

—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 "Que-rist," 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 three-fold 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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may be good reason for rejecting Boccaccio's identification of Dante's Beatrice with Beatrice Portinari; and the 'Vita Nuova' is to be held not as a narrative of actual occurrences in their literal order and relation, but rather as an artificially composed romantic story. Yet this romance was not a pure invention of the understanding, a carefully elaborated and cold tale of allegorized abstractions, but, on the contrary, it was an ideal and poetic presentation of a real experience, palpitating with genuine emotion, hot with passionate feeling, and shaped by the imagination into the form which corresponded to its true relations with life. The evidence of the actual existence of the Beatrice, the woman whom Dante loved, which is afforded by the 'Vita Nuova,' the 'Convito,' and the 'Divine Comedy,' seems to us absolutely irrefragable, and to be disputed only by those who would interpret the nature of the poet by the rules which serve for the great prose mass of mankind.

But this is not the opportunity for a full discussion of such matters, or for treating the many topics of interest which Dr. Kraus's work presents. In brief, his book is to be commended for many merits, and there is no student of Dante who will not find profit in making himself acquainted with it.*

Valuable as Dr. Kraus's book is, it was, perhaps, not the most important contribution made by Germany in 1898 to the study of Dante. The year saw the practical completion of Dr. Scartazzini's 'Enciclopedia Dantesca,'† the crowning work of its author's labors in the field which he has done more to cultivate than any other living scholar. In some concluding words, written, we regret to note, in a tone of depression, he speaks of it as a work *che m'ha fatto per più anni* *mauro*, too gigantic in its proportions to admit of absolute completeness in its first draught; and he promises a supplement, to contain what is needed for perfecting it, provided his impaired health allow him to fulfil his intention. He may indeed be congratulated on having already accomplished so much, and the multitude of students already under obligation to him will join in the hope that his strength may be speedily so restored as to enable him to carry out his design to its end. The 'Enciclopedia' is truly a gigantic work, its two volumes consisting of 2,200 closely printed pages of more than 400 words to a full page, exhibiting an amount of erudition even beyond that full measure which the best German scholars have taught the world to expect from them. It is, as its title-page states, "a critical and explanatory Dictionary of whatever concerns

*It is matter of regret that a work which does so much honor to its author, and which has so stately a form, should swarm with errors of the press. At its close there is a list of twelve of them, but this is to be trifled with the reader; we have noted nearly two hundred misprints, and have passed without noting them many more—most of them, indeed, of very slight consequence, and a large proportion of them in the citations from works in languages foreign to the German compositor or proof-reader. But some of them are serious enough to perplex the reader, as, for example, p. 448, n. 6, where the following reference is given: "Summ. theol. II. 2. q. 9. a. 6a. art. 5." which should read: "Summ. theol. II. 2. q. 61. art. 5." On p. 475, l. 25, "coelum iudicium" should be "coelum circulationi"; and in note 4, on the same page, we read, "id est inter coelum et coelum in fine temporis virtuosus inferior infunditur," but should read, "id est inter coelum et coelum talis temporalis virtuosus inferior infunditur." On p. 87, the familiar verse from the 24th canto of the 'Purgatorio,' "femmina è nata, non porta amore," is translated: "femmina è nata, e non porta amor bendi." Is it enough? "figli altri da laudabile tacerel." But

†Enciclopedia dantesca: Dizionario critico e esplicativo di quanto concerne la vita e le opere di Dante Alighieri. Vol. I. and II. 8m. Svo. pp. lx. 2,200. Milan: U. Hoepli. 1898-1899.

the Life and Works of Dante," including a complete vocabulary, not only of the 'Divine Comedy,' but also of the minor works of the poet; and this enormous undertaking has been so well executed that, whatever other aids the student of Dante may possess, this must be held by him as indispensable, and will be found an ample and superior substitute for almost all other books of reference, in its special department. It affords both an original comment and a full compend of the opinions of other commentators on difficult passages in the writings of the poet; it gives accounts, generally concise but sufficient, of persons and events mentioned in them; it deals with the incidents of Dante's own life; and it discusses critically the doubtful and obscure points of his biography and in the relation of his works to each other and to his life. The bibliographical references are so abundant as to direct the student to the sources of further information, and so exact that the path is made easy for him. The vocabulary, in respect to both etymology and definition, though not altogether satisfactory in its etymological portion, is a great advance upon that of Blanc, which, from the date of its publication, nearly fifty years ago, has been one of the most useful of the aids in the study of the 'Divine Comedy.' In this part of his work Dr. Scartazzini has derived much assistance from the invaluable Concordance of Dr. Fay issued by our American Dante Society.

