

tion of tradition. *Unbefangen* is a difficult word to render into English. It is likewise unfair to say that Zahn does not cross-question tradition. The only point at issue is whether or not Zahn has stated, not the tradition, for the traditions are many and conflicting, but the most probable tradition; and whether or not the most probable tradition is supported by the internal evidence of the New Testament writings. It is admitted that, to estimate Zahn's conclusions, a knowledge of patristics is as essential as a knowledge of the New Testament. It is likewise admitted that in the field of early Christian literature Zahn's learning is probably unsurpassed. But it is a question not so much of the facts adduced as of the inferences which Zahn draws from the facts. Instead of venturing the opinion that in some cases Zahn has not indicated the most probable tradition, and that in other cases the tradition assumed as probable is incompatible with the internal evidence of the New Testament, the reviewer prefers to report some of Zahn's conclusions in reference to the gospels. Irenæus held that the Second Gospel was written after the death of Peter, while still later writers are agreed that it was written before the death of Peter. Zahn explains away the conflicting testimony by assuming that Mark was at work at his gospel in the summer of 64—exactness of date is a feature of this work of Zahn—or before the death of Peter; but did not publish it until 67, or after Peter's death. John xxi, to take another instance, was written with the consent of the son of Zebedee, but not by him. This fact might suggest that at least two persons had to do with the Fourth Gospel. But such a conclusion is forestalled by Zahn, who interprets the famous passage in Papias, which in the present form of the text naturally suggests two Johns, as meaning one John, charging at the same time that the so-called "presbyter John" owes his existence to the critical needs and devices of Eusebius, and, we may add, of Harnack. And John xix, 35, which does not at first blush suggest that it is written by the eye-witness, but which nevertheless is by the eye-witness, is so interpreted that the *ὁκείνος* is not "he that hath seen" but the Christ: a fancy as old as Erasmus.

Perhaps the most unsatisfactory part of the introduction is the treatment of the synoptic problem. Scant justice is done to the massive labors of Holtzmann and Weiss, and the astounding sentence appears:

Up to the present time, no one of the investigations of the synoptic problem can be said to have produced results which have been generally accepted, or that can lay well-grounded claims to acceptance (II, 418).

The oldest gospel is not Mark, but Matthew, not the Greek Matthew, but the Aramaic Matthew of which Papias

is assumed to speak. This original gospel was written in Palestine in 62, and was used by Mark. Luke, writing in 75, is independent of Matthew, but uses Mark. Finally, about 85, the original Matthew appears in Greek dress, a translation revealing a knowledge of Mark, but not of Luke. Why Mark omitted Matthew's story of the infancy or why there is such a linguistic affinity between Matthew and Luke at the points where they agree together against Mark, are difficulties which Zahn has not solved.

As for the translation, the fact that it was made under the supervision of Prof. M. W. Jacobus is a sufficient guarantee of its accuracy. The style of the original, as Zahn himself wittily admits in his preface to the translation, is not free from obscurity. The translators, however, students of Hartford Theological Seminary, have succeeded in giving a readable reproduction, though at times a tangled sentence needs recasting. The presswork is, in general, excellent. A special word of commendation is due to Professor Thayer for the admirable index.

*Something of Men I Have Known.* By Adlai E. Stevenson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Disappointing books, like disappointing people, rouse our resentment in proportion to the high hopes they have defeated. The first fifty pages of the former Vice-President's reminiscences hold out the promise of an exceedingly successful experiment in the art of the light memoir. These first chapters deal with the author's early career in Congress. The fact that there is a laugh or two on every page does not at first arouse suspicion, since with the fun goes a plentiful supply of intimate comment on men whose names fall sufficiently short of fame to profit by what Mr. Stevenson has to say about them. There are anecdotes about William R. Morrison of Illinois and Proctor Knott and Senator Blackburn of Kentucky, of which any volume of personal recollections would be proud.

But after the brilliant initial spurt comes a sudden stop, and every page makes it only too sadly apparent that what the author has set out to do is to compile a volume of funny stories of the kind that fills the exchange columns in the newspapers. The jests take on a suspiciously familiar air, and all pretence at writing from personal knowledge is cast aside. The habit of printing the point of the joke in italics, after the good old British fashion, grows irritating when the reasons for retelling the joke are not very apparent. Hence we are finally compelled to admit that for all the long list of well-known names Mr. Stevenson calls in review in his later pages, there is barely one to which

he adds an illuminating touch, or even a fresh bit of information.

