

## NEW BOOKS

THE MODERN SCOT. Vol. II, No. 2. Summer Number, 1931.  
Published by J. H. Whyte, St. Andrews, Scotland.

Still another kettle of fish is spluttering to the boiling-point on the Imperial hob. Ireland has been bisected into peace; Australia has asserted her freedom to the point of refusing to pay her debts; India awaits the issues of October. And now, of all places, Scotland cocks up her beaver. Not satisfied with ruling the Empire, it appears that she wants to rule herself.

Scottish nationalism has long been a smouldering fire; but, up to date, nobody has been disposed to fan the flame into the roaring blaze that creates a real cause. There has been talk about a parliament in Edinburgh and, quite recently, there was a successful defiance of Whitehall in the matter of some buildings on the ancient Calton Hill. But the blasts of national self-assertion that were let loose from the cave of the winds at Versailles have blown through the embers of the old fire, and now we have something different to deal with.

Every self-respecting movement publishes a journal, and *The Modern Scot*, which describes itself as The Organ of the Scottish Renaissance, comes to inform the world concerning the views and personalities of the *accoucheurs* of this new birth. Up to this point the movement has been directed by a small but vigorous group who have not been wanting in "a guid conceit o' themselves." This summer number of *The Modern Scot* introduces us to a typical sample—C. M. Grieve who is at once law and prophet, the Carswells, and Hugh Macdiarmid the poet, although we miss contributions from Compton Mackenzie the distinguished novelist, and William Power, who is easily the ablest *litterateur* in Scotland to-day.

The movement may be national, but in its range of interest it is certainly not provincial. An editorial informs us that we must have a Scottish Drama and a Scottish Theatre, which must be relieved from the unfortunate necessity of "having to stage Barrie." There is a defence of the famous Major Douglas proposals for social credit, which consists mainly in an attack upon a Mr. John Macleod who has dared to criticise them. The longest article is from the pen of Mr. C. M. Grieve, and bears the extraordinary title "The Caledonian Antisyzygy and the Gaelic Idea", in the course of which we learn that "Caledonian Antisyzygy" is "freedom in passing from one mood to another." It appears that this capacity of the genuine Scottish mind, although found in only a small minority of Scottish writers, is the distinctive contribution which Caledonia has to make to the world, for "only in Gaeldom can there be the necessary counter-idea to the Russian Idea—one that does not run wholly counter to it, but supplements, corrects, challenges and qualifies it." Beneath all the pretentious wordiness, with its snarling jibes at men like the present

Under-Secretary for Scotland, who has done more to help the Scottish folk than the whole "Renaissance" school and with more ability, Mr. Grieve always has something valuable to say. He is surely essentially right in affirming that the major contributions made by Scottish writers show a catholic temper, and often take the form of a criticism of accepted, not to say smug, views of pompous dogmatists. Men like Burns, Carlyle and David Hume, in whose praise the essay concludes!

From these sublime heights we descend, quite literally, to the things of the flesh in an article on "The Scottish Larder Considered"—a most entertaining piece of writing. "Let us consider" says the writer, "the largely untapped potentialities of national larder. To begin with, there are the qualities of things in which 'Scotch' is by general consent the finest obtainable: grouse (far more delicate than Welsh or Yorkshire), Aberdeenshire Angus beef, Spey or Tay salmon, Loch Fyne herrings. It is unthinkable that when Scots are once again masters of their own destiny, grouse-shooting or salmon-fishing will be allowed to remain the economically wasteful feudal sport of alien plutocrats: for the commercial possibilities of both can undoubtedly be very sensibly increased. It is significant that Scottish smoked salmon, unknown in England up to the last decade or so, now commands double the price of Rhine or Scandinavian. Our exquisite salmon-trout ought to prove as great a delicacy as tinned tunny or sturgeon. If it could be canned on a large enough scale, Scots salmon would be able to wipe the disgusting American water-stewed brands out of the home market." There is much more to the same effect, excellent and entertaining, with not a breath of "antisyzygy" in it, rising to a crescendo in the inevitable plans to drench the world in real Highland liquors, for "A sovereign Scotland should blush to own as 'Scotch' the crude English tippie which the world fondly imagines is whisky."

