

## NEW BOOKS

CANADA: A STORY OF CHALLENGE. By J. M. S. CARELESS. Cambridge: At the University Press. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited). 1953. Pp. xvi, 417. \$3.50.

This is more than just another work on general Canadian history. It is a compact, readable and up-to-date account of "the emergence of a Canadian nation out of scattered colonies, in response to the challenge of the vast Canadian land and the forces that have played on its inhabitants." It is the second volume in the British Commonwealth Series being published by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press "to tell young students in each part of the Commonwealth about the history of the other parts and of the whole." In providing young Commonwealth students with a one-volume history of Canada, which deserves considerable praise for both its matter and its manner of presentation, Professor Careless has also furnished the general reader with a book which will be widely read and much appreciated.

The book deals with "the geographic stage", with the actors who appear upon it, and with roles performed by them. It is divided into four parts: Part I, the background; Part II, New France; Part III, the British North American Colonies; and Part IV, the Canadian nation. It is well illustrated, and it has a useful index.

In form, and paper and print, this book is quite attractive, and typographical errors are fortunately relatively few. Perhaps it should be noted, however, that the new colony formed at Port Royal was begun in 1629 rather than 1627 (p. 57); that the incident referred to on page 130 was that of the *Leopard* and *Chesapeake* not the *Leopold* and *Chesapeake*; that Robert Gourley's name is misspelled on page 171, on account of the misplacing of a letter; that the initials in the name of Charles G. D. Roberts have been transposed, and the surname of Bliss Carman misspelled, on page 274; and that the Christian name of Wilfred Campbell is misspelled on page 314.

For compression and balance, smoothness of narrative and readability, this is useful book.

C. B. FERGUSSON

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PIONEERS OF ENGLISH EDUCATION: Edited : By A. V. JUDGES. British Book Service, Toronto. \$5.00.

This book comprises an introduction and nine lectures by ten different authorities, most of them professors of education in English universities, given at the University of London in the fall of 1951. They were designed to explain to an English audience by biographical means something of the development since 1800 of distinctively English traditions and practices in education. The choice of "pioneers" is an excellent one. Two were theorists (Bentham and Herbert Spencer), one a school inspector with other claims to fame (Matthew Arnold), two were practitioners as well as theorists (Owen and Newman), one a politician (Forster), one an administrator (Kay-Shuttleworth), and there is a final chapter in honour of the twentieth century administrator, usually unhonoured and unsung, or even roundly abused.



To anyone who knows little of education in England, this book is not likely to prove profitable. It is supplementary, not fundamental. But to anyone who is aware even in outline of the internal history of England since 1800, it will prove most interesting, making the dry bones live and clothing the skeleton of events with the warm flesh of personality. Among other things it will help to explain why Nova Scotia obtained her fundamental Education Act in 1864 while England had to wait for hers till 1870.

It would appear that in a few instances the editor had his eyes closed. There is a curious passage on page 88 which makes it appear that students in Catherine the Great's schools put in 98 hours per week in school. Even for Russians this seems too much. The essay on Robert Owen seems particularly to be in need of some proof reading, and there is a particularly unfortunate error at the top of page 70. The latter half of the book, however, seems to be free from such blemishes.

The nine essays in the book seem to this reviewer to be of remarkably even worth and he declines to commend some in comparison with others. His personal preference would be for that on Matthew Arnold (which reveals him in something of a new and discriminating light) and that on Robert Owen—but then anything on that most remarkable man is interesting. But all are good and other readers will doubtless have their own favourites. A portrait of each of the educators discussed would have been an interesting addition to the book.

A. S. MOWAT

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AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. (Essays by Six Authors): Edited: By MERLE CURTIS. S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. \$5.85.

This reviewer well remembers his astonishment to find, when he entered upon the Honours Classics course at Edinburgh University, that the recommended Latin grammar was by an American (Gildersleeve) and the recommended dictionary by two Americans (Lewis and Short). He was aware that America produced cowboys, jazz, the blues, negro spirituals, and Schnozzle Durante, but it had never occurred to him that there were any American Scholars. Now, an older and (let us hope) a wiser man, he is confronted with a whole book about American Scholars! What can a single reviewer say about a book like this? At least he can say that it is well printed and well-produced as a book, that the proof reader has done his work thoroughly (which cannot be said of all books), and that it is free of two common American faults, excessive verbosity and excess of technical jargon. He must also say that certain omissions and certain statements surprised him. His old friends Lewis and Short are not mentioned at all, though the dictionary they produced is still the standard Latin dictionary in the Englishspeaking world. The account of American contributions to modern geography (one page) seems to him quite inadequate. More seriously, it is stated in two different essays (pages 28 and 60) that John Dewey was a pioneer in modern psychology.

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The facts are quite otherwise. Dewey never was an experimental psychologist, his writings show very little evidence of any knowledge of what contemporary twentieth century psychologists were doing, and in later life he himself admitted that he had "failed to develop in a systematic way my underlying psychological principles." Had the authors read their Dewey, or were they victims of what may be termed the great Dewey myth? Those criticisms are advanced merely as criticisms of detail and are clearly, in some measure at least, matters of judgment and opinion, in which your reviewer is perhaps unwisely setting himself up in opposition to the authors.

The book consists of six essays on six different areas of scholarship, in none of which your reviewer is an expert. He can therefore only humbly record his impressions. He finds the essay on the Social Sciences the weakest because it tries to do too much in too little space. He finds those on Classical Scholarship and Philosophical Scholarship the most interesting because he has sufficient background of knowledge in those fields to follow the argument. He believes that scholars in any of the fields discussed would find any of the essays interesting and profitable.

It is reasonable to ask why such a book as this ever came to be written. Perhaps the high price indicates that the authors did not expect a large audience. It is therefore a pleasure to record that this book is not an example of American self advertisement. It errs, if anything, on the side of modesty.

A. S. MOWAT

EACH AGE IS A DREAM. A Study in Ideologies: By L. H. GARSTIN.  
The Ryerson Press. 1953. Pp. 143. \$2.75.

The slightly cryptic title of *Each Age Is A Dream* is taken from O'Shaughnessy's 'The Music Makers':

For each age is a dream that is dying,  
Or one that is coming to birth.

However, Mr. Garstin's concern is not with poets but with the larger poetry of ideas in action—the realm of ideology. Although he says that his work is preliminary and explanatory, he has undertaken to explain the meaning and function of ideologies and, from a review of ancient and modern ideologies, to explain the course of history, past, present, and future. The undertaking is a courageous one. The case is argued clearly and skilfully. Nevertheless, it fails to be fully convincing.

