NEW BOOKS

KAISER WILHELM II. By Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German, by Ethel Colburn Mayne. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Ltd. London and New York.

Of the innumerable volumes dealing with European conditions previous to the Great War, this must rank as one of first-rate importance to the general reader as well as to the student of history. It should be read by everyone who desires to obtain a clear view of the circumstances and the persons that helped to bring about that awful tragedy. Nor is it only for its subject-matter that it has value; it is a remarkable literary achievement,—perhaps more than any other work of recent years bearing the mark of genius. It has been compared to Carlyle's *French Revolution*, and the comparison is not altogether inapt. While, however, Carlyle's vigorous pencil drew portraits of all the many persons who filled the stage of that great drama of the eighteenth century, Herr Ludwig depicts one central figure around whom the rest of the *dramatis personae* are grouped as subordinates. And what a portrait it is,—clear in its every outline, vivid in its colours, and cruel in its uncompromising veracity! We are confronted, not with the deliberate and cold-blooded schemer artfully planning a wholesale destruction of other States that Germany's lord might rule "over all"—such as our war-excited imagination pictured—nor yet with the majestic and competent leader of a worshipping and grateful Fatherland, as the Kaiser loved to convince himself. No. There is exhibited only a vain, shallow, tricky neurotic, deformed in soul as well as in body, who, while breathing out challenges and threats, now against other nations, and now against his own discontented subjects, was at heart a coward,—afraid of a possible catastrophe lest it should bring danger or disaster to himself,—yet helping to render inevitable the most terrible of all catastrophes; not from deliberate purpose, but by his boasting, his blindness and his childish obstinacy. Yet, the pity of it! Had a good man, a wise man, even a far-sighted though unscrupulous man, been on the throne of the Hohenzollerns, the lives of millions of men, the best of the world's youth, would have been spared.

Herr Ludwig's method is to give, as it were, cross-sections of the Kaiser's career; his youth, with the ill-feeling between himself and his parents, for which the writer holds his mother to have been mainly at fault; his impatient waiting for his grandfather's and his father's death, his feud with Bismark, his fluctuating and irresponsible foreign policy by which the great Chancellor's life-work was undone; his friendships with subservient and sometimes depraved courtiers; his dependence upon cunning and selfish politicians; his dismissal of Bulow, the one competent statesman in his service after Bismark's time; his insistence upon building a huge fleet, and his obstinate refusal of all English offers to compromise on this matter; finally, in the war itself

the ineptitude and indolence of the would-be Great War Lord, who in so far as he did anything at all, interfered only to obstruct Ludendorff and Tirpitz in carrying out their plans for the army and navy. It is a painful tragedy, with a self-indulgent vain-glorious poltroon, as well as the mighty nation he helped to ruin, as its victim. The summing-up is given by the author when he presents Wilhelm II arriving at the frontier of Holland, where he is kept waiting six hours for permission to enter the country:

> The window of the little waiting-room looked east. Directly outside, he could see the Dutch colours, the frontier-posts; four paces farther on, the Black-White-and-Red of Germany. The Emperor looked at the posts; then looked backward at his land, at his life. There, beyond those frontier-posts, a great people is groaning. Those are the Germans, Emperor William, whom you have governed for so long. . . . The land is groaning now. More than a million of her sons—the half of her youth—lie prostrate, rotting in alien soil. Hark to the mothers' tears, the fathers' execrations; see this brave, famished people cower to the victor's lash. Are these the glorious days you vowed to bring your people? Which of your promises have you kept? Though nature and upbringing wronged you, what have *you* done with your many gifts in that festival you made of life? In the service of your phrases, your pretensions, this great people has been led astray; and when for once it warned you, you derided it. After four inactive years—four years of sacrifice for all but you—you have refused your people the last service which, in history's eyes, might still have saved you; and for scurvy life are breaking now the soldier's oath you swore before your grandsire—the oath inviolate; you dinned that into their ears a thousand times. Now, in their direst need, you wash your hands of them —wife, children, subjects; in your craven fear you cast away the honour of your fathers. Chaos is upon your land; and while millions stare privation and slavery in the face, one man, the man who stands for all, steps into his luxurious car and rolls away to ease and comfort in a neutral country.

