

THIS PAGE LEFT BLANK INTENTIONALLY

P

00787

gave his son had one saving merit: "The son had been taught really to use his mind; he had been trained to argue closely, to test conclusions instead of receiving them passively, and to systematize his knowledge as he acquired it." Hence in early youth he was a vigorous controversialist, and those who accuse James Mill of injuring John by overtraining should remember that there is really no evidence that John Mill would, but for his father's discipline, have achieved high intellectual eminence, and reflect that, "after all, he certainly became one of the leading men of his generation, and if this strenuous education was not the sole cause, it must be reckoned as one of the chief causes of his success." Here, at any rate, we have the source of John Mill's extraordinary capacity for dialectical combat and for lucid exposition. As against ordinary opponents, he was a trained pugilist fighting men who could trust to nothing but their natural physical strength.

So much for John Mill's education. Turn now to his character. His nature was far more receptive than self-assertive; he was, moreover, a man of great emotional susceptibility and of most unusual tenderness; he was possessed, as is plain in every page of his autobiography, by the desire, which his father's education in no degree satisfied, to give and to receive sympathy. He was in character as much feminine as masculine.

"He had some of the amiable weaknesses which we at present—perhaps on account of the debased state of society—regard as especially feminine. The most eminent women, hitherto at least, are remarkable rather for docility than originality. Mill was especially remarkable, as I have said, for his powers of assimilation. No more receptive pupil could ever be desired by a teacher."

If to the word "receptive" we add "or retentive," we have the secret of James Mill's educational triumph. He made upon his son's mind the impression which he desired, and made it with such completeness that one naturally wonders whether, had the elder Mill so willed, the younger might not have been made into the representative of doctrines opposed to Benthamism. Is it true "that, had James Mill adhered to his early [Calvinistic] creed, his son would probably have become a fit subject for one of those edifying tracts which deal with infantile conversion"? Is it the case that a different education might have made him a Coleridgean instead of a Benthamite? Whatever be the answer to these otiose inquiries, certain it is that Mill possessed the two qualities most to be desired in a disciple—the capacity to receive and the energy to retain and defend the doctrine of his master.

The qualities, however, of mind and of heart which favored the success of James Mill's experiment ultimately produced something which, could James Mill have seen the whole result of his teaching, he might have deemed failure. John Mill's receptivity and his passion for sympathy laid him open to influences of which his father had never felt the attraction. The worship of Mrs. Taylor must have been trying to a tyrannical philosopher, accustomed to claim obedience, both moral and intellectual, from his children, and convinced that he had "made" the mind of his son. An even more serious matter was that John Mill, while believing in the "fundamentals" of Benthamism,

felt his heart drawn, as James Mill must have partially perceived before his own death, towards sentiments and ideas with which neither Bentham nor James Mill had any sympathy. John Mill was, indeed, inclined to overestimate the importance of emotion, and though, throughout life, something of a recluse, always condemned the want of sociability exhibited by Englishmen. His heart, if not his intellect, went out towards the Socialists. Comte at one time almost gained his allegiance. Tocqueville, whose speculations displeased James Mill, revealed to John Mill the dangers of democracy. John Mill's later theological theories would, we may be sure, have offended as much the inherited sentiment of James Mill's early Calvinism as the settled convictions of his later Atheism.

But here we pass from John Mill's education and character to their effect upon his position as a thinker. From his education springs his tenacious faith in the fundamental doctrines of Benthamism. Mr. Stephen proves, almost to superfluity, that in John Mill's ideas or assumptions there was, strictly speaking, no originality. In his logic and in his psychology he was the disciple of James Mill. In his ethics he was a Utilitarian of the school of Bentham. In his political economy he built upon the foundations laid by Adam Smith, by Ricardo, and by Malthus. His legal ideas were derived from Bentham and Austin. Above all, his conception of the relation of the individual to society and to the state was, in its essence, the conception entertained by the leaders of the school in which he had been educated. John Mill's fundamental assumptions remained, in short, till the end of his life the same as the assumptions common to the whole body of English Utilitarians. Mill's admirers of 1860 would have claimed for him an originality the existence of which is denied by Mr. Stephen. But John Mill would have agreed with his critic. He never claimed to be the expounder of new doctrines; in his own eyes he was the defender, though to a certain extent the reformer, of the Utilitarian creed.

