NEW BOOKS

DAWN. By Reginald Berkeley: (The Novel Library, The London Book Co., Ltd., 34 Bedford Road, W. C.I.)

This is the story of the famous banned film. In his modest but straightforward preface,—A Footnote to History—to the American edition (J. H. Sears & Company, Inc., New York) Captain Reginald Berkeley, M. P., disclaims any intention of writing a biography, and calls his book a work of fiction. While "Dawn" is certainly not a complete or accurate biography of its great heroine, it still seems to be essentially valuable only for its truth in presenting recorded fact and established character, and is therefore not properly to be criticized as a novel. Captain Berkeley is experienced and of proved capability as a soldier, as an investigator, and as a writer. He looks forward to an "official" biography by Maurois, by Mr. Guedalla, (*di avertant*), or by Mr. Lytton Strachey. He has himself, especially in the film version with the aid of Miss Sybil Thorndike, given us something of the touch of Lytton Strachey—a picture of a strong, courageous woman, differing from the somewhat shadowy saint and martyr of the later days of the war in the same way that Mr. Strachey's Florence Nightingale makes the woman with the disinfectant seem more real and more admirable than the gauzy figure of the Lady with the Lamp. Miss Cavell is the whole of the story, and she is convincingly presented as a character entirely consistent with her achievements. Whether details are correct or not—and no essential fact seems to have been misrepresented—she perpetuates in the story the honour that is her due. This it must have been that Mr. Bernard Shaw had in mind when he wrote: "The only question to be considered is whether the film, as a work of art, is worthy of her; and you may take my word for it that it is. You have a most moving and impressive reincarnation of the heroine by our greatest tragic actress, whose dignity.... has not betrayed her by a single stroke of bitterness or rancour...... will make us feel that the law that Edith Cavell set above the military code, and died for, is an infinitely higher law than the law of war and the conceit of patriotism........It rebukes us all impartially, and will edify us impartially. I hope it will take its lesson to the ends of the earth." As a novel, "Dawn" is not a work of art. The little touches of fiction and topical description necessary to round the basic scenes and incidents into a story are to be tolerated, but not admired. The film is more fortunate here than the story, for in a moving-picture, as on the stage, the silent and continuous description of place or person is effective without being obtrusive; and in "Dawn" there are none of the usual banalities of scenery, romance, or comedy, by way of relief. But in both film and story the figure of Miss Cavell stands out clearly, to quote an English reviewer, as "the greatest woman of modern times." Censorship, so far, has not touched the book; and since the English edition may be purchased for the price

of an ice-cream sundae or a fairly good cigar, it should be read, not only in prohibited areas, and by those who wish to preserve a record of the picture, but most especially by those who feel the urge to condemn the film. Most of the publicity that has been given the film seems to have originated from the letter, afterwards published in the press, which Sir Austen Chamberlain wrote to the producer in reply to an invitation to attend the first showing. The Foreign Secretary had not seen the film, but like Roebuck Ramsden in "Man and Superman" he had seen what the press (or rather a section of the press) had to say about it. So before the picture had been released, before even Captain Berkeley had seen it on the screen, Sir Austen, through his secretary, wrote, "if the accounts which he has read in the newspapers are correct, as he must presume them to be,........he feels the strongest repugnance to its production." In the letter, Sir Austen Chamberlain speculates as to the feelings of Miss Cavell upon the production of the film.

Rather than quote at large from the criticisms with which he was assailed in the British press, it seems advisable to mention the single incident with which Miss Cavell might be supposed to have had most sympathy. Madame Bodard (formerly Miss Ada Doherty) who was Miss Cavell's most trusted assistant, sent back to Sir Austen Chamberlain the Order of the British Empire that had been awarded her. Mme. Bodard, who was decorated by the British, French and Belgian governments, was condemned to death at the same time as Miss Cavell, but the sentence was later commuted to imprisonment in Silesia, where she suffered great hardships before her release. In the film version of "Dawn" she played her own part in the story. Sir Austen Chamberlain was probably afraid of political difficulties, and it appears from his letter that he did not see how the story of Miss Cavell could be presented without giving offence to Germans. The Germans themselves, apparently, had the same fear, for they at first resisted. It must be remembered that Germany had to consider not only this film, but all films concerning her part in the great war, and like all people anxiously striving to hold a somewhat doubtful position, she was unwilling, above everything else, to establish a precedent. Recently, however, Germany has been moving towards an acceptance of the film, and when this appears in print it will probably have been approved for public showing. The film has been received with enthusiasm throughout the United Kingdom, where each town has the right to choose or to reject its own pictures. Edinburgh alone condemned it; and from there crowds went to see it in small theatres outside the city limits. Several American theatre owners and film producers have condemned the picture; but not one city is known to have rejected it. It has been well received wherever shown, even in Chicago, where there is a large German population. One American reviewer adds to the confusion of determining reasons for condemnation by suggesting that the British dislike the picture for giving credit to America for her part in the war, since Brand Whitlock is shown making tireless intercession on behalf of Miss Cavell.