In the first place, while Mr. Garstin very sensibly disclaims any intention of expounding individual ideologies in detail, it is impossible to overlook his historical judgments entirely, since he seeks to confirm his theory from history. We would not have much confidence in some one who advanced a philosophy of literature if he remarked that a man Chaucer lived a good deal later than a man called Milton, or if he said that Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare, without adding that responsible scholars considered the evidence for this to be doubtful. Yet Mr. Garstin makes similar assertions about Christian

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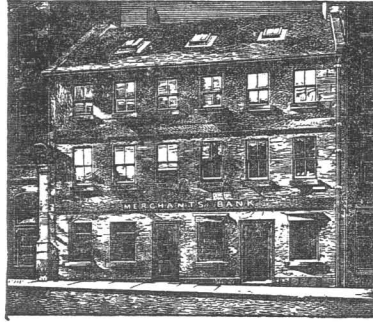
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history, when using Christianity to show what an ideology is like. History can hardly be accurately interpreted unless it is also accurately recorded.

In the second place, Mr. Garstin states some of the distinguishing marks of an ideology but does not develop a thorough-going theory of ideologies. This is all the more unfortunate if the study really is meant to be explanatory. Mr. Garstin says that ideologies contain a conceptual element, for they beget 'conceptual schemes'. But he does not relate this element of 'rationalisation' to the process of conceptual thinking in general. He claims that ideologies are not to be rejected, because they are necessary 'social mechanisms'. But on what grounds can they be recognised as 'necessary', and how is their character as 'social mechanisms' established? The marks which Mr. Garstin gives as the marks of an ideology all apply equally well to his book. We must infer that the author found it socially necessary to express his ideology in rationalisations. (The use of abstractions, he points out, makes it difficult to attack an ideology). It may well be true that human societies are 'myth-born and myth-sustained', but the concept 'myth' needs careful definition, or, as the cheerful philosophers of 1066 *And All That* remind us, *myth-information* will only result in a *ridiculous myth-interpretation of the facts*. It is impossible to discuss either ideology or myth without raising the questions of human knowledge and human values. If these questions are neglected, the whole subject becomes intolerably over-simplified and distorted.

In the third place, over-simplification extends from the definition of the theory to its application. Granted that an ideology is a 'universal phenomenon found in all societies from the most primitive to the most highly developed', the fact that the Kwakiutl and Zuni civilizations have one all-embracing ideology does not mean that 'our civilization also centres around a conceptual scheme'. Still less does it follow that our ideology is simply the Individual Industrialism which the *laissez-faire* economists and the Utilitarian philosophers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries believed in. As modern civilization cannot be adequately described in terms of one culture-pattern, it equally cannot be described in terms of one ideology which is 'dominant' over against others which are 'non-dominant'. It is not even clear how an ideology is judged to be dominant, except in the case of the absolutist State—and even there the 'official' philosophy may not be the one that actually motivates the citizens. No adequate analysis of how one ideology is differentiated from another is given by Mr. Garstin. The judgment that there are two main species of ideology, the religious and the secular, is quite an arbitrary one. And the distinction between an *ideology* and a *schism* becomes quite inadequate, when for instance, Fascism is described as a schism of Individual Industrialism with a collectivist facade.

Each age is probably not so much a dream as a fusion and comingling of many dreams, creating a stream of ideological currents exceedingly difficult to chart and forever changing. Mr. Garstin closes his book with a prophecy: 'In any event the world would not appear destined to settle into a new and prosperous age. . . until at least the turn of the century and perhaps even later'. It is a fairly



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safe prophecy. But it seems to be based less upon a consideration of the evidence supplied by the contending ideologies of to-day than upon the author's acceptance of the current ideology of Human Perfectibility, which is an ideology perhaps more fundamental to our civilization than Individual Industrialism and its rivals.

K. M. HAMILTON

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THE DAWN OF THE POST-MODERN ERA. Dimensions of Human Life in the Last Half of the Twentieth Century: By ELWYN JUDSON TRUEBLOOD. Philosophical Library, N. Y. 1954. P. 198. \$3.75.

If any one is rash enough to imagine that to be modern is to be up-to-date, the author of this book will soon put him right. Dr. Elwyn Trueblood—not to be confused with his cousin, Dr. Elton Trueblood—says that he has spent the last twenty years helping young people to keep abreast of the times, and he now announces that with the coming of the Atomic Age the Modern Age is past. He even rejects, as not drastic enough, the notion that we might be neo-moderns: we are all post-moderns.

The mastery of atomic fission is, as people say, 'epoch-making'. But exactly why the Atomic Age should bring the modern world to an end is not quite clear, for the problems Dr. Trueblood calls on us to face are all problems that have been long with us, and no new elements are envisaged for their solution. We are told that the possibilities of post-modern persons are probably greater than before, but that the prospects for attaining these possibilities are not more favourable than they ever were—which leaves us much where we were before. We learn that the *master category* of time has brought us to the fifth of a cycle of five *master epochs*, and, having recently produced in America a *master cleavage*, has now confronted us with a *master challenge*. What is this new challenge? It is a *human society in which every person can and will attain his highest potentialities*.

In a chapter which purports to show that the more recent developments in physics encourage a spiritual understanding of personality, Dr. Trueblood says that the former dominance of rational and evolutionary doctrines no longer holds. Yet his own conception of distinct eras, making up historical cycles and leading ultimately (*via* human effort) to the Kingdom of God on earth, seems to be rooted in Hegelian notions of progress and in Darwinian categories of historical evolution. It was Nietzsche, influenced so decisively by Darwinianism, who first proclaimed the end of the modern era and the coming of post-modern man. Dr. Trueblood seems to be echoing Nietzsche's dream, only less consistently. Nietzsche's Superman really was to be a post-modern, breaking away from the past and intending to *attain his highest potentialities*. Dr. Trueblood's man of the future does not follow this model. He is sociable, moral, democratic, and pacific—in fact, entirely 'modern'—exhibiting all the nineteenth-century virtues Nietzsche wished to transcend.

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To demand new ideals to match a new age may be more stirring than to require adequate ideals because they are needed in every age, but it may be highly misleading. The core of Dr. Trueblood's argument appears to be that we ought to enlarge the scope of our thinking to include personal and spiritual values: 'We are challenged to build comprehensive and balanced ideologies which will duly regard varied but worthy elements'. The trouble is that, though the departments of life are conscientiously reviewed to show what elements are likely to prove worthy, the principles underlying the required reconstruction of ideologies remain vague. 'It would be eminently proper to relate the over-all plans of society to the over-all plans of God'. . . 'Many of the teachings of Christ would be directly applicable to any worthy type of planning for society, especially to such types as have sufficient regard for persons'. The post-modern challenge, on this showing, would seem to be the age-old attempt to build the perfect world without any very solid equipment except good intentions. No wonder, then, that the prospects do not seem any brighter than usual. What is the over-all plans of God do not seem 'eminently proper' to social planners? What if the teaching of Christ prove to be at odds with 'enlightened' social goals? History seems to suggest that the interests of Christ and Caesar do not inevitably co-incide.

We need adequate ideals. We need the humane, liberal, tolerant, and spiritual outlook Dr. Trueblood commends. Above all, we need a firm foundation of belief to give meaning to the universe and direction to our good intentions. But we need these things because our civilization is very imperfect and not because we have begun any so-called 'master epoch'. Dr. Trueblood admits as much when he says that we are living 'in the very trough of a sensate period of culture'. Or can a trough be the dawn?