A severe indictment; but who can say that it is unjust?

E. R.

THE MODERN STATE. By R. M. MacIver. Oxford. At the Clarendon Press. 1916.

A place is waiting for this book in the library of the student of political science. In this field Hoti's business is never settled. From time to time we must review and, in the opinion of many, revise our concepts of the State. To quote Professor MacIver:

> The State has no finality, can have no perfect form. What we name democracy is a beginning, and not an end. The State is an instrument of social man. Its changes are a record alike of his experience with it and of his own changing needs.

Hence Professor MacIver's work is timely and, within the limits of a single volume, surprisingly complete. Most treatises on the State are either ponderous discussions of metaphysics or catalogues of political types and functions, usually without distinction of style. Professor MacIver happily avoids extremes. His book is a scholarly exposition of the powers, functions and theories of the State, interpreted in the light of social origins, history, economics and intellectual development, and written in a clear, fresh and sweetly reasonable manner.

The point of view is the social. As he puts it in his Preface:

> To present the Modern State as a product of social evolution; to explain how it acquires specific functions and specific means of service, relinquishing certain claims and vindicating others; to show how, through all the struggles and disturbances which have raged around its prize of power, it has established its foundations more broad and more secure,—these are the objects of this work.

One of the insistent problems of government to-day is the relation between political power and the economic order. The tendency for some time has been "eccentric." Certain schools of political thought, on the other hand, look forward to their coalescence. Professor MacIver's "whole argument makes for the contrary conclusion, endeavouring to show that the demarcation of economic and political powers is part of the general process of social evolution . . No identity, but harmony, must be the solution, where a solution is possible." (p. 314).

In the external field another question is urgent—the status of international law. Professor MacIver finds the existence of an international society to be "beyond dispute." Some kind of order must exist within such society. It has already found expression in a body of rules as truly legal in their nature as is the constitutional law of national States. The one thing needful is complete sanction—to be found in the unity of public opinion. Two obstacles lie in the way—the doctrine of national sovereignty, and the principle of ultimate dominion. Sweep these away, and the reign of international law will be ushered in. There is "no inherent difficulty to prevent the bestowal upon international law of a sanction which the most bigoted philosopher might, no doubt, explain away, but which he can no longer deny outright" (p. 286).

Professor MacIver's political theory, as one would expect, differs from those "classical" concepts which explain the State in terms "of a single mind or person or organism." Behind the State, for him, stands the community, of which the State is but a particular mode of expression,—the community organized politically. In that sense it is a corporation, with limitations. "The State makes rights for men, but men first make the rights of the State" (p. 477).

As a text-book for political science courses, no better can be recommended than *The Modern State.*

H. F. M.

THE DICTIONARY OF CANADIAN BIOGRAPHY. Compiled by W. Stewart Wallace. Toronto. The Macmillan Co. 1926.

Students who have had to plod laboriously through a dozen or more possible sources of information to find some small but very essential fact will bless the name of Stewart Wallace, whose *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* answers any one of the ten thousand questions that may confront those of us who are in any way concerned with the lives of Canadian worthies.

This is not the first Dictionary of Canadian Biography, but it is unquestionably the only one that is of any real service to-day as a work of reference. One does not wish to seem ungrateful to the late Henry J. Morgan, whose *Celebrated Canadians, Bibliotheca Canadensis,*

and *Canadian Men and Women of the Time* have earned the gratitude of thousands of his fellow-countrymen; nor do we forget the similar works of Fennings Taylor, J. C. Dent and G. M. Rose; but these have been confined to living Canadians, or are largely out of date so far as the needs of the present generation are concerned. With a very genuine sigh of relief we welcome this substantial volume, whose comprehensiveness and the reputation of whose compiler for thoroughness and accuracy bring the assurance that one may lean upon it with the reasonable certainty that it will not prove a broken reed.

