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fit for Parnassus, yet they also serve a very useful purpose in pedagogy." "In the years to come, the Chopin studies will be played for their music, without any thought of their technical problems." Mr. Huneker might have added that even now there are more frequent demands in concert-halls for repetitions of the études than of any other pieces by the same composer.

Style is a thing one does not usually expect in books on musical topics, but Mr. Huneker writes with a pen that knows how to clothe even well-known facts in words that make them seem new. It is this quality, and the constant references to other arts and contemporary literature, that make the musical books of Mr. Huneker, who seems to be an omnivorous reader, attractive to others besides musicians. Once in a while he uses a word—like Riemann's dreadful, though useful, "agogie"—which he ought to take pains to explain.

*Quaker Campaigns in Peace and War.* By William Jones. With eleven illustrations. London: Headley Brothers. 1899. Pp. xiv, 412.

Turning from the unreal, unnecessary books with which our tables are sometimes crowded, it is refreshing to take up a volume such as this, not altogether artistically put together, not written in the best trained literary style, not always well balanced, but instinct with human interest. It recounts the main experiences of a life, now aged seventy-four, commenced as a Quaker Welsh-speaking lad in a primitive Denbighshire village, leading on, in manhood, to association in the projects of Stephenson and the Peases in early railway industrial development in England, and in the worldwide Quaker philanthropy of those days. Mr. Jones was one of the Commissioners sent by the Society of Friends to distribute relief in France in 1870-'71. He managed sulphur mines in Sicily. Again, he was engaged in missions of mercy in Bulgaria after the massacres. Few non-combatants were ever afforded better opportunities for realizing the horrors of war. The impressions and convictions so formed led to his devoting much of his later life to the cause of peace and arbitration. The latter half of the book, not so interesting as the first portion, is principally devoted to the author's travels in Australasia and America in such capacity. We are afforded many interesting relations of intercourse with important personages—Stephenson, William E. Foster, the Peases, Cardinals Manning and Antonelli; Prince Bismarck and other German notabilities; John Bright, O. W. Holmes, Whittier, President Cleveland, and many others. A conversation with Antonelli in the Vatican, on Quaker theory and practice, is one of the most interesting episodes related in the book.

Did space permit we might quote passages by the dozen. How the military operations of the past few years and of the present sink into comparative insignificance before the 19,000 that fell at Gravelotte within a few hours! Mr. Jones and his brother Commissioners had many hairbreadth escapes, yet, upon the whole, our wonder is how they managed to live and move about amid the shock of contending armies and the unutterable horrors of the time and untold sufferings to man and beast. His certificate or passport of recommendation, of which we are

given a facsimile, is indeed a curiosity in its way—sufficient in itself to establish the merit of any collection of autographs. The simplicity is to be excused with which he relates his efforts to add to its value by fresh additions. We cannot but long to know whether the identity and name have ever been established of the young American doctor who at Metz devoted himself to the thousands of "black-typhus" cases, who succumbed, and who, like those he sought to serve, died untended, and was, like them, huddled into a pit of quicklime. Memory of the almost incredible Bulgarian atrocities is refreshed as we follow our author's footsteps. We stand appalled at the responsibility of the nations which then barred the extension of Russian power, and which later failed to make good their engagements concerning the Armenians, who never would have suffered as they did had Russia's hands not then been stayed.

The preface to this book is dated May of last year. The latter pages are full of hope and assurance consequent on the Czar's peace proposals. "By the overtaxed and conscripted victims of militarism, as by every lover of peace, this olive branch from the Neva" was hailed as a boon fraught with untold blessings." How little did the author then realize that, before many months had passed, the statesmanship of his own country would lead to one of the bloodiest of wars since 1870-'71, and that the passions of his countrymen would be so aroused that the preaching of peace and arbitration would be, as was abolition with us forty years ago, stigmatized, even by a religious journal, as dangerous "as firing off a pistol in a public thoroughfare," and that many of his own coreligionists would be for war to the bitter end.

