

tury, when such terms were entirely unknown.

Garricus in Spain and Marozzo in Italy were among the earliest masters of fence in the sixteenth century, while Giganti and Capo Ferro, who wrote voluminous treatises in the early years of the seventeenth century, were the first to explain the advantages of the lunge, and may therefore be regarded as the forerunners of the modern school. It is curious to note how fencing, like so many other vocations, has run in families. The original Angelo came to London about 1750, and he and his descendants taught fencing there for a century. The Cavalcade taught in Italy and France for a similar period, while the Krenslers were well-known masters from the first quarter of the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth century. Mr. Castle stops short of the modern school of fencing, so that his book cannot be regarded as of special importance to the beginner, but it is full of curious information, and, in comparatively small compass, gives a sufficient history of the evolution of swordsmanship.

*Specimens of Old French, IX.-XV. Centuries.* Edited by Paget Toynbee. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1892.

We have here an excellent collection of extracts for students of Old French, probably the best taken all together, of the various *Chansons* and *Selections* covering the period in question; for, apart from the Strasbourg Oaths and the *Chansons* of St. Eulalia, which perhaps represent the IXth century, we find sufficiently long specimens of the 'Chanson de Roland,' the Romance of 'Bernard the Fox,' the 'Roman de Brut,' and the 'Roman de Rou' of Wace; the 'Roman de Troie,' Chretien de Troyes's 'Perceval le Gallois,' Jean Rodol's 'Chanson des Saisnes,' and 'Les Deux Amans' of Marie de France for the XIth and XIIth centuries. All the leading names of the next three centuries are found, accompanied, in the great majority of cases, by such selections as evidence Mr. Toynbee's judgment and taste. It is true that the reader will look in vain for more than one favorite piece, especially among the poets of the XVth century, but he has been warned in the prefatory note that, save in rare cases, pieces which have done duty before in other collections have been omitted. This of itself is scarcely a sufficient reason for leaving out passages which possess great literary merit as well as linguistic interest; and while Mr. Toynbee's object is to show the growth of the language in the first place, and, in the second, to give the preference to such specimens as bear upon either the literature or the history of England, we nevertheless hold that a work like this should not exclude an excellent piece simply because it has already appeared.

This reservation made, and the object of the book being borne in mind, there remains nothing but praise for the manner in which Mr. Toynbee has carried out his purpose. He has covered the ground very thoroughly, and there is scarcely a work of any real importance or of any author of any note unrepresented in his collection. He has made a judicious choice among the lesser lights, and fairly enough divided his space between the various forms of literature at different epochs. The *chanson de geste*, the roman, the *chronique*, the *ballade*, and even the farce and the mystery, are well exemplified, and in this respect the book is valuable to the student of literature. The introduction comprises a brief sketch of the

origin of the French language and a sketch of the characteristics of the Norman and Anglo-Norman, the Picard, and the Burgundian dialects, all of which are further on illustrated in the body of the work. A summary compendium of the grammar of Old French completes this part and speaks well for Mr. Toynbee's ability to compress essentials within a small compass. The notes are very full, scholarly, and to the point; they fill one hundred and ten closely printed pages, and, while exhibiting thorough knowledge, are not overloaded with mere erudition for erudition's sake. A glossary of two hundred and five pages, in two columns, completes the work, and makes the study of the numerous specimens a comparatively simple matter. The whole book is one which will surely be appreciated by lovers of Old French, and which can be recommended to those who desire to become acquainted with some of the literary riches of the middle ages.

*The Philosophy of Spinoza.* [Series of Modern Philosophers. Edited by E. Hershhey Sneath, Ph.D.] By George Stuart Fullerton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1893.

THE idea of this series of books is to present the substance of the leading systems of modern philosophy in selections from the original works. Its object is to facilitate the study of the history of philosophy in colleges, as well as to meet the wants of clergymen and others who desire to make a pretty thorough, but yet not a professional, study of philosophy. Whether the plan, although it is skilfully executed in this volume, attains its ends as nearly as careful and extended but free expositions would do, may well be doubted. A student who does not want Locke's 'Essay Concerning Human Understanding' (which he can easily procure for about the price of the abridgment) on his shelves, nor Hamilton's 'Reid,' nor Kant's 'Critique of the Pure Reason,' is a person who will not understand selections from these works, and whose wants would be better served by such expositions as modern scholars to whom the several works are specially sympathetic would be able to set forth.

Of no writer is this nearly so true as Spinoza. Nobody but a ripe philosopher, profoundly versed in the history of thought, is fit to read Spinoza's 'Ethics.' A collegian will be sure to miss the essence of it, and any amateur metaphysician whose ideas have not been matured on a special side by deep reading in theology will be almost sure to fall into the same error. The reason is that Spinoza did not understand himself—that may be said of nine out of ten great thinkers, but above all of Spinoza—and consequently was a miserable expositor of his own ideas. That which will chiefly attract the attention of any inexperienced reader of the 'Ethics' is its argumentation and its pseudo-mathematical form; and if he is well versed in modern logic, these can only excite his scorn. If he is not so versed, the kernel of the book will remain still more completely shut away from his apprehension.

