

testant being molested as such. Beyond all manner of doubt the French *habitant* is tolerant. The introduction of Protestant missionary societies into the heart of Catholic districts shows that. No doubt the missionaries may have had rebuffs to submit to; but reverse the case: suppose that, in Quebec, missionary societies were established for converting Ontario to a "saving faith," and suppose they were to select the most intensely Protestant parts of that province and open schools for children and distribute Roman literature in which John Wesley, John Knox or King William III. should be identified with Antichrist or the Man of Sin, or some other similar person in the book of Revelations, it is not likely that such missionaries would meet with a more cordial reception. Yet the *habitant* is very warmly attached to his religion, quite as much so as any other class of persons, quite as much so, for instance, as the Boston mob who burned the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown. And the Ursulines are cloistered nuns, whose rule forbids them to go out, and who could not, therefore, have given any wanton offence.

These traditions of tolerance may be looked upon with theoretical disapprobation by some of the new schools of ecclesiastical anachronisms who are bringing out old-world quarrels to plant them like European weeds in new soil; but their views, though noisily advocated, are not congenial to the French-Canadian nature, and therefore need cause no alarm. Of all men the French-Canadian is not likely to go back upon his history. Much of the credit of this is due to the statesmen and soldiers who ruled this country in the early part of the English period. Some of the French mischief-makers are anxious to rob the English of the merit of their tolerance by insinuating that they acted from a fear of throwing the country into the arms of the revolting colonies to the south. To this it is easily answered that, from the very first, before the rebellion was thought of in the English colonies, Murray and Carleton sided with the French-Canadians against what they thought injustice. It would have been easy then to have made another Ireland of this country, and to have planted seeds of bitterness of which we should long since have been gathering the fruit. What the English then did is recorded in the eloquent words of Bishop Plessis, a Canadian-born bishop, the second bishop after the conquest, in his sermon upon the death of his predecessor, which may be found in his life by the Abbé Ferland, or in full at p. 357 of Robert Christie's "History of Lower Canada." It is too long to quote here, but reference should be made to it wherever the book is accessible.

Such are the religious traditions of the Province of Quebec. Is there any province, nation or people upon the face of the whole earth from whom it has anything to learn in the matter of mutual toleration or of Christian charity?

Montreal, February 8, 1890.

S. E. DAWSON.

TO A TUBEROSE.

All, little rose, thou comest from her fingers,
Whose gentle soul stoops earthward like a star;
And on me sheds a gleam of hope that lingers,
When all this world dies in the dim afar.

And if I speak her name in accents tender,
No one can know for thou alone shalt hear;
And if I love her then who is thy sender,
Thou wilt not whisper it to any ear.

For thou hast nestled close among the laces
That hide her timid bosom's spotless snow,
And so much purity in such a place is
Thou must be pure, so thou alone shalt know

My secret, and to pledge its sacred keeping,
I bid thee seek the place from whence thou art.
That thou again, among the laces sleeping,
In dreams may speak it to her listening heart.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

ERDMANN'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.*

THIS translation of Erdmann's "Grundriss," probably the best succinct history of philosophy yet published, is issued as the introductory volume to a projected "Library of Philosophy," of which Professor J. H. Muirhead is editor. That library is intended to be mainly a contribution to the History of Thought, but it will also contain independent works by such eminent thinkers as Mrs. James Ward and Professor Edward Caird, the former of whom is to give us a Theory of Knowledge and the latter a Theory of Ethics. The first series will treat of the development of thought in modern times from Descartes to the present day, and the second series of the history of Psychology, the History of Political Philosophy, Philosophy and Economics in their Historical Relation, the History of Aesthetics, and the Development of Rational Theology since Kant. Such an enterprise speaks for itself. It cannot but be regarded as a hopeful sign that so comprehensive a scheme should have been conceived, and should have found an English publisher willing to undertake it.

* "A History of Philosophy." By Johann Edward Erdmann. English translation, edited by Williston S. Hough, Ph. M., Assistant Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Minnesota. In three volumes. London: Swan, Sonnenschein and Co.; New York: Macmillan and Co. 1890.

