

NEW BOOKS

PRUNES AND PRISM, with Other Odds and Ends. By Charles Hall Grandgent. Cambridge. Harvard University Press. 1928.

In this volume Professor Grandgent adds other good things to the feast provided three years ago by *Getting a Laugh*. There are fourteen essays, all good. "Benjamin Franklin, the Reformer" and the "Confessio Dantis" deal in an informative way with definite topics; but it is Benjamin Franklin the spelling-reformer, who is not a thrilling character. The interpretation of Dante's penitent attitude is properly to be appreciated only by one who is skilled in his works, but is of interest to even the casual reader. "The Three Bens" gives us the tale of The Dun Cow and The Beaver Hat; and the Dun Cow, like certain well-known foxes, wrought much havoc with a fire-brand tied to her tail. "Ivanoe Street" is a pleasant meditation on certain old streets in Boston; and the reviewer is not quite certain what "Infinity" is, except that it is good reading. It concludes: "In a state of flux are our values, our numbers, our infinity. The weather only is constant."

The best thing about Professor Grandgent's essays is that the reader does not care what the title of any one is, or whether it has any definite thesis. These Essays are really Grandgent on The Universe, with a "fantastic fertility of divagation" that Saintsbury (I think it is) attributes to Carlyle. The title of one esay 'Batrachoerpatonachia' is a poem in itself. There is so much quotable matter in the book that a reviewer is somewhat in the position of the man who tries to make an abstract of Aristotle's *Ethics*, likely to find that his summary is longer than the original.

There are sound reflections on serious topics, and stories that are apposite, and stories that are good enough, so that nobody cares whether they are apposite or not. "Since the invention of the portentous expression 'student activities', the frothy lightness has evaporated, and sport as well as study has become a horrid grind"; this sentiment may commend itself to college professors who get a few lectures in between dances and athletic events. There is a horrible appropriateness in the following: "If the colour of sex has come to pervade all our thinking, even as the smell of gasoline forms the major constituent of the atmosphere, we owe that ether-like omnipresence, in great measure, to a Viennese nerve doctor called by some of his American disciples 'Froude' ". Sniff the air anywhere in New York, open an up-to-date novel, and pass on. As to the national character: "We cannot drink without getting drunk, and consequently we cannot keep sober without going dry." Further: "The ancient Greeks used to unite with their Collective Intelligence in order to think, whereas we make connection with our Collective Opinion in order not to think." And as to our hurry: "It is a curious madness, when you come to think of it, this idea that the universe depends on our never losing a

second. Most of us, most of the time, are doing things of no special importance; whether we do them this minute or next makes little difference even to ourselves, and none to anybody else." One feels the pathos of this story of his guide in Jerusalem: "Well posted he was, full of a spirit, untiring in his trot over the horribly wearisome cobblestones. His jacket was sadly spotted, and he had a huge rent in his little baggy trousers. This I understood when I heard some passers-by address him respectfully as 'Professor'".

There is sound philosophy in the following sequence of ideas: "The desire to go fast, just for the sake of going fast, is primitive, however sophistical be our justification of it." Again: "One reason why the Neanderthal type of man delights in speed, and why the rustic revels in the Klu Klux Klan, is that they lack imagination." Then follow some wise remarks on Imagination and its bearing on Education. "It is a mistake to conceive of the ignorant as imaginative, and of the learned as matter of fact. * * * * It is almost the opposite of truth." Further: "Imagination is the mainspring of human progress." This is a text for a whole sermon on Education. The subject is discussed again in an essay, "Imagination and the Lack of It": "The difference between genius and dunce is that the former is unimaginative in streaks, the latter in continuity." "By 'dunce' I mean a human being destitute of that most human of traits, imagination. The dunce stands somewhere between *homo sapiens* and the other primates."

There are some of Professor Grandgent's usual sound remarks on Language in various places, and there are some touches that appeal especially to the academic mind: "The student had handed in a theme on 'Why I Like College', wherein, with youthful optimism, she had declared: 'I think the Wellesley Faculty are just lovely.' Opposite this the unfeeling corrector had written 'feeble!!!' And the authoress had been directed to rewrite the whole. Observe the effectiveness of sweet pertinacity! In the amended version, the crucial passage read thus: 'The Wellesley Faculty may be feeble, but they are lovely just the same.'"

