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or worthy to take lessons of him. Bülow, though sometimes generous, had none of Liszt's amiability. Liszt recalls the notice Bülow had pasted over his door: "In the morning not to be disturbed; in the afternoon not in"; also, his quarrel with the manager of the Berlin Opera, which he referred to as the "Circus Hülse," with subsequent apology to the proprietor of a circus in Berlin; also his pun about the "Spon-tinische Sümpfe" (Marshes), and, apropos of a certain tepor, the "Schweineritter" (Schwanenritter) Lohengrin. Bülow did know how to hate, the Jews above all. Liszt also was accused of having expressed decided opinions on this subject, but he denies it in his letters. He fully realized that "the Jews constitute at present the decisive majority in music, here and everywhere. Nothing surprising in this—they rule the two greatest Powers in the world, the Bourse and the Press."

There is, of course, a good deal about Wagner in these letters, and about the Bayreuth festivals of 1876 and 1882. Again and again Liszt calls attention triumphantly to Wagner's growing popularity and success, and again and again he repeats his conviction that the "Ring of the Nibelung" is the crowning art work of the century. During the preliminary rehearsals of 1875 for the first Bayreuth festival, Wagner gathered 150 of his friends about him in his house and made a speech, "the leading idea of which was that music had the mission of regenerating and vivifying all the arts of the century." Another interesting incident, heretofore overlooked by the biographers, is noted by Liszt—a reading given by Wagner at Minister Schleinitz's, in Berlin, at which Mörike and nearly the whole of the diplomatic corps were present. Bismarck, it seems, visited Wagner, who, however, received no invitation from the imperial family. Subsequently the Emperor atoned for this by attending the Bayreuth festival. With all his adoration of Wagner, Liszt was not blind to his foibles and eccentricities. "What sing—folly," he wrote to the Princess in 1868, with reference to Wagner, "to wish to fill the whole world with himself—with the result that he only makes himself more and more discontented and melancholy." One of his retorts in defence of Wagner may also be cited. He was never afraid to speak his mind in face of royalty, and when Queen Olga of Württemberg said to him that, in the opinion of the most learned professors of aesthetics, the "Ring des Nibelungen" was absurd and impossible of performance, he replied that infallibility was not an attribute of professors.

In the last volume there are many references to the biography which Lina Ramann had undertaken to write. Liszt did all he could to facilitate her task, but he constantly urged her to reduce the story of his life to a minimum, and to give most of her space to his works. In these his interest was maintained to the end, though he speaks with excessive modesty of their worth. He grew tired of life years before the end came. He suffered the penalty of fame in the large sacrifices of time called for—"je m'irrite souvent de pâtir des misères qu'inflige la célébrité," as he puts it—and he had not Wagner's courage or indifference to the world to bury himself, as his friend did, in Switzerland. To the last year his home was tripartite—Rome, Wei-

mar, and Budapest—and the frequent journeys became more and more fatiguing. He always disliked to be questioned regarding his health; but he does not hesitate to inform the Princess of his growing *tadium vite*. This chord is first struck in 1877, nearly a decade before the end. "Without wishing to complain, I often suffer from existence—my body has retained its health, my mind has not." Four years later: "Without being blasé, I am extremely tired of life." Instead of congratulating his son-in-law, Olivier, on the advent of a child, he wrote: "You know what sad thoughts infants give me—their future is exposed to so many unpleasant chances." After Wagner's death: "You know my gloomy views on life—to die seems simpler than to live." And once more, in 1885, "Ma fatigue de vivre est extrême." He had written to the Princess, as early as 1869, that he wanted a simple funeral—not like Rossini's—no music, no parade, no discourse; and he asked that his epitaph should be: "Et habitabunt recti cum vultu tuo." These words were inscribed on his tomb at Bayreuth.

A Study of the Ethics of Spinoza. By Harold H. Joachim. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1901. 8vo, pp. 316.

