

pestilence about 450 B. C. by draining a marsh. This piece, as Lord Avebury says, "is an early recognition of sanitation, and might well be taken as a seal for the medical profession." The *Juda Capta* issues are not so rare that they might not have afforded a better portrait of Vespasian than that on page 36. Praise for the booklet is damped chiefly by the close stitching of the sheets, which (as in most American magazines) makes it difficult to hold open. This drawback is apt to be less oppressive in an English binding.

—A new number in Methuen's "Classical Translations" is "Thirteen Satires of Juvenal," by S. G. Owen, the well-known editor of Catullus and Ovid. Though he omits three satires as unfit for presentation in English, yet Mr. Owen regards Juvenal as a genuine reformer, actuated by right motives and sincere above any other pagan moralist of his time. He is hasty, however, in dubbing as "dilettanti critics" all who have questioned the satirist's sincerity. The services to classical scholarship of Boissier and Tyrrell, among the number, are certainly of too high a character to be requited by a depreciatory adjective from the pen of Mr. Owen. And M. Nisard, still more severe, is entitled to respect as a critic, however much his theory of criticism may be out of date to-day. In Mr. Owen's introductory tribute to his subject, the formal exigencies of the sonnet have wrought a measure of confusion in the thought:

"And with the nimble scalpel of thy rhyme
To excise the ulcers of a fostering age"

is a fine conception in itself, as are the closing lines,

"Still thunders through the multitudinous years
The glory of thy voice that is not dead."

It is hardly necessary to point out, however, that two such different conceptions can hardly apply to the same style. It is the voice of thunder, not the "nimble scalpel," that really describes Juvenal. Tyrrell flattered himself that the worst of the vices described in these satires died with the Roman Empire—a blindness to modern conditions which Mr. Owen does not share. The translation, in prose, is based on his own recension of the text, recently published at the Clarendon Press; an extended commentary is soon to follow.

—Dr. Emil Reich has views concerning the preparation of historical maps which have been accepted by the *Times* in its "History of the South African War." In the preface to his "New Student's Atlas of English History" (Macmillan) he gives a brief statement of his opinions, and then proceeds to illustrate them at length by the publication of fifty-five charts. Hitherto Gardiner's atlas has held the field, and it is by no means superseded now. Nevertheless, Dr. Reich furnishes a great deal of fresh material, and whether or not one accepts all his theories of map-making, this volume also wins a place of its own. In many ways it is more advanced and technical than Gardiner's atlas, while the presence in most cases of an explanatory text is a notable feature. "This atlas," says Dr. Reich, "is intended to aid the student of English history both in comprehending the leading historical facts and tendencies, and in retaining them in his memory. It attempts to be a cartographic supplement to John Richard Green's 'His-

tory of the English People.'" Fifteen years' experience as a teacher of history has convinced the editor that historical events must be projected on a map if a clear and permanent idea of the past is to be gained without disproportionately hard study. Historical facts, he reminds us, "are mostly not static, but of a decidedly dynamic nature." Therefore, graphic methods of map-making must be employed. The idea of movement must be accentuated, and this can best be done by the aid of colored arrows. Examiners of all grades, but particularly those who are going forward to Sandhurst, Woolwich, and the civil service, may be expected to prick up their ears when Dr. Reich says: "The average student will, by the aid of such maps, acquire a firm grasp of the sequence and connection of historic facts, and, it may confidently be added, in one-tenth of the time hitherto needed for that end." These are bold words, but Dr. Reich's maps undoubtedly have their function. The chief things that can be said against them are that they seem complicated with their network of erratic arrows, and that in their search for movement they tend to neglect physical features. By way of replying to the first objection, the editor says that the maps must be traced with the aid of the text. Then the complications will disappear. In very heavy type we are told that "the student [we may add the critic too] must in no case satisfy himself with merely looking at the maps; he must invariably first trace them several times, following the text, and then try to draw each map from memory." Whether all students and critics will realize this high degree of expectation, may be doubted. For the latter, it is not necessary that they should do so in order to recognize the real value of Dr. Reich's system. In the delineation of campaigns it is especially admirable; and partly, perhaps, for that reason Dr. Reich gives much space to the military aspects of history. He has not, however, sacrificed everything else upon the altar of warfare. The maps of Sussex according to Domesday, of Feudal England, of the Enclosures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and of the monasteries at the beginning of the Reformation, emphasize those social motives in history of which Green, Dr. Reich's authority, thought so much. We doubt whether this book will lop off nine-tenths of the labor involved in learning English history by old methods, but it is certainly an indispensable volume for all systematic students.