At the time of writing, "Dawn" is running the gauntlet of Canadian Censorship. Nova Scotia, one learns, was, to the honour of her censors, the first to accept it, but has not so far found an exhibitor to produce it. New Brunswick accepted it and gave the first public

showing in the Dominion, of which the *Saint John Telegraph Journal* wrote as follows: "Dawn is a picture which should be seen by everyone........the reverence with which such a delicate subject has been handled reflects great credit on Capt. Berkeley." Quebec rejected the picture on first showing as likely "to revive the hatreds of war," and Saskatchewan without stated reason. At the time of writing, it has been accepted by Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, Alberta, and British Columbia. Ontario, when last heard from, had condemned it, in spite of emphatic protests from various branches of the Canadian Legion, and of a number of strong articles and letters in the press, among which was one pointing out that the picture was being supported in England by branches of the League of Nations Union. The puzzle is why there should be even discussion. The fear, apparently, is that the Germans may be offended. If it is an offence to suggest that the Germans took part in the War of 1914-18, and that following the rules of war they condemned a woman for committing what she knew to be a capital offence, so be it. Any unprejudiced observer, old enough to remember, will admit that the film could not possibly have been shown during the war or shortly afterwards, without arousing a storm of protest as being pacifist or Pro-German. As an American reviewer has pointed out, if offence is done to anyone it is to the Allies, for it is an Allied soldier who betrays Miss Cavell. Even here, however, Captain Berkeley is almost painfully anxious to avoid offence, for the treacherous Allied soldier is of unspecified nationality. A German officer who has previously discovered Miss Cavell's guilt refuses to report it—losing promotion and risking his own life. When she is finally arrested, there is no hint of anything but forced obedience to law from higher authority. There is a marked absence of caricature, satire, or low comedy in portraying German soldiery. Many recent American films have shown German soldiers as conforming to one of three types—the comic, fat, German-sausage type; the degenerate "little Willie" type; and the brutal military bully. None of the German soldiers in "Dawn" is in any sense a caricature. They are too good to be true as representing the German or any other army, as any ex-private will testify. Yet the other films are passed and "Dawn" is condemned. Another criticism is that "Dawn" by *not* representing the Germans as degraded woman killers, fails to do honour to the woman who said "Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone." "Dawn" does not "revive the hatreds of war" but produces a hatred of war. The only thing that can be called typically German in the attitude of the German departments, officers, and soldiers represented in the film is a thorough-going humourless efficiency in carrying on war *as* war. This uncompromising militarism may be less romantic and, at the time, less admirable than the cheery, sportsmanlike British method of muddling through the war as rather a jolly lark. But being more consistent with war, it serves better to condemn war. It is interesting to note that even today the Germans resent the depicting of the so-called "Rammler incident." The facts are disputed, but the story resented by the Germans is this: Private Rammler, one of the firing-party, became horrified at the thought of taking part in Miss Cavell's execution. Having continuously pleaded,

in vain, to be "excused duty", he refused to fire, and was himself shot. In the picture the incident is unduly protracted, and the details are not quite clear. But the general idea is emphatic: no German soldier took pleasure in the execution; one German soldier died with Miss Cavell as a protest against the tyranny of war. "Why the German nation should object to this exhibition of weakness' as another reviewer has said, "it is for the German nation to explain." The difficulty apparently is this: some people, not having seen the film, fail to understand how the story of Miss Cavell can be presented without offence to either the British or the Germans. Captain Berkeley, Mr. Wilcox (the producer) and Miss Thorndike have done it. If anyone does not believe this, let him take the advice of Miss Thorndike, whose name alone is a sufficient guarantee, and "see the film"— if it can be seen; how any intelligent person can see the film and condemn it, is beyond the present reviewer's comprehension.