Books of reference are, of course, primarily intended to be consulted from time to time for those innumerable facts which the average man cannot possibly carry in his mind, if they were ever there. It is surprising, however, how much genuine pleasure, as well as information, one may get from browsing in such a work as this. Sir Wilfrid Laurier used to relieve the tedium of long and tiresome debates in parliament by burying himself in the pages of an unabridged dictionary. He used to say that he never failed to "dig up" a lot of interesting and suggestive facts. If that could be said of a dictionary of words, how much more is it true of a dictionary of the lives of men.

Glancing through these pages, one finds sketches of the lives of scores of Canadian statesmen and men of affairs, from Frontenac and Talon to Macdonald, Tupper and Laurier; explorers like Champlain, La Salle, La Vérendrye, Radisson, Mackenzie, Fraser and Thompson; Churchmen such as Laval, Taschereau, Strachan and Mountain; artists like Kane, Hébert and Bell-Smith; historians such as Férland, Garneau, Kingsford, Sulte and Bourinot; poets like Crémazie, Fréchette, LeMay, Drummond, Lampman, Campbell and Pickthall; novelists such as Haliburton, De Gaspé, De Mille, Kirby and Leprohon; and similarly representative names in the bench and the bar, finance, missionary enterprise, medicine, science, commerce, and so forth.

One is struck, too, with the number of what one might call famous Canadian families. For instance, one finds among the Taschereaus a cardinal, a chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, a puisne judge of the same court, a chief justice of the Court of King's Bench of Quebec, a solicitor-general of Lower Canada, and several other judges and legislative councillors; also eight or ten Robinsons, including a lieutenant-governor, a chief justice, a major-general, and several legislative councillors. Then there were the Le Moynes, in the old days of New France, better known as Iberville, Bienville, Sainte-Hélène and Longueuil; and such later families as the Irvings, the Galts, and the Panets.

Mr. Wallace in his Preface points out some of the pitfalls that beset the path of the compiler of such a Dictionary, such as the presence at the Quebec Conference of two John Hamilton Grays, both colonels, and both from the Maritime Provinces; two John Hamiltons in the Senate at the same time; two Alexander Beggs, both historians of the western provinces, and contemporaries; the confusion between the Chevalier de Lacorne and his brother St. Luc de Lacorne; which of the sons of La Vérendrye was the Chevalier; the telescoping of the lives of George Heriot and his cousin Frederic George Heriot; and so forth.

It has been suggested that the practically simultaneous appearance of this work and the *Encyclopaedia of Canadian History* lately issued by the Oxford Press represents a waste of effort, as they cover the same field, but that is not correct. To some extent, inevitably, the two works overlap, but the Encyclopaedia includes a great many subjects that could find no proper place in the Dictionary, and the latter embraces many biographical sketches which would be out of place in a work confined to Canadian history.

Altogether, one may say with the utmost sincerity that Mr. Wallace has compiled a very valuable work of reference; and the publishers have produced it in a form that leaves nothing to be desired.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

ENGLAND. By the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1926.

LAY THOUGHTS OF A DEAN. By the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's. G. P. Putman's Sons. New York. 1926.

These two books are products of that literary activity which has marked the later years of Dean Inge, as contrasted with the philosophic and theological speculations to which he formerly devoted himself. The first is a volume in a series edited by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, under the general name *The New World*. In each brochure of the series a special country has its story re-told in the light of post-war development or change. The second of Dean Inge's books is for the most part a collection of articles which have already appeared in periodical publications.

Of the two, *Lay Thoughts of a Dean* is the better by far. It is full of sparkling wit and provocative suggestion. The writer discusses, in quite short pieces of journalistic incisiveness, such subjects as the Birth-Rate, Medical Superstitions, Psycho-Therapy, The American Character, and much more. There is a delightful article on John Colet. And there is a series of religious papers in the Dean's best vein. Notably absent from this volume is that "gloominess" which has elsewhere earned for him his familiar sobriquet. These papers go far to justify Dr. Inge's incursion into the field of literary journalism, for he has revealed a lightness of touch with which few had credited him, and such papers originally contributed to the *Times Literary Supplement* are of the sort which maintain the finest tradition of the greatest of English newspapers. They raise, indeed, far more problems than they solve. But a newspaper article is not a scientific treatise, and the stimulus to further thought which such articles afford is education of the truest kind. The best of them are not unworthy to stand in the same succession with the work of Charles Lamb. And the collector will treasure from them many an unforgettable phrase.

