

ereign, he soon came to enjoy himself, while in the islands themselves, although the aristocracy forfeited most of their privileges, the people were immensely benefited. Commodore Perry's pity for the Loo-Chooans as the worst-treated people on earth has now no basis of fact.

#### MAHER'S PSYCHOLOGY.

*Psychology: Empirical and Rational.* By Michael Maher, S.J. Fourth edition, rewritten and enlarged. Longmans, Green & Co. 8vo, pp. 602.

Father Maher's purpose is so to present psychology as to illustrate the advantages of the Thomistic Aristotelian metaphysics, as well as the positive contributions to psychology by St. Thomas Aquinas and by Aristotle. This is done with a remarkably complete acquaintance with modern psychology, and a sufficient acquaintance with scholastic writings for this purpose. Here and there we detect a vague conventionalism in the accounts of mediæval scholasticism which leads us to surmise that, as it was in its full bloom, it is not very well understood by the author. But that is of small consequence. The great scholastic psychologist was Aquinas; and Aquinas has been thoroughly mastered.

The volume verges upon corpulence, and when one finds that much the larger part of it is in one or other of three grades of small print, one gets the impression that it is a pretty full treatise. But when one comes to find not only that it covers everything usually called psychology, including both *Erkenntnisstheorie* and such branches as Animal Psychology and Hypnotism—pausing, too, to make practical applications—but that, besides, it discusses Free Will, the nature of the Soul and its connection with the body, and, furthermore, that the position taken involves considerable controversy, it is evident that, although concision has been studied, the work can really do little more than outline what is known upon each topic. The historical matter, the summaries of different opinions, and the select references to places in other books where each matter is treated more at large, would be sufficient to give this treatise a real utility for the student, but its main interest is as a defence of Thomism as a grounding for modern psychology.

"My aim," says the author, "has been, not to construct a new original system of my own, but to resuscitate and make better known to English readers a psychology that has already survived four and twenty centuries, that has had more influence on human thought and human language than all other psychologies together, and that still commands a far larger number of adherents than any rival doctrine."

As to the last pretension, if noses are to be counted simply, regardless of what lies behind each nose, and if notions about mind and body, however vague, are to be dignified as psychological "doctrines," no doubt the author is right. If we are to exclude all but readers of psychological treatises in English, French, German, and Italian, taken collectively, the estimate is probably much exaggerated; and if we confine ourselves to scientific psychologists, the majority is great on the other side. Perhaps, however, in one sense, it might not be so, if scientific men were accustomed to draw the distinction

that ought to be drawn between the hypothesis which is preferable in a given state of general scientific research, and the hypothesis which is preferable for instant action. It is true that, after induction has done its work, or has substantially done it, no such distinction is to be drawn; for then the hypothesis has ceased to be a mere presumptive hypothesis. But as long as experimentation to test the hypothesis is in its early stages, which is the case in regard to the deeper questions of the science of the soul, the economies of a research which may probably be protracted through several generations, or even centuries, render indispensable a system of procedure which will have little relation to what seems likely at the moment. There is nobody who is experienced in difficult inquiries—say, for example, the detection of the author of a crime—but is well aware that nothing is more fatal than to attach much weight to what merely seems likely towards the beginning of an investigation. Probably, during such an inquiry, several theories will have to be tried and rejected; and in what order they shall be tried is a question of economy. But if one be forced, without completing the study, to act upon one theory or another, quite a different series of considerations ought to be decisive. In particular, good scientific economy will usually prescribe that simple hypotheses shall be thoroughly tested before resorting to complicated ones. This is the truth in Ockham's razor. But it is very far from being true, in questions concerning any science of life—psychology, physiology, and the like—that the true hypothesis is likely to be simple. On the contrary, the history of discovery in those departments shows many more examples of the old theory being found to be too simple than of its being found to be too complex.