—In the March number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* of last year, Prof. James Taft Hatfield of Northwestern University gave preliminary announcement and a careful analysis of hitherto unpublished letters and a diary of the poet Wilhelm Müller, author of the "Griechenlieder," which the poet's son, Prof. Max Müller, had recently found among his family papers. This material Professor Hatfield has now, in conjunction with Dr. Phillip S. Allen of the University of Chicago, brought out in a handsome volume, entitled "Diary and Letters of Wilhelm Müller," which is a credit both to the editors and to the University of Chicago whose imprint it bears. While Müller is not a great personality in any sense, he is certainly a very characteristic representative of later German roman-

ticism, its lyric charm, its easy grace, its playfulness and youthful enthusiasm. This impression, conveyed by all of Müller's poetry, is strengthened by the present publication, especially by the diary covering his Berlin stay, from October, 1815, to December, 1816. In reading these sentimental effusions on love, on friendship, on purity of heart, on religion, on meekness, on cultivation of the inner life, one finds it hard to realize that they were written by a youth who had just returned from the battlefields of the Napoleonic wars; but one gains a new sense of the elevation of thought and feeling which, after all, was the most fundamental of the forces that made the rising of the German nation against the foreign oppressor possible. It must be confessed that Müller's letters, especially those to his wife, have the effect of an anti-climax: they reveal him as spoiled by success, vain, and superficial.

—The current number of the Neapolitan journal, *La Critica* (May 20), aside from a striking study of Edmondo de Amicis by the editor, Signor Croce, a paper on contemporary Italian philosophy by Professor Gentile, and the usual number of important reviews, contains a brief but highly significant correspondence between Signor Croce and Signor Corrado Ricci, the well-known Director of the Royal Gallery at Parma, grouped under the general heading "Il Monotelismo Dantesco." These letters are of particular interest because they indicate a healthy reaction against that surplusage of critical work devoted to Dante which has been a distinguishing feature of Italian scholarship in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and which has tended throughout to obscure the philosophic continuity of Italian literature. These supererogatory Dantists, says Signor Croce, "had they lived thirty years ago, would have discussed the unity of the language; seventy years ago, purism and anti-purism; if in the eighteenth century, they would have recited sonnets in Arcadia; if in the seventeenth century, cogitated conceits and anagrams; if in the Cinquecento, composed dialogues on Platonic love or discourses on a sonnet or a verse of Petrarch or Monsignor della Casa." The exclusiveness of their interest in Dante is due, "not to an excess of love for the great poet, but solely to an innate indifference to art itself." It would be well for our own Dantescholars to give some attention to these considerations. Mr. A. J. Butler, in his recent preface to Federn's "Dante and his Times," in like manner complained that the study of Dante at the present time "is not part of any general interest in the Italian language and literature, which, in England at all events, still suffer under 'the deplorable and barbarous neglect' perceived and lamented by Mr. Gladstone a quarter of a century ago."