Another fault of this series is that not sufficient attention is given to the biographies of the philosophers. Light may be thrown upon any doctrine from the life and personality of its author; but this is particularly true of Spinoza's. Imagine a not very little but rather short Jew, somewhat shabby, but scrupulously neat and almost prim, too formal, though in forms of his own, walking with short

steps, talking in short-chopped syllables of colossal conceit. His morality is stern, not to say narrow. He so values his self-respect that he not only will not accept a pension from his own people, on condition of living like a respectable member of the synagogue, but he will not accept a pension from Louis XIV. without conditions; he refuses his consent to a fortune being left to him, and when the will of the proposed giver enjoins his heir to take care of Spinoza, the latter reduces the yearly payment from 500 florins, which the heir himself had proposed, to 800. In fact, Spinoza carries his love of independence and detestation of being under obligations so far that he will not accept any employment proper to an educated man, but practises a handicraft. He lives his life among artisans and the lower middle class, and meets no other persons except his own devoted admirers. To a man of genius, such a life would have been utterly unendurable; but Spinoza, however extraordinary, his ideas was a sluggish mind. He passed his days in a narrow circle of ideas, concerning which he was continually inventing quiblets or catches, more or less puzzling, which he took for arguments. The great ideas of pantheism could not have come to him in that way; but how they did come he does not tell us. He thought that a matter of no consequence, and would have been unable to give any accurate account of it. Nobody has yet elucidated the real nature of pantheistic thought, nor shown its relation to matters of experience. The account usually given, like Spinoza's own, remains on the surface. But we cannot go further into such a subject here than just to remark that the service he performed was to render certain conceptions, as that of the Absolute, more sharp and clear than they had before been, but not to prove any truth.

Prof. Fullerton repeats doubts concerning Spinoza's love affair which appear to us perfectly gratuitous. He did not practically leave Amsterdam when the lady was twelve years old, but when she was seventeen; and the whole history seems to be from every point of view exceedingly probable.

*Illegitimacy, and the Influence of Seasons upon Conduct: Two Studies in Demography.* By Albert Leffingwell, M.D. With maps and diagrams. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

IT is the avowed ambition of these two essays to make statistics in regard to illegitimate births and to periodicity in human conduct and mental disease, not only easily intelligible, but also interesting. With this double purpose in view, nothing has been omitted which could be gained for clearness and picturesqueness by colored maps, diagrams, a generous distribution of statistical tables throughout the text, and numerous statistical summaries and suggestions in the appendix. Moreover, the style is amiable, and there is something contagious in the enthusiasm of the author—the love of statistics as such, and the buoyant confidence in their ultimate utility which sometimes atones for present inconclusiveness.

The study of illegitimacy relates chiefly to the United Kingdom, with a liberal use of corroborative evidence in regard to other countries. Much of the material comes first-hand from official reports, and conclusions as to local or national peculiarities are drawn from detailed analyses of annual returns covering a considerable number of years. A glance at the returns of the Registrar-General is

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Dreams of the Dead. By Edward Stanton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1892.

THERE is a stage of scientific inquiry, ineluctable as the calentures of youth, whose work is pure play of fancy. The wonderful molecular theory which has served our age as master-key to the arcana of nature, would never have come into our possession if Democritus and Epicurus had not first dreamed it. Copernicus had never dared his leap, the audacity of which we cannot easily appreciate, if he had not had Pythagorean fancies of a central fire to egg on his mind. Concerning a future life and the nature of spirit, we know about as much to-day as Democritus and Epicurus did about the cosmos. We are most of us hoping now that our descendants, at least, may some day find out in this world something positive about the other. Meantime, speculation must mew its plumage for a new flight; for it is surprising how feeble all the attempts of the Dantes and the Aquinases have been--the Aquinases vainly trusting to the flappers of ratiocination to raise them from the earth; the Dantes hampered by preconceived down-dragging baggage; and both too much occupied with ideas of Hell to wing their way freely in a spiritual ether. Swedenborg might have helped us, if he had not been so positive and peremptory. Dogma weighs down; it is unsubstantial suggestions and light interrogations that are wanted to bear the mind aloft.

The author of 'Dreams of the Dead' makes no effort to persuade his reader; he insists upon nothing--he just sets forth his reveries, with an unaffected power that makes itself felt. Were the book a product of art, it would bespeak an imagination not less than extraordinary; but be it the production of a one-book man, the brooding of many years, and it is none the less valuable to the public. The author quotes on his title-page those lines of young Hamlet, "For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come," etc. He has raised the thought that the dead dream, that the disintegrating brain has its flickering consciousness, and he has clothed this idea with so vivid a form that it refuses to be exorcised or shaken off. Had he argued it scientifically, as there was every temptation to do (for, after all, what solid facts are there against it?), he would have failed to impart to it such a clutch upon the imagination as he has effected by a simplicity and unpretentiousness very seductive. What an awful variation upon the purgatorial conception it is, one must read the book to know. In fact, it is too dreadful for human belief. The attractive and elevating features of the conception (and such are by no means wanting) are the ones the book mainly dwells upon; but surely no subsequent paradise could indemnify the soul for such fearful bondage to the flesh. For that reason, not many readers will be inclined to accept the theory as true. Besides, Calvinism is in ebbing favor, nowadays--some persons will call it an unsavory ebb. Now this book exhibits curious vestiges of the Calvinistic, or rather the old theological philosophy, though these are softened down till barely perceptible. Mr. Stanton does not, for instance, hold, with St. Augustine, that the honor and glory of God demand that the great majority of mankind should be predestined to everlasting fires; but he does tell with theologic glee of the misery of two old hide-bound Puritans prolonged throughout two centuries. He has faith in the radical reprehensibility of certain created spirits, which to some minds has always seemed vile blasphemy. Above all, he cannot free

his conception of the other world completely from that of retributive justice, and practically postpones the Beatitudes to the comfort of another life.

Considered merely as a tale, 'Dreams of the Dead' is a story that, once read, will never be forgotten; and the lessons it impresses are not unprofitable. Any reader of it who might have been inclined to repine at the thought of mortality, will be safely cured of that complaint by the perusal, and be glad enough to adopt, if he can, the opinion of old Prospero, "Our revels here are ended," etc.