Perhaps other than academic minds have experience to suggest a commentary to the following: "'Tell me, Henry', a philosopher asked of his friend Mr. Peck, 'Tell me, does your wife ever get angry if interrupted?' Blue-eyed wonder responded from Mr. Peck's countenance. 'Why, how on earth should I know?'" Reverting to the Freudian complex, one finds: "When you and I were young was the time to commit murder, but we did not know it, and I (perhaps you also) missed the chance. At present, to assassinate with impunity, one must be either rich or crazy; in that golden age the opportunity was open to the poorest and sanest. The only requisite was filial affection . . . Now it is too late. It is useless for the criminal to be kind to his mother: for that kindness simply means an *Cedipus complex* which wins him no sympathy at all."

People can be trusted to find their own stories. One more specimen shall suffice: "Two funerals were wending their solemn way to Mt. Auburn Cemetery, the one proceeding along Mt. Auburn St., the other along Brattle, which two streets come together (as all the world knows) shortly before the graveyard is reached. At this point

the driver of hearse No. 1, becoming aware of the approach of a rival, gives a little flick (oh! just the tiniest flick) to his horse. Seeing which, the Jehu of hearse No. 2 bestows upon his animal a somewhat smarter smack. Automedon the First swings the whip with a freer hand. Jehu the Second lashes out with the spirit of the race-course. On and on rush the two chariots; one would have said the Circus Maximus, or Barnum and Bailey, or the thrilling scene in *Ben Hur*. Erect on their flying vehicles stand the two contestants, plying their gory whips; foam bathes the flanks of the plunging steeds, blood trickles from their nostrils. Wayfarers huddle together in fright on the sidewalks. The two funeral processions come straggling after as best they can. Close and frenzied would have been the betting, had there been any betters or any time to bet. Just at the gateway Automedon forges ahead, beating Jehu by a full length. 'Wall', cries the victor, triumphant (in private life he is Silas Peck), 'Wall, I beat ye, didn't I Ben (for Jehu is not Jehu's real name)?' 'Yaas, ye did, Silas', admits Ben-Jehu; 'but', he adds, with a significant glance at the winning hearse, 'but I've got my corpse with me.' " *Prunes and Prism* is not a large book, but the reader can find in it wit, wisdom, and, greater than either, humour.

E. W. NICHOLS.

THE BRONTË SISTERS. By Ernest Dimnet. Translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill. London. Jonathan Cape Ltd.

This is the first appearance in an English dress of a book, written in 1910, which the late Andrew Lang pronounced to be "the best book on the Brontës." It forms certainly a valuable addition to the already considerable number of volumes dealing with this wonderful family. Its outstanding merit is the perfect sanity and clearness of judgment with which the abbé Dimnet treats his subject. He recognizes, and has full sympathy for, the dark tragedy of the story he has to tell; but he does not exaggerate the gloom, nor does he fail to show that the characters of the too greater of the sisters were in part responsible for the unhappiness of their lives. With the matter of Charlotte's feelings for Monsieur Heger, about which much nonsense has been written, he deals with both common sense and delicacy. The biographical part of his work is indeed so thorough and so penetrating that henceforth it will be essential to everyone desirous of becoming acquainted with the Brontë group. Not that the present book has all the charm of Mrs. Gaskell's classical "Life";—that charm was due, apart from the literary ability of the author, to the personal touch,—the effect of the close intimacy with Charlotte Brontë, which made the writing of her biography a true labour of love. But the Frenchman has had the advantage not only of a considerable mass of material inaccessible to his predecessor, but of a wider view and a longer perspective. His work supplements, though it does not wholly supersede, Mrs. Gaskell's. To the critical part of his task he brings a wide knowledge of English literature and a keen discernment of literary values. Diversities of judgment in regard to the relative

merits of the books of these extraordinary women are natural. To the present writer it seems that abbé Dimnet greatly undervalues *Villette*, surely the most fascinating and perhaps the least faulty in instruction of Charlotte's novels; and although he gives praise to Emily's poetry, he scarcely appears to recognize its wonderful strength and poignancy. But for the most part his appreciation is ungrudging and his criticism thoroughly sound. The book is one of the most interesting biographical works that have appeared in recent years, and we are grateful to the translator for bringing it to the attention of the English-speaking reader.

E. R.

WHAT THE EMPLOYER THINKS. By J. David Houser. Cambridge. Harvard University Press. 1927. Pp. 226.