Two other recent pronouncements on war suggest themselves for comparison. First "The Legend of the "Francs-tireurs of Louvain," by Fernand Mayence, professor at the University of Louvain, a reply to the Report of Dr. Meurer, professor of the University of Wurzburg. This book is a vindication of the civilians of Louvain, and an attack on the Germans who occupied the city during the war. Its facts are presented in scholarly fashion, with every appearance of accuracy and sincerity. It is provoked by a previous book, apparently less accurate, justifying the Germans and accusing the Belgians. But whether justified or not, the Belgian monograph does accuse, it does attack, it does present the Germans as we grew to think of them during the war. The book has been widely circulated in all Allied countries, but no storm of protest has been raised. It is not entirely a provocative book, but it is much less actively pacific than "Dawn". The other pronouncement is that of a distinguished British scientist recently lecturing in the States and accorded a vast amount of publicity. He said, in effect, that science could devise methods of warfare more horrible than any yet dreamed of; therefore, he said, let the youth of the land apply themselves to science, that they might be ready for the next war. That science might prevent war, or lessen its horrors, that humanity and the Humanities if preached to the youth of a nation might render the "next war" less certain, less deadly, were conclusions that seemed to have escaped this particular scientist, who is possibly not quite typical of his class. The query that arises is simply this: why the objection, on pacifist grounds, to recording, through Art with dignity and restraint, the injustice (not the horror) of war as shown in the last war, when there is no great objection to the prophesying of the horrors of the next war, and the exhortation of youth to get up their science and prepare for it?

The story of "Dawn" is simply this: "There was a war. Miss Cavell, knowing the rules of war, risked her life to aid suffering humanity. By the rules of war she lost her life." Will the sacrifice be repaid; or did the Canadians go through gas at Ypres to ensure the building of laboratories "for the next war"? The decision at least of those who see "Dawn" will be to live and think in future so that there shall be no more War.

* * * * *

The writer is indebted to the Canadian distributors of the film for a private showing after it had been passed by the Nova Scotia Board of Censors, and for supplying, at his request, a large number of authoritative reviews from newspapers, dramatic journals, and trade-reviews from Britain, Canada, and the United States. Their only stipulation was that no direct comparisons should be made with other films dealing with the war; much therefore remains unsaid.

It may be added that the acting, production and photography are adequate to the subject; that the programme is controlled by the producers, so that no cheap comedies will be shown with "Dawn"; and that half the gross proceeds will be given to the Edith Cavell Nursing Homes throughout Europe, principally to the Edith Cavell Hospital in England, which has as its present superintendent Miss Edith Cavell's sister.

C. L. BENNET.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE DOMINIONS. By Sir Cecil J. B. Hurst and others: Lectures on the Harris Foundation, 1927. University of Chicago Press. (Macmillan, Canada). xi, 510 pp. Price $3.50.

The purpose of the Harris Foundation of the University of Chicago is declared to be "the promotion of a better understanding on the part of American citizens of the other peoples of the world". This it seeks to do by holding each summer a conference on the problems of some particular area or people. In 1927 it devoted its attention to the problems of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and this volume of lectures is one result. Sir Cecil Hurst of the British Foreign Office discusses the international relations of the Empire as a whole under the title "The British Empire as a Political Unit". The affairs and opinions of the Dominions affecting imperial relations are presented by representatives from each. Hon. Timothy Smiddy, Minister of the Irish Free State to Washington, discusses the problems of the Free State; Mr. John W. Dafoe, of the *Manitoba Free Press*, the problems of Canada; Sir William Harrison Moore, of the University of Melbourne, those of Australia; Professor Condliffe, of the Institute of Pacific Relations, those of New Zealand; Mr. Eric Louw, Trade Commissioner of South Africa to the United States and Canada, and Mr. Angus Fletcher of the British Library of Information, New York, the problems of the Union.