It were to be wished that all the illustrations in this interesting volume were as good as the vignette portrait of the author.

*History of Ancient Philosophy.* By W. Windelband. Authorized translation, from the second German edition, by Herbert Ernest Cushman. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899. 8vo, pp. 393.

A manual of the history of Greek philosophy in one volume, rather large than small, but not redoubtable in bulk, by giving as much upon this subject as nine out of ten intellectual persons care to read (unless it be Plato and parts of Aristotle, with dipings into later writers) may, in view of the extent to which it will be used, be a more important publication than if it were larger. At any rate, greater care is incumbent upon the reviewer, since many of its readers will be less able to judge of its merits unaided. Here, then, is a judicious work, on most points up to date, whose author does not plume himself so much on brilliant theories that set all the evidence at defiance, as upon giving a clear insight into the development of ancient philosophy according to the best established opinions of to-day. As for those *terres-mata* so universally found in German books, he is rather fond of transfixing them with the pins of good sense. This feature makes the book enjoyable, and worth consulting even by those who are *au fait* in the controversies. In short, if there is another compendious manual of ancient philosophy in any language as illuminative and trustworthy as this, we have not the advantage of acquaintance with it.

The faults of Windelband's presentation are not trifling; but the worst of them are common to all works that are based on the modern critical treatment of ancient history—the method that has received so many hard knocks from archaeology. In the first place, notwithstanding what has been just said of the *relative* merits of this history, it does not always escape being drawn into the common German fault of discarding all the premises in our possession in favor of what the critic is disposed to think likely. We note one place where this tendency is betrayed by a single word. Speaking of the simple propositions in geometry that the Greeks attributed to Thales, he says:

"It may be safely concluded in every instance that these elementary propositions were generally known to the Greeks of his time."

Concluded? A conclusion requires premises; but such premises are altogether in default. Windelband would more accurately have said *guessed*. There seems to be an ineradicable confusion in the minds of German philosophers and critics between what is concluded and what is guessed. In the present instance, our own guess, founded on psychological considerations (without which we would refuse even to guess), would be the opposite of Windelband's, and it would be backed up by positive tradition, which, without being at all conclusive, is certainly worth more than nothing. It is very true that upon most points in the history of Greek philosophy, more especially before Socrates (but often later, too), the testimony is open to so much suspicion that if we accept it we may be morally sure we shall often be led into error. But when a conclusion to which all the premises converge is, nevertheless, open to grave doubt, the situation cannot be mended by reversing that conclusion. Uncertainty is simply unavoidable in such cases; and we may as well make up our minds at the outset that the only way to escape being often deceived about the history of ancient philosophy is to abandon the study of it altogether. "This is not demonstrated," is the laughable phrase that is perpetually running from the tongues and pens of modern critics. Do they imagine, then, that any of their dicta about ancient philosophy are demonstrated? A large proportion of them are pet hobbies which nobody but their authors ever accepted; and perhaps half of the rest are things which it has become the fashion in the universities to assert without any ratiocinative process whatsoever—sheer guesses, like the above about Thales.

For the pre-Socratic philosophy, Aristotle's authority is so all-important that it is impossible to discuss it intelligently until his status has been settled, and the doubts that are rife concerning the authenticity of what some scholars are fond of calling "the so-called Aristotelian writings" have been duly weighed. Windelband does not half inform the reader upon what those doubts are grounded, while he shows that he is not free from the fault that we have been criticising by calling the positive affirmations of Strabo (partly confirmed by Athenaeus) to the effect that Aristotle's original manuscripts lay *perdu* in a cellar for a century and a half—by calling these positive assertions "a very venturesome theory." But there is a part of the story, so much as happens to suit him, that Windelband accepts. Again, he denies that the "Parna-

nides," "Sophistes," and "Politicus" were written by Plato, contrary to his usual respect for the testimony of Aristotle even regarding matters remote from his purview, though really one does not see why he should respect that testimony, if it consists of an aggregation of irresponsible glosses, as the theory is. As for the stylistic proofs, strong as iron, of the authenticity of the three dialogues, they smack so much of archaeology as to put a "higher critic" quite out of sorts at their mere mention. While Windelband rejects the three dialogues as spurious, he is inclined to accept their testimony (if such it can be called) as to Parmenides and Socrates having had a discussion.