"The Jacob Wertheim Research Fellowship for the Betterment of Industrial Relations was established in 1923 by the family of the late Jacob Wertheim of New York. . The purpose of the foundation, as the title indicates, is the promotion of better industrial relations. Investigations and studies of very varied kinds come within the scope of the foundation." This book is the product of one such investigation, in which Mr. Houser tried to discover the attitude of employers towards their employees. He spent over a year in field work, interviewing employers in various parts of the United States, and he had previously had "several years of contact with executives, in connection with work involving personnel and organization problems." The first quarter of the book contains summaries of the attitudes revealed in particular selected interviews—"Case Studies in Executive Feeling and Thinking"—and the rest is devoted to criticism, with an attempt to point the way to improvement.

The case studies would give the ordinary reader an impression that the executives interviewed were generally liberal and enlightened, doing all that is ordinarily expected of men in their position, and often even more than is either expected or done. It soon appears, however, that they fall far short of Mr. Houser's ideal. We are confronted with a chapter on "The Blind Spot in Executive Vision", in which it is pointed out that, however well an employer may treat his men with respect to wages and conditions of employment, he almost never realizes the need for treating them as intelligent associates engaged in an undertaking jointly with himself. They are not apprised of the *significance* of the work they do—it is not "meaningful" work. The operation of an establishment provides abundant opportunities for self-expression to the man who directs it. But to the employee there is no opportunity. He does his work according to a standardized pattern drawn for him by someone else, often with no understanding of the part he plays in the whole process of manufacture, and he is given no information as to the success with which his product has suited the need for which it was intended. Needs of this sort Mr. Houser calls "human needs", and he argues that they are just as important in the employees as in employers. Neglect of them is at the root of nearly all industrial conflict; a realization of them would

enormously promote industrial peace, add to the productivity of industry, and go far towards supplanting the tedium of unintelligent toil with the joy of creative workmanship. In short, the relations between employer and employee at present are perilously little more than the "cash nexus" of which the Socialists speak. In Mr. Houser's opinion, they might be so much more—a happy, intelligent and whole-hearted co-operation in the performance of a joint task. Here is the crux of Mr. Houser's criticism; that the employers do not grasp the possibilities inherent in this conception of industry. The initiative must come from them, and to take it energetically would show true leadership. "Welfare work" is all right in its way, but it does not really approach the problem which Mr. Houser presents.

It will be evident from what has been said that we have here a book which is inspired by a lofty idealism and a profound belief in human capacity for good. In that one detects the influence of the kindly Head of the Department of Economics at Harvard, whose name appears at the beginning. Mr. Houser, of course, is painfully right in his criticism of industry. But the question that must keep recurring to the mind of the practical reader is—what is the remedy? Much emphasis is laid here on the employer and his responsibilities, which certainly are great. A lot would be accomplished if something like a revolution could be effected in the minds of this class of people. By sympathetic treatment—in Mr. Houser's sense—of their employees they could do much to educate them in the workshop. But more than that is necessary. There must be a change in the whole complex of social conditions which forms the mentality of the workman. And in the background of it all is the spectre of human nature itself. Some things in the book smack strongly of eighteenth century rationalism and belief in human perfectibility. "With a liberal philosophy, and with practices administered in a more scientific spirit, the industrial leader would very soon transform his control by authority into management by insight." The comment which suggests itself as most appropriate is an interrogation mark. But we may well be thankful for men of Mr. Houser's faith and enthusiasm.

W. RUSSELL MAXWELL.

READING, AN ESSAY, by Hugh Walpole. Harper and Brothers.
1928.

It is recorded of Isaac Casaubon that after a day spent wholly in reading he said "hodie vixi"; and Mr. Walpole is one who could be trusted to understand the great scholar's remark. "A true reader, that is, one to whom books are like bottles of whiskey to the inebriate": there is the authentic note.

The essay is divided into three chapters, Reading for Fun, Reading for Education, and Reading for Love; and Mr. Walpole understands that "the only certain thing about reading is that it is personal first, personal second, and personal all the time." In Reading for Fun there is a pleasant sketch of early struggles in an environment not

wholly appreciative of his juvenile taste in books. After a while he discovered Scott, and then "At any rate, for good or ill, I knew what I wanted now, both from life and from reading." The final emergence from this period comes when he encounters Keats, and the passage that he quotes is the one that begins "Deep in the shady sadness of a vale", a passage that several other people have been unable wholly to forget. "Then I knew that something magical had indeed happened to me, and that life would now be twice as rich as ever it had been before, but that the period of Reading for Fun was over."