The lectures are essentially "popular" and somewhat elementary, since delivered to American audiences who presumably knew little or nothing of the subject matter. Over-simplification and the necessity for dispensing with technical terminology have resulted in some rather questionable statements, as this one, for example, in Mr. Smiddy's lecture: "The only bond linking together the various nations of the British Commonwealth of Nations is the British crown or, one might say, the person of the King" (p. 117). To such a statement no constitutional lawyer could be expected to subscribe, and, indeed, it is distinctly contradicted by statements of Sir Cecil Hurst (p. 59) and Sir Harrison Moore (p. 347). On the whole, though, the lectures

are sound, interesting, and, to the general reader at least, informing. The great merit of the volume consists in the clear and untechnical discussion of the contemporary "problem of the commonwealth" from the points of view of each Dominion. Indeed, the Harris Institute of 1927 was essentially an "Imperial Conference"—a conference, however, of publicists, not politicians. Would that not only many Americans but many Canadians might read this book!

ROBERT A. MACKAY.

SHELLEY—LEIGH HUNT. Being Reviews and Leaders from The Examiner, etc.; with intimate Letters between the Shelleys and Leigh Hunt, partly from unpublished Manuscripts; Edited, with Introduction, by R. Brimley Johnson. Ingpen and Grant, London, 1928.

Leigh Hunt's reputation, both as regards his character and his writings, has met with somewhat harsh treatment. Dickens' unfair and ungenerous caricature of him as Harold Skimpole has, in spite of all disclaimers, left behind a distorted image of a man who, with both weaknesses and faults, was in fact kindly, public-spirited and sincere; while his literary talents, over-shadowed by those of several of his contemporaries, have had hardly enough vitality to assert their own merits. The compiler of the present volume has done well in rescuing from practical oblivion a selection of the "Examiner" papers, and in bringing together a number of the letters relating to Hunt's intimacy with the Shelleys,—letters which reflect credit on all the correspondents. He does doubtful service to Hunt's memory, however, by over-rating his importance in the political arena, and by attributing to him a decisive influence upon the development of Shelley's thought for which there is no sufficient evidence. Hunt was not an original thinker, nor was he a literary artist of the highest rank; we need only compare the "Examiner" papers here given with Hazlitt's Essays, and Hunt's own verse with that of either of his two friends Keats and Shelley to realize that he can be awarded only a secondary place in prose or poetry. Yet so closely was he associated with the liberal movement of the early nineteenth century both in politics and literature that he must always remain a figure of considerable interest; and this book is useful as bringing us into touch with the man himself, his opinions as publicist and critic, and especially his friendship with the great idealist poet.

E. R.

THE REBELLIOUS PURITAN. Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne. By Lloyd Morris. Constable and Co., London. 1928.

Lives of American great men too often remind us that it is easy for a zealous biographer to bury deep in ponderous volumes filled with insignificant facts, trivial correspondence, and undiscriminating eulogy

the Caesar that he came to praise. But Mr. Morris' book is not of this order; he gives us in it a genuine "portrait" of Hawthorne with, as its background, the social, religious and intellectual "milieu" of New England in the earlier half of the nineteenth century. A curious community was that to which Hawthorne and his fellows belonged. The vigour of its religious beliefs was gone, yet the old Puritanism had still its influence; and its harsh, proud and unyielding spirit survived. The stress laid upon the responsibility of the individual had led to spiritual isolation and to eccentricity of conduct. Hawthorne's mother, after the death of her husband, shut herself away from her young children, living chiefly in her bedroom, where she had her meals alone, the room being forbidden to the children. In his wife's family, though there was more of kindliness than in his own, something of the same individualism existed, the sisters all eating their meals separately. Into the monotony and stagnation of such isolated lives the Transcendentalism of Alcott, Margaret Fuller and Emerson came as a fresh breath of inspiration; but the old severity and seriousness of outlook remained. Hawthorne kept something of this all his life; he was truly a "Puritan" even in his "rebellion" against old standards in ethics and religion. His was by no means a faultless, or even a very amiable, character. He expected much from his friends, and gave in return in somewhat stinted measure. Only in respect to his wife was he warm-hearted and unselfish, and she, a woman of the finest and sweetest spirit, gave him an affection that bordered upon adoration. Mr. Morris, however, succeeds in rousing both our interest and our sympathy in the life-story of this man of rare genius whose ancestry and environment were so closely related to the nature of his literary work.

E. R.

FAIR PLAY. The Games of Merrie England. By Rudolf Kircher, Translated by R. N. Bradley; London W. Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd. 12/6 net.

This is an intriguing book. It deals with a topic always popular among English people, though it regards that topic in a way no Englishman would ever regard it, unless he were a most earnest schoolmaster, rather young, and very anxious to analyse the natural ebullitions of youngsters of all ages under the rules of some educational handbook.