The arrival of Scottish nationhood is to be a bloodless process, according to Mr. A. T. Cunningham, who writes on "Scottish Nationalism and Imperialism." By breaking up, the Empire will save Scotland the trouble of secession; but in that tragic denouement there is to be an apotheosis—Scotland. "Scotland has too long been the milch cow of the Empire," said Lord Rosebery. How true! But if it bestirs itself, it may lead the post-imperial phase of British thought. "The red blobs on our atlases will disappear," but in soul they will be tartan. The sun will never set on the Empire, for it will never rise, but out of the ashes of ruin will come forth Scotland; "a remnant shall return."

The main difficulties in an attempt to appraise the movement represented by the Scottish Renaissance are not with the idea, but with its exponents. Any development of self-consciousness in a great nation that does not need to apologize for its existence will awaken interest not least among those of us who are her scattered sons and daughters and who are not ashamed of our blood; although we gather that Mr. C. M. Grieve does not entirely approve of us. Nothing good was ever achieved without heat and smoke, but the fumes need not be poisonous. If a serious book is to be dismissed by a reviewer as "a sorry lapse on the part of a major writer," and an excellent novel as "a literary monster", it should be on the basis of some higher insight than that which hails as a true product of the Scottish genius a novel which

describes how a woman "intelligent, well-educated in bookish matters, although naive in other more important respects, and sensuous . . . . . in her ignorant Scottish way has fallen in love with and married the good-for-nothing Hector Shand, because of the physical satisfaction he gives her," this Hector being "a type common in puritanical Scotland—a man who fornicates promiscuously as circumstances allow." To refer to John Ruskin as "of baneful memory" is an impertinence, and a description of what is admitted to be the most masterly exposition of the Barthian Theology that has yet appeared in the English language as "a little silly hypnotism derived from a scrappy acquaintance with Otto and Barth" reflects not only on the mind of the writer but on his temper. For those who are ambitious to share in a Renaissance it is essential that they should be more fully acquainted with the thing to be re-born, and that they should be less contemptuous towards even what little they know.

JAMES S. THOMSON.

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LOUISBURG, AMERICA'S FIRST FIELD. By Thomas J. Partridge.  
The Powell Publishing Company. Cambridge, Massachusetts. 1931.

Fashion, which reigns in the realm of literature as elsewhere, has for many years displaced the long narrative poem, with its romantic colouring and its historical background, from the proud position that it once occupied. But times change, and it may be that the form of poetic expression used by Byron, Scott and Campbell will yet be revived. The present work is a not uninteresting experiment in this direction. Dr. Partridge may have been fortunate enough to have known and enjoyed in youth the vigorous and manly verse of Walter Scott—too little appreciated by the "high brows" of the present day—and in "Louisburg" we catch echoes of "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." His subject, the siege and capture of the great French fortress by the New England citizen soldiers, is worthy of a poet's pen, and Dr. Partridge, who though now a resident of Massachusetts is by birth and upbringing a Nova Scotian, is well acquainted with the scene of that remarkable achievement. The best sections of the poem in the present critic's opinion are the last two, which deal with the actual expedition and siege. These are forceful and animated; the description of Pepperell, the commander of the New Englanders, is particularly happy. The rather fanciful story of the French girl who rescues from drowning the descendant of Henry the Fourth and crowns him King of France in the Acadian forest is not closely co-ordinated with the main theme, and does not add to the strength of the poem. "Louisburg" may be read with interest by New Englanders and Nova Scotians alike.

E. R.

DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF HUDSON BAY.  
Edited with Introduction and Notes. By J. B. Tyrrell,  
M.A., LL.D., Toronto, The Champlain Society, 1931.  
pp. xv, 419.

