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he offers the paradox which is met now as then with a deluge of inextinguishable laughter, that Utopia can come to pass only when philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers. We, too, are familiar with the ripple of laughter which greets the expert in finance or government, and calls the skilled pilot a star-gazer or "doctrinaire."

Another point in Plato's nice and exact prevision comes home to us at the present moment. The philosopher is fittest to rule, not only because he is wisest, but because he is disinterested; he is, in fact, so disinterested that he will be reluctant to rule. Neither ambition nor love of wealth, obtained by fair means or foul, will sway him; hence he will stand aloof, he must be dragged into politics, he must be compelled by some constraint, he must be put under some penalty, "because to proceed with ready will to the office of ruler, and not to await compulsion, is accounted indecent." What, then, is this penalty, this compulsion which is to drag wisdom and disinterestedness out of their asylum of studious contemplation to the rescue of the State, to place them at the helm in the service of an ungrateful and mutinous crew? It is this, as Plato puts it in Mr. Pater's translation: "As for the penalty, the greatest penalty is to be ruled by one worse than one's self, unless one will rule. And it is through fear of that, the good seem to me to rule, when they rule; and then they proceed to the office of ruler, not as coming to some good thing, nor as to profit therein, but as to something unavoidable, and as having none better than themselves to whom to intrust it, nor even as good." Was this said in Athens by one who had watched that tiny cockle-shell of a democracy drift upon the breakers, or was it said yesterday by some observer of the composition and the decomposition of our Senate of the United States? Such flashes, which send their light through the ages, remind us that the thinker is really also the prophet; he is in truth, according to Plato's large saying, "the spectator of all time and of all existence."

The chapter on the genius of Plato is peculiarly sympathetic, and presents a satisfactory unravelling of a complicated and fascinating personality. For the great philosopher offers the curious problem of a nature at once sensuous and puritanical; he is at once the ascetic who tells us in the 'Phaedo' that 'life is but a contemplation of death'; and he is also the author of those perfect little love poems to Aster one of which serves for the motto of Shelley's 'Adonais.' He had in him, says Mr. Pater, the stuff "which might make an 'Odyssey,' which might make a poet after the order of Sappho or Catullus"; he had absorbed the beauties of the natural world with the eyes of an artist; he had noted the traits and foibles of men with the eye of a novelist; his characterization has a touch of the peculiar fineness of Thackeray; he has set down the subtle traits, the tricks and mannerisms of his characters "with a finely pointed pencil, with something of the fineness of malice which the French call *malin*." Though he was the pioneer of Aristotle through the thin ether and the dry light of abstract speculation, though he first, to use Mr. Pater's fine expression, "gave names to the invisible creations of abstract mind as masterly and as efficiently as Adam himself to the visible, living creations of old," yet he more willingly follows the inverse process. While Aristotle dissects, and lays bare the skeleton, and clothes his thoughts in the gray monotone of abstract language, treating even of friendship in the dispassion-

ate terminology of the ledger or of mathematics, Plato's metaphysics puts on flesh and blood; he embodies it in dialogue and drama, he invests its abstractions with the warmth and colors of personality, he shows us the companions of Socrates in hushed apprehension for their fading argument, as if that too, like their master, were about to die and pass into annihilation. He discourses of his ideas with such magic of imagination and expression that he bewitches us into believing for the moment that they exist, and that they are the only real existences. It was like a recrudescence of polytheism in that abstract world. He carries over to it the colors, the witcheries, the personal magnetism of this mundane sphere; he preaches to us deliverance from *Krishna*, from the coil of the senses and their errors, in discourse which, however chastened by a penitential note of self-repression, still glows and warms with reminiscences of the pride of life and the delight of the eye.

The reconciliation of these contrasts of a nature at once sensuous and ascetic, comprehending in itself—always with the saving grace of Greek sanity—an Abelard and a St. Simeon Stylites, Mr. Pater finds truly and strikingly in a single conception. Plato is, like Dante, preeminently and throughout, the lover. "For him, as for Dante, in the impassioned glow of his conceptions, the material and the spiritual are fused together." The loves of his youthful days had not always been Platonic; he knew the violence of that ignoble steed which the charioteer of the soul manages with difficulty on the upward celestial course; and so, beginning with his Beatrice, his earthly loves of the beauties and the forms of this world, he ends by seeing in all these only the patterns of things eternal that are laid up in the heavens. And hence the philosopher—he, whose business it is to meditate of death and to rid himself of the burden of the flesh—is also the supreme lover, who, journeying on from the contemplation of earthly loveliness to the beatific vision of the unseen world, has become at last the lover of truth and of that which is, the lover of the eternal beauty. This is his *Pilgrim's Progress*—the rainbow ladder by which Plato's philosophy climbs between earth and heaven.