It does not consist with Mr. Walpole's purpose to expatiate with much gusto on the delights of Reading for Education; he takes its value for granted, but sees its dangers: "The danger of being too thoroughly educated in your reading is that education becomes with you a vice; you dare not read anything by chance lest you should be wasting the time over a poor book that you ought to be giving to a good one." We all know the man who cannot read or think or hear anything good without making a note of it for some future oratorical or literary purpose. Apparently the educated reader runs the risk of making himself that sort of nuisance.

Reading for Love is, as it should be, the part of the Essay into which Mr. Walpole has put his best. Three quotations will illustrate this fact better than much discussion: "Libraries should be penetrated with the love of books; so that when you enter a room where the books are, the air is warm with a kind of delicious humanity, and the books have been always so affectionately treated that, like the right kind of dog, they know no fear and yet have their fitting dignity."

Again: "I remember once on coming into my library that I was persistently disturbed by my *Jane Eyre*. Going up to it, wondering what was the matter with it, restless because of it, I only after a morning's uneasiness discovered that it had been placed next to my Jane Austens, and anyone who remembers how sharply Charlotte criticized Jane will understand why this would never do."

And finally: "But there is a kind of luxury of laziness in reading which is perhaps the best thing in all the world; it is to be captured only, I think, through the old books, books that you know so well that they step out and meet you, take you by the arm and whisper in your ear: "Further quotation is unnecessary. Each man knows what his books whisper in his ear when the best hour in the day has arrived."

E. W. NICHOLS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON WITH THE WORDSWORTH CIRCLE (1808-1866). Edited by Edith I. Morley. In Two Volumes. Oxford. The Clarendon Press. 1927.

These substantial volumes contain much matter to interest all lovers of Wordsworth. Especially will they be welcomed by all readers who have already fallen under the spell of that most charming of diarists, Henry Crabb Robinson. For here "Crabby", as his intimates called him, is shown at his best. Never was there a friend more loyal,

serviceable, unselfish and wise. His letters are bright and sympathetic. We can readily understand how welcome they were to the family at Rydal Mount. A Liberal in politics and a nonconformist in religion, he never concealed his views from the poet who was both Tory and churchman. Yet he avoided carefully all expressions that might wound his susceptibilities. Wordsworth's letters are not particularly attractive; they are often stiff and dry, and reveal nothing of poetic feeling. Those of his sister, before her sad illness brought about mental and physical decay, are fresh and lively, and Mrs. Wordsworth's kindly and sweet nature is fully revealed in her share of the correspondence. Incidentally we all gain many glimpses of the members of the wonderful group of friends who have made that part of the Lake country to be classic ground for all lovers of literature. Not least among them was Harriet Martineau, who was received at first in that conservative and religious *milieu* with many misgivings, but whose breezy, vigorous and generous disposition overcame the influence of the unfavorable judgments passed on her opinions and her writings. The correspondence throws clear light upon Wordsworth's own character. His intense love of his immediate family, especially of his sister, wife and daughter, and his not infrequent acts of kindness and charity to individuals, give the brighter side of it; his colossal egotism, his intolerance of criticism, and his lack of appreciation for the talent of almost all his literary contemporaries, even those whom he numbered among his friends, which we can hardly fail to ascribe to somewhat unworthy motives, indicate failings that perhaps form the reason why it is easier to love Wordsworth's poetry than the poet himself. But Crabb Robinson certainly showed true insight when, after their first meeting, he wrote: "One would have a bad opinion of that person's discernment who should be long in his company without contracting a high respect, if not a love, for him. Moral purity and dignity of sentiment are the characteristics of his mind and muse."

E. R.

LETTERS OF A LOYALIST LADY. Cambridge. Harvard University Press. 1927. Pp. 107. \$3.50.

Ann Hulton, who writes these letters, was a sister to Henry Hulton, who held the post of Commissioner of Customs at Boston 1767-1776. During that period she lived with her brother at his home in Brookline, a few miles from Boston, and was thus in a position to observe at close range opinions and events in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the American Revolution. These twenty-five letters, written to friends in England, are extremely interesting and valuable as throwing light on the attitude of mind of those who stood on the side of established authority. They are perhaps all the more valuable since they come from a lady who was by no means a politician herself, but interested chiefly in the domestic details of her brother's household, and who would therefore reflect fairly accurately the opinions of the set with which she associated.