One cannot speak with a like enthusiasm about the book called *England*. It was apparently a piece of work not chosen by Dean Inge,

but assigned to him, and the evidence of this is in its contents. He says it has been his hardest literary task, and in truth the wheels of his chariot here—like those of the Egyptian chariots in the Red Sea—are driven somewhat "heavily". There is indeed much historical and geographical matter of value, for Dean Inge cannot write on any subject without merit. But the objects of his special detestation had to be discussed, and his temper is always uncertain when he touches politics.

Strange to say, too, his habitual carefulness has been lacking. Where in the world did he get his information that of the men Canada sent overseas in the Great War the majority had been born in England? Why discuss Karl Marx at all, if only to collect at second-hand the derisive things which may be said about him? Why provoke the inevitable retort by speaking of the Labour member of parliament as "sometimes a drunken blackguard"? One knows the personal habits shown in the House by other members "sometimes." And could anything be more fatuous than to say of Ireland that that country's grievances are just the result of a vindictive recollection preserved for centuries about the severity of Oliver Cromwell?

Thus the critic rages on, against politicians, against democracy, against this and that feature of the England whose misfortunes he has to deplore. From his quiet study-chair in the Deanery of St. Paul's, he points out what was the obvious thing to be done, by men who had to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm of these last troubled years. One can imagine the sardonic smile that will overspread the countenance of, say, Mr. Lloyd George, to whom these pieces of ecclesiastical guidance were not furnished in time. As an intense admirer of Dean Inge at his best, the present reviewer regrets that this book should have appeared, It has taken the author out of his true field. For of late years he has become what Manning once called Newman, "a great hater." On cause after cause, successively and sometimes simultaneously, he discharges the torrents of his wrath. And in doing so he has been considerably embarrassed, because the causes he wishes to denounce are often so closely bound up with other causess that he wishes to extol. It is on books other than this *England* that his true fame must rest.

H. L. S.

FIELDING THE NOVELIST. A Study in Historical Criticism. By Frederic T. Blanchard, Professor of English, University of California, Southern Branch. New Haven. Yale University Press. 1926.

This beautifully printed book of more than 650 pages is in need of its second, explanatory title. It treats not of Henry Fielding the novelist, but of Henry Fielding's reputation, his personal reputation, and the reputation of his works from their first appearance until the present day. No opinion, or estimate, or criticism, no matter how slight, or how obscure, or by whom made, has escaped Professor Blanchard's careful dragnet. It has been fished up, put in its proper

setting, and praised or blamed according as it praises or blames Fielding, *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews*. Industry like the coral insect's has built this monument to the *manes* of the great English novelist. Our professor is like the loyal friend in *Time's Revenges*; he murders you with savage looks, and savage phrases, because you don't admire these books.

In regard to Fielding's personal reputation, the careful reader would like to ask some questions. Were all Fielding's contemporaries misinformed about his character and habits? Why should so many different persons conspire to malign a genial, witty man of genius, who forgot all his troubles "before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champagne"? Surely that is no serious accusation. Champagne and venison at their worst are surely venial sins. There is practical unanimity amongst Fielding's contemporaries. Can there be so much smoke and no fire at all? Was Harry Fielding a plaster saint, or a parson in a tie-wig, or a Sunday School superintendent, or a secretary of a Y. M. C. A.? Why make so much pother over his character, and try to modify the popular estimate by adducing such facts as his owning a larger library than Samuel Johnson's? There can be no real white-washing of Fielding the man. There is no new evidence to be brought into court. *Les hommes sont mauvais, mais leurs livres sont bons.*

This multitudinous assemblage of opinions on Fielding's novels, pro and con, amounts to this,—some people like them and some do not. Some people are constitutionally incapable of liking or appreciating Fielding, and they say so, with whatever plainness of speech and emphasis lie in them. They cannot be dragooned even by a Professor of English into accepting the high estimate of Fielding contained in the closing paragraph.

