

is reflected in these pages only by scattered references. How much Lady Dawson helped him and shared his interests may, indeed, be inferred from more than one allusion, but a most attractive chapter is lost to us through a reticence which can hardly be blamed in the present age of published confidences. One limitation of the work will be found in its fragmentary character, and another, perhaps, in the prominence which is given to local details. But this memorial of a strenuous and useful career will not fail to attract the attention of those whose interest in natural science was quickened by Dawson's books, and of those who knew him as an admirable teacher.

*The Indian Borderland (1880-1900).* By Col. Sir T. Hungerford Holdich, K.C.I.E., C.B., F.S.A. With twenty-two illustrations and a map. London: Methuen & Co. 1901.

In these four hundred pages are recorded the rich results of twenty years of untiring toil in the interest of civilization. It is a book well planned, well written, attractive, at times exciting, and not without artistic touches that lend a vivid charm to the narrative. In all probability, however, not one in a hundred of those who have read Gen. Roberts's dramatic tale will even look at this, a work infinitely more interesting, and one that records events of greater importance. A general, rushing across the stage with blare of trumpet and flash of sword, engaged in a spectacular exploit of no lasting value, compared with an explorer battling with Nature and slowly winning one of the enduring victories of science—it is not surprising that the former is a more popular figure; but the latter does more credit to the last century.

Col. Holdich's service ended during the little unpleasantness of 1897. Obligated by the civilian's rule to retire on the day he was fifty-five, he left his force on the field and devoted himself to completing the story of his twenty years of good work, which covered all the period from the Afghan war of 1879 to the Tirah expedition, from a time when practically nothing was known of the country called Borderland, to the present day when the whole country west and north of the Khatbar is surveyed and mapped. Though a civilian, he had no peaceable time of it, and, despite the contrast just drawn, there are accounts of fighting, betrayal, and sudden death to satisfy those in search of the picturesque. But the difference lies in the fact that here all that is military is subordinated to something higher. Slaying only when attacked, his real war was with the wilderness, the unexplored peak, the ice-filled cloud, the deadly sun of the Afghan plain. There are so many view-points from which this book is valuable that a reviewer can scarcely do more than indicate them. Historically, Col. Holdich's work presents the only reliable account of the changes that have taken place in the last generation from the Khatbar to Herat. Geographically, the book is a revolution. Indeed, it "makes geography," whether in defining the limits between Russia and the British empire, or in describing Baluchistan, or in naming the three valley-names of the Kunar, or in pointing out how Chitral is absolutely useless to its conquerors, or in showing the strategical value of Quetta, or in defining as undefinable the vague conglomeration known to Europeans (but not to the natives)

as Afghanistan, or in explaining that geographic and ethnographic mystery known as Kafiristan, where (as the author believes) descendants of the Hellenes still sing hymns to Bacchus—a strange race, whose favorite amusement is racing up and down hill for exercise on one leg. This is an item recorded apparently at haphazard by the observant author, who also in the same way notices the extraordinary expertness of the Beluch warrior in throwing stones; "heaving rocks" with accurate aim being his specialty. The Sanskrit scholar remembers with a pleasurable thrill that some of the allies in the epic war are renowned especially as "one-legged heroes," and that another clan was famed for its members' extraordinary accuracy in throwing rocks, and wonders how many such "myths of the epic" will turn out to be historical.

But if one desires a record of steep mountain-climbing under unsurpassed conditions of difficulty and danger, one may read the lively account of the ascent of the mountain peak in Waziristan, never before or since ascended by Europeans, where, after the guide had addressed an apparently "empty hillside," and the great climb had been made without molestation, a backward sweep of the telescope revealed, what had been forethought, that all the hidden hostile clan had mustered in the rear, prepared to dispute the descent. The battle that ensued is graphically described. Another chapter tells of the ascent of the Takht-i-Suliman, and the exciting task of outmaneuvering another savage clan. Bits of curious information are strewn at random through the narrative, some of them simply amusing, as when one reads that the Jamshidi dogs have learned how to play possum with the marmots, and make use of the curiosity of these little creatures to tempt them to their death; or that a Nasir chief, on burying the hatchet, "received a robe of honor and a yet higher and more valued recognition, which lifted him above the level of all the local khans—he was allowed to sit in a chair." Other anecdotes are rather grim. One subject of the Amir became too popular. His downfall was prophesied by an Afghan official in the words: "There is no hope for him; he is so ill that the Amir has sent his own doctor to attend him." Needless to say, the doctor did his duty. Another method of getting rid of a faithful coreligionist whom the Amir could not decently have executed, was to order him to sit on a raised platform. The Amir did not kill him, but he was not allowed to come down. The sun and hunger did the rest.