Now the main, and almost the only, general difference between the psychology which Father Maher defends, and that which is current among modern scientific psychologists, is that the former admits an element, that of the efficient agency of reason, which the latter excludes. Certainly, the proper scientific method is to try first whether all the phenomena may not be explained without that agency, and to resort to it only after it shall come to be overwhelmingly proved to be indispensable. But as long as it is very far from having been proved that the phenomena of the universe and of mental action, so far as we know them, can be entirely explained without the efficient agency of reason, not merely upon mind (and that the modern psychologist practically refuses to admit), but even upon matter, there is nothing illogical in entertaining, as a small party among the warm advocates of the existing method of study do entertain, the opinion that science will ultimately be driven to have resort to that theory.

We fear that the perusal of Father Maher's treatise may rather weaken than strengthen any previous bias toward his views. There is a charm about Aquinas. His reader breathes, for the time being, a mediæval atmosphere; and in the dim cathedral light of that interesting age that built the Sainte-Chapelle, and Amiens, and much of Notre Dame, theories look very attractive which, when they are set down on a modern page, and are examined in the hard daylight of the

twentieth-century, strike him as cramped and grotesque, not to say crude. It may be doubted whether Father-Maher has, after all, done the best for the essential theory. It may be doubted whether a man of his profession could do that, although his thought is, very likely, quite as free as that of an average North German university professor. But in the one case there is an external rule which draws a sharper line than exists in the other.

However, it was in no way incumbent upon him that he should fall into the very fallacy which he justly condemns in many of the works that build on modern ideas. Although this book has been almost entirely rewritten, yet it is based upon an original edition of 1890, so that much of it was written before James's great 'Principles' appeared. Now, in the fundamental conceptions of the science there has been a great advance since then. They are not by any means thoroughly clear, even yet; but probably nobody would now propose, as James then did, to write a psychology altogether uninfluenced by any metaphysics. As Ladd well names it, the "clandestine" metaphysics which such an attempt inevitably brings with it, is all the more dangerous from its lying in ambush. But Father Maher does substantially this very same thing. It is true that he avows his metaphysics at the outset, but he makes no formal defence of it until he reaches page 459. "In fact," he says, "our chief contention is that a complete and accurate separation of the two branches of Psychology [positive psychology and metaphysical psychology], is impossible." There is no need of considering absolute cleanness of cut; that is not the question. The point is that it has been made manifest that positive psychology cannot escape taking for granted a metaphysics of one kind or another in no inconsiderable measure. But what never has been proved, nor can any good reason for believing it be found, is that metaphysical psychology stands in need, in any degree worth consideration, of the scientific results of positive psychology. We must distinguish between results which depend upon the validity of the scientific method of psychology—scientific discoveries—and those rough facts about the mind which are open to everybody's observation, and which no sane man dreams of calling into question. As a matter of fact, it is upon these latter facts, and upon a series of similar facts about the outer world, that every man actually and really bases, first, his general metaphysics, and then his metaphysics of the soul. Even modern conceptions of the nature of intelligence, although facts of physiology have aided their development, can be more logically defended without resort to anything but those general facts about which nobody any longer ever simulates a doubt, and never did do more than simulate one. But as for the general Aristotelian metaphysics upon which Father Maher builds, it would be ridiculous to say that it cannot find all the support that is to be found for it anywhere, in the common facts upon which Aristotle himself rested it; nor is anything more needed for Father Maher's pneumatology.

It is remarkable how very little his Book II., on metaphysical psychology, would have needed to be modified had he chosen to transpose this with Book I., on positive

psychology. The result of his doing so would have been that a good many discussions in Book I. could have been dispensed with; and the whole work would have been at once more simple—we mean, more true to the author's real thought—and vastly more logical. As it is, we should decidedly recommend this transposition in reading the book. There will, however, still remain the fault that the general metaphysics, upon which the decision of the dispute really must turn, is not made the subject of an explicit and separate examination. That ought to have come first of all: Logic required it; good rhetoric, too. For a way of thinking so different from that of our day that it would have come upon the reader as a complete surprise, has everything to gain by an overt attack. It is only assumptions that the reader already makes that can to any purpose be slipped in surreptitiously.