One is a little inclined to wonder whether or not Herr Kircher was inspired to undertake this investigation of the ethics of English sportsmanship because he felt that England refused to take the war as solemnly as she should have done, regarding it more as a game than as a serious business, a phenomenon obviously requiring investigation by the German mind. Certainly no one but a German, or an American undergraduate of a certain kind, would ever have attempted so scientifically to diagnose the spontaneous play of the English people, much less to seek basic motives underlying our games and inspiring our whole life—even our statecraft. It is, indeed, the very spontaneity of English games which seems somewhat to baffle Herr Kircher. To him the absence of the drill-sergeant is a thing for wonder. But, on our side,

we may marvel, too, at the extraordinary response given by men and women alike to both state- and municipally-organized athletics in Germany since the war.

Moreover, though one may be permitted to doubt whether the author has ever really soaked up the traditions of English sport by playing in the English way, yet perhaps no foreigner has ever more accurately observed and so cleverly described the things he saw as has Herr Kircher. True, he remarks (on page 13) "that scholarships and prizes often fall to the lot of the athlete, although perhaps owing to some indulgence on the part of the examiners"—a thing that might happen elsewhere, but never in England, but rarely does he make so egregious a misjudgment.

When he is describing the actual events of the arena, whether he chooses the soccer ground or the golf-course, the author's powers of observation and of picture-drawing are remarkable. On the whole he is pleasantly flattering—too flattering, perhaps, to a people whose greatest joy is to disparage themselves. But he can also see the more unpleasant sides of English sport. "There are many thousands", he too truly remarks, "who live on the dole and find their only consolation in football matches on Saturday, a glass or two of beer, a dram of gin and in the last resort the Cinema. People of this class are not, as a rule, seen at cricket matches. Football is more comprehensible to them." One feels, too, the justice of his indictment of the newly-developed 'sport' of dog-racing: "This sport has been introduced from Manchester and America with great financial success, for on many evenings no less than sixty thousand people assemble to see greyhounds course an electric hare. The bookmakers look after the rest of the entertainment. The whole business is a ghastly capitalistic monstrosity unworthy of the sporting traditions of the British people. *Circenses* at their worst."

The description given of Derby Day is a thing of character and colour, and we, too, might marvel with Herr Kircher at the 'Chief Umgazzi' as he makes "prognostications from the skull of an honest greengrocer", or wonder, with him, whether we shall ever get our modest winnings from the bookie who doesn't even give us a receipt for our stake money. The Boat Race somewhat puzzles our German observer. Thousands of spectators line the river bank, he tells us: why they should, he cannot say, for one very rarely sees anything of the race, and (bitter pill for the Oxonian!) "betting cannot be the attraction, as Cambridge always wins."

Throughout the book the main thesis is steadily developed, that there is some relationship between fair play in English sport and stability of English national character. Nor are the usual games of the field the only subjects under examination, for Herr Kircher deals also with English boxing, with the Boy Scout Movement, and even includes under his topics of investigation such things as Folk Dancing, Community Singing and Repertory Theatres. On each of these subjects he has something to say, and generally his criticisms are genial. Although to the Englishman who hates to find himself dissected, some of Herr Kircher's conclusions may seem a little forced, yet there is a chance that such a book as this may serve to interpret England anew to Continental Europeans. For there is undoubted

truth in the concluding sentences of *Fair Play*: "Puritan England was incomprehensible to us continentals. It produced and fostered all those characteristics and peculiarities of which many of the English are so proud, but which divided the ruling classes from the majority of their own people, as they are divided from us to-day. When the nations have rediscovered their true selves, we shall all be able to understand each other better. After all, even culture has a right to Fair Play."

A. S. WALKER.

GEORGE SAND. By Mary F. Sanders. Robert Holden & Co. London. 1927.

Among the great woman writers of the nineteenth century there are some who probably will always rank higher as authors than George Sand; but it may be doubted if any of them can compete with her in the fascination of her strangely complex character, or in the extent of her personal influence upon the other literary workers of her epoch. But the unconventionality of her opinions and the irregularities of her conduct have obscured, especially for English-speaking readers, the outlines of a personality which, in spite of all faults, is full of interest and charm, while the changes of fashion in writing since the far-off days of Romanticism have deprived her novels of their once wide popularity. To interpret this woman of genius to a country and a generation to which she has become little more than a name was a worthy task, and Miss Sanders has carried it out with good taste and good judgment.

