

one were to count as words only distinct, ultimate, and independent sense-units, the recent total of 400,000 would probably shrink by three-fourths. Even then the question how many actual words remained would rest upon ambiguities. One must first settle what differences of function and form are variations in the same word, and what yield different words. Thus the new Webster enters *mountain* as an adjective, to cover its attributive uses—in "*mountain laurel*," etc.—but every common name in the language may thereby count as two words. Its separate entry of transitive and intransitive uses doubles the showing for most verbs. Many thousand entries result merely from the unstable lines between English parts of speech. As to forms, one must note that the count which you cite took in both title-words and "the inflected forms which appear in small capitals." Every compared adjective, therefore, gives three words; every verb, from three to five. It is plain that before we can make any profitable comparison with the early totals quoted by Dr. Long, we must know precisely how the count was made in each case.

The rivalry of modern dictionaries in the matter of numerical totals has been subject to one rule: every form recorded must be taken from actual use. What this comes to practically is that its occurrence must be provable by a printed, or at least a documentary, source. For thousands of words, however, the proof of their occurrence is quite irrelevant. I refer to what Sir James Murray has called "perpetual nonce-words." No feature of English speech is more characteristic than its stock of free formatives—*non-*, *anti-*, *pro-*, *semi-*, *sub-*, *un-*, *-ation*, *-ly*, *-ness*, *-ish*, etc.—by which one may improvise needed words at will. Every vigorous and accurate thinker uses scores of such words, not half of which ever fall under the eyes of dictionary compilers. Take the list under *un-*. You find *unhealth*, *unhealthful*, *unhealthfully*, *unhealthfulness*, *unhealthy*, *unhealthily*, *unhealthiness*; but you find no corresponding list for *wealth*. Yet *unwealth*, *unwealthy*, etc., would be unimpeachable English words, every one of which has doubtless occurred in uttered or written speech; nor can you fairly urge against it that, taken alone, it looks superfluous, for given certain exigencies of context, it becomes the sole word "pour fixer les nuances." To ransack books and papers for such forms is time wasted. They can be derived equally well by some formula of permutation. And, be it noted, these words have always belonged to the language as what Berkeley might have called its "latent possibilities of experience." Self-evident derivatives, in fact, together with more or less self-evident compounds, make it futile to talk of "the number of words in the language," for at any period their number is virtually unlimited.

Imposing as the modern dictionary appears, a scrutiny of the character of its entries will show that so far as concerns a census of words, its hundred thousands might as well be millions. In fact, entries of the classes I have mentioned represent a selection from almost numberless terms equally legitimate as words. Botany and zoölogy alone have thousands of names now excluded as not "of popular or semipopular interest," and if animate species threaten to run short, the quantitative classi-

fication of rocks will supply *ad libitum* such verbal gems as *dargase*, *scotare*, *umptekease*, *quardofelic*, *dofemane*. Clearly, an omnium gatherum, which unites with a word-book of spoken and written English so much that is extraneous to the business of thinking, does not in the least reflect the status of our medium of mental exchange. The vocabulary by which ideas are expressed is quite unaffected by the presence or lack of labels for sixty-odd species of parrot or for 3,000 distinguishable grasses. And of this central vocabulary, no one can say that it is "passing into the hands of the favored few," or that its growing volume will swamp all but the genius and the specialist. Growth, indeed, it does show, but the growth that interests a dictionary chief is not its mere accretion of speech material, but rather the slow crystallizing within it of distinctions that make for clarity. Mr. F. Sturges Allen, chief of the latest Webster staff, has remarked that the present-day thesaurus, which includes virtually all word-forms in sight, does a service to the next generation by reducing to absurdity the superstition that a word gains standing by its mere inclusion. The question whether or not a given form is entered will then give way to questions about the formative laws that yield it; and in tracing a word's sense-progress dictionaries may aim to record less of the accidents of its career, and more, so to speak, of its intentions: of the larger notional drift reflected in its development. Much that gives bulk to the English vocabulary can be disregarded, once its analytic principle has been decanted off.

ALFRED D. SHEFFIELD.