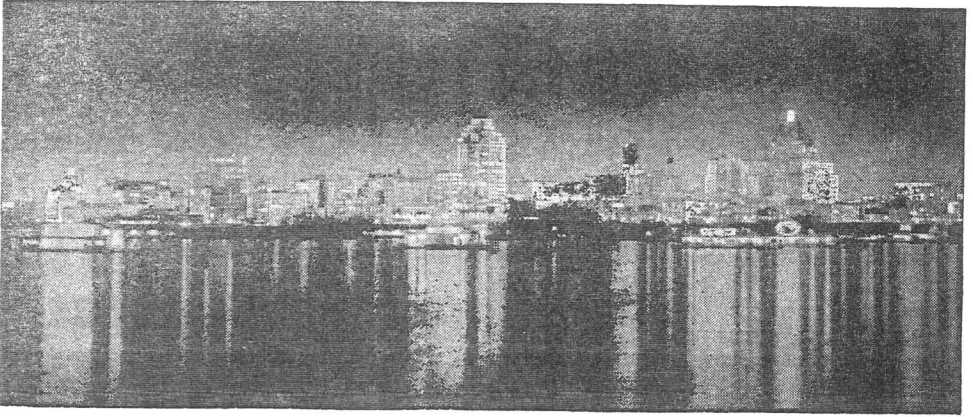
K. M. HAMILTON

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LYMAN ABBOTT, *Christian Evolutionist: A Study in Religious Liberalism*: By IRA V. BROWN. Harvard University Press (S. J. Reginald Saunders, Toronto). 1953. Pp. 291. \$6.50.

Spanning a period from before the Civil War until after the First World War, the life of Lyman Abbott, author and preacher, covers the growth of the United States into a World Power. In his careful and well-documented biography Mr. Brown shows how Abbott summed up in his career much of the consciousness of his nation. His enormous prestige was gained in spite of—or because of—his falling short of any original genius. Henry Ward Beecher, his predecessor in both press and pulpit, is reported to have thought him 'a good worker, a pleasant fellow, with more than ordinary sense' and 'an ugly habit of driving things right on to the finishing'. It was this ability to carry a principle on to its conclusion without fanaticism that made the middle-of-the-road Abbott a prophet honoured in his own country. He only gradually adopted the principles which he publicized so effectively. The evolutionary theology, the social gospel, the anti-*laissez-faire* and anti-isolationist political concern, and the message of man's brotherhood grew into a consistent expression of a well-integrated personality.

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Whether Abbott's position is named Progressive Orthodoxy or Romantic Liberalism, it was one that was powerful in shaping a climate of opinion both within and outside of Protestant Christianity. His faith seemed to be justified by events. Shortly before his death he affirmed, 'My eighty years of experience show me that we are progressing'. He was confident that 'The law of evolution is still on the statute books of the Universe'. Though we do not share his confidence, much of what is best in our civilization is rooted in the faith he exemplified.

K. M. HAMILTON

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S HEBREW HISTORY: BY LOUIS WALLIS. Philosophical Library, New York. 1953. Pp. 117. \$2.50.

This pocket-sized book by a veteran champion of historical criticism in the Biblical field is not a general history, as its title suggests. It tells the story of the growth of monotheism among the Hebrew people by giving highlights of the struggle between the cults of Baal and Yahweh. In spite of the fact that it is sketched in so briefly, the story is told vividly and without undue simplification. Protests against the 'orthodox' banning of the 'evolutionary' approach to Hebrew history take up rather too much space. Of seven Appendices, six are extracts from other works of the author and would have been better incorporated in the text.

K. M. HAMILTON

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KNUTE LISTUG—A NEST OF SONGS. Exposition Press. \$2.00.

When a poet begins to write in a language which is not his native tongue, he is likely to run into certain difficulties. For example, he will make use of images which seem fresh and arresting to him, but which for his readers are old and worn out; he will use poetic clichés, phrases and words which have become the dead wood of poetry. The verses of Mr. Listug, a Norwegian-American, are filled with such expressions as "shady nook, murmuring brook, silvery stream, swift as a dream". When he does make use of a novel image, its effect is likely to be ruined by a wrong connotation which he has been unable to detect. Thus we are somewhat startled to find in a Christmas carol such phrases as "the curfews now are singing" and "effervescent light", and to discover in a poem on Eternity the lines:

Ye sleepers, what alarm clocks shall awake  
You up from such a silent, restful sleep?

The pretentious poems in the book are preceded by preludes and divided by choruses, but the thought is seldom original enough to justify such grandiose divisions. When the metre is careless, the

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rhyme forced, and the diction commonplace, impressive sub-titles will not make a poem. The Prelude to "Seasons of the Year" reads:

Summer and winter, night and day,  
Throughout creation hold the sway.  
Storm clouds and sunshine, bright days and rain,  
Mingle together to help things remain.

Another stanza from the same poem (but under the sub-title "Spring") may serve to illustrate the general level of Mr. Listug's verse:

The bees start a-humming o'er fields, grass and trees  
To gather the honey for you and for me;  
From flowers that grow in the meadows around,  
They gather the nectar while humming along.

Much of his verse is simple and obvious, and will have a ready welcome from those who like warm-hearted lyrics with a plain and sensible moral. It is schoolboy verse, and it is a pity that its simplicity is so often marred by undigested fragments of a partial education.

JOHN M. R. MARGESON

GEORGE GISSING. GRAVE COMEDIAN. By MABEL COLLINS DONNELLY. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1954. 245 pp.

This is an important work on several counts. With the aid of hitherto unavailable manuscript diaries and letters Dr. Donnelly has been able to furnish the first accurate and reasonably complete account of Gissing's life. She is able to give us important information about periods of Gissing's life of which we knew nothing or about which we had been confused by the frequently unreliable accounts of H. G. Wells, Morley Roberts, Frank Swinnerton, and others. The facts she has uncovered about Gissing's father, his childhood, his expulsion from Owens College, his short stay in the United States, his marriages, all throw a great deal of light on his novels.

The diaries and letters enable Dr. Donnelly also to make a close analysis of the changes in Gissing's political attitudes—his swing from a vague Radicalism to Positivism, to a disillusionment with mass movements to a final abhorrence of systems, of tyranny by majority or minority, and to a reverence for the individual. It should no longer be possible to dismiss Gissing's political thinking with clichés about his being a natural aristocrat and conservative; he must be seen as a thoughtful man gravely worried by democracy's weaknesses and excesses.

Dr. Donnelly's insistence on the fact of technical improvement in Gissing's novels is valuable. Too often Gissing has been regarded as a novelist of mind hopelessly enmeshed in the narrative devices of the mid-Victorian novel. Dr. Donnelly makes clear Gissing's very real effort to break away from the Dickens' tradition, and his very real success, in his novels of the 'nineties, in achieving brevity, focus, and objectivity—in ridding himself of his fatal tendencies to identify himself with his heroes and to preach.