—In Kant's *Prolegomena* to any Future Metaphysics, edited in English by Dr. Paul Carus, with an Essay on Kant's Philosophy, and Other Supplementary Matter (Chicago: Open Court Co.), we find a careful and excellent translation of a work whose importance Kant's students sometimes fail to appreciate, while the present editor extravagantly says that it "is indubitably the most important" of Kant's writings. What is indubitable is doubted by no competent person. Dr. Carus perhaps refuses this title to all other writers on Kant. He says in

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the preface: "The present translation is practically new, but it goes without saying that the editor utilized the labors of his predecessors, among whom Prof. John P. Mahaffy and John H. Bernard deserve special credit. Richardson's translation of 1818 may be regarded as superseded and has not been consulted, but occasional reference has been made to that of Prof. Ernest Belfort Bax." We are glad Dr. Carus did not let it go altogether without saying that he had "utilized" the translation of Mahaffy (published only after revision by the Rev. Dr. John Henry Bernard); but his readers might have preferred to be informed of the extent to which such utilization went. In point of fact, Dr. Carus's "practically new" translation agrees, in all but a small percentage of its matter, with that of Mahaffy *verbatim et literatim*; and this would seem to be dictated by good sense, supposing Mr. Mahaffy consents. Why make a new translation where an existing one is good? The most striking difference is that Mahaffy prints in italics the phrases which Kant spaced to the same effect. There are also some quite trifling divergences in the translation of a few of Kant's technical terms. A few idiomatic expressions have been more familiar to Dr. Carus, and here the changes, though small, are unquestionable improvements. It may be added that Mahaffy's translation was in part based on that of Richardson, though the alterations are so great that the fact would hardly have been discoverable without Mahaffy's statement of it, duly made in his preface. The "supplementary matter" consists, one half of it, of selected extracts from various writers, all well worth reading and some of them decidedly amusing for the reflected light they throw on their authors. The other half is Dr. Carus's account of Kant's philosophy. To our thinking he subtracts somewhat from Kant's doctrine and thus renders it more acceptable, without beginning to cut deep enough to meet the exigencies of modern reflection.

—President Roosevelt's political oratory during his late far-Western tour having secured adequate attention, a little space may properly be given to some of his other utterances. In one of the first speeches he informed the representatives of an athletic society that he was always in favor of "vigorous, rough, athletic sport." Few people now would differ from him as to the value of vigorous and athletic sport; but with President Roosevelt the distinguishing mark is roughness. There must be collision, there must be human bodies hurled against each other in intentional shock; there must be danger—may, certainly—of pain, with great probability of wounds or even of fractures; because no boy or youth is fit to enter on fighting, which is the essential business of life, till he has shown that he is tough and not tender, hardened and not sensitive, rough and not gentle. The President's pet word thus cuts out the great majority of athletic sports and their votaries. His favorite roughness—collision, pounding, crushing—plays no part in walking, running, leaping, riding, swimming, rowing, sailing, tennis (whether in the court or in the field), golf, basketball, or fencing. In running, indeed, anything like a collision is absolutely foul play. In baseball there are occasionally rough collisions; but they are

directly forbidden by the rules, and are always considered unsportsmanlike. There are three sports where roughness is part of the play—wrestling, which is scarcely known among us, and the President's beloved boxing, and football. The most elaborate course of gymnastic exercises—including the tug of war—does not call for roughness; and in the very hardest athletic sport of all, which involves the most exhausting work, the most careful eye, hand, and foot, the most submissive discipline, viz., mountaineering, tenderness—the most careful and delicate avoidance of everything which can hurt or hamper our comrades—is peremptorily required. What a poor, nerveless, "sissy" set of men, then, the majority of athletes must be, never to bruise or pound, or knock down or trample each other!

SCOTCH SURVIVALS FROM THE CELTIC WORLD.

Outer Isles. By A. Goodrich-Freer. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902. Pp. xvi, 448.

Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland: Tales and Traditions Collected Entirely from Oral Sources. By the late John Gregorson Campbell. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 1902. Pp. xii, 314.

Evil Eye in the Western Highlands. By R. C. MacLagan, M.D. London: David Nutt, 1902. Pp. viii, 232.

