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and every clime." Truly here were "great hopes for great souls."

If the community did not have all things in common, it had the smallpox. Some reformer, abjuring vaccination, came, bringing his little boy, who was much fondled, and in a few days there were thirty down with the disease. Isolation was impossible and everybody took his chance. It is Mr. Codman's impression that the harmonious conditions did much to neutralize the danger. And there were compensations. The visitors at the rate of four thousand a year dropped to the zero point. A far greater calamity was the burning of the new unfinished Phalanstery, on which \$7,000 had been expended, and there was no insurance. This was really the beginning of the end. "The Hive" became a sieve. It was resolved that the blow should make no difference. It made a great difference. Dwight went to New York, leaving everything cheerful and happy; he came back to find everything going to the bad. Mr. Codman does not give us the particulars of the breaking up. He says:

"It was not discord, it was music stopped."

That is prettily said, but it does not agree with Dwight's impression, and he was a musical authority. The scheme was a complete financial failure. August 18, 1847, the Farm was transferred to a board of trustees to be sold to the best advantage of all concerned. Applying Thoreau's standard, Ripley's failure was so tragical that you could not tell it from success.

Logic. By Dr. Christoph Sigwart. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Translated by Helen Dendy. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895. 8vo.

THE second edition of Sigwart's *Logic* was substantially a new book; at least, it seemed quite fresh at its appearance a few years ago. The opinions expressed in it are recognized as among the sanest and best-considered. But whether it is a particularly suitable book for translation is not quite so clear. It is to be remembered that no very extensive or important part of logic stands accepted without dispute on all hands. Nor are the differences confined to points of theory and arrangement; on the contrary, they are practically decisive as to what inference is to be commended, what rejected, as well as for methods of inquiry. Beginners in the study of logic certainly ought to be apprised of the more important divergences. Most logicians when they approach a disputed doctrine exhibit manifest symptoms of it. Even if they name nobody, the breath comes quick, and the glare of the eyes is reflected in the type. But Sigwart goes on his way with such calm serenity, giving his own lucid and, to an advanced scholar, luminous views, that the young student would never dream that anybody else ever thought otherwise.

Since the author quite omits, or treats with strictest compression, all those parts of logic about which there is no dispute, one might wonder how two goodly volumes of a thousand pages of four hundred words to the page have been filled up. They contain chiefly the *ex-parte* presentation of Sigwartish views, very well worth reading certainly. This is enlarged by a great deal of acute criticism on points of little importance, many of them not truly relevant to logic. Many topics, although subjects of divergent opinions, are passed by without mention.

Historical statements are sparingly made; and of the few, there is a considerable proportion that cannot support criticism. Thus, Sigwart (vol. ii, p. 808, foot-note) attributes to Jevons the remark that induction is an inverse operation (mistranslated a "reverse operation"), related to deduction as division is related to multiplication. But this had been said long before Jevons's day. Indeed, the moment deduction is regarded as a mathematical operation, it follows from Aristotle's conception of induction that this is the inverse operation. The assimilation was made by Leibnitz, and was expanded into two eloquent volumes by Pèrre Gratry. Indeed, the latter writer apprehends it more accurately than either Jevons or Sigwart, for he shows that mathematical differentiation, depending on the inverse operation of subtraction, while integration depends on the direct operation of summation, is in that sense an inverse operation, and he defends the older opinion that differentiation is the instrument of inductive reasoning, integration that of deductive reasoning. Thus the laws of mechanics are expressed by differential equations, and the applications of them are performed by integrating those equations.