An instance in case is the chapter on Stephen A. Douglas, of whom our author writes with a pleasantly effective warmth of feeling. But though Mr. Stevenson was twenty-three years old when Douglas and Lincoln fought out their historic series of debates, there is nothing in the present account to indicate that Stevenson ever met Douglas or ever heard him speak. His story is largely a compilation from other authors, a method he employs in his chapter on the Mormons and elsewhere. Without a cheering "I" or "I remember" in it, the chapter on Douglas might as well have been written by a man born twenty years after the civil war.

The pity is all the greater because at intervals the book flashes up into a semblance of its earlier promise. The sketch of old John Reynolds, Indian fighter and Governor of Illinois, is done in a tone of delightfully sustained satire. Better yet is the old-time country doctor whom the writer once asked: "What, in your judgment as a medical man, is to be the final destination of the human soul?" "Brother Stevenson," replied Doctor John, "the solar system are one of which I have given very little reflection." Doctor John belonged to the "epleptic" school of medicine, objected to giving "written proscriptions," asserted in regard to a rival practitioner that "my books will show a greater degree of mortality than what his'n will," and once, with Mr. Stevenson acting as umpire, won a bet of five dollars by spelling "sugar" s-h-o-o-g-o-r-r.

*A Journey in Southern Siberia: The Mongols, Their Religion, and Their Myths.* By Jeremiah Curtin. With a map and numerous illustrations from photographs. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. \$3 net.

This is the third and final volume of the posthumous series upon the Mongols by the late distinguished ethnologist and linguist, Jeremiah Curtin; the first and second being, respectively, "The Mongols: A History"—dealing with the career of Jinghis Khan and his immediate successors in Asia—and "The Mongols in Russia," the story of the Tatar conquest of Russia. It was the author's intention to make it a series of five volumes, the others to treat respectively of the career of Batu, in southeastern Europe, and of Tamerlane and the Mogul emperors in Persia and India; the present volume, descriptive of the home life, religion, and mythology of the existing primitive remnant, closing the series. He had collected much of the material when the end came, and the duty of arranging for publication what was already written devolved upon Mrs. Curtin, his companion in labors and wanderings.

The material for the present volume was gathered chiefly in the summer of 1900, among the Buriat: a fairly primitive Tatar tribe of Lake Baikal, in southern Siberia. This is the region in which Jhinghis Khan began his terrible career seven centuries ago. The Buriat, constituting about 60 per cent. of a tribe numbering a quarter of a million individuals, are a pastoral people. Where not Russianized, they dwell in octagonal houses of a single room, with a fire hole in the centre of the earthen floor. In habit, thought, and physical appearance they much resemble our own Indians of the plains. In one form or another, milk of cows or mares, with the flesh of the same animals, is their almost exclusive diet. The open milk barrel is the household commissary, and its replenishing the daily duty of the housewife. As this barrel is never covered, it has always a thick scum of the filthy dust that fills the air from the constant tramping of the herds. The single daily meal consists of boiled meat, some dirty rye bread, and then milk: sweet, or sour, or curds, or skimmings, or *tarasun*, a colorless intoxicant distilled from the same milk when it is become too sour for any other use. Even the bread is made up in part from the solid residuum of the distilling.

While other Mongol tribes have accepted Buddhism, Mohammedanism, or Russian Christianity, the majority of the Buriat have retained their primitive shamanism, the very name of which is of Mongol origin. Every house, field, and pasture has its *ongons*, or protecting fetishes, hung up near the roof or fastened to upright poles. Mr. Curtin gives us here a good account of wedding, christening, and funeral (i. e., cremation) rites, and of the great propitiatory ceremony of the horse sacrifice, which he himself witnessed. This last ceremony involves the slaughter of nine white mares, whose bones are burned upon stone altars, but whose flesh is eaten with accompanying litany and libation. We find here, however, but meagre detail of general ritual and belief, and must still consult for these matters Mikhailovskii as embodied in Wardrop's translation, "Shamanism in Siberia and European Russia," while for the economic condition and home life of this people, our best authority remains Melnikov. What we get from Curtin is a general picture of a half-savage, pastoral, and equestrian race, of few manly traits, inconsistent, dishonest, mercenary, repulsively dirty in habit and surrounding, given over to drunkenness, immorality and cruelty, degenerate descendants of the merciless hordes that once carried massacre and desolation from the China seas to the German frontier. Melnikov's view is much more favorable, for he, while freely admitting their vices, considers them as ranking fairly high

in industry, mechanical skill, and intellectual ability.