The book is easy to read, but it is not well written. The pages are speckled with the Royal, or Editorial We, the caste mark of the pundit. "We turn", "we find", "we may ask", "we shall see", "we may infer", etc., are scattered like weeds of speech from cover to cover. It is an annoying mannerism, and always clogs the sentence in which it occurs. On p. 158 Professor Blanchard writes, "According to *Old England* . . .Fielding was guilty of every crime in the catalogue." On the next page he writes "And the resultant caricature . .did the novelist's business for posterity." Such English cannot be called academic.

An excellent index and a full bibliography complete this laborious piece of research.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

KARL MARX'S "CAPITAL". An Introductory Essay. By A. D. Lindsay. Oxford University Press.

The title-page describes this little book as "An Introductory Essay", but the reader may well be led to wonder in what sense the description is justified. The magistrate who sentences an offender to a month in jail because of disorderly conduct performs an act which

is based ultimately on some theory of punishment. But we do not consider a knowledge of ethics an essential part of the equipment of a police magistrate. We have no reason to think that his understanding of the subject of police magistracy would be improved by a study of the relevant branches of philosophy, and he might even acquire in the course of such study some doubts which would interfere with the proper discharge of his duties. The mechanic who comes to the aid of the motorist in distress is dealing fundamentally with problems in statics and dynamics and perhaps many other involved subjects. But, blessed in his ignorance of them all, he puts the car right and sends the motorist on his way. Nor would we ordinarily speak of a college course in statics or dynamics as an Introduction to the subject of automobile repairing.

Yet it is only in some such sense of the word as this that the present book can be spoken of as "introductory." It deals with fundamentals, with the remote implications of Marx's doctrines. The discussion is philosophical in the literal meaning of the word, though the title of the book would lead most people to expect something about economics. The reader who expects to find a simple and clear exposition of the economic doctrines in Karl Marx's "Capital", together with comment of the same sort, will be disappointed. He will find instead a searching discussion of Marx's philosophy. Of the five chapters the volume contains, one is devoted to "Marx and Hegel" and another to "Marx and Rousseau." This method of approach is, of course, entirely appropriate, for Marx was a philosopher in the first instance. But it can scarcely be called "introductory".

The essay, however, contains much penetrating and suggestive thought, and one who is interested in the subject from this aspect will find it very well worth reading, despite a style which makes attention difficult. In the chapter on "Economic Determinism" we find such passages as these:

> In the doctrine originated by Marx, which is sometimes called economic determinism and sometimes the materialist conception of history, we have the first outcome of the union of two schools of thought, one dominated by the Hegelian conception of historical development, and the other by English individualist economics; a union the fruitfulness of which is apparent in Marx's most illuminating thought, and which was to correct alike the abstractions of pure politics and of pure economics.
>
> The doctrine of economic determinism which was evolved by Marx may therefore be regarded as a theory of society which realizes the *interaction* of politics and economics.

Or again:

> Hobbes was the spiritual father of the English economists.

One may venture the opinion that the philosophy is rather better than the economics. Such a statement as, "A distinction is made by all the exponents of the (Labour) theory (of value) between the value which is determined by the quantity of labour embodied in a commodity and the price at which it is actually exchanged, a difference created partly by the give and take of the market, but largely by the existence of monopoly", suggests an imperfect understanding of the

theory of the Classical Economists whom the author evidently had in mind.

Mr. Lindsay gives some hint of the interest of Marx as a reformer, and of the bearing of this on the doctrines he professed. For example:

> But, further, the labour theory of value is a weapon which Marx takes from the individualist economists to turn against them. He is intent to show that capitalism is condemned by the very principle, the labour theory of value, by which these economists had sought to defend it.