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One regrets that Dr. Donnelly does not see a connection between Gissing's development toward objectivity in art and disinterestedness in politics. There is something of Keat's negative capability in Gissing's "Keep apart."

Finally, Dr. Donnelly provides the first really helpful bibliography of Gissing.

The plan of Dr. Donnelly's book is at times bothersome: a chapter of biography followed by a chapter of literary criticism, then another of biography. The account of a very interesting life is too often interrupted; and to follow the analysis of novels so closely bound up with the author's life, one is forced constantly to refer back to a preceding chapter.

One serious error occurs on p. 110. Dr. Donnelly attributes *A Child of the Jago* to William Morris; the author was, of course, Arthur Morrison.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Donnelly's timely and very helpful study will serve to bring more readers to a novelist who seems to speak to the mid-twentieth century with more relevance than many of his contemporaries, and will serve to arouse a demand for the publication of Gissing's diaries and letters, and the reprinting of novels Dr. Donnelly rightly praises: *The Nether World*, *Demos*, *Born in Exile*, *Eve's Ransom*, *The Whirlpool*.

D. R. CHERRY.

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LILLOOET by ELIZABETH BREWSTER. Ryerson Poetry Chap-books, Ryerson Press, Toronto. \$1.00.



POEMS by ANTHONY FRISCH. Ryerson Poetry Chap-books. Ryerson Press, Toronto. \$1.00.

It is doubtful whether the appearance of satire is always a sign of the maturity of the society that produces it. Here, for example, are two small books of poetic satire which suggest immaturity rather than maturity. The first, *Lillooet*, by Elizabeth Brewster, is a portrait of a Canadian village, any village as I suppose the transference of the name of a British Columbia community to New Brunswick is meant to imply. Let us give the poem its due: it draws a vivid picture, and no doubt many a reader will feel the uncomfortable sensation of reality as he reads it. Although it is critical of every aspect of "small town life," it is gay and sometimes very amusing, never loaded down with too much solemnity. The portraits of Pete Hill, of Mrs. Dick, Mr. McQueen, the provincial Minister of Education, and of Ruby Mullins of shack-town are drawn with the firm and definite strokes of a wicked pen.

The quality that is lacking in this poem is a sense of style. Miss Brewster seems to have been aiming at a colloquial style, fairly close to the speech of the inhabitants of this typical village. But she has cast the poem in the mold of the 18th century heroic couplet, which demands some degree of polish and wit. There are too many extra words used to fill out the lines, and too many prosaic lines which dull the sparkle of other passages. A further sign of immaturity is to be noted in the absence of a central point of view. Satire requires a


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point of departure, and in this poem, we are not quite sure why the observer is so obviously hostile, what is the standard of comparison.

Anthony Frisch has also attempted a detached and satiric representation of Canadian life in some of the short poems that make up this collection. His satires are sometimes realistic sketches whose details add up to the impression he wishes to stress, an impression of a poor and sordid life, of the boredom of the thrill-seekers on skis, of the mechanical routine of office workers, of the effect of crushing mother-love. Other poems contain ironic or sarcastic comments whose point can scarcely be missed. Immaturity here is most obvious in the poet's consciousness of himself as the sensitive and embittered observer who sees the dust and the refuse of the world about him:

Two swingdoors fan a sweetish kitchen-vapour  
 Into the dimness of this smokefilled space;  
 I talk to you, you naked piece of paper  
 Amid the chatter of an empty race.

With considerable success, in his satiric and in his reflective poems, Mr. Frisch has endeavoured to develop a poetic language, a poetic technique that is original and personal. "After Yeats", the title of a series of thirteen poems, indicates the nature of one influence upon his style. This influence may be observed in the plainness and directness of his language and its occasional dramatic power. More personal is his use of the sudden image which is meant to lift the commonplace episode he has been describing into a realm of wider and more significant patterns. Sometimes these images are effective in their simplicity and directness:

Time is the game  
 Of wave and sand

But others are conceits, strained in their comparisons, attempting to startle rather than illuminate, and in the end unacceptable to the reader. Is not the gap too great in this passage?

I could have come to you. Instead I lit  
 The Northern Lights and paced the firmament.

Again, there is little more than cleverness in these lines concluding a poem on a char:

Perhaps she prays at times for some  
 Cliche to summarize her journey hence  
 While going on to rinse the days to come  
 Into the sinks of vimmed indifference.

And the violence of the final image in another poem is not justified because there is no corresponding intensity of emotion in the poem apart from the image:

The curtained windows bleed  
 The seeping blots of a bloodyyellow moon.

If Mr. Frisch can bring these images under control so that they develop and complete the patterns of his poems, then his style will have gained in maturity and strength.

JOHN MARGESON.

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THE LETTERS OF SARA HUTCHINSON FROM 1800 TO 1835. Edited by KATHLEEN COBURN. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1954. 474 pages. \$6.00.

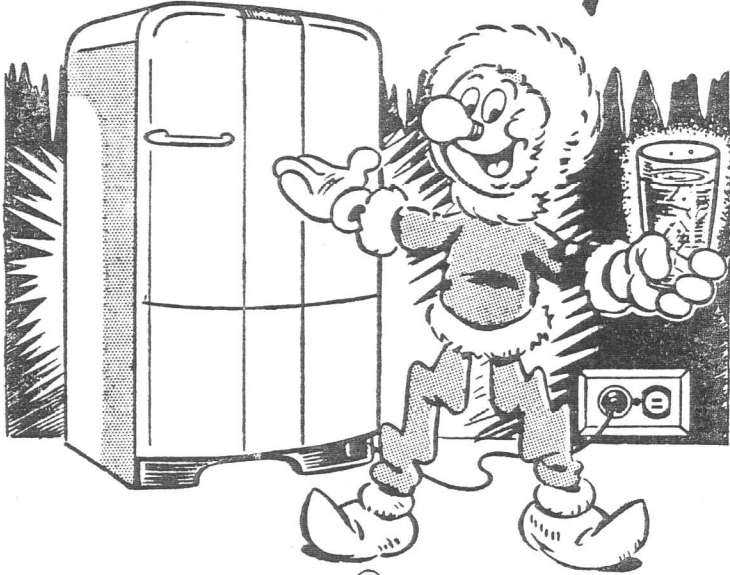
This book is the fruit of painstaking labor. Kathleen Coburn gathered these one hundred and sixty-nine letters from far and near, and did not count the cost in time and trouble. Miss Joanna Hutchinson's large collection was at her service, and the smaller one at Dove Cottage, as well as letters in the British Museum, the library of Victoria College in Toronto, and two belonging to private persons. To guide a reader more easily through the intricacies of family relationships and friendships, she appends three family trees and a list of the names of Persons, Houses, and Places. This in addition to a complete index and a dated list of the letters and their recipients. Her introduction, while presenting salient facts of Sara's life, illumines her character. The book is handsomely bound in crimson and gold, and printed on paper of quality.

