before war broke out, and as the Memoirs of Count Mutsu, the Japanese Foreign Minister at the time, show, the war—far from hastening the treaty—gravely jeopardized its ratification by Great Britain.

The book is a scholarly production, carefully documented throughout, objective yet sympathetic in tone, and written in vigorous, workman-like English. A bibliography and a good index add to its usefulness. Mr. Jones shows rare promise as a productive scholar

R. A. MACKAY.