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the constant recurrence of "an habit," and the insertion of a *u* in the first syllable of portraiture.

*The Marches of Wales: Notes and Impressions on the Welsh Borders from the Severn Sea to the Sands of Dea.* By Charles G. Harper. With 114 illustrations from drawings by the author and from old-time portraits. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894. Pp. xvi, 368.

THIS is an old-fashioned book of travel. The author goes slowly along from village to village, and tells with gusto all manner of little anecdotes of his pleasant and unpleasant experiences. The odd people with whom he meets are duly described, and specimens of their dialect given in full. He stops at ruined abbeys and castles, at elegant modern mansions and parish churches, and about each he has his word to say, as concerning their architecture, their associations, even their history. Any famous man or woman whose name is somehow associated with town or tower receives his or her due biographical notice. Every battle or siege whose locality is visited is related, in a true chronicler's fashion, with details. Modern railway and manufacturing works come in for their word of comment; and mingled with it all are the traveller's own views on history, art, politics, and sociology given with great freedom as by one who is sure of the sympathy of his readers.

The record begins with the railway tunnel under the Severn, from Northwick to Portscuett; and we are told how hard it used to be to enter Wales from the southwest, as you had your choice only between the stormy passage across the "Severn Sea" and the long journey round by the north. Chepstow Castle comes next, and we read at length, as we might do as well in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' about Henry Marten, and that he was a "regicide"; that King Charles's putting to death was "murder," and that Marten was let off with "altogether inadequate retribution" for his signing of the death-warrant. At Tintern Abbey we are treated to the queer notions which the eighteenth century had of Gothic architecture, and there is much about the ideally rustic cottage in which the author found a lodging, and about the dog and the two cats attendant upon it. At Raglan Castle we learn of the food and the table-equipage of a wealthy household of the seventeenth century—something also about the Marquis of Worcester, and something of the famous siege of 1646; and we are informed that the Puritans were "those whining humbugs who formed the greater part of the hosts called by some writers of the time the Army of God," and again that the civil war was "a pseudo-religious revolution." At Shrewsbury the whole campaign of Henry IV. against the Percys and their allies is recounted, and the battle fought under the town wall is described at length. It appears, too, that Owen Glendower deserted his allies "like a true Welshman, half-hearted and treacherous." Apropos of the Roman Uriconium, the story of the abandonment of Britain by the legions and its invasion by Danes and Saxons is told as if in a child's history of England. At Frankwell, where Charles Darwin was born, the whole Darwinian controversy of 1860 to 1880 is gone through with, as if in a popular encyclopædia. At Hawarden we learn that the castle is "the house of Rimmon," that Mr. Gladstone is much admired by Radicals, and that these Radicals come to see him and his place a good deal; further,

that "it is a singular irony of fate which has made a demagogue of the owner of so beautiful a demesne as Hawarden Park," apparently because "a country gentleman and rural squire" who talks "in anathema of class and glorification of that superlatively virtuous noun, the People," is a surprising and almost inconceivable phenomenon.

The book is not uninteresting, however. It belongs to the class of the amusing and mildly instructive. The reader of Sunday newspapers will find in it a better selection of scraps of knowledge than his weekly sheets can offer, and that held together by a thread of geographical association which will help him to remember some interesting facts. The illustrations, too, though hardly more artistic than those of the Sunday paper, are evidently more trustworthy. In fact, it is because of the illustrations that this book deserves notice from local antiquarians. There are very curious epitaphs and other inscriptions given in representative drawings. A really remarkable sculpture on a tombstone at Mitchell-Troy is shown at page 55—a relief, absurd in meaning, but rather artistic in design. What seem very truthful renderings of Gothic sculpture are presented at pp. 131 and 145. A very unusual form of the heraldic portcullis of the Worcesters occurs on page 65. Urishay Castle appears at page 140 as a most picturesque country house of moderate size. A good mediæval churchyard cross is figured at Trelleck, and another, beside which lies the grave of John Kenble, Catholic martyr of 1679, at Welsh Newton. At page 152 is an impossible sort of structure well portrayed—the belfry of Pembroke Church, a wooden structure of the fourteenth century looking like a windmill without its sails; a delicate morsel for the students of mediæval building. Mr. Harper is at his best when he has an object before him whose characteristics it behooves him to set down with accuracy; then he inspires respect by his obviously faithful recording.