This volume is No. 18 in the publications of the Champlain Society, and the third to be edited for that society by Mr. Tyrrell. It comprises a preface, an introduction and notes by Mr. Tyrrell; four narratives by Father Silvy, Father Marest, La Potherie and John Oldmixon respectively; five maps and seventeen illustrations.

In his preface Mr. Tyrrell gives his various sources, together with brief biographical sketches of the four authors whose narratives he edited. His introduction is a concise and lucid account of the struggle between the French and the English for control of Hudson's Bay with particular reference to York Factory, from the discovery of the Bay to the Treaty of Utrecht, which is the period covered by the four narratives that are here reprinted.

The first narrative is by Father Antoine Silvy, a Jesuit missionary to New France, who accompanied La Martinière as chaplain on an expedition against York Factory in 1684-5. He kept a journal of the adventure, in which he makes interesting comments on the Indians, icebergs and fog, as well as his English opponents, whom he regards as cruel and without courage as compared with the French who are so "humane, kind, benevolent, faithful, religious and truly Christian."

Father Gabriel Marest was also a Jesuit who came to Quebec in 1694, and immediately went as chaplain to Iberville's expedition against the English trading posts on Hudson's Bay. He remained at York Factory till 1696, when the fort was recaptured by the English and he was taken prisoner to England. On his release he returned to New France.

His narrative of the taking of York Factory by Iberville is complementary to Henry Kelacy's account, and is supplemented by considerable detail of the climate and resources of the Nelson-Hayes region as well as the Indians who traded there. He was doubtful whether he preferred the cold of winter or the Dantean Inferno of summer with its sudden changes and its clouds of mosquitoes and black flies; but he noted that the rivers were full of fish, and that game was abundant, particularly the cariboo which passed in herds almost every day. During his sojourn he baptized two adult Indians who died immediately afterwards, and three children "two of whom have gone to Heaven". "And, if I had been able to go among the people, I would have converted more." One wonders whether the apparent efficacy of baptism in hastening the departure for Heaven may not in itself have slowed down conversions.

La Potherie was an author and soldier with a very long name. He was commissary of a fleet sent from La Rochelle against Fort Nelson in 1697. Nine of his letters dealing with this expedition and the places visited are here reprinted from a *History of North America* published at least four times between 1716 and 1753. These letters, apart from much material that has no bearing upon the fortunes of Hudson's Bay, are valuable as the account of an eye-witness and participant in

the gallant fight of one French ship against three English ships. Of the French victory La Potherie speaks as follows: "It was within sight of these two rivers (Nelson and Hayes) that we maintained, in the *Pelican*, the glory of the King's arms, in the first fight that ever took place in those icy seas, against the *Hampshire*, the *Hudson's Bay*, and the *Dering*, having sunk the first, captured the second, and put the third to flight after an engagement of four hours."

The last narrative is a chapter from John Oldmixon's *The British Empire in America*, published in 1708. Oldmixon was a versatile scribbler who ventured in poetry as well as history. He wrote for his day, and tried hard to get a full account of the English and French rivalry in the fur-trade on Hudson's Bay. He assembles considerable material both historical and descriptive, is as biased against the French as Father Silvy was against the English, found it difficult to get information from the Hudson's Bay Company, and formed on the whole an unfavorable opinion of the Hudson's Bay territory as a place for settlement; "For as rich as the trade to these parts have been or may be, the way of living is such that we cannot reckon any man happy whose lot is cast upon this Bay."

The collection as a whole was well worth making and editing. All the narratives contain potential statistics as to climate and other conditions in the Hudson's Bay region; and at a time when the Hudson's Bay is about to lose its isolation, and become the theatre of a great experiment in railway and steamship communication between the old North West and Europe, the re-reading of these contemporary descriptions of old unhappy days is particularly interesting.

D. C. HARVEY.

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THE ARCHITECT OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, 27 B. C.—A. D. 14. By T. Rice Holmes. Clarendon Press. 1931. pp. xi, 181.