Probably it would make for a juster appreciation of Marx's writings if this were given more emphasis. He was the advocate of a cause, and his economics was constructed less as the disinterested and dispassionate product of scientific enquiry than as part of the mechanism for achieving a vital purpose.

W. R. MAXWELL.

PIOZZI MARGINALIA. Comprising extracts from manuscripts of Hester Lynch Piozzi, and annotations from her books. Edited by Percival Merritt. Harvard University Press.

The preface to this volume states that the manuscript notes and annotations "are drawn entirely from original material once in the possession of Mrs. Piozzi and now in the collection of the editor." It is further stated that some of the notes or anecdotes may have appeared in print. The biographical sketch of the lady herself—as Miss Salisbury, Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Piozzi—is succinct and interesting, though it does not pretend to make any additions to knowledge on the subject already published. It was previously unknown to the present reviewer that her father was sent out by Lord Halifax in 1749 to assist in the colonization of Nova Scotia.

The new material consists of selections from a manuscript book with the whimsical title *Minced Meat for Pyes*, and the annotations of the author upon two copies of her latest published work, *Retrospection*. One of these copies, from which the annotations were chiefly taken, was her own; the other the property of her friend Conway, the actor.

The bits of prose and verse refresh our knowledge of Mrs. Piozzi, and confirm the opinion of her as a person most thoroughly alive. She is ready to consider all topics, and afraid to express her views on none. Perhaps she would not now be visible to the ordinary educated person, were it not that she shines in the light reflected from Samuel Johnson. But she is worth remembering in her own right, and Mr. Percival Merritt's work adds something to the possible pleasure of readers. I subjoin two selections, one apparently a serious reflection, the other an anecdote:

> Uniformity in a man: let him be a hero, or a critic, or a scholar, or a philosopher; but let him be only one:—not a whiffler or a cream-skinner.

> A vulgar Englishman, attendant upon Lord Macartney's embassy late in the reign of George III, told me that a Chinese once laughed at him, and said Britons could do nothing in comparison of his countrymen, except making the spout of a

teapot. "And do you call that nothing?" returns the Englishman, "when you have been drinking tea since the Deluge, and never learned how to pour it out till we taught you?

One cannot agree with Miss Anna Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield", in her "exhaustless wonder that Mrs. Piozzi, the child of genius, the pupil of Johnson, should pollute with the vulgarisms of unpolished conversation her animated pages." But the pages *are* animated; that is the point.

E. W. NICHOLS.

THE LETTERS OF MARY NISBET, COUNTESS OF ELGIN. Arranged by Lieut.-Colonel Nisbet Hamilton Grant. John Murray. London. 1926.

The writer of these letters, now given to the world by one of her descendants, was the wife of that Lord Elgin whose "Marbles", which he brought from Athens to England, form now the greatest glory of the British Museum. Elgin was appointed ambassador-extraordinary to Constantinople in 1799, and with him went his clever handsome young wife. Her correspondence was chiefly with her mother, to whom she was devotedly attached; the letters are gossipy and lively, and, in spite of some eccentricities of spelling and grammar, show considerable literary ability. When her husband was accredited to the Porte, the English were defending Turkish possessions against the French. Their representative was naturally *persona grata*, and Lady Elgin's charm of manner, vivacity and tact made her a great favourite with the Turkish authorities. The account she gives of all the splendours of the Constantinople court has the true "Arabian Nights" touch. After Elgin's resignation of his position, he and his wife on their way to England had the misfortune to be among the "*detenus*" whom Napoleon kept in France for some years, though they seem to have been treated with considerable indulgence. In many ways this is an interesting book, and it makes us acquainted with a very charming woman.

E. R.

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By Will Durant. Simon and Schuster. New York. 1926.

Ninety-seven thousand copies of this book have been printed within the last six months, and the publishers are still fighting manfully to meet the demand! The "best-seller", one hears, apart from works of fiction in the United States, is this group of philosophical studies—biographical and critical! To the cynic that will be more of a wonder than anything in the radio. As Carlyle said of Puseyism, "This also—in the circle of revolving ages—this also was a thing we were to see."