It would be surprising if there were not oversights and defects in a work of such compass and such difficulty; but, whatever they may be, they are of comparatively slight moment. In this book, as in that of Dr. Kraus, the main fault is that of the "too much"; of an occasional heaping together of a mass of material when a selection from it would be more useful. The distinction between pedantry and learning is one which the modern German scholar and his American imitator find it difficult to draw, and a lack of discrimination between the important and the unimportant leads frequently to disproportion in treatment. Dr. Scartazzini's work is not free from this error, and a striking instance of it is afforded by his giving no less than twenty-three pages to the reprint under *Titone* of an essay, from his Leipzig edition of the 'Divine Comedy,' on the interpretation of the first verse of the ninth canto of the *Purgatorio*, *La concubina di Titone antico*. It would have been better to condense the conclusions of this discussion into a single page, and to refer the reader for the full argument to the volume where it originally appeared. The main object of the essay is to show the difficulty attending the acceptance of the interpretations of the passage hitherto proposed, so as to clear the way for the adoption of another reading of the verse and a new interpretation of it, proposed by Dr. Scartazzini in his notes to the Leipzig edition; and it is a little amusing that the essay does not inform the reader what this new interpretation referred to in it actually is, so that, unless he have the required edition at hand, he is utterly unable to determine what it may be.

There are, of course, many points in a work of such scope on which the opinion of a competent student may differ from that of the author, but there are very few on which Dr. Scartazzini's judgment is not to be held in high respect. We repeat, in con-

clusion, that the work is one henceforth indispensable to every serious student of Dante.

From Comte to Benjamin Kidd. By Robert Mackintosh. D.D. The Macmillan Co. 1899. 8vo, pp. 312.

Better-World Philosophy. By J. Howard Moore. Chicago: The Ward Waugh Co. 1899. 12mo, pp. 275.

Here are two answers to Kidd's 'Social Evolution.' It is a new indication of the usefulness of extreme positions in philosophy that that work should still be evoking refutations and replies. Dr. Mackintosh's book reviews the whole history of the application of biology to ethics from Comte down, and gives serious criticisms of the doctrines of Comte, Hatch, Spencer, Leslie Stephen, Miss Cobbe, Dagehot ('Darwinism in Politics'), S. Alexander, Huxley (Romanes Lecture), Drummond ('Natural Law in the Spiritual World' and 'Ascent of Man'), Sutherland, Ritchie ('Darwinism and Politics'), and Kidd—making a valuable history of this movement of thought. There was no decisive reason for beginning with Comte. The author might as well have gone back at least as far as Cabanis, the original author of the phrase, "The brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile," usually attributed to the compiler Büchner. Although Cabanis insisted that "the soul is not an entity, but a faculty" (a phrase, by the way, to be noted by those who imagine that all psychologists before Herbart regarded faculties as entities), and maintained distinctly that psychology is a branch of physiology and is to be studied in the physiological laboratory, yet he held that morality is, in some sense, obedience to the will of "the first causes." In truth, the idea of founding ethics on biology may be traced back to the beginnings of modern science. Its germ may be found in Servetus, who thought that, in order to understand the soul and its workings, the motion of the blood must be studied, and in Bernardino Telesio, the father of sensationalism. Still, Comte makes a convenient starting-point, being the earliest of the thinkers of this class whose works are still much read, whose influence is distinctly felt, and whose school survives.

Dr. Mackintosh devotes more than one-sixth of his book to Comte, a disproportionate space, considering how far the author of the Positive Philosophy was from anything like Darwinian ideas. Dr. Mackintosh's criticism seems to be animated by a spirit of fairness, and is certainly thoroughly studied. His ways of thinking, however, are not those of a scientific man. He sometimes intimates dark misgivings as to the foundations of what he calls "(finite) science"—suggestions about as profitable as inquiries on the part of a leper as to whether his leprosy was legitimate. What each generation has to do is to follow out the path that lies open to it—which for us is the path of scientific investigation. About the logic of scientific hypotheses and the logical status of natural selection and of evolution generally, Dr. Mackintosh's ideas seem pretty confused, as a long chapter on "The Metaphysics of Natural Selection," the weakest in the book, shows.