The letters are, first of all, a transcription of the life and doings of Sara Hutchinson, that lively, shrewd, capable little person who, at different times, acted as amanuensis for Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. She lives in these pages; makes her headquarters with her sister, Wordsworth's wife, but visits from house to house, usually in the capacity of helper in one way or another. She is always cheery and practical. It is as much a matter-of-course for her to commission Edward Quillinan (later Wordsworth's son-in-law) to get her a dark blue riding habit and to knit socks for him, as it is to transcribe Wordsworth's poetry in her neat handwriting (with occasional critical comment), and Coleridge's *The Friend*, and Southey's *The Doctor*.

Sara enjoyed people, and her comments on them are habitually kind as well as keen, though she can be caustic on occasion. Mention of Mrs. Hemans never fails to provoke a tart remark. The picture of social life of the time emerges clearly in her letters, and it is somewhat surprising to note that the Napoleonic Wars seem to cause less excitement in the family circle than an election in which Wordsworth is interested. She lived with zest to the end. On the thirtieth and thirty-first of May, 1835, she wrote a long letter full of news to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson, just mentioning that she had had "a seizure". It was her last letter. On June the twenty-third, she died.

Kathleen Coburn has corrected much of the punctuation, but she lets quaint mistakes in spelling stand. These can be explained in part by the circumstances in which the letters were written, moments snatched out of a busy life. "Benefit," for instance, may appear as "benifit," "sterling" as either "stirling" or "sterling;" "*entre nous*" becomes "*entré nous*," and so forth. The meaning remains unmistakable. Once in a rare while, a dialectal word—like "grank" for "complain"—seems to spring straight from the soil, and occasional nicknames enliven the style. These often explain themselves. Dorothy Wordsworth is Antelope, Miss Kinnaird the Nightingale, Mrs. Hervey the Pearl, Mrs. Thomas Monkhouse, who made her

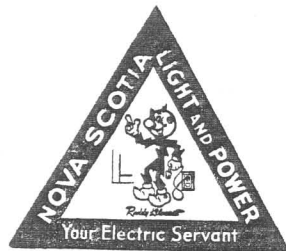
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husband's life rather miserable, the Ephesian Matron. Coleridge's daughter, Sara or Sariola, is called Celestial Blue because of her azure eyes.

The chief interest of the book is literary. Several great figures in the realm of literature walk through the pages, and others appear for a tantalizing moment at the door. Seen through Sara Hutchinson's eyes, Southey is the most lovable of the great men, and her affection for him and his children is warm. Once, for instance, she writes, "Southey is very cheerful—& busy,—& the kindest creature in the world—and Cuthbert (his son) is a sweet boy. . ." Again, when he bears up bravely under a most oppressive sorrow, she writes, "It may be truly said that Southey has 'kissed the rod'—If any man ever deserved the Title of *Christian* Philosopher it is he—so azure feeling with so much power to overcome I never before saw exemplified."

Sara does not see Wordsworth through an aura of fame. Rather she looks on him as her brother-in-law, the man of the house where she spends most of her days, and family loyalty does not dim her sight. She tells of his doings and quotes his sayings. Her relations with Coleridge are not at all so matter-of-fact. When he and Wordsworth were close friends, he seems to have become much attached to her and written several poems in her praise; but they drifted apart. She always prized the copy of Chapman's *Homer* he gave her, and when he was ill and dying, she visited him several times at Highgate. In his will he left her a mourning ring. Byron, she judges severely. Sympathy in England was strongly with his wife, and Lady Byron, as Stephen Gwynn says, "had no talent for forgiveness."

Of all the celebrities whom Sara met, only the Arnolds are fully described in their natural setting. She spent five days with them at Rugby, and gives an enthusiastic and detailed account of them and their famous school in a letter to her sister-in-law. "I do so long for you," she begins, "that I cannot help writing—such Children—such a nice place—tho' an ugly country—& then the master and Mrs of all would delight you. He is most like Southey in his manners & habits at home of any one I ever saw—always occupied & yet always at leisure—the house quiet as a private one—of course we see nothing of the Boys (except in the meadow before the house) & tho' their own bairns when not at lessons wander about the house at 'their own sweet will' it is so large & being carpeted all is still, & every thing goes like clock work."

The book makes a contribution to nineteenth century letters. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, and DeQuincey move in and out its pages; Scott, Byron, and Keats appear for a moment. Sara's common sense and kind heart inspire her judgments about them; her accurate record of events includes at least a few new facts. She writes from a fresh and refreshing point of view.

SISTER MAURA.

THE PAINTER'S WORKSHOP. By W. G. CONSTABLE. Oxford University Press. \$4.50.

There is a danger, on the one hand, that trained or professional artists will think this book beneath their notice; and, on the other hand, that non-professionals will pass it by for fear it may be too technical. In fact both groups can read it with pleasure and profit.

The book begins with a brief account of the organization and equipment of the painter's workshop from mediaeval times till the present. It then proceeds to describe in detail the various processes by which paintings are made, pastel, watercolour, fresco, tempera, and oil. It ends with a chapter on the "restorer" or "conservator" of pictures. The writing is everywhere clear, readable, and explicit, and the twenty-five plates of illustrations are carefully chosen to illustrate the text.

The book serves to remind us that painting is a craft as well as an art, that it deals with materials, methods and techniques as well as principles of design, drawing, colour harmony or expressiveness. Before a picture can be painted, as Mr. Constable points out, a great deal of preparation must go on. Brushes must be made, colours must be ground and mixed with the painting medium, canvas must be stretched, paper must be sized or gesso laid. The mediaeval or renaissance artist did many or most of those things himself or had them done by others under his own eye in his own workshop. He was craftsman as well as artist. The present day artist buys what he needs ready made at the nearest artist's supply store. One of the characteristics of contemporary practice in painting (as in other arts) is the divorce (or partial divorce) between "art" and "craft", or perhaps we should say between design and workmanship.

This state of affairs has produced some interesting results. It has helped to make some artists careless of the materials they use. It has induced others to employ techniques unsuitable to the medium in which they work. And it has tended to produce a public attitude towards the painter rather different from that towards the potter, the weaver or the worker in silver or gold. Most people when they see a fine piece of pottery or cloth or jewellery are ready to exclaim with wonder and to ask "how was it done?" With a painting they are much less likely to begin with a query about technique. A painting, in short, is art, but a pot or a rug or a brooch is craft, or so the public is inclined to think. Actually there is, or should be, both art and craft in both.

Which leads us to the two parallel questions; first, can there be craftsmanship without art; and second, can there be art without craftsmanship? The answer to both questions is, in general, a clear "Yes." There are pieces of pottery or jewellery technically flawless, but artistically worthless. There are webs of cloth of first class workmanship, but without distinction in design or colour. There are technically accomplished paintings of little artistic merit. On the other hand there have been paintings of great merit which in a comparatively short time became spoilt through technical deficiencies. Leonardo deVinci's "Last Supper" and some of Sir Joshua Reynold's portraits are examples. It must be admitted, however, that good



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craftsmanship, if it produces forms suited to function, will by that very means produce beauty of form of a simple kind. It is also true that the artist, in whatever medium, must use the best materials and employ technically sound methods, if he wishes his work to be lasting.