Such a way of thinking, which regards beauty (whether of material things or of virtue or of truth) as the crowning manifestation of the spirit of the universe, must inevitably include in its scope aesthetics; and, as a matter of fact, Plato is the earliest critic of the fine arts, the first to speak of "art for art's sake," the first to announce, that is to say, that the end of art is its own perfection. But, for all that, art is made no free citizen of that State which bends all things, even the passions of men and women, to the needs of its imperious ideal. The soul, it is true, must be fed on its proper food, it must not, during its exile from that home whence it came "trailing clouds of glory," live the life of the anchorite, or the fakir, or the Puritan iconoclast; for "right speech and rightness of harmony and form and rhythm minister to goodness of nature." It will pursue, therefore, the beautiful, not in luxurious wantonness, but with temperance; it will be subjected to a Dorian discipline, and will work out a Dorian music—in the larger sense of that word—an austere harmony of nature and faculties in which each individual plays his part in tune with every other member of the organism of the State. To this end, and for the maintenance of this monastic art and discipline, Plato is ready to banish from his commonwealth all artists who minister to vain de-

lights; even the divine Homer does not fall in with his ascetic scheme and purpose, and must therefore go. He will have only the "dry beauty," as Bacon, after Heraclitus, preferred the "dry light."

We should have liked a word, from so competent an authority, on that strange criticism of the imitative arts, proposed in the tenth book of the 'Republic,' which sounds so whimsical, and yet is based on the theory of the Ideas; we should have liked, also, to dwell on our author's view of the Sophists, which, without superfluous praise or blame, simply accounts for them and assigns them their due place with reference to Plato and their age. But our outline of Mr. Pater's plan and treatment is necessarily incomplete, and we do some injustice to the rich and well-wrought fabric of his narrative in borrowing from it some purple patches. No treatise so compact as this gives one a view so rounded, so truly colored, so lifelike of the great personality of Plato. It has the effect of the stereoscope. To Mr. Pater, in an eminent degree, philosophy is a spirit to live with, not a piece of property to lay upon one's shelf; and his learning, which is the growth of leisurely acquisition pursued *con amore*, he uses as an instrument—as a spell to evoke the figures of the past and make them live to our duller eyesight and imagination.

#### LELAND'S MEMOIRS.

Memoirs. By Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). D. Appleton & Co. 1893.

Is the preface to the first instalment of his biography, Mr. Leland resents the imputation of having "expatriated" himself:

"During more than ten years' residence in Europe," he says, "I had one thing steadily in view all the time, at which I worked hard, which was to qualify myself to return to America and there introduce to the public schools of Philadelphia the industrial or minor arts as a branch of education, in which I eventually succeeded, devoting to the work there four years, applying myself so assiduously as to neglect both society and amusements, and not obtaining, nor seeking for, pay or profit thereby in any way, directly or indirectly."

If Americanism were to be acknowledged according to St. Paul's rule of following the man's professions, Leland would have vindicated his in saying: "I hope at some future time that I shall still further prove that, as my native country, I have only changed sky, but not my heart, and labored for American interests as earnestly as ever."

Mr. Leland is known chiefly as a mystic, corrected by science. He is himself a "Sunday-child," having been born on the ninth Sunday after Trinity, 1824. His parents were Episcopians; but he was brought up in Philadelphia, and his own youthful diction seems to have had a Quaker twang. He was fond of Scriptural words and phrases from his tenderest infancy. The following is an example:

"Now, I was a great reader of Scripture; in fact, I learned a great deal too much of it, believing now that for babes and sucklings about one-third of it had better be expurgated. The Apocrypha was a favorite work, but above all I loved the Revelations, a work which, I may say by the way, is still a treasure to be investigated as regards the marvellous mixture of neo-Platonic, later Egyptian (or Gnostic), and even Indian Buddhistic ideas therein. Well, I had learned from it a word which St. John applies (to my mind very vulgarly and much too frequently) to the Scarlet Lady of Babylon or Rome. What this word meant I did not know, but this I understood, that it was 'sass' of some kind, as negroes term it, and so one day I applied it experimentally to my nurse. Though the word was not correctly pronounced, for I had never heard it from anybody, its success was

immediate, but not agreeable. The passionate Irish woman flew into a great rage and declared that she would 'lave the house.' My mother, called in, investigated the circumstances, and found that I really had no idea whatever of the meaning of what I had said. Peace was restored, but Annie declared that only the devil or the fairies could have inspired such an infant to use such language" (p. 29).

