

cal kingdom, yet there is nothing mythical about Sophy, though everything that is original. She is a genuine and most charming person, with "her masculine mind and her feminine soul"—described by an admirer as being "like a singularly able and energetic sunbeam." The whole eventful story is so well knit that each marvel seems not only possible but almost inevitable, from the childhood of Sophy Grouch, daughter of an Essex farmer, till the time when she sits in the dwellings of kings, and wears the sheepskin tunic of the shepherd subjects of her prince. The conspiracy which thickens the plot is capitally developed, and long before the matter is solved the reader has quite forgotten that at the outset there was a certain sense of oppressiveness in the very serious marshaling of documentary evidence, as if for the history of a nation or the biography of a nation's hero.

Listener's Lure. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co.

It is pleasant to relax from the strain of romantic or psychological narrative in the presence of a bit of good comedy cast in the despised and almost obsolescent epistolary form. The truth is, our pampered jades of fiction have learned to demand a free rein; without the power to invent their own forms, to describe and to comment and narrate as the spirit moves, they would reckon themselves hardly better off than mere dramatists. The people who write these letters are all delightful and all different; and the story in which they collaborate, while of no essential novelty, is agreeable, and seems true. There is a guardian unconsciously in love with his ward, and a ward unconsciously in love with her guardian. He magnanimously sends her away that she may have a chance to fall undesirably in love with somebody else. She goes so far as to make a false start, in that direction, but recovers her footing in time, and everything is as it should be. This might easily be tame, but the central affair is so enlivened by the commentary of several subsidiary persons, both wise and foolish, as to achieve a really fresh savor. Especially invaluable is a garrulous and inconsequent lady of the order of Jane Austen's Mrs. Bates. With her we are loath to part when the customary wedding bells ring down the curtain.

Ridolfo: The Coming of the Dawn. By Egerton R. Williams, jr. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co.

This is sub-entitled "A Tale of the Renaissance." The characters are fictitious, but their names and their deeds and their surroundings are borrowed from the histories of "The Magnificent Baglioni," long the ferocious despots of Perugia. Ridolfo himself is suggested by the greatest of the Baglioni, Gianpaolo, who to his strength and violence added an element of magnanimity. The book tells of the culmination of Ridolfo's cruelties, the dawning of a conscience, and the triumph of his better self through the love of a saintly wife and the martyrdom of a Franciscan monk. The proper moment to read the tale is when the brain is fagged with books of trivial twentieth-century grievances and perplexities. Crimes and virtues are on a sweeping scale. Oaths broken at

will; a dagger for the annoying meddler, a cup of poison for the interceding wife, have a definiteness that alternates well with the niggling problem of to-day's fiction. The torture chamber may try the nerves, but it was perhaps necessary that the reader should see what Ridolfo saw in order to understand his conversion.

The author has searched well the history of Italy and the fifteenth century, and has his splendors and brutalities drawn up in effective contrast. His Fra Bernardo, based upon that saint, Bernardino who came to Perugia in 1425, is a noble type of the followers of the Saint of Assisi, giving his labor and his life for the revival of the spirit of kindness. Gismonda, the compassionate, long-suffering wife of the tyrant, conquering by love and righteousness, is not more than the others a portrait of any one person, but a reflection of the womanly inspiration that was not lacking to even that dark period. The book is a vivid picture where the high color is offset, perhaps mercifully, by the careful, leisurely, sermonizing treatment. While the story never flags, there is time for much description of persons, things and situations, of costumes and armor, in an equal absence of haste and rest. It leaves a strong and even valuable impression of an age which it is well to look back at, not only when modern puzzles seem petty, but when modern civilization seems defective.

Some Reminiscences of William Michael Rossetti. Two volumes. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. \$10 net.

It may as well be said explicitly that these memoirs are a disappointment. They contain an unconscionable deal of matter for which even the present fashion of indiscriminate autobiography can furnish no justification—details about the servants in the Rossetti household, the illness of his wife and children, domestic concerns of all sorts. Nor are the omissions any less annoying than the excesses. Only last year Holman Hunt published, under the somewhat presumptuous title of "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," an autobiography the burden of which was to prove that the writer was the founder and only faithful member of the P. R. B. It was easy to read between the lines that Mr. Hunt was jealous of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and not averse to belittling his fame. Naturally one looked in the present work to see some rejoinder, implied or expressed, to those rather egotistic assumptions. Apparently Mr. Rossetti has not even read that work; we gather, indeed, that his own record was completed in 1903, although the Preface is dated 1906, and includes the mention of the Complete Poetical Works of Christina Rossetti, which he edited in 1904. But the omission of any allusion to Hunt's autobiography or to the "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones" (1904) is not the most serious fault. The fact is that Mr. Rossetti has in various memoirs and introductions given out all his wheat and that only the chaff is left for this garnering. He is kind enough to give in the Preface a list of his earlier writings, and this is well; but it is annoying, just when we are approach-

ing an interesting topic, to be warned off with a reference to number 16 or 17 of his other writings.