This volume is a continuation of the one published in 1928, which bore the same title, but dealt with the period 44-27 B. C. The author says that it is his final historical work. He has done work enough, as a very moderate acquaintance with his edition of the *De Bello Gallico* would soon indicate; but one is reminded of what George III told Dr. Johnson when Johnson said he thought he had written enough: "I should have thought so too, if you had not written so well." Mr. Holmes has written well. This work is not biography, in the strict sense, though Augustus is not perhaps more difficult to treat biographically than, for instance, Napoleon. In no case could Mr. Holmes qualify as one of the modern mustard and vinegar biographers, and that for two reasons: he regards truth as real and important, and he does not find it necessary to say smart things. He is content to know his subject and set it before his readers with a minimum of words, observing the canonical stylistic proprieties of clearness and appropriateness.

The book contains three chapters, preceded by a preface, and followed by thirty-seven pages of appendices. There is a complete

table of contents at the beginning, and the arrangement is roughly chronological. The book is well documented, and students of the period will find it difficult to discover any relevant work, ancient or modern, that Mr. Holmes has not examined. They will be interested in all Augustus's measures; still more interested, probably, in his relations with the well-known people of the time; in his dealings with the Senate, and Maecenas, and Agrippa, and his treatment of Julia and Ovid and Tiberius; and in any reference to Vergil or Horace. Tiberius, in particular, requires attention during this period. He got rather shabby treatment, and appears as a man of character and ability. Mr. Holmes says: "His biographer, who sedulously collected all the stories that could tell against him, must have felt that at all events he was a gentleman." It is a pity that he could not, when ordered to divorce his wife, have behaved as did Julius Caesar in similar circumstances.

But, of course, the leading character is Augustus, and Augustus is pictured mainly by his actions, with some useful summaries from Mr. Holmes: "He was a mighty worker, and he worked with whole-hearted devotion for the public weal." And "when George Long wrote these thought-provoking words, 'He who is strictly honest and unbending is not fit for the direction of political affairs,' he would have found no lack of fitness in him." Finally, we read, in the last sentence of the text: "But it was sufficient glory to have been the architect of the Roman Empire."

Students of Mr. Holmes's books will regret his decision that this is his last book, while they sympathize with his reasons; and every student of literature and history will admit that this little volume is an appropriate conclusion to a series of works distinguished throughout by wide reading, sound learning, sane and acute judgment, and clear and vigorous style.

E. W. NICHOLS.

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AN INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH CONSTITUTIONAL LAW. By Arthur Berriedale Keith, D.C.L., D. Litt., Oxford. At the Clarendon Press. 1931, pp. xi-243.

Professor Keith has written another book. In a short compass he presents an admirable sketch of the doctrines of constitutional law which are set out in detail in the classical treatises on the subject. It is, in many respects, more difficult to write an elementary book in a field such as constitutional law than it is to prepare a more fully developed treatise. The author has been successful in not ploughing too deeply, while he has avoided superficiality. Besides a discussion of the normal themes of British constitutional law, he gives a very readable and informative account of the varied forms of government in the Empire, and also a treatment of the relations between the executive, the legislature and the judiciary. Students of constitutional law are paying greater attention to the separation or relation of powers of government agencies. The topic is being forced upon them because the extension of government action into new fields of activity is becoming more common; legislatures are entrusting wider powers to the executive.

Professor Keith, following the lead of Robson, Port, Hewart and Allen, happily realized that it was necessary to deal with administrative law in this introductory work. He has not weighted his text with the propounding and substantiation of any thesis, although, in a postscript to his preface, he betrays his customary anxiety for the fate of the British Commonwealth of Nations since the pronouncement of the principle of autonomy for the self-governing Dominions in the Balfour Report of 1926. The statement that the book was published by the Oxford Press will assure the reader that the form, printing and binding leave little to be desired. His larger works of constitutional history and law testify to Professor Keith's competence to write an introductory study. In the writing of it he has further manifested his mastery of the subject. The value of the book is enhanced by a well chosen bibliography.

