

have produced the writer. She has not quite overlooked the fact that he has an individuality. In "Malombra" there are

"beautiful pages that yet diminish the harmony and vivacity of the romance. The book is too rich in delightful observations, in definitions, in sayings now caustic, now delicate, always subtle, that gush spontaneous and fresh from the lips, the thought, the heart of the interlocutors; so that this inexhaustible prodigality overwhelms us like a too abundant fountain. We would like a soberer art, a more organic construction externally and internally, and, in a word, a better disciplined choice of romantic materials."

Setting aside the effect produced upon the critic by this sparkling abundance, the observation is quite true, and we are grateful that something individual should have been recognized in Fogazzaro, something 'outside of all that has gone towards making him up. But it is not enough. Fogazzaro has a quality very rare among Italian writers, that of humor. For us, Northerners by birth and with the Northern instinct unsubdued by any number of years of Latin contact, it is this quality that brightens his pages, and, together with the serenity that is its product, makes them delightful beyond almost anything in modern Italian literature. As a consequence, the most painstaking study of Fogazzaro which yet fails to render ample justice to this one grace of his, must seem to us to lack something essential, something that puts a spirit into the bones of the skeleton; and this is the reproach, the sole one, we make to the first essay in Signorina Gropallo's work.

Her succeeding chapters, on Gabriele D'Annunzio and Matilde Serao, seem to us more successful. They are, indeed, quite admirable, full, searching, and of a judicial impartiality. She carries us with her when she shows that the one is above all things a lyric poet, while the other remains a journalist, although so great that our critic does not hesitate to accord her a niche in the temple of fame alongside of George Eliot and George Sand. The analysis of the works of the two is masterly, as is the discrimination between their qualities and their limitations. There are pages (as, e. g., 123-124) that are so just and so sufficient that one would like to quote them entire. One is restrained by the reflection that there are so many other pages that have an equal claim to the honor.

The two remaining writers treated, Giovanni Verga and Gerolamo Rovetta, are less striking figures. Verga, as the author of "I Malavoglia" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," is known to all the world. The careful analysis given by Signorina Gropallo of his other works leaves the impression that fame has in his case been just, and has trumpeted abroad all that is of superlative quality. Still, such a novel as "Mastro Don Gesualdo" amply repays perusal by the student of literature. In the case of Rovetta we think that Signorina Gropallo has again overstrained her system in referring all the writer's qualities to one dominant characteristic. Rovetta's vocation as a playwright does, indeed, give shape to some of his work as a novelist, but not by a long shot to the extent that our critic would have us believe. In point of fact, were it not for her system, and that Signorina Gropallo has herself written plays, we doubt if she would ever have discovered

this ruling trait in reading the novels of Rovetta.

A chapter in conclusion gives an exposition of the principles which are the foundation of the author's critical work. It might be objected to this exposition that it really was not necessary to go so conscientiously to the very root of the matter, that there are certain things that any reader will allow his author to take for granted. Indeed, the worst fault of the book—we do not wish to imply that it is a very grave one—is that it is more conscientious than lively. A little lighter touch, an air a trifle less magisterial, might have won many a recalcitrant reader; nevertheless, the student who is in earnest to know about current Italian literature will have no cause to regret the time spent over Signorina Gropallo's pages.

What is Meaning? By V. Welby. Macmillan Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. 321.

The Principles of Mathematics. By Bertrand Russell. Vol. I. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1903. 8vo, pp. 534.

Two really important works on logic are these; or, at any rate, they deserve to become so, if readers will only do their part towards it. Yet it is almost grotesque to name them together, so utterly disparate are their characters. This is not the place to speak of Mr. Russell's book, which can hardly be called literature. That he should continue these most severe and scholastic labors for so long, bespeaks a grit and industry, as well as a high intelligence, for which more than one of his ancestors have been famed. Whoever wishes a convenient introduction to the remarkable researches into the logic of mathematics that have been made during the last sixty years, and that have thrown an entirely new light both upon mathematics and upon logic, will do well to take up this book. But he will not find it easy reading. Indeed, the matter of the second volume will probably consist, at least nine-tenths of it, of rows of symbols.

