

given by Flushing to the service of the State and nation, both before and since the Revolution. Attention is irresistibly drawn to the contrast between the annals of the Hollanders in New York and those of their kindred, the Boers, who emigrated under like auspices and about the same period to the wilds of Africa. Yielding to the course of events, the Dutch in this hemisphere blended insensibly with the conquering race, lending to the union their own peculiar virtues and qualities. The African colonists from the first resisted and to this day resist the spirit of the age. Agriculturists always, they were compelled by their position between savage enemies and civilized aggressors to become also hunters and warriors. Driven ceaselessly backward by the rising tides of commerce and conquest, they were forced by the English first westward from Cape Colony into Griqualand, thence, after stern resistance, into the region watered by the Orange River; and, at last, with obstinate resolution taking up another exodus, they trekked their long and painful way, with flocks and families, towards the heart of the continent, across the River Vaal. In the midst of this haven of rest a new danger suddenly arose. The discovery of gold inundated their chosen home with floods of alien and unquiet adventurers. True to the spirit of the age, these demand a share in the government, which would speedily grow into its control. The Boers, firm and stubborn as ever, persist in being an anachronism and an anomaly among the peoples of the earth. They stand at bay.

Through Nature to God. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899.

To watchers of the tides and currents of thought, just now setting decidedly against rationalism, the later turn of Mr. Fiske's philosophy is an interesting phenomenon, and none the less so where his argument seems insufficient. The present little volume, continuing the line of thought of the 'Idea of God,' has three disconnected parts, entitled, "The Mystery of Evil," "The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-Sacrifice," and "The Everlasting Reality of Religion." Mr. Fiske's solution of the problem of evil is the familiar one, that evil is only relative, and that it is absurd to suppose good to exist without a correlative and reacting evil. Hardly more than a hint is afforded of how this thought is to be followed out, although it was developed at large more than a generation ago in James's 'Substance and Shadow.' In the second part, the author endeavors to show that "the cosmic process exists purely for the sake of moral ends"—quite too serious a proposition for so light a book. He has much to say of the prolonged infancy of man; but he does not attempt to refute the alleged facts that have again recently been put forth and tabulated, to show that the duration of man's infancy is related to the length of his natural life in the same way as that of all other mammals. We remark, too, the lack of any clear distinction between cerebral evolution taking place strictly by natural selection (the more cunning and, to some extent, the more good-natured individuals averaging in the long run the larger families) and intellectual development under the influence of tradition, which variations at birth can influence only so far as those individuals who are

congenitally suited to accepting established customs, are likely to produce more numerous progeny than those who are congenitally ill adapted to the traditional ideals.

If a "cause," in the sense of an active body of sentiments, can be damaged by an argumentative defence that seems at first sound, but is sure at last to be found worthless, then it may be doubted whether the third part of Mr. Fiske's book is likely to do religion more good or more harm. The nature of his reasoning is sufficiently shown by the following sentences:

"Now if the relation thus established in the morning twilight of Man's existence between the Human Soul and a world invisible and immaterial, is a relation of which only the subjective term is real and the objective term is non-existent, then, I say, it is something utterly without precedent in the whole history of creation. All the analogies of Evolution, so far as we have yet been able to decipher it, are overwhelmingly against any such supposition. To suppose that, during countless ages, from the seaweed up to Man, the progress of life was achieved through adjustments to external realities, but that then the method was all at once changed, and, throughout a vast province of evolution, the end was secured through adjustments to eternal non-realities, is to do sheer violence to logic and to common sense. Or, to vary the form of statement, since every adjustment whereby any creature sustains life may be called a true step, and every maladjustment whereby life is wrecked may be called a false step; if we are asked to believe that Nature, after having, throughout the whole round of her inferior products, achieved results through the accumulation of all true steps and pitiless rejection of all false steps, suddenly changed her method and, in the case of her highest product, began achieving results through the accumulation of false steps—I say we are entitled to resent such a suggestion as an insult to our understandings. All the analogies of Nature fairly shout against the assumption."

