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employers that he was cut out for a business man; at any rate, that he was not meant for a planter. He resolved to be a clergyman, and in the event his new calling fully tested his business capacity, and it was not found wanting. His plantation and his slaves were sold, care being taken that the slaves all went to one master. At this point in his narrative Dr. Porter indulges in certain general reflections which are very favorable to the mutual relations of the masters and their slaves. He makes the sweeping statement that, "in all those bloody, awful years from '61 to '65, through all the South, there is no record of a single murder committed by a negro on a white person, or a single outrage or indignity offered to any woman." These facts are offered as "a proof of the manly nobility of the negro," and of the good treatment which he had received. In contrast with the later tenor of events, real or supposed, they offer a serious problem to the sociologist.

Our author's studies and lay reading were soon over, and in 1854 he became the ordained minister of the Church of the Holy Communion in Charleston, and thus entered on a relation which, with some interruptions and vicissitudes, he sustained for forty-four years. The church was in its weak and struggling infancy, and from the beginning of his ministry he appears to us in these pages in *forma pauperis*, a character for which his predilection and his genius were immense, and for the exercise of which his life, especially after the civil war, furnished him with abundant opportunity. Apparently he was never happier than when begging money for some darling scheme. He had every qualification for success. His sincerity was absolute. He believed in his various schemes partly because they were his own, and partly because they were generous and humane. He believed in himself without any doubt or qualification whatsoever. He could appeal to anybody in America or England with a naïve assurance and effrontery that but seldom missed the mark, and what never failed him was a sense of supernatural guidance which, nourished by his egotism, nourished that in turn to a remarkable development. He compares his own experiences with those of George Müller, with his famous Bristol orphanage, for which Müller never asked a cent, but simply advertised his prayers. Dr. Porter pricks that attenuated bubble with his lively pen, and frankly owns that he did not himself trust to prayer alone, but begged right and left where he had reason to expect a favorable response, and sometimes where he had none. As mere coincidences, the timely contributions that came to him when he was in the most narrow straits were certainly remarkable. Again and again he ran in debt in a manner that would have been frightfully immoral but for his confidence in God's protecting care. 'God's Blessing on Improvidence' would have been as good a title for his book as 'Led On!' That element of shrewdness which we often find in the mystic and fanatic was conspicuous in him. Nothing that mother wit could do to help the miracle was left undone. And so the Church of the Holy Communion flourished more and more, and with it various enterprises which for a longer or a shorter time appeared to be of great pith and moment—notably the Porter Military Academy, as it came at length to be called, which in the course of thirty years has educated over 3,000 boys, more than 2,500 of them gratul-

tously or for a mere pittance, at an expense of nearly \$1,000,000, the most of which has been contributed by friends in the Northern States and in England in response to Dr. Porter's devoutly shrewd solicitation.

But the chapters of Dr. Porter's autobiography which will be most interesting to the general reader are those that relate his experiences during the civil war and immediately before and after. He thinks he was "born opposed to slavery." He does "not remember the time when he did not hate it." Secession, also, had for him no charms. Yet when the secession craze swept over South Carolina in December, 1860, he yielded to it as cordially as the rest. He was singular only in believing that secession meant war. The general persuasion was quite otherwise, and great was the depression when it became evident that he was right. It was his distinction to be the only outsider in the convention that signed the Ordinance of Secession. The Washington Light Infantry, of which he was chaplain, were so thoroughly grounded in the doctrine of States' Rights that they refused to leave the State, and a volunteer company was raised, largely from his impulsion, of a more active disposition. Following the company to Virginia, he soon encountered "a typical instance of Confederate mismanagement": a train of sick and wounded soldiers had telescoped a freight train. Everywhere there was the same lack of organization, neutralizing the courage of the men. To these he commended his chaplaincy with a good supply of tobacco and pipes. When every man of his company had his pipe, one of them shouted, "Now, Chaplain, give us some prayers!" and he obeyed. He was the man of business in his piety as in everything else. His ecclesiastical aspirations were not silent in the midst of arms, and in 1863 he felt "peace with honor" to be so near that he asked his people to build a \$200,000 church as a thank-offering to Almighty God. George A. Trenholm, then Confederate Secretary of the Treasury, gave him \$50,000. With this he would have bought cotton. Running the blockade with three vessels out of five, he would have had a million dollars for his church after the war, but he was over-persuaded, and, in order to be patriotic, put the \$50,000 in Confederate bonds, which, after the war, brought him \$350—just enough to carpet the old church.