The myths, with which about half of the book is occupied, have their own distinct character. In virile strength they suggest the Mongol of world-domination, while in picturesque detail and abounding exaggeration we may trace the influence of the more cultured Oriental races which have given us the Arabian Nights. Their closest European counterparts are the hero tales of ancient Ireland.

Among them we find the Buriat parallel of the Bible tree of knowledge. There are numerous fine illustrations of the imaginative faculty of the Mongol, with here and there a touch of Mongol philosophy, such as:

Soft meat needs no knife, and a true word needs no road.

Once I have undertaken, I shall finish.

With women, hair is long, but thought is short,—

to which last saying the women retort: "Short hair, short sense."

It is much to be regretted that so few etymologies are given, as these furnish the key to the real meaning of the myths themselves. The map shows deficient proofreading. There are several pages of notes and index, including an index of myth incidents, and President Eliot, the author's former instructor at Harvard, contributes a sympathetic preface.

*A Literary History of the English People.* Vol. III. From the Renaissance to the Civil War, Part II. By J. J. Jusserand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

The present instalment of M. Jusserand's history shows the same quality as the preceding volumes—erudition enlivened by humor and illuminated by brilliancy and charm of style—but it has the advantage over its predecessors of dealing with a group of writers of the first importance, and so affording a worthier test of the author's critical powers. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and the other Elizabethan dramatists, Raleigh, Bacon, Herrick, Burton, and Browne here constitute the material of discussion, and, whether we agree with the author or not, the method of approach is throughout so new, the criticism so fresh and unhackneyed, the observations so manifestly the fruit of an extremely alert and wholly independent mind, that there is not a tedious page in the book. As we remarked in our notice of the First Part of this volume, M. Jusserand's method enables him to lighten his task to a degree that is not possible in histories of the usual type. Leaving aside the great body of less significant and intractable material to the handbooks of literature, of which there is never likely to be any lack, he aims at

a general appreciation of the period or the *genre* through its most eminent representatives; and even in the case of these he does not attempt a systematic appreciation of their individual works. At the same time the volume conforms to the title of the work and is by no means a mere collection of essays on the great writers of the period. Indeed, M. Jusserand's skill in recalling before our eyes a past civilization—here the bustling London which furnished the Elizabethan dramatists with their audiences and imposed on them its tastes—was never displayed to better advantage. The artist comes to the aid of the critic, and it is the combination of these qualities that gives M. Jusserand his particular distinction.

The chapters devoted to Shakespeare, which constitute considerably more than one-third of the volume, are those, of course, which will at once attract the reader's attention. That the author's point of view is not the same as the English reader's will not be likely to diminish their power of interest. The difference is manifest in the space given to the defects of Shakespeare's work, of which we have here and there scattered through these chapters, a more searching examination than could be pointed to in any other book of Shakespearean criticism. Naturally, however, the English reader will not accept all of M. Jusserand's strictures (which, it may be remarked, take no account of the different periods of production), especially those which spring from a manifest want of sympathy with the romantic spirit. This want of sympathy, doubtless, is responsible for our author's incredible insensibility to the charm of Shakespeare's great comedies. To describe "Twelfth Night" as "chiefly filled with filling," is surely a singular way of dismissing a comedy which, by its charm of humor, sentiment, and poetry, still delights audiences (to say nothing of readers) three hundred years after its first performance. We cannot be surprised, after this, that Benedict and Beatrice simply bore M. Jusserand, and that even Rosalind, who captivated Taine, seems to have failed to win the heart of his countryman. The same want of sympathy mars his criticism of "King Lear," and leads him to regard the wild scenes of the third and fourth acts of that play—the most stupendous expression of the Germanic genius—as mere "theatrical devices." It would be an injustice to M. Jusserand, however, if we should leave the impression that these limitations of sympathy overbalanced his admiration for the poet's work, as a whole. On the contrary, no one has expressed better the life-giving power of the great dramatist, his splendid lyrical capacity, and his magical gifts of language.

The excellent chapters on the prose-writers furnish less material for de-