

psychology. The result of his doing so would have been that a good many discussions in Book I. could have been dispensed with; and the whole work would have been at once more sincere—we mean, more true to the author's real thought—and vastly more logical. As it is, we should decidedly recommend this transposition in reading the book. There will, however, still remain the fault that the general metaphysics, upon which the decision of the dispute really must turn, is not made the subject of an explicit and separate examination. That ought to have come first of all. Logic required it; good rhetoric, too. For a way of thinking so different from that of our day that it would have come upon the reader as a complete surprise, has everything to gain by an overt attack. It is only assumptions that the reader already makes that can to any purpose be slipped in surreptitiously.

To conclude, the book will be found well worth consideration by students. It has much to recommend it, also, for those who never expect to read another on this subject, although its concision renders it just a little dry. Let this be followed by the delightful perusal of James's smaller book, after which Baldwin's little 'Story of the Mind' will be an *entremets*, and the reader will have a very decent knowledge of what psychology is.

CARMICHAEL'S TUSCANY.

In Tuscany: Tuscan Towns, Tuscan Types, and the Tuscan Tongue. By Montgomery Carmichael. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1901.

On beginning this book, and, indeed, while reading the first hundred pages or so, it seems that nothing could be easier than to render an account of it; a dozen extracts taken almost at random here and there, and the thing is done. But it turns out that the book is divided into two parts, and the second, and by far the larger, part does not lend itself to such informal treatment. The first third is made up chiefly of portraits of the cook, the valet, the gardener, the coachman (or, rather, more humble *vetturino*) of the author, all of whom appear to have been chosen rather for their defects than their qualities; and yet they form a service that would excite the envy of any British or American matron. And the explanation is not so far to seek as one might think. It is only that the Tuscan, even the most ordinary, is like a piece of furniture of many compartments, some of them secret, and all full of delightful surprises; to get at its treasures you need but to be worthy—that is, to be a very good fellow yourself—and the Tuscan land will be made for you a very Paradise. There have been those who have brought away a different report, but in so doing they merely condemned themselves. The author recognizes that a genial courtesy, equal for the lowly as well as the lofty, is not the attribute of every one among his countrymen; that there are even those who journey from Dan to Beersheba and cry: "'Tis all barren!" And it is not to be wondered at if the Tuscan whom they spurn should, on occasion furnish to these outer barbarians some reason to complain of him; he is not absolutely perfect in a naughty world—he is only far more nearly so than his supercilious contemner.

In all this no one will deny that there are many grains of truth. The crusty, the stupid and prejudiced Briton is not altogether a thing of the past; and among the smiling Italians, not all are cheats; some even are as good as their manners—and that is saying a great deal. It is pleasant, then, to find an Englishman (it would be no less pleasant were he an American) who recognizes the solid virtues as well as the graces of the Tuscan, and who records his convictions and the experiences in which these are founded in a style of unusual lightness and amenity. And having said thus much, we indulge in one or two citations, by no means the best that might be selected, but merely representative and easily separated from the context. In the first chapter, on the Tuscan temperament:

"With all his faults, in spite of all the difficulty we have in comprehending his character, in spite of contradictions, complexities, and crudities, the Tuscan is perhaps the most charming of all the children of Adam; just as his country, in spite of all its drawbacks, in spite of fierce heat, damp, scirocco, tramontano, mosquitoes, and all the plagues of a vexatious bureaucracy, is more nearly like the Promised Land than any other. But to live in that enchanted land and dwell among its siren people needs an apprenticeship not easy to serve [our author talks as a Briton, you see], and many a Philistine from beyond Jordan cancels his articles early in the apprenticeship and flees the country in affright or disgust. It is only after years of hard service, constant uneasiness, and continued perplexity that the stranger sojourning in the land awakens one day to find that he is dwelling in Eden, and sees on all sides of him, living in the flesh and working in the spirit, characters and ideals which had dimly figured among the dreams he dreamt in the far-off days of his generous, romantic boyhood."