Though Mill remained till his death a convinced Utilitarian, he was "a Utilitarian with a difference." The distinction from his predecessors is typified by his attempt to combine highly appreciative criticism of Coleridge with profound but very cold respect for Bentham. He was the guardian of the temple of truth built up by the "Fathers" of Utilitarianism, but the warmth of his sympathies made him attempt to expand the edifice in every direction, in order that he might make room therein for aspirations unknown to or condemned by his teachers. His logical and economical convictions, implanted in his mind by parental training, were derived from the eighteenth century, but by sentiment he belonged to the nineteenth. His mind may have been made by James Mill, but his heart turned towards Maurice, Sterling, and Coleridge. He was among the first to recognize the genius of Carlyle, and Carlyle, naturally enough, mistook for a moment the Utilitarian logician for a mystic. The watchword of the day (1830-1840) was "Sympathize that you may understand." This dubious dogma exactly fell in with Mill's natural disposition. He remained, for instance, the disciple of orthodox economists, and notably of Malthus and Ricardo, but he shared the aspirations of Socialists. His treatise 'On Lib-

erty' reads like an impassioned defence of Individualism, but critics such as Grote, and enthusiasts such as Kingsley, read between the lines, and saw that if Mill's argument defended *laissez-faire*, he was far from accepting the do-nothing principle.

"Political economy, he says, would have a melancholy and a thankless task if it could only prove that nothing could be done. He holds that a huge dead lift is required to raise the laborer out of the slough of despond, and he demands, therefore, nothing less than great national schemes of education, of home and foreign colonization."

He even appears to admit the truth of an idea utterly foreign to Benthamism, and, as many would add, opposed to common sense—that existing rights to property, especially in land, are invalidated by its originally wrongful acquisition. What is true of Mill's economical is true of his moral and religious teaching. Its aim is to show that the aspirations of the highest morality and the most genuine religion may be based upon Benthamite Utilitarianism.

To the generation for whom Mill was a prophet, this reconciliation of logic with enthusiasm was the source of his power. His influence has waned because, to the cooler critics of a later time, it is doubtful whether Mill really accomplished a feat which possibly in itself is incapable of achievement. In his mind the dicta of strict logic and the inspirations of ardent feeling were connected rather than combined or fused together. He expanded the philosophical edifice erected by Bentham, but did he not, in the course of renovation, shake the foundations of the fabric? Yet, whatever be the final answer to this question, the generation who counted Mill a great teacher were essentially in the right. He possessed not only that characteristic goodness perceived in him by T. H. Green, but also two great qualities not always found in men of more commanding intellectual power. He felt and imparted to others enthusiasm for liberty and for justice; he handed down from his own teachers a profound and unconquerable belief in the absolute supremacy of truth.

By Land and Sea. By the Rev. John M. Bacon, A.M., F.R.A.S. London: Isbister & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1901. 8vo; pp. 275. Four photographic illustrations.

Reviewers who are addicted to the practice of reading books through are not often sorry when they come to *l'envoi*. Yet it does sometimes happen; it did to one reviewer in the case of Mr. Bacon's volume. Somebody was wondering the other day why ballooning had not become a more generally favorite sport with Englishmen; for surely, said he, nothing could be more dangerous or more expensive. It has, however, several disadvantages; there is no din; there is not the least sense of motion, nor even a zephyr; and there is very little to see, especially in England. For when the balloonist looks down upon anything but clouds, the landscape is on most days thickly veiled with haze.

Mr. Bacon has usually had a scientific object in making his ascensions. Sometimes it was to count meteors, or make some of the other astronomical observations for which a solid support is not necessary; sometimes it was for wireless telegraphy, but predominantly it was for acoustical research. This is the natural way in

