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ence is the following account of the Jacquerie:

"The occurrence at this time of what is known as the 'Insurrection of the Jacquerie' introduced a startling element into affairs. This was an uprising aimed against the nobility, and was led by one Jacques Bonhomme (James Goodman). This insurrection was mainly participated in by the lowest and most ignorant orders of society. The ravages committed were not confined to any class, but were equally violent and destructive among all conditions of society. Like all movements of a similar character by an ignorant populace, the effort was a failure, and those concerned in it were dispersed by the organized effort of the intelligent classes. Its end was hastened by its excesses, which united the better elements of society in suppressing it."

In a critical age this identification of the proverbial Jacques Bonhomme ("Jacques Bonhomme a bon dos, il souffre tout") with an individual leader, illustrates the process by which folklore is begotten and extended. In comparison with this mistake, Dr. Stoddard's failure to dilate satisfactorily on the peasant revolt is less glaring. Among other marks of the novice in setting forth French history, we may mention an arbitrary use of accents, or, rather, their omission from many vowels with which they belong if French forms are not to be frankly discarded.

The modern biographer has only to present facts in dealing with Du Guesclin. He has few judgments to revise. One seldom encounters a case where the opinion of contemporaries has endured till now without greater modification. As with Joan of Arc, the sources are full and the literature excellent. Dr. Stoddard has fortified himself by careful reference to the chief authorities, and if we have treated some features of his work rather slightly, we can commend its main outlines with heartiness. Probably the most important consideration which he urges is that Du Guesclin was far from being a mere leader of *coups de main*, and a champion against such knights as Sir Thomas Canterbury and Sir William Brambourg. He was a strategist superior in tactical skill to the best of the English, even superior to the veteran Sir John Chandos. "Common sense, not aphorisms drawn from the tournament, guided his campaigns. He would fight if necessary, but was just as ready to reach his goal by craft as by hard blows." Yet how terrible he was in person, the vogue of his proud battle-cry shows. "Notre Dame, Guesclin!" almost drove "St. Denis" out of the field.

In specifying what seem to us Dr. Stoddard's best chapters, we should give praise to his account of the reverses which Du Guesclin suffered, especially Auray and Navarrete. In both cases where conspicuous failure fell to his lot, his judgment had been overruled, and the large ransoms immediately raised to redeem him prove how indispensable he had made himself to his employers, whether French or Spanish. The fourteenth century comes in for more copious abuse than any other medieval period, and is usually made to suffer by comparison with the age immediately preceding it. So regularly is it decreed that one is tempted to plead a little in its behalf. Its love of splendor and luxury did more for the revival of literature and the arts than any amount of scholastic philosophy had been able to effect; it suffered untold misery from pestilence; it revealed marked democratic sentiments; and, finally, it furnished a small quota of notable men. Among these Du

Guesclin looms up well, and the three hundred pages which Dr. Stoddard devotes to him are none too prolix.

Studies in Psychical Research. By Frank Podmore, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1897. 8vo, pp. 458.

This pleasant volume may be recommended to those who desire to inform themselves concerning the progress of psychical research since the publication of 'Phantasms of the Living.' It must be acknowledged that in the meantime the reasons for believing in something which may vaguely be called telepathy have been considerably strengthened. This has, in part, been due to the influence of facts already in print before that publication, but which had not yet been sufficiently digested even by those who knew them best. Among the corroborations the first to be mentioned is the enlarged census of hallucinations. It is true that this did not strictly conform in its scheme to the logical requisita—so much so as to bring its authors in some quarters under suspicion of dreading to meet the facts face to face; and, in consequence of its defects, the new census leads to no decisive conclusion. Yet it was certainly an improvement upon the first one, and did contribute something to the evidence for telepathy. But that which has strengthened the case much more has been the multitude of experiments, mostly unreported, which have been undertaken of late years. Almost everybody, roughly speaking, who has been interested in the subject, has made such experiments for himself. These experiments, too, have often been conducted with a measure of good sense, not in mechanical routine (which is as unfavorable to any other mental phenomena than those of fatigue as can be), but with some appreciation of the style in which telepathy, granting it to be a real action, appears as a matter of fact to operate. The results of the best of these experiments have usually afforded what appear to be indications, though extremely slight ones, of some tendency to something like telepathy. Now it was precisely such very slight phenomena, occurring with a certain frequency, that were wanting a dozen years ago to bridge the chasm between the ordinary course of nature and the apparently supernatural. In the third place, the decade has not been altogether barren of striking phenomena suggesting telepathy, which, though less probative than the more ordinary results just mentioned, yet, as being open to experimental tests, are infinitely more so than all the ghost stories that ever were told. The striking phenomena can amount to nothing until they are welded into continuity with ordinary experience. Finally, the very simple mechanical philosophy which was in high vogue still a dozen years since, though it had already been weakened by physical investigations, has now suffered serious dilapidations. It is now doubtful whether the conservation of energy can be regarded as the original and ultimately fundamental law that lies hidden beneath the corner-stone of the universe. The hypothesis which it behooves science provisionally to adopt is not in every case the most probable theory.