For the Cartesians and the intellect of Continental Europe at the time Spinoza wrote, geometry, as presented in the first book of Euclid's Elements, was the very exemplar of what science should aim at being. From our modern point of view, geometry is a triumph of instinctive good sense; but it is not entitled to be called a positive science, since it makes no critical examination of the truth of its assumptions. Its abridged style of exposition will answer for a subject where an almost unerring instinct guides us; but in itself that style is utterly vicious as not half setting forth the thought. "In all this, Spinoza felt himself obliged to imitate Euclid in order to maintain his pretensions to science. His philosophy was deep, out of the common ways of thinking, and intelligible only from peculiar points of view; so that it would have been difficult enough to understand had it been ever so lucidly presented. Clothed, as it is, in the garb of Euclid, the 'Ethic' is one of the most enigmatical books that ever were written. The most curious circumstance about it is that a logical writing which Spinoza left unfinished at his death, shows that the Euclidean form of the 'Ethic' was utterly untrue to the author's own way of thinking. Those assumptions which, when stated as definitions and axioms, seem to come from nowhere, bursting upon us like bolts out of the blue, had really been subjected by Spinoza to the critical examination of a sort of inductive logic.

The 'Ethic Demonstrated in Geometrical Order' appeared posthumously in 1677. It had been ready for the press since 1675, and had been seen by some of Spinoza's inmost friends in earlier forms at least ten years before. Attacks upon it began promptly upon its publication, if not earlier. For half a generation they were plentiful. This was the period of its ill-fame, during which good Thomas Moore could exclaim, "So, then, wood, mire, lead, and dung are God!" and when Toland invented the inappropriate word *pantlith* on purpose to describe its author. Long before the middle of the

eighteenth century it had come to be regarded as settled that Spinoza had merely developed a few ideas that had been thrown out by Descartes, and that his notions had been definitively exploded. This opinion received something of a shock when, in 1780, Lessing declared himself a Spinozist, although mistakenly; and an interesting discussion of Lessing's supposed Spinozism followed between F. H. Jacobi and Moses Mendelssohn. Then, Herder confessed to a sort of Spinozism, as later did Goethe. The system could not, after such events, well sink back into obscurity. About 1816 H. C. W. Sigwart began that more careful and critical study of what Spinoza really did mean to which many writers have contributed in a fuller and fuller stream of literature to this day, until the study may now almost take rank as a special branch of science, Spinozology. Certainly, the last word about it has not yet been said. Perhaps the problem is insoluble. At any rate, beyond a certain point, any opinion that can at present be put forth must rank as a merely personal one. In 1852, an important book by Spinoza was brought to light, together with many significant letters. Since then, the data of the problem remain un-augmented.

The present work consists of a commentary upon the 'Ethic' based upon a very careful and well-considered study of the whole of the writings of Spinoza, together with those of the cream of his commentators, some two dozen in number, not, however, including several that were well worthy of attention, such as the Höfding, Berendt and Friedländer, that of Höfding, and one or two extremely important papers in the journals. In the reviewer's opinion, some of the interpretations of Mr. Joachim are entirely inadmissible; yet the book will be esteemed by all students of Spinoza. For beginners in the study, it has one particular merit, that of recognizing the accidental character of the geometrical form of the 'Ethic,' and, in the main, ignoring that form in the exposition. To go into further particulars about the truth of the rendering of Spinoza's thought would only be setting one unproved opinion against another.

We will venture, however, upon one remark, which is overlooked by Mr. Joachim and most of the other commentators. It is that, educated in Holland when he was, the notions of philosophy which Spinoza first received, and which, in the main, form the bed-rock upon which he built, naturally would come, and it is easy to see that they did come, from the Dutch reformed peripatetics of that time, Burgersdyk, Heereboord, and the others. There is no trace in Spinoza of any direct acquaintance with medieval scholasticism. The Dutch Aristotelians were influenced to a considerable, but limited, extent by scholastics. This bed-rock of conceptions was overlaid in Spinoza's mind by pretty wide philosophical reading. The influence of Bruno, Descartes, Hobbes, for example, is plainly discernible. But the main features of his philosophy are consistent with Aristotelianism slightly modified, and not at all so with the other doctrines which subsequently influenced him.