For page after page we have a *catalogue raisonné* of Mr. Rossetti's acquaintance among artists and men of letters, to each of whom he devotes a paragraph of characterization. His opinions are just, and may have some value in this form as a kind of personal "Who's Who," but they make dull reading. Here and there a bit of more entertaining gossip slips in. Thus there is a whole chapter given to the story of Christina Rossetti and Charles Cayley, which is necessary for a proper understanding of Christina's sonnet-sequence named "Monna Innominata," and for the Italian poems "Il Rosseggiar dell' Oriente." In the earlier memoir Mr. Rossetti left this affair somewhat in the vague, saying distinctly: "Of several details in the second case—though important to a close understanding of it—I never was cognizant." He now states more emphatically that the only bar between the lovers was Christina's refusal to bind herself to an unbeliever.

It is a pity that Mr. Rossetti's fire has been thus scattered, for his relation to his brother and sister and to the whole circle of pre-Raphaelites might have furnished him with material for one really valuable and interesting book. As it is, if one wishes to get some notion of the demonic quality of Dante Gabriel and of his strange influence on that group of ardent reformers, the best source is not the "Reminiscences" of his brother, but the two volumes in which Mrs. Burne-Jones has published the "Memorials" of her husband.

The most interesting of the characterizations are those of Burne-Jones, who is portrayed as rather effeminate; of Swinburne, and of Trelawny. Perhaps the best anecdote is that which shows the state of canting prudery in England when Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" came out. The story may be given in Mr. Rossetti's own words:

In 1868, Mr. Legros exhibited in the Royal Academy an excellent picture of some monks or friars at their repast—called The Refectory. There was a tabby cat painted in the picture. In that year was published a pamphlet of Notes on the art of the season. Mr. Swinburne wrote one section of it, and I the other. Swinburne—who is a great lover of cats (a fancy which I share with him), and also (a fancy which I only very faintly share) of serpents—wrote of this painted quadruped as "a splendid cat." The picture was bought—presumably before Swinburne's eulogium had appeared—by a person of some distinction. Many years afterwards, in 1895, I had occasion to look at this painting in the house of the heir of the original purchaser. To my surprise, the cat had disappeared. "Why," said I, "there used to be a cat in that corner of the picture." "Yes," replied the owner, "there was; but my predecessor, on seeing that Swinburne had found a good word to say for the cat, got her obliterated forthwith."

An Introduction to Logic. By Horace William Brindley Joseph. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

It is surprising in what a variety of ways the different schools of logic of our day endeavor to lay the foundations of their science. One appeals chiefly to mathematics, another to metaphysics, a third to the general notion of a sign, a fourth and fifth to this and that branch of psychology.

a sixth to linguistics, a seventh to the history of science; and still the list is incomplete; and there is an equal disagreement as to the business of logic. The school to which Mr. Joseph seems to give his adherence, which is that of the majority of English logicians, is none of those just mentioned; for it troubles itself very little with any questions of method, but just goes its way, scattering opinions upon points of logic, and attaching to this one and to that any reason that may suggest itself. Such promiscuity of method might be expected to issue in great variations among the doctrines of the different members of the school; and it is true that some of its adherents—Miss Constant Jones, for example, and Alfred Sidgwick—have written books of marked originality, which readers who dip into the subject without diving too deep find very suggestive. The greater number, however, among them the author of this volume, are led, by whatever unseen and inscrutable power it may be, to reproduce in the main the divisions and forms of the traditional logic, slightly modified by metaphysical doctrines, partly in most cases those of Mill, mixed not infrequently with those of Mill's philosophical antipodes.

When, however, we say they reproduce the traditional divisions, we only mean that verbally they do so, for the significations some of them attach to the old terms of logic, have only preserved the shell and have cast away the kernel. For instance, Mr. Joseph excludes from the class of universal propositions all those which do not imply the existence of some individuals denoted by their subject, as well as all those which do not predicate by "conceptual necessity," both of which exclusions flatly conflict with the *Dictum de omni* of Aristotle and with all tradition, and which, taken together, make one simple proposition to express at once both existence and necessity, which constitutes a third breach of traditional usage in connection with the use of the single term "universal." In such ways as this he effects a verbal agreement with the traditional doctrine by demolitions of parts of the existing system of nomenclature and using the debris to begin, but only to begin, the erection of a new system in the place of it, like that architectural performance of Charles V. in Granada.