To conclude, the book will be found well worth consideration by students. It has much to recommend it, also, for those who never expect to read another on this subject, although its concision renders it just a little dry. Let this be followed by the delightful perusal of James's smaller book, after which Baldwin's little 'Story of the Mind' will be an *entremets*, and the reader will have a very decent knowledge of what psychology is.

#### CARMICHAEL'S TUSCANY.

*In Tuscany: Tuscan Towns, Tuscan Types, and the Tuscan Tongue.* By Montgomery Carmichael. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1901.

On beginning this book, and, indeed, while reading the first hundred pages or so, it seems that nothing could be easier than to render an account of it; a dozen extracts taken almost at random here and there, and the thing is done. But it turns out that the book is divided into two parts, and the second, and by far the larger, part does not lend itself to such informal treatment. The first third is made up chiefly of portraits of the cook, the valet, the gardener, the coachman (or, rather, more humble *vetturino*) of the author, all of whom appear to have been chosen rather for their defects than their qualities; and yet they form a service that would excite the envy of any British or American matron. And the explanation is not so far to seek as one might think. It is only that the Tuscan, even the most ordinary, is like a piece of furniture of many compartments, some of them secret, and all full of delightful surprises; to get at its treasures you need but to be worthy—that is, to be a very good fellow yourself—and the Tuscan land will be made for you a very Paradise. There have been those who have brought away a different report; but in so doing they merely condemned themselves. The author recognizes that a genial courtesy, equal for the lowly as well as the lofty, is not the attribute of every one among his countrymen; that there are even those who journey from Dan to Beersheba and cry: "Tis all barren!" And it is not to be wondered at if the Tuscan whom they spurn should on occasion furnish to these outer barbarians some reason to complain of him; he is not absolutely perfect in a naughty world—he is only far more nearly so than his supercilious contemner.

In all this no one will deny that there are many grains of truth. The crusty, the stupid and prejudiced Briton is not altogether a thing of the past; and among the smiling Italians not all are cheats; some even are as good as their manners—and that is saying a great deal. It is pleasant, then, to find an Englishman (it would be no less pleasant were he an American) who recognizes the solid virtues as well as the graces of the Tuscan, and who records his convictions and the experiences in which these are founded in a style of unusual lightness and amenity. And having said thus much, we indulge in one or two citations, by no means the best that might be selected, but merely representative and easily separated from the context. In the first chapter, on the Tuscan temperament:

"With all his faults, in spite of all the difficulty we have in comprehending his character, in spite of contradictions, complexities, and crudities, the Tuscan is perhaps the most charming of all the children of Adam; just as his country, in spite of all its drawbacks, in spite of fierce heat, damp, scirocco, tramontano, mosquitoes, and all the plagues of a vexatious bureaucracy, is more nearly like the Promised Land than any other. But to live in that enchanted land and dwell among its siren people needs an apprenticeship not easy to serve [our author talks as a Briton, you see], and many a Philistine from beyond Jordan cancels his articles early in the apprenticeship and flees the country in affright or disgust. It is only after years of hard service, constant uneasiness, and continued perplexity that the stranger sojourning in the land awakens one day to find that he is dwelling in Eden, and sees on all sides of him, living in the flesh and working in the spirit, characters and ideals which had dimly figured among the dreams he dreamt in the far-off days of his generous, romantic boyhood."