The enormous gap between the ideas of those in authority and the colonists themselves is very apparent. Bitter discontent among

the citizens of Boston was evident from the first arrival of the Hultons. They had been only six days in the country when they were obliged to take refuge in "Castle William", remaining there several weeks, and a similar retreat occurred a couple of years later, after their house had been pillaged by those whom Miss Hulton denounces as "Sons of Violence." So far from the situation being improved with time, however, it went from bad to worse; and the letters here embrace no ideas beyond "Law", "Order", "Authority", "Insolence."

The letters do not deal exclusively, by any means, with the world of politics. There is much household gossip—arrivals of new children in the family, prices of provisions, the purchase of new slippers, and a box of crockery with a new pattern by Mr. Wedgwood. The Appendix contains an account of a journey to Canada which Mr. Hulton made by carriage and canoe, together with an account of the battle of Bunker Hill attributed to him.

W. RUSSELL MAXWELL.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE SO-CALLED LOVE LETTERS OF MRS. PIOZZI. "In Defence of an Elderly Lady". By Percival Merritt. Harvard University Press. 1927.

Mr. Merritt is the editor of *Piozzi Marginalia*, noticed in *The Dalhousie Review* Vol. VI, page 552. In the present small work he has done Mrs. Piozzi a service. Every civilized man on earth knows Samuel Johnson; most of them know James Boswell; many of them know Mrs. Thrale. But when Mrs. Thrale becomes Mrs. Piozzi, knowledge and interest usually flag; and as to who Conway was, and why Mrs. Piozzi wrote to him, probably many ordinary Johnsonians are in some doubt.

In brief, the story is that Conway was "an actor of moderate ability." He was about the age of a grandchild of Mrs. Piozzi. He was engaged to a lady who jilted him. Conway was broken-hearted and completely dejected, while his sympathetic elderly friends, Mrs. Piozzi and Mrs. Penelope Pennington, devoted themselves to an attempt to console him and arouse him from his despondency. It appears that an anonymous pamphlet was published in London in 1843, entitled "Love Letters of Mrs. Piozzi, written when she was eighty, to William Augustus Conway." This pamphlet, Mr. Merritt says, is "saturated with an incomprehensible amount of malice toward Mrs. Piozzi, and it contains many inaccuracies and misstatements." The story spread abroad that Mrs. Piozzi had been engaged in a flirtation with Conway quite unseemly for her years; and Mr. Merritt is occupied in refuting this calumny. He seems to have made out his case, but is not wholly optimistic as to the victory of truth over error. His essay concludes: "There is an often repeated and fallacious platitude to the effect that 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again.' But it would seem that the specific gravity of falsehood is still lighter than that of truth; for however much crushed down or stamped on, falsehood will rise again as serenely and unblushingly as in the first instant of its propagation." The book is inscribed "To Chauncey

Brewster Tinker, Inspirer of Youth, Eminent Johnsonian, and Prince of Boswellians." Harvard is at Cambridge, and Yale is in New Haven, but Johnsonians are brothers everywhere.

E. W. NICHOLS.

NERVES, Master-System of the Body. By D. Fraser-Harris, M. D., D. Sc., formerly Professor of Physiology in Dalhousie University. Faber and Gwyer. London.

This volume is one of a series called *The Modern Health Books*, and represents an attempt to give in popular style sound information about a variety of medical subjects. It is rather a novel undertaking, and indicates the change in the attitude of the profession to the rather difficult question of popularizing medical knowledge. For a long time the public have been in the habit of obtaining such information from the newspapers in articles written often by unqualified men, and containing not only erroneous, but even dangerous ideas.

Glancing through the list of authors, we see that Dr. Fraser-Harris, who is the general editor of the series, has been fortunate in securing the services of several eminent men in the medical profession of Britain. The last volume, written by the general editor himself, consists of twelve chapters. The first chapters are devoted strictly to the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system, while the final chapters deal with such subjects as "fatigue", "sleep", "dreams", and some of the functional disturbances of the brain and nerves.

