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for discussion, reflection, and research in the class-room such as our formal text-book-makers are almost under bonds not to furnish. In a work which makes the impression of having been produced at a single heat, errors of fact have naturally been pointed out. One critic has noticed the slip by which the Charter Oak is spirited from Hartford to Providence; another has corrected the tale of Benton's years in the Senate; a third, profiting by Mr. Waters's discoveries, controverts the assertion that Roger Williams was a Welshman instead of a Londoner; a fourth may object to making "red herrings" of the winter's "salted provisions" which the boy Franklin begged his father to say grace over in the cask by way of saving time (the popular gloss is *porke*); and we will add that Mr. Smith's apologia for the mother country, in her dealings with the colonies before the Revolution, might properly have been strengthened by his adopting not the contemporary and transmitted view of Gov. Andros's arbitrary character, but the vindication which he has received at the hands of a fair-minded American historical student, Mr. W. H. Whitmore, editor of the 'Andros Tracts.' It has not failed to be remarked, too, that the New England colonies receive the greater part of Mr. Smith's attention, to the apparent neglect of the others; but here we touch the main object which our author had in view, viz., to interest his own countrymen in our annals, and it would have to be shown that any other group of colonies compares with New England in the richness of its material for picturesque narration, or for exhibiting the development of self-government, the spirit of independence, enterprise, expansion, nationality, humanity, on this continent.

Mr. Smith's rapid summary, then, though submitted to an American audience, must not be regarded as a challenge of accepted ideas. We are allowed to overhear, as it were, a discourse conceived in absolute good will to this country, in an ardent desire to cement fraternal and peaceful relations with his own. Heaven knows that we need every possible corrective of the wretched little school histories which, unconsciously no doubt, perpetuate in our youth of to-day the animosities engendered by wars between an America and an England not those of to-day, and make this thoughtless age an easy prey to protectionist chauvinism. We can but welcome the privilege of listening to the old story told by one not of ourselves, though in sympathy with us, and who does not ask us to forget that he is an Englishman, but only to make allowance for his position as one "who regards the American commonwealth as the great achievement of his race, and looks forward to the voluntary reunion of the American branches of the race within its pale, yet desires to do justice to the mother country and to render to her the meed of gratitude which will always be her due." The rest is a matter of personal equation or of literary art. Thus, when Mr. Smith says (p. 6), "Unhappily these [Puritans], in common with other colonists of the period, retained not only their love of the old land, but their political tie to it," and again (p. 64), "It cannot be too often repeated that the relation between the imperial country and a colonial dependency was radically false," we read between the lines a sermon to Canadians. They are in his mind, too, when he asks, on page 70, "Would Chatham have thought of allowing the colonies to lay protective duties on British goods, he who talked of forbidding them even to make a nail for a horseshoe?" So Mr. Smith's aversion to home rule crops up in the sentence (p. 123):

"In the group of States with which the framers [of the Constitution] had to deal, . . . there [was] no towering predominance to excite the permanent jealousy of the rest, as there would be if England were federally united with Scotland, Wales, and Ireland." Twice, too (pp. 175 and 217), he insists, not untruthfully, on the part played by Irish immigration in reviving the waning sentiment of hatred towards Britain, yet with less than his usual justice to the victims of British misrule, and more than his customary palliation of England's wrongdoing. Nor does he fail to note the Irish alliance with the pro-slavery Democracy, in spite of O'Connell's example and exhortation to the contrary; or Father Mathew's forgetting in America "that he had signed [in Ireland] an anti-slavery manifesto."

In Mr. Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' it may be alleged as a defect that too little stress is laid upon slavery as a factor in modifying the political development of this country. Mr. Smith's sketch is not liable to this charge. Five chapters embrace the whole of it, and the fourth deals explicitly with "Democracy and Slavery," while the fifth, "Rupture and Reconstruction," is of course, only a continuation of the same topic; and the two together constitute nearly one-half of the entire work. But slavery begins to be mentioned as early as page 25, and is never afterwards lost sight of. Such a proportion of attention to this subject is a refreshing novelty, without example among our native historians. Hardly to be called novel, though individual and striking in their mode of presentation, are Mr. Smith's characterizations of leading statesmen, such as Jefferson and Lincoln. And while the reader must often be struck with what seems caprice in the choice of typical incidents to color and substantiate the narrative, he can but admire the skill which finds room for so many classic extracts, so many proverbial party sayings. Throughout, too, one meets with passages of epigrammatic force and weight, such as this, touching the neutral trade of the United States during the Napoleonic wars (p. 162): "You may have a right to traffic on a battle-field, but you will have difficulty in exercising it, especially if the battle-field is one in which nations are fighting for their lives"; or this (p. 173):