which science advances; a man first acquires some peculiar facilities for making a certain class of observations, and then he applies those facilities as best he can. Mr. Bacon gives us many curious and novel observations about sounds, and connects them in a way which even the professional physicist will find instructive. Still, one can hardly say that he has manifested a very distinguished genius for this class of investigations, the great difficulty of which is well recognized. His chief result is that, so far as he can find, no echoes are given back from air, contrary to the conclusions of Tyndall. But he mistakes the nature of the problem. Theory leaves no doubt that acoustical disturbances must be reflected from air; the question is, What are the limits of the circumstances under which they become audible, and how far can reflection from air, with the consequent interferences, account for the areas of inaudibility of fog-horns, etc? Sounding horns from a balloon is, no doubt, a great lark, but one could not expect the perpendicular reflection of a sound from a stratum of air to be audible, especially of denser air. Nature reveals her secrets only to her most earnest worshippers, and although Mr. Bacon has been sufficiently interested in his acoustical operations to spend several days, "marooned," as he calls it, out in the German Ocean, in the Maplin Lighthouse, which stands on an iron scaffold, and has passed one night in making experiments at the top of St. Paul's dome, and another on the church-tower of Thatcham, yet it is easy to see that the animating motive of his aeronautics, as it will be that of his reader, has been the pure fun of the thing.

God defend us for blaming him, or depreciating his book. If he has not the scientific genius of a Faraday, he has another gift that is rare and serviceable to his fellow-men, for every ascent is described so simply and unsensationally, and yet so gayly and so vividly in all its details, that one might wager a pretty penny that any given reader of it, supposing the book remains at his elbow and that leisure is granted, will not leave it long without reading it again. Sober discussions of curious phenomena alternate with descriptions of ascents in each of which there cannot fail to be something more or less exciting. For example, chapter iii. describes a balloon race.

"Our opponent began by forcing the running, and from the first with obvious success. To set, however, against the gain in speed acquired by flying high, there was a material loss entailed by expenditure of ballast. . . . The next move was played simply by lapse of time, without manoeuvring, and resulted in a slow and steady rise and consequent gain on our part, while the opponent, reaching the culminating point due to her leap into space, suffered now from the loss of gas incurred, and was presently sinking below us. . . . From an early stage of the race I am now describing it was evident that our balloon was the more heavily, in fact too heavily, loaded, by the dead weight of passengers. We had the smaller quantity of sand at disposal, and, in consequence, our defeat was only averted by artifice. . . . Two hours had passed and we were flying at 3,000 feet. . . . At this point we saw our rival still distancing us. . . . We began settling down. . . . To say truth, there was little more manoeuvring left us, for we had but one bag of ballast remaining, and this we were already paying out by dribblets to save collapse. Down we whopped, fast and faster, in spite of the constant slender flow of sand, till at last we stood ready to meet a seemingly inevitable plunge into a long level pasture. Quickly we discharged the whole remaining ballast, and so abode the issue. It was touch and go,

which science advances; a man first acquires some peculiar facilities for making a certain class of observations, and then he applies those facilities as best he can. Mr. Bacon gives us many curious and novel observations about sounds, and connects them in a way which even the professional physicist will find instructive. Still, one can hardly say that he has manifested a very distinguished genius for this class of investigations, the great difficulty of which is well recognized. His chief result is that, so far as he can find, no echoes are given back from air, contrary to the conclusions of Tyndall. But he mistakes the nature of the problem. Theory leaves no doubt that acoustical disturbances must be reflected from air; the question is, What are the limits of the circumstances under which they become audible, and how far can reflection from air, with the consequent interferences, account for the areas of inaudibility of fog-horns, etc? Sounding horns from a balloon is, no doubt, a great lark, but one could not expect the perpendicular reflection of a sound from a stratum of air to be audible, especially of denser air. Nature reveals her secrets only to her most earnest worshippers, and although Mr. Bacon has been sufficiently interested in his acoustical operations to spend several days, "marooned," as he calls it, out in the German Ocean, in the Maplin Lighthouse, which stands on an iron scaffold, and has passed one night in making experiments at the top of St. Paul's dome, and another on the church-tower of Thatcham, yet it is easy to see that the animating motive of his aeronautics, as it will be that of his reader, has been the pure fun of the thing.

This was badly managed on both sides. The opponent had cast out ballast during the first rise, a most senseless proceeding. He might better never have taken it. The result was that, soon after that, Mr. Bacon's balloon was gaining. His party had, therefore, only to stay up in order to win; and they ought to have stayed as high as possible, because the wind is swifter higher up. Yet, when they were descending and, of course, "fast and faster," they payed out ballast only in a slender flow of sand. They ought, as soon as they began to descend, to have thrown out enough to make them lighter than the air. They waited until it was only by the merest luck that they did not strike anything. Still, they went up 6,000 feet. They would have gone 3,000 feet higher, at least, and have got the advantage of a stronger wind, had they done so earlier. As it was, the opponent might have stayed up long enough to beat them; but he never could have done so after his first folly, had Mr. Bacon's party discharged their ballast at the right moment.