There is much more of this. But it is mere reiteration. Every reader will see how all this heat and "shouting" contrasts with Mr. Fiske's quiet way of pushing his reasons when he sees their force clearly, instead of only feeling something, he knows not quite what. To say that "the analogies of Evolution are overwhelmingly against any such supposition" is quite the reverse of the truth. According to accepted ideas of evolution, species do not become adapted to their environment in so far as that environment enjoys abstract "reality" (if that means anything), but only in so far as that environment affects the continued propagation of the species. Correct notions about ways of getting food and the like are developed because the species would die out if they were not. But Mr. Fiske will not be able to point to a single idea which evolution has rendered true in any other sense than that it is favorable to the continuance of the species. He himself, in his second sentence above, defines a "true" step as an "adjustment whereby any creature sustains life"—which is approximately, though not accurately, a good definition for the purposes of evolutionary philosophy. But, in that sense, the development of a wholly erroneous conception of the sun or moon, or of another life, or of anything else which in some respects cannot really influence the species, may be a "true step," provided it be stimulating or tend to sustain life. If Mr. Fiske would content himself with saying that Truth, in any other sense than that of a valuable adjustment, is unattainable, if not inconceivable (as his Pragmatist friends, James and Peirce, con-

tend), his reasoning would be considerably amended.

There are several passages in the book which remind us that Mr. Fiske is not a thorough-going evolutionist, but is a follower of Spencer, who holds that Evolution and Devolution ceaselessly alternate under the influence of an immutable law that knows no growth, no cause, no reason; so that not evolution, but immutability, according to his account of the matter, is the general characteristic of the universe.

The Races of Europe: A Sociological Study. By William Z. Ripley, Ph.D. With Supplementary Bibliography of the Anthropology and Ethnology of Europe. Two vols. D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

Dr. Ripley's book impresses one at sight as the result of great labor and painstaking. You need not be an ethnologist to discover that the author, the artist, and the publisher have done their best. The race and type portraits are most of them in front and side-face, to enforce the text. The graphic charts and maps of cephalic index, stature, color, etc., compiled from a hundred heterogeneous sources, are brought to a common, intelligible standard. The author says that most of these are the handiwork of his wife, so we take off our hat to her for the most interesting parts of the volume, which not only illustrate the text, but brilliantly illuminate it. The bibliographic supplement is both a collection of book titles and an alphabetic list of topics, under each of which the pertinent authors are given in chronological order. The Boston Public Library, with commendable generosity, has brought the books together at Dr. Ripley's behest. Any student past fifty will miss the name of almost every author at whose feet he sat thirty years ago.

Putting aside society, language, industries, fine arts, and religions as functional only, Dr. Ripley devotes himself to the term *race*, meaning blood, as applied to Europe, insisting always that the study cannot be divorced from the environment, in the fullest meaning of that term. Races of Europe and the map of Europe—that is the text. Head-form holds the first place as a characteristic of race; after that come color in the skin, the hair, and the eyes, and stature. On this basis it is inferred that there were three races in Europe, all secondary or derivative. By race the author does not, with Deniker, mean the biological groups now peopling Europe; much less does he hold the view of Agassiz regarding fixed types. As an evolutionist he holds that races are only ideals, inseparable branches of a common stem. The three ideal, fundamental races of Europe are:

1. *Teutonic*, a variety of the Cro-Magnon man, with long head and face, light hair, blue eyes, tall stature, and narrow, aquiline nose. Also called *Homo Europæus*, the Nordic, Kymric, Germanic, and *Reihengräber* race.

(2.) *Alpine* (Celtic speech, Hallstatt culture, Asiatic affinities). With round, broad head, light chestnut hair, hazel-gray eyes, medium stature; broad and heavy nose. Also called *Homo Alpinus*, Lappanoid, Occidental, Aveyron, Dissentis, Sarmatian, Celto-Slavic race. Lineal descendants of the lake-dwellers.

(3.) *Mediterranean*, earliest, with long head and face, dark brown or black hair, dark eyes, medium stature and broad nose.