Lady Victoria Welby's little volume is not what one would understand by a scientific book. It is not a treatise, and is free from the slightest shade of pedantry or pretension. Different people will estimate its value very differently. It is a feminine book, and a too masculine mind might think parts of it painfully weak. We should recommend the male reader to peruse chapters xxii. to xxv. before he reads the whole consecutively, for they will bear a second reading. The question discussed in these chapters is how primitive men ever came to believe in their absurd superstitions. This has generally been supposed to be the simplest of questions. Lady Victoria does not deign to mention La Fontaine's pretty fable (the sixth of the ninth book; the whole of it is worth rereading if you have forgotten it) of the sculptor and his statue of Jove:

"L'artisan exprima si bien
Le caractère de l'idole,
Qu'on trouva qu'il ne manquait rien
À Jupiter que la parole.

"Même l'on dit que l'ouvrier
Eut à peine achevé l'image,
Qu'on le vit frémir le premier,
Et redouter son propre ouvrage.

"Il étoit enfant en ceci:
Les enfants n'ont l'âme occupée

Que du continué souci
Qu'on ne fâche point leur poupée.

"Le cœur suit aisément l'esprit.
De cette source est découlée
L'erreur l'ayenne qui se vit
Chez tant de peuples répandue.

"Chacun tourne en réalité
Autant qu'il peut ses propres songes.
L'homme est de glace aux vérités,
Il est de feu pour les mensonges."

La Fontaine's theory is somewhat complex, and allows more to the artistic impulse than modern ethnologists have done. They make mythology rather an attempt at a philosophical explanation of phenomena. But the authoress shows by a painstaking analysis that all such theories—La Fontaine's and the new current ones alike—are fatally irreconcilable with those traits of the primitive mind that have struck Tylor, Spencer, and ethnologists generally, as the deepest graven. In place of them she offers a hypothesis of her own, and the reader is tempted to lose patience with her for regarding it only as provisional, so strongly does it recommend itself, until she presents quite another view which one must admit has its plausibility.

The greatest service the book can render is that of bringing home the question which forms its title, a very fundamental question of logic, which has commonly received superficial, formalistic replies. Its vital and far-reaching significance has been even more ignored than usually happens with matters of universal and ubiquitous concern. To direct attention to the subject as one requiring study, both on its theoretical and on its practical side, is the essential purpose of the work. But in doing this the authoress has incidentally made a contribution towards the answer to the question, in pointing out three orders of signification. She has wisely abstained from any attempt at formal definitions of these three modes of signification. She tells us what she means only in the lowest of those three senses. To have gone further would have shunted her off upon a long and needless discussion.

One can see, though she does not remark it, that her three kinds of meaning correspond roughly to Hegel's three stages of thought. Her distinction, too, partly coincides with what was long ago said, that to understand a word or formula may, in the first place, consist in such familiarity with it as will enable one to apply it correctly; or secondly, may consist in an abstract analysis of the conception or understanding of its intellectual relations to other concepts; or, thirdly, may consist in a knowledge of the possible phenomenal and practical upshot of the assertion of the concept. We might point out other interesting affiliations of her thought, sufficient to show that she must be upon the right track.

Lady Victoria, however, does not wish the matter to be agitated in the logician's study alone. She urges that people do not sufficiently take to heart the ethics of language. She thinks that modern conceptions call for a modern imagery of speech. But we fear that she does not realize how deep the knife would have to go into the body of speech to make it really scientific. We should have to form words like those the chemists use—if they can be called words. In particular, she preaches making logic—"significs," she calls it, but it would be logic—the basis or core of education.

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Concluding phrases of the article from page 309:

All those ideals deserve to be pondered. The book is very rich in illustrations drawn from contemporary writing.

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