*Philosophy of Mind: An Essay in the Metaphysics of Psychology.* By George Trumbull Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895. Pp. xiv, 414, 8vo.

THERE were but few, we venture to think, who read Prof. Ladd's 'Psychology, Descriptive and Explanatory,' issued last year, that did not feel the presence of an obscure background of opinion which in part, at least, was determining the author's course at every step, but found no adequate expression in his argument; and the like is true of the 'Philosophy of Mind.' Neither book contains its own final premises. Those of the 'Psychology' are now first published in the 'Philosophy of Mind,' and those of the 'Philosophy of Mind' lie bidden, as the author intimates (page 81), in "certain points of view, and even certain conclusions" which he has not yet made accessible to the public. The result may be imagined. The series of which this volume forms an instalment is composed on the plan of a Ciceronian period, and purposes to move in all the pomp of suspended intelligibility till the last word. The "secret of Ladd" retires before one like the boxes in a Chinese puzzle, and every volume hands on its mystery to the next. This is, of course, a matter of exposition, simply; and Prof. Ladd unquestionably has a right to keep his secret through as many volumes as he may choose; but he presents meantime too often the ungraceful attitude of sweeping in the stakes without showing his cards.

With this drawback, or rather in spite of it, the 'Philosophy of Mind' is a full, rich book, with that amplitude of by-remark which fattens the writings of middle aged men. It opens with two chapters on the relation of Psychology to Philosophy. Their general purport is, that in spite of the failure of its professors consistently to treat it so, Psychology is properly a natural science like any other, and proceeds upon assumptions which it is not its own business, but the business of metaphysic as the general science of final assumptions, to criticize. There is much in them to remark, but as they stand in no vital connection with what follows, we pass at once to the rest of the book.

Prof. Ladd is interesting among psychologists of note at the present day in his holding by the soul, and the 'Philosophy of Mind' is in the main devoted to his declarations on that head. The reader will find them very new wine in an old bottle. The soul, according to this new dispensation, is terribly up to date; it differs from the soul of tradition in pretty much everything but the name. It is not an entity over and above consciousness. It is not an unchanging core of reality—a perdurable substratum of the conscious states. It is not simple, it is not indivisible, it is not in its essence immortal (the "possibility" or "perhaps" the probability of immortality is at the utmost but "suggested"), it is not even continuously existent in the past. In every deep dreamless sleep, in every case of fainting or other loss of consciousness, the soul ceases utterly to exist. The self we are conscious of—the "agent" we observe in introspection actively presiding over consciousness—is the only human soul there is. It begins with the appearance of consciousness in the body; it dies, so far as the weight of the evidence goes, with the death of the body; its existence is broken into blocks by every gap in consciousness, and between these blocks there exists no unity but a felt unity—the later block remembers the earlier and looks upon itself as a continuance of it. For the trustworthiness of memory, however, we have but the guarantee of a tender bit of dialectic which will not, we may suspect, outlast the strain of close inspection. It is as follows: We can't doubt the memory, for unless we remember correctly the premises of our argument to disprove it till we reach the conclusion, the conclusion does not follow. But we apprehend that premises and conclusion are never in different moments of consciousness; we don't conclude that Socrates is mortal because we remember that we *formerly* believed that all men are mortal and that Socrates is a man; we conclude it only on the ground that we believe this *now*. If premises and conclusion are not in the same moment of consciousness, there is no conclusion.

One wonders, in these days of Hegelian formulae, how the pews in most of the churches would "sit up" if they ever got a notion what the pulpit is saying. Prof. Ladd's doctrine of self is very good doctrine, and the ten chapters of which it forms the backbone are in many places models of sustained argument and masterly exposition, but one wonders why he calls it *soul*. His statements differ not at all from those of the least hirsute (*baldest* is his word) phenomenism; unless it be in the term "agent." But an agent who is not an entity over and above consciousness is an ego that Hume himself might have accommodated. Phenomenism, however, Prof. Ladd regards with unconcealed aversion, sometimes on the ground that it is "shallow," sometimes on the ground that it is "bald," sometimes that it is self-contradictory and absurd. It