There is no philosopher of whom there is more quite unprofitable study than Spinoza. In order to study any philosophy with due profit, it is necessary to understand it;

and, in order to understand it, it is necessary to begin by placing one's self in the state of mind of the author at the beginning of his speculations and follow out the course of his thoughts. We ought not to say that there is no good at all in pursuing philosophical reflections with a book open before us which we do not understand; but in order to study the works of a given philosopher with the profit that they may afford, there is no other way than that we describe. First of all, then, in order to study Spinoza with profit, it is requisite to soak one's mind in the general way of thinking of the Dutch Aristotelians, and this will be far from being in itself the valueless study which our Cartesian prepossessions (for such still prevail) lead us to imagine it to be. But all those philosophers wrote in Latin, and their works are untranslated. Next, it will be indispensable, in order to understand Spinoza, to take minute account of all his writings, the rest of which are not composed in the enigmatical style of the 'Ethic.' One of these writings is in Dutch, the rest in Latin. Under these circumstances, the fact that some half-dozen English translations, partial translations, and paraphrases of the 'Ethic' are in circulation (one, at least, in a second edition), while none of the other necessary aids are extant in English, is sufficient proof that the 'Ethic' is chiefly read by numbers of persons who never penetrate the Euclidean husk to reach the real meat of the book beneath. The truth is, it is the style that attracts readers to the book, the style of Euclid. To an unprepared student who cannot control his curiosity about the book and is determined to dip into it, we would say, At least, take Mr. Joachim's book along with Spinoza's text; and remember that even then, in the opinion of the majority of Spinozologists, you are only making a moderate approach to the true philosophy of Spinoza.

Gabriele Rossetti: A Versified Autobiography. Translated and Supplemented by William Michael Rossetti. London: Sands; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

The bulk of literature about the Rossettis bids fair to equal that about Stevenson; and possibly posterity may be puzzled to understand the taste of a generation which required so much of either. In his book on his father Mr. W. M. Rossetti seems to have exhausted the family revelations, until the time shall come for his own letters and diaries to be printed.

Gabriele Rossetti, the father of Maria, Christina, Dante Gabriel, and William, deserved and has received some biographical memorial in Italian; we doubt whether any one, unless he be a blind worshipper of the Rossetti cult, will urge that a similar memorial was needed in English. In Italy the elder Rossetti first made a name as an improvisatore. When the Carbonari revolution broke out in Naples in 1820, he became its "Tyrtæus," and when it was suppressed he escaped death by flight, and spent the last thirty years of his life in honorable exile in England, dying in London in 1864 at the age of seventy-one. For many years, until his health failed, he was Professor of Italian in London University. Dante students remember him as the author of some astonishing theories of the hidden meaning of the 'Divine Comedy,'

theories compared with which the late Ignatius Donnelly's aberrations in Shakspeare criticism seem tame. As his semi-public life, his poetry, and his prose works were all Italian, the only excuse for presenting an English biography of him is that his remarkable children belong among the makers of Victorian literature or painting.

The versified autobiography which forms the core of the present volume was written in rhymed sextets a few years before their author died. Mr. Rossetti has translated them into a rhymeless doggerel which he calls blank verse. In the original they may have charm; the translation is a weary task for even a long-suffering reader—how weary, a few specimens will show. Here is how Rossetti records his appointment as professor:

"Stately an University had risen
In this enormous capital of the realm:
And now the Council, from whose midst emerged
Such ample learning sacred and profane,
Offered me of its own accord the chair
Allotted to Italian literature."

Again, he tells us of his wife,
"That she both speaks and writes three high-
prized tongues,
Which rank among Europe's choicest and most
rich;
And, when their authors she was studying,
She culled the flower of the three literatures."

He spares no details of his bodily infirmities, e. g.:

"Worn down and down by bronchial sufferings,
From January until September increased,
I yet, exhaling in my verse my woes,
Nurtured my mind with patriotic thoughts."