S. E. S.

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HEINRICH HEINE. By H. Walter, Department of Germanic Languages and Literature, McGill University, Montreal. J. M. Dent & Sons, London and Toronto. 322 pages. \$3.75. 1930.

Lewis Browne wrote a most inspiring life of Heine (*That Man Heine*) four or five years ago. Since then we have read no other made in America. Professor Walter's *Heinrich Heine* is both scholarly and interesting.

Heine enjoyed bad health, racial antagonism and popular disfavour, whereas Job merely endured them. The one was the proud architect of his own misfortunes, the other the unhappy victim of circumstance.

Heine suffered first of all as a Jew. This was a comparatively easy form of martyrdom to enjoy, because there were quite a number of Christians in and around Dusseldorf at the beginning of the 19th century. Little Harry Heine wanted all his classmates to know that his grandfather was "a little Jew with a big beard," and they all jeered—as Harry expected. Respectable young men did not associate with "red Sefchen," the hangman's daughter, but Heine kissed her on both her cheeks, while she was holding the executioner's sword in both her hands. "He kissed her, not only because he loved her, but to show his contempt for the old society and all its gloomy prejudices." (p. 8)

At that moment there blazed up within me the first flames of those two passions to which I consecrated the remainder of my life, the love of beautiful women and the love of the French Revolution.

Naturally, anybody who makes a deliberate habit of loving all the beautiful women he meets will not complain about the consequences:

I am no longer a monotheist in love matters. I love the Medicean Venus and Hofrat Bauer's pretty cook. Alas! in both cases in vain.

That is how Heine came to give the world so many artistic gems, such as *Du bist wie eine Blume* (set to music 170 times), and *Die Lorelei*,

the tragic story of a young lady who achieved immortal fame (infamy?) because she loved Herr Friedlander, the banker, instead of Harry Heine of Hamburg, the commission agent in English goods:

Far from her, for years carrying a burning longing for her about in my heart, that is the torment of hell, and wrings forth the cry of anguish. But to be close to her, and yet have to yearn, often in vain, for endless long weeks, for a single glimpse of her, the sole source of my happiness—even the most pious, the purest spirit could flare up in wild, mad impiety.

And he did. But first of all came *Weltschmerz*, the normal concomitant of dyspepsia and disappointment in love. "So he began to ape the English poet consciously: he assumed a gloomy, blasé expression. . . went about with his hair dishevelled and a flowing necktie like Byron, and referred to him as his cousin." (38).

Heine's relatives wanted him to earn a living; so, having failed lamentably in business, he read law at Gottingen, "the city where people walked about like corpses, and where a knowledge of the genitive of *mensa* was the criterion of a man's respectability." (25). During the holidays Heine wrote *Die Harzreise*, his best-known prose work. The university authorities gave him a Third Class at the final examination for the Doctor of Laws, and a short time after receiving his degree Heine was made a Christian by baptism. He never neglected any subsequent opportunity to revile the Christianity thus forced upon him by commercial expediency:

I want to become a Japanese. They abominate nothing as they do the Cross. I want to become a Japanese.

Disappointed in the ambition of his relatives that he should become a lawyer and his own that he should become a college professor, unwilling or unable to suffer any longer from a broken heart, Heine migrated to Paris in order to "sing the battle song of the French Revolution" and generally to waken up his slumbering Muse. There he attacked in turn the aristocrats and the democrats with equal vehemence and sincerity, so that eventually neither party knew where he belonged:

These demagogues are the enemies of all moderation, and because I refuse to participate in their madness they insist on compelling me to abdicate as tribune. This I declined to do. Thank Heaven! the cholera, or rather the dread of it, has rid me of a number of these bores.