It is not necessary to speak of the great merits of Erdmann's History of Philosophy. Its remarkable clearness and comprehensiveness are well known. The possession of a trustworthy guide to the development of philosophy is indispensable, not only to the special student, but to anyone who desires to grasp firmly the whole evolution of human thought. In this country Schwegler's able but too condensed summary has not only been the main book of reference, but we fear it has often represented all that the student knew of the development of philosophy. The result of this somewhat Barmecide feast, except where Schwegler has been illuminated by the ability of a special teacher, could only be to starve the mind, or what is worse, to feed it with barren abstractions. Erdmann's work, on the other hand, from its more extended treatment, gives one some idea of the wonderful life and movement of human thought, though no history of philosophy should ever be used except as an aid to the study of special authors, or to fill up temporarily the *lacunae* in one's knowledge. A thorough study of such a book as "Aristotle's Ethics," for example, is of more educational value than all the statements of Aristotle ever written. At the same time there is also a danger in over-specialization. Aristotle, like every other great thinker cannot be completely understood apart from his relation to his predecessors and successors, and therefore a trustworthy guide like Erdmann is invaluable.

The translation is edited by Mr. W. S. Hough, of the University of Minnesota, though he has had the advice and partly the assistance of Professor Muirhead in his editorial labours. So far as we have examined this work the half dozen scholars who present Erdmann's "Grundriss" with an English dress have given us a faithful rendering of the original. Occasionally a word or phrase better fitted to bring out the meaning might have been chosen. In volume II., page 58, e.g., "He (Spinoza) expressly extols mathematics, because *non circa fines versatur*, and recommends it as an example," would perhaps have been better translated "recommends it as a model." Again, when we read that Spinoza "knows nothing of actual causal connection, but merely of being conditioned by a pre-existing or auxiliary conception," we are apt to miss the exact sense of the author. What is meant to be conveyed by Erdmann is, that Spinoza reduces all knowledge to a logical subordination of ideas to one another, corresponding to the order of subordination that obtains in the universe. Thus the true idea of God or "substance" comprehends all other true ideas, just as God or "substance" is the *prius* of all other forms of existence. It is therefore not a "pre-existing" conception (which suggests antecedence in the mental history of the individual) that Erdmann has in his mind, but a conception "logically prior" to another; just as a genus is prior to a species in the order of thought, though not in the order of time. On the next page (59) we are told that the opinions of Avenoes "may have been familiar to Spinoza through his commentaries on the work of Maimonides"—rather an astounding statement, which exactly inverts the truth. It was, of course, Maimonides who wrote a commentary on Avenoes.

Apart from such slight defects, which do not detract from its substantial value, the translation may rightly claim to be a faithful rendering of the original. But it can hardly be said to reach the ideal standard of literary form, though sometimes it is quite successful in this respect. The period from Descartes to Kant, and the whole of the third volume, containing the important account of recent philosophy, seem to be uniformly excellent in style. As much can hardly be said for some of the other parts of the work, which follow too closely the many-jointed sentences of the original, and are therefore wanting in idiomatic ease and grace. Take, for example, the following passage (Vol. I., page 16): "It does not follow from the fact that the wish to solve the riddle of one's own existence, and of existence generally, is in Greek called thinking, that the philosophic spirit at once thinks in a manner worthy of Greece, or grasps its own Hellenism in its purity and superiority to all barbarism. Rather, just as man rises above the level of the beast only by passing through it in his pre-human (unripe) state, so Greek philosophy matures in the direction of its aim of solving that fundamental problem (§15) in the Hellenic spirit in such a way that it at first answers the question contained therein in a pre-Hellenic sense." The meaning of Erdmann is no doubt there, but it shines through a glass darkly. A translator should hardly be contented to translate as no Englishman would spontaneously write. It is his duty, not simply to "convey" his author, but to express the thought of the original in a form suitable to the genius of the English language.

Take another passage (Vol. II., page 369): "To the ordinary dogmatic philosopher—by this term Kant means mostly the metaphysician, and hence he very frequently opposes empiricism to dogmatism, just as Wolff opposed the experimental to the dogmatic—the question does not occur whether there is such a thing as metaphysics, i.e., whether knowledge gotten *a priori*, or independently of all experience and having real universality and necessity, is possible." Not to speak of the use of the words "mostly" and "gotten," which at once bewray the translator's American parentage, the interposition of the heavy explanatory clause, "by this term Kant, etc.," makes the thought unnecessarily hard to follow. Obviously the sentence should have been broken up into two. In the next sentence but one, "The sceptical distrust of metaphysics to which Hume thereby came," should be "The sceptical