—Berkeley, of all authors, without exception, the most stimulating to a beginner in metaphysics, has hitherto appeared in four editions of his collected works. The first, of 1784, is contained in two sumptuous quartos with broad margins, open type, and paper not too brilliant. Unfortunately, like most such quartos, they are in other respects unsatisfactory, important passages being omitted at the whim of the editor. The second edition, of 1837, noticeable only as being compressed into one volume, is said to be a reprint of the first. This is not true of the third, published in 1843, in two volumes octavo, by Thomas Fegg, uniform with his editions of Hartley, Harris, Cudworth, etc. It was edited by Rev. G. N. Wright, and has some peculiarities that certainly facilitate perusal. The three Latin treatises are presented in literal English versions. The "Principles of Human Knowledge" has been subjected, obviously for the convenience of Oxford students, to a singular process. Subtitles are introduced; long sentences are broken up, so far as punctuation can accomplish it; freely scattered italics draw attention to leading conceptions; hands point to striking passages; every logically essential proposition is enclosed in brackets; while occasional footnotes call attention to comments in Reid's "Intellectual Powers." The fourth edition is the celebrated one in four volumes by Alexander Campbell Fraser (Clarendon Press, 1871), of which every page is disfigured with superfluous explanatory notes, to the reader's deep disgust. For George Berkeley knew how to give expression to his ideas as well as any man that ever lived, Alexander Campbell Fraser not excepted, nor near to being excepted. Mizar would shine out the clearer were it unimpeded by Alcor's mimicry. The volumes are edited, however, with much ability and with modern accuracy, contain Berkeley's curious early metaphysical note-book, and form altogether a highly important work.

—We are now presented with a fifth edition of the good Bishop's philosophical works in three volumes of Bohn's Libraries (New York: Macmillan); and this edition will best answer the purpose of the majority of readers. The new editor, Mr. George Sampson, has given us the complete philosophical Berkeley, and nothing but Berkeley, save for the indispensable brief histories of the several publications, and an old Biographical Essay by Arthur James Balfour, containing many fine observations—altogether quite a charming thing; not omitting very much, either. The works are, in this edition, printed in the order of their original publication, but with the author's own definitive text. In reprinting them, modern critical scrupulosity is carried to its highest pitch, quite beyond Fraser. The "Queerist," for example, having been much changed in the second edition, is here printed twice, so as to exhibit both forms. Facsimiles of the original title-pages are given, and two portraits of the Bishop, one from the painting in the National Portrait Gallery, the other in the family group from a replica of the Yale portrait. The painter in both cases was John Smibert. The only thing we regret in this edition is that it should be confined, albeit not strictly (the Guardian papers being included), to the philosophical works. Perhaps a fourth volume will remedy that. The celebrated verses in which Berkeley predicts that America will be comparatively free from the convention-

alities of schools and of courts are, however, inserted so as to give an opportunity for the conventional British sneer by Mr. Sampson.

—Few if any English books have done so much for 'Ecclesiastes' as the first edition of Mr. Tyler's work bearing this title, which appeared in 1874. It is unnecessary to rehearse the position taken by the author of explaining Qoheleth through post-Aristotelian philosophy. In its new form (London: D. Nutt) the book is rewritten throughout and many changes have been introduced. The old threefold division is retained of introduction, exegetical analysis, and translation with notes. The notes might have been enlarged with great advantage. But the thing which, in this edition as in the first, must most strike the Semitist, is the startling contrast between Mr. Tyler's acquaintance with classical literature and with that of the Semitic world, and his equally startling ignorance of Semitic forms and ways of thought. The only exception to this is his evident knowledge of the Mishna, but it may be safely said that the exegetical light to be gained there is darkness visible. His book thus exasperatingly resembles the brilliant little work of Plumptre. For example, he quotes approvingly Plumptre's attribution of the phrases "under the sun" and "seeing the sun" to Greek influence, being ignorant of, or ignoring, the many close Old Testament and Semitic parallels. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." In all probability the verdict of the future will lie with Zeller's cautious admission that the author of the book may have been touched by Greek culture, and not with Mr. Tyler's "theory of vigor and rigor" that he elaborately labored to dissuade from the study of Greek philosophy. Commonplaces can hardly be treated as proofs of common origin; and deep in the primitive Semitic mind there lie just those antagonisms of vanity and tempered enjoyment, of submission to a personal and omnipotent Ruler and recognition of evil in his rule, that puzzle Mr. Tyler and drive him for an explanation to contradictory Greek schools. When students of the literature of the Hebrews will study it in its place among the literatures of the Semites, such hypotheses of influence will sink back to their true level. For Mr. Tyler personally, a somewhat extended examination of Muslim thought—in literature, life, and theology—might mean much.