One source of pleasure in reading Mr. Podmore's present book is that, from beginning to end, there is scarcely a decided flaw in his inductive reasoning. He judges of a conclusion, not by his inclination to think

one way or the other, nor by any rule of thumb, but by the necessities of the case. The general plan of the book is to proceed from beliefs which the author refutes or only partially accepts, first to those which seem to him undeniable, and finally to those which try his faith. The first chapter sketches the history of the movement in psychical research. The second, upon "Spiritualism as a Popular Movement," shows the extravagant hardness of the credulity of the spiritualists of the last generation. The next chapter criticises the experiments of Thury and Gasparin, of Dr. Hare, of Lord Lindsay, of Crookes, of Stainton Moses, and of Zöllner. The next chapter shows how the more severe investigations of the Society for Psychical Research refuted apparent phenomena of like description, sometimes identical. Chapter v. explodes Poltergeists. Chapter vi. shows how the Society exposed Madame Blavatsky's fraud. It concludes with these words:

"Of the later history of the Theosophical movement, and of the revelations made by Mr. Edward Garrett in 'Isis Very Much Unveiled,' it is not necessary to speak here. And it would be rash to prophesy even now—notwithstanding all the damning evidence of fraud, notwithstanding the loss of the unique personality of the foundress—that the movement is near dissolution. To most men who have given themselves over to a false belief, there comes a time when the ears are deaf and the eyes are closed and the heart is hardened, so that they will not believe even the testimony of the false prophet against himself. For are there not, as we have seen, black magicians and other powers of darkness who may transform themselves into the likeness of angels of light? With such men and against such a contention, argument is no longer even possible. *Discipulantur.*"

With chapter vii. the constructive part of the book begins. Experimental Thought Transference is rightly taken up first, since it must form the logical basis of the whole doctrine of telepathy. The results of the experiments are very slender, and any one series is quite inconclusive. The circumstance that two minds of the same level living constantly together will, under given circumstances, be apt to notice nearly the same sequence of ideas, is left out of account. But then, on the other hand, were such phenomena more than just discernible in the long run, they would stand in flat contradiction to the ordinary course of experience. Their slightness is thus negative evidence of the veraciouslyness of the effects.

Telepathic hallucinations are next taken up. What the judicious reader will think of this chapter will naturally and logically depend upon the impression made upon him by the direct experiments. If these, upon the whole, can be considered as establishing telepathy as a real phenomenon, however slight it may ordinarily be, this conviction will be drawn upon to explain the highly intensified phenomena narrated in this chapter. In regard to hallucinations, it is to be remembered that while most men never have them at all, many others have so lively a visualizing power that they may be said to live amidst hallucinations all their lives. Others, such as many painters and chess-players, have ordinarily no hallucinations about ordinary things, yet habitually behold as real the imaginary objects, concerning which their brains are chiefly exercised. It is probably mostly among men of this intermediate class that visions of dear friends occur at times when their hearts are excited, whether through ordinary or telepa-

thic channels. Ghosts are next considered, and strong reasons are shown for believing them to be merely hallucinations. Haunted houses is the next topic. Nothing is said about the great number of houses which are inhabited or frequented by tramps and squatters. In the first case mentioned in this chapter, a Miss Laurence was going up stairs:

"When she reached the second-floor landing, she saw a cotton skirt, of a lilac shade and indefinite pattern, disappearing round the bend of the stairs leading to the top floor. Supposing it to be the housemaid, she called to her; and the housemaid appeared from a door close to her on the second floor. The only other servant was the cook, who was down stairs. Miss Laurence told the housemaid of her experience, and the housemaid replied, 'Oh, that's nothing, miss; I often see a skirt go round that corner.'"

Now is it natural the housemaid should think that "nothing," unless she knew it was a natural appearance? It was a house in Hyde Park Place; and intruders into city houses generally pass from one to another by the roofs. It often happens.

The author next considers Premonitions and Previsions. Here we meet with a number of stories marked by all the general characters of those relating to telepathic hallucinations. But the difference is, that these are not backed up, as those were, by experiments. Nobody has experimented upon premonitions and previsions, simply because the ordinary course of life has too thoroughly prejudiced everybody against any such thing. Yet it is hard to say how prophecy runs more counter to experience than does telepathy. It is, however, interesting to see that Mr. Podmore draws back before prevision, and wishes to consider this class of events as chance coincidences.

The next chapter, upon Secondary Consciousness, which has no obvious connection with psychical research, seems to be inserted merely as an introduction to the final chapter, which relates to Impersonation, Obsession, and Clairvoyance. It is the clairvoyance which particularly belongs to the questions here considered. As these phenomena, real or fraudulent, stand at present, they are too isolated to be brought under the dominion of science until further research shall discover other phenomena bridging the gap.

Sweet Revenge: A Romance of the Civil War. By F. A. Mitchel. Harpers.

Hell for Sartain. By John Fox, Jr. Harpers.

From the Land of the Snow Pearls: Tales from Puget Sound. By Ella Higginson. Macmillan Co.

Perennial as the pension list, the war romance appeals not less directly to the forbearance of the public. But the purest patriotism must find it difficult to justify the increase, at this late day, of both these burdensome results of our civil conflict. In its construction the war romance follows simple and unvarying lines. The hero, whose hurts are healed by the maiden of fiercest Southern sympathies, reveals his connection with the Northern army and his undying passion for herself. She flouts and insults him. The two armies manœuvre in the background. There is much mutual saving of life on the part of the lovers, and the curtain falls on a union of problematic happiness. 'Sweet Revenge' departs in no important particular from the

accepted traditions, but some uniqueness may be allowed to its scenes of guerilla warfare, which are of a diverting improbability. The author's military titles afford, together with his book, satisfactory proof that with him the sword was mightier than the pen.

The well-sung Southern mountaineer has found in Mr. John Fox his latest and not least competent chronicler. Under a title of rather unjustifiable luridness, Mr. Fox presents ten sketches of life in that Cumberland Gap which he knows so well. Slight in form, they afford no opportunity for the display of constructive skill, but in accurate reproduction of dialect and custom, in swift and successful characterization, they leave little to be desired. "Courtin' on Outshin" is "courtin' as she is wrought" along many a creek and in many a cove of the Southern Appalachians. The mountain white has already undergone apotheosis and vilification in turn; that he is a man who can see a joke, who can even originate one, has been left for Mr. Fox to bring out. Other resources than those of dialect are shown in the effective English of "The Purple Rhododendron." The theme is a pretty one, and the flower may serve Virginia lovers as a test of devotion; but any one who has seen its acres of bloom mantling the shoulders of Roan or Craggy in North Carolina, will be inclined to doubt its entire fitness for the rôle of American edgeweeds.