Chapter xvii, "The Burning of Columbia," is an eye-witness's account of one of the most miserable tragedies of the war. It would have been strange if this ubiquitous parson had not been in Columbia at the critical moment. He was so, and saw the first bale of cotton ignited by the carelessness of the drunken soldiers. He tells of the people rushing out from the stores and houses with pitchers and buckets of liquor with which to propitiate the invaders. Gen. Sherman told him that this liquor was responsible for all the trouble, but Dr. Porter thinks he might have done more to bring order out of chaos. Dr. Porter's personal experiences were full of interest. Splendidly served by a Federal lieutenant, he made an adventurous journey in his behalf and restored him to Sherman's army. He was sitting at table between Gens. Johnston and Hardee when the former received a letter from Jefferson Davis announcing the surrender of Lee. The great collapse cost him for a time his religious faith. A God who had not given the victory to such Christian men as Lee and Jackson could not

command his love or obedience. He fell to reading history, and in a few weeks came to the comfortable conclusion that everything was as it should be.

"Had we succeeded, slavery, which we hated, would have been perpetuated, with the sentiment of the world against us. It would have been a canker sore in our body politic; it would have been a source of continual strife between the United States and the Confederacy. This would have made a standing army in each government a necessity. This would have revolutionized the form of our respective governments, and in fifteen more years we would have been engaged in a war of extermination, for one side or the other would have to be masters of this continent. God has permitted the wrath and ignorance of men to work His will. But, freed from the incubus of slavery, I believe there is a future for this dear South-land yet, and I am going to do all I can to make it."

All this and more was imparted as soon as conceived to Dr. Porter's invalid wife, unless it has gained something of elaboration in the course of thirty years. So easy a conversion would impugn his previous convictions, were it not for his assurance that he had always hated slavery. He was "still true to the Lost Cause," but he "was not going to hug a corpse," and he made haste to take his oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. A year had not passed from Lee's surrender before he was in New York economizing his new-fledged loyalty for the benefit of a Diocesan Theological Seminary, and a colored school which was certainly a convenient rider, and may have been something more. A prominent Unitarian headed the list of generous subscriptions, and the United States Government conceded its Marine Hospital in Charleston for the colored orphanage. Later it loaned and afterwards gave the United States arsenal to Dr. Porter for the uses of his academy. Incidentally he enjoyed much personal advantage and consideration.

This book will not make the same impression upon all. Some will be more impressed by the supernatural element than others who will argue from it that, to a sufficient boldness in mendacity and to a complete self-confidence, all things are possible.

The Wonderful Century: Its Successes and Its Failures. By Alfred Russel Wallace. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898. 8vo, pp. 400, with 12 folding diagrams and author's portrait.

Mr. Wallace, in his preface, hesitates to declare categorically the purpose of this volume. He says, "It may perhaps be termed an appreciation of the century—of what it has done and what it has left undone." So considered, it is not a strong performance—is strangely incompetent for a strong man like Wallace. Does it not sound a bit like a school-boy's composition to hear an age criticised substantially in this fashion: "It has achieved some splendid successes, but it has fallen into some lamentable errors"? Of any human production whatever, we know in advance that it will have its merits and its faults. What we ask of the major critic is to make it plain to us what the psychological qualities are, and what the experience and discipline have been out of which merits and defects have alike sprung. To do this for the nineteenth century, with the manifold agencies that have gone to make it what it is, is, no doubt, a problem of the most intricate. And yet there is one word that