However heedful biologists may find it to admit, for the present, that natural selection has been the main agency in the development of species, yet the presumption is

that any hypothesis concerning so complicated a matter, let it seem at first to accord as well as it may with the facts, will come in time to be profoundly modified, just as the hypotheses of general physics are undergoing modification, although this is a far simpler subject than biology. The physicists are unwilling to admit that there can have been life on the earth for so long a period as the Darwinian theory seems to require, or that the history of the globe has been so uniformitarian as Darwin, with unwonted warmth, assumed. The biologists themselves tell us that the life history of the individual reproduces, in outline, that of the development of the race. Now, individual development is at one stage very rapid and at another very slow. Moreover, if Darwinism has any lessons for ethics, we must suppose that intellectual and social development is due to the same general causes as the development of species. But no form of psychical development has, so far as history can trace it, proceeded at a nearly uniform rate. Meantime, there are very few cases, if any, in which we can say of any observed phenomenon that it certainly would have resulted from the action of natural selection; all we can usually say is that it very likely might have so resulted. But, as Dr. Karl Pearson points out, almost anything might result from natural selection. It is too elastic a theory to be very certain. For these and other reasons, though there is no doubt natural selection does act, yet we may not irrationally deem it unlikely that the adaptations of means to ends throughout nature are to be mainly accounted for by minute fortuitous variations together with the elimination of forms unsuited to those ends. Our direct observational knowledge of biological variations in reproduction leaves us altogether ignorant of whether there are any adaptations to needs in those variations, or whether they are quite fortuitous. We know no more about this than we do as to whether the ideas suggested by the law of mental association are, in their nascent state, at all adapted to ends or are purely random. To be confident that it is not so would be rash. But this does not justify Dr. Mackintosh in finding fault with Darwin's procedure in assuming the variations to be fortuitous. Science is not a fixed, unchangeable body of propositions. After a thousand years the general face of science may be modified past recognition. Scientific hypotheses are questions put to nature. In the game of twenty questions no skillful player begins by guessing what he thinks most likely. He seeks to fix one feature at a time. Scientific research is a much more intricate business, and various considerations go to determining what is the best hypothesis to try. But it is certain that if Darwin had made his hypothesis such as Dr. Mackintosh would have it, he would have blundered grievously in asking in or question what ought to have been asked in two.

Mr. Moore's book is as different from Dr. Mackintosh's as it well could be. Dr. Mackintosh does nothing but argue. Mr. Moore does not argue very much; he expresses his sentiments in a forcible and lively manner which is rather persuasive. Those sentiments, except, perhaps, in their strenuous intensity, are not particularly novel. He believes as thoroughly as Mr. Kidd in the natural egoism of man, and thinks that things never can go right until this is recognized,

and until the main effort of education is directed towards its cure. He is particularly shocked at the manner in which man enslaves the brutes. He seems to forget that a horse must be treated as he is—not so very cruelly, by the way, with his valet and his every need provided for—or he would not be born at all. But human nature must be revised "with revolutionary intent." Mr. Moore is quite sure "the sun will yet pour his fire upon an age . . . when it will be a crime for malfeetives to beget." Mr. Moore spells *though* "tho" and *through* "thru." We know not how he would spell *height*, for his book does not, we think, contain the word. It is not one Mr. Moore would be likely to use. He would probably prefer *celsity*, or *altiment*, or *vertilation*.

Flaubert. Par Émile Faguet. [Les Grands Écrivains Français.] Paris: Hachette & Cie. 1899. 16mo, pp. 191.