Cambridge, Mass., December 17.

ERRORS IN THE CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have noted a number of errors in the two new volumes of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" ("The Drama to 1642"), to which it may be worth while to call attention, as they were not mentioned in your review of December 15, and as the History will be used by scholars for reference. As these mistakes were remarked in a mere preliminary glance through the volumes some weeks since, one is justified in supposing that others remain to be discovered.

In Volume V I have noted the following: Page 234, line 7: For "nine and thirty" read "seven and thirty." You justly criticise the amazing system which Professor Saintsbury employs in this chapter on Shakespeare, but I know of no system, or lack of system, that can count as Shakespeare's more than thirty-seven plays, unless one has recourse to Mr. Tucker Brooke's "Apocrypha"!

Page 461, line 6 from bottom: The reference should be to Vol. IV, not Vol. VI.

Page 463, line 15 from bottom: There should here be added a reference to the bibliography of Vol. IV, chap. vi, where Greene's lyric poetry is given.

Page 468, line 20 from bottom: The last entry under "Symonds, J. A.," should appear under "Ellis, H." A confusion has here occurred owing to the fact that J. A. Symonds wrote the "General Introduction" to the Mermaid Series which was published in the volume of Marlowe's plays. But the

special essay on Marlowe is the work of Havelock Ellis.

Page 476, line 6: "The Comedy of Errors" is omitted from this bibliographical list of Shakespeare's plays. This may be because there are no special studies of the play; but neither are there any of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" which is, nevertheless, included in the list.

Page 482, line 22: For "Furness, H. H." read "Furness, H. H., Jr."

The following corrections should be made in Volume VI:

Page 344, line 2: For "W. H. Furness" read "H. H. Furness," and correct the entry in the index.

Page 482, line 13: Havelock Ellis edited both volumes of Middleton's plays in the Mermaid Series. Swinburne did not edit Vol. I. The Introduction, however, is a reprint of his essay on Middleton, originally published in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1886.

Page 483, line 22: The bracketed note should follow the entry under "Stork" not that under "Zeitlin."

See also the index under "Mantuan," where reference is given to page 364. At that place I have found no mention of the poet, unless we are supposed to consider certain "Italian sources" as a sufficiently clear designation!

I have by me notes of other minor errors. Professor Saintsbury misquotes, but that is to be expected; a title in the text, though ostensibly quoted verbatim, does not agree with that given in the bibliography; the title of a recent sumptuous edition of Shakespeare is incorrectly given; the index is defective in more than one place.

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Baltimore, December 21.

Literature

BOOKS ON AFRICA.

The Basutos: The Mountaineers and Their Country. By Sir Godfrey Lagden, K.C.M.G. With 70 illustrations and 9 maps. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$6 net.

Service and Sport in the Sudan: A record of administration in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. By D. C. E. ff. Comyn. With 29 illustrations and 3 maps. New York: John Lane Co. \$4 net.

In the Torrid Sudan. By H. Lincoln Tangye. With maps and illustrations. Boston: R. G. Badger. \$3 net.

To Abyssinia through an Unknown Land. By Capt. C. H. Stigand. With 36 illustrations and 2 maps. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50 net.

In the Heart of Africa. By the Duke Adolphus Frederick of Mecklenburg. Translated by G. E. Maberly-Oppler. With maps and numerous illustrations. New York: Cassell & Co. \$5 net.

A Voice from the Congo. By Herbert Ward. With illustrations from photographs, sculpture, and drawings by

the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

In Africa: Hunting Adventures in the Big-Game Country. By John T. McCutcheon. With photographs and cartoons by the author. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50.

Basutoland comprises the Drakensberg range, the Switzerland of South Africa, and has been in the possession of its people for nearly a century. It first came into touch with the whites in 1833, when its chief, Moshesh, asked for a missionary to come and live with him, and give him advice in governing. Largely through the wisdom of their chief the Basutos have fared well. In 1854 he published an ordinance against the introduction of spirituous liquor, which contains the statement, "We deem that a good chief and judge cannot claim to be competent to execute his duties, if he make use of anything of an intoxicating nature." Independence being endangered by the encroachment of the Dutch settlers, Moshesh procured in 1842 the protection of the British Crown.