The filial piety which could translate several thousand lines of this sort certainly deserves the palm; but is there not such a thing as filial discretion? The portrait which Gabriele Rossetti draws of himself shows us a kindly, virtuous, domestic man, who mistakes his fluency and versatility for genius, regards his literary performances with great complacency, and bears his exile patiently, but not without the self-consciousness common to most banished patriots. Fortunately, the son spares us some parts of the autobiography, filling the gaps thus left by pages of interesting prose which, with the many footnotes, relieve the dreary text. The poet's references to Italian, and especially to Neapolitan, political events, and to his contemporaries who took part in them, afford an excuse for much elucidation of semi-historical value. We cannot but feel that had Mr. Rossetti given a prose abstract of the autobiography, he could have preserved whatever is of interest in it and spared us its banalities, which, in his blank verse, become intolerable.

The rest of the book contains several letters from Gabriele Rossetti to his wife and to Charles Lyell; letters from Seymour Kirkup and Mazzini; and six of his own poems. The domestic letters have a few references to the since famous children, and disclose the straits in which the family lived. Those to Lyell, the translator of Dante's 'Canzoniere,' deal chiefly with Dante. Lyell gave sympathetic attention to Rossetti's theory of the hidden purpose of Dante's works; perhaps he accepted it. What that theory was, Rossetti himself states in a nutshell as follows:

"It is impossible to continue without exhibiting the most intimate mysteries of the sect, seeing that the entire poem of Dante, all the lyrics of Petrarca, almost all the works of Boccaccio, and, in fine, all the old writings of that class, are nothing else than downright doctrine and practice of the Freemasons, in the strictest acceptance of the word. Such was the Gay Science, such

the Platonic love, such the sect of the Templars, and that of the Paulicians. . . . But it is dangerous to consign the work to the public, and the chief danger is this: The demonstration cannot be rightly founded, so as to defy confutation, without citing in confirmation the writings of St. Paul and those of St. John."

For prudence' sake, Rossetti refrains from doing this, and so "is compelled to stop short at the effects, and leave the cause unexplained, which makes less visible and tangible the reality of the assumption."

This was in 1832; by 1836 he had discovered that "Origen and Tertullian, as well as Synesius, Bishop of Cyrene," and "especially Swedenborg," had used his patent mystic key. By 1840 he got confirmation from Raphael's sonnets, from Pico della Mirandola, Molza, St. Bernard, Cecco d'Ascoli, etc. "Oh, how much can be gathered from the Latin writings of Poliziano!" he exclaims; far more than even from those of Tasso. The present writer, not being a Freemason, can merely add: "What could be simpler?"

The letters from Seymour Kirkup have permanent value, because they describe the discovery, due principally to Kirkup, of Giotto's portrait of Dante in the Bargello. Kirkup sent Rossetti a tracing of the fresco made immediately after it was uncovered, before the inevitable restorer—against whose whole tribe he inveighs bitterly—had time to injure it. The eleven letters from Mazzini to Rossetti have slight significance, but the twelfth, addressed to a fellow-conspirator, "Corso," and signed "Strozzi," has much interest as an example of the mingled zeal and reasoning with which Mazzini infused his ideas into his followers. The six poems at the end show Rossetti at his best. He was not a great poet, but no one can deny that he was, in spite of effusiveness which now seems somewhat out of taste, a worthy patriot. As such, he did real service to the Italian cause by living an honorable life in England.

Horæ Latine: Studies in Synonyms and Syntax, by the late Robert Ogilvie, M.A., LL.D., edited by Alexander Souter, M.A. With a memoir by Joseph Ogilvie, M.A., LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 1901. Pp. xviii, 339.

In the last twenty years Latin lexicography has been a subject of growing interest, but relatively little attention has been paid to the synonyms in the Latin language. To treat the subject well requires wide reading, careful observation, and, above all, delicate discrimination, for it is not given to every one to detect the finer shades of meaning in words; and the difficulty of the task is increased by the fact that writers, even good writers, are sometimes negligent or inconsistent, and disagree in usage one with another. Often one word is used instead of another merely for the sake of variety, and so the sharp lines of demarcation are blurred. Undoubtedly, the word *mortalis* connotes something different from *homo*, and its sphere of usage is restricted, but Sallust used *multi mortales* for *multi homines* mainly for alliterative effect. One must constantly be on one's guard against too broad generalizations, and the subjective element must be held in check. The late