would seem a pity, if this last be true, that he should have argued himself into it. Happily his reasons for regarding it in that disparaging light may not prove inexpugnable—so far, at least, as he has yet suggested them. (There may no doubt be better ones in that dark background of assumption to which allusion has been made.) We can examine but one of them before we close, but it may be taken as a sample of the rest. It may be stated as follows: That one knows something, one cannot doubt—one assumes it even in the argument to disprove it. But knowledge of phenomena is not knowledge; knowledge by its very terms imports reality. Therefore, the fundamental doctrine of phenomenism, that we know nothing but phenomena (of consciousness), amounts to this, that we know that we know nothing.

We apologize for the harshness of the terms (it would be a mistake to speak of Prof. Ladd in semi-tones—he does not deal in them himself), but this bit of reasoning reminds one of a celebrated syllogism mentioned by Molière, in which the major was inept, the minor ridiculous, and the conclusion impertinent. For if (as Prof. Ladd grants for the purposes of argument) one can, on the assumption that one knows something, have a proof that one knows nothing, that assumption, like any other which issues in a contradiction, is sufficiently discredited. That a knowledge of phenomena is not knowledge sufficiently discredits itself. And that the conclusion is not pertinent will be plain to anybody who reflects on the bare meaning of the proposition that one knows *nothing* but phenomena. It means above all that the one thing we cannot know about consciousness is, that it is a phenomenon of something else—that consciousness is the only reality.

These, however, are but blemishes in a book which is strong enough to carry even worse ones. We have touched on its central and most interesting topic, but it treats incidentally and often at some length of many things besides. "The self, . . . not simply as known to itself, but also as scientifically known in its relations to the bodily organism," is the author's own statement of his subject, and under the latter head he discusses monistic materialism, monistic spiritualism (that monism of the "unknown" and "absurd" which regards both matter and mind as common manifestations of a single *tertium quid*), the law of causation, the conservation of energy, etc., etc. The three monisms mentioned he rejects for the time being in favor of something very like a plain man's dualism, which he assumes provisionally until the publication of the "certain points of view" and "even certain conclusions"—the undivulged premises of the 'Philosophy of Mind.' They will amount in their entirety, it seems, to an Idealistic Monism, not otherwise defined than that it issues in a personal Absolute, the One Ground of all interrelated existences and activities. The positions of the present book the reader is left to adjust to this as best he may.

*Corea, or Cho-Sen, the Land of the Morning Calm.* By A. Henry Savage-Landor. Macmillan & Co.

MR. LANDOR's record as a writer of trustworthy narratives of travel does not predispose us to accept without reservation his story of what he tells us about Cho-Sen. Like those of almost all writers upon the peninsular kingdom and people, his observations were confined to the capital and vicinity. He tells us a good deal about Chemulpo, the mushroom

seaport, and of Seoul, which shares with Peking the reputation of being one of the dirtiest cities in the world. Being an artist, he was able to make realistic pictures, which are reproduced in text and full page illustrations. One of these, entitled "A Study from Still Life," is horribly suggestive. It pictures scenes on one of those execution grounds which old residents of Japan, also, remember as being common, but which have so far disappeared from view that Japanese born since 1870 know nothing of them. The book, as a work of literary industry, shows vastly more care than our author's initial work, 'Alone with the Hairy Ainu,' and there is a good index. Evidently the author has profited by the severe criticisms and merciless exposure of his misstatements by those who have lived long among the Ainu. Hence, despite the tone of exaggeration on many pages of his present volume, and notwithstanding that certain episodes are reported as having taken place which we doubt utterly, we can recommend the narrative as in the main lively and interesting.