The narrative of the events during his rule occupies the larger part of the two volumes. They were mainly little wars, intertribal and with their neighbors in the Orange Free State, boundary disputes and negotiations with the British officials, of whose mistakes and unjust acts there is no attempt at concealment. Prominent among these was the issue of a command to the Basutos to give up their firearms, which caused serious trouble for several years, until the policy was abandoned and the act repealed. It is hardly necessary to add that there are countless instances of the heartless treatment of the natives by the Boers. Basutoland is still virtually independent, though under the supreme authority of the Crown. In 1903 a large share of the government was delegated to a National Council partly selected by the chiefs and partly nominated by the government. At its first meeting it adopted a code of laws, one of which provided for the "statutory punishment for seduction and abduction of women." Its present condition is as remarkable as its history. There is no pauperism, and "it has a balance in the bank of £150,000, without any debt or liabilities whatever." According to the latest statistics available, there are 248 schools with 12,195 pupils, and two years ago "78,000 men went abroad at intervals for work, not all absent at the same time." Their social and economic life is founded on the communal ownership of land, which has prevented Europeans from purchasing or otherwise gaining occupation. Sir Godfrey's work, it must be confessed, is not easy reading, so much of it is taken up with detailed accounts of small matters and with long extracts from documents.

Major Comyn's book, like Sir Godfrey's, describes the author's rich first-

hand experiences with natives—in his case the Sudanese. For the larger part of the four years, he was a member of the civil administration, his principal duties being dispensing justice, settling disputes, building stations, opening roads, the cultivation of oases, and "patrolling." This meant going from village to village to come in touch with the sultans, as the chiefs are termed in many tribes, though they may be lords of only two hundred men. He also did much exploring in the little-known regions bordering on Abyssinia in the southeast and on the Nile and Congo watershed in the west. Many times he was obliged to defend his camp from the attacks of lions. In one instance, he says:

The fires were lighted, and shortly afterwards we began to see lions walking round our camp, the firelight playing on them, and showing, as they stood and stared at intervals, the corners of their cruel mouths drooping. There were quite thirty of them.

Elephants were very numerous in many places, and here is his account of an experience with giraffes:

I fear I will be dubbed a dreamer, or worse, when I state that one day a herd which numbered from 500 to 800, followed the gunboat so closely that we could distinguish the markings on their heads. They evidently took our yellow funnel for the neck of their Mahdi. This herd moved in quite a military formation. The thick mass in the centre was surrounded by advanced guard; flankers, etc. That it should have followed us is not extraordinary, for the giraffe is intensely curious.

The "self-sacrificing earnestness and practical intelligence" of these "pioneers of administration" are well attested by "In the Torrid Sudan," of which the main purpose, however, is to recount the author's extensive journey. Starting from Khartum, Mr. Tangye ascended the Dinder, one of the affluents of the Blue Nile, to the Abyssinian frontier, which he was not allowed to cross. Here is a post established to prevent the slave-trade, and so effective is its work that "only one case of slave-running occurred in 1908." From this place, he crossed to the White Nile, through a region which he characterizes as a "breezeless, burning, shadeless furnace—the home of great loneliness." In the one hundred and sixteen miles traversed, there were only two places in which water could be found. Up the main river, he came to the marsh land where dwells "man in the raw state, perhaps nearly as God created him in the first instance." Much interesting information is given of these Nuers, Dinkas, and Shilluks, who attain an enormous height, the leg being of great length, probably because of the constant necessity of wading. Among other things, he learned that the laws of the Dinka are "drawn up in a well-defined code. . . . Many provisions have re-

semblance to laws detailed in the earliest books of the Bible."

The almost unknown region, lying between British East Africa and Abyssinia, is the portion of Africa which Capt. C. H. Stigand has chosen to describe. With a modest following of thirty porters and a headman he made his explorations, which he describes in "To Abyssinia through an Unknown Land." There are vivid pictures of life on the trek, and much information, including some folk-lore tales, is given about the twenty different tribes encountered, some of which had never before seen a white man. In three of them the custom prevailed of strangling the first-born child and throwing the body away to be eaten by the crocodiles or hyenas, in obedience, they asserted, to a decree of their ancestors.