We have used so much space in setting forth this complaint against Windelband, that we can only just indicate several others. An effect, perhaps, of the German professors' habit of using a hundred words to disguise an idea that might have been precisely expressed in ten, is that Dr. Windelband, instead of endeavoring to carry the reader back to the naïve thoughts of the ancients, sometimes reports the ancients as expressing opinions about questions of modern philosophy. He also, like other historians, is given to reading into ancient philosophy a degree of consecutiveness and consistency which there is not only no satisfactory evidence for, but which is contrary to such evidence as we possess. Thus, he rejects the three dialogues of Plato just mentioned because they are contrary to the doctrine of ideas contained in the "Republic," etc., although Aristotle and others inform us that Plato changed his mind on that subject. Finally, we may justly complain that though this book has now been before the public for eleven years, some of its most singular positions have never yet been fully argued out by the author, anywhere.

The translation is authorized; but it need not therefore be correct. In many places correct it cannot be, if the author had any meaning at all. Here are a few random examples of what one finds in numbers on every page: "The Pythagoreans seem to be the first independently to discover the spherical shape of the earth" (p. 23). "There were men, otherwise favorably conditioned in life, who took a direct and immediate interest in knowledge" (p. 25). "This 'otherwise' is not English. Read: 'Men in good circumstances, too.'" "The fact that a cloud of myths should thicken from century to century around him, makes it necessary to go back to the oldest accounts" (p. 29). What should this "should" mean?

Of course, such phrases as "He was born as the son of Mnesearchus," and "Here was still a more motley mixture," patter upon us like rain. Inverted sentences, tempests of conjunctions and phrases having the force (or forcelessness) of conjunctions, *ifs* used in place of *although*, *ifs* within *ifs*, *all the more*, *just therein*, come upon us topsyturvy the way to make the perusal like trying to study while suffering from seasickness, such uncontrollable nausea does the unwonted tilting and pitching of the sentences produce. If the publishers had set their foot down about this matter, they might have done Dr. Cushman and his readers a signal service. We can only wish now that something may happen to the plates, because the book is one which is destined to be in use for a long time.

*Psychologie du Socialisme.* Par Gustave Le Bon. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1899.

*The Psychology of Socialism.* By Gustave Le Bon. Macmillan. 1899.

The manner in which M. Le Bon presents his theories is interesting, and even fascinating. He delights in generalizations of the broadest kind, and supports them with most effective illustrations. At his best, he suggests De Tocqueville, and many of his observations are of epigrammatic brilliancy. They are penetrating, too, but we cannot regard the author's insight as profound. He can hardly be described as a philosopher, in spite of his philosophical generalizations and oracular utterances. His references to American affairs show such carelessness or ignorance as to make us distrust his other inferences. He says, "It would never enter an American's mind to require the state to establish railways, ports, universities, etc." Yet there is so much truth in his theories, and they are so engagingly presented, as to captivate the reader.