Here is another example: "My mother said that I, having had a difficulty of some kind with certain street-boys, came into the house with my eyes filled with tears, and said: 'I told them that they were evil-minded, but they laughed me to scorn'" (p. 52).

Although always very dull in mathematics, in other departments the boy seems to have been rather bright, and studious quite to excess. For some years the family sat under Dr. Furness's pulpit; and when they returned to the Episcopal Church Charles obtained permission to continue at the Unitarian chapel; but later, while in college at Princeton, he was confirmed in the parental church of his own volition, and seems still to hold to that faith, somewhat abraded, one may suppose, by historical studies. His father, he tells us, looked very much like Thomas Carlyle, and had the same sort of disposition, only much more so. He himself went to school to two celebrated men, Bronson Alcott and Sears C. Walker. It would have done one's heart good to hear the kindly but gargantuan laugh of the wit-loving astronomer over Charley's speeches.

At the age of fourteen the boy was a tremendous reader in English and French. At fifteen he fell in love with François Villon long before that charming Bohemian had been made fashionable. It must have been in 1838 that his father presented him with 'The Doctor,' which can only mean the first five volumes of the original edition. "This," he says, "I read and reread assiduously for many years, and was guided by it to a vast amount of odd reading." He had already dipped into Henry Cornelius Agrippa and Giambattista Porta—in translation of course—and before he entered Princeton in 1841 he was deeply versed in (Taylor's translations unquestionably of) Porphyry, Proclus, Jamblichus, Hermes Trismegistus, and other writers who we now know, and as the boy then believed, drew from Egyptian lore. Not only that, but the still less easily intelligible 'Sartor Resartus' was read by him in its original numbers, and gone "through forty times ere I left college, of which I 'kept count.'" He had also read "a translation of Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason,' the first half of it many times." This was Hayward's translation; and it will be observed that he studied the constructive part of it with great determination, but was evidently less impressed with its destructions. Emerson's Essays appeared in the May before he entered college, and he had read them before he went to Princeton. He furthermore says that he had read Strauss's 'Life of Jesus.' If so, it must have been in some French translation; for George Eliot's English version did not appear till June, 1846. He had also dipped into Schelling (in French) and Spinoza's 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus' (in English). He mentions many other books he had read at this time. All this is marvellous. He need not say that he did not fully comprehend these books, for the deepest historian of philosophy cannot boast of doing that; yet he certainly studied them sufficiently to avoid making any absurd slip about any of them now. We have lain in wait to catch him doing so; but though he shows a little heedlessness, he does not betray false pretensions. More extraordinary still, he

enjoyed, and as he now assures us, he understood, Rabelais! If that be so, he must have been an uncanny boy. Many a lad who would be annoyed by the suggestion that he does not fully comprehend 'Don Quixote,' after he grows up is by no means confident that none of its wisdom escapes him. To like Rabelais implies a strong stomach for a boy. Reading always, everything, and with the speed of lightning, Leland passed the college years, and thoroughly unfitted himself for the business of life.

The summer he was graduated he went to Niagara. He says:

"It is usual, especially for those who have no gift of description, to say that Niagara is 'utterly indescribable,' and the Visitors' Book has this opinion repeated by the American Philistine on every page. But that is because those who say so have no proper comprehension of facts stated, no poetic faculty, and no imagination. Of course no mere description, however perfect, would give the same conception of even a pen or a button as would the sight thereof; but it is absurd and illogical to speak as if this were peculiar to a great thing alone. For my part, I believe that the mere description to a poet, or to one who has dwelt by wood and wold and steeped his soul in Nature, of a tremendous cataract a mile in breadth and two hundred feet high, cleft by a wooded island, and rushing onward below in awful rocky rapids with a mighty roar, would, could, or should convey a very good idea of the great sight."