Yet the reader who even dips into this volume anywhere will find much to explain its popularity. Mr. Durant has a very remarkable gift of exposition. His biographic sketches of the leading philosophers hold one's interest. He singles out the salient features of a system, and sets them forth with a vividness which is scarcely ever found in a technical treatise. Plato, Spinoza, Kant, Herbert Spencer and the rest of his gallery are clothed with flesh and blood. And this does not mean in Mr. Durant's case, as it has meant in some others, a sacrifice of genuine interpretation to the charm of "the popular." These are sketches, indeed, but they give more than a mere smattering. The writer understands, and what he has brought to his task is a singular union of understanding with lucidity. Many a tired student, mystified by the philosophic writers who have no power of style, will arise and call him blessed.

This is the justification for such a book. That there are objections to it, is also true. One cannot put Spinoza or Kant into a few pages; and the more lucid these pages are, the greater is the risk that readers in a hurry will suppose they have got "the whole essence of the thing." This is perhaps specially a risk for American readers. Here is a book which ought to be used without being abused. It is an intellectual stimulant, and—like other stimulants—it must not be mistaken for nourishment. True philosophic knowledge must be gradually and somewhat painfully reached, so that Mr. Durant may be suspected of having given it a dangerous simplicity.

But if such a book was to be written at all, it could hardly have been better written. The writer is a new discovery in our world of authorship. He has gifts that are very rarely combined. And we had much need of the sort of work he has so triumphantly done.

H. L. S.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER ON THE RESTORATION STAGE. By Arthur Colby Sprague, Ph.D. Cambridge. Harvard University Press. 1926.

"This part of our literature is a disgrace to our language and our national character. It is clever, indeed, and very entertaining; but it is, in the most emphatic sense of the words, "earthly, sensual, devilish."

So wrote a Victorian essayist regarding the comic dramatists of the Restoration, and the historians of English literature have, as a rule, been content to look at them, and pass by, without reasoning at length upon them. Times have changed. Every period of our literature is being studied, with more or less valuable results, and the Restoration drama has not escaped the attention of scholars. Professor Sprague has studied the modifications undergone between 1660, the accession of Charles II, and the death of Betterton in 1710. It is a monument of patient industry. The pages are packed close with facts, names, dates, quotations, condensations of plots, all duly supported by an orthodox underpinning of foot-notes. It is a piece of research built on the pattern model.

As every reader of Pepys knows, the Elizabethans were discredited by the wits of the Merry Monarch's time, just as the Victorians are discredited by the wits of the present day. Mr. Pepys has recorded his contempt for Shakespeare more than once, it has been suggested, because he saw the plays changed, "cut", modified, improved. This seems to have been the universal practice. If Shakespeare and Jonson were mutilated "to taste", Beaumont and Fletcher might expect the same fate, though they were so much closer to Restoration feeling and point of view. The first part of this treatise recounts the stage history of the plays, and the second the alterations and adaptations they underwent at the hands of Tate, Betterton, Davenant and others. There follow two appendices, a bibliography, and a partial index. The general student of literature will leap over the book to the author's conclusions, pp. 263—267, and he will be impressed by the extraordinary liberties taken with the original plays. Nor were the comedies invariably "coarsened and brutalized"; two adaptations, at least, "represent an exactly opposite tendency."

Beauty of style is not required in such a work, but at least a Professor of English should avoid the dangling participle (p. 101), and inconsistency in spelling "pander" (pp. 171, 173). It is useless to expect any kind of pundit to write a book without employing the kindly-embracing class-room mannerism, "We see", "we have", "we think." From first to last these pages are deformed with such useless padding, though the author sometimes relapses into the natural "I". "We" means "I", *id est* Professor Sprague *passim*.

It is pleasant to find two scholars of Dalhousie's breeding cited with respect as authorities, Dr. James W. Tupper of Lafayette, and Professor J. Tucker Murray of Harvard.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

THE INFATUATION OF PETER. By Katharine Tynan. W. Collins, Son & Co.