MORE FICTION.

Tristram Lacy: or, The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock. The Macmillan Co.

The Awkward Age. By Henry James. Harper & Brothers.

Vengeance of the Female. By Marjion Wilcox. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

In an early chapter of Mr. Mallock's novel there is a letter written by Lord Runcorn, a Prime Minister and uncle of "Tristram Lacy, the Individualist." It is addressed to a benevolent lady of rank and fashion who has selected Lacy as a hopeful Conservative candidate for a doubtful constituency, and asked the uncle for an expression of his opinion. Real prime ministers are generally accomplished letter-writers, and Mr. Mallock has been quite clever enough to write up to a tradition of high office. The letter is, first of all, a definite answer to inquiry, and, after that, a polished bit of composition in which the class that Lacy

represents is most effectively characterized. Yet if ever there was a letter which should have been withheld from publication, or at least consigned to the seclusion of a fine print appendix, it is this fatally perfect one, signed "Runcorn." Its appearance on page 10 leaves the reader with 400 pages ahead of him and nothing new or more to be learned about the principal character. Mr. Mallock justifies Lord Runcorn's wisdom, but the process is only more tedious, not much more interesting or suggestive, than are the admirable arguments from given premises in text-books on logic.

Lacy has already experienced and discarded religious faith and poetic ideals; tried and abandoned the careers of politics and arms; loved and been jilted; known poverty and wealth, and has become, to quote his uncle, a victim of the modern malady, pessimism, whose fundamental peculiarity is not an inability to enjoy the smaller things of life, but an inability to believe that there is any true greatness in its great things. For his enjoyment of these smaller things Mr. Mallock makes sumptuous provision—family seats in England, *châteaux en Provence*, sunshine and roses, and women whose dower of wit and peerless grace is supplemented by shining raiment of infinite variety. One of these women Lacy almost wishes to marry, and another is quite determined to marry him. She is a widow of many perfections, including devout religious faith, and, by delivering Lacy to her in the last chapter, Mr. Mallock probably means to intimate that he will recover through her his lost ideals and a fresh and strong incentive to action.

The consciousness of failure in what should be the great figure of his novel may have increased the animosity with which the author regards many of the lesser people, in whose characterization he shows great energy of bad taste and bad temper. These are mostly poor people obliged to do some sort of work in order to live, and separated hopelessly from prime ministers and their nephews. Ordained by God to a degraded position, they try, at least temporarily, to forget His decree by talking about human brotherhood, equal opportunity, etc. They even gather together in a squalid way and charm each other with prophecies of the good time coming and absurd plans for hastening its arrival. In describing these wretched and ridiculous beings, Mr. Mallock drops the moderate irony, the fluent grace, the brilliant cynicism so perfectly at his command when roaming delightedly in high society. He becomes vulgarly malicious, and what may be meant for scathing satire is only cheap and stupid caricature. His most virulent attack is upon a woman who follows his own trade, and whose books have achieved immense popularity because they combine a reasonably interesting tale with discussion of serious social questions. He calls the lady Mrs. Norham, but we all know her name. Fortunately, we need neither admire her books nor agree with her opinions in order to perceive Mr. Mallock's venom and to know that it has overreached itself. The English people may have little literary judgment and no literary taste, yet it is preposterous to assert that the whole nation, including an occasional duke, has ever accepted with enthusiasm any book that could have been written by a woman with the instincts of an ambitious

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