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speaking. He has been compared to Renan. The resemblance is not very unlike that between Erasmus and St. Paul. James Darmesteter was born in 1849, and after the most brilliant academic successes was made Doctor in Letters in 1877. He was a pupil of Bréal and of Bergaigne. In 1885 he was made professor at the Collège de France. In 1886 he was voyaging in Afghanistan, and acquired not only material for brilliant letters of travel, but also for his books on the 'Chants populaires des Afghans,' and on the 'Origins de la poésie persane.' In 1879 he published a poem in prose, 'La chute du Christ,' which was reprinted with an additional part and an epilogue in 1890. The 'Prophètes d'Israël' came out in 1892. He contributed largely also to the *Journal des Débats* and other French periodicals, and occasionally to the *Academy* in England and to the *Nation*. For the last year he has shared the direction of the *Revue de Paris* with M. Louis Gauderax, and has written repeatedly in it. It is proper also to mention that in 1888 he translated the English poems of Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, who, a little later, became his wife. All this, surely, is work enough to be the honor of a lifetime; but to those who have known James Darmesteter's work, his name, like that of his lamented brother Arsène, will always inspire the feeling of something unachieved in science, or literature, or moral and religious life, which would have been and which will never be.

SPINOZA'S ETHIC.

Ethic. Translated from the Latin of Benedict de Spinoza by W. Hale Wright; translation revised by Amelia Hutchinson Stirling, M.A. (Edin.). Second edition, revised, with a new preface. Macmillan, 1894.

ALTHOUGH this purports to be only a second edition, yet as it has a new "preface" of over a hundred pages and the translation is improved and perfected, and as the book is immortal and ever fresh, our readers will be glad to have some account of the volume. Let us first lament that the work has to be translated at all. A scientific man may get along without French, a traveller in the Levant without Italian, but a metaphysician without Latin never. Moreover, Spinoza's language is beautiful, and crammed with meaning that no version can convey. Then, too, a student of philosophy who does not know Latin cannot understand the older English writers, whose terminology is based on that of scholasticism—indeed, we may say he can have no accurate knowledge even of the less modern literary English. Needed, however, without doubt, however unhappily, the English version was; but we cannot help thinking that those who will read it would have been helped in mastering the thought if the original had been printed on the opposite pages. At the very least, the Latin of important phrases should have been added in parenthesis. For instance, the opening words are "By cause of itself, I understand," etc. Now, this expression, like many others of the treatise, is frequently quoted by philosophical writers, and almost invariably in the language of the original.

Spinoza, we need not say, is rated very high by all the idealist schools—that is to say, by all who go very deep into metaphysics; and he is without question one of the most, if not the most, difficult of such writers. His thought is so high and abstruse that nobody who has not reflected long and to good purpose can appre-

ciate it. But that is not all, nor the worst of it. Paradoxical as it may seem, it may be maintained that none of the very great philosophers understand themselves. Crystal clearness, such as we justly require in mathematics, in law, in economics, in philosophy the characteristic of the second-rates. The reason is that the strongest men are able to seize an all-important conception long before the progress of analysis has rendered it possible to free it from obscurities and difficulties. If Kant had waited, before he wrote the 'Critique of the Pure Reason,' until the ideas with which it chiefly deals had been accurately dissected, he might, had he lived, have been pottering over it to-day. But of Spinoza this is true in a much higher degree. Not only has he not mastered an altogether distinct apprehension of his own thought, but he has a positively mistaken view of it. He thinks that he reasons after the style of Euclid, and perhaps there is some truth in that; but he thinks that his reasoning has the form which Euclid understood his own to have, and that is a complete delusion. This apparatus of Definitions, Postulates, Axioms, Problems, and Theorems is in geometry itself merely a veil over the living thought. Hence it is that Euclid's manifold slips in logic have scarce cast a shadow of doubt over the substantial truth of his propositions. The history of mathematics justifies the presumption that just in proportion to the importance of a theorem is the demonstration of it likely to be fallacious—or, at least, it would be so were the proposition stated in the absolute style of Euclid. Thus, the fruitfulness of Cauchy's work is intimately connected with its logical inaccuracy. Dirichlet's principle, which powerfully aided the development of modern mathematics, is well known to be logically unsound; and much of the foundations of the theory of functions which has never been called in question—even, for example, the passage from one branch of a function to another—cannot sustain cross-examination.