Mr. Landor, as his preface states, does not write "literary" English, but there are too many unnecessary colloquialisms to suit even the moderately critical reader, while whenever we meet the expressions "If I remember right," "I believe," etc., we are pretty sure to have a doubtful story or statement. The author nowhere refers to any authority for his knowledge of Korean history, and the very liberal way in which he has decanted considerable portions from a well-known work entitled 'Corea, the Hermit Nation,' without once referring to his source of information, cannot accurately be called fair or generous. Still further, remembering an article which he has written quite recently for an English periodical, in which he suggests that a startling romance could be constructed out of materials furnished in the book just named, and also (disguised under philanthropic pretences) in Oppert's 'A Forbidden Land,' we doubt the story of his meeting at Fusan the alleged body-snatcher (pp. 5-15). After reading the factitious conversation, we do not wonder that on Mr. Landor's appearing on deck to interview the "pirate," the latter had already gone, while his own ship was very conveniently on the point of raising anchor bound for Chemulpo. Besides other exaggerations and contempt of accuracy, we find that on page 1 the Pappenburg of Nagasaki Bay becomes Battenberg; the well-known Japanese firm Mitsubishi becomes Mitzui Bashi, etc. We are told that "Corea is an extremely cold country, the thermometer reaching as low sometimes as 70 or even 80 degrees of frost." As for the (author's) tiger, he is omnipresent, and really Mr. Landor's ideas about him are very much like those of a child that has been frightened by its nurse. One has but to compare his thoroughly untrustworthy talk about tigers (not one of which he saw alive) with the very honest book of Capt. Cavendish, who, in his 'Korea and the Sacred White Mountain,' tells of his journeys through tiger land, showing that, besides the comparative rarity of the beasts, no European has yet had a shot at one of them. Mr. Landor seems to be more at home when he is describing the mythical zoölogy of the peninsula, in which, as in other subjects, his indebtedness to his authorities is not at all expressed.

Apart from these criticisms, the work is a narrative that has in it the element of personal adventure, and the pictures of the outdoor life of the white-robed natives are full of warmth and color. The conversations which

Mr. Landor had with both the educated and common folks, through more or less skillful interpreters, show a people too easily satisfied with their condition. They are not fond of cleanliness, though as a rule neat in their dress. They are great smokers of tobacco. They are not at all nice in the preparation of their food. They partake liberally of meat diet, and are, as a rule, fine-looking and stalwart. The contrast between their physical appearance, giving the suggestion of robustness, and their moral weakness, is clearly brought out. Mr. Landor's observations, however, seem to have been confined almost wholly to the capital, where the people, as a rule, are said to be shorter in stature than those in the north. In his realistic style we are told about the lepers, the various sorts of diseases, the gluttons, the criminals, the stone fights, and the fires, which vary the monotony of life. One chapter is devoted entirely to the mental traits, the physiognomy, the emotions and their expression, in the Korean man and woman. Families are generally small in number, it being rare that more than two children of the same father and mother come to maturity. Infant mortality is very great, and there are many reasons for it. Owing to the dissolute and effeminate life among the upper classes, very few able men are to be found among them. In short, this book gives a picture of Korea which is astonishingly like that of old or unreformed Japan. The pessimistic view of the author, who regards the future of Korea as almost hopeless, chimes in with that of Mr. Curzon in his recent book on 'The Problems of the Far East.' Thus far it appears that English authors and students, who look at Asiatic politics in the light of the necessities of the English market, do not seem to know that the old Korea which they describe is now for ever past. The Murata rifle has blown it to the winds, while at the same time piercing the rhinoceros crust of Chinese conceit. A new Korea is as surely and steadily, though very slowly, rising as has risen the New Japan of our day.

*A Life of William Charles Macready.* By W. T. Price. Brentano's.

THE chief object of this publication in the "Masks and Faces" series seems to be the justification of Edwin Forrest for his share in the unfortunate quarrel which ended in the slaughter in Astor Place in 1849. One would have thought that it was scarcely worth while, especially in the case of an avowed friend of the American tragedian, to recall these bitter memories after a lapse of forty-five years. Mr. Price has nothing to add to the established facts with which all readers of stage history have long been familiar. His main contention is that Forrest was Macready's most intimate friend, confidant, and agent, and that, therefore, Macready cannot be absolved from responsibility for whatever he may have said or done to the prejudice of Forrest in London. This is not a very ingenious argument. It would be just as fair to hold Forrest to account for everything that his partisans wrote or said about Macready. Beyond doubt Forrest was an ardent admirer and supporter of the English actor, but the extent of his active participation in the literary campaign against the American performer is uncertain. He denied the authorship of some of the articles ascribed to him; and Macready himself—a fair-dealing man in spite of his passions and jealousies—always declared that he had never stooped to support the press against his rival. Of course there