It is written in such clear and simple language that it is possible for the general reader, without any previous knowledge, to acquire an excellent idea in outline of the structure and functions of the most obscure and intricate part of the human organism. The chapter on the "Functions of the Brain" is particularly to be commended, and would probably be the most interesting to the general reader, as it discusses problems which are on the border line between physiology and psychology. One of the statements, that a certain amount of cerebral cortex is necessary for the training of character, is very suggestive of the discussion that is now taking place among physiologists and psychologists. With Dr. Fraser-Harris's statement one must agree, as there must be a bridge between mind and the outer world; but there are those who, instead of regarding the brain as a sponge-work in which the mind resides, consider the terms as practically synonymous, and think that intellectual ability is directly proportional to the mass of cerebral tissue. The examination of the case of Anatole France gives little comfort to these people, as the weight of his brain was found to be considerably less than that of a person of average mental ability.

The chapters on Fatigue, Sleep and Dreams, as well as that on Nervousness, are extremely lucid and sound, and will well repay careful reading. For the whole book one can have nothing but the greatest praise, as Dr. Fraser-Harris has succeeded in accomplishing a more difficult task than would be the writing of a highly technical treatise.

S. J. MACLENNAN.

THE VAGRANT OF TIME. By Charles G. D. Roberts. The Ryerson Press. Toronto. 1927.

As one turns the pages of this slender volume, there seems to steal from it the delicious fragrance of innumerable flowers, the sweet scent of new-mown hay, the invigorating breath of pine and fir. For many of the poems owe their inspiration to nature, and, chiefly, to nature in Canadian woods and fields. In the grace and delicacy of the verses, and their vivid pictures of nature in all her various moods, one is reminded of the equally graceful, equally delicate poems of Mr. A. E. Housman. For both poets find their themes in woods and lawns, in blue skies and swiftly gliding rivers, in trees and flowers; but how very dissimilar is their work in tone! The English poet looks on the world through dark glasses; much of his verse is tinged with pessimism, many of his poems end abruptly on a tragic note. The Canadian poet, on the contrary, though not unmindful of the shadows that often obscure the sun, is through all and in spite of all a sturdy optimist. He sets forth his creed in *The Vagrant of Time*, the poem which gives the book its title, and affirms it again in *On the Road*; the cheering belief that

—Take the gipsying all in all,
I find a-many dreams come true.

and that

—Under the dew I'll lie down with my dreams, for I know
What bright hill-tops the morning will show me, all red in the glow.

The most important poem in the book is *These Three Score Years*, an ode for Canada's Diamond Jubilee, which contains many fine lines and throbs with ardent patriotism, its one blemish being the use of that detestable word "sensed." The most moving poems are those which recall the dark days of the war, while the most perfect, perhaps, is the little piece named *Under the Pillars of the Sky*. Not one in the collection can with truth be called a great poem, but it is not often that so much musical and distinguished verse is brought together in a single volume.

M. JOSEPHINE SHANNON.

NEW ENGLAND'S OUTPOST. By John Bartlet Brebner, Ph. D. Columbia University Press. 1927.

The expulsion of the Acadians has been the basis during generations for controversy and recrimination. It has given rise to innumerable legends of all kinds, and has coloured the relations between those of French and English descent in Nova Scotia down to the present day. The history of the province has, of course, from the beginning been largely determined by Acadian influence. It is safe to say that that influence had its share in preserving Nova Scotia for the British Empire during the American Revolution, since the history of the Acadian people is the history of resistance either active or passive to the encroachments of the militant Puritanism of New England.

Dr. John Bartlet Brebner, Assistant Professor of History at Columbia University, has lately written a history of Acadia before the conquest of Canada, in which he has given a most careful and judicial account of the interplay of the two forces, New England and Acadian, in the growth of Nova Scotia during the period from 1604 to 1763. It is Dr. Brebner's hypothesis that the experience gained by England in the troubled governance of the Acadians was later put to use in the conquered territories of Canada. The tragic story of the Acadians, neglected in the short periods of peace, and treated as the pawns of high policy by French and British alike during times of war or international anxiety, is told with the dispassionate calmness of an investigator unmoved by either poetic myths or racial antipathies. This impartial narrative, supported as it is by carefully sifted and marshalled evidence, is sufficient to make Professor Brebner's book of the utmost importance to students of colonial history. While the story of the Acadians necessarily threads the whole account, it contains a no less valuable record of British policy and of the influence of New England in early Nova Scotian affairs. Although the spirit of the whole book is one of judicial calm, the author gives way to pardonable enthusiasm in his brief but splendid outline of the character of Paul Mascarene, the finest figure in the early history of Nova Scotia, and one whom posterity has insufficiently honoured. In the midst of the bigotry, vacillations, and self-seeking of his time, he is the one thoroughly noble character.