Some mathematical results, doubtless, could have been worked out with Babbage's analytical engine; but did anybody ever suppose that the subject could at all be really advanced by such a machine? Yet the current notion is that syllogistic reasoning is wholly mechanical, and that mathematics proceeds by syllogistic reasoning. Neither, proposition is true. Even syllogistic reasoning in its higher varieties as they appear in the logic of relatives, requires a living act of choice based on discernment, beyond the powers of any conceivable machine; and this sufficiently refutes the idea that man is a mere mechanical automaton endowed with an idle consciousness. Moreover, the real procedure of mathematical thought is not merely syllogistic even in this loftier sense. Mathematical thought advances chiefly by generalization; and the generalized conclusions are made rigorously logical by the device of correspondingly generalizing the premises. But mathematical generalization is not the infantile process which the logic-books describe; for they think of no relations between individuals except those which consist in those individuals having common simple predicates. Let the predicates be relational, and generalization means organization, or the building up of an ideal system. Mathematical reasoning consists in thinking how things already remarked may be conceived as making a part of a hitherto unremarked system, especially by means of the introduction of the hypothesis of continuity where no continuity had hitherto been thought of.

It is difficult to find an illustration of these assertions suited to our columns, because it would need to embrace a whole sequence of theorems—such a sequence as mathematicians term a "theory." Nevertheless, we will essay it. Euclid, or rather pre-Euclidean geometers, easily saw that the three angles of a plane triangle added up, very nearly at least, to two right angles, while those of a triangle drawn on a level (and therefore spherical) surface were greater. The question therefore arose: Are they exactly 180° in the former case? They drew a triangle with a horizontal base and a higher vertex. From the left-hand angle they drew a line bisecting the opposite side, and then conceived this line to be doubled. They assumed that the right-hand extremity of this doubled line would be higher than the base of the triangle. There was no logical proof of it. They knew it could not always be so upon a sphere. To assume it to be so was therefore to beg the very question at issue, namely, whether a triangle on a plane was like a triangle on a level (and therefore spherical) surface, or not. Syllogistically, it was illogical. Considered as mathematics, it was merely the ordinary procedure whereby something is added to the original hypothesis. Considered as physics, it was quite unjustifiable to assume that their idea of space corresponded precisely to the space of the real world.

Here is a better example: Boole discovered that if he simply assumed 1 to signify what is, and 0 what is not (and any other two numbers would have equally answered the purpose), he could without any further assumption express the premises of a syllogism as two equations from which, by ordinary algebraical rules, the conclusion could be deduced. This was a genuine, living thought, and as such is quite beyond the appreciation of seminary logicians. Its value consisted in its bringing the conceptions of being and nothing into relation with the system of numbers, and especially exhibiting them as the mere punctual terminations of the continuous quantity between them. This last part of the idea coincides with that of Hegel's Becoming, though this latter, besides its inconvenient lugging in of Time, is less useful as being less diagrammatic. However, Hegel's reasoning and Boole's were essentially the same, and this was nothing but an example of the ordinary mathematical proceeding. Boole's form of statement can easily be made a theorem, and can be furnished with a demonstration of the usual degree of irrefragability, or the reverse, as you will. But such demonstration completely overlooks all that there was of life and of value in the thinking.

All this is eminently pertinent to Spinoza. It is more than pertinent—it is indispensable to the comprehension of him. His 'Ethics' (which these translators call "ethic," following the ignorant corruption of *ethica* from a neuter plural to a feminine singular) is likewise drawn up in theorems, with demonstrations which have always furnished a laughing-stock to mathematicians. But you must penetrate beneath these if you would enter the living stream of Spinoza's thinking. You then find that he is engaged in a somewhat mathematical style in developing a conception of the absolute, strikingly analogous to the metrical absolute of the mathematicians. He thus appears as a mathematical thinker, not in the really futile, formal way in which he and his followers conceived him to be, but intrinsically, in a lofty, living, and valuable sense. But whether or not this ideal absolute which he brings us to conceive has anything at all in the

real world corresponding to it, is a problem which simple thinking cannot solve. That must be brought somehow to the bar of experience, or remain a pure ideal. Yet, even so, it would not do to assume the speculation to be useless; for one might by the same reason conclude mathematics useless, that being only the study of ideal constructions. Spinoza himself of course reposed in childlike faith in the objective truth of his ideas. The 'Ethics' was written in the midst of those discussions about the principles of dynamics which for many years occupied the attention of the whole learned world, and which were brought to a conclusion in Newton's 'Principia.'