The Puget-Sounders are unmistakably people of like passions with ourselves; their remoteness is merely geographical. Nothing is more clearly revealed in Miss Higginson's book than their affinity with New Englanders—Miss Wilkins's New Englanders. Theirs is surely the land whither have strayed the wandering sons and derelict lovers of Miss Wilkins's widows and maids. The New England fibre "has somewhat coarsened, the dialect roughened, as indicated on 'Miss Higginson's page; but the Christmas cranberry-sauce still casts its heart-softening radiance over family reunions in the valley of the Willamette. The people of the West have recently shown symptoms of a revolt against their dialect writers. The uncouth representations of their speech—the "choos," "yubs," and "hunh unhs," which affront the eye more than the ear, they have suffered in silence. But Nebraska has risen up to protest against Octave Thanet's imputation that "Ma" is the ordinary filial utterance within her borders. "Ma" is, however, a pleasing and decorous form of address compared with that in vogue with the Puget-Sounders. Can a people poetic enough to speak of their mountains as Snow Pearls profane the parental relation by the hideous monosyllable "Maw"? The question is not one with which a stranger may safely intermeddle. Miss Higginson evidently shares George Moore's recently expressed conviction that "the sadness of life is the joy of art." Most of her stories wall themselves out in minor cadences—the deserted maiden, the jilted lover, the ingrate child. Something too much of this, one is tempted to cry out in the presence of these numerous and familiar sorrows. It is no slight proof of the author's skill that she has been able to invest with so much interest her rather trite motives.

The Brontës: Fact and Fiction. By Angus M. Mackay, B.A. London: Services & Pa-

ton; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1897. xii, 187.

This important addition to Brontë literature derives its value, not from fresh information conveyed as to the Brontë family, but from its able exposition of fiction claiming to be truth, and from the light it throws upon the life and writings of the author of 'Jane Eyre.' It consists of two essays. The second, the longer—"A Crop of Brontë Myths"—is an expansion of one which had already appeared in the *Westminster Review*. It deals with Dr. William Wright's book. Few that read it will not agree "that the facts set forth . . . will carry complete conviction with them, and that those who possess 'The Brontës in Ireland' will henceforth merely treasure it for what it is—one of the curiosities of nineteenth-century literature." The general acclaim with which this book by Dr. Wright was received, and the several editions through which it has passed, must now be held as a warning to critics and the public to let no name, no apparent honesty of purpose, or protestations of care in the collection of materials by an author, dull vigilance in the comparison and testing of statements and dates and nice weighing of likelihoods and possibilities.

If the second essay is destructive, the first—"Fresh Light on Brontë Biography," a charmingly candid and intelligent piece of writing—is essentially constructive. It deals with what Mr. Mackay entitles "Charlotte Brontë's Secret"—a secret which the appearance of Mr. Shorter's book, written with the sanction and assistance of Mr. Nichol, renders it desirable to explain. Mr. Shorter's views regarding inferences to be drawn from passages in Charlotte's life are well summed up by Mr. Mackay as: "The story is, not true; but if it were true, it would be discreditable." Mr. Mackay has gone far to establish his thesis that "The story is probably true, but if true is not discreditable"; and, with him, while feeling for and understanding Charlotte Brontë the more, we love and esteem her none the less.

"Charlotte Brontë's writings have proved a palimpsest, and scholars have from time to time hinted of the older sentences they could discern beneath the present characters. More recently there have been signs that hints are to be replaced by innuendoes, and I have therefore endeavored to restore the whole of the old text as far as it is still decipherable. It turns out to be a tragedy which for human interest equals anything in the novels, and which cannot but render those who peruse it wiser and stronger. Its central figure is Charlotte herself, as noble and brave a heroine as any which her imagination created. We see an acute sensitiveness which attracts our pity, wedded to a dauntless fortitude which compels our admiration. We see her sore wounded in her affections, but unconquerable in her will. The discovery of the secret of her life does not degrade the noble figure we know so well; it adds to it a pathetic significance."

This is as thoughtful an essay as has come into our hands for some time. We light upon sentences such as the following: "It is needful to remember that persons of strong intellect are apt to vindicate their right to freedom of thought by adopting some other opinions than those offered by their environment." "He taught her the sweet and tranquil pleasures of an affection which is almost more precious than love." "The flame, it would seem, had already passed on her, and left behind nothing that was inflammable." Respecting Anne Brontë's genius we read: "Upon those bright twin stars [Char-