To the aristocrat Heine, woman was a thing of physical beauty without social or intellectual complications. Mathilde, 19 year old grisette who worked in her aunt's suburban shoe-store, fulfilled these requirements completely: she was very pretty (in spite of the portrait facing page 156 in our book), anonymous, and could neither read nor write. After companionate marriage the union was solemnized. Heine suffered so much at the thought of leaving her for a few weeks that he composed one of his best poems, *Ich war, O Lamm, als Hirt bestellt* ("I was, O Lamb, ordained to be thy Shepherd").

Nothing became Heine like his prolonged dying. The flesh wanted to yield, but the spirit—the will to suffer—trained from infancy to enjoy everything and everybody would not let him go:

For a week I have been entirely paralysed, so that I spend the time on a chair or on my bed. My legs are like cotton wool, and I have to be carried about like a child. I suffer from the most fearful convulsions. My right hand is beginning to die, and God knows if I shall be able to write to you again. Dictating is painful on account of my paralysed jaw. My blindness is the least of my evils. It is certain that during the last three months I have suffered more torments than could ever have been devised by the Spanish Inquisition.

So Heine's body was compelled to suffer the torments of hell for eight more years, in order that his soul might write some of the world's noblest and wittiest poetry. By the bye, did Heine believe in God? "Wolff is probably right when he conjectures that if a mother or any sensible and compassionate wife had sat at his bedside, Heine would probably never have sought the way to God, and that there would have been no need to seek it." (254).

Well, anyway, Heine preferred God.

C. H. MERCER.

**JOKES: SEEN AND UNSEEN.** The Lighter Side of University Life. Amusing Stories collected by David Fraser Fraser-Harris. Paisley: Alexander Gardner, Ltd. 1931.

The many readers of the REVIEW who recall pleasant memories of the personality and the writings of Dr. Fraser-Harris will be glad to hear that his numerous good stories have been gathered into a book which should serve to freshen the springs of anecdote, especially in senior common rooms and faculty clubs, with whose interests and oddities they are chiefly concerned. For the reader's enjoyment it is not essential that he should resemble the guest of whom it is told that his pleasure at a banquet depended on his being "a good judge of chestnuts;" nor is it necessary to present the book with the admonition of the late Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews: "I don't ask you to read it, but for God's sake, *cut* it."

C. L. B.

**REPORTS ON THE LAWS OF QUEBEC, 1767-1770.** Ed. with Introduction and notes by W. P. M. Kennedy and Gustave Lanctot in French and English, pp. 92, 95. Public Archives, Ottawa, 1931.

The years 1763 to the Quebec Act are perhaps the most difficult and obscure period in Canadian constitutional history. A system of imperial control, developed through a century and a half of governing Englishmen abroad, had now to be adjusted to governing an alien race as long established in the New World as the English colonies. One of the most difficult aspects of the problem was that of the law to be applied in the new province, a question not really settled until the Quebec Act was passed. It has long been known that three important reports on the legal situation were drawn up during the period 1767

to 1770. one by Maseres, the attorney-general of the province, one by Morgann who was sent out from England for the purpose, and one by Chief Justice Hey. Two of these have been lost; Maseres saved his to posterity by publishing it himself. It remained for Professor Kennedy to discover recently copies of all three reports in the British Museum. They are reproduced, carefully documented, herewith, together with a few relevant dispatches, an introduction by Professor Kennedy and an excellent index. The publication is beyond question an important addition to the documentary literature of Canadian constitutional history.

R. A. MACKAY.

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OPEN HOUSE. Edited by William Arthur Deacon and Wilfred Reeves. Ottawa, Graphic Publishers Limited, \$3.00.