Now these discussions related to matter of fact; and yet their method invariably was to develop the writer's instinctive notions. Thus, Galileo, seeing that a falling body evidently falls faster and faster, only stops a moment to show that there would be serious difficulties in the way of supposing the velocity to be proportional to the distance fallen from rest, and then at once adopts the correct idea that the incremental velocity is proportional to the time that increment occupied. Spinoza's reasoning is precisely of the same nature. But what he and all his school fail to remark is, that the conclusions of the students of mechanics are sure to be brought to the test of experiment in various ways and without any public remark, unless the experiments fail. It is just that quiet verification that makes all the difference in the world. A hypothesis of any kind has no positive support until it has predicted something capable of being observed and that prediction has been verified. Nevertheless, it must be conceded that as soon as they had learned to introduce the idea of continuity, a very considerable proportion of the instinctive ideas of students about forces turned out to be just, and the rest needed only slight correction.

Spinoza's ideas are eminently ideas to affect human conduct. If, in accordance with the recommendation of Jesus, we are to judge of ethical doctrines and of philosophy in general by its practical fruits, we cannot but consider Spinoza as a very weighty authority; for probably no writer of modern times has so much determined men towards an elevated mode of life. Although his doctrine contains many things which are distinctly unchristian, yet they are unchristian rather intellectually than practically. In part, at least, Spinozism is, after all, a special development of Christianity; and the practical upshot of it is decidedly more Christian than that of any current system of theology.

There are at least three good translations of the 'Ethics' into English—that of R. Willis, M.D., affixed to his interesting *Life of Spinoza* (Tribner, 1870); that of Daniel Drake Smith, published separately (Van Nostrand, 1876); and the present one, which originally appeared in Tribner's 'English and Foreign Philosophical Library.' The latest is distinctly the best of the three translations. None of them prints the Latin. The long "Preface" is occupied chiefly with an analysis of the development in Spinoza's mind of the doctrine of the 'Ethics' as shown in his earlier work, 'A Short Treatise upon God and Man's Well Being,' and in his correspondence. This is interesting and throws some light upon the doctrine itself. There is no really thorough book about Spinoza in our language, though there are several that contain much that is valuable, especially those of Frederick Pollock and of Caird. The best edition of his works is by Van Vloten and Land (The Hague, 1889). In regard to the relation

of Spinoza to the philosophers who went before him, much has been done in special directions, one writer urging his indebtedness to Descartes, another that to scholasticism, a third that to the Jewish philosophy, a fourth that to Giordano Bruno. But no really good comprehensive view has ever been published; nor, singularly enough, has anybody remarked, as far as we are aware, the very obvious indebtedness of Spinoza to Hobbes, to whose wooden mechanism he was naturally inclined.

Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1894.

OF all books of travel that have appeared during the twelvemonth, this sixty-year old classic ought to be read with the greatest avidity by Americans, for it is history in its most taking form. The style is that of a bright, cultivated Englishwoman, with a "conscious incapacity for description," but with a very unusual capacity for it, nevertheless. She writes not from memory but from notes made on the spot, and with a manifest desire to be moderate and truthful. She oversteps her theme (*pace* Prof. Peck, who writes an introduction to this reprint); and whenever she does so to express her views of an established church, government by the few, the American Constitution, and our political institutions generally, she is less edifying if no less entertaining. By exception, on the subject of slavery, which might be classed either as domestic or political, she speaks admirably and without the least exaggeration. But in this, and in all other particulars save readability, she is (*pace* Mr. Peck again) inferior to her more powerful-minded successor, Miss Martineau, whose stay, though briefer, was vastly more profitable, if only because of the greater scope of her observation. Mrs. Trollope saw nothing of New England, and no place so long and so continuously as Cincinnati. She entered the country by the dreariest of back-doors, the mouth of the Mississippi, and made the ascent of that river by way of Memphis to the Ohio city, already a pork shambles. Her affairs did not prosper; she constantly encountered the anti-British spirit revived by the recent war of 1812, and intensified by the newly published work on America of Capt. Basil Hall; she contrasted the crudities, excesses, ill-breeding, discomforts of a frontier civilization with the polished society she had left behind her; she had some just cause for personal resentment, and she could not resist the temptation to hold up to the world (including the United States) the cant and conceit and thin-skinnedness of this people.