Sigwart treats logic chiefly from the point of view of methodology. From that standpoint probability and probable inference appear as its most prominent topics. These are subjects upon which we cannot expect a German treatise to attain the English standard of accuracy and subtlety of thought, for two generations of the most powerful minds the English-speaking countries have produced have had them constantly under scrutiny, while in Germany they have been little studied. Sigwart's account of the philosophy of probability is inferior even to that of Locke. Take this sentence: "F. A. Lange rightly saw that the theory of probability is based upon the disjunctive judgment, and is in this way connected with logic." This is hardly doing justice to that able thinker. But, passing that by, very long before Lange every English logician had seen, what must appear early in one's reflections upon the subject, that the theory of probability is not only "connected with," but is a part of, logic—one might almost say is the major part of it. The pedantry of supposing that "the disjunctive judgment" can shed a vivifying light upon the philosophy of probability is deplorable, while it provokes a smile.

Yet upon subjects closely connected with this Sigwart is most instructive. We will select by way of illustration a point which shows at the same time how near the abstract theory of logic may come to matters of practical concern. Our readers will understand that we are expressing no opinions whatever concerning the subject matter; we intend only to point out how divergent theory may lead to divergent practice. Sigwart remarks that when we investigate anything whatever, we go upon the presumption that the truth about the matter in hand is capable of being expressed in general terms, and further that the proposition that events happen according to laws and are determined by causes is a special case of such presumption. No proof, he says, of the impossibility of a lawless happening has ever been brought forward, and thus he is led to hold that such postulates are "not so much laws which the understanding prescribes to Nature" (which was Kant's opinion), "as laws which the understanding lays down for its own regulation in its investigation and consideration of Nature." Correct or not, this is a pregnant suggestion. In modern whist there

are certain presumptions, especially towards the end of a hand, which we make, not because we possess any evidence of their truth, but because if such a proposition be true, there is a way of winning a trick that, under the supposition of its falsity, there is no way of winning. This is the sort of presumptions which German logicians call "regulative principles." Now it is plain that such a regulative principle cannot, *as such*, be universal, because it applies in that capacity only to the single case in hand. If, then, Sigwart be right in holding the law of causation, the principle of the uniformity of nature and the like to be "regulative principles," all ground for asserting them to be absolutely without exception is removed. Now that would profoundly modify not only our theory of the universe, but also our philosophy of life and death. All this would or might come from a particular answer to an abstract, obscure, and apparently insignificant question of pure logic. When we turn over the pages of such a book as that before us, we may be tempted to wonder of what use or application is all that. But it is always possible there is a "live coal behind the thought" that long blown on may some day flame. The instance adduced shows the possibility of this.

The translator writes an easy un-German English, and the accuracy of the rendering is vouched for by the author, who has read all the proofs. Nevertheless mistakes are to be found in it.

From a New England Hillside. By William Potts. Macmillan. 1895.

FARMINGTON, in Connecticut, is one of our loveliest villages. North and south stretches Farmington mountain, ten miles and more long, separating the valley of the Connecticut from the valley in which lay the old canal upon whose bed the New Haven & Northampton Railroad (called originally Canal Railroad) was afterwards built. The mountain is not very high, but is full of picturesque variety of surface, even attaining Alpine dignity of bare, scarped cliffs and jutting crags. West of the high ground stretch the meadows where the Pequabuck meets the Tunxis, and in which the united stream winds in large, slow curves, like the lower Connecticut or the Mississippi. The village lies along the western slope of the mountain, with a broad village street two miles long, and also, for it is a big village, a "back lane" further up the hillside, and a river street down on the plain. From all points in the village there are lovely views, and the prospect from the higher slopes is wide and singularly beautiful. The village is very old, in appearance at least. The houses are generally of the eighteenth century, or of years before 1820. Among them are handsome and stately residences, for Farmington was a wealthy town in the days of New England farming. The old village church, unaltered without, though the interior has been spoiled, is famous through all that region. The streets are planted with noble elms, among which are two of the dozen monsters of New England. The railroad station is two miles away, and there are no factories, no great workshops, no crowding in of city people in summer. A year hence these words will not be true, for the trolley-road has invaded the quiet village, and one more place of rest is about to be destroyed.

In this retreat Mr. William Potts has made himself a home, and thence he has written letters to a New England newspaper, which letters are now gathered into a little volume

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