But Col. Holdich has eyes for many things besides triangulation and customs. This from Herat:

"The time for scarlet tulips to decorate the hillside had come. They were there in patches of vermillion, and hung about the blue hill landscape in vivid contrast. Purple thistles and wild poppies and roses were of slightly later bloom; but there were even then beds of the graceful white opium-poppy, varied with a slate-colored beauty, massed in patchwork about the feet of old gateways and minars, and wasting a sleepy perfume over the acres of the dead. The villages of the valley were buried in orchards, now scattering their wealth of pink and white blossom idly to the passing winds. Lucerne beds were already knee-deep in luscious greenery, and the odor of scented willow pervaded the moist, hot air."

The author doubts whether roses were introduced from Persia. Also indigenous, but not to Kafiristan, are real oaks, "giants

among the oak tribe," not the inferior ilex of the Himalayas.

The most important survey was that of the Pamirs. Here it was found that, in making triangulations, great care had to be taken to avoid awkward errors due to the local action of the mountain masses on the level; but on the 9th of September, 1895, the last pillar was set up: "Amidst the voiceless waste of a vast white wilderness 20,000 feet above the sea, absolutely inaccessible to man and within the ken of no living creature but the Pamir eagles; there these three great empires actually meet."

One of the strange contrasts of war and peace is found in the fact that at the very moment when other Englishmen were fighting for their lives at Chitral, Holdich and his men were being peaceably led up the Bozasar peak by part of the same tribe that was besieging his countrymen thousands of feet below, and both English and Kafir climbers knew what was going on in the valley beneath them. Though Col. Holdich speaks with due reserve, it is clear that he believes that the Amir played the British false in 1897, and was the moving cause of the "holy war." It seems a shame that England must allow herself to be regularly blackmailed by this potentate, but he still draws his nine lakhs a year for not disputing the Kafir boundary, which boundary is the "visible expression of our present determination to set a limit to a 'forward' policy."

A short appendix gives a lucid account of the history of Afghanistan. It is seldom that in this compass so rich a contribution is made to so many fields of knowledge. Col. Holdich's book gives with great modesty the record of a life-work whereof any man might well be proud.

*The Philosophy of Religion in England and America.* By Alfred Caldecott. The Macmillan Co. 1901. 8vo, pp. xvi+434.

Since much of what appears about the theory of religion is put forth without sufficient acquaintance with what else there is to be said, it seemed desirable to give a conspectus of what has been done all over the field. This might have been accomplished in different ways; or, rather, the chief emphasis and effort might have been put upon different parts of the task. That which Dr. Caldecott has chiefly, though not exclusively, aimed to do has been to take up each writer of any importance—perhaps a hundred or twenty or thirty of them—and, without entering into the merits of the controversy, to state intelligibly what that writer's position, method, and style are, to exhibit sufficient of his argument to show his place in the discussion, to give a critical estimate of his thought, and to inform the reader as to his reception and following; in short, to produce a sort of book-notice of the works of each writer such as a thoughtful evening newspaper might like to give. In this aspect of the work it is simply admirable. The author has a remarkable power of finding out just what is in a book, and what is not in it, and what its idiosyncrasy is. He is accurate, careful, calm, appreciative, many-sided. His power of reasoning is good enough to make any reader of philosophy glad to learn his opinion of a book, while it does not penetrate so deep beneath the surface that the aptness of his judgments can miss recog-

nition for their extreme profundity. His style is always savory; and where occasion is, he can write with finesse or with impetuosity. In one word, it is safe to say that there exists no directory to any branch of modern philosophy that is half or quarter as useful as this book is destined to be found.