When we try to analyze the political philosophy which characterizes these essays, we find it comparatively simple. It suggests the doctrine of the fixity of species. The Latin peoples, in M. Le Bon's view, are incapable of self-government. They possess little "initiative." They are not self-reliant, and it is immaterial what name they give their government; for, no matter what they call it, it is always despotic. The French have had centralization bred into them for so many generations that it has become a part of their constitution, or nature. A society, M. Le Bon says, with its institutions, its beliefs, and its arts, represents a tissue of ideas, sentiments, customs, and modes of thought determined by heredity, the cohesion of which constitutes its strength. Such a product cannot be refashioned in accordance with the theories of philosophers. This truth, however, is not appreciated by the writers or the peoples of the Latin states. As in the time of the Revolution, it is believed to-day that governments may be renovated by changing their constitutions. It is on a belief of this kind that socialism rests. It is a kind of religion, or perhaps rather a substitute for religion. It offers hope through better material conditions to those who have ceased to think of better spiritual conditions. It is impracticable, but it is none the less dangerous.

For the great power of such beliefs, M. Le Bon contends, lies in the fact that their propagation is independent of the proportion of truth or error that they may contain. When a belief "has gained a lodging in the minds of men, its absurdity no longer appears; reason cannot reach it, and only time can impair it." Socialism, which is substituting itself for the ancient faith, has but a low ideal, to establish which it appeals to the base sentiments of envy and hatred. Nevertheless, it stands to many for reform and progress; it holds out hopes of comfort and happiness. Hence it is probably destined to exercise an even greater influence than at present, although it will not be long before it is abandoned in disappointment. The conditions of existence have improved in modern times, but dissatisfaction with them has increased. The modern man, despoiled of religion, attaches himself eagerly to the present, the only reality he can seize. "Interested only in himself, he wishes at all costs to rejoice

in the present hour, of whose brevity he is so sensible. In default of his lost illusions he must enjoy well-being and consequently riches." Since riches do not fall to him, he thinks that he should have a share of what fortune has given to others, and regards all large accumulations of property as iniquitous. Hence it is evident that the fundamental principle of Socialism is to have something done for the man dissatisfied with his condition. He is not to help himself, but to be helped; and as the Latin peoples have long since learned to look to the Government for everything, they find Socialism a perfectly natural and consistent creed.

M. Le Bon is most successful when he describes particular classes, such as the Parisian workmen, and the "Demi-Savants and Doctrinaires." Somewhat inconsistently, from our point of view, he is an enthusiastic supporter of the army, and violently assails those who criticize it. He affords in this way an illustration of his own doctrine of the survival of ancestral beliefs and feelings, for his criticisms of the Government of France apply as much to military as to civil institutions. These criticisms are extremely severe, and there is evidence enough from other sources to make us believe them well founded. Not only the French, but the Latin peoples in general, are paying for the errors of the past. The Inquisition extirpated the elements of progress in Spain, and the expulsion of the Huguenots from France is one of the most potent causes of her present decay. Her population is stationary, and it is maintained by the selection of the most inferior types. It is one of M. Le Bon's pet theories that the worth of a nation depends on the number of remarkable men it produces, and France now produces few, and can produce few, under her present institutions. She is strong in intelligence, but weak in energy and character, and the destinies of such nations fall into the hands of their governments. "Reducing to a minimum the source of energy and initiative which the individual must possess to conduct his life, and freeing him from all responsibility, Collectivism seems for these reasons well adapted to the needs of nations whose will, energy, and initiative have progressively decayed."

It is difficult to convey a just idea of M. Le Bon's arguments, but we may say of them that they are impressive even if not free from fallacy. He reminds us often of Mr. Mallock, among English writers, and his attitude towards social problems is similar. We have marked many passages for quotation, but the book is so suggestive and so entertaining that it deserves to be read as a whole, and we commend it to all who desire to understand not merely the psychology of Socialism, but also the character and tendency of modern political movements in Europe.

We close with a single reflection. Is it possible that the paternal conception of a state, common to all except very modern communities, can have so imposed itself upon the Latin races that they alone cannot grasp the rival idea of individualism, and of the state as an agency? Individualism we may have in our blood; but certainly half our ideas of political freedom were derived from France, and it is difficult to believe that a nursery of political freedom should be inevitably doomed to become the stronghold of