To understand George Sand one must consider her ancestry and her upbringing. Her grandmother, with whom she lived as a girl, was the illegitimate daughter of the great Marshal de Saxe who, himself, was the illegitimate son of Augustus the Second King of Poland, the most dissolute monarch of his age. Her mother was a woman of the people who was the mistress before she became the wife of Maurice Dupin, the future novelist's father. Early in her childhood Aurore had as playmate an illegitimate daughter of her mother, and later she shared her grandmother's home with an illegitimate son of her father. It is little wonder if irregular connections between the sexes hardly seemed abnormal to the young girl. For a time she lived happily enough at a convent school, and even planned to become a nun; but, fortunately for the peace of mind of some Mother Superior, this phase soon passed. Married early to Casimir Dudevant, her conduct remained perfectly correct while the union lasted; but when the drunkenness and violence of her husband had led to a separation it was not long before she formed with Jules Sandeau, the first of those many love-intrigues of which the succession lasted till she was an elderly woman. In almost every case the affair, begun with ardent passion, ended in disillusion. That there was a strong element of sensuality in Aurore Dudevant's nature it would be idle to deny. The marvel is that it brought with it so little degradation of her general character. Robert Burns wrote of illicit love,—

> "It hardens a' the heart
> And petrifies the feeling."

But in her case the heart remained warm and the feelings tender. With all her lovers she was the giver and they the recipients of affection care, and in many cases, of material assistance. As a mother, she was devoted and repeatedly forgave a most ungrateful daughter. Her Communist opinions sprang mainly from her deep sympathy with the sufferings of the poor; to the tenants on her estate she was the kindest of friends, often spending large sums in relieving their wants, and no case of need ever appealed to her in vain. All children were dear to her; her relations with other authors were most friendly, and she seems to have been absolutely free from professional jealousy. George Sand was indeed much more than a "grande amoureuse". It is not easy for the non-French critic to appraise her rank as a writer. In spite of the changes of taste in fiction since her day it is still possible to read many of her novels with pleasure. To the English reader a great charm lies in her sensitiveness to natural beauty. No other French prose writer shows such susceptibility to the varying moods of sky and sea, of moorland and mountain, of sunshine and moonlight. Her three masterpieces of peasant life,—"Le Mare au Diable", "François le Champi", and "La Petite Fadette" have taken their place as French Classics.

With all her imperfections, George Sand was a great woman,—all the greater that she came to realize her own mistakes. In her old age she wrote to a friend "If I were to begin my life again I should be chaste". But we cannot begin our lives again.

E. R.

WILLIAM HUSKISSON AND LIBERAL REFORM. By Alexander Brady, Oxford University Press, 177 pp. ($3.75).

In this most interesting essay Professor Brady of the University of Toronto, tells us that he attempts "to survey the changes in economic policy with which Huskisson, more than any other public man, was intimately connected." Students of English economic and political history will be glad that he has succeeded, not merely in producing a well executed account of the adaption of political policy to meet the challenge of the industrial revolution, but in drawing a skilful intimate picture of the leading personalities involved. The book is not a biography of William Huskisson. His life story, written in the conventional manner, would probably be boring. Professor Brady accurately and with keen insight, places Huskisson in relation to the interplay of events and men of his time. The result is a masterpiece of historical interpretation which leaves the reader with a new realization of England's good fortune in having sound economists among her influential statesmen at time of national crisis.

At page 21 the author says: "In the period covered by Huskisson's political career three vital economic problems emerged to challenge the resources of British statesmanship: (i) There was the long-drawn controversy over currency which arose out of the monetary disturbances of the war, and continued long after Waterloo to be a disturbing factor in the period of peace... (ii) There was agricultural ferment...

(iii) There was a marked industrial expansion which necessitated the discovery of new markets. It is with the last of these questions, the extension of British commerce through the removal of fiscal and navigation restraints, that the name of Huskisson is usually associated. But in the settlement of all these problems his influence was felt..." It is in the third problem that Canadians will find the most to interest them. These are admirably treated in Chapters IV, V and VI. "The vital and permanent achievements of Huskisson pertained to the Empire." (p. 132). Here is a much-needed and fascinating estimate of those achievements which every Canadian will find profitable reading. He will also be delighted to find that it is written in a lucid and graceful stye

H. E. READ.