This is the first time that M. Faguet, whose vigorous vivacity and amusing dogmatism are met with often in the *Reveries* of these days, has appeared among the writers about writers who are creating the excellent collection of short biographies, or, more truly, studies, of the Great Writers of France. His volume slips into its proper place between those on George Sand, fourth in the irregular series, and on Théophile Gautier, the tenth. The masculine sprightliness of M. Faguet is well set off by M. Caro's unctuous seriousness in the case of George Sand, and his admirable freedom from "gossip" is doubly agreeable by the side of M. Du Camp's unwelcome confidences in the case of Gautier. The whole volume resembles, perhaps a little too much, its frontispiece—a reproduction of the monument to Flaubert at Rouen by Chapu, in which his head merely is given, and the "monument" is the figure of the Muse of Criticism, pen in hand, reading his works, while in the list of them at her side the one he himself cared for most is not included. M. Faguet represents, as this does, the judgment of posterity, and what he says has peculiar value from that point of view. But the judgment of posterity is apt to seem a little cold to the contemporaries of an author who, just because they are his contemporaries, have become his personal friends.

M. Faguet's estimate of Flaubert as a writer is so very high that it makes his want of appreciation of him as a man all the more marked. As a thinker, no one can defend Flaubert, but it never can be said too often that his heart was far more interesting than his head; and when M. Faguet speaks of the touching friendship he formed with "la délicieuse consolatrice des affligés," George Sand in her old age, one wishes that he had indicated the generous and ardent appreciation felt and expressed by the sadder spirit, whose unhappiness was greatly a matter of temperament and of physical conditions, and was much increased by his extreme sensitiveness and the tenderness of his affections.

As a master of the art of writing—"the art of creating with difficulty works of an easy and natural character"—M. Faguet places Flaubert among the highest. "Flaubert is one of the greatest writers in French literature," he declares, and the twenty pages he devotes to "Flaubert écrivain" are among the most interesting in the volume. He ferrets into the details of the structure of Flaubert's impeccable sentences with the most contagious eagerness. More

than one of his remarks are noteworthy. "Flaubert may be considered to be a model for style. I say for style. His language is not absolutely pure. . . . In this respect I think Théophile Gautier alone in our time is faultless." A little later there are original and acute pages on the manner in which "the image," whether comparison or metaphor or symbol, presents itself to different minds. And, again, on the variety of *tone* in Flaubert. But the important part of the book lies among the hundred pages in the middle, where romanticism and realism are studied, and Flaubert's relations to them and the relations of them to his works.

M. Faguet is more than right in maintaining that the *fond* of Flaubert's nature was to a high degree romantic, and he could have brought a thousand proofs in support of this belief; but the essential quality of romanticism is its repugnance to realism, its desire to escape from reality, and this quality Flaubert had nothing of. His mind was divided between the perceptions of realities and the conceptions created by a lawless and fruitful imagination. "He liked to see with precision, clearness, vividly, minutely, and surely; he liked to imagine things vast, immense, colossal, terrifying, and somewhat monstrous." These two tendencies show themselves through the whole of his literary life, but never in full force at one and the same time; always in alternation. After 'Madame Bovary,' 'Salammbô'; after the 'Education Sentimentale,' the 'Temptation of St. Antony'; after 'St. Antony,' 'Bouvard et Pécuchet.' In the realistic works the romantic side of his nature reveals itself only through the intimacy of his knowledge of the quality. He had observed in himself its many degrees and metamorphoses, and his self-love was less offended by throwing contempt on its manifestations in weaker minds than it was gratified by marking the differences between himself and them in its forms. In his romantic works, the realist in him reveals itself only by his precise description of material objects.

Because Flaubert was the first who perceived that true art demands the essential separation of the two kinds of vision, he was the first true French realist. Balzac's realism was always mingled with romanticism. Like Flaubert, he put pure realism uniformly into the painting of things, but there is much romanticism in Balzac's characters and still more in the events of their lives. The realism of Stendahl and of Mérimée was chiefly applied to exotic subjects, and both of them were more psychologists than realists, and succeeded in conveying an impression of truth more than of reality. These three great writers therefore created rather than satisfied a taste for reality. 'Madame Bovary' was a work of perfectly new character in French literature. What had been bud and blossom ripened into fruit, in 1857. In 1850 the name of "realism" had become familiar to the literary world in connection, oddly enough, with the works of the estimable and now forgotten author Champfleury; its existence was recognized. But it was Flaubert who decided its character and marked out its path. Twenty years later, the critic Émile Montégut, and not he alone, recognized the historic importance of 'Madame Bovary'; he spoke of it as "a