This symposium, from the Writers Club, of Toronto, provides better fare than is promised by the publishers and the editor, who seem more concerned with the spices and seasonings of their provender than with its more solid and enduring merits. We are informed that "Many things appearing in this book could not be printed in any current Canadian journal having a prestige and circulation that would make it an effective medium for the opinions and ideas expressed". Examination, however, discloses that the greater and better part of the book might very appropriately have appeared in more than one periodical that enjoys prestige, if not circulation. The remainder suggests rather the rawly clamorous protestations of a Toronto journal called *Thunder*, which is similarly engaged in scathing condemnation of a happily unconscious bourgeoisie, and which can at least offer ignorance and illiteracy in mitigation of its vehemence. The editors have allowed each of their twenty-two contributors,—among whom are such representative writers as Charles G. D. Roberts and Merrill Denison,—to shoot freely at any target of his own choosing; and some of them in their anxiety to make an obvious hit appear to have gone off at half-cock.

Most, however, appear to have counted ten before rushing into print, and the result is witty and stimulating criticism of current foibles. Some of the condemnation of provincialism is so impatient as to be itself quite provincial; but the writers are all of Toronto, and are doubtless infected with the malady that they apparently find so virulent there. There is much talk of self-expression, but the best statements on the arts are those of Mr. Charles Roberts and Mr. Pratt in defence of standards and conventions. Mr. Wilson MacDonald appears to be annoyed about something, and his work, which at its best is beyond cavil, has suffered accordingly. His vituperations are less likely to remove than to create the stigma of "colonialism" which he seems too eager to discover on Canadian literature; they will certainly be less effective than the moderate admonitions of Mr. Deacon in the closing and suggestively entitled paper on the Fallacy of Youth.

Among the topics handled are marriage, censorship, movies, talkies, and radio, racketeering and advertisements. While there is a

suggestion of journalism about the subject and treatment of many papers, it remains true that not one journal or several could have provided the whole collection here acceptably presented, for the reader interested in matters of current and occasionally of vital interest and importance.

C. L. BENNET.

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A HANDBOOK OF CANADIAN LITERATURE. By V. B. Rhodenizer, Ph.D. Ottawa, Graphic Publishers Limited.

This work, which is unavoidably reviewed somewhat late, adds little to what has already been done by Logan and French, Lorne Pierce, Baker and MacMechan, but it will none the less prove itself of value to many readers. The publishers' description, "safe and sane", sufficiently describes this reliable and informative handbook for college classes and the studious general reader. Within reasonable compass, Dr. Rhodenizer gives an adequate biographical and historical account, some criticism of authors, and an introduction to literature in general. The critical estimates are occasionally uneven, especially when disproportionate space is given to early works of doubtful historical importance and little intrinsic merit. But for its particular purpose the book is well-made and quite adequate, and it should meet with wide popularity.

C. L. BENNET.

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DR. CHEADLE'S JOURNAL OF A TRIP ACROSS CANADA, 1862-1863. With an introduction and notes by A. G. Doughty and Gustave Lanctot. Ottawa, Graphic Publishers Limited, 311 pp. \$2.00.

THE HISTORY OF EMILY MONTAGUE. By the Author of *Lady Julia Mandeville*, with an introduction and notes by Lawrence J. Burpee, and an appendix by F. P. Grove. Ottawa, Graphic Publishers Limited, 333 pp., \$2.00.

These are volumes one and two, respectively, of *The Canada Series*, edited by F. P. Grove, which open an enterprise of the Graphic Press, intended to provide access to the more important documents in the history of Canadian literature. Dr. Cheadle, who is described as "the first trans-Canadian tourist", traversed the whole country, from the St. Lawrence to the Pacific, simply "for pleasure", and for the excitement of seeing new lands. The progress of the last seventy years gives much of his account the romantic interest of far-distant times and places, *plus* a local patriotic interest and the fascination of discovering the familiar under a somewhat novel appearance. Dr. Cheadle was not an Evelyn or a Pepys, and as is inevitable in a young man's personal and private jottings, there is much otiose diarising, though at worst it is at least preferable to some of the "impressions" produced by some modern transcontinental explorers who "do" Canada in a week out and the States in a week back. It

is a fascinating pursuit to follow the doctor and his companions on their adventurous trail: there is adventure, and the record of endurance, as well as interesting first-hand evidence of the growth and change of Western Canada. There is even a certain element of story and characterization that will serve to retain the interest of readers whose experience has been chiefly in fiction. The book is well edited and attractively produced, and deserves a place in every library concerned with recording the story of Canada.