Duke Adolphus Frederick, in his explorations "In the Heart of Africa," was accompanied by a scientific staff consisting of topographer, geologist, botanist, zoölogist, ethnologist, bacteriologist and doctor, and seven hundred men were employed as carriers. Some idea may be gained of what it costs to maintain such an expedition by the fact that "during the first fourteen days" they "disposed of 20,000 bunches of bananas." The research work was confined to the northwestern part of the German East African Protectorate, and considerable space is given to reports by leaders of parties sent out to make special investigations. The most original work was the investigation of the animal and plant world, and more especially of the geological conditions of the Virunga volcanic region, then virtually unknown. From one of its eight gigantic peaks eleven eruptions were observed:

The columns of vapor, illuminated as if by a smelting furnace, shot up from the broad mouth of the crater like pillars of fire to the heavens, gleaming blood-red, and then fell down to earth again, sparkling and scintillating in a glorious rain of glowing ashes.

Many craters, one over a mile in diameter, and lava tunnels and caves were found, and elephants were tracked to heights of above 7,000 feet. The natives said they "always kept to the mountain slopes and never shifted their quarters to the plains." The homeward journey was made through the Congo State. The account leaves a favorable impression of some of the Belgian officials and their methods of government. The stations were well-built and attractive, with gardens and with rubber, cotton, and coffee plantations, and the natives seemed on good terms with their rulers. One station at which "foreign visitors had never before been received" was the headquarters of a district which, it had been recently discovered, was rich in alluvial gold. A mining industry had been started with twenty-one engineers and prospectors and eight hundred

workmen. To bring this region, in which all the creeks and rivers carry gold, into nearer touch with the civilized world, the government had just decided to build an automobile road to Lake Albert, and "the first 130 miles were finished in the spring of 1909." When completed, Kilo will be only fourteen days distant from the Indian Ocean. While passing through the Congo territory the duke was impressed with the way in which Stanley's memory was cherished by the natives. Prominent Europeans are designated by his name, "Bulamatari," breaker of rocks. "The governor and heads of districts are frequently given this name; I myself was honored with it at times."

The aim of Herbert Ward in "A Voice from the Congo" is to call forth sympathy for his African friends, among whom, while in the Belgian service, he passed the five most impressionable years of his life. The stories which he tells reveal in the native a rare amount of noble devotion and loyalty. Among the interesting men who flit across his pages are Tippoo Tib the great slave-hunter, Stanley, and Capt. Deane, the gallant defender of Stanley Falls against the attack of the Arabs. But his references to them are rather disappointing, as is the lack of information in regard to the Congo State as it existed in his time, now more than twenty years ago. Some of his anecdotes and observations are trivial and unworthy of publication. The seventy-two illustrations are, many of them, of unusual interest. They include reproductions of photographs of the native, of his implements, and of some remarkable sculptures, one of which, a bronze statue of a Congo chief, won a gold medal at the Paris Salon in 1908. There is also given the music of two native songs.

For graphic description of the romantic life and adventures of the hunter after big game, "In Africa," by John T. McCutcheon, the well-known cartoonist of the Chicago *Tribune*, can be heartily commended. The object of the expedition, of which he was a member and Mr. Akeley the head, was to obtain specimens for the American Museum of Natural History in New York; the familiar region of British East Africa, the home of the lion and elephant, being the hunting-ground. Its success was partly due to Col. Roosevelt, who had promised to cooperate in the work; for a time the two expeditions were joined. The farthest point reached was Mt. Elgon on the Uganda frontier; the wonderful caverns on its slopes were explored. They have been inhabited from ancient times, "and in places the solid rock was worn smooth and deep by the bare feet of centuries of naked people." At the end Mr. McCutcheon had a unique adventure. Riding in a carriage drawn by two mules, just outside of Nairobi, the seat of government of the protectorate, he

came suddenly upon three lions, two immense males and a female, and pursued them for hours unsuccessfully. In addition to his narrative, he describes with great care the different species of big game which are to be found in this region, and gives much useful information for intending sportsmen. The only criticism which we have to make is that his material has not been wisely edited.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Barrier. By René Bazin. Translated by Mary D. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