goes so far towards formulating the age, and is, at the same time, so obvious, that one cannot easily pardon its omission from the slightest description of the century. That word is Accuracy. To the spirit of accuracy (derived ultimately from the seventeenth-century mathematics, whose ideas the eighteenth had pumped into every cranny of thought) may be historically traced the larger part of the characteristic traits of the nineteenth century, even in cases where these seem to be of quite the contrary complexion. Of this Mr. Wallace tells us nothing. He never so much as mentions even precision in machinery as a vital factor in the evolution of some of our grandest ideas, such as the conservation of energy. The course of events was this: precision in the machine-shops made the application of the steam engine to ocean vessels practicable; the necessity of accurate economy of coal on those vessels stimulated, as their engines aided, the study of the theory of heat; the mechanical theory of heat easily suggested the conservation of energy.

No account of the achievements of the nineteenth century can be considered satisfactory which, like this, is confined to the physical and natural sciences, and the arts connected with them, and says nothing at all of projected geometry nor the theory of functions in mathematics, nothing of the logic of relatives, nothing of psychological measurements, nothing of the ascertainment of laws in the growth of languages, nothing of Egyptology nor of the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions, nor of the excavations about the Aegean and their results, nothing of the rewriting of every branch of history, nothing of Ricardo and later economists. Nor ought such a description to be confined to science: in poetry, romance, music, painting, our century may claim to have gone deeper than the last. It is not altogether wanting even in improvements in the organization of society. Laws have been reformed, slaves emancipated, education extended, women treated seriously; sobriety, decency, and self-restraint generally, respected and demanded. To talk of appreciating the nineteenth century without the slightest thought of any of these things is so extraordinarily superficial that we are justified in suspecting that Mr. Wallace has not made public his real purpose in writing this book. The only part of it that is really vigorous is an argument of surprising force against vaccination. What the author really proves, however, is not so much the small efficacy of vaccination as the relative importance of other municipal and personal precautions. It is incontestable that a man may die of smallpox though he have been vaccinated ever so thoroughly; while he cannot have the disease at all if he is not exposed to its contagion. A recognition of this principle might save a good many lives, should we have a severe epidemic of smallpox next winter. Mr. Wallace's own conclusions go very much further; but in so far they are not legitimated by the scientific logic of statistics. It is curious, however, that he does show that the great falling off in mortality from smallpox at the beginning of the century was not mainly due to vaccination.

The whole argument occupies about a third of the volume. If this is germane to the professed subject of the work, it is difficult to say what would not be so. Had the author published this chapter as a separate

essay, he had good reason to think it would not be read. If, however, his design was to seduce the reader into this chapter by prefixing 150 pages of light, entertaining discourse upon the glories of the century, further covering his purpose by appending some tame chapters on imprisonment, militarism, poverty, and the plunder of the earth, and if he threw in a couple of chapters in defence of phrenology, hypnotism, and psychical research (under which name he really squints at Spiritualism), partly because of his interest in the subjects, and partly to relieve the exceptional character of his chapter on vaccination, then the book has by no means been unskillfully put together.