*Emily Montague*, though professedly fiction, is of only historical interest as a story; but as a record of the impressions of a visitor to Canada, it is superior by its earlier date and more intimate social knowledge even to the preceding work. The author was a witty and accomplished blue-stocking whose acquaintance with many of the great literary figures of the eighteenth century urged her to attempt, if not to adorn, almost every kind of writing. The present work follows the epistolary style of *Pamela* and *Evelina*, with characteristic moralizing, sentiment, and tedium. The author was not a creator of either characters or plots; but she was a very shrewd observer of people, scenes and incidents and her visit to Canada in 1763-1764, during the earlier part of her husband's residence as chaplain to the British forces at Quebec, provided excellent material for her diary. The novel was not published until 1769, but the Canadian pictures have the freshness of immediate observation and, as the editor notes, "suggest by their vividness that they must have been written with the scenes before the author's eyes". There are enthusiastic descriptions of the natural scenery of the St. Lawrence and observations on the Indians and the peasants, but the book is valuable chiefly because of the picture it gives of life in Quebec in the first years of British rule. It is difficult to forbear from quotation, but the age at which small boys were observed to be smoking their pipes, and the number of suitors necessary to fashionable young ladies of Quebec should be discovered by reference to the text.

Dr. Burpee has provided an introduction, an appendix on editions and dates, and excellent notes,—conveniently placed at the foot of the page to which they refer—together with illustrative passages from contemporary observers.

C. L. BENNET.

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RETROSPECT. An Unfinished Autobiography, 1848-1886. By Arthur James, First Earl of Balfour. McClelland and Stewart, Ltd. Toronto.

This is a tantalizing book, because of the expectations with which it is received, and because the death of the writer, when so much of immense value had been merely begun, makes one sensible of how much has been missed.

Like all else that has come to us from the pen of Lord Balfour, it has its passages of penetrating insight, and its phrases of extraordinary aptness. The book is genuinely autobiographic. It is not an account

of the times in which the writer lived, but of his own childhood, school days, university life, and political career, to which all else is incidental. It cannot be said that the book adds anything important to what we previously knew, and on the whole it is a reminder that memoirs should be begun very much earlier in life than Lord Balfour began these, if they are to be a significant contribution to the history of a period. That dilettante air, which was such a disadvantage to him when he was at bottom serious and even earnest, has marred this final work from his pen. There is too much about "Lawn Tennis", too much about "The Lyttletons" and such matters relatively unimportant which interrupt the sequence of what would have been a most valuable work if the author had had the energy and the time to complete it. All the same, there are finely suggestive sections, and one can but deplore finding it a torso.

H. L. S.

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APPEARANCE AND REALITY. A Metaphysical Essay, by F. H. Bradley. Ninth Impression, authorized and corrected.

To write a review at this date of *Appearance and Reality* would be superfluous in a technical journal and out of place in a magazine of general literature. It has long since taken rank among the great classics of philosophy, and in these pages it is fitting only to draw attention to the fact that the Ninth Impression, revised and corrected by the author, is now available. It is with gratitude that one thinks of the great man who gave us this great book, more than a generation ago, sitting down to amend and revise it in his old age, before he passed from the scene. He took pains to consider, he says, all the criticisms and objections to which his earlier editions were subjected, and to profit by them. In an extensive appendix he has set forth the result of his consideration. And it remains for a reviewer in a journal such as this merely to pay tribute of respect to the amazing industry and the indefatigable enthusiasm with which the outstanding man of genius among the British philosophers of the nineteenth century served the cause of philosophy to the end. It is needless to add that this corrected edition should be in every philosophical library.

H. L. S.