Dr. Caldecott distributes the philosophies with which he deals into types; and it will dispose any reader to confess his need of the information that this publication furnishes, to learn that those types are in number no fewer than thirteen. This leads us to notice the second purpose of the book, which is to classify and consider the various types of thought which have been pursued, with a view of extracting therefrom lessons as to what should be tried next. It was, we dare say, beyond human powers to classify in a satisfactory way all the writers that had to be dealt with. But any well-trained logician would have avoided the worst faults of the classification of Dr. Caldecott, who, although Professor of Logic, is weak in that direction. At any rate, competent logicians will easily convince themselves that Caldecott is not of their number by turning to what he says of Dr. Samuel Clarke's so-called demonstration of the existence of a God, in which our author sees a "singular mixture of assertion and ratiocination" which has so puzzled him that he has "sorted out" Clarke's pretended demonstrations in two different ways before satisfying himself as to what the nature of the argument really was. Now, in an ordinary reader, nothing could be more pardonable than a perplexity about Clarke's meaning. Indeed, it would rather be a sign that the reader's ways of reasoning were sound and healthy than the reverse. For, as John Caird pretty accurately says, "it is a piece of meaningless jargon." But to a reader well versed in logic there is nothing singular about the argument, nor anything to hinder its being understood at a first reading. Clarke's notions of demonstration were false enough, but they were shared by almost all his contemporaries, particularly by Spinoza. The difference between those two writers was that with Spinoza the living thought did not pursue that erroneous method, which, in his case, was merely the garb in which it was clad after it was full-grown—and even then only imperfectly, since it does not accurately conform to the logical rules which it acknowledges. Clarke's reasoning, on the other hand, satisfies those requirements to the full, for it was constructed to do so, and never aimed at anything truer. Its sole merit is that of conforming to futile rules.

The division of thinkers into types would

no doubt have been a good idea if it had been restricted to the separation on logical grounds of the histories of widely disparate lines of thinking, leaving smaller subdivisions to be drawn by the historical associations and disassociations themselves. What, unless it was the mysterious fatality of the number thirteen, should have possessed the author to make so many divisions on purely rational grounds that it becomes a nice question in what compartment almost any given author may be most appropriately pigeon-holed—thus cutting for parallel histories in equal number, of movements not historically distinct—and is, at a loss to imagine. The consequence is that there is little genuine history in the book, whose parts are brought into relation only by the cement of rather foolish reflections. It will appear to many that an account of the philosophy of religion in England and America, which includes Emerson, treating the "Essay on the Over-soul" as natural theology, yet excludes the "Substance and Shadow" of Henry James, the father, does not thoroughly comprehend its own purpose. The author is not sufficiently acquainted with American thought.

The great utility of this work as a compendium remains untouched. Even if the author is not strong enough to stem the tide of an ephemeral public judgment as to the importance he allows to Balfour's stuff, this does not in the least matter, or perhaps is a positive convenience. We may add that it is a very agreeable book to read. Its natural style, never tired, its excellent index compensates for all faults of classification. It is printed, not on that beautiful paper so much in vogue which everybody likes who detests reading, and everybody detests who likes reading, but on a laid paper on which the ink takes black, and which gives a book of 450 pages weighing only a pound and a half, cover and all. That, in itself, ought to double the sale of it.

**Substitutes for the Saloon.** By Raymond Calkins. An investigation made for the Committee of Fifty under the direction of Francis C. Peabody, Elgin R. Gould, and William M. Slomsh. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901. Pp. xviii, 397.

The striking point about this book is its sheer good sense. There are men who frequent saloons because they want alcohol; there are men who frequent saloons because they want company, and who drink more than they wish to and when they do not wish to, rather than be left in solitude. It is very wisely for this second class of men only that the author speaks to and efficient substitutes for the saloon. He discusses

many substitutes as have already been tried—Clubs of the People, Clubs for the People, the Mingle, the Settlement, the Young Men's Christian Association, Lunch Rooms and Coffee Houses, English Temperance Houses—and makes a number of suggestions for their improvement; notably in the matter of choice of location, furnishings, supply of gymnasia, and organization of amusements.