Although Mr. Bacon records in this volume seventeen balloon-voyages made by him, and we may suppose he has made others, he still labors under the idea that the entrance of a balloon into colder air at once causes it to descend; and to account for the rising of a thistledown through cold air he thinks it necessary to suppose upward "rivulets" of warm air. At one time, he thinks, "we must have entered a cold current unknown to ourselves," because the balloon began to sink. Another time, on emerging to the upper side of an evaporating cloud before sunrise, it is "the 'chill' which he feels, and not the facts that the aqueous vapor is much lighter than air and that the free radiation would probably cause dew to be deposited on the balloon, that retards its ascent. When the sun sets, it is, according to him, the cooling of the air, not the cooling of the balloon, that makes it come down, although Glaisher had demonstrated that sunset does not particularly cool the higher air. And many other passages are to like effect. Physicists will know what to think of them; and they do not make the book less entertaining.

The Masque of Judgment. By William Vaughn Moody. Boston: Small & Maynard. 1900.

It would be easy for an evil-minded critic to coin epigrams at the expense of Mr. Moody's poem. He might note an occasional echo of Shelley and the phantasmagoric scenery, and name the poem "Prometheus Rebound." Or he might carp at the attempt to condense into a single thin volume the entire History of the Decline and

Fall of the Holy Cosmic Process. Or he might have a witty shot at the poet's Big Game, at his marvellous collection of Lions, Eagles, "Dragons old," and "Serpents with pendulous necks." Yet the truth of the matter is that the critic would simply have his wit for his pains. No patter of epigrams can do Mr. Moody's poem serious mischief; it is too substantial and vital to be in danger from paper pellets.

One of the most noteworthy points of Mr. Moody's book is its use of an elaborately finished and highly sophisticated literary form for the utterance of a genuinely democratic impulse. This democratic bias of thought and feeling might easily be missed by the casual reader. A "Garden in Paradise," hardly suggests Walt Whitman; and the legendary actors in the *Masque*—Raphael and the rest—the persistent abstract symbolism, the allegorical action, and the richly ornate diction carry the reader far indeed from the streets of "Manhattan." Yet in truth the poem is a brilliantly imaginative interpretation of the same modern impulses, of the same restless craving for richness and luxuriance of life, of the same audaciously optimistic belief in the worth of life, of the same strenuous and reckless pursuit of individual good, that are just now peculiarly characteristic of our youthfully sensuous and materialistic American nation, and that find their extreme and most picturesque expression in the raw splendor and the exultant and almost ferocious carnality of the pageant of life as the wayfarer encounters it in New York City. Be it said at once that Mr. Moody himself would probably reject this reading of his book; and be it added that his book is very far from being either carnal or sensual. Nevertheless, it is unmistakably a plea for the joy of life here and now, for the largesse of the senses, for the worth of passion ("passion is power And kindly tempered saves"), for the rigor of the cosmic game, for the divine contradictions of actual life (its "laughter and sorrow and brawl"), and, in short, for what the moralists call wealth of individual experience as opposed to any meagre ideal of asceticism. It pleads for rich diversification of the human type rather than for subordination to conventional patterns, for exuberant wilfulness rather than for tame, tea-drinking conformity.

Perhaps, to the captious reader, all this will seem to savor of moral anarchy, and indeed even the most sympathetic reader must wish that now and then Mr. Moody were a trifle less luxuriant in his description of variant moral types, and a little more explicit about the scope of his moral code. Very memorable and very beautiful are the laments of the foiled truth-seekers and the desolate lovers and the over-eager warriors who lie whelmed with woe in the Valley of Judgment—"souls defeated, broken, and undone," because they refused to "render up their wills" at the divine behest. Yet one cannot but query what neighbors these few select sinners had in the Sea of Death; whether there were any house-breakers or foot-pads there; and, if so, whether they, too, are included in Raphael's pathetic lament over the "wills" that have "ceased to search Though quite unsatisfied."

Such carping, however, Mr. Moody would doubtless deem needless and flippant, and he would urge that the general tenor and drift of the *Masque* sufficiently safeguards