We shall not find fault with any man for any sincere study; and if it gives him any particular pleasure to call his study logic, that word is by this time pretty near past spoiling. Only we would suggest that to define one's object of study in such a way that scarce anything would be excluded—as when Mr. Joseph and others of his school tell us that logic ascertains, "how we think"—it seems fair to demand that their conclusions should be based upon inductions correspondingly broad. The reviewer, for example, can have nothing but praise for a logic he dimly remembers reading in the sixties, which carefully analyzed all those phrases of the German language that are equivalent to conjunctions, without any pretence that it covered all the possibilities of thought in this narrow class of conjunctive elements. We might think, however, that before coming to those variations of thought, it would be better to begin by considering all the ways in which

we must think in order to draw all kinds of necessary conclusions; for even if logic be concerned with all modes of thinking, we are inclined to the opinion that it is specially concerned with those forms of thought that have some bearing upon the validity or non-validity of different ways of reasoning. It was fifty-nine years ago that Professor De Morgan called attention to certain forms of inference of great practical importance, which nothing in the logic-books explained or gave any clue to, although it is necessary to sound reasoning to distinguish the cases in which such arguments are valid from the cases in which they are invalid. Yet we do not remember ever having seen any mention of these forms of inference in any treatise of Mr. Joseph's school. Here is an example of one of them:

Every dollar that ever was or will be in the safe was or will have been received as a loan.

For every dollar ever received as a loan a payment of a dollar will be made.

Hence, every dollar that ever was or will be in the safe was or will be paid out.

When De Morgan opened this road to logical inquiry, he opened a road to sempiternal glory for British logic; but unfortunately investigators of any vigor of thought were lacking. De Morgan did much more than that; for he also opened up the logic of relations, which had from the beginning been a well-recognized branch of logic, and which, when American and German logicians developed it, turned out to throw a wonderful new light upon every part of logic, while the logicians of the Oxford school merely advanced little reasons for thinking a logic of relations to be impossible.

The distinguished mathematical genius, George Boole, produced a method of logical inquiry by means of algebra, which was a most brilliant achievement. A few logicians of the most numerous British school have paid attention to the Boolean logic. We mention here, not because they are the best, but because they are the most soundly critical, Venn, Jevons, and Keynes. The great body seem never to have looked into it.

Posterity will say that human intelligence is under vast obligations to the logical work of Alfred Bray Kempe, sometime President of the London Mathematical Society. But one may search in vain for any evidence that logicians of the school we are speaking of, have so much as divined what relevancy his laborious researches have for any real problem of reasoning.

It is a matter of regret to us that the brevity of this notice forces us to confine ourselves to Mr. Joseph's faults, since they are the faults of his school, and it is not quite fair to the individual to judge him exclusively according to the genus to which he belongs. But the truth is that when we have said that this treatise possesses such original merits as the majority of the thousand treatises can claim that have appeared since Michael Scott and the western publication of Aristotle, and perhaps possesses a little more, we have accorded to it all the notice it merits; while its school is of more importance simply on account of its numerical greatness, and because of the evil that it is working to British thought. This school is composed mostly of indolent and often feeble minds

whose interest in logic lies in the professorships, the fellowships, the popularity as tutors, or other sources of bread and butter which they enjoy, and who are therefore sworn obscurantists, bound to oppose any movement of real thought in English logic. When a study fails to develop definite and well-considered methods; when it is not animated by a sufficient passion to find out the truth, whatever the truth may be, to insure the careful study of all the work that earnest students do within its province; and when in place of manifold new discoveries, it does no more than verbally reproduce foregone conclusions, it is idle to boast that is a science.

Mr. Joseph sometimes lays down general propositions without any pretence at making their reasonableness evident; and he justifies this practice by saying that his book is not a complete treatise on logic, but, as its title indicates, is only "an introduction to logic." Now, says he, in the first introduction to any science there must be more or less dogmatism. Is this Oxford pedagogics? Elsewhere, if a man is to write an introduction to any science—say chemistry—he will draw a clear line between information as to what has happened, and dogmatic insistence upon principles and the like, and will take the utmost pains in describing, say, the experiments of Lavoisier upon the oxidation and reduction of mercury, to show the convincingness of the reasoning; so as to remove the idea that there is to be any appeal to authority or other arbitrary determination of principles. If he has to teach botany, he will probably set the beginner at work to dissect a flower with his own eyes and fingers, and to describe what he sees; and will be careful to make him understand that botany is only an orderly description of what can always be seen under favorable conditions. It appears to some of us that the first steps in any science ought to deal with those departments of the science that come most in contact with the life and interests of the students; and we should not approve of an introduction to botany, whose first two hundred pages were occupied with the artificial, though indispensable, technicalities that botanists are compelled to use in order to describe species and other forms. Yet it is the like of that, that Mr. Joseph does in logic; and useful as his book may prove to an advanced logician, it is almost the worst possible for a beginner's introduction to the subject.

The Arbitrator in Council. New York: The Macmillan Co., \$2.50 net.

This anonymous octavo volume of more than 550 pages discusses peace and war. It is in the form of an elaborate symposium, supplemented by various reports in writing by the *dramatis personæ*, among whom are Reginald Case, K. C., a barrister "with a conscience," Martin Truelove, in holy orders, the Rev. Augustine Clarke, an Independent minister, Leopold Meyer, a stock broker, William Browne, a learned Cambridge historian and pupil of Lord Acton, Captain Seymour of the Intelligence Department of the War Office, and Tracy de Vere, a retired admiral. The Arbitrator himself is Mr. Ashworthy, a veteran Liberal of seventy

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