The book is so free from impractical speculation that it is almost misleading to speak of the author's "ideal," though he has an ideal, namely, to make the saloon so far as possible, by legislation and otherwise, a place for drinking simply, not for lounging, and to supply the people with places of meeting in which they will find as nearly as may be all the attractions of the saloon and none of its temptations to excess.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albani, Antoine. *La Formation du Style par l'Assimilation des Auteurs*. Paris: Armand Colin. Allen, Grant. *Colin's Calendar*. New ed. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.  
Austrian, G. L. *Wilderemoor*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.  
Bago, Richard. *Casting of Nets*. John Lane. Banks, N. *An Old Boy's Letters*. Cassell & Co.  
Boswell, Walter. *The Story of King Alfred*. D. Appleton & Co.  
Clifford, Mrs. W. E. *A Woman Alone*. (Trove and Country Library.) D. Appleton & Co.  
Craw, F. H. *Introduction to the Study of Comenius*. Silver, Burdett & Co. \$1.25.  
Crosby, G. O. *Family Original Verse*. New and enlarged ed. Columbia (S. C.). Published by the Author. \$1.  
Donahue, T. L. *Trolley Yarns and Other Tales*. F. Thompson Neely Co.  
F. E. F. *An Introduction to Political Economy*. New ed. Boston & Maine. \$1.50.  
Fletcher, W. I. and Poole, Mary. *Poole's Index to Periodical Literature*. Abridged Edition covering Thirty-seven Important Periodicals, 1818-99. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Gibbs, Francis. *La Comedia and its Literary Landmarks*. London: Archibald Constable & Co. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.50.  
Hilberich, Joseph. *Artine Valere*. Boston: L. O. Page & Co. \$1.50.  
Japp, A. H. Darwin. London: John Bale, Sons & Danielsson. 2s.  
Jerrard, Walter. *Surrey*. (Dent's County Guides.) London: J. M. Dent & Co. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.  
Kerckhoff, R. E. *Poems*. Bates & Maine. \$1.  
Lawrence, S. G. *The Lawrence System of Vocal and Physical Education*. The Lawrence Pub. Co.  
Manley, Frederick. *The Merchant of Venice*. (New ed. Clarendon.) Boston: G. O. Birkhard & Co.  
Mangin, D. S. *Life of Indus and the Hindu Religion*. Edwin S. Gorham. \$1.50.  
Morris, Charles. *The Handy Dictionary of Etymology*. Henry T. Coates & Co.  
Navy. *Baron de Santa Anna*. The Land of the Unknown. London: Sands & Co. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.  
Parker, Mary M. *A Girl of Chicago*. F. Thompson Neely Co.  
Paton, George. *Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century*. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.  
Phillips, Sarah E. *The Old House by the Sea*. F. Thompson Neely Co.  
Richards, Laura E. *Geoffrey Strong*. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.  
Rynd, Evelyn E. *Mrs. Green*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Silver, E. N. *A Daughter of Mystery*. Boston: L. O. Page & Co. \$1.50.  
Simpson, R. N. *Captain Bayanov*. Boston: L. O. Page & Co.  
The Chronicle Fire Tables for 1901. The Chronicle Co.  
Tate, H. P. *An English Commentary on Dante's Divine Comedy*. Henry Fryde, Jr. \$2.  
Trench, Herbert. *Dante's Web and Other Poems*. John Lane.

"He has appealed, not to the idle and to the foolish, not to the fashionable mob, but to a more august tribunal"—Literature.

"Our Friend the Charlatan," the latest work by George Gissing, ought then to please the readers of the Nation.

12mo, \$1.50. Henry Holt & Co. N. Y.

**Autobiography of a Journalist.**  
By W. J. Stillman. 2 Portraits. 8 vols. 8vo. \$2.00.  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

#### MAX MÜLLER. Last Essays.

By the Right Hon. Professor Max Müller, K.M., late Foreign Member of the French Institute. 2nd Series. Crown 8vo. pp. vi+800. \$1.75.

"I should say that one of the books every scholar reads, reads, and reads to have at hand in his own library."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

**LONGFORDS, GREEN & CO.**  
27 West 44th Ave., New York.

#### F. W. CHRISTERN

(BYRON & FRISCHER, Successors)

270 West 44th Ave., New York.  
Importers of Foreign Books. Agents for the United States of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and the Pacific. Catalogues of stock mailed on demand. New books received from Paris and London at once forwarded.

#### FOR SALE

The *Journal of the American Association of Teachers*, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1901. The *Journal of the American Association of Teachers*, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1901. The *Journal of the American Association of Teachers*, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1901.

**THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS**  
Vol. 1, No. 1, 1901. The *Journal of the American Association of Teachers*, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1901. The *Journal of the American Association of Teachers*, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1901.