And in the amusing chapter on the Tuscan tongue:

"A great impediment to acquiring Tuscan is the cleverness, and especially the courtesy, of the Tuscans themselves. They read your wants without any need of speech, and, if you make a mistake, are even capable of adopting it for the sake of saving your feelings. One of the first happy thoughts of the beginner is to Italianize French words. It answers so often. He knows, to begin with, that if he changes the French *eau* into *ello* (*agneau, agnello*), or the French *cur* into *ore* (*vapour, vapore*), he will probably be right. He is tempted to soar beyond these ascertained rules, *garçon, garzone; jardin, giardino; hier, ieri; jamais, giammai*; how smoothly the system works. He goes into a *pizzicheria* and asks the price of *jambon, giambone*, pointing to a small, juicy ham of the Casentino cure. 'Questo giambone,' says the courteous shopman, 'costa novanta centesimi la libbra.' The ham is bought on the spot and sent home. The cook is asked what she thinks of the *giambone*. 'The what!' she asks in bewildered astonishment. 'The *giambone* that I myself sent home from the *pizzicheria*.' 'Ah!' she gasps apologetically, 'it is excellent *giambone*! Will the Signore have some of it fried with eggs after the manner of the Americans?' And so, thanks to an infamous conspiracy of courtesy between a shopman, a cook, a parlor-maid, and a serving man, it was six months before I found out that there was no such word in the Tuscan tongue as *giambone*, and that the Italian for ham was *prosciutto*!"

The second part of the book has also its claim to being something out of the common. It is Tuscany without Florence and Siena, without history or art or literature, without politics or the labor question, and with very little landscape. At first blush we thought it was a great falling off, and that the author was, after all, only one of

what Gottfried Keller somewhere calls the *Dutzendmenschen*, the men who are turned out by the dozen. But we read on until we repented of this hasty judgment; indeed, the Englishmen who have so far forgotten their insular origin as to be capable of writing the earlier pages of 'In Tuscany' do not exist in dozens; and though we cannot think the notices of towns equal to the personal experiences, they too have their spice. Mr. Carmichael lives at Leghorn, which occupies the first chapter of this division, and fills the others with accounts, all pleasantly written, of places easily reached from there, Pisa, Lucca, Montecatini, Porto Ferrajo, Orbetello, Volterra, La Verna, Camaldoli. The chapter on the cheerful little watering-place, Montecatini, might perhaps have been left to repose in the columns of the journal where it made its first appearance, but more than one will smile at learning that it was through living in Leghorn, of all Italian cities, that the author learned that Tuscany is the earthly Paradise. This is enough to prove that he is no *Dutzendmensch*; for one might search in vain for the remaining eleven of such a dozen. Neither is he commonplace in other interests: "If the foreign observer desires to learn the history of a Tuscan town or to understand its people, let him immediately find out the miracle picture of the place and commence to study and acquire its legend; the rest follows of itself by some mysterious process." So as a key to Leghorn we have an account of the picture of Our Lady of Montenero; for Lucca we have a description of the "Volto Santo," and for Pisa of Santa Maria sotto gli Organi. "It would be impossible to enumerate the number of times that the city [Leghorn] has been preserved from the plague, and the lives of its citizens saved during the perils of an earthquake, through the intercession of our Lady of Montenero." Such passages as this are numerous, and it is hard to resist a smile at them, as well as at the enthusiastic veneration for the monk, which sees almost angelic virtues in every brother who wears a frock; but in days when the Inquisition is laic, it is the part of mere everyday courtesy to be indulgent to the blind indiscriminacy of such faith. Two chapters are devoted to visits to La Verna, where St. Francis received the stigmata, and to Camaldoli, where is a summer hotel united to a convent; besides which, the monks are frequent figures throughout the volume. Other two chapters, and these are the closing ones, have an air of being surprised at finding themselves in such saintly company; one is on the fine national game of *pallone*, with a plea for the *totalizzatore* (a sort of cooperative betting system common in Italy, such as is practised on transatlantic steamers afloat the number of the pilot-boat), and a very clear account of the State lottery, the usual modes of playing, and the advantages accruing therefrom to the State and to the individual.