"The war [of 1812] is sometimes justified on account of its supposed effect in consolidating American union. To make war for such a purpose would surely be a satanic policy. Instead of consolidation, the war nearly produced secession, to the very verge of which it drove New England. The true instruments of consolidation were, not the war, but the improved means of intercommunication, the national roads, the canal, the steamships, the railways, to which the period following the war gave birth, as well as the growing activity of the press, and the other intellectual agencies which overcome geographical distance. The fruit of moral or political effort is not to be won by violence."

Let us cite also the pregnant remark (p. 150): "Federal parties extended, as they ever have, to State politics, the party in each State being a sort of donkey-engine to the great Federal machine"; and again, in the helpful analysis of the Constitution (p. 126): "The States were prohibited from laying import or transit duties on each other's goods. Internal free trade was thus secured to the whole of the continent occupied by the United States. This was practically the greatest of all the measures of free trade in commercial history"; and finally (p. 219): "An international copyright law would have done more to emancipate from British influence than any war with Great Britain."

"Should this volume find acceptance," says Mr. Smith in his preface, "it may be followed by a companion volume on the same scale, and treating, necessarily with the same succinctness, the recent history of parties and the questions of the present day." This volume, so desirable, yet so delicate and difficult of execution, we may say is now assured. Externally, should it proceed from the same press (in Boston), it will be agreeable to the eye and will closely resemble an English product, and it will be apt on closer inspection to betray some of the typographic carelessnesses fostered by that provision of our crude copyright law which enforces domestic manufacture. The punctuation in the volume before us is often extremely slovenly, an amusing example being that on page 24, where the hyphen has been omitted from the compounds: "There were social meetings for the young, such as raising bees and sewing bees." An English proof-reader, indeed, might have been guilty of this, and pardonably so; but an American should have done better, and should, moreover, have secured uniformity in the capitalizing of the word State, and not let pass "Gouverneur [Morris]" on page 99 while Gouverneur occurs on page 142.

*Negative Beneficence and Positive Beneficence.* Being Parts V. and VI. of the Principles of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. D. Appleton & Co. 1893.

What magic art can Herbert Spencer practise to render his books so marvellously dull? It is a psychological problem. Dry they are not, nor are dry books more apt to be dull than others. Books that are both there no doubt are, say, in ethics, Whewell's 'Morality'; so there are books that just manage to keep dullness at arm's length by an agile exercise of a virtue the opposite of dryness, such as the 'Tale of a Tub.' But very often method, condensation, and business-like exclusion of all flights, which make up dryness, serve to keep the reader's mind alert. Stephen on 'Evidence,' Kant's 'Critique of the Pure Reason,' Ricardo's 'Political Economy,' Cremona's 'Geometry,' are dry to the last degree; yet, given an interest in the subject, any of them will detain your attention till you are exhausted by the mental labor it demands. On the other hand, such eternal monuments of dullness as the Koran, Volney's 'Ruins,' Tucker's 'Light of Nature,' Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' and, most overpowering of all, Spencer's 'Synthetic Philosophy,' are not a bit dry.

The phenomenon of dullness in Spencer's books is partly explained by his inimitable method of expressing himself—inimitable, at least, by any man of taste. He has disclosed the secret of it in his famous 'Essay on the Philosophy of Style': it lies in the "economy of attention." He artfully induces the reader to relax the muscles of the mind until nothing hinders the last stages of narcosis but the irritation produced by the Spenserian diction. That, for all this, people read him is a great compliment to him and a great credit to them. The present volume opens thus:

"One division of an earlier work in this series of works—*The Principles of Psychology*—was devoted to showing that all intellectual operations are ultimately decomposable into recognitions of likeness and unlikeness."