despair (*verzweiflung*) of metaphysics into which Hume fell." Again: "Consequently one must not at all imagine that the 'Critique of Pure Reason' will give or will represent a metaphysics; no! it will be merely a propaedeutic to this, for it will merely answer the one question—Is metaphysics possible, and how?" The phrasing here is not good. "Will represent a metaphysics" does not convey to an English ear the meaning of *vertreten*; instead of "will give or will represent," read "will yield or take the place of." There is also a sort of primitive simplicity about the exclamatory "no!" and the repetition of "merely" in successive clauses jars on one's ear. Some of these remarks may seem hypercritical, but what we wish to convey is that, with an adequate knowledge of the original, more than one of the translators have an imperfect eye for style. We hope it will not be thought that we regard this translation as a failure. It is a good, faithful rendering, and in some parts even reaches a high literary level. Its imperfections are not of the kind to prevent a diligent student from getting at the thought of the author. If it is not sufficiently careful of the "mint, anise and cummin," at least it has not neglected "the weightier matters of the law."

University of Queen's College.

JOHN WATSON.

A SUNDAY IN CALCUTTA.

IT is six o'clock, a.m., and it is our servant Rohim Ali knocking on our door with an energy and a perseverance that I have not discovered him to exercise in any other occupation at any other hour of the day. He has brought us *chota hazri*, nothing really alarming, only a light meal of toast and tea. One must visit India to know all there can be in a name. But just why the Anglo-Indian asks that his slumbers shall be rudely broken every morning at six for toast and tea when he breakfasts at nine, I have not yet discovered. On this particular morning however, Rohim Ali's intrusion is condoned, we are going to visit a place called the New Market, the most picturesque scene in Calcutta, excepting an evening party at Government House. Matutinal sight-seeing is not exactly our rule, though what with the early arrival or departure of a train or boat, we have been able very often to catch a glimpse of towns at that most characteristic of times—the first few hours after sunrise. The first few hours after sunrise in Calcutta are the saddest we have seen. There are no crowds of buxom housewives about the streets such as one finds at home, expressing by firm step, ruddy cheeks, and fresh sharp voice the whole significance of morning; there is no cheerful din of street cries; there is no awakening to new life. The European dames will only make their appearance at a much later hour of the day, and the few Indian women we see flitting past, with a bit of their *sari* drawn across their mouths, look much like creatures of the night surprised by dawn and trying to hide themselves. The vendors of milk and the water-carriers are already overpowered under the weight of the brass and earthen jars they carry, and the melancholy oxen jog along with a resigned conviction in their eyes that man has little else for them but a stick, and the earth an interminable stretch of sun-scorched, dusty road. Great flocks of crows float cawing wisely through the air as if they were preparing for a funeral, and the city all the while smiles sadly in the morning light like some one remembering a sorrow.

Rohim Ali brings us to the New Market with evident pride. "D—dis number one place in India," he remarks, waving his hand towards the high roof of the great brick arches, and the long rows of multicoloured stalls, and truly no scene can be more "number one" than this. A swarm of half-clad, sad-faced, hustling men and bewitching imps, with the sweet hypocrisy of Asia already lighting their beautiful eyes, come round us begging to be taken to carry our purchases in the baskets on their heads. But a choice is difficult, for we are not callous, Garth and I, to the charms of Apollo noses, and teeth as white and even as white seeds, lithe, graceful forms, and appealing *salaams*. It is Domon, a youth of nine summers, who at length finds favour in our sight. He immediately proceeds to dismiss all the other youths with a volley of Bengali expletives, or rather what stands for expletives in this polite tongue—an attack upon the personal character, or slur cast upon the birth of the offender's uncle or great grand-father. Unfortunately such attacks from a throat so young lose much of their force, and we lend Domon our umbrella to give them weight. No parliamentary servant could walk with a more evident idea of his importance than this miniature "Black Rod." "I number one boy, *mem sahib*, those men loose men," he informs us, as we march the observed of all observers, past the flower stalls exhaling the faint mystic perfume of Indian blossoms, past the fruit stalls, aflame with the glory of Indian colour. The handsome Bengali is at his best when he sits in white turban and dress amidst all this wealth of green, and gold, and red, or stands *salaaming*, with a grace we would find difficult to imitate. For as a worshipper he is mechanical, as a servant he is aggravating, and as a *baboo* or educated young gentleman he has far too much self-possession to be looked upon favourably by the English, who are apt to consider this quality as peculiarly their own.

Rohim Ali follows and Domon walks in front, a perfect garden of strange fruits and flowers on his small head. Meat, fish, clothes, stationery, brass from Benares, and grain from America, everything imaginable is to be found under the all-comprehensive roof of the New Market. And the buyers are Englishmen in white raiment and pith