The book is generously illustrated with well-executed views from photographs, with the arms of the various towns described or rather visited, and with three maps, a general one of Tuscany, with lesser ones respectively of the island of Elba and of the region about Orbetello.

The Book of Genesis in the Light of Modern Knowledge. By Elwood Worcester, D.D. McClure, Phillips & Co.

We have here the work of a trained student, of adequate learning in the field which he investigates, of wide reading, independent thought, and a spirit of perfect candor and open-mindedness. It deals with what may be called the cosmical portion of the book of Genesis, from the Creation to the myth of the Tower of Babel, which it illustrates by a wide survey of the affiliated myths and cosmogonies of the great peoples of antiquity. In doing this, the author makes use of the original sources (the Hebrew text, cuneiform inscriptions, etc.), and the highest authorities, literary and scientific, with careful discrimination. In criticism and interpretation, it is only necessary to mention, among others, Dillmann, Wellhausen, Holzinger, Bacon, and Zimmermann. His data have been corrected by correspondence with scholars like Jastrow, Jackson, and Professor Barton. Hence this series of lectures, though designed to be popular, in a certain sense, is as far as possible from being superficial or perfunctory.

The Deluge myths are treated in a special study, consisting of six chapters, which embrace the whole range of such legends, and discuss the views of Gerland, Cheyne, The-ring, and Usener. The author does not fully agree with any of these, but suggests a view which may be called original, and which, as to the reasonableness of its geologic details, is supported by the high authority of Eduard Suess, the Austrian geologist. The Flood myth, Dr. Worcester observes, is, as a rule, associated with the Creation myth, with the belief in a past Eden of felicity, a subsequent deterioration of morals, and a necessary corollary of punishment and perdition. After destruction follows a re-creation, the problem of which is exactly similar to that of creation. From this chain of events a moral motive is naturally developed. As to the flood legends of Genesis, the author regards them as variants and amplifications of the older story contained in the Babylonian poem of Izdubar. This older poem is, in all probability, a fairly accurate reminiscence of an actual local flood, caused by an earthquake, which upheaved the alluvial soil of Babylonia and the waters beneath the soil, and propagated huge tidal waves from the Persian Gulf (at that period extending one hundred miles further inland), northward up the Euphrates and across the plains to some bordering mountain in the land of Nisir, where, according to the poem, the ship of Sit-napistim was driven and finally lodged. Such a seismic disturbance, accompanied by wind, thick darkness, thunder, and lightning, is within the range of physical possibility, and fits well some of the picturesque details in the Babylonian and the Hebrew narratives. The poem of Izdubar evidently contemplated a flood sent to destroy the single city of Suripak on the Euphrates. This tradition the Hebrew narrators expanded, emphasizing the ethical motive, and "building up a great religious myth, the destruction of the world as a judgment for sin." The Hindu and the Greek flood myths are probably borrowed from these Semitic sources. That the Greek flood legends are derived, and not indigenous, seems probable, from the fact that they do not appear in Homer or Hesiod.

The chief significance of this volume lies,

however, in its tone and spirit, and in the fact that the lectures it contains were addressed, on Sunday afternoons, by a divine of the Episcopal Church to an intelligent congregation in Philadelphia. From this point of view it is a good book to begin the century with. It is not addressed to pious readers "who believe every word of the Bible from cover to cover," nor to that class who listen to the reading of a chapter as if it were a form of incantation. It does not assume the attitude of those preachers who "teach with authority" books whose language and real meaning they have never taken the pains to fathom and understand. The author has so much reverence for the Bible that he is eager only to ascertain its truth; he has no thesis to maintain, no doctrinal position to defend; his object is to discover the precise meaning and purpose of the authors of Genesis. Hence he is able to say with perfect frankness:

"The narratives of Genesis are not history as we understand it; they are largely mythical—that is to say, history idealized. Does that in any way affect their inspiration or religious value? Speaking for myself, I can only say, not in the least. The error lies with those who attempt to interpret materially and scientifically what was intended religiously and ideally. The truth does not lie in the supposed fact, but in the lesson that is drawn from it. . . . The story of the Fall of man is 'pure poetry,' 'a sad and somewhat pessimistic tale,' invented to account for the origin of evil."