No wonder that she brought down upon herself the abuse heaped upon Capt. Hall. Yet nothing is clearer than that she would fain have praised. Compare her account of Washington with Bacour's loathing of it ten years later, and you perceive that she was helped to overlook its really shabby condition by her sense that the lines had been laid for a magnificent future metropolis. The self-satisfaction displayed in the secretary of state's correspondence at the obvious superiority of a gold or silver box destined for Russia, with the American seal enclosed, to those received from our European allies, pleased her as foretelling a time when America would "give a fair portion of her attention to the arts and the graces that embellish life." She admits the beauty of our men and women, though she cannot admire their carriage or their gait or their motions in the dance. She raves over our flowers and our scenery. She draws the line at tobacco-

chewing and spitting, shirt sleeves in court and at the theatre, heels on table or on the window-sill, vulgar familiarity towards all ranks, revival and camp-meeting religiosity, and so on. She reports both what she sees and what she is told, and as an observer few would now deny that she was honest and trustworthy. When she could not bring herself to discover a great actor in Forrest, and relates that she was advised not to "state it freely in America, 'for they would not bear it,'" we judge her veracity by the subsequent Astor Place riot against Macready. On the other hand, that she is not merely reserving her applause for her countrymen on the American stage will appear by comparing her appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Drake at Cincinnati with that, equally laudatory, of the late E. D. Mansfield in his 'Personal Memoirs' (1879), from which work we will quote a passage on another subject (p. 187). He is speaking of a large party:

"There was no regular set supper-table. But, as was customary at that day, there were in the back rooms tables for gentlemen, covered with the most solid dishes of meat and game, while the waiters carried to the ladies the best of cakes and confections, with whatever else they desired. With them remained the young gentlemen, who had then even more gallantry than they have now in commending themselves to the graces of the ladies. But with the old, sedate, and unfashionable gentlemen the back room was the charm. There stood the tables, with ham and beef, and venison, turkey, and quail, with bottles of brandy and wine, and there were chairs for those who wanted to kill time."

Here is Mrs. Trollope's more lively account of the same custom in the same city at the same date, reinforced with a lithographic picture suggested by her own pencil (i. e. p. 214):

"The arrangements for the supper were very singular, but eminently characteristic of the country. The gentlemen had a splendid entertainment spread for them in another large room of the hotel, while the poor ladies had each a plate put into their hands, as they pensively promenaded the ball room during their absence; and shortly afterwards servants appeared bearing trays of sweetmeats, cakes, and creams. The fair creatures then sat down on a row of chairs placed round the walls, and each making a table of her knees, began eating her sweet but sad and sulky repast. The effect was extremely comic; their gala dresses and the decorated room forming a contrast the most unaccountable with their uncomfortable and forlorn condition."

"This arrangement was owing neither to economy nor want of a room large enough to accommodate the whole party, but purely because the gentlemen liked it better. This was the answer given me when my curiosity tempted me to ask why the ladies and gentlemen did not sup together."

The separation of the sexes struck our British critic very painfully. Again and again she refers to it as making domestic life dreary through the suppression of conversation. Her instances of false delicacy and prudery growing out of this are more incredible now than anything else in her narrative; and altogether we are helped to an understanding of the boldness of her transatlantic voyager, Frances Wright (Mr. Peck seems to know no more about this historic lady than what he finds in our author), in lecturing publicly to mixed audiences, and of the scandal caused by it, as later by the anti-slavery addresses of the Grimké sisters, and by the abolitionists ignoring sex in making up committees. This prudery was to be met with on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line, and Mrs. Trollope records a manifestation of it on the borders of the Potomac:

"I once saw," she says, "a young lady who, when seated at a table between a male and a female, was induced by her modesty to intrude on the chair of a female neighbor to avoid