And so the author proceeds through five mortal pages of platitudes about discrimination, in a psychological vein both cheap and superficial, and all to what purpose? Why, simply that he himself is intending to draw a distinc-

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tion, one of the most familiar of distinctions, upon which all this dishwater about discrimination has just as much bearing, and no more, as upon any other distinction that any author might anywhere draw upon any subject. What an accomplished artist in tedium!

But the most stupefying principle in Spencer's writings is, for some readers, not his method of expressing himself; much less is it the essence of his thought, which (we need not say) is almost always striking and impressive. It is that the thought is developed in an old-fashioned way. In 1857 Mr. Spencer was not a remarkably well-read man in philosophy. He has himself admitted his ignorance of Kant. There is much in German idealism having an intimate relation to the philosophy of evolution of which he knew no more than an Italian monk would to-day know of Spencer. Outside his great conception, he was hardly more than abreast of his reader's stage of thinking. But to construct a durable system of philosophy it is necessary to build upon the solid foundation of deep reflection upon all that man has excogitated. During the many years that Spencer has devoted to writing his books, he has read little, especially of the kind that records advancing thought. The list of authorities in the volume before us illustrates this. It contains something like a hundred books. Two-thirds of them relate to savage life, and were very likely epitomized by readers. At any rate, it is for the most part crude and uncritical material. A quarter of the whole are old stand-bys which every educated man is supposed to be familiar with, or at least to know about. Then there are works on ethnology, anthropology, and biology, of a special character; and the small residuum is hardly calculated to give a serious idea of modern thought. The inevitable result has been that Mr. Spencer has fallen behind the times. He treats at wearisome length difficulties that are no difficulties, and consequences that are obvious, while many of the questions, objections, and suggestions that most interest the reader he soon finds have not entered into the author's head.

If Mr. Spencer's shortcomings and blindneses were such as one could see were natural and almost inevitable to a mind engrossed with the conception of evolution, though they would make him more one-sided, they would not prevent the full presentation of his side of the question. But that is not the case; they in fact either have no relation to evolutionism, or, and that more frequently, actually antagonize it. Take, as the first example at hand, the passage quoted above, which represents every operation of the mind as a recognition of a likeness or the recognition of an unlikeness. According to this, every operation of volition, every operation of going to sleep, and every other mental operation, is but an act of recognizing. The first objection to this is that recognizing is something which takes place in the focus of attention, so that all the operations of the mind would take place in that focus, while all modern psychologists agree that most mental operations are so far into the dark that there is room for doubt whether they are in the field of consciousness at all. Clearly, a theory of the evolution of the mind would be aided by thus conceiving mind to shade off into unconsciousness. The next thing we notice about the opinion quoted is that it implies that all relations can be analyzed into likenesses and unlikenesses, the falsity of which has been recognized by every analyst who has seriously examined the question. Spencer says that sequence is unlikeness in order. Undoubtedly, a sequence is an unlikeness, but

that is no sign that it is nothing but unlikeness, or nothing but a compound of likenesses and unlikeness. It clearly cannot be so, for when A is like or unlike B, B has that same relation to A; while when A is followed by B, B is *ipso facto* not followed by A. Spencer is therefore tiresome, with his old-world psychology of likeness and unlikeness; it is particularly unfavorable to clear conceptions of evolution, which demand a recognition of the distinction between temporal relations and the mere acervations of the crudest form of generalization.

In ethics Mr. Spencer adopts the hedonistic theory. Almost no reason has ever been given for this, except that most dangerous of reasons, that we cannot help thinking so. We certainly are under no such necessity, and the theory ought to be regarded with great suspicion for the present, until scientific observation can be brought to bear upon it. At any rate, it is nothing but a disfigurement of evolutionary ethics, which it only weakens.