In the same autumn Mr. Leland sailed in a packet for Marseilles, in company with his cousin Samuel Godfrey. From Marseilles he journeyed through Italy and passed the Carnival in Rome. Our eye catches this remark, which is sadly un-American:

"And here I may say, once for all, that one can hardly fail to have a mean opinion of human common-sense in government when we see this system of examining luggage still maintained. For all that any country could possibly lose by smuggling in trunks, etc., would be a hundredfold recompensed by the increased amount of travel and money imported, should it be done away with, as has been perfectly and fully proved in France; the announcement a year ago that examination would be null or formal having had at once the effect of greatly increasing travel" (p. 124).

Un-American, too, for the time, was what follows:

"I returned [from Europe] fully impressed with the belief that slavery was, as Charles Sumner said, 'the sum of all crimes' [an unlucky double slip this for John Wesley and 'the sun of all villainies']. In which summation he showed himself indeed a 'Sumner,' as it was called of yore. Which cost me many a bitter hour and much sorrow, for there was hardly a soul whom I knew, except my mother, to whom an abolitionist was not simply the same thing as a disgraceful, discreditable malefactor. . . . It was so peculiar for any man, not a Unitarian or Quaker, to be an Abolitionist in Philadelphia from 1848 to 1861, that such exceptions were pointed out as if they had been Chinese—and d—d bad Chinese at that," as a friend added to whom I made the remark" (p. 130).

Leland entered himself as a law-student in Heidelberg. Later, he studied philosophy in Munich, though already imbued with the spirit of physical science. In November, 1847, he arrived in Paris, where he entered the secret society which made the revolution of the following February. In January, he wrote home to his brother that there was to be a revolution on February 24, the very day on which it actually occurred. From Paris he went to London, and in the autumn came home, making the passage from Portsmouth to New York in thirty-five days. He now entered a law office; but, his father's resources becoming more

limited, he began writing for publication in 1849.

"So time rolled on for three years. I passed my examination and took an office in Third Street, with a sign proclaiming that I was attorney-at-law and *Arokat*. During six months I had two clients and made exactly three pounds. [But he probably dealt with dollars in those days.] Then, the house being wanted, I left and gave up law. This was a very disheartening time for me. I had a great many friends who could easily have put collecting and other business in my hands, but none of them did it. I felt this very keenly."

He next became editor of the *Illustrated American News*, owned by P. T. Barnum, whom he found remarkably free from guile. The circulation sometimes reached 150,000, yet Leland wrote the whole thing. The salary was so infinitesimal that he ultimately gave up, and became writing editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"All my long-suppressed ardent Abolition spirit now found vent, and for a time I was allowed to write as I pleased. A Richmond editor paid me the compliment of saying that the articles in the *Bulletin* were the bitterest published in the North."

But he was soon checked by the proprietor and left the newspaper. He now became editor of *Graham's Magazine*, raised the circulation from 0 to 17,000, and received a salary of \$50 a month. It was at this time that the Hans Breitmann ballads began to appear. Mr. Leland does not state precisely at what date he became editor of *Vanity Fair*, which had been running for some time; on the breaking out of the war this comic journal expired. Leland presently became editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and later of the *Continental Magazine*—an organ, he says, of the Cabinet. This was published in Boston, so that he went to live there in December, 1861. He was private in a volunteer company raised at the time of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania; but they were not quite in the battle of Gettysburg. In 1866 he became managing editor of *Forney's Press*, and fought Andrew Johnson with all his might. After Grant was elected, Forney, who conceived that the result had been in great measure due to him, no doubt expected a place in the Cabinet; but he was not the only person who was at that time disagreeably surprised. Leland, most likely, expected a place abroad, though he does not quite confess it. At any rate, there is no doubt that he was now suffering from nervous exhaustion. His father's affairs had been prospering, and he found himself in a position to take a rest. As soon as he stopped work his system gave way, and for some years he was a downright invalid. At that point the volume before us breaks off.

#### NEWTON'S DICTIONARY OF BIRDS.

A Dictionary of Birds. By Alfred Newton, assisted by Hans Gadow, with contributions from Richard Lydekker, B.A., F.G.S., Charles S. Roy, M.A., F.R.S., and Robert W. Shufeldt, M.D. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. 8vo. Parts I. (A-Ga) and II. (Ga-Moa). 1893.

It is safe to say that this work, which, when completed, will form an octavo volume of about 1,000 pages, profusely illustrated, will prove the most useful single volume ever published on ornithology. It is made up largely of articles contributed by Prof. Newton to the ninth edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' but many of them have been recast, and all brought down to date. With these have been incorporated a large number written