New England's Outpost must be read by everyone who wishes to understand the history of Nova Scotia. Its brevity, strict impartiality, and complete documentation, make it so nearly the perfect history as to be indispensable. The long bibliography and complete index are indications of the labour contributed by the author; labour which, however, never intrudes into the sweep of the clear, succinct, style.

V. P. SEARY.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S VOYAGES. With introduction by Charles W. Colby. Toronto. The Radisson Society of Canada. 1927.

The present work was first published in London in 1801, but it is well worthy of being included as Volume Three in a twenty-five volume set of the *Master-Works of Canadian Authors*. It was a success from the very beginning. The great Napoleon read it, and had it translated into French. The Earl of Selkirk read it, and it did much to turn his thoughts to Canada. The English Government conferred upon the author the honour of Knighthood.

Alexander MacKenzie was born at Stornoway in the Isle of Lewis in 1763, and emigrated to Canada at the age of sixteen. His rise in the fur trade was extraordinary. After some years spent in Montreal, he was sent to Detroit. When in 1787 the various fur traders in Montreal united in the famous North-West Company, MacKenzie was sent to take charge of the most dangerous and the most valuable of the fur-trading districts, that about Lake Athabaska. It was from

this lake, the Lake of the Hills as MacKenzie called it, that in 1789 he set out to discover what kind of territory lay north of the Great Slave Lake. The quest ended on the shores of the Arctic Sea, at the mouth of the great river that still bears the explorer's name.

Four years later came the crowning triumph. Again setting out from Fort Chipewyan, MacKenzie was able to lead his men through the mountains to the Pacific. What La Verendrye had failed to do, the young Scotsman had accomplished. On the face of a great rock they wrote, "Alexander MacKenzie from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three. Lat. 52 deg. 20 min. 28 sec. N."

Besides the accounts of the two great voyages, the present volume includes MacKenzie's *History of the Fur Trade*. It makes an excellent introduction. All is told simply and directly. There is no attempt at fine writing.

G. E. WILSON.

NOTE.

LATER NEWS FROM GLOZEL*

The archaeological wheel revolves rapidly nowadays, and already (March, 1928) the riddle of Glozel appears to be read. In December the increasing interest felt in the affair inspired the International Scientists' Congress, which was holding its sittings at Amsterdam, to appoint a committee of its own to investigate the site. The members were chosen from six or seven nations; the Anglo-Saxon representative was the very competent authority in palaeontology, Miss D. A. E. Garrod.

In spite of certain protests made by the true believers that the Commission was dealing roughly with the place, and that in particular Miss Garrod was disturbing the clay beds by poking sticks into them, the scientists seem to have carried out a thorough investigation. Shortly before Christmas their report was published. It declared that while some objects genuinely antique had undoubtedly been found, no faith in the site could any longer be maintained, as at some time or other it had been carefully "salted" with thoroughly modern artifacts. The "tombs" or "furnaces" are simply the smelting-works of glass-makers who may have lived as recently as the nineteenth century, and certainly not earlier than the seventeenth. The small objects had been introduced into their positions laterally through holes bored horizontally from trenches.

Glozel was also visited by Sir Arthur Evans, the greatest living British archaeologist, and he too has condemned the site as worthless. About the time of his visit, some very interesting facts were discovered regarding the life-history of the peasant from whom the field had been purchased. He appears to be very unlike the usual type, and possesses even a respectable library. He received a start in archaeology from the local schoolmaster, and since that time has been gradually acquiring textbooks as well as a marked skill in the arts of draughtsmanship and engraving. All this is extremely suggestive.

* This additional note was received too late to append to Professor Fraser's article.—EDITOR.

In the last week of February the police conducted a raid on the Glozel farm. They were called in by the Prehistoric Society of France as a last resort to save a situation that had become very uncomfortable indeed. Fist-fights between butchers' boys in defence of one side or the other might be overlooked. But long and tedious newspaper libel actions were impending. Consequently, the police were instructed to break into a mysterious barn that was always kept locked up. Freshly engraved stones, test-pieces and try-pieces, and even files and drills were found. There seems no longer any room for doubt, and the libel actions are indefinitely postponed.

Thus it seems that a twentieth century Bill Stumps—and withal a very sophisticated one—has been keeping the learned world on edge for many months. But fortunately Mr. Blotton, in the person of M. Dussaud, has triumphed, and no more pamphlets may be expected from the learned societies, native or foreign.

A. D. FRASER.