And again:

"We admit, then, that these are myths and sagas—the unconscious product of faith, marked by childhood's happy disregard of reality, and true in precisely the same sense that Shakspeare and Milton are true—that is to say, true to nature morally and spiritually for ever. . . . The only safe test with which I am acquainted of the inspiration of any book is the effect that book is able to produce."

And finally:

"The task of reconciling the physical theories in Genesis with the recent results of modern science, I gladly leave to those who are ignorant alike of science and of Genesis. My own firm conviction is that the book is so great in itself that it does not need the assistance of maladroit apologists."

All this is not exactly new, but it comes from a new quarter, and it reveals a streak of daylight. If a new generation no longer knows the Bible, it is partly because that book has been betrayed in the house of its friends by the timidity and ignorance of "maladroit apologists." If the most inspired and the most inspiring of the Sacred Books of the East is to be known once more, and if its nobler spell is to be reestablished, it will be by the conscientious labor and the enlightened honesty of treatises such as this.

The Thirteen Colonies. By Helen Ainslie Smith. Two vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1901.

In writing a sketch of colonial history for the "Story of the Nations" series, Miss Smith has adopted a new method, which may be most briefly explained by citing a passage from the preface: "So far as I can learn, after an examination of a long series of admirable works in this department of American history, this is the first single work in which is presented separately the record of each of the thirteen colonies from its first settlement to the Declaration of Independence." The parallel or

horizontal treatment which has usually been employed is thus abandoned, and each colony is regarded as a separate State. Not only is Miss Smith's idea uncommon in its application to the American colonies, but it is one which has seldom recommended itself to the historians of other countries, like Italy and Switzerland, where the local tendency has been strong. It also runs counter to the modern belief in the value of comparative study. Such are some of the facts which occur to one on reading this announcement of the preface, and which quicken one's curiosity regarding the success or failure of the experiment.

The advantages of Miss Smith's method are equally obvious. When the development of each colony is traced from its foundation to 1776, the reader can be left with no doubts about the nature of the materials out of which the Federal State was formed. Every one understands the difference in character between Jamestown and Plymouth, between Connecticut and Rhode Island, between the Calverts and the Penns; but when the action shifts to the first half of the eighteenth century the outlines begin to be blurred unless the historian makes a special point of keeping each colony distinct from its neighbors. Miss Smith really says, by modelling her book as she has done, that the separate origin and continued isolation of the colonies are more significant than the features of resemblance which they have in common. She has succeeded in showing how widely the colonies differed from each other; on the other hand, we doubt whether her general scheme of treatment gives better results than the method which she has discarded. Where the local side of colonial life is concerned, she gains something by reason of greater distinctness. Where broad questions, like the dealings of the colonies with the Crown, with the Indians, and with the French, are concerned, she loses by throwing away her standards of comparison and by taking up in pieces what could better be discussed as a whole. Her account of the relations between French and English is decidedly weak from being so disconnected, and we ascribe this partial failure to the inherent weakness of a method which yields good results only in the field of domestic annals. The difficulty might be overcome, when the work goes into a second edition, by adding a few supplementary chapters on the larger aspects of colonial life.

Miss Smith's narrative is largely political, though economic and religious motives are kept well to the front. By writing a continuous sketch of each colony, she can mark with clearness the stages of growth through which the community passed; while, again, she loses some part of her space by describing the deeds of obscure Governors, who would probably be passed over if the subject were treated after the customary manner. The two volumes represent a wide range of reading, and are written with a zest which gives lively color to the text. According to the preface, the work has not been done at the gallop: "In the preparation of a history on this plan, a number of years have been devoted to a study of the older records and of the works of modern historians, and yet other years to sifting out prejudice and to shaping the results into a simple, straightforward narrative." The study of older records and of