And in the amusing chapter on the Tuscan tongue:

"A great impediment to acquiring Tuscan is the cleverness, and especially the courtesy, of the Tuscans themselves. They read your wants without any need of speech, and, if you make a mistake, are even capable of adopting it for the sake of saving your feelings. (One of the first happy thoughts of the beginner is to Italianize French words. It answers so often. He knows, to begin with, that if he changes the French *cav* into *ello* (*agneau, agnello*), or the French *car* into *ore* (*vapour, vapore*), he will probably be right. He is tempted to soar beyond these ascertained rules, *garçon, garzone; jardin, giardino; hier, ieri; jamais, giammai*; how smoothly the system works. He goes into a *pizzicheria* and asks the price of *jambon, giambone*, pointing to a small, juicy ham of the Casentino cure. 'Questo giambone,' says the courteous shopman, 'costa novanta centesimi la libbra.' The ham is bought on the spot and sent home. The cook is asked what she thinks of the *giambone*. 'The what!' she asks in bewildered astonishment. 'The *giambone* that I myself sent home from the *pizzicheria*.' 'Ah!' she gasps apologetically, 'it is excellent *giambone*! Will the Signore have some of it fried with eggs after the manner of the Americans?' And so, thanks to an infamous conspiracy of courtesy between a shopman, a cook, a parlor-maid, and a serving man, it was six months before I found out that there was no such word in the Tuscan tongue as *giambone*, and that the Italian for ham was *prosciutto*!"

The second part of the book has also its claim to being something out of the common. It is Tuscany without Florence and Siena, without history or art or literature, without politics or the labor question, and with very little landscape. At first blush we thought it was a great falling off, and that the author was, after all, only one of

what Gottfried Keller somewhere calls the *Dutzendmensch*, the men who are turned out by the dozen. But we read on until we repented of this hasty judgment; indeed, the Englishmen who have so far forgotten their insular origin as to be capable of writing the earlier pages of 'In Tuscany' do not exist in dozens; and though we cannot think the notices of towns equal to the personal experiences, they too have their spice. Mr. Carmichael lives at Leghorn, which occupies the first chapter of this division, and fills the others with accounts, all pleasantly written, of places easily reached from there, Pisa, Lucca, Montecatini, Porto Ferrato, Orbetello, Volterra, La Verna-Camaldoli. The chapter on the cheerful little watering-place, Montecatini, might perhaps have been left to repose in the columns of the journal where it made its first appearance, but more than one will smile at learning that it was through living in Leghorn, of all Italian cities, that the author learned that Tuscany is the earthly Paradise. This is enough to prove that he is no *Dutzendmensch*; for one might search in vain for the remaining eleven of such a dozen. Neither is he commonplace in other interests: "If the foreign observer desires to learn the history of a Tuscan town or to understand its people, let him immediately find out the miracle picture of the place and commence to study and acquire its legend; the rest follows of itself by some mysterious process." So as a key to Leghorn we have an account of the picture of Our Lady of Montenero; for Lucca we have a description of the "Volto Santo," and for Pisa of Santa Maria sotto gli Organi. "It would be impossible to enumerate the number of times that the city [Leghorn] has been preserved from the plague, and the lives of its citizens saved during the perils of an earthquake, through the intercession of our Lady of Montenero." Such passages as this are numerous, and it is hard to resist a smile at them, as well as at the enthusiastic veneration for the monk, which sees almost angelic virtues in every brother who wears a frock; but in days when the Inquisition is laid, it is the part of mere everyday courtesy to be indulgent to the blind indiscriminacy of such faith. Two chapters are devoted to visits to La Verna, where St. Francis received the stigmata, and to Camaldoli, where is a summer hotel united to a convent; besides which, the monks are frequent figures throughout the volume. Other two chapters, and these are the closing ones, have an air of being surprised at finding themselves in such salubrious company; one is on the fine national game of *pallone*, with a plea for the *totalisator* (a sort of coöperative betting system common in Italy, such as is practised on transatlantic steamers afloat the number of the pilot-boat), and a very clear account of the State lottery, the usual modes of playing, and the advantages accruing therefrom to the State and to the individual.

The book is generously illustrated with well-executed views from photographs, with the arms of the various towns described or rather visited, and with three maps, a general one of Tuscany, with lesser ones respectively of the island of Elba and of the region about Orbetello.

THIS PAGE LEFT BLANK INTENTIONALLY