One word about phrenology. Mr. Wallace claims for this doctrine the substantial support of modern cerebral physiology. This is audacious. No scientific psychologist will for an instant admit that the function of any part of the cortex of the brain can be accurately defined in terms at all resembling the marvellousness, veneration, etc., of Gall. Phrenology has been quite stagnant for half a century, a collapse in our day not at all likely to occur to an experimental doctrine not finally defunct. If it is not dead, let its students publish photographs and measurements of the heads of say a hundred of the men whose characters have become most publicly known and who have lived since the bumps were located, and there will be a mass of irresistible facts that will do more for phrenology than any amount of mere disputation. A phrenologist, Mr. Wallace tells us, said of him, "He is fond of argument, and not easily convinced." A disciple of Lavater might take the face of the frontispiece for that of an ecclesiastic rather than a scientific man, for whom it seems too argumentative. But for that trait, he would have been an excellent statistician. The same phrenologist said, "If wit were larger, he would be a good mathematician." Thereupon, Wallace, in his eagerness to advocate phrenology, remarks, "Most great mathematicians are either witty or poetical; Rankine, Clifford, De Morgan, Clerk-Maxwell, and Sylvester being well-known examples." A man who justly prides himself on ability as a statistician should not have been guilty of that induction. A fair list of great British mathematicians among Wallace's contemporaries would be Hamilton, Sylvester, Cayley, Boole, Smith, Kelvin, and Stokes. None of them were remarkable wits, although two amused themselves with poetry. Of wit Wallace admits his lack. For poetry he seems to have some penchant, since he regales the reader with upwards of fifty elegant extracts, of the taste of which the following may serve as a sample:

"O Lavatsier, master great,
We mourn your awful fate,
But never tire of singing to your praise.
You laid foundations true,
And we must trace to you
The chemistry of our enlightened days."

There is a tolerable index, though it omits more than two hundred names of persons mentioned.

The Encyclopaedic Dictionary of Photography. By Walter E. Woodbury, F.R.P.S. New York: The Scovill & Adams Co. 1898.

The dictionary of photographic terms and objects which has been appearing as feuilleton in the *Photographic Times*, is now published in a handsome quarto, filling a want which, if not urgent, is at least sensible, and

will make the book a boon to students of photography. It will at the same time serve as a convenient book of reference for the terms of the chemistry of photography by those who are engaged in experiments on the practical conditions of preparation and development.

Those who can remember the condition of portraiture when photography first became a successful and practical process, will recall the lamentations over the impending disappearance of portrait- and miniature-painters as the inevitable consequence of the new discovery. Art was doomed, it was said, from the moment that Nature gave herself away to a chemical process. The shallow prognostic has not waited long for its confutation, and the highest attainment of photography has served only to show that it has nothing in common with art except the use of a symbol vocabulary. The general eagerness of photographers, especially the professionals, to ticket themselves as "artists," led us to turn at once to the rubric Art, to ascertain how far the book lends itself to the easy flattery of the craft, and it is refreshing to find no allusion to any claim of that nature, or any use of the word "art" except in the barbarous "artotype," designating a form of the collotype—i. e., preparing and printing from a film of gelatine on which an image has been impressed by light through a negative.

The author here and there shows his English education in the use of terms. His definition of "Blanchard's brush" as made of "swan's-down calico" will hardly be understood by the average American, who knows "calico" as a printed cotton cloth, while the material for Blanchard's brush is known here as "cotton flannel" or "Canton flannel." Under "Camera," something should have been said to the credit of the inventors of the indispensable portable variety, the perfecting of which has, more than anything else except the invention of the dry plate, made photography accessible to all, and multiplied the race of amateurs who carry the kodak to the ends of the world. The first successful portable camera was the product of an English amateur by the name of Kinnear, but the whole tribe of recent "bellows" and folding cameras now in use and shown in plates Nos. 80, 81, 82 of the dictionary are modifications of a camera invented by Mr. W. J. Stillman in 1867, and originally manufactured by George Hare of London. That the kodak is not mentioned in the Dictionary is probably due to the trade interests of its publishers. This omission, and that of any useful definition and description of celluloid films, the use of which is the basis of the kodak system, are grave defects in a dictionary intended for general use, into which the interests of the "shop" should not be allowed to enter. Of all the recent improvements in photography for travellers the kodak is by far the most important, and no reader of the Dictionary will fail to question it for that subject.

The article on Emulsions is, so far as the most recent form of preparation of dry plates is concerned, very full; but an article is given to a "collodion-albumen" emulsion which was never a success, while the collodion emulsions which, under certain circumstances, are still of inestimable value, are most inadequately treated, and the Dictionary's recommendation should not be followed. The old wet process, though of less practical value than the collodion emulsion, is given full treatment.