The fate of the Hebrides, inner and outer, has been a strange one. Their name—sprung, says the story, from a fortunate misprint of the Plinian Hebrides—has a dying cadence which has charmed poets of all times with visions of a magic outer world. To the young Milton, "the stormy Hebrides" came with the fable of Bellerus old; Collins gives one of his smoothest lines to "the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle"; and by Wordsworth the beauty born of its murmuring sound was fixed "in the silence of the seas among the farthest Hebrides."

But known thus as a name powerful to raise visions, they have remained unknown in themselves—an Avalon or Hy Brasil within sight of our shores, but ever retired from our life. Tourist steamers may trail their smoke pennons to and fro among them: they have remained aloof in proud, almost mystic solitude, untouched with any stain from our commonness. Again and again they have been discovered, again and again have sunk back into their former inaccessibility, a piece of the older world. Johnson felt their spell, but how could he interpret these fairy mysteries? Collins, though he had never seen them, came, too, beneath that spell, and his great ode has atmosphere and understanding alone in its time. After Scott's one voyage he heard the roaring of their skerries till he died, but his verse could not render Celtic melodies. Our classical and semi-classical ages and our period of Teutonic romanticism had no kinship with the still older world of the Celt, an Oriental castaway on gray, northern shores illumined by a scanty and slanting sun. In later times, Alexander Smith knew and told of them and their people, and Robert Buchanan, too, in his saner days. As for William Black, his West Highlander is much like the Irishman of Lever; yet no one has pictured as he the magic of the land itself. Such few tellers have

there been of a sea and shores whose secret baffled their utmost seeking.

And in this sacred isolation there was its own fitness. These isles were holy in their day. There is hardly one, even of the smallest—some bare rock—which has not its ruined church or remains of hermit cells. By way of them the Christian civilization of Ireland passed back to reconquer Western Europe: round them the religious life of three realms gathered. Iona, with its long roll of buried kings, was but the head of lumberless settlements of monks and hermits on the islands scattered down the coast. Now, all that is left is these remains of churches or of clustered beehive houses, with here and there a broken Celtic cross, perhaps with an inscription in the Celtic character—these, and names and traditions persistent in the memory of the people, and a remnant in the farthest islands still clinging to the old faith.

And so, strange as it seems in fiercely Protestant Scotland, there still survive there whole communities untouched by the Reformation, whose life lies in the days of the Fingallians, of Ossian, Saint Columkille and Saint Bride, for whom the Old World romance is blended with the Old World belief. It is of these especially that Miss Goodrich-Freer, herself of the Roman Church, tells. In the Celtic renaissance which is upon us, her book must hold an honored place. The sentimentality, the vapid æstheticism, the sham mysticism, the strained preciousness of word and idea which have marked so many of its kind are lacking from it. Its reader feels sure that from point to point his contact is with actual, living men, not with ghosts returned from a hypothetical Celtic age. This realness, joined with an essential strangeness, is what makes its charm. Thus its picture of a simple-minded Old World Catholicism, shot with colored threads of imagination straight, one would think, from the 'Morte d'Arthur,' is drawn after the life from fishermen and crofters evidently of our day and facing its economic problems. It would take Cervantes to deal fitly with a people who can wall so absolutely in two worlds, and even Don Quixote nowadays would have found it hard to lay a lance in rest for Prince Charlie. But this strange race sing of him still as a fair maiden by his secret name of Morag; are Jacobites of more authentic descent and more unswerving fidelity than any of our absurd sectaries of the White Rose; and are, for all that, excellent subjects of the present reigning house. Again, to education there is with them the most absolute devotion, and they have in it a singular success. Their hard life has not thinned the keen Celtic brain to stupidity, as with the typical peasant; the centuries of ecclesiastical environment, it may be, left their mark too deep. But though they thus are schooled in the present, their thoughts are in the past. Broken fragments of the rich old mythology are still part and parcel of their common faith. The Carnegie endowment and a world of second sight, fairies, and omens jostle each other for them.

All this Miss Freer, guided by close sympathy and large knowledge, puts before us. To an equally excellent treatment of the crofting and fishing questions, of antiquities, and especially of the traditions and remains of the Norsemen and of eccle-

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