Peter Orde is a young Englishman who becomes infatuated with Madame Patourel, the proprietress of the pension. It is not the ordinary sort of infatuation, since Madame is twenty odd years older than Peter. But Peter gets the idea that his health is bad, and that Madame is the best nurse he can have. We learn that she has already nursed one boy beyond recovery, and that another has shot himself on her account. An atmosphere is created, and nothing really happens, except that Peter sees Madame in a *crise des nerfs* and recovers from his infatuation.

The picture is carefully painted, the detail work and the serious characters are cleverly done, but the book is disappointing. It may be a clever study in the pathology of certain neurotic types, but the interest it arouses is merely interest in the odd. The style is pleasant and easy, though sentences without verbs are almost unnecessary in printed prose, and such a compound as "ivory-umbrellaed" sets one's teeth on edge.

E. W. NICHOLS.

THE DARK DAWN. By Martha Ostenso, author of *Wild Geese.* New York. Dodd, Mead & Company. 1926.

In a somewhat extended review of Martha Ostenso's *Wild Geese,* in THE DALHOUSIE REVIEW for April last, I remarked, in concluding, that the author was "unlikely ever to produce another such book." She has amply justified my prognosis in her second attempt, recently published and entitled *The Dark Dawn.* I was led into possibly too enthusiastic praise of *Wild Geese* by inaccurate printed information concerning the author. She had just been presented to the public as a Norse-Canadian girl of twenty, a product of the free schools of Manitoba, serving as a young teacher in that province. I have learnt since then that her age was very considerably understated. Her own account of herself is, that she was "born in Norway, near the little village of Haukeland." She writes: "The story of my childhood is a tale of seven little towns in Minnesota and South Dakota." There is nothing of Canadian, no mention of indebtedness to Manitoba in this. But Miss Ostenso's personal "story", in line with *The Dark Dawn,* is intended entirely for American consumption, and they are welcome to it. It is like the small boy's soup, not too bad, as much as there is of it, and more than enough of it, such as it is. This, of course, is not to decry in any way or degree her *Wild Geese.* But it is to express my opinion, which I hinted before, that her first book owed more to direct observation and clever reporting than to literary imagination. In that respect it bears close resemblance to Louis Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine.*

The fault of faults of *The Dark Dawn* is that it "reports" the imaginary sayings and doings of commonplace and coarse people, in a mechanical way, amid scenes so vague or blurred that they are not even relieved by occasional photographic descriptions, à la French methods of "padding." That complete sophistication of the author's mind, which was not wholly unrevealed in *Wild Geese,* is presented in the nude in the present volume. The hero of *The Dark Dawn* is a raw bumpkin with suppressed aspirations and an alleged high sense of honour, exhibited chiefly in supposed self-communings. Its heroine is an ignorant, self-seeking, stubborn female who deliberately seduces the boy hero that she may induce him to marry her, partly for the purpose of securing his services on her farm, but mainly to avenge herself on an uncouth Norwegian neighbour with whom she is in love, in her own peculiar way, and in whose arms she ultimately dies. He, in the delicate phraseology of the authoress, had previously "had her", and refused to marry her afterwards. The other *personae* of the book are mere wooden figures who need not have been specially named, but might have passed as—"a superfluous tramp", "an aunt", "a sour, scolding mother", "a simple, deceased father", "two untutored brothers", "a gossip", "another gossip", "an imbecile", "a stereotyped country doctor", "a school-master", "a constitutionally weary and wearisome pair of horses", and "a super-romantic school-girl." Scarcely an impression is given of the stage setting. The dialogue is of the meanest and least effective. Every character is either unpleasant or tiresome, in one way or another. The whole leaves a taste of

sordid ugliness which is nauseating. The book is without sane motive or moral of any sort to justify its production. It is almost impossible to believe that country life in the Middle American West can be so utterly revolting as here depicted. *The Dark Dawn* is a feeble and entirely unsuccessful attempt to repeat *Wild Geese.*

W. E. M.