M. Bazin is professor of law at the University of Anger, and member of the most intellectual society in the world, the French Academy. But he is also a member of that great church which still—when every tendency of the times makes for the fusion and identification of the divine with the human—insists with some vestiges of its ancient power upon the absolute distinction between the spiritual realm and the kingdom of this world. For him, therefore, religion is not the facile bond that unites a heterogeneous multitude in church teas, expensive music, and social reform. It is, indeed, the bond of true believers. But it is also, as of old, the dividing sword between father and son, and lover and beloved. Within its circle is the warmth of the world; without, the coldness of an eternal separation. The note of M. Bazin's novels is a rare spiritual sensitiveness which impresses one as being at once essentially feminine, eminently French, and distinctively Roman Catholic. It is the protest of a sense which is rapidly becoming obsolete as a human faculty—the sense of religious purity.

The hero of the book is Reginald Breynolds, son of an English baronet, who is a political and religious Tory. Reginald, an officer in the army, is a curious latter-day Newman. For him the question of "the Real Presence in the sacrament," upon which he has been brooding in the Indian jungle, constitutes "the essence of religion." He settles the question as did the Cardinal, and thus establishes the barrier between himself and his father. Félicien Lime-rel is a young Frenchman reared in a family nominally Roman Catholic, but in practice entirely worldly. Félicien, after painful struggles, loses his faith and becomes a skeptic. His unbelief constitutes the barrier between him and his cousin, Marie, with whom he is desperately in love. Marie is the type and touchstone of religious purity. She loves, or loved, Félicien, but to her marriage is a sacrament to be celebrated only with believers. When Reginald goes to Rome, the two young people who are within the pale are powerfully attracted to each other. They refrain from union, however, for the present, out of

delicacy for the memory of Félicien. The book is, of course, an anachronism for those outside the timeless church. It is not necessary to recognize the validity of "the barrier"; but unless one is interested in the religious questions involved, the story is naught, for the characters are quite insignificant except as they illustrate the plot.

Cynthia's Chauffeur. By Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode.

In the rôle of hired chauffeur, a young English lord of distinguished military, diplomatic, and scientific attainments conducts an American heiress and her chaperon on an extended trip. This arrangement permits him to dazzle the lady with his knowledge of English history and poetry, to save her from a ducking in the Wye, to protect her from the matrimonial designs of an unscrupulous French count, and to fall in love with her himself; but the discerning reader will readily see that it will never enable him to win the heart of "Cynthia, who is proud and queenly, and who will strive against the dictates of her own heart because it is not seemly that she should wed her father's paid servant." However, when Cynthia's predilection has been reinforced by a sight of his mansion in Cavendish Square, and my lord in his own titled person has granted satisfaction to the wicked count, and fallen, desperately wounded, on the sands of Calais, the experienced eye sees the way clear to an international alliance. And when, learning of his ensanguined plight, and realizing that she has missed the next train to Calais, Cynthia moans, "Would I could fly there!" no reasonable reader can refuse full sanction to her ardor.

A year or two more and Mr. Tracy will be able to put an aeroplane at the immediate disposal of similarly placed heroines. For the present he has had to content himself with a motor-car as the vehicle of romance. And never before has the intractable automobile been subdued to so sympathetic a part in human drama.

Fraternity: A Romance of Inspiration. New York: Harper & Bros.

When, last summer, J. Pierpont Morgan heard that this novel was to be republished, he took occasion to congratulate the publishers: "I consider it," he wrote, "one of the most helpful books published during these latter years that has come under my cognizance." Now, what he admires the book for is its exemplification of "the spirit that should animate human kind in the endeavor to develop civilization through a real co-operation." This is magnanimous in one whose immense fortune has sprung from competition. But we do not doubt Mr. Morgan's sincere admiration for a book whose spirit does not seek expression in the embarrassing form of prac-