It is not necessary, as William Morris thought, that the artist be also a craftsman in the sense of preparing with his own hands his materials from the raw sources. On the contrary, eminently beautiful results have been obtained, as in some commercially produced china and glass, by the union of a first-class designer and a factory with the best technical knowledge of methods of manufacture. The artist need not grind his own pigments nor fashion his own brushes. Others can do it better than he can. What is necessary, however, is that he appreciate the value of good quality materials and that he realize both the limitations and the possibilities of his chosen medium. In this Mr. Constable's book will help him. He will also enable the layman to look at pictures with added interest arising out of some knowledge of materials and processes.

A. S. MOWAT.

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THE TORONTO ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE 1886-1904. By WILLIAM COLGATE. Ryerson. \$2.25.

This little book of thirty pages, very tastefully printed and produced, tells the brief story of a very important episode in the history of Canadian art. The Toronto Art Students' League took its name from its more famous counterpart in New York. It consisted of a small group of artists, both men and women, who were mostly employed during the day in lithographic or engraving houses, but whose enthusiasm banded them together sometimes one, two or more evenings in the week during the winter months to draw from the life. Most of their work was in monochrome, partly because of the unsuitability of gaslight for working in colour, but more, one would guess from choice. They were devoted to good drawing, an admirable devotion in any artist, and the twenty or more illustrations in the book show how well they succeeded. To this reviewer, David F. Thompson's drawings and C. W. Jefferys' drawing on the cover seem particularly admirable. The League's greatest achievement was the series of illustrated calendars it produced from 1892 to 1904. These have now become much-sought-after collector's items.

There are occasional misprints and some infelicities of expression in the book. For example on p. 24 it is stated that the Calendar for 1902 "is *oblong* in shape replacing the usual rectangular format." (*italics mine*). The arrangement of material is also a little confusing and the story turns back upon itself more than should be necessary in a short memoir. But we should be most grateful to Mr. Colgate for giving us this sketch of the first society "to further the development of the graphic arts in Canada."

A. S. MOWAT.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, A PORTRAIT 1853-1953. Edited by CLAUDE T. BISSELL. University of Toronto Press. \$2.50.

This book about University College, Toronto, is the third university centenary volume to appear in Canada during the last year. Of the three it is, in this reviewer's opinion, the most readable and the most interesting to the outsider. There are a number of reasons for this. For one thing the University College building is (externally at least) probably the ugliest university building in North America, and the editor has very properly included a most interesting chapter on its genesis and history in relation to the artistic climate of the time of its construction. For another, the volume includes eight seraper-board drawings by Selwyn Dewdney (who, I presume, is identical with the author of that excellent Canadian novel "Wind and No Rain"), which drawings by judicious selection and treatment of subject continue to make certain aspects of the building both picturesque and impressive. But mainly, this book has merit for the outsider because on the one hand it is not overburdened with detail about individual teachers or students or campus politics, and on the other hand it is sufficiently broad and thorough in treatment to give a clear and rounded statement of the tradition for which the college stands. Of that more later. Meanwhile it should be stated that the book consists of eight essays on various aspects of the history or traditions of University College and that those essays, though not all on the same high level, are for the most part very well written, as might be expected from a corps of writers headed by Malcolm Wallace and B. K. Sandwell.

To return to the University College traditions, it is clear that the University of Edinburgh (of which your reviewer is a graduate) played a very important and perhaps decisive part in their formation through Sir Daniel Wilson and other Edinburgh graduates who were members of the staff of U.C. in its early days. It also appears to this reviewer that U.C. traditions are very close to Dalhousie's and it is perhaps not irrelevant to remark that one of Dalhousie's most influential teachers, Archibald MacMechan, was a U.C. man. It may be allowable here to list the main characteristics of that tradition:—(1) It is thoroughly democratic, not in the mistaken sense of regarding all students as alike, but in the sense of regarding as irrelevant for the University's purpose all differences of colour, race, sex or creed. (2) It elevates scholarship to a position of supreme importance, while at the same time it insists that the scholar shall have wider cultural interests outside his specialty, and boldly affirms that a thorough intellectual training is the best preparation for public life. (3) It is realistic, and believes that the university must seek to understand and influence the outside world and conform to the conditions of the outside world where necessary. (4) Most important of all, it puts philosophy *above* theology and regards theology as a *part of* philosophy. This does not mean that U.C. is not interested in religious matters. As this book shows, the opposite is the case. But it *does* mean that religious problems are always looked at in a wider setting of human thought and experience, that dogma is not accepted without question, and that denominational education at university level is regarded as inferior because it necessarily restricts speculation.

This is a book which every graduate of Dalhousie (and, for that matter, of Edinburgh) will read with interest, pleasure and profit.

A. S. MOWAT.

THE MIND AND ART OF JONATHAN SWIFT. By RICARDO QUINTANA. London: Methuen, 1953. Pp. 400. \$4.25.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE AND AN EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT AND THE EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES. Ed. by JOHN BUTT. London: Methuen, 1953. Pp. 408. \$7.25.

THE DUNCIAD. Ed. by JAMES SUTHERLAND. London: Methuen, 1953. \$7.00.

This 1953 reprint of Quintana's excellent book on Swift is essentially the same as the 1936 edition; the bibliography has been expanded and some additional notes added, but the text is unchanged and is still the best, the sanest, and the most satisfying critical discussion of the complex and enigmatic Jonathan Swift.

The Second Edition of *The Twickenham Edition of the Poems of Alexander Pope* is also relatively unchanged from the earlier edition. In these two volumes the editors have provided a lengthy introductory discussion of each poem and have presented full, clear and accurate notes on the text of the poems. The Twickenham Edition is almost indispensable for anyone wishing to understand the many topical allusions in "The Dunciad" and the other satires.

A. R. B.

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MEN AND SUPERMEN: THE SHAVIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY. By ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT. Harvard University Press, 1954. Pp. 321. \$6.50.

Professor Nethercot, in his "Shavian Portrait Gallery", has analyzed and categorized nearly all of Shaw's fictional characters, drawing from the five novels as well as from the more than fifty plays. He traces the chronological development of character types to show the evolution of Shaw's ideas on politics, religion, war, science, the medical and legal professions, etc. Unfortunately, some of the most complex Shavian figures are simplified—sometimes even distorted—to fit into one or more of the categories provided for them by Professor Nethercot. Many minor characters are given relatively more space than they deserve, perhaps because they illustrate so exactly one of the many categories: the Philistine ("a prosaic person whose artistic consciousness is unawakened and who has no ideals"); the Idealists ("who construct 'fancy pictures' and expect everyone to act as if these illusions were real"); the Realist ("who demands that a man be 'himself' and not merely 'a good man' according to the 'ideals' of others"); the Womanly Woman, the Pursuing Woman, the Mother Woman, the New Woman and the Manly Woman; the New Man, the Philander, the Artist Man; representatives of various nationalities, professions and political parties; and, finally, the Superman.