A system of philosophy ought to consist in the development of an idea, in the tracing of it out into its necessary consequences, and in the comparison of these consequences with experiences. This comparison will show how far the philosophy may be accepted and what modifications of it are required. This view makes of a system of philosophy nothing more, nor less than a very general scientific theory, and it follows as a consequence that a system of philosophy, like every other scientific theory, must stand or fall with its power of making successful predictions. But Herbert Spencer, instead of trying to show what characters his first principles require the facts of biology, of psychology, and of sociology to possess—what those principles virtually predict—and then proceeding to compare those predictions with the facts, has begun by endeavoring to make out what the character of those facts is, and has loosely traced, as he went along, such harmony with his theory as he could. No philosophy can be firmly established in that way. Nevertheless, it is incontestable that shortly after Mr. Spencer began to write, the world began to take up the idea of evolution, and that to-day nine-tenths of all thinking men carry it just about as far as Spencer does. A man who should have a theory carrying it a little further, although that theory should be of such a nature that it should afford predictions mathematically deduced from it, and capable of being compared with experience, would find no encouragement to develop his theory, or even to state it as far as already developed, or to compare by laborious mathematical calculations the predictions already made with observations already made.

As for the present volume, its contents have little or nothing to do with the theory of evolution. Its discussions of special questions, such as the poor-laws, coming from such a mind as Spencer, must, of course, have their value. But its general principles are little more than prejudices, and that of a pretty old-fogy kind. No doubt, in questions of morals, prejudices are proper subjects of respect, especially when they are such as are shared by all parties and all civilized nations. At the same time they are not unlikely to contain errors which may become important when applied to novel questions. We have always understood that the last parts of the *Ethics* were to be the crowning glory of the Synthetic Philosophy. Will the world be persuaded that British Toryism is the truth with which the universe has so long been in travail?

*Memoirs of William Nelson Pendleton, D.D., Rector of Latimer Parish, Lexington, Virginia; Brigadier-General C. S. A.; Chief of Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia.* By his daughter, Susan P. Lee. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1893.

ONE does not hesitate to speak of the subject of these memoirs as Doctor, rather than as General, Pendleton, although he was a West Point graduate and served with credit, if not with distinction, through the whole course of the rebellion in the Confederate army. We have only to look at the picture of his face which fronts the title-page to be aware that his dominant quality was ecclesiastical and not military. It is the typical ecclesiastical face, that of the priest clothed with a little brief authority and serenely conscious of his official dignity and importance. The whole course of the book bears out this first impression. The ecclesiastical proprieties are never silent in the midst of arms. Willingly at all times Gen. Pendleton puts by his sword and takes his shepherd's crook, and we always feel that the joy of battle which delights him most is behind the pulpit-cushion, not the bristling parapet. His life is written by his daughter, Mrs. Lee, the wife of Edwin G. Lee, a Confederate general, casually mentioned as a kinsman of Robert E. Lee, but with no hint of the degree of his relationship. The tone is feminine throughout, and, though but seldom shrill, is never critical or dispassionate. There is no praise of her father which is not willingly conceded to her filial piety. In every personal relation he was a man to honor and esteem, one who laid the lowliest duties on himself with a patient heart, who, whether as a servant of the Church Militant or the Confederacy triumphant or defeated, did his work man-fashion, in a simple, honest, and straightforward way.

Mrs. Lee's biography is not less valuable for not being critical. It is wonderfully instructive. We seem to be reading again the headlines of the Southern newspapers during the war and their editorials of flaming hope and eager expectation. This note is loudest in the letters of Sandie Pendleton, a brother of Mrs. Lee, who was a colonel attached to Stonewall Jackson's staff, was with him at his death, and met his own September 22, 1864, while trying to rally Early's skirmish line in the affair at Fisher's Hill. There is much more ardor and extravagance in these letters than in Dr. Pendleton's. But, take them both together and the connecting narrative, and we are admitted with remarkable distinctness into the Confederate mind, so confident and hilarious, and into the Federal, so doubting and depressed, while the war drew along its first two tedious years.

Dr. Pendleton was the son of Edmund Pendleton, jr., whose great-uncle and adoptive father was Judge Pendleton of Revolutionary fame. "Early and repeated marriage was a Pendleton habit," and William Nelson, the subject of this biography, was the son of a second marriage which his father consummated at the age of twenty-three. The promise of his youth suffered from the exigencies of his maturity as trout do in their weight when taken from the water into the boat. He was, however, a studious youth, and gladly accepted the opportunity to study at West Point, which an elder brother had declined. The fighting Bishop, Leonidas Polk, was ending his course as young Pendleton was beginning his. Jefferson Davis was two years in advance of Pendleton, Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston one year, while John B. Magruder was one of his classmates, and Albert T. Bledsoe, a literary, mathemat-

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