This book, although limited in its appeal to Shavians and would-be Shavians, provides a useful and scholarly study of Shaw's methods of characterization, and of his use of characters to present his own

ideas and prejudices. Also, as the publishers point out, "It is a must for producers (both professional and amateur) of Shaw's plays, for it presents Shaw's own intention about his characters and shows how directors and actors have misinterpreted many important roles."

A. R. B.

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CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. A One Volume Outline. By JOHN MACKINTOSH SHAW. Ryerson Press. 1953. Pp. 379. \$6.00.

A new book by Professor Shaw is an event of importance not only for students of theology, but also for all who are concerned with a modern and carefully considered presentation of the great central themes of the Christian faith. Dr. Shaw has brought his fine qualities of mind and heart to the writing of this book. It is the product of many years of study and teaching. First at Pine Hill College, Halifax, and latterly at Queen's College, Kingston, Dr. Shaw has taught Systematic Theology, and generations of students owe him a great debt for his clarity of thought, his extensive grasp of his subject, and for his systematic presentation of it in the class room.

This is a comprehensive outline, under five divisions, of Christian doctrine, and would make an excellent text book for students as well as providing a wealth of material for the preacher. The divisions are; the Christian Doctrine of God, of Man and Sin, of Redemption, of Life in the Spirit, and of Life after Death. There is an excellent index, with references to such men as Anselm, Augustine, Barth, Brunner, John Baillie, MacLeod Campbell, Cairns, Davidson, Dodd, Denney, Harnack, Cullmann, Schliermacher, Niebuhr, Otto, Tillich, and to his first teacher in Systematics, Dr. H. R. Mackintosh of New College, Edinburgh, to whom Dr. Shaw pays especial tribute. In every chapter Dr. Shaw indicates his thorough acquaintance with the writings of theologians past and present, while he also makes frequent and apt use of quotations from the poetry of Blake, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning. Such happy associations of deep spiritual insights from the poets and the theologians make this a most readable and rewarding book.

While this book is intended primarily for the use of ministers and theological students, it is the author's hope that "it may also be found intelligible and helpful to the general thoughtful reader; and thus both promote an intelligent loyalty to the Christian faith, and set forth plainly to those outside the Church what the Christian faith and the Christian Church stand for."

D. M. SINCLAIR.

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THE UNDEFENDED BORDER; THE MYTH AND THE REALITY. By C. P. STACEY.

LOUIS RIEL; PATRIOT OR REBEL. By G. F. G. STANLEY. Published by the Canadian Historical Association; Historical Booklet Nos. 1 and 2.

The booklet by C. P. Stacey sums up recent interpretations of Canadian-American relations in the 19th century. Postwar histori-

cal writing in Canada has tended to emphasize the conflicts between Canada and the United States, just as the historical writing of the late 'thirties tended to emphasize the peacefulness of "the unguarded frontier." Perhaps Edgar McInnis' book with that title, which appeared in 1942, was the apotheosis of the period; at any rate, since that time Canadian historians, C. P. Stacey in particular, have pointed up the crisis and conflicts of the last century. This booklet is an effective resume.

The second booklet, by George F. G. Stanley, is a brilliant summary of the life and times of the most controversial figure in Canadian history. An objective analysis of Riel's lurid career is essential to our understanding of at least 25 years of Canadian history. (Indeed Riel's ghost haunts us still.) For this reason, if for no other, the booklet is highly desirable. George Stanley is the author of the definitive book on Riel, *The Birth of Western Canada* (1936); unfortunately the plates were destroyed during the London blitz, and the book is now something of a rarity. This new summary, short though it is, is therefore doubly useful.

Both booklets are part of a new series on Canadian history issued by the Canadian Historical Association. Each copy is but 25c and will therefore be within easy reach of students. The quality of these first two booklets make the series as a whole a refreshing prospect indeed.

PETER WAITE.

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BOTTLE IN THE SEA. By ALBERT GUERARD. Harvard University Press (S. J. Reginald Saunders, Toronto) 1954. Pp. 159. \$4.55.

It is always good to listen to a civilized man talking, not least when he is talking of civilization. Mr. Guerard, who has revealed himself in *Personal Equation* and *Education of a Humanist*, gives us in *Bottle in the Sea* his views about the values that make life worth living. A Frenchman by birth and an American by choice, he draws on the best traditions of the Old and New Worlds for his exposition, and speaks with charm, erudition, and a direct sincerity. Declaring himself a humanist in the widest sense ('a rationalist—within reason') he discourses on three basic aspects of culture and individual integrity: thought, art, and faith. Thinking he finds to be an inescapable duty for the humanist—but it must be directed to man's greater good, and not to limit or corrupt that good. Art points to the existence of true values lying beyond the material world. Finally, he bids us believe, always in the context of healthy doubt. 'Have no faith but in faith: which is the hope that charity is not in vain'.

Mr. Guerard owns his affection and respect for the 18th century *Philosophes*. He undertakes the defence of these much maligned persons, and carries it through very convincingly. Yet, on a deeper level, he is an Existentialist (he dislikes the label). His starting-point of Descartes as the teacher of *will* makes this plain; and it is confirmed by his understanding of Pascal and by his rejection of metaphysics. Here we begin to regret that Mr. Guerard has chosen to talk at large rather than to argue closely. We want to interrupt him and ask him

to press further the implications of his epigrams and neat phrases. But as we are about to say, 'Surely then you must think—?' he is off on another subject altogether. We ought not to expect a systematic treatise, perhaps, in a *Bottle in the Sea*. But the author's brand of humanism, so attractive and so delightfully presented, is a little too elusive and personal to convince a dissenter from his religion of Humanity. Had it been a little less easy to listen to, a little more pedantic even, this extremely able talk might have touched out intellects and our consciences more effectively.

K. M. HAMILTON.

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ALETHETROPIC LOGIC. A POSTHUMOUS WORK. BY SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT. Presented by GILES J. ROMANES. William Heinemann Medical Books Ltd., London. British Book Service (Canada) Ltd., Toronto. 1953. Pp. 346. \$5.00.

By introducing anti-typhoid inoculation to the British Armed Forces in 1898, Sir Almroth Wright 'probably saved more lives than were lost in combat in two World Wars'. So his grandson claims in the *Preface* to this volume, which he has had arranged from a working manuscript left at the death of the great bacteriologist in 1947. His battle to have his medical discoveries recognized convinced Sir Almroth Wright of the practical importance of understanding how our opinions are formed and when they can be trusted. His researches in Physiology (which had points of contact with the James-Lange theory of emotions and with Pavlov's work on conditioned reflexes) had already led him to concern himself with the phenomenon of belief. He came to the conclusion that, since all we know—or think we know—comes by belief, by reasoning, and by the work of memory, the different ways of obtaining objective certainty or subjective certitude should be brought within the boundaries of a single study. So over the years he elaborated a 'logic' which would be a guide to a right understanding of the world about us and within us. A preview of this *Alethetropic Logic* was published in 1940, when the author was nearly eighty, under the title of *The Prolegomena to the Logic which searches for the Truth*.

When an expert in one branch of learning enters another field, the result is usually refreshing, if not always satisfactory. Very often, however, the contribution made by the 'outsider' is not so entirely revolutionary as its originator imagines. Wright believed he was heralding 'A revolution in thought and a perfectly new outlook upon life.' Yet the questions he discusses have been the object of philosophical analysis from the earliest times. True, he seems to have had a poor opinion of philosophers for, unlike medical men, lawyers and architects, they are not included among the classes of persons accustomed to *think*; and he does not appear to hope for any help from them in his lone attempt to make people listen to reason. He writes, 'I do not expect that there will be any wide acceptance of the subversive logical ideas which are suggested in this Treatise for at least a complete half-century'; while his grandson comments in the same vein, 'It is felt that the questions raised in the argument of the

book though not fashionable at present are as yet unanswered by Philosophy'. If Philosophy could reply it would probably be to say, a little plaintively, that subversive ideas of this kind have been widespread during the past half-century. The main contentions of *Alethetic Logic* are, in fact, very much in line with the outlook of positivism, which is quite the most popular of present-day philosophies.

In spite of the care with which the author introduces his terms (appending a glossary of his constructions from the Greek), his conclusions often are strangely arbitrary. Metaphysical beliefs are said to be not *meaningless* but only *quite profitless*. If metaphysics has meaning, a logic which searches for the truth cannot possibly ignore it without turning into another sort of logic altogether, i.e. one concerned with utility regardless of truth. Alethetic logic is also supposed to cover ethics, but ethical discussion is limited to the denial of the claim of conscience and no positive principle is given by which right and wrong can be discovered. Yet ethics is obviously not dismissed as meaningless, and the criterion of intellectual morality is constantly invoked. The problem of belief is supposed to be solved by the discovery that belief is merely a physiological reaction: and at the same time we hear about being convinced of the truth of one's beliefs. Wright's description of the process of learning contains many useful observations, particularly on the abuse of suggestion, but his basic assumption that sense-perception functions quite apart from conceptual reasoning raises many difficulties which he does not stop to consider.

Wright believed that the most valuable part of his work lay in the numerous *Excursuses* and *Appendices* scattered through it to give some practical applications of his theories. These are indeed the real heart of the book, and they make fascinating reading; for here are laid bare the presuppositions that fashioned his thinking. It is not surprising that he should separate sense-perception and thought when he believed that society was divided into two classes: uneducated persons and women who did their thinking in pictures and professional men who could reason. And we cease to wonder why he should deny any authority to conscience, simply because it is not infallible, when we find that he identifies the claim of conscience with a certain type of person he dislikes who 'has the *conscientious objector* type of mind.' On the face of it, 'those who are so confident that they are right, and that the rest of the world is wrong, that they are quite ready to place themselves in open opposition to the Law' might seem to include a large number of people who have contributed to moral, social, religious, cultural, and political progress. But Wright saw only the unenlightened army of Christian Scientists, Anti-Vaccinationists, Anti-Vivisectionists, Pacifists, Feminists, and those 'obstinately incredulous' enough to defend such impossible people, and he has two *Appendices* attacking them in fine style.

Wright's prejudices were so robust and uncompromising that they blow like a gale into the present-day atmosphere of doubt and diffidence with their hearty Victorian self-confidence. We wish we were as sure of anything as he was of everything. The saying of Pericles that woman's chief merit is not to be spoken of by men either for praise or blame pleased him so much that he refers to it three times,



but he returns every few pages to refute the Feminist who is ignorant enough to imagine that woman can be as reasonable, capable of thought, and amenable to argument as man. His other King Charles' Head was Religion (or in his terminology, 'Megistological Belief'). Obviously saturated in the language of the Bible, though a very uncertain and not always well-informed biblical critic, he turns from considering the 'very pestilent' characteristics of 'foolish' women only to prove that Christianity is neither true, beautiful, nor good. In both cases, affection and appreciation lie hidden behind the verbal poundings. Although *Alethetropic Logic* has many shortcomings as a guide to truth, it is a very remarkable revelation of its author. As an autobiography it is wholly fascinating.

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THE GENTLEMAN OF RENAISSANCE FRANCE. By W. L. WILEY. Harvard University Press, Cambridge. (In Canada, S. J. Reginald Saunders, Toronto). 303 pp. \$6.50.

Still another book to swell the already vast library of works on the Renaissance makes its appearance. Yet the Renaissance is so fertile a field for the research scholar that Professor Wiley's book is a fascinating and valuable contribution. The book concerns itself, as the title indicates, with a type whose existence lasted barely more than half a century, the gentleman who acquired a refinement lacking in the feudal barons but who had not yet developed the foppishness of the precious courtiers who were to succeed him.

Although politics, inevitably, has a place, this book is really a social history, paying more attention to the kind of person the Renaissance gentleman was, how he lived, what games he played, and what he believed, than to how he was governed. And a vivid picture it presents of a period in history when niceties which today are taken for granted were first being introduced. Plates, forks, and napkins, for instance, appeared when gentlemen dined. Conversation was considered vulgar if it included careless boasting or indecency, especially in the presence of ladies. Eating, however, retained a good deal of the gustiness of the Middle Ages, although the chancellor Michel de l'Hopital issued an edict with royal sanction restricting an individual dinner to one capon, one rabbit, and one partridge—a mere snack by the standards of the time.

The gentleman of the Renaissance had a considerable variety of games and diversions, some played with considerable decorum, as early variants of handball or tennis, others which developed a more rough and ready spirit, as mass attacks on a chateau which, on occasion, brought death or severe injury to contestants. Disciples of Potter will discover with interest that "Gamesmanship" was not unknown in the Renaissance. In a treatise on *jeu de paume*, Sainet Didier notes that if rackets are to be tossed to see whether you or your opponent is to be "inside", it is better to let your opponent toss his as the strings may be loosened in falling. A sixteenth century ploy!

The book is filled with detail, some of it trivia perhaps but all of it fascinating and illustrative. We learn of the Renaissance gentleman's code of honor, his attitude towards women, his obligation to take up arms, and his superstitions. All of this combines to make an interesting and informative book. Here is adventure, color, romance, and even some scandal.

For the most part the book is extremely readable, but here and there the author's use of indirect discourse for quotations and his habit of switching unexpectedly from historical present to past and vice versa prove somewhat disconcerting. One example will illustrate: "She finally dies from the torments of her dual role, and the young man covered her body with kisses—he is now just eighteen."

The good things in the book, however, outweigh such minor deficiencies. It is a bright, entertaining, and informative picture of a colorful period.

W. G. A.